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HISTORY OF KENTUCKY MASONRY.

NUMBER VIII.

The 29th Grand Communication was held Aug. 27 to 31, 1821. Twenty-six Lodges were represented. The session was opened by *Henry Clay*, then Grand Master. Charters were granted Lodges 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72.

A Committee to purchase a set of Gold Jewels not to exceed in cost \$300 was appointed. The Grand Secretary was ordered to send the Autographs of the Grand officers to each of the Grand Lodges in the United States and to request that they forward the Autographs of their own Officers.

The Grand Chapter met at Frankfort, January 2d—five Chapters being represented. In the case of a Companion, whose expulsion by the Blue Lodge, (No. 4,) had been confirmed by Chapter, (No. 3,) it was decided that his restoration, by the Grand Lodge, to Symbolical Masonry, restores him to his former standing in the Chapter. A Dispensation was granted for Webb Chapter at Versailles.

New Castle Mark Lodge, No. 1, had surrendered its Charter. An address was delivered, upon an occasion of the public installation of officers by Wm. G. Hunt, D. G. H. P.

The time of meeting was changed to the third Monday in December. Accordingly on December 3d the Grand Chapter again met, this year, in Frankfort. The death of Wingfield Bullock, Grand Treasurer, having occurred October 13, 1821, a funeral procession in honor of his memory was formed which marched to a Church and heard a sermon from Rev. Nathan H. Hall, Grand Chaplain.

The Grand Treasurer, and Grand Secretary were required to execute bonds in the sum of \$2,000 each. Charters were granted to Webb Chapter No. 6, Versailles; Columbia, No. 9, Columbia; Russellville, No. 8; Warren Mark Lodge, No. 3, Mt. Sterling; Clark Mark Lodge, No. 4, Louisville; Cynthiana Mark Lodge, No. 5; and a Dispensation to Winchester Chapter, at Winchester.

The office of Deputy Grand Secretary was instituted, and Philip Swigert was the first incumbent.

During the present year the following gentlemen afterwards eminent men and Masons were exalted; Rev. Robt. J. Breckinridge, Edward Coleman, Daniel Breck, in No. 1, and James Guthrie and Isaac Stewart in No. 5.

The Thirtieth Grand Communication of the Grand Lodge was held, Aug., 27 to 31, 1822. Forty two Lodges were represented. A procession marched to the Episcopal Church and heard an oration by that eminent Brother Wm. T. Barry. Charters were ordered to Bowling Green Lodge, No. 73, Mayslick Lodge, No. 74; and Trotter Lodge, No. 75, at Lexington, Ky. The Report from the Committee on Foreign Communications reviews at length the proceedings of a Convention of Masons which met at Washington City, D. C., March 9, 1822. The object of that Convention was to establish a National Grand Lodge. In this movement Henry Clay was the master spirit and Kentucky was unusually interested in it, because her favorite son was so deeply committed to its success.

The Grand Lodge, however, after having fully considered the question decided against the proposition to establish a National Grand Lodge. The report of the Committee to whom was referred the matter is one exceedingly able, and bears the impress of the genius of that gifted man, who was Chairman, Wm. T. Barry. We shall find space in our next issue for this interesting document, as it discusses fundamental Masonry in a surpassingly clear style. The circular issued from Washington City proposing the Institution of a National Lodge, has the signatures of the following distinguished gentlemen attached: Henry Clay, Wm. W. Seaton, Joel Abbott, Jno. H. Eaton and others not so well remembered at this day, but figuring in public circles and honored for private virtues at that time.

During this year (1822) Lexington Royal Arch Chapter No. 1, dedicated their Hall which was located on the northwest side of the public square.

On December 2nd, the Grand Chapter met in Frankfort. At this session Philip Swigert was elected Secretary, and filled the position to this day—being 46 years—with honor to himself and the Craft. During the session a Public Address was delivered in the Church by G. H. P. Wm. Gibbs

Hunt. The Grand Chapter appointed a Committee to procure crowns, &c., for officers, and aprons for members.

An emergent Communication of the Grand Lodge was held January 2nd, 1823. Only five Lodges were represented, and the object was to fill vacancies in the Board of Managers of the Masonic Lottery Scheme.

We take this occasion to remark that in our opinion Masonic Lodges, as such, should have nothing to do with Lotteries. The sentiments of many of our brethren are against them, and it is injudicious and opposed to the spirit of our Brotherhood, to give offence to the conscientious convictions of very many individual members. For the same reasons Charity Balls, &c., should not be tolerated. In *fine* nothing should be undertaken and prosecuted by the Craft in which all its members cannot engage.

The Thirty-first Grand Communication was held Aug. 25 to 30, 1823. Forty-one Lodges were represented. Charters were ordered for Morrison Lodge, No. 79, at Elizabethtown, and Golden Square Lodge, No. 77, at Cynthiana, Ky. Hart Lodge, No. 16, was ordered to restore to membership a Brother whom they had indefinitely suspended.

Grand Chapter met Dec. 1, in Frankfort. A Charter was issued Oriental Chapter, No. 14, at Hopkinsville, and Dispensations for Chapters at Nicholasville and Paris. Rules of Order were adopted. On motion of Comp. Philip Swigert, it was decided that the restoration of a Companion from a condition of expulsion or suspension can only be by unanimous vote. Amos Kendall, Thos. J. Helm, Felix Huston, and Thomas Ware had been exalted during the year. During this Masonic year Addresses on the Principles of Masonry had been delivered by Comp. Charles S. Bibb, of Frankfort Chapter, No. 3, to the Fraternity at Versailles, Ky; and by Bro. Amos Kendall in Frankfort at the request of Hiram Lodge, No. 4.

The annual meeting of the Masonic Grand bodies of Ohio—viz: Grand Chapter R. A. Masons, Grand Council R. & S. M. Masons; Grand Commandry, K. T., and Grand Lodge. F. and A. Masons—will be held in Dayton Friday, October 16, 1868.

PROCEEDINGS OF FOREIGN GRAND LODGES.

BY J. M. S. M'CORKLE.

[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.]

VIRGINIA.

The Annual Communication was held at Richmond, on the 9th of December 1867: Bro. Edward H. Lane, Grand Master, presiding; Bro. John Dove, Grand Secretary, and the representatives of 107 Lodges were in attendance.

The following excellent remarks, extracted from the address of the Grand Master, exhibit true Masonic sentiments:

Masonry does not consist, as some erroneously suppose, in mere forms and ceremonies. We reverence our Ritual for its beauty, antiquity, and the great truths and useful lessons taught thereby. The preservation of our noble institution depends upon a rigid adherence to the ancient land marks: by them every Mason is taught—nay, it is enjoined upon him, “carefully to preserve, and never suffer them to be infringed, or countenance a deviation from the established usages and customs of the fraternity.” The rites we practice, the usages that exist, and the customs that prevail among us, are by no means to be regarded as constituting the sum total of Masonry. In addition to these (which every Mason should guard well) it is founded upon great and fundamental principles, recognized alike, by the christian, the patriot, the philosopher, and the humanitarian. These great principles are familiar to every well informed Mason. They comprise the duties we owe to our Creator, the duties we owe to ourselves and families, and the duties we owe to our fellow-men. These lie at the bottom of the fabric, and constitute the corner stones as well as the pillars of the sublime edifice. A recurrence, every now and then, to these fundamental principles is absolutely necessary if we wish to retain for the institution that high character, which it has heretofore maintained for the practice of Friendship, Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth. In our efforts to extend our usefulness, and enlarge our sphere of operations, we should not forget the teachings of the past, or blindly cast our lot with those who adopt as their motto, “Progression.” We fully recognize the doctrine, that man is formed for social and active life—hence it is the duty of every Mason who realizes the privileges he enjoys, and recognizes the duties and obligations imposed on him, so to act and demean himself as continually to be adding to his stock of knowledge and practical philanthropy. In this sense Masonry is progressive, and that Mason who so far forgets her teachings as not to realize and act upon these principles, is, in the language of Masonry, “deemed a drone in the hive of nature, a useless member of society, and unworthy of our protection and respect.” Beyond this, I humbly submit that Masonry is not progressive. I for one, do not belong to that class of Masons, (and I think I speak the sentiments of this Grand Lodge on this question,) who insist that we shall accommodate our institution to every change in the condition of a country, whether it be a change in the social condition of its people or of her political institutions.

No profane has any rights in Masonry. The privilege of becoming a member of our noble fraternity may be extended to those who possess the requisite qualifications, intellectual, moral and physical. It is, however, a mere matter of favor—hence the fraternity has the most undoubted right, and no one can question it, of selecting her own household. This selection should always be made with a wise reference to the good of the great body of Masonry.

Dispensations for the formation of fourteen new Lodges had been granted by the Grand Master during the past year, and one was granted by the Grand Lodge.

Bro. B. R. Wellford for the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, reported on the proceedings

of 39 Grand Lodges, including Kentucky for 1866. The report is written in good style and is conceived in a Masonic spirit.

Under the head of Washington Territory, his views of the controversy existing between that Grand Lodge and the Grand Lodge of Oregon are given and are worthy of deep consideration. We subjoin them, notwithstanding their length.

The notable features of these proceedings is the report on correspondence by Brother Thos. M. Reed. As the committee was restricted by an order of the last communication, repealed at this—to matters directly concerning the Grand Lodge of Washington—the report is mainly confined to a resume of the views expressed in reference to the controversy between the Grand Lodges of Washington and Oregon.

The numerical weight of opinion is decidedly against Washington, and as she has agreed to abide the judgment of Bro. A. G. Mackey, Grand Secretary of South Carolina, which has been pronounced against her, we suppose the matter is closed. We cannot acquiesce in the propriety of the opinion generally entertained, and as a principle of great importance is involved, we prefer not to follow the multitude to evil, but a long with our learned and judicious Brethren of Connecticut and Missouri, to enter our protest against a recognition of the lawfulness of the action of the Grand Lodge of Oregon. The facts seemed to be these: a portion of the present territory of Idaho was formerly embraced within the territory of Washington, and as such confessedly under the exclusive Masonic jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Washington. After the establishment of the territory of Idaho by act of Congress, the Grand Lodge of Oregon undertook to consider the whole territory unoccupied ground, and granted a dispensation to open a Lodge within that portion formerly belonging to Washington. Against this, protest was ineffectually made by the Grand Lodge of Washington, and the issue was joined, on which appeal has been made to the Masonic world. The advocates of Oregon, some with ability and ingenuity, but the mass with dogmatic assertion, maintained that the political severance of Washington territory necessarily terminated the exclusive jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Washington over the portion of the territory cut off: or in other words, that Masonic jurisdiction is subject to the caprices and vicissitudes of political legislation.

Against the application of this principle to its own jurisdiction Virginia has had recent occasion to protest. Unhappily the times and circumstances which elicited this protest, have not been favorable for its calm consideration, but in gracefully yielding to the wrong she does not abandon her position. Not for her own benefit or with any view to its effect upon the case of West Virginia, but in the interest of the Fraternity at large, she reserves the point upon the record, awaiting a more eligible opportunity to vindicate the right and maintain the vitality of a principle she believes to be fundamental and essential to the independence of the institution of Freemasonry.

But the controversy between Washington and Oregon presents a case more alarming if possible than that of West Virginia. They would have been parallel if the Grand Lodge of Ohio or Pennsylvania or Kentucky or Maryland had undertaken, after the recognition of West Virginia by Congress, to grant dispensations to establish Lodges therein. We fancy that such an assumption would have elicited from the Masonic world an emphatic rebuke, and we regret that such an utterance has been withheld in behalf of the youngest of our sisterhood of Grand Lodges. We hold that political action does not affect Masonic jurisdiction. It may well be conceded that such a consideration ought to influence the judgment of a Grand Lodge in assenting to the erection of a sovereign Grand Body in a portion of its jurisdiction, and voluntarily relinquishing to such a body her legal Masonic rights, without surrendering, as the assumption we contest does surrender, the independence of such Grand Lodge in giving its assent. The vice of the reasoning of those whose position we reject, lies just here. Their arguments and historical precedents have this extent, and no more—that Grand Lodges have generally

recognized the propriety of making their jurisdiction co-extensive with national boundaries as soon as the Craft becomes strong enough to set up for itself outside of them, but we maintain that they never have relinquished, and never rightfully can be required to relinquish, an acquired jurisdiction, except with their own sovereign consent freely and voluntarily accorded. The jurisdiction of a Grand Lodge need not be co-extensive with national boundaries; and we might well question the Masonic spirit of any Grand Body which would continue to assert its jurisdictional rights over any respectable number of subordinate Lodges, proximate in locality, and sufficiently well versed in the work and the principles of the Order, who might deem that their interest and those of the Fraternity at large would be promoted by the establishment of a new Grand Lodge. But the right of decision as to the time when such a Grand Lodge might be formed and the Masonic proficiency and adaptation of the subordinate Lodges to assume the functions of a sovereign Grand Body belongs to the mother Lodge and the mother Lodge alone. For the propriety of such a principle we may well accept its recognition as a political rule in the provision of the United States Constitution forbidding the erection of a new State out of any portion of the Territory of an old State without its assent.

We should like the advocates of the pretensions of Oregon to answer this question. If a new Grand Lodge should be formed for Idaho Territory, and thereafter Congress should consolidate anew the Territories of Washington and Idaho, what would become of the Grand Lodges of Washington and Idaho? If their principles be correct, we take it that the political act would legislate out of Masonic existence both Grand Lodges, and leave the new Territory, once the exclusive jurisdiction of two recognized Grand Bodies, unoccupied ground. This proposition is too monstrous to be entertained for a moment, but it strikes us as a legitimate corollary of the principle asserted. What then, is the alternative? We are told that the act of Congress *per se* modifies and overrides the jurisdictional rights of the Grand Lodges, and we presume that if the new Territory be held to be not unoccupied ground, then, at least, the Junior Grand Lodge must give way, and merge in the Senior. The difficulties which intercept the acceptance of this idea are scarcely less than those which meet upon the other horn of dilemma.

Suppose that a decision should be made by a court of competent jurisdiction, and stranger things have happened, that the State of West Virginia never had a legal and Constitutional existence, but that her Territory was now and had always been part and parcel of Virginia. What would then become of the bantling of this new idea—the Grand Lodge of West Virginia? Aye, more; and we suggest it for the reflection of Brethren from the far East, whose prescience of the future may somewhat stimulate an apprehension that, with her growing power, sectional feeling may be sufficiently aroused in the Great West to apply the precedent of Congressional action respecting West Virginia to New England. Unrestrained power rarely lacks a pretext to consummate a meditated wrong, which promises adequate compensation to the wrong doer. The twelve votes of New England in the Senate are not even now very palatable to the no less numerous constituencies, whose conflicting interests find expression in the same body through but two voices, and the lately past, under New England tutoring, has disclosed a very sufficient and easily accessible means of overriding Constitutional inhibitions against the exercise of despotism by accidental sectional majorities. It may be at no distant day a practical question what effect congressional action in consolidating States may have upon Masonic jurisdiction. In such an event will the venerable Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, among her sister sovereignties, comparatively hoary with years, lose her Masonic existence; or will her sister Lodges of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut and Rhode Island, lose them by merger in hers, beyond the power of each or any to utter even an audible protest.

Locked up in this controversy upon the shores of the far off Pacific, between one of the youngest and feeblest of our Grand Lodges and her aggressive neighbor, is a principle which underlies the sovereignty of every Grand Lodge in the Union.

Oregon pleads the precedent of West Virginia, under the countenance and sanction of Ohio, and many of the older and most influential of her Atlantic sisters, and they not unnaturally rally at her summons to vindicate in the far off West against a feeble contestant the example thus faithfully followed. The lightning rarely strikes twice in the same place, and we feel that in this jurisdiction we may repose with some sense of security from the recurrence of another occasion which shall render us the victims of this obnoxious principle. But for the good of the Craft, and in fidelity to our own high Masonic obligations, we wish the Grand Lodge of Virginia to stand clear upon the record. And in reference to those of our sister Lodges, who have been accessaries, before or after the fact, to the wrongs under which the Grand Lodges of Virginia and of Washington have suffered, we may safely promise that when the retributions of the future extort an appeal to the Fraternity in their behalf, no vindictive memory of the lately past will withhold the moral aid of this Grand Body.

After carefully considering the position taken by Bro. Wellford in the above argument we are more firmly settled in our convictions that changing the political boundaries of a State or Territory does not necessarily work a corresponding change in Grand Lodge jurisdiction. The political organizations of a country have no power or right to change Masonic organizations. It may be a matter of convenience for a Grand Lodge, after having obtained and established a sole jurisdiction over unoccupied territory, to restrict itself with certain boundaries, but this must be done by its own free act, and not as a necessity resulting from the political acts of others. So far as the territory of part of Idaho is concerned the controversy is terminated by the establishment of the Grand Lodge of Idaho; but the principle of the controversy at issue still remains to be settled.

The Special Committee on that portion of the Grand Master's address relating to West Virginia made the following report, which was adopted.

Whereas, at the last Grand Annual Communication of this Grand Lodge; it was "resolved that this Grand Lodge is willing to recognize the Grand Lodge of West Virginia, whenever we shall be satisfied that a full majority of the thirty three active Lodges in the boundaries of West Virginia, holding charters from this Grand Lodge, shall desire to separate from us and unite with the Grand Lodge of West Virginia, and shall return their charters and pay off their dues to this Grand Lodge to December 1865, and

Whereas, the conditions set forth in the above resolution have not been complied with, but on the contrary a number of the said subordinate Lodges have by resolution and through their delegates to this Grand Lodge, expressed an undiminished affection for this Grand Lodge, and an unalterable purpose to remain under its jurisdiction as long as they can, which expressions of feeling are highly appreciated and fully reciprocated by this Grand Lodge: Therefore, be it

Resolved, That should this Grand Lodge, from a desire to maintain fraternal relations with receding brethren of West Virginia, hereafter extend Masonic recognition to the Grand Lodge which has been formed in that State, yet this Grand Lodge, while it would not, subsequent to such recognition, create any new subordinate Lodges within the State of West Virginia, would also not undertake without the consent of, and in the absence of any Masonic delinquency on the part of such subordinate Lodges within the State of West Virginia, chartered by this Grand Lodge, and now working under such charters, as wish to remain under its jurisdiction, to revoke any charters, or in any manner dissolve the connection of such subordinate Lodges with this Grand Lodge, as it knows of no Masonic law or usage which would justify such a procedure.

Bro. William Terry was elected Grand Master, and the Grand Secretary was re-elected.

"THE SWORD OF THE KNIGHT TEMPLAR."

An Address delivered before the Grand Commandery of Kentucky, in 1866.

BY SIR REV. R. A. HOLLAND.

SIR KNIGHTS:

Ours is symbolically a military institution. Established to protect from Saracen marauders the weary pilgrims who traveled from afar to Jerusalem, and fostered by the patronage of popes and princes until it grew to a puissant and wealthy order renowned for deeds of valor and magnanimity, and embracing the great, the noble, the crowned in its ranks, it was finally proscribed by a bull of Clement Vth, and suppressed by the persecutions of Philip, King of France.

Plundered of their vast possessions, incarcerated in loathsome dungeons to extort a false avowal of infamy; menaced with the rack, the saw, the stake, the courteous Knights whose fame was co-extensive with Christendom, were driven to seek within the sacred precincts of Freemasonry that asylum they were denied alike in the State and the Church. Here they found seclusion and security. Here they renewed their vows of chastity and charity. Here they rehearsed with oft-repeated pleasure the stories of their penance and prowess, and rekindled the torches of their zeal at the shrine of a past but unforgotten glory. Here, faithful to their solemn covenants, though the armor of steel was hung up as a hallowed relic, and helmet and cuirass and battle-ax were laid aside as silent but eloquent eulogists of deceased honors, invested with an interior panoply of ethereal temper and cherubic sheen, they maintained their well-earned claim to the title of defenders of "innocent maidens, destitute widows, helpless orphans, and the Christian religion."

This panoply has been bequeathed by them through successive generations to us—their legal descendants, and I trust we all worthily wear it. It is a panoply of the soul. It was wrought and polished by Jesus Christ and consists in those virtues which he has inculcated upon all who would fight under his captaincy "against principalities, against powers, against the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Its chief aggressive weapon is the Sword, to a description of which and the duties it represents, I devote the remainder of my remarks.

"The sword of the Knight Templar," we are told, "is endowed with three most excellent qualities, viz: its hilt with justice, its blade with fortitude and its point with mercy; and it teaches us this important lesson, that having faith in the justice of our cause, we must press forward with undaunted fortitude, ever remembering to extend the point of mercy to a fallen foe."

In regard to the first of its lessons, I am happy to say that but few words of vindication or praise are necessary. The time was, when we were insultingly called upon to deny villainous charges, dissipate ungrounded prejudices, quiet opprobrious clamors, but that time, in America at least, is no longer. That there may be some who still cling to their erroneous conceptions of the nature and mission of our Order, like blind bats to a dead bough, I am constrained to acknowledge. But their number is insignificant. Like Christianity it has been the fate of Masonry to be persecuted from her cradle, but like Christianity also persecutions have only given her new strength and impetus, as the storms which cannot prostrate the forest oak serve only to make its roots take firmer hold on the soil, so that its branches can reach out to overhang larger multitudes seeking repose in their shade, and its defiant head be lifted nearer than ever to the skies. And to-day as I look abroad upon the land, I see it thickly dotted with Masonic Lodges. I count senators, divines, generals, judges, scholars and the leaders of nearly every trade and profession in our swelling bands. With a fringe extending round from Grand Lake to Vancouver's Island and from the Rio Grande to the Florida Reefs, our brother-hood is woven of many intersecting fibers of gold into a seamless texture which not even the earthquake shock of the late civil conflict could tear asunder. It was during that conflict my attention was first attracted to the benign influences of your society. Too young at the time to be eligible to its rights, I was astonished at the fact that while churches

(I speak it with regret) participated with conspicuous rancor in the hatred engendered by the strife, Masonic obligations were with rare exceptions kept intact, and the spirit of Masonry spanned the track of the war-tempest with rainbow hues that lent to desolation itself a beauty which seemed of Heaven. I was astonished to see where cities and towns were burned, and colleges and sanctuaries laid in ashes, Masonic edifices standing erect, unscathed, as if they bore a charmed life and in their very loneliness gave persuasive evidence to the inviolableness of those fraternal pledges which like threefold cords are 'not quickly broken.' I was astonished to hear the discharged prisoner tell on his return home, of friends and benefactors in a hostile country and could scarcely credit the unvarnished narrative of the soldier's wife who within the enemies lines had been kept from starvation by unfamiliar hands. I wondered what that could be, that worked such miracles of kindness in the midst of wrath, and wonder begat desire to discover its secrets and share its benefits. Since then I have been initiated; my desire has been bountifully gratified; and like Sheba's queen, dazzled by the blaze of Solomon's court, I can without exaggeration declare "the half had not been told me."

Think not I am trying to magnify Masonry by the disparagement of Christianity. That were contrary to the spirit of both. Christianity has no rival. She stands alone; above comparison; the eldest daughter of God; the immaculate bride of Christ. But Masonry is her handmaid; delights to wait upon her and do her reverence, asking no richer reward than her smile of approbation, and no higher promotion than a seat on her footstool.

I have thus briefly referred to recent events in our national history, only to show that we are constantly producing fresh guarantees to the reasonableness of our faith in the justice of our cause, a reasonableness we have never doubt because to us self-evident, but which is nevertheless nourished and invigorated by its own fruits. Surely a cause that is founded on the gospels; that commemorates the death, resurrection and ascension of the Savior; that demands the practice of every cardinal virtue; that announces as its first, last and supreme law, the sublime epitome of all laws, "love to God and man," that has, wherever it has gone, left gladness in its wake; that has arrested the uplifted arm of the murderer, subdued the ruthless ferocity of the invader; metamorphosed in an instant, and as by magic, the stranger into a companion, the foe into a friend; thrown over the erring the mantle of charity, and between the defenceless and danger the broad shield of protection, and wreathed its brow with flowers of merit plucked from hazardous heights of a mealy none but itself has scaled; surely such a cause needs no tumid encomiums, can find no louder trumpeters than its own good deeds, and like wisdom, is justified of its children, and like loveliness, when unadorned adorned the most. Let no veil of gaudy words be thrown over its exquisite features to obscure rather than add to their loveliness. Let no meretricious jewel of rhetoric be hung upon her lithe limbs to cumber rather than grace their movements.

Clenching our sword then by this, its proper hilt, "faith in the justice of our cause," we are, secondly, taught to wield its blade of fortitude unrestingly in the championship of rectitude against iniquity. By fortitude here is meant a generic virtue which includes patience to bear, courage to dare, and constancy to stand immovably at the post of duty, though beset with a thousand perils and in the very frown of death. He who engaged in the warfare for which our Order was inaugurated, bound himself by the holiest vows to be true to his trust under the direst calamities imaginable; and abstaining from enervating luxury and cankering idleness, to spend his life in diligent quest of adventure. Encased in linked mail, mounted on steed whose martial prancings indicated its conscious sympathy with its rider's aspirations, and equipped with lance that ne'er would splinter in the onset, forth he went where likeliest to encounter a combatant, confiding in God, in the justice of his cause, and in his own steady and stalwart arm, for victory. If stunned, he did not despond; if wounded, he did not complain; if unhorsed, he did not plead for pity; if dying, he remembered his dignity, and met his fate with the air more of a conqueror

than of a captive. Fortitude was his constitution, his principle, his education,—the motto equally of his unsullied escutcheon and his intrepid heart. Never in the record of our race was this lofty trait more heroically exhibited than at the siege of Acre. Three hundred Knights Templars, with the women who had taken refuge in the fort, were forced to shut themselves up in the last remaining tower. They saw their besiegers begin the work of undermining, and knew that defeat was inevitable. With that tenderness towards the weaker sex, inseparable from the noblest bravery, they surrendered in order that their women might be spared the horrors of what they foresaw would be the result of continued resistance, on the stipulated condition, that the purity of those women should not be touched with a foul hand. The condition was disregarded. And when the vile Turks commenced their carnival of lust, the swords of the gallant Knights leaped, as by one impulse of indignation from their scabbards, and the fury-flash of their blades was quenched in the blood of the last perfidious victor who had entered the gates. The gates were then closed and fearlessly, with silent resignation they rested from their toils and waited their entombment in the ruins of the structure which soon fell, and with a thunderous crash was at once their knell and burial.

True those days are now gone. True the castle of Chivalry is an untenanted pile whose walls are green with the moss of decay and the ghostly echoes of whose corridors are waked only by the curious footfall of the poet, the novelist and the antiquarian. True the knight who within its chambers found relaxation and refreshment after the fatigue of a many-miles journey, has quaffed his last libation there, the libation of death, and departed to return no more, on his way to that Jerusalem where he has ere this, if worthy, knelt at the feet of his sovereign master and been dubbed and created a Knight of celestial station. True the portal swings creakingly in the winds of years and the Warder rests from his arduous watches through the drear night of superstition, and no challenge of alarm is given in the noonday of present civilization to disturb his peaceful slumbers. But the better spirit which animated that romantic era has survived the general wreck and pervades the order that perpetuates the name and memory of its most illustrious representatives. The exalted virtues of the Templars are cherished by us as precious heirlooms and should be displayed in our conduct as distinguishing badges.

Fortitude must be ours as it was theirs. We too need it. We too must exercise it. As masons, as citizens, as men in the vicissitudes of fortune; in the daily struggle of fraud and baseness and oppression; in the thronged thoroughfare where gaunt poverty begs a meagre subsistence, and pampered vice struts disdainfully in the gay colors of a bird of paradise; in the low-roofed dim-lighted garret where stitches her life out, in strained endeavor to sustain it, the pale girl too spotless to purchase ease at the price of honor; and in the solitary cabin where the widow moistens her hard crust with tears of bereavement, and divides it in scanty mouthfuls to the little ones who press eagerly around her; in all these situations we require fortitude; fortitude to enable us to rebuke despotism of circumstance; fortitude to keep the devil of our own selfishness behind us; fortitude to raise the downcast, to scorn the sneer of custom, and to recognize humanity as one family, and every human being as our kinsman.

Fortitude must dwell with us at home to cheer us in affliction and adversity. Fortitude must go with us abroad to nerve us against temptation and attack. Fortitude is indeed the blade of our sword of defense and duty—that which parries, which cleaves, and always gleams bright promise of triumph, even in the most uncertain hour of the fray.

This sword has a point—it is mercy—the divinest attribute of man because that which likens him most to Immanuel, who was its incarnate. We never render success so glorious, defeat so effectual, as when we stoop to lift up the foe we have stricken down and spread the healing salve of forgiveness on the sores we ourselves have inflicted. It is the supreme charm of our blessed religion, that it is a religion of mercy. Nothing but the Victim of Calvary can melt a rebellious

world into penitence. And the cross of self sacrifice painted upon the clouds in our van, is the emblem of our faith, and as such, the only sign in which we may expect to conquer. A soft word turneth away wrath. A gentle look, like the first star that pierces the storm-cloud, reflects itself upon the tumultuous ocean of passion, and kisses its angry heavings into tranquility.

More authoritative than the voice of rulers; more potent than the artillery of beleaguering hosts; more accurate than the red-hot shaft of Jove; more overwhelming than the samiel, is mercy, which wins obedience without a command, which gains possession of the strongholds of affection without a bombardment, which annihilates every impediment to its absolute sway in the heart without a stroke or explosion, which sweeps away every vestige of former antipathy without bending or bruising a single frail plant of sensitiveness. Let it, Sir Knights, be the point of your swords ever extended to the fallen. Staunch in the maintenance of your own carefully formed opinions, be liberal to those who differ from you, and who are as apt to be right as yourselves. Bigotry, vindictiveness and malice are scarcely fit instincts for the hyena that sniffs and cranches among the bones of the dead, much less for a follower of Hugh de Payne and Godfrey Adelman. If you have enemies, personal or otherwise, do not forget your declaration of willingness to be reconciled to them whenever they manifest a corresponding disposition. It cannot be dishonorable to confess a fault. It is unquestionably godlike to forgive.

How sublimely did our Order shake hands across the gulf of the late intersectional war and call each other "Brother!" How still more sublimely when that gulf was closed by the inlaping of nearly a quarter of a million *Curtii* from either side, did they embrace and commune in love. Masonry was the first organization to say to the down-fallen "arise and let us be one again in the bonds of cordial affinity." Masonry exemplified in the highest degree, that quality which is not strained, which droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven. Masonry twined around the dripping sword, which others fain would still have used, the olive branch of a genuine peace and lowered its point in Mercy. Masonry like the Good Samaritan went to the sufferer,—whom both the Priest and the Levite saw but passed by on the other side, without a word, or so much as a glance of sympathy,—and "bound up his wounds pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn and took care of him." And whatever of concord there is where erewhile was only antagonism, whatever of quietude where was only turbulence, whatever of hope where was only gloom, whatever of amnesty, forgetfulness of injuries and benevolent aid to the enfeebled and impoverished, where was only the clangor of battle, the overboilings of vengeance and the stern resolve never to succumb is indebted for its existence, if not mainly, at least largely, to the secret but none the less mighty influences of Masonry.

May she not pause in her beneficent exertions until those one in name, shall be one in heart; until that temple of which Solomon's was but a dim type, shall be completed and the tribes of the earth, then become the tribes of the Lord, shall go up to worship therein, and uniting as children of a common stock, bow themselves in joyful awe before him who consumes their offerings of gratitude with fire sent from Heaven, and fills the house with His visible glory. That temple is a renovated earth. That fire is the descent of our ascended Head, in whose sepulchre we have sat and whose rising thence we have witnessed. That glory is His universal and eternal reign of righteousness. Verily, then, there will rise from hill and dale, and sea and shore, and saint and seraph, a hosannah, that I pray we too, Sir Knights, may swell; a hosannah that shall make immensity resonant with its glad pealings and startle the farthest star that rolls quite on the verge of space into rapt and wondering attention; "The Lord is good, for his mercy endureth forever! THE LORD IS GOOD, FOR HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOREVER!! THE LORD IS GOOD, FOR HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOREVER!!!"

Ruskin spends the income of his three millions in charity.

A SABBATH ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

Tip-Top House, July 6th, 1868.

Yesterday was the Sabbath. We spent it, like the seer of Patmos, on the mount where an apocalypse of sublime grandeur was disclosed to us. I trust that we were somewhat "in the spirit on the Lord's Day." We spent the Saturday night very comfortably, on a feather-bed, in the little eight-foot square 'state-room,' close under the roof of our mountain cabin. Over the roof were bound a series of iron chains, to fasten the cabin to the rocks, against the fierce gales which howled all night around our ears. When we awoke, we were imprisoned in a dense fog. The thermometer was at 50°, and we sat by a glowing fire all day! A party who came up during the day through "Tuckerman's Ravine" (so named, as the dry Yankee guide *Calhains* says, "because it tucks a man out to get there,") found the snow arch then still one hundred feet long and twenty feet deep! But down at the "Glen House" the thermometer was standing at ninety-two.

At nine o'clock the mist broke, and gave us a glorious day. How the squadrons of clouds swept around us! And when the sun was going down, and kindled a huge fire in the air under *Mount Clay*, oh! how the masses of vapor came whirling up from the abyss, like volumes of red smoke from a huge conflagration. The noonday was more quiet. And then a little company of worshippers gathered in the cabin of the "Summit House" (a rude twin on the "Tip-Top;") and there I preached to them of Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration. For those hallowed moments I tried to make my few auditors "see no man save Jesus only." It was a solemn, sublime service to us here, above the clouds—the loftiest congregation that called upon Jehovah yesterday in all our broad republic. We can never forget it. The spot was a fitting one to read, "Before ever the mountains were brought forth, even from everlasting to everlasting, THOU ART GOD."

My two days' sojourn here closed this morning with a magnificent sunrise. All around this solitary peak spread an ocean of mist of steel blue tint. Up through it rose a few of the tallest mountains like islands. *Lafayette's* summit lay long and dark, like a huge *iron-clad* on the vapory sea. Over this wide, silent ocean rose the crimson sun, and at once, lo! the blue sea became one vast pavement of roses and of gold! I rehearsed to myself Coleridge's "Hymns before sunrise in the Vale of Chamouny," and mine eyes run down with tears.

Good reader, let no fatigues of the journey hitherward, or no extortionate charges upon you in this high region, prevent you from spending, before you die, at least one night in this eagle's nest on Mount Washington.—*Independent*.

REV. CHARLES G. FINNEY, A. M. (Anti-Mason.)

The New York Independent, is just now publishing a series of articles against Masonry from the pen of the "Rev. Charles G. Finney," of Ohio, who declares that he was persuaded against his better judgment to join the Order, and that he now feels it to be his duty to expose its wickedness. He undertakes to prove that Morgan's exposition of the secrets of Masonry, made some forty years ago, was a truthful representation of the order as it was and is. It is said that Finney possesses fine abilities as a writer. It is not said, however, so far as we have heard, that he possesses any virtue or principle as a Christian. Thousands and tens of thousands of men who are quite as good as Mr. Finney, if not a great deal better, tell a far different story of Masonry, and the world will accept their evidence rather than that of the renegade who shamelessly confesses to the violation of all the oaths which he declares were imposed upon him. It is but just to the Independent to say that it offers its columns to any able member of the Order who may choose to champion its cause. Its deeds of charity and benevolence which are familiar to all men, are, we should think, its all-sufficient champion.—*Louisville Journal*.

Miscellany.

A EARNING WIFE.

"And so you want to marry my daughter young man," said Farmer Blifkins, removing his pipe from his mouth, and looking at the young fellow sharply from head to toe.

Despite his rather indolent effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Jordan was a fine looking fellow, and not easily moved from his self possession; but he colored and grew confused beneath that sharp and scrutinizing look.

"Yes, sir, I spoke to Miss Mary last evening, and she—she referred me to you."

The old man's face softened.

"Molly is a good girl, a very good girl," he said stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, "and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked rather blank at this abrupt inquiry.

"If you refer to my ability to support a wife, I can assure you—"

"I know that you are a rich man, Luke Jordan, but I take it for granted you ask my girl to marry you, not your property. What guarantee can you give me, in case it should be swept away—that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have hands and brains—do you know how to use them? Again I ask, what can you do?"

This was a style of catechism for which Luke was quite unprepared, and he stared blankly at the questioner without speaking.

"I believe you managed to get through college—have you any profession?"

"No, sir, I thought—"

"Have you any trade?"

"No, sir, my father thought that, with the wealth I should inherit I should not need any."

"Your father thought like a fool, then. He'd much better have given you an honest occupation and cut you off with a shilling—it might have been the making of you. As it is, what are you fit for? Here you are, a strong, able-bodied young man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a dollar in your life! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"And you want to marry my daughter," resumed the old man, after a few vigorous puffs at his pipe. "Now, I've given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl in town, and she hasn't thrown 'em away; but if she didn't know how to work, she'd be no daughter of mine. If I choose, I could keep more than one servant; but don't no more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia and full of the fine-lady ailments, instead of the smiling, bright-eyed, rosy-checked lass she is. I did say that she should marry no lad that had been cursed with a rich father; but she's taken a foolish liking to you, and I'll tell you what I'll do; go to work and prove yourself to be a man; perfect yourself in some occupation—I don't care what, so it be honest; then come to me and, if the girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this he deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe against one of the pillars of the porch where he was sitting, tucked it in his vest pocket, and went into the house.

Pretty Mary Blifkins was waiting to see her lover down at the garden gate, their usual trysting place. The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sober, discomfited look.

"Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application.

"And I'm not sure but what he is about right," she resumed, after a thoughtful pause, "for it seems to me that every man, rich or poor, ought to have some occupation."

Then as she noticed her lover's grave look, she added softly:

"Never mind; I'll wait for you, Luke."

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates. But wherever he went he carried with him in his exile these words, and which were like a tower of strength to his soul, "I'll wait for you, Luke."

One pleasant, sunshiny morning, late in October, as farmer Blifkins was propping up his grape-

vines in his front yard that threatened to break down with the weight of its luxurious burden, a neat looking cart drove up, from which Luke Jordan alighted with a quick, elastic spring, quite in contrast to his former easy, leisurely movements.

"Good morning, Mr. Blifkins. I understood that you wanted to buy some butter-tubs and cider-barrels. I think I have some here that will just suit you."

"Whose make are they?" inquired the old man, as, opening the gate, he paused by the wagon.

"Mine," replied Luke, with an air of pardonable pride; "and I challenge any cooper in the State to beat them."

Mr. Blifkins examined them critically, one by one. "They'll do," he said, coolly, as he sat down the last of the lot. "What will you take for them?"

"What I asked you for six months ago to-day, your daughter, sir."

The roguish twinkle in the old man's eyes broadened into a smile.

"You've got the right metal in you after all," he cried, "come in lad—come in. I shouldn't wonder if we made a trade after all."

"Nothing loth, Luke obeyed."

"Molly!" bawled Mr. Blifkins, thrusting his head into the kitchen door.

Molly tripped out into the entry. The round, white arms were bared above the elbows, and bore traces of the flour she had been sifting. Her dress was a neat gingham, over which was tied a blue check apron; but she looked as winning and lovely as she always did wherever she was found.

She blushed and smiled as she saw Luke, and then turning her eyes on her father, waited dutifully, to hear what he had to say.

The old man regarded his daughter for a moment with a quizzical look.

"Molly, this young man—mayhap you have seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own make—a right good article, too. He asks a pretty dear price for 'em; but if you are willing to give it, well and good; and hark ye, my girl, whatever bargain you make your father will ratify."

As Mr. Blifkins said this he considerably stepped out of the room, and we will follow his example. But the bargain the young people made can readily be conjectured by the speedy wedding that followed.

Luke Jordan turned his attention to the study of medicine, of which profession he became a useful and influential member; but every year on the anniversary of his marriage, he delights his father-in-law by some specimen of the handicraft by which he won what he declares to be "the best and dearest wife in the world."

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Night dropped her shadowy veil over London, and the mantle of mists that all day long had enveloped the city grew more dense, and fell in beaded drops of rain. The gas-lights burned brightly at the corners, but it was a dreary night to be out in. Yet crowds filled the streets, for even in night storms, the great thoroughfares are never deserted. Guilt and wretchedness are always wakeful and abroad. To realize a desolation of loneliness, one must be a stranger in a crowded city, with a sensitive nature, and a refinement that shrinks from rude contacts, and uncongenial companionship.

Alone in the country, with the blue sky above us, and the green grass beneath our feet, there are charms that woo us to forgetfulness. There is music in the running stream, and beauty in the flowers that grow upon its banks. Some German writer—I have forgotten who—has called flowers the stars of earth, and stars the flowers of heaven. Fair and radiant flowers they are and shed their brightness on the smoke-wreathed city, but in their matchless, softened, and mellowed light, seem to linger more pleasantly on green fields and waving corn.

Alone in London! Dreary and desolate reality, that swelled almost to bursting a weary and aching heart. The stranger gathered his thin cloak around his shivering form, and drew his face, with a sensitive shrinking from the crowd that rudely jostled past him. He was alone in

London, and very poor, not even a shilling to procure a scanty supper.

Somewhere in a dark part of the city, where the gaslights were few, up many flights of stairs, was the garret in which he slept, but in it there was nothing save the darkness, one broken chair, and a wretched bed with its scanty covering.

When he entered this desolate chamber on nights like this, an unseen company surrounded him, the spirits of the viewless air, and in the wailings of the wind, they told his strange, mysterious tales of wretchedness and dread, until, half wild with dark imaginings, he rushed forth in the night and the pelting storm. Thus through the chilling sleet and rain he walked the streets, looking into the hard faces of the passers-by, and wondering if, in all London there was another man who had no one to care for him, no one to love him. And then he thought how deliciously strange it would seem to him—a stranger and a wanderer for many years—to be loved.

He hoped the blessed light would dawn upon him, but in the darkness of this night it seemed a great way off. The cloud of novelty and gloom that wrapped his heart was too cold and deep he feared, for human sympathy and love to penetrate. He seemed to see before him, Fate, with woid fingers, weaving the mystic web of his lonely destiny, and as he watched the phantom hands with feverish intensity, he wondered that if, at some future day, that a mantle of brightness might fall upon him instead of a pall. A strain of sweet, sad music broke in upon his lonely musings. Over all refined natures music has an absorbing power, and though it often fills the soul with sadness, it casts upon it the spell of an irresistible fascination; and the stranger paused in his desolate walk to listen to the song. The windows of the princely mansion were but half-veiled and he could see the happy group that surrounded the piano, and the fair girl that sang the soft minor air which sank into the listener's heart.

He was a poet, and had written songs of tenderness and love for others to sing. Himself, he could not sing with such a weight upon his heart. The light of genius was in his eye, and the imagery of a fervid imagination gathered round his brain, and the poet's native impulse, loving warm and true, lived within his heart.

In the sensitive and gifted, the longing for sympathy and love is far more intense than in ruder natures, and all his life long his heart had yearned with passionate eagerness for the pure delights of home, and the bliss of sympathy and love.

The song was over, but still he lingered, watching the firelight's fitful glow, as it shed its ruddy sheen upon the changing group.

Again the fair girl took her seat at the piano, and sang with inimitable grace and beauty, the song, "Home, Sweet Home."

It was hissing!

He, the homeless wanderer, had written "Home, Sweet Home."

He stood out in darkness and night listening to his song, the child of his own heart and brain, and looking in at the window of "Home, Sweet Home," knew that in all the world there was no home for him.

The song ended. He sat down on the stone steps of the stately mansion, with the rain beating heavily upon him; and burying his face in his hands in the bitterness of his heart.

Years passed away, and still he was a homeless wanderer. Often in the streets of London, Berlin and Paris, he heard "Home, Sweet Home," which in all lands and all hearts had become a household word.

Later in life he became consul to Tunis and died a stranger in a strange land. Never, save in his dreams had he known the bliss of "Home, Sweet Home!"

A farmer required a number of reapers. Several presented themselves, and all were engaged, with one exception. The poor man thus omitted, said; "Master, won't you hire me?" "No," said the farmer. "Why not?" "Because you are too little." "Too little!" exclaimed Paddy, "does your honor reap your corn at the top?" What could the farmer do but roar with laughter, and send the little man to join his comrades in the field?

From the Atlantic Monthly.
"THE BLUE AND THE GRAY."

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one the Blue,
Under the other the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the Laurel, the Blue,
Under the Willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hour
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray,

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Brothered with gold the Blue;
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

So when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drop of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain the Blue;
Wet with the rain the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storms of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms the Blue,
Under the garland the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

WHAT THE GIRLS CAN DO.—The New York
Journal of the Telegraph says:

Over our sanctum is a room where about fifteen young ladies may daily be found engaged in telegraphic duties. The room is secluded, airy and agreeable. It is presided over by Miss L. H. Snow, a lady of superior executive ability, and a first-class operator. On Friday, July 3d, ten of the young ladies sent and received 3,135 messages between 8 A. M., and 4½ P. M., or an average of 314 messages each. On the following Tuesday the same young ladies sent and received over 3,000. The work was done well, neatly, correctly, and to their very great credit. With such a record there is no use in doubting the capacity of ladies for this service. The daily number averages about 2,200.

A friend of ours has two boys, aged respectively six and eight years. The younger was partaking pretty largely of the good things of this life at the dinner-table, immediately on their return from Sabbath-school last Sunday. The elder, after eyeing his brother for some time, said:

"Charlie, if you were to eat much more, and it should kill you, you would weigh so much that the angels could not carry you to heaven."

Little six-years-old hesitated for a moment, and then, looking up, replied:

"Well, if they couldn't do it alone, God would send Samson down to help them."

AN EASY PLACE WANTED.

A gentleman has appealed to Henry Ward Beecher as follows:

LANCASTER, 1867.

"REV. HENRY W. BEECHER: SIR: I hardly know how to address so great a man. You said in a sermon, some time ago, that honesty ought to be rewarded. I am honest with my fellowman, myself, my God. Can get recommendation (the best) from lawyers, doctors, preachers, etc. Get me an easy (*sic*) situation. Honesty may be rewarded. C. C."

Mr. Beecher replies at some length and quite facetiously. We give an extract or two:

* * * * *

"Surely a man as honest as you are has been rewarded already. What! 'honest with your fellowmen, yourself, and your God!' There are few men who can say so much. Honest with your fellow-men! How long has it been so? Have you come to it gradually, as the winter apple ripens, or has it always been so? Excuse these questions; I am deeply interested. You belong to an exceedingly small class. You have few fellows on earth. Indeed, when you add that you are *honest with yourself*, I cannot keep company. You are ahead of me; and that clause—*honest with your God*—takes you entirely out of my sight. Why do you come to me? I ought to sit at your feet. You are my master.

"No doubt you can get 'recommendations from lawyers, doctors, preachers, etc.' You place these gentleman doubtless, in a climax. Lawyers are proverbially honest—doctors never deceive—preachers always practice what they preach. 'Recommendation from any of these would smack of self-laudation. Every man praiseth his own virtues. Get some one not so inevitably good to recommend you. Are there no editors, no members of Congress in your neighborhood?"

"But I am now come to the most important part of your letter: 'Get me an easy situation, that honesty may be rewarded.' I am ready to do all in my power for you. Had you signified the sort of easy place you would prefer, I should have been less perplexed. Let me see.

* * * * *

"You are a born President! All parties are looking out for you. They want a man 'honest to his fellow-men, to himself, and to his God.' What a motto is that to run a race with! Thus far they seem not to have found just the man. If I were to divulge your name, no doubt you would be ravished away to Washington in spite of your screams. And the only reason why I do not disclose your whereabouts is that I fear the Presidency would not prove that 'easy' place which you justly think is due to your honesty.

* * * * *

"Don't be an editor if you would be 'easy.' Do not try law. Avoid school-keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all ships, stores, shops, and merchandise. Abhor politics. Keep away from lawyers. Don't practice medicine. Be not a farmer or mechanic; neither a soldier nor a sailor. Don't think. Don't work. None of them are easy. O my honest friend! you are in a very hard world! I know of but one real 'easy' place in it. That place is in the grave!

"How is it in Lancaster? Can they not serve you there? Even graves are very dear here. Try and get suited at home."

RELIGION A NECESSITY.—Religion is not a duty, it is a necessity. You might as well talk of the duty of breathing, or the duty of having the pulse beat, as to talk of the duty of being religious. It is a duty to breathe, to be sure, and it is a duty to have the pulse beat; but we do not talk of these things as being duties. It is one of the indispensable necessities that we should breathe, and that our pulse should beat. And I regard religious life as not only a duty, but necessity. You cannot be a man and not be a Christian. And everything that makes you relatively better than your fellow-men is an indication that you are so far on the way toward a Christian manhood.

"Have you 'Blasted Hopes?'" asked a lady of a green librarian, whose face was very much swollen with the toothache. "No, ma'am," replied the youth, "but I've got a blasted toothache!"

INSTINCT WITHOUT BRAINS.—Long ago, it was ascertained by naturalists that worms and insects are without a brain, and yet they pursue a course of activity which bears much upon the domain of reason; so we are accustomed to say that they act from instinct, which is no explanation at all of the phenomena in the higher orders of Organic life which have their origin in the brain. If that organ is severely injured, so that its normal functions are no longer performed, consciousness and orderly manifestations of its influence, are interrupted or suspended. But the insect world swarms with beings of the most delicate construction. Without hearts and without brains, whose movements and habits, independently of thousands of contingencies to which they are exposed, prove in the most satisfactory manner that their acts are a near approach to the elements of a reasoning faculty, if they do not indicate reason itself. When, by accident, a thread of a spider's web is broken, the little weaver examines the misfortune with extreme care, and, by taking different positions, surveys the damage, and then proceeds artistically to repair it by splicing or inserting an entire new cord. Again, when a wandering fly becomes entangled in the net, the cautious approach of the owner of the trap, lying patiently near by for game, indicates calculation in regard to the character and strength of the victim. Does it not strangely resemble reason, when all its movements, under such an aspect of affairs, show beyond a doubt the spider considers the matter in all its relations before venturing to seize the prey? And yet spiders are without a brain.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!

It is a remarkable and instructive fact that the career of four of the most renowned characters that ever lived closed with a violent or mournful death.

Alexander, after looking down from the dizzy heights of his ambition upon a conquered world, and weeping that there were no more to conquer, died of intoxication in a scene of debauch, or, as some suppose, by poison mingled in his wine.

Hannibal, whose name carried terror to the heart of Rome itself, after having crossed the Alps, and put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, was driven from his country, and died at last of poison administered by his own hands, in a foreign land, unlamented and unwept.

Caesar, the conqueror of eight hundred cities, and his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of a million of his foes, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and emperors obeyed, after filling the earth with the terror of his name, closed his days in lonely banishment upon a barren rock in the midst of the Atlantic ocean.

Such the four men who may be considered representatives of all whom the world call great, and such their end—intoxication, or poison—suicide—murdered by friends—lonely exile!

The amount of blood in an adult is nearly 30 pounds, or full one fifth of the entire weight. The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter, and beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day, 36,772,000 times per year, 2,565,440,000 in three score and ten, and at each beat two and a half ounces of blood are thrown out of it, one hundred and seventy-five ounces per minute, six hundred and fifty-six pounds per hour, seven and three fourth tons per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart every three minutes.

The editor of the Iowa Falls *Sentinel* has invented a method whereby he keeps his neighbors' cows from stealing his hay. He describes it thus: "A certain quadruped had a sweet tooth for our hay-stack, and did much damage, throwing down the seven rail fence and roosting in our hay. We bought a box of Cayenne pepper, took a nice lock of hay, placed it outside, 'baptisided' it with pepper, and watched. The animal came along and pitched into the hay, when suddenly she took the hint, and, with nose at 45 degrees, and tail at 90 degrees, her soul went 'marching on' at the rate of 2.40. That cow has not come back. Try this, ye afflicted, and you will save your hay, and have a good hearty laugh all to yourself."

Literary Gems.

BEAUTIES FROM THE GREAT DIVINES.

STRONG CHARACTERS.—Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now, it is here we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, and before whose bursts of fury the children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed, and his way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that he is a weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with many powers of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.—*Rev. F. W. Robertson.*

USE OF GOOD MEN IN BAD TIMES.—It is very necessary that good men should live in very bad times, not only to reprove a wicked world, that God may not utterly destroy it, as he did in the days of Noah, when all flesh had corrupted its ways; but also to season human conversation, to give check to wickedness, and to revive the practice of virtue by some great and bright examples, and to redress those violencies and injuries, which are done under the sun; at least to struggle and contend with a corrupt age, which will put some stop to the growing evils, and scatter such seeds of virtue as will spring up in time. It is an argument of God's care of the world, that antidotes grow in the neighborhood of poisons; that the most degenerate ages have some excellent men, who seem to be made on purpose for such a time, to stem the torrent, and to give some ease to the miseries of mankind.—*Dean Sherlock.*

KNOWN BY THEIR FRUITS.—The roots of plants are hid underground, so that they themselves are not seen; but they appear in their branches, flowers and fruit, which argue there is a root and life in them. Thus the graces of the spirit planted in the soul, though themselves invisible, yet discover their being and life in the track of a Christian's life, his words, his actions, and the frame of his carriage.—*Leighton.*

RELIGION EXEMPLIFIED.—I would not give much for religion unless it can be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A light-house sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet far over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by all your conduct, and it shall not fail to be illustrated.—*Spurgeon.*

RICH MEN.—It were no bad comparison to liken mere rich men to camels and mules, for they often pursue their devious way over hills and mountains laden with India purple, with gems, aromas, and generous wines upon their backs, attended, too, by a long line of servants, as a safeguard on their way. Soon, however, they come to their evening halting place, and forthwith their precious burdens are taken from their backs, and they, now wearied and stripped of their lading and their retinue of slaves, show nothing but livid marks of stripes. So also those who glitter in gold and purple raiment, when the evening of life comes rushing on them, have nought to show but marks and wounds of sin impressed upon them by the evil use of riches.—*St. Augustine's Sermon on Lazarus and Dives.*

Dr. Huntingdon, of Cambridge University, says: "The educated man is meant to be, not a subject of philosophic climate, or geographic sections, but an incarnation of an illimitable humanity, with all the universe in his leaping pulses, with life eternal in the organs of his believing soul. Teachers are the directors under Christ—the masters of this immortal rearing. The Prussians have a wise maxim, that whatever you would have appear in a nation's life, you must put into its schools. Entering into the dignity of so grave an enterprise, teachers are the ministers of every higher institution in our social state. They are friends and benefactors of the family, the builders and strengtheners of the republic, perpetually reinaugurating the government; they are apostles for the Church; they are fellow-helpers to the truth of Him who is the Father of all families, King over all empires, Head of the Church."

Those who take honors in nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. The great mass of mankind are the "Poll," who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked, and then can never come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.—*Prof. Huxley.*

Every preacher should ponder these words of Robertson:—"Do not be dismayed or discouraged if the reading of the Scripture does not suggest as yet—Receive, imbibe, and then your mind will create."

You seem to see the wreck of some fair human thing who has lost the jewel of her womanhood, whom wolfish lust has cast upon society, and who lives to waylay society, in furtherance of her terrible revenge. You see her—eyes sunk and cheeks hectic with intemperance—flitting along under the beetling eaves, gliding alternate from the dazzling dram-shop to the dark arches of congenial obscurity; or perhaps you follow her fugitive steps, stealthy as a guilty thing, as she speeds

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From garret to basement,
From window and casement,
And stands with amazement
Houseless by night.

But what is every sinner, what are you; if you are at this moment alien from Christ, but homeless in the world?—*W. M. PUNSON.*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF PROVIDENCE.—A little error of the eye, a misguidance of the hand, a slip of the foot, a starting of a horse, a sudden mist, or a great shower, or a word undesignedly cast forth in an army has turned the tide of victory from one side to another, and thereby disposed of empires and whole nations. No prince ever returns safe out of a battle, but may well remember how many blows and bullets have gone by that might easily have gone through him; and what little, odd, unforeseen chances of death he has seen turned aside, which seemed in a full, ready and direct career to have been posting to him. All which passages, if we do not acknowledge to have been guided to their respective ends and effects by the conduct of a superior and Divine hand, we do, by the same assertion, cashier all Providence, strip the Almighty of His noblest prerogative, and make God, not the governor, but the mere spectator of the world.—*Dr. South.*

WORRIED TO DEATH.—This is a very common expression with a metaphorical meaning; but many a time, alas! it is literally so with the over-sensitive—the too high strung. But it is often an unnecessary result, arising from idleness, giving time to brood over trifles, or from the wicked and weak-minded habit of getting into a worry about trifling things. I once knew a lady to cry because it rained before she could have some work finished around her splendid city mansion. All of us should accustom ourselves to take things by their smooth handle, remembering that it has been wisely said: "The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in imprudently cultivating an overgrowth of small pleasures, since very great ones are let on long leases."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A crazy Northern paper called the Church Union says, "the meeting at Pittsburg, Pa., this week, will be a full meeting. Every sign points to a general awakening of the land the extermination of such societies as the Ku-Klux-Klan, Masonry and the Knights of the Golden Circle."

So the fools are not all dead yet. Does the poor, besotted ass who edits the Church Union expect to see Masonry exterminated by a little bar room gathering of bigots and fanatics?—*Roanoke News.*

When the Church Union "or any other man" expects to write down Masonry—the oldest and best human institution in the world—we shall expect to see the moon made of green cheese. During the war we sat in Masonic Lodges in our blue uniform with paroled Confederates in Virginia, Maryland, Missouri and Arkansas, and in 1865 visited several Lodges in North Carolina in our uniform, and we were always treated with perfect courtesy and kindness. It will take a larger city than Pittsburg to bring ruin to our dear Masonry. There, we join hands with our Southern brethren.—*Wil. Post.*

NOT PUT DOWN IN THE BILL.—The low rates of fare now prevailing on the steamboat lines between New York and Boston have brought to the former place an unusual number of verdant Yankees, bent on seeing the sights of the great metropolis. One of them, last week, having missed the boat, undertook to return by the cars, but, in his search for the New Haven depot, stumbled upon the Bowery Theatre instead. He bought his ticket with the crowd, among whom he recognized several acquaintances from his native town, and was duly ushered into the pit. There he looked wonderingly around for the train, and it was only after several minutes of astonishment that he found voice enough to ask his neighbor, "I say stranger, where do I take the keers for Bosting?"

A man recently ascended the column in the Place Vendome, Paris, for the purpose of committing suicide. As he was about taking the fatal leap, a gentleman touched him on the shoulder and said "My friend, be careful what you do. There is a fine of ten thousand francs for leaping from the top of this monument." The man walked down the spiral staircase, not having the means to indulge in such a luxury.

KENTUCKY FREEMASON.

EDITORS.

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

FRANKFORT, KY.,.....AUGUST, 1868.

Arrangements have been made by which we shall have, as contributors for the Kentucky Freemason, Bro. J. M. S. MCCORKLE, PHILIP SWIGERT, REV. HENRY E. THOMAS, JAMES A. DAWSON, WILLIAM C. MUNKER, and SAMUEL REED—all well known as Masons and gentlemen of ability. We expect to secure others also.

Having lost, through the mails the subscription money of many of our subscribers to the Kentucky Freemason, we desire those who shall hereafter transmit money to us, to do so in "Registered Letters," "Post Office Orders," or checks upon some one of the Banks in this State.

WANTED.—At the request of a Brother in a distant State, we have been asked to try and obtain for him the published Proceedings of the different Grand Masonic Bodies in Kentucky, for the following years, viz :

Of the Grand Commandery for 1849, 1851, 1852, 1853, and 1855.

Of the Grand Council for 1855, 1857, 1859, 1861, 1863, and any others before 1853.

Of the Grand Chapter for 1848, 1850, 1851, 1853, 1854, 1855, 1861, 1863, 1864, 1865, and any others before 1846.

Of the Grand Lodge any before the year 1852.

Now, Brethren, look over and ascertain whether you have any of the Proceedings for the years above specified, and whether you can spare them. If so, direct them to the *Kentucky Freemason*, Frankfort, Ky., paying postage upon the same, and it shall be refunded to you forthwith.

MASONIC WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' HOME.—Since the publication of our July number we have received many letters from Bro. ALEX. EVANS, the General Agent of this Institution, in all which he speaks of the great kindness extended to him by the Brethren and Lodges wherever he goes. His route has been through Nelson, Boyle, Lincoln, Pulaski, Wayne, Clinton, Cumberland, Adair, and Barren counties. We understand he will reach his home in Louisville in a few days, to report progress to the Board of Managers. We trust the report may be creditable to himself and the Lodges he has visited.

The next session of the Kentucky Military Institute will open the first Monday in September. We most heartily recommend this Institution to the notice and patronage of our brethren. In the faculty are seven members of the "Mystic Tie," including the Superintendent. The location of the Institute is picturesque, the buildings imposing, the accommodations commodious, the discipline unsurpassed, the faculty competent, the instruction thorough, and character of its *Alumni* such as to excite the just pride of every Kentuckian. An Illustrated Catalogue will be sent to any one upon making application. The Institute is located six miles from this City, and is free, therefore, from all the demoralizing influences of a large town. The Post Office address of Col. R. T. P. Allen, Superintendent, is Farmdale.

The gavel used by Grand Master Vaux, on St. John's Day, in Philadelphia, was the same that Washington used when he laid the corner-stone of the Capitol.

SENSATION AND PLANCHETTE.

Our Senior has taken a dip in the Fountain of Youth and turned base ballist. He and Adam Keenon—another gay, young man of our City, played in a Grand "Muffin" Game on the 15th. The reporter of the Yeoman says, "many incidents of a ludicrous nature occurred" and then goes on to chronicle the incident of our venerable boys' matchless playing. For such trifling with the highest art, and the feelings of our junior seniors we demand the *amende honorable*. If he declines to render this obvious act of justice, we shall feel tempted to take the *bat or field*. His base insinuation is unworthy of this knight of the quill and *fly* in the face of all propriety.

Come none of your artful dodges
To deal foul with A. G. Hodges.

Our chief composer, Jno. B. Dryden was awarded a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for *distinguishing* himself as the worst player. Without its aid the present number would scarcely have made a *home run* this month.

EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION.

The "State Teachers' Association" met in Convention at the "Kentucky Military Institute" and continued in session three days. There were about seventy-five members present—all of whom were cheerfully and handsomely entertained by Col. R. T. P. Allen and lady. No better exponent could be given of Col. Allen's devotion to the cause of education than the generosity displayed by him on this occasion. Among the distinguished gentlemen present we noticed General Kirby Smith, Rev. Dr. W. W. Hill, Rev. Dr. Taylor, Professors Stirling, Seymour and Dodd. The discussions were conducted with rare ability and cannot but result in good. A committee was appointed to memorialize the Legislature, begging that the question of increased taxation for the support of education be submitted to the people, at the next election.

Measures were taken to insure a general interest of prominent educators in the next convention to be held in the city of Louisville, the second Tuesday in August, 1869.

It was said that there are five thousand teachers in the State, exerting a trifling influence upon the public policy concerning a Common School system. It was proposed and the plan adopted, that each Senatorial District should organize an Auxiliary Association which should send two delegates to the next Convention—and these to be representative teachers. If such a Convention, as is anticipated, should assemble next year the question of public Education in Kentucky, may be said to be rapidly approaching a solution.

The efficient Superintendent of Education, Hon. Zach Smith—who is *ex officio* President—was present and delivered an able address. He presided with firmness, dignity, and courtesy. He succeeded in impressing the Convention with his views, and doubtless feels encouraged at the manifestation of interest in his plans, apparent in the Association.

The Educational Journal published by John T. Hearn at Shelbyville was adopted as the Organ of the Association, and we take this occasion to heartily commend it to those of our readers who desire to have an intelligent idea of educational matters in our State.

The increase of membership in Indiana for 1868 was the coincident number of 1868.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DAUGHTERS' COLLEGE,—Harrodsburg, Ky. In another column will be found an advertisement in relation to this Institution. The principal editor of the *Commonwealth* thus speaks of the President of Daughters' College: "President Williams has long been known as one of the most thorough and successful teachers of young ladies in Kentucky. His fame in this respect, may be truly said to be commensurate both with the States of Kentucky and Missouri, if not more extensive. The graduates of Daughters' College everywhere rank as young ladies of the highest culture and refinement, manifesting a knowledge of the several departments of human study that fits them for any social circle. President Williams' system of teaching is superior to the old routine of methods, and inspires confidence at the same time that it inculcates the highest sentiments of virtue, discretion and true modesty."

GAY'S CHINA PALACE—under Masonia Temple—Louisville, Ky. See his advertisement in this number of our paper. Those who may wish to supply themselves with articles in his line will be furnished on as good terms as at any House in the city of Louisville. Call and see.

FRED. DRESEL & BRO.—General Engravers—Louisville, Ky. It will be seen by their advertisement in this number of our paper, that they are prepared to furnish SEALS for Lodges, Notaries, Courts, Companies, Societies, Corporations, and Business men. We commend them as faithful and reliable gentlemen.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of LOUIS TRAPP, dealer in Piano Fortes, Cabinet Organs, Sheet Music and Instruction Books, &c., at 92 & 94, Jefferson Street, Louisville, Ky.

Our readers will find where they can obtain a BAKER & GROVER SEWING MACHINE, at Louisville, by referring to advertisement in another column. No recommendation from us can give character to their renowned Sewing Machines.

G. W. SCOVILL, No. 133, 4th Street, Louisville, Ky., wants agents in every county in Kentucky to sell *Hove's Sewing Machines*, which was awarded the two highest prizes, at the World's Fair, Paris, 1866. See his advertisement.

THURSTON and HARBOW, at the Metropolitan Hotel, Cincinnati, are doing a fine business as Hotel Keepers; yet they have room for other friends. See advertisement, and then call and make their house your home while in Cincinnati. You will find them all right.

A new method of dividing glass has been invented in France. A jet of highly heated air is directed from a tube on the object to be divided, which, while made to revolve on its axis, is brought close to the nozzle of the tube. The object is then cooled suddenly, and the glass divides with extreme accuracy at the place operated on.

Mrs. Anthony is not the first woman in this country, who has published a paper, Mrs. Sarah Hillhouse published the *Monitor*, in Washington, Ga., in October, 1805.

Mr. Edward Churchill, aged 100 years, walked two miles to church, in Erie county, Penn., Sunday, July 26.

EDITORIAL NOTES OF TRAVEL.

PORTSMOUTH NAVY YARD.

Under the guide of a nautical friend I passed through this mammoth ship-yard, and had the pleasure of leisurely inspecting some of the largest vessels ever built for the American Navy. Several first class ships were upon the stocks nearly ready for a launch, while two floated at the docks, and were receiving their engines, armaments, &c. The Dry-Dock interested me. It is a vast floating box—ample in size to take in the largest ship. When a vessel requires repairs, this is towed out into sufficient depth of water, the flood gates are lifted to admit the tide, the ship is floated in between the walls of the Dock, the gates are then closed, steam pumps, on either side, then draw off the water, the dock then returns to the deep trench of masonry, and the ship, high out of water, is ready to receive the needed repairs.

LAKE WINNEPISSEGOEE.

This beautiful sheet of water sleeps in the shadow of everlasting hills and was fitly named by the Indians—*Winnepisseogee*, which being interpreted is—the smile of the Great Spirit. It is rightly named, for it is as beautiful a sheet of water as ever smiled at the sun. It is thirty miles long—and averages about four miles in width. It has over three hundred Islands—varying in size from the merest fairy bower up to areas large enough for the primeval Paradise. All of these Islands, which seem to float upon the pellucid waters of the lake, are crowned with every hue of green vegetation—jewels of emeralds upon a bosom of transparent beauty. I sailed over this lake in the fine low pressure steamer "Chicouma." There is another steamer called "the Lady of the Lake"—which I saw move off from Centre Harbor with the grace of a Swan. The shores of the Lake are dotted around with villages, hotels &c.—which during the summer season are thronged with visitors from the New England cities.

KEARSARGE.

This mountain in the town of New London, New Hampshire, gave name to the celebrated war steamship which destroyed the "Alabama." The hotel on the mountain is named the "Winslow House" in honor of the Commodore, who at the time of my visit was its guest. Kearsarge mountain is over 3,000 feet high, and looks down upon a country remarkable for its picturesqueness. At the little village of Scythville, at its base, I was entertained by Mrs. Colby—who is the wife of a son of Governor Colby, a gentleman well known in the political circles of New Hampshire, and, by the way, my hostess is a sister of Mrs. M. T. Runyan of our city. The beauties of the surrounding country were pointed out to me and dilated upon in graphic terms by this intelligent lady.

BANGING TRUNKS.

Banging trunks about on a railroad is a decided nuisance. I bought a fine Saratoga trunk, with an iron bottom and firmly braced with metal straps, and yet when I reached Frankfort, careless handling had bumped a hole in the bottom, and bruised the entire trunk so as to entirely destroy its comely appearance. I counted the damage done my trunk and its contents as more than I paid for my personal fare over all the railroads upon which I was a passenger. It seems to me that railroad officials take delight in the reckless handling of baggage. I saw one gentleman's trunk smashed to pieces, and its contents scattered around in wild confusion, without any apparent

concern upon the part of those who inflicted the damage. The gentleman had either to desert his baggage or remain behind to collect and guard it, for the "cars had to leave on time." The public should have some redress for such wrongs. Our legislators should provide for the protection of passengers' baggage. There should be at least two porters at each train to handle baggage, so that if a trunk be too heavy for one to manage carefully, both may take hold of it, and remove it without damage. Who will immortalize himself in the regards of the traveling public, by organizing a "Trunk and Transportation Reform Society?"

ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN R. R.

I traveled from Cincinnati to New York and back over this best of American railroads. It is a broad gauge. What advantage is this? It gives a wider seat, a broader aisle, and does away with that eternal jolt, *jolt*, which characterizes narrow gauge roads. On this road a man may travel, by availing himself of the "Silver palace sleeping cars," with as much ease as to remain in his own chamber. By an ingenious method of ventilation you are fanned as gently as if by a fairy's gossamer wing, and are entirely free of cinders and dust. From New York I had the pleasure of enjoying a state room, in company with Col. Case, an eminent lawyer of Youngstown, Ohio, and we were as private and comfortable as we could have been in a hotel. The Col. and I, will long remember how we fought our old battles over again, how we met as strangers and parted as friends. May our casual acquaintances be renewed! I found the officers and attendants of the Atlantic and Great Western R. R. polite and obliging, and I take this occasion to particularly acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. W. Barr, the General Passenger Agent. Our brethren going to New York, will find many representatives of the Craft among the employees of the line, and will have no occasion to lament their infidelity to the generous principles of our Order. Go to New York by the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

THE KENTUCKY CENTRAL.

I was persuaded that if competition be not the life of trade, it is the life of railroad travel. The Ladies' car on the Kentucky railroads would be a tolerably fair smoking car "beyond the Tweed"—i. e. the Ohio. Dyspeptics will be benefitted by a jolt over our railroads. "Bless me ain't this pleasant?—riding on a rail."

Ladies' cars seem to be a Kentucky Institution—a phase of barbarism attached to a modern invention. Our forefathers, because of the rudeness of pioneer populations, used to compel a separation of the sexes in Church, or meeting-houses. This barbarity is rapidly disappearing in Churches, but it survives on Kentucky railroads in the "Ladies' car." It is not a little humiliating to a gentleman to present himself upon the platform where a knight of the brake holds autocratic sway, and to be told that he can gain no admission to the sacred precincts of the Ladies' car. It is a kind of suspicion of his gallantry, or that he is unfit to be introduced into the presence of *Ladies*. But if the brakeman happens to know the applicant as a brakeman on another railroad, wide open swings the door and in he goes. Moral: *Brakemen are all gentlemen*. Across the river there are no Ladies' cars. Gentlemen and Ladies sit together in all the cars, except the smoking car, and if there are any Ladies who want to

smoke they sit there too—*while smoking*. I wish some gentleman, the purchaser of a first class ticket, would test this question with Kentucky and Southern railroads. Do away with Ladies' cars; proceed upon the assumption that all men, who travel, are gentlemen—at least gentlemen *pro tempore*; and should you be disappointed in exceptional cases conductors will always find enough "Knights" aboard to sustain order, and protect female delicacy against the impertinent intrusion of bores, and blackguards.

The Kentucky Central railroad has a worthy representative in Bro. Taylor—conductor on the afternoon train from Lexington. He wears the square upon his breast—and will parallel any conductor on the broad-gauge.

THE LEXINGTON AND LOUISVILLE R. R.

This road has a sun-shine in Captain Vories, I always feel satisfied when I hold his check—or rather when he is aboard and I don't, for he always knows me, and I never have to stick an uncomely paste-board in my hat. It isn't always pleasant to have a placard up for your honesty. "Keep this in your hat." I wish they would take down those signs:—"Don't spit on the floor." "Keep your legs and arms and heads inside the windows." What vulgarity,—do they suggest? A fellow who is fool enough to thrust his legs, arms, or head out of a car window, while whirling along at the rate of a mile a minute, more or less, will be fool enough to suppose that you are trying to abridge his natural rights, by any such impertinence as your sign-warnings against danger.

FRANKFORT.

A dash through that dark tunnel and I am at home. "Cousin Dick," and Colby H. have us by the arm,—(I say us, for at Paris, I have been reinforced by wife and three children)—and into a carriage, provided by them. Happy thought; for how else could we ever have gone through the city with "Alf," with geologic stratas of limestone, coal, and molasses over head, hands and feet, the deposit of a single solar day. A dash of a square or two brought us up at the *parsonage*. The doors flew wide open. A half-dozen of the best looking and cleverest ladies hailed us welcome. We went in, and found that during our absence Brussels had taken charge of our parlor floor, Windsor had captured our chairs, and Epicurus had possession of our table. Hurrah! who would not go abroad for such a welcome home! Supper that night,—fit for a banquet of the ancient mythologic gods,—amid groups of loving friends—no one of whom we would exchange for all the strangers we saw abroad. Once more in the study—once more on the tripod. If our readers can share in our pleasure,—they will be partners in joy with one of the happiest of men.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

APPLEDORE HOUSE,
ISLE OF SHOALS, STATE OF MAINE,
July 16th, 1868.

Dear Colonel:

While in Boston I was the guest of the "Revere House," the best hotel in America. On Sunday morning I wished to go to Church, and asked a gentleman concerning the relative abilities of the different ministers, remarking at the same time, that I was a Western man, and wanted to hear a representative Boston preacher. "Well" says he "you had better go to hear Rev. Mr. Mi-

nor; he is at the head of Abolitionism, Woman's Rights, Temperance, &c; when you hear him you will get some Boston ideas; he is a Universalist, pretty near to Theodore Parker, and damns every thing but damns no body." I then asked, what kind of a preacher is Dr. Walker, pastor of Boudoin Square Baptist Church, just opposite the Revere House. "O," he replied, "Dr. Walker isn't very smart. He butchers the Queen's English, but then he is great at getting people converted." After hearing his comments on several other ministers, I concluded that I had the most favorable report of Dr. Walker, so I went to his Church—and heard an excellent sermon. At night I attended Park St. Church and heard a well-dressed clergyman trying to prove the existence of moral evil, which he succeeded in doing to my entire satisfaction. Boston Congregations, as I saw them, did not impress me favorably. They were small. The two I saw not one-half so large as a Frankfort Congregation, at any of our Churches. The prayers were "faily regular" and were listened to by the people sitting, without even inclining their heads. The singing was indifferent. While in Boston I walked down to the Common which was yet gaily dressed in its 4th of July holiday attire. Boston Common is the axle on which the "hub" revolves. There must have been twenty thousand people promenading on the "Common" the evening I was there. It is remarkable for nothing but some splendid elms, a fine fountain, and the revolutionary memories it recalls. Overlooking it is the State House, from the dome of which a magnificent view can be obtained of the City, the harbor, and the sea. Bostonians think that all that is worth seeing may be ogled from the summit of Massachusetts State House. Across the Charles river is Bunker Hill Monument, erected of Granite,—a square massive shaft 220 feet high. Entering it, at the base, the eye is arrested by a beautiful monument of marble, erected by the Masons to the memory of Gen. Warren, an honorable member of our Order who fell in the engagement on Breed's Hill. Visitors reach the summit of the main monument by flights of steps winding around the shaft on the inside. The view from the top is perhaps unequalled in the States. By the aid of a powerful spy-glass, you can have a view of the surrounding country and ocean to the distance of fifty miles.

I sailed down Boston Harbor and made a visit to Nahant—a sea-bathing resort of considerable celebrity.

From Boston I came to Dover, N. H., and employed myself for a few days in renewing old acquaintances, by boat rides on the graceful Cochecho, visiting its manufactories &c. The Cochecho Manufacturing Company, located at this place is one of the leading corporations of the kind in the country. It was incorporated in 1827—and has a Capital Stock of one million of dollars. The Cotton works consist of four brick mills from five to seven stories in height, which contain fifty thousand spindles. One thousand one hundred and ninety three looms, manufacturing two hundred and sixty thousand yards 64 by 64, Print Cloth per week, and requiring for its manufacture one hundred bales of Cotton per week. In carding, spinning, dressing and weaving of the cloth, twelve hundred operatives are employed. The Print works are upon a scale, proportionate to the manufactory for Cotton Cloths, and the Cochecho calicoes are regarded as superior to all other American prints.

While at Dover a dead man was found in a meadow, in the suburbs of the city, and it was supposed he had been murdered. Though the body was discovered, and reported, to the Mayor and the Coroner as early as five o'clock in the afternoon, it was not removed, dressed, and buried until noon the second day. Such gross neglect of the dead could scarcely have occurred in Kentucky.

On last Monday I started for the Isle of Shoals—leaving Dover and sailing to Portsmouth down the Cochecho and Piscataqua rivers in a sail-boat. I arrived at Portsmouth just in time to see the Yacht "Celia" moving down the river. This beautiful barque is the regular packet to the Islands. Determined to reach the "Shoals" that day, I procured the services of a skipper, and in a whale-boat put to sea. For several hours, while the tide was receding we were utterly becalmed, rocked up and down by a gentle swell, but making no headway. Alongside of us was a Yacht containing an excursion party and having on board a fine brass band of music. How sweetly sounded their strains of merriment and music as they mingled with the murmurs of the Ocean!

Presently the tide began to flow in, and with it came a stiff breeze and heavy seas. The breeze was a head-wind, and having this and the inflowing tide against us we could make no progress except by heaving, "i. e." tacking eastward and westward. My skipper said there had been a storm far out at sea, and that the returning tide was bearing the billows in. To a land-lubber, like myself, the sight, though grand, was not all comforting. Our little vessel was driven by the wind and tossed. Sometimes she would take a plunge as if to dive to the bottom of the Sea. I was not at all sick, though my skipper said, that in such "chopping seas" as we were in, men were most likely to be. After seven hours of bobbing up and down, plunging hither and thither, and many shower baths from the splashing spray we landed opposite the Appeldore House, and soon placed a glad foot on the rock once more; with a fair wind and a favoring sea we should have made this little voyage in one hour and a half.

The Isle of Shoals comprise a group of eight rocky islands, varying in size from five to three hundred acres. They are delightfully situated about twelve miles from Portsmouth harbor, out at sea. The group was originally discovered by the famous Capt. John Smith (of Pocahontas notoriety) in 1614, who, at one time, was Admiral of New England, Governor of Virginia, and an honored hero among the Transylvanians in Europe. Capt. Smith was so pleased with his discovery that in his report to the King he gave his own surname to the group, and for a long time they were called Smith's Isles. The shoal rocks in the vicinity, however, from their dangerous proximity to the course of vessels bound to the harbor of the Piscataqua, have given a more suggestive name. It is said that Capt. Smith aided materially in the settlement of these isles by hardy fishermen, who were organized as the Ancient town of Appeldore. This town had at one time 600 inhabitants, and the only Academy in all New England; but after an existence of about one hundred and fifty years, it came to an end at the breaking out of the Revolutionary war. The Government could not protect the people from the cruisers of the enemy, which levied on them for fresh provisions, and compelled an ignoble neutrality. They consequently pulled down their

houses and took shelter on the main-land. A few, however, remained and united with a small number on another island, to be ultimately incorporated as the town of Gosport; now, and for several years, represented in the General Assembly of the State of New Hampshire. The little village of Gosport on Star Island, contains about 100 inhabitants all engaged in fishing for a livelihood. A neat little stone Church lifts its steeple from the midst of the fishermen's cottages. A good man, loved of this simple hearted-people is their pastor, school-master, physician, and representative in the Legislature. The Island, from which I write, (Hog Island) belongs to the State of Maine and has no houses except the "Appeldore Hotel," of which I am a guest. Within the past twenty-five years, the shoals have become famous as a summer resort. About ten thousand persons visit there during the hot season to enjoy the cool sea-breezes, and the rare sport of taking fine fish, from 10 to 70 lbs apiece. I have been out fishing twice and have had fine luck, catching cod, haddock, perch, &c. One of these excursions to Minot's ledge—five miles beyond the shoals, was characterized by an exciting sail before a favoring air.

It has been observed that the sea air, at the shoals, has a very remarkable curative effect. Persons emaciated with consumption have in a few weeks rapidly improved, and in some instances been entirely restored. Others almost wild with nervous disorders, have suddenly calmed, and slept like infants. Bilious affections disappear as if by magic. All this with little or no medicine; almost nothing, in short but the vigorous breathing of the sea-air, regulated draughts of sea-water, a generous fish diet, and the very invigorating exercises of rowing a boat, or drawing up large fish from fifty fathoms depth. The hardy fishermen of Gosport are temperate and obliging. The Messrs. Leighton, (born and reared on Star Island,) proprietors of the "Appeldore" are more like Western men, than any gentlemen we have met in New England. The fare at this house is only three dollars a day. The building is large and elegant, the rooms well-furnished, the table affords all that one could wish to supply the inner man; there are bath-houses, sail-boats, fishing tackle, billiards, bowling-alleys, croquet-grounds, &c. If those, who swelter a season through at Springs could spend one week at the Isle of Shoals, we undertake to say that they would never again elect the former as a summer resort—I go from here to Lake Winnepiseogee.

Yours Truly

H. A. M. H.

THE MASONIC CATECHISM, No. 1.

What is the *Acacia*? It is the Ancient name of an Evergreen plant indigenous to the East. The Masonic *acacia* is, *Mimus Nilotica* of Linnaeus. It is the symbol of immortality, and was planted by the Hebrews at the head of graves to be a perennial reminder of that great doctrine, so dear to Masons. For the same reason do we plant the Arbor-Vitae, Cedar, Yew, &c., at the graves of our dear departed. When Masons at the burial of a brother throw a sprig of Cedar into the grave they express symbolically their faith in the immortal existence of the soul. All nations have employed kindred symbols, as for instance, the Egyptians the palm, the Grecians the myrtle, and the Druids the mistletoe.

What is the meaning of "Accepted?" An Accepted Mason is one who has been adopted into the

Order. Masonry was originally an operative Craft, and when inoperative Masons were received as honorary members they were called "Accepted." Now that Masonry is purely speculative all Masons are "Accepted."

What is requisite to Admission to Masonry? The candidate must be free-born, of mature age, (twenty-one,) sound in mind and body, in the possession of all his limbs, under the tongue of good report, a believer in God, and male,—in all these respects "worthy and well-qualified."

What is *Adoptive* Masonry? Those side degrees, which do not belong to Ancient Craft Masonry. They are four in number and called Apprentice, Companion, Mistress and Perfect Mistress. It is French Female Masonry, and in our opinion deserves no encouragement from the Ancient Craft.

Who is an "Advanced" Mason? A Mark Master. It signifies that that Master Mason has gone one step beyond Ancient Craft Masonry and is making progress toward the Royal Arch.

Who is an *Affiliated* Mason? One who holds connection with a Lodge, that is, one who has not demitted or been expelled.

What is the "*Ahiman Reason*"? The Book of Constitutions, and literally signifies "the law of chosen brothers."

What is the significance of the "All-Seeing Eye"? It is an Emblem of the Universal Providence of God, expresses his omniscience and reminds us that there is nothing in our hearts hidden from the gaze of God.

What is "*Androgynous*" Masonry? In France it is "*Adoptive* Masonry," and in this country it embraces the degrees of Good Samaritan, Heroine of Jericho, and the Mason's Daughter. It comes from two Greek words meaning *man* and *woman*. It is so called because the degrees which it embraces may be conferred alike upon men and women indiscriminately.

What are the two *Anniversary* days of Masonry? The birth days of St. John the Baptist—the 24th of June—and of St. John the Evangelist, the 27th day of December.

What is a legal Masonic *Apron*? The lambskin—selected because of the purity of its color, and the innocence of the animal from which it is obtained. It should be sixteen inches broad, fourteen inches long, with a flap four inches deep; square at the bottom, and bound in the symbolic degrees with blue, and in the Royal Arch with scarlet. All decorated regalia are contrary to the spirit of the Order and should be abolished. It was a coat of many colors that made Joseph obnoxious to his brethren.

What is an "*Asylum*"? By the figure of speech (synecdoche) it signifies the place where an encampment of Knights Templar met.

What are the essentials of a legal *ballot*? Every member should vote, unless excused by the united voice of the Lodge; one black ball will reject a candidate; the ballot-box must be inspected before and after the vote by the Junior and Senior Wardens; the box must remain on the altar until all have voted; only one person should be allowed at the box at a time, and to effect this the roll should be called; each member before voting should Masonically salute the Chair; after all have balloted, the box is then inspected by the Junior Warden, Senior Warden and Master, in the order named. Should there be but one black ball the Master orders a second ballot; if more than one he pronounces the candidate rejected.

Of what is the *Reebiee* an Emblem? Of industry. It is a symbol of the Master's degree.

What is the Masonic name for the *Bible*? The "Greater Light." It occupies the centre of the Lodge, and around it the lesser lights are supposed to revolve.

What is a *Blue Lodge*? It comprises the three degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry, namely, Entered Apprentice, Fellow-Craft, and Master Mason. It is so called because the color of this Lodge is *Blue*.

What is the meaning of *Boaz*? Literally, "in strength." It was the name of the left hand pillar that stood at the porch of King Solomon's Temple. The right hand pillar was named *Jachin*, and literally signifies, "God will establish."

The literal reading therefore of the two symbolic pillars is—"In strength God will establish."

Who is a "*bright*" Mason? One thoroughly furnished with knowledge of the traditions, ritual and usages of the Order.

What is the significance of the *Broken Column*? It symbolizes the fall of one of the Grand Masters of the Craft.

What is the Constitutional requirement concerning *By-Laws*? Each particular Lodge may frame its own by-laws, provided they do not conflict with the Constitution of the Grand Lodge, nor with the traditional usages of the Order. The by-laws of every Subordinate Lodge must be submitted to the inspection of the Grand Lodge, and reviewed and ratified by it before they can be regarded as statutory.

ST. ANTHONY, MINNESOTA,
August 14, 1868.

DEAR H:

It is worth a trip to this country to see its beautiful and impressive scenery,—the Mississippi with its lofty bluffs and tumbling water falls—the boundless prairies with waving grass and golden harvests and breezes that surpass those of the seashore—the Lakes of Como, White Bear and Minnetouka, and numberless others, smooth as a mirror, floating more sail-boats and gondolas than the bay of Venice—and combining the *dulce cum utile* in furnishing countless fish, bass, pickerel, sunfish, &c., of superior quality and flavor. Besides the spirit of man seems here to have received a special impulse and activity from these splendid surroundings, and art seems to emulate nature in beautifying and improving the country. You would be astonished to witness on every hand such extraordinary evidences of skill, enterprise, wealth, architectural taste and general prosperity. Whole blocks in St. Paul and Minneapolis are constructed of massive stone, the buildings five and six stories high. We remained a week in St. Paul. It is the Capitol of the State and is built on an elevated plateau 100 feet above the surface of the Mississippi river. A portion of the City is built on a noble amphitheater of hills which surrounds it on three sides. From this range of hills the eye can sweep up and down the Mississippi river for many miles, and behold most of the city spread out below him, making a landscape surpassing in beauty any picture in the world.

The Falls at this place are a picturesque sight, tumbling over great masses of rock, but are now almost hidden by the multitude of mills and factories which line the river. This place has 4,000 inhabitants—it is connected with Minneapolis [immediately across the river] by a Suspension Bridge. Minneapolis has 12,000 inhabitants—and in the year 1867 turned out manufactured articles to the value of \$4,000,000. Of course we

went to see Minnehaha, immortalized by Longfellow in *Hiawatha*. It is six miles from here—about four from Minneapolis. If Niagara is sublime, Minnehaha is beautiful—it is a lovely spot, and its beauty must be seen to be realized. We went under the shelving rock behind the Cascade, which we found to be quite a sensation. We were told that in this little hollow chamber two romantic couples have been married.

ENCOURAGING.

Since our last issue we received letters from two distinguished Masons—one from Maine and the other from North Carolina—directing the Kentucky Freemason to be forwarded to them from its commencement. This was done; and, after they had examined our paper, we have been much gratified to receive from them the following commendatory letters, which we appreciate the more highly because of the eminent positions they occupy, both as men and Masons, in their own States.

PORTLAND, MAINE, July 25, 1868.

"R. E. COMPANION—Yours is received, and with it came the papers. I had heard a good report of the Freemason; but it exceeds my expectations. I am exceedingly gratified at its high tone, the ability of the articles, and their elevated literary character. I have become almost sick of Masonic journalism, in view of the namby-pamby character of too many of our papers; and I assure you it does me good to get hold of one that I am proud to claim for our own. You have my best wishes that you may have abundant prosperity in your new undertaking, for you richly deserve it. Please do not consider this as an attempt to flatter; but rather as words of encouragement. Enclosed I send at my risk \$1 50: if you receive it, send receipt in next paper."

RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 14, 1868.

"DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: I have received all the back numbers of the *Freemason* and thank you for the kindness in furnishing them.

Having examined the paper thoroughly, I am prepared to speak of it in commendable terms.

I am well pleased with it in every particular. It is worthy the support of the Fraternity and, I trust, will attain to that degree of success to which its merits entitle it."

The Rev. Dr. Lillenthal an eminent Jewish Rabbi of Cincinnati, on the occasion of laying of the corner-stone of the New Temple of K. K. Bene Israel of Cincinnati, said, among other things, the following:

We Israelites of the present age do not dream any longer about the restoration to Palestine, and the Messiah, crowned with a diadem of earthly power and glory. America is our Palestine; here is our Zion and Jerusalem; Washington and the signers of the glorious Declaration of Independence—of universal human right; liberty and happiness, are our deliverers, and the time when their doctrine will be recognized and carried into effect all over the world, is the time so hopefully forestalled by our great prophets. When men will live together united in brotherly love, peace, justice and mutual benevolence the Messiah has come indeed, and the spirit of the Lord will have been revealed unto all his creatures.

For this reason we hail with joy and satisfaction the organizations of the so-called secret orders, be their names Freemasons, Odd Fellows, or any kindred institutions. Wherever the existence of a God is taught; wherever men, breaking down all barriers of separation, meet on the platform of common love, charity and fraternity, there we find the signs of the real kingdom of heaven; there we get the dawning of that morning which will bring unto us better tidings. We expect from such organizations only the best results for mutual reconciliation, and apprehend from them dangers neither for religion nor human society.

Freebooter.

"August! Reign, thou Fire-Month! What canst thou do? Neither shalt *thou* destroy the earth, whom frosts and ice could not destroy. The vines droop, the trees stagger, the broad-palmed leaves give thee their moisture, and hang down. But every night the dew pities them. Yet, there are flowers that look thee in the eye, fierce Sun, all day long, and wink not. This is the rejoicing month for joyful insects. If our unselfish eye would behold it, it is the most populous and the happiest month. The herds plash in the sedge; fish seek the deeper pools; forest-fowl lead out their young; the air is resonant of insect orchestras, each one carrying his part in Nature's grand harmony. August, thou art the ripeness of the year! Thou art the glowing center of the circle!

PASSIONS AND PURITY.—Purity is not sufficient for greatness, or a child would be morally greater than a tried and victorious man. Passion, idealism, the divine life, must breathe and glow in every truly great work of art.

Everything may be mimicked by hypocrisy, but humility and love united. The more rare, the more radiant when they meet.

Let not every pain send thee to a doctor, every quarrel to a lawyer, nor every thirst to the dram shop.

Not that which men do worthily, but that which they do successfully, is what history makes haste to record.

A CHEERFUL VIEW OF THINGS.—"How dismal you look!" said a bucket to its companion, as they were going to the well.

"Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled, for let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty."

"Dear me!" how strange to look at it in that way!" said the bucket. "Now, I enjoy the thought that however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you'll be as cheerful as I am."

POETS.—Poets may be said to realize, in some measure, the poetical idea of the nightingale's singing with a thorn at her breast, as their most exquisite songs have often originated in the acuteness of their personal sufferings.

Emerson finely says: "The poor are only they who feel poor, and poverty consists only in feeling poor."

HAPPINESS AND VIRTUE.—Happiness and virtue are twins, which can never be divided; they are born and flourish, or sicken and die together. They are offsprings of good sense and innocence; and while they continue under the guidance of such parents they are invulnerable to injury, and incapable of decay.

"A darling," is the dear, little, beaming girl who meets one on the door-step; who flings her fair arms around one's neck, and kisses one with her whole soul of love; who seizes one's hat, who relieves one of one's coat, and hands the tea and toast so prettily; who places her elfish form at the piano, and warbles forth, unsolicited, such

delicious songs; who casts herself at one's footstool, and claps one's hand, and asks eager, unheard of questions with such bright eyes and flushing face, and on whose light, glossy curls one places one's hand and breathes, "God bless her!" as the fairy form departs. But there is an angel following in her footsteps, who is not visible to us, but who is anxious to bear our darling from us, and in the mind's eye its white shadow flits between us, the darling of our hearth.

TACT AND TALENT.—Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of the difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places and at all times. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent ten to one.

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

A father never gains the affection of his children by refusing to decide their disputes or settle them; but he loses a vast deal of their respect if he evades or shuns the subject. And those opinions expressed before the younger members of the family should be held consistently. It will not do to state one thing in theory, and allow your children to see you reverse it in practice daily and hourly: by such a method one thing is insured—contempt; and contempt is alike fatal to love, respect, or imitation.

Our passions never wholly die; but in the last cantos of life's romantic epoch, they rise up again and do battle, like some of Aristo's heroes, who have already been quietly interred, and ought to be turned to dust.

PRATTING OF LITTLE CHILDREN.—Oh, how precious to us have been the prattlings of little children, and those subtle questions and still subtler replies that we have heard coming from their spotless lips, and have listened to as oracular breathings! How true the words, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength;" aye, strength of insight, to which that of most philosophers and theologians is abject weakness and folly. Almost every doctrine now "most surely believed" by us, we have heard again and again (sometimes without much conviction till long afterwards) from the lips of prattlers, ere or after their evening prayer was said—at that hour when those acquainted with children must have noticed how, after they are watered with the baptism for the night, and clad in their sleeping robes, their souls and bodies seem both liberated; and how, as a double portion of the child's spirit seems to fall on them, their utterances sometimes far transcend the thoughts of the highest genius.

A HOME OF TASTE.—Engravings shed their spirit over a household. The calm portraits of the great and worthy dead exercise a great influence over me. I could look on those over my own fire-place until they seem neither absent nor departed, but living yet. Every good picture is the best of sermons and lectures. The sense informs

the soul. Whatever you have, have beauty. Let beauty be on the paper on your walls. It is as easy to choose a paper suggestive of the lovely in form and color, as the uncouth. Why should not every household object be sanctified with this grateful charm? Each chair, each table, each tea or chamber service, and every object for kitchen or parlor, for the home of the poor man, artisan or mechanic, I would have the mall worthy of a home of taste.

Some one has beautifully said it is better to sow a good heart with kindness than a field with corn, for the heart's harvest is perpetual.

MECHANICS.—They are the palace builders of the world; not a stick is hewn, not a stone is shaped in all the lordly dwellings of the rich, that does not owe its beauty and fitness to the skill of the mechanic. The towering spires that raise their giddy heads among the clouds depend upon the mechanic's art for their strength and symmetry. Not an edifice for devotion, or business, or comfort, but bears the impress of their hands. How exalted is their vocation, how sublime their calling. Their path is one of true glory, and it is their own fault if it does not lead them to the highest point of honor and renown.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts; and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

SOCIAL LOVE.—How sweet is social affection! When the world is dark without we have light within. When cares disturb the breast, when sorrow broods about the heart, what joy gathers in the circle we love! We forget the world, with all its animosities, while blessed with social kindness. That man cannot be unhappy, who has hearts that vibrate in sympathy with his own, who is cheered by the smiles of affection and the voice of tenderness. Let the world be dark and cold, let the hate and animosity of bad men gather about him in the place of business—but when he enters the ark of love, his own cherished circle, he forgets all these, and the cloud passes from his brow and the sorrow from his heart. The warm sympathies of his wife and children dispel every shadow, and he feels a thrill of joy in his bosom which words are not adequate to express. He who is a stranger to the joys of social kindness has not begun to live.

The heaviest troubles under which many persons groan are borrowed.

Men think little of what is said, unless they think much of him who says it.

Time, patience, and industry are the three grand masters of the world.

It is filling a child's mind as in packing a trunk. We must take care what we lay in below, not only to secure for that a safe place, but to prevent it from damaging what is to come after.

If a rich man would keep his health, he must live like a poor man."

"Instead of complaining that roses have thorns, be glad that the thorns are surmounted by roses."

"When a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuse for every weakness and palliations of

every fault; we recollect a thousand endearments which before glided off our minds without impression, a thousand favors unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed, and wish, vainly wish, for his return; not so much that we may receive, as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before was never understood.

It is easy to make a noise, but all sounds are not human voices, and all human voices are not thoughts. A man may talk hours and say nothing. He may speak with a stentor's lungs, or with a throat like a trumpet of brass, and yet a child's whisper, or a brooklet's murmur, may be of far greater importance to men. Words fitly spoken are thoughts in flight, and speed like arrows to the mark. Such words men will hear, wait to hear, and hearing, ponder well.

You of course know that mountains, which have the firmest features and the most fixed forms of nature, are yet of a more variable expression than any thing in the world except the ocean and the air. Lakes, trees, meadows, and men, have moods and changeable expressions; but mountains, beyond all other natural objects, are subject to moods. Every change of temperature, every change of hour throughout the day, every change of cloud or sun, is reflected upon the mountains. They are the grand expositors of the atmosphere. Sometimes they stand in dreamy mood, hazy, indistinct, absent-minded. All inequalities seem effaced. The lines of depression or the bulges of rock are lost, and they lie in airy tranquility, as if God had sloped them from base to summit with an even line.

A MASONIC PIN.—A story is told of a confident individual, evidently well "read up" in the mysteries, who applied at the outer reception-room of the Boston Masonic Lodge for admission. An eminent brother who was quietly sitting there, but made no sign that he was anybody, requested the stranger to be seated, and he would send in for proper persons to examine the credentials, of the visitors.

"Oh, it's no matter about that; I'm all right," said the applicant, making sundry extraordinary passes with his hands, and contortions of visage. "That may be, but I think they always examine strangers who desire to visit the Lodge," said the attending brother.

"Well, I'm ready for 'em," said the visitor confidently.

"Glad to hear it—that is quite an elaborate breast pin you have there," said the other looking with some interest at a big gilt letter G, which the visitor had conspicuously displayed upon his shirt bosom.

"Ya-sa, that's a Masonic Pin," replied the wearer, swelling out his breast.

"Indeed! Letter G—well I suppose you know what that means?"

"O, yes—certainly—letter G—stands for Jerusalem—a sorter headquarters of us Masons, you know."

The querist didn't know it, and the applicant, it is almost unnecessary to state, did not get any further into the Lodge.—*Com. Bulletin.*

An exact calculator has made an estimate based upon the salaries paid to American ministers, and the number of sermons preached, and arrives at the conclusion that the price paid for a sermon, to take the country through, is only three cents apiece!

A French writer has said that, "to dream gloriously, you must act gloriously while you are awake; and to bring angels down to converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day."

THE MYSTICAL SQUARE.

A Rhyme read by B. P. Shillaber (Mrs Partington) at a Gathering of Members and Friends of Star of Bethlehem Lodge, Chelsea, Mass., New Year's evening.

I rise at your bid, as the biscuit said
To the housewife, like a thing well bred,
And my muse responds with a better cheer
In view of the pleasant faces here;
For it isn't oft that our vision falls
On such an array within our walls.
We are glad to see it, though prying eyes
May penetrate through our mysteries,
And bring to view from their lurking nooks
Our gridirons, goats and conjuring books,
And gain a view of those curious sights
That draw us hither from home o' nights,—
Provoking that question which most of us hear,
"Where have you been so late, my dear?"
But look as you will, and see what you may,
We are glad to welcome you here, any way.

This is our workshop, and here we unite
To build up a temple both lofty and bright,
Perfected upon the Great Architect's plan,
And bearing the grand designation of *Mau'*

And here let me read you a bit of a rhyme
That came from my inkstand once on a time;
'Tis a lesson of life, by no means immense,
A leaf from the book of experience:

When I first donned my apron and went out to work
I vowed to myself that no labor I'd shirk,
My square I'd apply to a practical test
Of mankind at large—the bad and the best;
The level I'd use, the finish to scan
Of that mighty fabric, the sovereign MAN.

The first one I met was a millionaire proud,
Who turned up his nose at the low vulgar crowd,
Who hadn't a pleasant or good natured word
For one of the common and hard-working herd.
So made up of money, he chinked as he trod,
A high priest of worship where Mammon was God!
He'd forgotten the time when he first came to town,
With the gait of a boar and the look of a clown—
One shirt in a bundle, tied on to a stick,
And his brogans of ox hide half an inch thick,
His hat of ram beaver, the woolly side out,
His coat of tan broadcloth, full seven-ply stout.
I tried on my square and the level, alas!
They revealed to my gaze the original ass,
And all of his money and all of his power
Couldn't hide the long ears of his young grazing hour.

I passed along further, and soon after saw
A mighty big wig in the ways of the law;
Than Blackstone more wise, than Kent more profound
Than Mansfield more just, than Story more sound;
The square I applied, and he shrunk to a rag
Not half the size of his faded green bag.

Next a merchant I met, with ships on the sea—
And a very great credit on 'change had he;
He had but to speak and mills came to a stand,
And stocks tumbled down at a wave of his hand.
The square told the story—a griper for gain,
He cared for no brother's confusion or pain;
To pile up his coffers and add to his wealth
Was his governing thought in sickness or health—
His motto, *Get money*—as his pole star he set it—
Honestly?—yes—but at any rate get it.

Next a philanthropist near by me passed,
On a mission to save the lost and outcast.
His heart seemed a glow with sensitive calls
That found their way there through drear prison
walls;

Who'd beg for the poor like a stentor all day,
And whose step was an index where misery lay.
The square I put on and straightway descried
That though proper without 'twas not well inside—
That amid all the snivel there was too much of self,
And love of his kind mixed with love of the pelf.

I saw a great Doctor, as grave as the bird
Whose classical claim to wisdom we've heard,
His head so full of Hygeian lore
That a hydraulic pump couldn't crowd it with more.
I put on my square—gracious heavens, the fall!
He sunk down at once to nothing at all.
A pair of old saddle bags only remained
And a few empty bottles that drugs had contained!
I'll just mention here, to avoid any fuss,

The Doctor I mean doesn't practice with us.

A politician, loud for his cause—
(A Bell-Lincoln-Democrat I think he was—
Who had brawled through the land for many a year
To prove that he loved his country so dear)—
Next crossed my path; and I put on the square,
When presto! the change that was manifest there!
The patriot vanished, and there in his stead
Was a poor famished figure in blue, white and red.
I lifted the end of this singular pall,
And hope for an office I found under all.
And thus I went on my course here and there,
Applying to all the mystical square.
There were some stood the test though, good men and
true,
But, like angel visits, they were far-twixt and few.
There were parsons and editors, schoolmen and drones
There were soldiers and poets, and students and crones,
And good work were they whom the square could let
pass,

As an ashler hewn 'mid the 'glomerate mass.
On the head of a fop my square I once tried,
But there was not a thing in it, so I let it slide.
The last that I tried was a popular belle,
Whose dimensions the compasses never could tell;
A rod, for a guess, their diameter through,
And bounced to the waist in manner most new,
Men marked her approach as she drifted their way
As they might a cart load of runaway hay.
My square I applied—excuse me, don't ask
What I found, the result of my delicate task,
But if you insist—'twas a *skeleton* form,
From which had escaped all attributes warm.

But after all this, to myself then said I,
Suppose on yourself the measure you try.
So said, so I acted—when straightway the test
Showed me warped and deformed far worse than the
rest!

There were crooks of Passion and bunches of Sin,
And the line of plain duty wired out and wroth in.
Then I this moral formed from my mystical square,
We must take all men pretty much as they are!
So I still keep my square and still try the test,
And live on and love on and hope for the best.

A young married woman, babe in arms, went
bathing near the coal yard of Abner Reeves, River
street, Newark, N. J. She remained over a
quarter of an hour in the water, where she amused
herself by performing all the evolutions known
to expert swimmers, and throwing her infant some
distance from her, and then diving for it. The babe
enjoyed the sport hugely.

THE WEIGHT OF A TEAR.

A pair of scales before him—
A rich man set and weighed
A piece of gold—a widow's all,
And unto her he said:

"Your coin is not the proper weight,
So take it back again,
Or sell it me for half its worth—
It lacks a single grain."

With tearful eyes the widow said:
"O, weigh it, sir, once more;
I pray you be not so exact,
Nor drive me from your door."

"Why, see yourself, its under weight;
Your tears are of no avail,
The second time he tries it,
It just bears down the scale.

But little guessed that rich man,
Who held his gold so dear,
That the extra weight that bore it down
Had been the widow's tear.

ARITHMETIC.—That science which is engaged in considering the properties and powers of numbers, and which, from its manifest necessity in all the operations of weighing, numbering, and measuring, must have had its origin in the remotest ages of the world.

In the lecture of the degree of "Grand Master Architect," the application of this science to Freemasonry is made to consist in its reminding the Mason that he is continually to *add* to his knowledge, never to *subtract* anything from the character of his neighbor, to *multiply* his benevolence to his fellow creatures, and to *divide* his means with a suffering brother.

Wit and Humor.

"CUSSED HIS CROP OUT."

The following good one is told of John M., a most inveterate wag, and one of the cleverest men in old Talbot. He was in the Bureau office at Butler last fall, looking over some old tax books, when a negro out of this county, who had some difficulty with his employer, entered and inquired of Mr. M. if he was "de buro?" "Yes," said he "I'm the man." "Well, boss, I come to see you 'bout a fuss I had wid the man I works wid, Dr. D. You see, boss, I axed him two week ago how much money and things in de store, and he told me \$120. Well, las' week I goes to town and buys three or four dollars wuf of things, and den he say I owe him \$250; and when I tell him dat can't be so, he cussed." "What! did he cuss you?" said M., excitedly, turning over the leaves of the tax book. "Yes, boss, he cussed me twice." "Well," said M., hurriedly snatching up a pen and making some marks on the book, "I fine him \$9 for that." "Look-a-here," said the negro, eagerly, "does dey have to pay for cussing us?" "Yes, \$4 50 for every time they cuss you." "Den," said the colored individual, rising solemnly, and putting his hat carefully on the table, "fore God, boss, he done cuss his whole crop out, and I see gwine home to collect my money." The negro made shell road time back to his employer's, told the negroes of their good fortune, and the result was that every one of them went to Butler next day to know about this "cuss money." Butler had some trouble in convincing the newly-made, enlightened voters that "cussing" was not taxable.—*Talbot (Geo.) Gazette.*

A medical student under examination, who was asked the different effects of heat and cold, replied:

"Heat expands and cold contracts."

"Quite right! can you give me an example?"

"Yes sir; in summer, which is hot, the days are longer; but in winter which is cold, the days are shorter."

A little four-year old child in Portland told his father he was a fool. On being reprimanded by his mother and required to say he was sorry, he toddled up to the insulted parent and exclaimed, "Papa, I'm sorry you's a fool."

Somebody has given utterance to the following scrap of philosophy, which, if not good, is at least cool: "The poor man's purse may be empty, but he has as much gold in the sunshine and silver in the moon as anybody."

There is said to be living in Winchester a man who is possessed of such a powerful memory that he is employed by the various benevolent societies to "remember the poor."

"The man who raised a cabbage-head has done more good than all the metaphysics in the world," said a stump orator at a meeting. "Then," replied a wag "your mother ought to have the premium."

Mr. Fuller, a Methodist preacher, found it necessary to eke out a scanty living by selling sermons. He called one day on a lady in a parish where he once labored. As he announced the lady expressed her horror and surprise. "What! Mr. Fuller, I thought you labored for souls, and not for money." Fuller replied: "A minister can't live on souls; and if he could, he'd soon depopulate such a region as this!"

"Grandma," said a sharp child "do you want some candy?" "Yes, dear, I should like some." "Then if you buy me some I will give you a part."

When you hear a man say, "Life is but a dream," tread on his corns and wake him up. Life is real.

NEVER WAS WITH HIM.—About ten years since a young man of very good character hired a horse from a livery stable to ride out to a little town about twenty miles distant. Unfortunately; about half-way out the horse was taken sick and died. The livery man sued him for the value of the horse, representing that the horse had been killed by fast riding. One of the young man's witnesses

(rather green, or supposed to be, and who had a peculiar way of talking very slowly) was called to the stand and questioned thus by the proprietor: "Are you acquainted with the prisoner at the bar?"

"Y-a-a-a," (very slowly drawled out.)

"How long have you been acquainted with him?"

"About three years."

"Well, sir, please state to the court what kind of reputation he bears as regards fast or slow riding on horseback."

"W-a-a-l, I suppose if he was a riding with a company of persons who rode very fast, and he did not want to be left behind, he would ride fast too. And if he was riding with a company that rode very slow, and he did not want to go ahead alone, I suppose he would ride slow, too."

Judge, (very much enraged).—"You seem very much inclined to evade answering questions properly. Now, sir, you have stated how the gentleman rides when he rides in slow company. Now, sir, I wish you to state to the court how the gentleman rides when he rides alone."

"W-a-a-l, having never had the pleasure of riding with him when he was alone, I don't think I can tell."

SPECIMENS OF IRISH HUMOR.

There are two kinds of Irish wit—the intentional and unintentional. Of this latter sort there is an absolutely limitless supply, afforded by the redundancy of metaphor and illustration common to the national mind, and productive of absurdities and hyperboles delightful to study. Take the peroration, for instance, of a clergyman describing the joyful death of a Christian: "My brethren, he leaps into the very arms of Death, and makes his hollow jaws ring with eternal hallelujahs! And the destiny of the wicked, "when Death, with his quiver full of arrows, mows them down with the besom of destruction." A poor-law guardian in the north of Ireland very lately surpassed these flowers of rhetoric, when he addressed his audience: "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the board! The eyes of Europe are upon us. The apple of discord has been flung in our midst, and if it be not nipped in the bud, it will burst into a conflagration which will deluge the world!" At all times the richness of Irish phraseology borders on the grotesque. An English squire would be amazed at receiving the good wishes expressed once to our knowledge, to an Irish one: "Long live your honor forever! and long may you reign in splendor!" Or a petition addressed to the writer's father, couched in these words: "As I am shortly going to make my exit from this vale of tears, I hope your honor will send me two-and-sixpence by return of post." The queer ideas which enter the fertile brains of Hibernians at all times are sufficiently astonishing. A school of poor children, having read in their chapter in the Bible the denunciations against hypocrites who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," were afterwards examined by a benevolent patroness, Lady E., as to their recollections of the chapter. "What, in particular was the sin of the Pharisees, children?" said the lady. "Ating camels, my lady," was the prompt reply. But besides these unintentional drolleries, there is abundance of true wit in Ireland, with a flavor all its own. Few theological definitions, for instance, could bear the palm from that of a priest who, having preached a sermon on miracles, was asked by one of his congregation, walking homeward, to explain a little more lucidly what a miracle meant. "Is it a miracle you want to understand?" said the priest. "Walk on then there forinst me, and I'll think how I can explain it to you." The man walked on, and the priest came behind him and gave him a tremendous kick. "Ugh!" roared the sufferer, "why did you do that?" "Did you feel it?" said the priest. "To be sure I did," replied the unhappy disciple. "Well, then, remember this: it would have been a miracle if you had not."—*Hours of Work and Play, by Miss F. P. Cobbe.*

JOSH BILLINGS' ESSA ONTO HOGS.

Hogs generally are quadrupid. The extreme length of their antiquity has never been fully discovered; they existed a long time before the flood, and hev existed sum time since.

There is a great deal of internal revenue in a hog; there aint much more wast in them than in an oyster.

Even their tails can be worked up intew whiskeys.

Hogs are good, quiet borders; they alwus eat what is set before em, and don't ask any foolish questions.

They never hev any disease but the measles, and they never hev that but once; once seems to satisfy em.

There are a great menny breeds amongst them. Some are a close corporashun breed, and again some are more apart, like a hemlock slab.

They used to hev a breed in New England a few years ago which they called the striped hog breed; this breed was in high repute with the landlords; almost ev'ry tavern-keeper had one which she used to show travelers, and brag on him.

Some are full in the face, like a town clock, and some are as long and lean as a cow-catcher with steel-pointed nose onto them.

They kan all rute well; a hog which can't rute well hev been made in vain.

They are short-lived animal, and generally die as soon as they get fat.

The hog can be larnt a great menny cunning things, such as bisting the front gate from of its hinges, tipping over the swill barrels, and finding a hole in the fence tew git into a cornfield; but thar aint any length to their memory, it is awful hard work for them to find the same hole tew git out at, especially if you are any ways anxious they should.

Hogs are very contrary, and seldom drive well the same way you are going; they drive most the contrary way. This has never been fully explained, but speaks volumes for the hog.

A WORD FOR BOYS.—The truth is one of the rarest gems. Many a youth has been lost in society by allowing it to tarnish his character, and foolishly throwing it away.

If this gem still shines in your bosom, suffer nothing to displace or diminish its luster.

Profanity is a mark of low breeding. Show us the man that commands the best respect; an oath never trembles on his tongue. Read the catalogue of crime. Inquire of the character of those who depart from virtue. Without a single exception, you will find them to be profane. Think of this, and don't let a vile word disgrace you.

Honesty, frankness, generosity, virtue—blessed traits! Be those yours, my boys, and we shall not fear. You are watched by your elders. Men who are looking for clerks and apprentices have their eyes on you. If you are profane, vulgar, theater-going, they will not choose you. If you are upright, steady and industrious, before long you will find good places, kind masters and the prospect of a useful life before you.

A WONDERFUL DOME.—The dome of the Capitol at Washington is the most ambitious structure in America. It is a hundred and eight feet higher than the Washington Monument at Baltimore, sixty-eight higher than that of Bunker Hill, and twenty-three feet higher than the Trinity Church spire at New York. It is the only considerable dome of iron in the world. It is a vast hollow sphere of iron weighing 8,200,000 pounds. How much is that? More than 4,000 tons, or about the weight of 70,000 full grown people; or about equal to a thousand laden coal cars, holding four tons apiece, and which would reach two miles and a half. Directly over your head is a figure in bronze "America," weighing 15,985 pounds. The pressure of the iron dome upon its pillars is 13,477 pounds to the square foot. St. Peter's presses nearly 20,000 pounds more to the square foot, and St Genevieve at Paris, 66,000 more. It would require to crush the supports of our dome a pressure of 775,280 pounds to the square foot. The cost was about \$1,100,000. The new wings cost about \$6,500,000. The architect has a plan for rebuilding the old central part of the capitol and enlarging the park, which will cost about \$3,200,000.—*Wash. Cor. Ciu. Com.*

The other day, Edward Williams, of Scranton, Pa., swam nine miles in 150 minutes, or two hours and a half. This beats Leander's feat in the Hellespont, as well as Byron's imitation thereof.

MARK TWAIN ON THE ACCORDEON.—Mark was, as many other young men are at some period of their lives, anxious to learn music. He tried first one instrument, and another, he settled down to the accordeon. On that soul-stirring article of music he learned to play that melodious and popular air, "Auld Lang Syne." For about a week he continued to torture his unwilling hearers, when, being of an ingenious turn of mind, he endeavored to improve on an original melody by adding some variations of his own. But who has ever seen a real genius succeed yet? Just as Mark had finished his only tune, and wound up with an admirable flourish the landlady rushed into his room, and said she:

"Do you know any other tune but that, Mr. Twain?" He told her meekly that he did not. "Well, then," said she, "stick to it as it is; don't put any variation to it; because it's rough enough on the boarders as it is now."

The upshot was, that its "roughness" was soon made manifest, for half the boarders left, and the other half would have left had not the landlady discharged Mark. Then, like the wandering Jew, Twain went from house to house. None would undertake to keep him after one night's music; so, at last in sheer desperation, he went to board at an Italian lady's, Mrs. Murphy by name. He says:

The first time I struck up the variation, a haggard, care-worn, cadaverous old man walked into my room and stood beaming upon me a smile of ineffable happiness. Then he placed his hand upon my head, and, looking devoutly aloft, he said, with feeling unctious, "God bless you, young man! God bless you! for you have done that for me which is beyond all praise. For years I have suffered from an incurable disease, and, knowing that my doom was sealed, and that I must die, I have striven with all my power to resign myself to my fate, but in vain—the love of life was too strong within me. But heaven bless you my benefactor! for since I heard you play that tune, and those variations, I do not want to live any longer—I am entirely resigned—I am willing to die—in fact, I am anxious to die." And then the old man fell upon my neck, and wept a flood of happy tears. I was surprised at things, but I could not help giving the old gentleman a parting blast, in the way of some peculiar lacerating variations, as he went out of the door. They doubled him up like a jackknife, and the next time he left his bed of pain and suffering, he was all right in his metallic coffin."

BOB-O-LINK.

The Boston Post perpetrates the following, which we consider good in its way:

"The gay young rascal, the Bob-o-link, is in his glory just now—in the high tide of musical dissipation. What a gush and gurgle of song it is that pours out of his little throat!—"Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link! Blink, blink, chitterwink? Cherry me, up in a tree! Out in the sun—clover tops—tall grass—look at me now—what d'ye think?—happy fellow—can't stay—ee—on the wing—wife's at home—good bye!" Was there ever so charming a field companion for a morning stroll in June? The meadows would not seem one-half so delightful in this early stage of summer, were his gleeful chatter not rained down in this showery way all over the grass. In certain favorite meadows he makes his annual appearance punctually on the eleventh of May. It makes no difference, rain or shine, windy or calm, one never listens in vain for the prompt presentation of his tinkling notes. He keeps his little promise, year by year, with wonderful faithfulness; and one can hardly keep back the thought, half fancy as it is, that if his wife of the new season, like some one other housewives, was behind-hand with the packing of her trunk, for a start on her northern summer tour, he would leave her and come on alone, rather than blemish his fresh song by offering it a single day later. The happiest, jolliest, most scatter-brain of all the birds of the open field, his tipsy song reels on from one grass-spire to another, from daisy head to thistle top, and his gay little coat sinks and rises with the motion of the fragile perch he has found, as the still lake of the morning air is broken into circles with his rattling jolity.

"Some of his notes are as clear as the sand of

shivered glass; and again they tinkle as musically one against the another as chiming of silver bells: and then fall on the ear as the faint echoes of far off water drops, dripping into airy wells, and sounding so musically cool as to refresh the spirit with the very thought of them. It is the veriest medley of music-going, and could not be imitated except by Titania's band after deal of moonlight and midnight practice. The little rascal is much too gay to make a good husband for a sober housewife bird, like the tawney-coated robin. He loves his sunshine freedom too well to think of tying himself by the shortapron-string of his patient lady in the nest, or of faithfully standing guard at the family front door. Being such a 'man about town' in the orchards and meadows, he is content to make his breakfast and dinners chiefly on admiration. He actually seems to thank you for startling him up when you come up suddenly and look over the rail fence, since it gives him the pretext he covets for displaying his motley suit and airing his skill as a vocalist. He sings as though he had been sipping champagne, his bird-heart running over with those delights which generally made wine-tasters light-headed. He is a perfect musical chatter-box, as he flutters on his short flights over the tips of the grass spires, for across from the brown rail fence is the purple thistle-top. An old man's heart feels the new wine of his spirit working again while he stands listening to his rhapsody; and the heart of the boy bounds about like nothing but the motion of the songster's own little body, as he wishes he could close his hand on the gay singer, and claim him always for his own."

A CANNON BALL IN THE HAT.

An anonymous writer, after describing how, when a boy, he stole a cannon ball from the Navy Yard at Charlestown, Mass., and with much trepidation and more headache, carried it away in that universal pocket of youth, his hat, winds up with the following reflections—reflections which though philosophically trite, are in this manner conveyed with much force and freshness:

"When I reached home I had nothing to do with my shot. I did not dare to show it in the house, nor tell where I got it, and after one or two solitary rolls, I gave it away on the same day to a Prince Streeter.

But after all, that six-pounder rolled a good deal of sense into my skull. I think it was the last thing that I ever stole, (excepting a little matter of heart now and then,) and it gave me a notion of the folly of coveting more than you can enjoy, which has made my whole life happier. It was rather a severe mode of catechising, but ethics rubbed in with a six-pound shot are better than none at all.

But I see men doing the same thing—going into underground and dirty vaults, and gathering up wealth, which will, when got, roll round their heads like a ball, and be not a whit softer because it is gold instead of iron, though there is not a man in Wall street who will believe that.

I have seen a man put himself to every humiliation to win a proud woman who has been born above him, and when he got her he walked all the rest of his life with a cannon ball in his hat.

I have seen young men enrich themselves by pleasure in the same wise way, sparing no pains, and scrupling at no sacrifice of principle, for the sake at last of carrying a burden which no man can bear.

All the world are busy in striving for things that give little pleasure and bring much care, and I am accustomed, in all my walks among men, noticing their ways and their folly, to think there is a man stealing a cannon; or there's a man with a ball on his head, I know it by the way he walks. The money which a clerk purloins for his pocket, at last gets into his hat like a cannon ball. Pride, bad temper, selfishness, evil passions, will roll a man as if he had a ball on his head! And ten thousand men in New York will die this year, and as each one falls his hat will come off, and out will roll an iron ball, which for years he has worn out his strength in carrying.

Some of the Fifth avenoodles of New York are now dressing their male servants in scarlet breeches and cream colored coats, in imitation of English snobbery.

WISDOM IN SMALL LOTS.

Be keerful that you allus git your munna before you give a receet, and allus git a receet before you give your munna.

Ef you are only a quarter of a second tu late you won't git thar in time.

We've got lots of men with towerin intellex and brilliyent genyus and all that, but then you see we need just a few men with good common sense like.

There may be sum sweet sadness in chuing the bitter cud of adversity, but the most uv'em in this section would rather hav terbacker, you know.

Wen a man brags on himself let him du so; no won else brags on him.

Ef wise men never made mistaiks this would be a hard world for fools—of whom a great many are which.

That man whos' allus torking bout his fambly is got no fambly; and tis a charite to let him tork.

Its no use to be miserable to da because your'er afrade you can't be happy to morrow.

Some men gets proud mighty quick; the neerer a dominiker is to a dungfill the wus he knows.

It required all kind uv men to maik up the world, and so you see there had to be sum egotistlike durn fools for dry goods clerks.

It don't taik as much sense to pick a lock or forge a check as it dus not to do it.

Wen it rains pudden, you hold up your dish, but don't spend your time waiten for a shower.

It don't taik a smart man to be a fool.

You can't do bizness without sense any more than you can start a cooper shop on a bung hole.

A man that don't know enny thing will tell it the first time he gets a chance.

Ef I enjoy enny thing more than the prosperity of a good man, it is the punishment of an infernal scoundrel.—*Josh Billings.*

A Hebrew merchant, Jubal Apatow, recently deceased at Wilna, Prussia used to supply three hundred families, with bread at half price. Twenty thousand people attended his funeral.

OBITUARY RECORD.

OUR LOVED ONES WHO ARE AT REST.

E. D. BURKE.

At a meeting of Land Mark Lodge, No. 41, A. Y. M., held at Versailles, Ky., July 12th, 1868—the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, it has pleased the Supreme Architect of the Universe to remove from our midst, after a severe and painful illness, our highly esteemed and beloved brother, E. D. BURKE, Junior Deacon of Land Mark Lodge No. 41. Therefore, it is

Resolved, That by his death the community have sustained a great loss, the Church a zealous member, and the Fraternity one of its most devoted supporters.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved widow and afflicted family of our deceased Brother our sincere and heartfelt condolence.

Resolved, That the Lodge and the furniture thereof be draped in mourning, and the Brothers wear the usual badge of mourning for 30 days.

Resolved, That these proceedings be spread upon the records of the Lodge; that a copy be sent to the widow and family of our deceased Brother by the Secretary of this Lodge, and also a copy to the Kentucky Freeman and Kentucky Gazette for publication.

D. P. ROBB,
H. C. McLEOD,
JOS. C. BAILEY,
J. E. HOSKINS. } Committee.

WANTED.

Energetic persons in every county in the State of Kentucky, where agencies are not already established, to introduce the world renowned *Howe Sewing Machine*, which was awarded the *two highest Prizes*, at the World's Fair at Paris in 1868. Persons wishing to become Agents will address G. W. SCOVILLE, No. 133, 4th street, opposite Masonic Temple, LOUISVILLE, KY.
August, 1868-3m.

FRED. DRESEL & BRO.,**GENERAL ENGRAVERS,**No 111 1/2 3d Street, between Market and Jefferson Streets,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Seals of every description, for Lodges, Notaries, Courts, Companies, Societies, Corporations, and Business men made to order. Goods can be forwarded, C. O. D. August, 1867-3m.

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A large stock of Plain and Fancy

DECORATED CHINA,Stone China, French and American Glass,
Silver Plated and Britannia Ware,
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and a fine variety of Fancy China.

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BEST ITALIAN STRINGS,
And all kinds of Musical Merchandise,
Nos. 92 and 94 Jefferson Street, South Side, between Third and Fourth.

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Daughters' College,**HARRODSBURG, KY.,****WILL BE OPENED FOR RECEPTION**
of Young Ladies on **First Monday in**
September next, under the immediate charge of**JOHN AUGUSTUS WILLIAMS:**

A Normal Department for the thorough education of Teachers is already established in connection with the College.

For particulars, Address,

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April, 1868-6m.

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March, 1868-4f.

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Proprietor.

T. A. HARROW,

Superintendent.

TO MY OLD PATRONS AND FRIENDS.—Having made an arrangement for the management of the above Hotel for a term of years, I earnestly solicit your patronage. To you, as well as to the traveling public generally, I pledge every attention for your comfort as guests of the house. Very respectfully.

T. A. HARROW, Superintendent.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 1, 1868. March 6, 1868-1f.

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