THE CLARION.

BY POWER & BARKSDALE.

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THE WEEKLY CLARION.

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THIS SIDE AND THAT.

The rich man sat in his father's seat—
 Purple an' linen, an' a' thing fine!
The puir man lay at his gate i' the street,
 Sair an' tatters, an' weary pine!

To the rich man's table ilk dainty comes,
 Money a morsel gaed frae't, or fell;
The puir man fain wad hae dined on the crumbs,
 But whether he got them I canna tell.

Servants prood, saft-fitit an' stoot,
 Stan' by the rich man's curtained doors;
Maisterless dogs 'at rin aboot
 Cam to the puir man an' lickit his sores.

The rich man deed, and they buried him gran,;
 In linen fine his body they wrap;
But the angels tuk up the begger man,
 An' laid him down in Abraham's lap.

The guid upo' this side, the ill upo' that—
 Sic was the rich man's waesome ia';
But his brithers they eat, and they drink, an they chat,
 An' carena a strae for their father's ha'.

The trowth's the trowth, think what ye will;
 Ah! some they kenna what they wad be at;
But the beggar man thoucht he did no that ill,
 Wi' the dogs o' this side, the angels o' that.

—*George Macdonald.*

OUR STATE UNIVERSITY.

"OCTAVIUS" REPLIES TO THE "BAPTIST RECORD.

EDITORS CLARION: Permit me again to do what I have frequently done before—use your valuable columns in defense of the University of Mississippi—this time in reply to an article in the Baptist Record with the ominous caption "The Destructive Policy of the State University." That article appeared as an editorial in the organ of the Baptist Church of Mississippi. The editor is a Baptist preacher and editor. That Baptist preacher and that Baptist paper are located in Clinton. The Mississippi (Baptist) College is located in Clinton. Some may say that this Baptist College, by this Baptist editor, through this Baptist organ speaketh, and that for a purpose against another Institution—the University of Mississippi—but we say not so. We know the editor, Brother Gambrel, and he is an honorable man, a christian and a gentleman. Another may say, Well, he is unconsciously led off and influenced by the circumstances and his surroundings; we say no—he is too smart for that, but we prefer to say that he is honestly mistaken. We propose to answer him, therefore courteously and in candor and fairness. The gentleman begins what he has to say by asserting that 'he is a friend to the University,' and then adducing arguments to prove it, we think such arguments were quite necessary,—we are glad he told us he was a friend to the University, for otherwise we would never have known it; we certainly should never have guessed it from his article that followed. But in reply to this part of his argument we simply say, "save us from our friends."

The writer proceeds under five subdivisions, to show that the policy of the Trustees with reference to the Preparatory Department is a destructive policy. We wish the gentleman had not expended all his luminous remarks and intelligent inquiries in pointing out the *evils* without showing any *remedies*; we wish that he had given us some disinterested practical views as to what ought to be done, instead of complaints as to what ought not to be done. It is hard to tell what is best to do. It is easy enough to find fault with what is done. We will examine his complaints in the order he arranges them.

1st. He says: "It is destructive of the morals of the youth of the State. Does any one believe that it is good to bring together hundreds of boys in their teens removed from home influences and those restraints necessary to youth?" We ask is this true? Let Bro. Gambrel answer. He says "it is unjust for the State to be taxed, to afford free tuition to the town of Oxford." We are therefore to presume from this remark of his that the boys are not 'removed from home influences' but that they live with their parents in Oxford. Again is it real bad to have young boys gathered together at the University of Mississippi? Is it bad to have them at the Preparatory Department at Clinton? would it be bad to have them gathered together, "at suitable centers where high schools might be established?" The gentleman seems to think it would be bad to have them together at Oxford, but all right to have them congregated at high schools elsewhere. "Consistency, thou art a jewel." Bro. Gambrel, thou art certainly the University's friend. He says: "A University is a place for men"—that is true so far as the Trustees and Faculty are concerned, but so far as students are concerned, we thought it was the place *to make men*. It is true, however, that little children are not invited, wanted or admitted either in the University or Preparatory Department.

2d. He says: "The free preparatory school breaks down competition and discourages teachers from attempting to found high schools in the State. No one can compete with the free Academy at Oxford." Now, really, that sounds like the Record was truly a friend to the University, for this is certainly a big advertisement for it. It is certainly a very high compliment, whether intentional or not, to the University of Mississippi to say that "no one can well compete with the free Academy at Oxford." If its morals were very bad, then competetition would be easy—therefore, its morals must be good. We are certainly very proud to know that the inducements to go to the University of Mississippi are so great—it is certainly not due alone to *finances*, to the fact the Preparatory Department has *free* tuition, because what is saved in the item of free tuition is certainly lost in the item of railroad fare and the difference in cost of boarding at home and expenses at home and expenses abroad. So, therefore, there must be some other cause besides free tuition—more causes than one that induce students to go to our State University, so that "no one can compete with the free Academy at Oxford."

He says, 3d: "This policy is breaking down all the other schools of high grade in the State." We do not know of any high school that the University has broken down; we have never heard of but one, and when the facts of that case were investigated it was found to have collapsed from a widely different cause. If the University is breaking down all the high schools in the State, we don't know what is becoming of their pupils; they assuredly are not going all to the University, for there are less than 200 in all in the Preparatory Department at Oxford; some of these are men. Very few of the balance were ever at a high school; most of them are from counties or places where there never was a high school. If the few who are at Oxford from high schools are breaking up all the high schools in the State, then they deserve to be broken up and the sooner the better; but we deny that such is the fact; we will not so reflect upon the high schools of Mississippi; on the contrary there are many thinly settled communities and many counties where there are no high schools; boys must therefore leave home to prepare for the University; then since they must leave home, there is no place so good to prepare them for the University as the Preparatory Department of the University; but as our boys are generally too poor to incur much expense the tuition was made free in order to enable poor boys to get an education. In those places where there are good high schools, boys generally remain at them from interest and choice and then when prepared go to the University at Oxford—this is the better course and is the course we think the University authorities recommend and advise.

The Preparatory Department of the University of Mississippi is a necessity to prepare such boys for the University as couldn't be prepared at home, and to supply the place of high schools; in such places as they do not exist and it will be necessary to continue the Preparatory Department until public spirit, enterprise, energy and thrift shall have caused these destitute places to be supplied with home high schools.

4th, He says: "A University is built upon high schools, in destroying high schools it is destroying itself." This is, "*petitio principii.*" We say the University is not destroying nor discouraging high schools, but supplying boys with a Preparatory Department where they have none at home and would otherwise have to abandon their homes anyhow for an education, and the University wants high schools established everywhere all over the State as feeders to the University. But if the Preparatory Department be now suddenly abolished, what will become of the boys in those remote parts of the State where there are no high schools, if they are to wait long years until progress and prosperity shall have successfully put in operation, good high schools in all their local ities, then indeed we will have for students at the University when these get there, *men*, and *old* men at that!

The gentleman speaks of the "letting down process" at the University; this is a simple assertion without evidence. We call for the specifications and the proofs. In what, and how and when and where, has there been any letting down? We deny it, except that there has been a letting down of her powerful arm and her beneficient hand to encompass and lifft up and bring within her folds and into her circle of usefulness, many poor boys of Mississippi, and many of her future future hope and promises.

5th. He says, substantially, that the policy of the University is destructive, because it antagonizes the teachers of high schools in the State. We reply, if this is true, we are sorry,—it is unnatural. There is no cause for such antagonism. We know teachers of high schools in Mississippi who are very warm, zealous friends of the University; they prepare (and well too) many boys for entrance into the University proper, and act as feeders for the University, and there exists as there should, mutal good feeling and good will between such high schools and the University. Would'nt such good feeling and reciprocal relations exist between the University and all the high schools, if their "*friends*" would just let them alone?

If the gentleman had examined a catalogue of the University he could have easily seen that his remarks about it being unjust for the State to be taxed to afford free tuition to the town of Oxford is unwarranted by the facts, for the catalogue for 1879 shows there are only twenty-one students in the high school or preparatory department from Oxford. Six of these are new comers who have just removed to Oxford from other places for the advantages of the University. Oxford is in Mississippi, and has the same rights, and no more, as all other towns in Mississippi have, but because it happens to be nearer the University than other towns, and sends sometimes more boys to the University than other towns, is no argument against the University. The gentleman makes another statement which is contrary to the facts, and a little disinterested inquiry would have shown him so. He says: "The University proper is not supported by the State, but by a donation from Congress. The high school, however, is supported by taxation." This remark of his bears absurdity upon its face, we respectfully submit. How is it that he conceives the idea that the high school is part of the University and yet is not supported like the University? The fact is that the University, including of course the Preparatory Department or high school, is supported by a donation from Congress, *and is not supported by taxation nor by the State or people of Mississippi*, as he can easily know by referring to the law upon the subject.

The Record says there is opposition to the University. We reply, yes, there is opposition to it and to every other good institution, and there always will be. Is his article calculated to quiet or stop opposition? It seems we never can have anything good in Mississippi in peace. But there is less opposition now to the University than ever before.

The Trustees can't hope to please everybody. If they try they will soon be in the fix Æsops' man with his boy and his donkey was. The Trustees will try to do what is right. The logic of the Baptist Record seems to be about this:

1st. He is a friend to the University, and therefore he has a right to abuse it.

2d. The boys in the high school at the University are not from Oxford; that their homes are elsewhere; that they are carried away from their homes and home influences to Oxford, and huddled together there; that this is destructive to the moral good of the State, but it wouldn't be destructive to their morals to huddle them together in high schools elsewhere.

3d. The balance of his logic is to show that the boys *are all from Oxford*; that because twenty-one boys are from Oxford in the free Preparatory Department, therefore the whole thing is for the benefit of Oxford, and the whole State is taxed to support a free school for Oxford, and therefore this is destroying all the high schools in the State, driving the teachers all from the profession, discouraging and antagonizing the teachers of high schools, and therefore destroying the foundation of the University, and therefore playing the mischief generally, and the attention of the people instead of the Trustees is called to the matter.

Seriously now, let us stop throwing stones. The Trustees are citizens of the State; they have the interests of the University at heart, and its responsibilities upon their shoulders. If you differ with them and have any suggestions to make, write to them or talk to them and you will be heard, but quit writing articles to tear down and to prejudice and to mislead.

The Trustees last year abolished the sub-Junior Preparatory class. They regret the necessity of having any Preparatory Department at all, but the simple fact *that it is full and crowded* is sufficient argument to show that it is now needed. But we have no doubt that so soon as the condition of the high schools in the State render one at Oxford no longer necessary, the Trustees will gladly abolish it, *but no sooner*.

The Trustees wish well to all the high schools in the State, and bid Clinton College God speed!

Let us then all go to work with harmony, with zeal, and with a common purpose and united effort to make the University of Mississippi the pride and glory of Mississippi.

OCTAVIUS.

Letter From Hon. O. R. Singleton.

Yazoo Herald.]

Washington City, D. C., May 28, 1879.

DEAR SIR: Having noticed several editorials and communications in your city papers in relation to the election of a United States Senator, and standing in the position of a candidate for that office, I beg leave to give in a few words my general views upon the subject. The choice of a Senator to serve in the Congress of the United States is one of the highest attributes of sovereignty and should be exercised with caution. This choice not being directly confided to the people, but made through their accredited representatives in the State Legislature, and the term of service being for six years, thus giving a lease of power which from its length tends to lessen the sense of responsibility of this high official, it becomes a matter of the highest concern to the people that their voice in this election should be heard and obeyed. One of the great troubles of the age is that power. under our Government, as in all others which have preceded it, is constantly stealing from the hands of the many into the hands of the few, and oftentimes a mere fraction of the whole are left as managers and leaders to direct and control the masses. Herein lies one of the greatest dangers to popular rights and popular sovereighty. Senators in Congress are the servants of the people, and should be chosen by the people, through the constitutional method, to represent the will of the people. And should the time ever come in the history of the country when the people, either by nonuser of their political rights or by tacit consent, shall allow members of the Legislature to elect Senators without reference to their wishes, then the representative principle which secures to the masses the control of the government will have perished, and an oligarchy will have been founded upon its ruins. Individuals have read history to little profit who have failed to be impressed by the fact that in all popular governments the first evidences of decay are to be found in the concentration of wealth and power in the hands of a favored few.—We have well nigh written the first chapter in this history of decadence by allowing the money power to get control of the Government in most of its branches; and it requires but one more surrender, that of popular ights at the ballot-box, to complete the overthrow of popular government. The world's history is full of governmental wrecks which have stranded upon the rocks and shoals of popular apathy and indifference as to the choice and character of those called to administer public affairs. And now, since recent events in our own history have demonstrated that bold and unscrupulous men can with impunity seize upon the Presidential office and convert it to their own uses in defiance of popular will, and that a fraudulent President can at pleasure, and as often as his party demands it, veto measures passed by the people's representatives, does it not behoove the people to plant themselves more firmly upon their constitutional as well as reserved rights, and make their will felt in every branch and department of the Government?

Why should they not, in their own way, indicate to their representatives in the State Legislature their preference for U. S. Senater? What man fit to represent the people in the State councils would be willing to misrepresent their views upon this most important subject? How can such Representative carry out their views unless they are made known to him? And in what better way can they be expressed than through their primary elections, their Beat and County Conventions, or in such other mode as they shall select to focalize public sentiment? It is suggested in opposition to this view of the subject that the agitation of the Senatorial question may engender discord in the Democratic party. Why should such a result follow? Cannot the voters in any and every county in the State quietly express their preferences without disturbing the equanimity of the Democratic party? This is a novel doctrine to the veterans in that organization. I trust the voters in every county in the State will make their voices heard and respected in this matter. Let the Senator be the choice of the people, and not of rings and combinations. Under no circumstances could I consent to hold this exalted position at the hands of an unwilling constituency. It would have no charms for me if obtained by finesse or the suppression of the popular will. Let the people speak out upon the subject, and let every candidate bow to their beheats. I regard this as the surest method, and I might go further and say the only one, by which popular rights and political liberty can be preserved.

Respectfully,
O. R. SINGLETON.

W. S. Epperson, Esq., Yazoo City.

THE EXODUS PROBLEM.

Colored Men's Colonies in Kansas.

LETTING THE COLORED MAN SPEAK FOR HIMSELF.

From a Cor. of the Boston Herald.]

TOPEKA, Kan., June 1, 1879.—Negro colonies in Kansas have not heretofore been successful. It remains to be seen whether the Kansas Freedmen's Relief Association will make their Waubausee colony an exception to the rule of disaster. Waubausee county is the next county to the west of Shawnee in which is situated this city. A few weeks ago, Isaiah T. Montgomery, one of the confidential servants of the late Joseph Davis, brother of the Southern President, came here to study the country.

Mr. Montgomery is a a very intelligent colored man, although of pure African type. He writes a fine hand, is very clear in his ideas, and is an excellent book-keeper. He has the management at present of the Davis plantations on Palmyra Island, Mississippi river. Mr. Montgomery, after journeying through the State, was so well pleased with the soil and prospects for money-making, that he decided to buy a section (640 acres) in Waubansee county. Four sections adjacent to Montgomery's have been secured by the Kansas Freedmen's Relief Association, and will be divided into farms of 40 acres each on which colored families will be settled. John M. Brown, a prosperous colored Mississippian, will superintend the planting of the new colony. Barracks for the accommodation of the people will be first built, and afterward shanties. Each colonist will be aided in making his first payment of $10, and nineteen years will be allowed to pay the balance, the 40 acres being reckoned at $2.65 per acre. Thus the 40 acres will be cost each settler $106. Interest will be computed at 7 per cent. Sixty-four families will be able to find 40-acre farms in these four sections. Mr. Montgomery will take several families on his own section. Upon the success of this colony a great deal depends. Should it do well, the frequently-heard statement that the negro cannot thrive in Kansas will be disproved. I should advise eastern people to withhod their contributions till a year's trial of colonization has been made. All the hoarded wealth of the opulent New England cities cannot make good citizens of the great mass of exodus negroes, many of whom are aged and infirm people.

NO HOPE FOR THE IDLE.

There is absolutely no hope for the colored man in Kansas, except in so far as he becomes self-supporting. He must come on equal terms with the hardy white settler. He has got to learn industrious habits and work six days a week. There are plenty of white people here who deserve aid far more than the shiftless darkeys, who come to Kansas as if it were an excursion. Over-wrought sentimentalism has pictured every exodus negro as the fugitive victim of the bull-dozers. The plain truth is that many of these negroes are but grown-up children, who came to Kansas in a state of religious exeltation, confidently expecting to find "God's country." Hundreds of them were doing well in the Mississippi valley. They had their neat cabins, their horses, mules, cattle and hogs. They sold everything for a song, and took passage for this land, where hard work is the secret of wealth.

The best informed railroad land agents are incredulous as to the success of any negro colony. They say that the negro is not adapted to the climate or the kind of agriculture here predominant.

The Nicodemus colony is an experiment regarding which doleful stories are told. Last winter the negro colonists were forced to skin and eat their starved cattle. Their only fuel was buffalo chips.

The Hodgeman county colony was settled by 107 Kentucky negroes in the spring of 1878. This colony is 280 miles west of Kansas City, far out on the plains. The most convenient railroad point from which to make a journey to this colony is the town of Kinsley, in Edwards county, about thirty miles from the settlement. Some fifty homesteads have been taken and a few timber claims. The colonists live, for the greater part, in dug-outs. These are semi-subterranean habitations, consisting of a hole or cellar a few feet in depth. Sod is piled up around to form walls, and there is generally a board roof. Most of the settlers have but a few acres under cultivation, and only those possessing teams were successful with their crops last year. Some of them attempted to work the earth with hoes, but it was labor lost. Very many of the colonists have been compelled to go to the neighboring towns to get employment, not having means to subsist on their farms.

WAGES IN KANSAS

are low for agricultural laborers, ranging from 75 cents a day in ordinary times to $1 50 a day in harvest. This is hardly so good as the wages paid day laborers on Palmyra island, Mississippi, where there is constant employment the year around, and no cold winter for which thick and expensive clothing is necessary. The negro laborer who comes to Kansas to better himself will find himself deceived. Few people realize the extremely low cost of living in the South. The negroes there are, as a rule, shamefully lazy in regard to vegetable gardens. Every negro has a patch of garden ground, and very few take the trouble to provide their tables with the abundant vegetables of the South. Corn bread and pork, seems to satisfy the negro summer and winter. He tires of flour and bacon, and gladly betakes himself to coarser food.

Let a committee of our thrifty Massachusetts farmers go through the southern country and they would be amazed at the thriftlessness of the negroes, who burn their fences for fuel, and idle away hours that should be given to cultivating gardens, and thus adding to their scanty bill of fare, as well as reducing their store bills.

The Hodgeman colony cannot be fairly pronounced a success. A successful colony should be self-sustaining, and this is certainly not. Mr. Hilton of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company's land office, a gentleman of great experience in Kansas, says that the Hodgeman colony is a complete failure. He does not believe that colored men are adopted to Kansas farming or to the climate.

THE NEGRO—CAN HE BECOME A FARMER.

The exodus problem is easily stated. It is to be embodied in a single question: Can the colored man become an independent farmer in the West? The Waubansee colony may answer this question in the affirmative. The Nicodemus and Hodgeman colonies are failures. Until the Waubansee colony shows the world that the colored man, can become a thrifty Kansas farmer, it is senseless folly to send money to the insatiate relief committees whose only aim is to keep up the excitement. The negro is not starving in the South. He has gone very hungry in Kansas. Every dollar sent West now is a premium put upon pauper emigration from the South, an inducement to the negro tenant to violate his contract with the planter.

The negro will never stand alone so long as people North continue to send him crutches. Massachusetts mill operatives and quarrymen working for 90 cents a day are worse off than Mississippi negro farm laborers on 60 cents a day and with free house rent and free garden patch and no cold winters. An instructive essay might be written on "Wasted Sympathy," and it might be dedicated to sentimentalists who weep for the poor far away and see not the oppressed at their doors.

RELIEF THAT DOES NOT RELIEVE.

The result of my observations of the "exodus" is a conviction that it will end as all such artificially-excited movements invariably do—in disaster to the credulous victims. The relief committeees are often in the hands of knaves and politicians. The noble, but misdirected, charity of the East has roused the cupidity of the white and colored rascals who have never prospered except by "manipulating" the money of the charitable. The St. Louis and Kansas relief committees are vitally interested in keeping up the movement, and they do everything possible to deter the homesick negroes from returning to the South. In St. Lovis not a morsel of food will the relief committee give the half-starved wretches homeward bound for Kansas. I have this fact from the testimony of intelligent colored men as well as white Republicans.

The following letter from a colored man, who tried his fortune in Kansas, is a fair sample of many I have seen. He is writing to his old landlord in Mississippi.

TOPEKA, May the 7th, 1879.

Mr. Isey Richardson i take this pleasure of writing you a few lines to inform you of my present helth. My family is sick. All of them is under the wether and if there is any way you can assist me in getting back i will work with you until i pay it. i want you to due your best to help me back. if you can make any arrangement with Mr. Rob to get me back i will come right away and i will work until I pay it. tell Edmon Jacdson i will advise him to ttay where he is. never come heer. tell Spencer Washington I wrote him a letter on the 11 of last mont and i is not got now answer. Isey Richardson doo your best for me. tell ant Jinnie Washington howdy for me. tell Ann Starks Dilsie send howdy to her, and is fallen away sow bad. tell every body that I am acquainted with to stay there where they is never to come hear. they told lyes about this country or i never would ben hear. write soon and let me know. i will close. Mr. BOSTON KING.

Boston King is now back at his old plantation home, a wiser and a more contented man.

A TEACHER'S STATEMENT.

Another colored man, Mr. John J. Kemp of Greenville, Miss., a school teacher, came here to see for himself what prospects Kansas offered his race. He was astonished to find that there were no extraordinary inducements to the colored immigrant in the way of a free farm, free mules and a free house. I will let Mr. Kemp tell his story himself. I asked him to write me out his narrative, and he presented me, after several hours brain labor, with the following lucid communication:

SCHOOL-TEACHER KEMP'S ESSAY.

The all-absorbing topic of migration is still agitating the negro of the Mississippi Valley about farm & free homes in Kansas. Therefore it is wise for us to consider well before we advise the black man to leave the South in such large numbers, to leave their homes dear to them, where they are known and where the negro is certainly boss of his situation. But it is like other things; it has a bright side as well as a dark one. The bright side is that when we get to Kansas we will be just as the white man is reckoned. Among the negroes that went to Kansas I was found. I went after several thousands had already been there and a few had returned, but I found things not altogether as I thought before I reached Kansas. I was very much disappointed—not in the country, but in the condition of the negro, is as far behind representation. Their present condition is miserable in Kansas without some strong arm to back them. I'll admit that there has been a great deal of bulldozing in the States from where these colored people came from, but that can be altered and will be done. Now the colored men migrating to Kansas are being shipped from city to city, having nothing to do by which to obtain a support for their wives and children. Cause and effect—which is the worst, to be bulldozed a little or to starve to death on the plains of Kansas with not a dollar? I believe Kansas to be a good place for the colored men if they are provided for. They certainly lost all they had in going to Kansas. It is certainly his weal or his woe; but here comes in another clause, which is this, the men who are telling of these precious homes will not go themselves. What do you think of that? Well, it is to be pittied by the great heads of this republic, both North and South, white and black.

I can say like this, it is a shame, a sin, to go to Kansas and see the present condition of the poor ignorant negroes, who are now being used as a cat's paws to pull chestnuts from the fire. That's what the relief committees at St. Louis and other places are, so it is said by parties that should know. My opinion is, that it is a sin to let those already there to suffer, but care should be taken in helping those, that you don't cause more of it. My belief is that one of the chief causes of this exodus, is that we are told "when we get to Kansas, that we will get free farms, free mules, free houses, all to the same churches, etc;" but that not many of us know better, and many do not.

A card from John J. Kemp of Greenville, Miss., who has just returned from Kansas, and failed to get his farm.

I thought it better to let Mr. Kemp say his say in his own manner. He is a bright fellow, but rather lame in his literary style. His meaning is clear enough. He expected social equality in Kansas and didn't find it. He hoped for a free farm and house and mules, and saw them not. Then his dander "riz," and he left disgusted.

COUNTY CONVENTIONS.

MARSHALL COUNTY.

HOLLY SPRINGS, May 31st, 1879.

Pursuant to a call made by the Executive Committee of the Democratic Conservative party, for the party to meet in mass convention for the purpose of appointing a new Executive Committee, the citizens met in mass meeting at 11 a. m. There being a large attendance, and the county generally represented, the house was called to order by the chairman, who, after explaining the objects of the convention in a short address, retired from the chair.

On motion, Gen. Henry E. Williamson was unanimously elected chairman, and Col. F. A. Tyler and E. M. Smith, Esq., secretaries of the convention.

Motion was then made by John H. Miller and second by Gen. W. S. Featherston, "that the chairman appoint one man from each police district as a committee, who should retire to consult, and bring in the names of parties to be elected and to constitute the Executive Committee. Carried.

The chairman then appointed on this committee, Messrs. A. F. Brown, John Walker, John H. McClatchey, John H. Miller, and Dr. Alvis, Sr.

While the committee was out, the following resolution was read by Col. Tyler, for adoption, to-wit:

Resolved, That as members of the Democratic party of Mississippi, we favor all rational measures of financial reform, and that we will do all we can to further them, and that no men of any name can do more for that purpose then we propose to do.

After a few remarks by Col. Tyler as to the propriety of adopting this resolution, and an able and logical address by Gen. Featherston showing the soundness of the Democracy and the untiring efforts which it had made and was making to bring about reform and prosperity, the resolution was unanimously adopted.

The committee appointed to bring in and suggest names of parties for the Executive Committee then brought in the following report, to-wit:

Your committee recommend as the Executive Committee the following gentlemen: District No. 1, E. J. McKinney; No. 2, John H. Walker; No. 3, Jonathan Bogan; No. 4, Wm. J. Phillips; No. 5, Dr. S. D. Hamilton. Your committee further recommend that the above named committee be empowered to add two others to their number.

On motion the report was adopted, and the convention adjourned.

The Executive Committee completed its organization by electing Gen. W. S. Featherston chairman, and Author Fant Secretary.

H. E. WILLIAMSON, Chairman.
F. A. TYLER, Secy.
E. M. SMITH, Ass't Secy.

Radical Reorganization in Adams County.

Natchez Democrat.]

There was yesterday a joint meeting of the McCary County Republican Executive committee and the Wood County Republican Executive committee. Of the former Wilson Wood is chairman, and of the latter Henry C. Griffin is chairman. After the meeting had been organized by the election of Wilson Wood chairman, and James Dixon secretary, ex-Congressman Lynch made a speech. He favored harmony and compromise in the coming election, but he wanted the Republican party re-organized to name its men on the ticket. This seemed to be the key-note of the meeting, and after considerable wrangling and speeches by McCary, Wood, Griffin and others, a committee was appointed to do something. The report of that committee was unanimously adopted. It provides for precinct mass meetings of the Republican voters to be held on July 14th, to select members of a new County Republican Executive Committee, (to consist of thirty-three members,) said committee to meet on July 19th and organize.

This means a re-organization of the Republican party, with all that this implies. It means that we have hard work ahead of us, and all the more hard work because of the defection of men who have forgotten their promises made in the recent past, and are now willing, in the greedy scramble for place, to re-organize a race contest, out of which nothing but mischief can come.

Action of the Democratic Caucus—Bayard Resigns the Chairmanship of the Finance Committee.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—At the caucus of Democratic Senators to-day, to consider the Warner silver bill, Senator Bayard offered his resignation as chairmanship of the finance committee, in consequence of remarks made by some of his colleagues to the effect that the committee should be recognized to accord with the views of the majority of the party on the silver question.

After a long discussion of the whole subject it was decided to refer it, together with Mr. Bayard's resignation, to a committee consisting of Messrs. Thurman, McDonald and Garland for consideration, and to report to a future meeting of the caucus.

Says the Washington Correspondent of the New Orleans Democrat: Exactly four-fifths of the Democrats in the Senate favored the silver bill absolutely, and not more than one-seventh of its membership was absolutely opposed to remonetization on principle. Senator Coke, therefore, felt justified on taking the ground that on a matter so vital to all the interests of the country at large the Democratic party could not permit the personal views of one-seventh of its membership to override the convictions of the othe six-sevenths, and demanded that his resolution be made a test of the sense of the party as represented in the Senate.

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associations are little.—Johnson.

WAITING.

Learn to wait—life's hard lesson,
 Conned, perchance, through blinding tears,
While the heart throbs sadly echo
 To the tread of passing years.

Learn to wait—hope's slow fruition;
 Faint not, though the way seems long;
There is joy in each condition,
 Hearts through suffering may grow strong.

Constant sunshine, howe'er welcome,
 Ne'er would ripen fruit or flower;
Giant oaks owe half their greatness
 To the scatching tempest's power.

Thus the soul untouched by sorrow,
 Aims not at a higher state;
Joy seeks not a brighter morrow—
 Only sad hearts learn to wait.

Human strength and human greatness
 Spring not from life's sunny side;
Heroes must be more than driftwood,
 Floating down a waveless tide.

A MAN WHO COULDN'T SAY NO.

Victor Parlenon was by nature a bachelor. Of him it might be said he was fated to be free; and the predisposition being present, it never occurred to him to try that great experiment which, excepting death, is the final resource of men who have experienced all other forms of misery and joy. He was not adverse to *les belles dames*, but his preferences being for male companions, he had little leisure for the lighter and more refined graces of female society.

One morning following a day on which Victor had partaken of an unusually protracted dinner he awoke with difficulty, and on rising had a vague impression that there was something wrong with the right side of his body. He approached his mirror haltingly, and on looking at his counterfeit presentment he saw with some dismay that there was a slight but very ridiculous smile on the left side of his mouth. He turned pale and tried to whistle, but his lips refused to pucker, and when he attempted to give vent to his feelings by means of his customary expletive, he found that his power of making such remarks had mysteriously disappeared. Victor was thoroughly alarmed. Here was a man who had retired the evening before well and happy—elevated in fact—who awoke in the morning to find the sense of feeling on one side of his body diminished, his mouth drawn to one side and himself unable to swear at his predicament. He dressed himself as well as the contradictory state of his limbs would allow and sought in haste the office of a physician. But now a new phase of Victor's trouble presented itself. The unfortunate man could not speak, and when he took up the doctor's pencil to state his case in writing he found he could not write a word that he desired, but that meaningless marks and unconnected letters were formed by the pencil as if it were under the control of one of those Indian warriors who assume the direction of affairs at spiritualistic gatherings. The doctor, however, was skilled in his profession.

"Ah! I see," he exclaimed; "aphasia."

He then asked Victor for his card, and receiving it, found that his patient could understand if he could not make himself understood.

"Monsieur Parlenon," said he, "your affection is that known to us as 'asphasia,' or loss of the faculty of speech, which is a peculiar disease of the brain. It is held by some that this faculty resides on the inferior surface of the anterior portion of the third convolution of the left hemisphere of the brain. However, that will not interest you. The simple fact is that you are unable to communicate your thoughts or ideas either by speaking or writing. Whether you will always remain so I cannot tell. You are still young, and it is to be hoped you will recover. I will ask you a few questions, and then we can see just where we stand. Are your habits of life regular?"

"Yes," boldly answered Victor.

"Or are they somewhat irregular?" continued the physician.

"Yes," again answered the patient.

"*Tiens!*" exclaimed the doctor, who perceived that Victor was responsible for neither of the replies. However, he essayed a third question.

"Are you in the habit of drinking much wine?"

"Victor, in spite of his devotion to the rosy god, felt this to be equivalent to asking him if he was a drunkard. He promptly endeavored to answer in the negative, but to his horror the monosyllable "yes" again escaped him. This so enraged him that he involuntarily exclaimed "D—— it."

"*Fi donc!* monsieur," said the doctor, "do not swear."

Victor this time did not attempt to speak, but contented himself with endeavoring to utter a denial by means of pantomine. The physician insisted that he had used profane language, and when Victor repeated his gestures could not avoid asking with a smile:

"But, then, you do not mean to say it swore of itself.

"Yes," replied Victor; and for once he succeeded in expressing himself to his satisfaction. The doctor laughed and so did his patient—at least on one side of his mouth—and the physician then laid down for Victor such rules as it would be necessary for him to follow. Two of these rules were very important. One was that Victor should confine himself to *eau sucree*; the other was that he should abandon all mental exertion and occupy himself with moderate physical exercise. To enforce these rules the doctor advised that Victor should go to the country for a time. These preliminaries completed, Victor produced his wallet and looked at his medical adviser, who said: "My fee for a first consultation is $10. I presume you can afford to pay that?"

"Yes," responded Victor, although he meant the opposite, for he did not relish the idea of expending that amount in such a manner. However, there was no escape and the fee was paid.

This was the beginning of the memorable epoch in Victor Parlenon's career. He, the good fellow, who had never refused to grant a favor, was now most emphatically a man who could not say "no." His life had been so easy and generous that now his disease seemed to have found his weak point, and he was to learn by bitter experience that in the government of individuals and of society the little word "no" is a very important factor.

After a few mishaps, owing to his limited vocabulary, Victor reached the country place which he had fixed upon for his residence and took up his abode at a quiet *pension*. He devoted himself principally to fishing, for he was too indolent to undertake any severe or prolonged muscular exertion. Day by day a word or a phrase came back to him and with each word and phrase his spirits rose. But the one word he needed so badly evaded his memory.

One balmy June day Victor was reeling by the side of a stream ostensibly engaged in fishing, although he was really half asleep. Suddenly he was brought to a sitting position by a faint scream. He looked about him and saw a female figure a short distance away. "Some hysterical woman frightened at a toad or something," thought Victor; and then looking at his watch he concluded it was time to go to the *pension*. According he picked up his rod and began to reel in the line. As he did so the scream was repeated. He stopped and wondered if it was best to interfere; but the woman, whoever she was, retained her position, and Victor thought perhaps it would not be wise for him to offer any assistance. Again he began to reel in the line and again the scream, louder and more painful than before, startled his ear. He dropped the rod, and hastening to where the lady was sitting, politely asked her if he could do anything for her. She looked up at him, revealing a bewitching face dappled with tears, and between her sobs told him that she was wading in the stream when a horrible fish-hook caught in her foot, and that while she was trying to get it out it twitched two or three times, as if there was something pulling at it. Victor became pale. He knew all, and he asked the lady to allow him to remove the hook. With feminine modesty she refused, and Victor contented himself by going for a carriage. When he returned he found that the fair sufferer was named Beatrice Beaton and that she was a boarder at the *pension* where he himself was stopping, and that she had arrived that morning during his absence.

Mlle. Beaton recovered rapidly from the effects of her accident, but not too rapidly to prevent Victor from becoming well acquainted with her during his visits of consolation. He became the attendant of Mlle. Beaton and her mother, a widow, during their walks, and finally was the sole companion of Beatrice on almost all occasions. It was not long before he seemed to have fallen heir to nature's greatest and most troublesome legacy to man.

One pleasant moonlight evening Beatrice and her mother stood arm-in-arm at a window as Victor sauntered towards the house after a stroll. Mme. Beaton's gaze rested on him.

"Beatrice, my love," said she, "you had better sit on the veranda, where it is cooler. I am going up stairs for a few minutes."

The two exchanged glances and as Mme. Beaton moved off in one direction Beatrice floated towards two chairs standing so close together that they seemed to have caught some of the loving spirit of the happy couple who had last occupied them. Before Victor had reached the house the young girl had concealed the unromantic form of one of the chairs behind her gauzy but ample skirts and was already become a part of the scene. As Victor ascended the steps and his eyes met those of Beatrice a graceful yet slight movement of her hand seemed to invite him to a seat by her side. The chair was still close to her. She did not move it nor did Victor as he seated himself. He noticed the calm repose with which the moonlight invested the girl's form, save that the amber beads of her necklace rose and fell as lightly as when they were kissed by the waves of the Baltic Sea; and he became so absorbed that he started when Beatrice said, "We go to town in a few days."

"So soon!" exclaimed Victor.

"Yes," Beatrice replied sadly; "yet I like this place so much. Perhaps—perhaps it is because of the pleasant acquaintances I have formed here."

Victor sighed.

"I think I also will be obliged to leave," he murmured.

"Oh, will you?" cried Beatrice, eagerly. "Will you go to town with mamma and me?"

"Oh, yes; certainly," answered Victor.

"Then that is settled," exclaimed the young girl as she arose, shook out her skirts and with them a cloud of perfume. "Let us then go down to the brook once more while it is moonlight."

Arm in arm they walked slowly down the path that led to the stream. The touch of that soft hand lying on his arm and the sweep of the light skirts about him as the moved gently thrilled Victor, and he felt that after all women would average better than men, and that the airy, gentle creature at his side, fond of flirtation as she might be, would need to be wooed shyly and won almost in spite of herself.

As they reached the creek Beatrice seated herself on the grassy bank and Victor reclined lazily beside her. Opposite to them the moon was going down, and its reflection in the water seemed to be a gently swaying bridge of silver inviting them to pass over it into a lover's paradise beyond—albeit it might be a fool's paradise.

"I shall never forget this brook where you caught me as if I were a mermaid, Monsieur Parlenon, said Beatrice. "You must have thought me silly that day."

Victor raised his hand deprecatingly.

"Ah, confess," continued she; "didn't you think me silly?"

"Remember my infirmity, mademoiselle," answered Victor sadly.

"Pardon me," she responded. "I am very heedless. You are the last one to whom I would give pain"—and she paused. Then she continued. "But it seems as if I had received more light with a few weeks."

"And sweetness, too," added Victor. "And light and sweetness, according to the poet, are all that a modern soul needs."

"It seems to me," murmured Beatrice, "as if there was something more needed."

"And that is?"

"Why, love. Don't you believe in love, Monsieur Parlenon?"

"Oh, yes; of course. Everybody does, you know. Are you in love, mademoiselle?"

"Yes—why—I don't know. What do you mean, monsieur?"

Victor made no response, and Beatrice continued:

"You startled me so when you asked me that. Somehow I am not my own self to-night."

"Whose self are you?" asked Victor. "Some one's else?"

Her beautiful eyes met his gaze, a softly murmured "yes" escaped her lips and she half put up her mouth for a kiss—the most delicate way in which a woman can express her love, as Beatrice well knew.

There was no need of further lingering by the creek, and the pair took their way to the *pension*, Beatrice hanging on Victor's arm in all the glory of full possession. They parted at the foot of the stairs with a simple "Good night." As Beatrice reached the top of the staircase she looked down and seeing Victor gazing thoughtfully after her she threw him a kiss and disappeared. She entered her mother's room and threw herself breathless into a chair.

"Well, Beatrice," cried Mme. Beaton inquiringly.

"He is as good as married to me, mother."

"Thank heaven," exclaimed the widow devoutly, "that much is off my hands."

Woman are privileged to jump at conclusions except in the exact sciences; and marriage is not yet an exact science.

Victor passed an uneasy night, and his mind was filled with regrets.

The next morning Mme. Beaton searched for and caught Victor before breakfast. She made an attempt to embrace him crying:

"Monsieu Parlenon, Victor, the dear girl has told me all; and I am so happy, so proud."

"To what do you refer?" he stammered.

"To what do I refer?" she repeated. "Is it possible you have been trifling with my child's affections? But no; it cannot be; the very thought would kill me."

"I am afraid, Madame," Victor managed to say, "there is some misapprehension."

"Misapprehension!" she cried excitedly. "Do you refuse to acknowledge that you engaged yourself to my daughter?"

"Yes," frantically cried Victor; and darting past his would-be mother-in-law, he rushed to his room.

Mme. Beaton struck her mouth savagely with her clenched hand. After all her scheming and planning she had put her crucial question in the wrong form, and Victor had taken advantage of it. Before she could collect her thoughts Victor had left the *pension*. He was soon followed by madame and her daughter; but the two beings whose mutual destinies had depended upon a monosyllable never met again.—N. Y. World.

FREE LOVE IN AUSTRALIA.

A Country Where the Old Men Monopolize all the Marriageable Women.

Saturday Review.]

In Australia, as elsewhere, a tie of more or less permanence and acknowledged validity binds men to their partners. Marriage, again, is surrounded, as among civilized people, by laws of "forbidden degrees," which are very curious, very little understood, and which in many ways resemble, while in others they seem to differ from, the laws of other undeveloped peoples. The dominant male of a group—father, eldest brother or uncle—has the customary right of swapping away the young women of the group in exchange for other young women whom it is lawful for him to marry. It is clear that old men with families have the best chance of getting more wives, while young men with no sisters are likely to remain bachelors. If this system worked itself out, each tribe would consist of a few overgrown harems and a set of wild bachelors. As it happens, young men and women revolt against the old, and voluntary elopements or marriages by capture are common. The course of true love runs anything but smooth. The lover is exposed to the "ordeal of spears," which are hurled at him by the relatives of the lady. The runaway bride is beaten, perhaps her feet are speared, to prevent her from running away again. If a young pair are courageous and true to each other, however, the sympathy of the group usually comes round to them, and they enter on peaceful married life. It has been said that the old men sometimes give wives to the young, who thus "take stock," as the ancient Irish said, and become, in a way, the vassals of the old fellows. Society in Australia is not sufficiently advanced for it; but, according to some authorities, a very Australian state of things prevails in rural Russia.

The Responsibilities of Humorists.

Boston Traveller.]

Oliver Wendell Holmes informs us that

"It is a very serious thing
To be a funny man,"

and most of those who have ever gained a reputation for wit, or made the acquaintance of one of those preternaturally solemn and funeral-looking individuals whose lives are made miserable by the consciousness that the public looks to them for a diurnal dose of disguised physic in the shape of jokes, can corroborate the genial Doctor's statement. The responsibility entailed by a reputation for being a perennial fount of spontaneous humor is enough to make a man prematurely aged. He must constantly maintain a high-water of hilarity, and occasionally surpass himself. Not satisfied with his professional efforts in this line, he is expected to scatter jests around him in his daily walk and conversation, to write neatly turned epigrams for young ladies' albums, and to scintillate at social entertainments. If he is invited out to dinner it is a tacit understanding that he shall pay for his meal by his humor, and it behooves him to go plentifully provided with a stock of extempore puns and conundrums, to be dispensed at intervals. If he does not feel up to the mark, his host will probably spur up his flagging energies with the remark that he is unusually dull, or some other pleasing reminder of his breach of the implied contract. A fearful warning against the social perils of a humorist's career is conveyed in the anecdote of the gentleman who habitually earned his dinners by his wit, and on one occasion of temporary absent-mindedness was recalled to a sense of his duties to society by the following message delivered in an audible tone by the daughter of the hostess; "Mamma's compliments to Mr. ———, and she wishes to know when he is going to begin to be funny."

Naming the Baby.

Baby's name is as important a question now as it ever was. One would think nothing was easier than naming the baby, for the world has been full of names for the last six thousand years, yet it is a subject that elicits the gravest discussion in the family, and reaches out to the "advisory board" of the neighborhood, and often ends in open dissatisfaction, or a compromise by which the poor child goes through life carrying a prenomen crushing enough to break the constitution and make the life of the bearer miserable. A long name is always a disadvantage. For a boy who enters the marts of trade a double name is often a safeguard, and especially so when the middle letter is one seldom used in proper names. If the leading name is not short and quickly spoken a nickname is inevitable. The case of the girl is entirely different. No girl should be burdened with a double name, no matter how many aunts and grandmothers are to be honored by so doing. A girl should have a single name, and that should be pronounceable and musical. Mehitable and Jerusha, and like names, may be good and substantial enough, but a young lady, sooner or later, revolts. Every young lady, as a matter of course, expects to marry, and should not lose her family name by so doing, but simply add that of her husband. She should get her double name by this important act of her life, and not before. There is a good deal in a name after all.

For myself, I am inclined to think the most useful part of reading is to know what we should not read. * * Is not the accumulation of fresh books a fresh hindrance to our real knowledge of the old? Does not the multiplicity of volumes become a bar upon our use of any? In literature especially does it hold—that we cannot see the wood for the trees.—Frederick Harrison.

Good taste is modesty of the mind; that is why it cannot be either imitated or acquired.—Madame de Giradin.

MASONIC DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by J. L. Power, Grand Secretary.

MASONIC ALPHABET.

"A was the Applicant asking for light,
B the two Brothers who vouched him 'right.'
C the Committee who sat on his case;
D Deliberation, the usual space.
E the Enquiries made outside the door;
F Five responses, just five, and no more.
G the Great Name to be uttered in prayer;
H Heaven's blessings were showered down there;
I the Initiate brought to the light.
J what a Joy fills his heart at the sight;
K he will ever Keep sacred the trust.
L till death's Level he finds in the dust.
M now the Master comes down from the throne.
N a Narration of landmark's alone.
O Open handed, like all of the band.
P the pure Paction he'll seal with his hand.
Q should some Questioning rise to bother,
R a Relief will be found in a brother.
S thus the Secret of Masonry found;
T should he Travel the wide world around.
U now in Union with good men and true,
V may his Virtue be every day new.
Winning in manners our order to grace,
Xcelling in all things that make for our peace.
Y may the youth whom to-night we receive
Z in the Zenith of Masonry live!",

THE enterprising Masonic Newspaper, of New York—published weekly, eight pages—contains, in its issue of June 14, an excellent portrait of Past Grand Master H. W. Walter, with biographical sketch. An early issue will present a portrait of Past Grand Commander Wm. A. Fairchild.

Side Degrees.

CUMBERLAND, Miss., June 16th, 1879.

BRO. J. L. POWER: What impropriety would there be in conferring the "Secret Monitor" on ladies who are entitled to other side degrees? It seems to me that the Trader's degree would be of signal service to the widows of Master Masons, and I cannot see why they should not be entitled to the benefit that might acrue to them by being in possession of so valuable a degree as the Trader's degree.

Fraternally,
B. F. WILLIAMS.

Answer.

We see no impropriety in conferring the degree referred to; neither can we see any good in it. Side-degrees may be classed as "innocent amusements," but amount to imposition when ladies receiving them are impressed with the idea that they are thereby made Masons. Widows of Masons will find more substantial benefit in the certificate of the Lodge than in all the side-degrees ever invented. Very few Masons know anything about side-degrees. The three degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry are quite sufficient for their time and attention; and when they add the Capitular and Knighthood degrees, their retentive capacity is quite full. The only degrees of value to ladies are those of the Eastern Star, which is now well established in a dozen or more States, with State and General Grand Chapters. The organization is thorough, and the ritual and teachings of the Order impressive and practical.

CHARTERS ARRESTED.—Grand Master Burkitt is arresting charters at the rate of about two a week, for failure to be represented in Grand Lodge, pay dues or make returns. The Grand Lodge, at its last session, directed the Constitution to be enforced against delinquent Lodges. There are fully one hundred Lodges too many in Mississippi, and the Grand Lodge, of late years, has seemed more willing to take in old charters than to grant new ones.

The Masonic Advocate indulges in the following serious reflections upon so-called Masonic lotteries:

"From reports that come to us from various parts of the State, we are inclined to the opinion that the Fort Wayne lottery scheme for raising money to build an Opera House and Masonic Temple combined, has done Masonry great injury in this jurisdiction. It appears that quite a large portion of the Masons of the State purchased one or more tickets apiece in it, and that most of them expected to draw a large prize. Of course they were disappointed, as gamblers usually are, for the scheme was to raise money for the Opera House and not for them. They are entitled to no sympathy, and it is to be hoped their experience in the matter will be worth all it cost them. If they will immediately resolve never to be so foolish again, their investment may prove a good one. If it will not be impertinent we would like to ask them, how many of you will contribute a dollar each to help build a Widows' and Orphan's Home?"

My friend, if in the providence of heaven the time should ever come when the Bible shall be banished from the councils of State and the halls of legislation, from the palaces of the great and the homes of the humble, its last asylum will be a Masonic hall, its last resting place a Masonic altar, and its last devotee an honest, upright Mason.—Bro. Jaims E. Neal, Kansas.

One of the lodges of Cincinnati by a judicious investment of funds years ago has now a property of three hundred thausand dollars. It is probably the richest Masonic lodge in the world.

Bro. John D. Caldwell, of Ohio, has brought to light the following: "From examination of records in the office of Grand Secretary, in New York city, being a history of Solomon's Lodge, No. 1, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., from June 12, 1771, I noted the item that, on the 16th day of May, 1781, the name of Benedict Arnold was ordered to be obliterated from the minutes; also, that on the 27th of December, 1782, Gen. George Washington was present as a visitor."—Masonic Monthly.

What Good is Freemasonry?

The question is often asked—What good is Freemasonry? Among the uninitiated a favorite idea prevails that a man must be in possession of a good digestion to fulfill the chief requirements of brotherhood, and that the "grip" consists to a great extent of a firm hold of a knife and fork. At a banquet given by the Yarborough Lodge on Saturday some interesting particulars were given by the Deputy Prov. Grand Master of Sussex on the rapid increase of Lodges during recent years. Although he explained to some extent the cause of this he did not do so fully. He proved that no less than a thousand new Lodges had been sanctioned and consecrated during the last nineteen years—an average of one a week. Why this great increase? He admitted that the accession to the Grand Mastership by the Prince of Wales gave the additional impetus to the movement, but he said the increase had been going on for the last twenty years, thus proving Freemasonry to be no passing fashion, but a stern reality. This large increase of members is not confined to England. On the Continent we see Emperors, Kings, and Princes at the head of the Craft in their respective countries, and although all Freemasons were excommunicated by the late Pope of Rome the number of members increases, even in Catholic countries. What reason is there, then, for such large bodies of men—chiefly of the superior class—banding themselves together? It is on the principle "many can help one, one cannot help many." Look at the magnificent institutions which the Freemasons of England have raised for the aged and the orphan. Is it nothing that those who are overtaken by sheer misfortune should have extended to them the helping hand? Mercenary motives are at direct variance with the principles of Freemasonry, but Charity never failed him who is constituted aright. The Englishman's idea of good fellowship is bound up with hospitality, and who would begrude the generous heart the opportunity of exercising it? Freemasonry is the most complete and popular institution of its kind ever organized, and its success is due to the grand principles on which it is founded, and the self-denying motives which influence its members. There are black sheep in every flock. What community is without them? What court, kingdom, religion, or class is free from those who cast a dark shade on their surroundings? But would it be fair to condemn all for a few black spots?—Freemason (London).

German Proverbs.

One has only to die to be praised.

Handsome apples are sometimes sour.

Little and often makes a heap in time.

It is easier to blame than to do better.

It is not enough to arm; you must hit.

Would you be strong, conquer yourself.

To change and to be better are two different things.

Everybody knows good counsel except him that hath need of it.

Better free in a foreign land than a slave at home.

Better go supperless to bed than run in debt.

There is no good in preaching to the hungry.

Charity gives itself rich, but covetousness hoards itself poor.

Speak little, speak truth; spend little, pay cash.