

WHAT GOD HATH JOINED.

"And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die: and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also: if I should be left behind thee and not die."

Fair youth, too timid to lift your eyes To the maiden with demurest look, Assembling the gold and brown of your curls Together over a book; A fluttering hope that she dare not name Her trembling bosom heaves, And your heart is thrilled when your fingers meet, As you softly turn the leaves.

If you plead for hope, she may blushful drop Her head on your shoulder low, And you will be woe and sweethearts then, As youth and maidens go; Love and sweethearts, dreaming dreams, And seeing visions that please, With never a thought that life is made Of great realities!

That the chords of love must be strong as death, If they hold and keep a heart; Not daily chains, that snap in the breeze, Or break with their weight apart! For the pretty colors of youth's sweet morn Fade out from the cheeks of sky, And blushing loves in the rose-bump, Alas! with the roses die!

But the faith that when our morn is past Tender and true survive, In the faith we need to lean upon, In the crisis of our lives: The love that shines in the eye grown dim, In the voice that trembling speaks, And sees the roses that years ago Withered and died in our cheeks!

That sheds its halo round us still, Of soft immortal light, When we change youth's golden coronal For a crown of silver white, A love for sickness and for health, For rapture and for tears; That will live for us, and bear with us, Through all our mortal years.

And such there is—there are lovers here, On the brink of the grave that stand, Who shall cross to the hills beyond, and walk Forever hand in hand. Pray, youth and maid, that your fate be theirs Who are joined no more to part; For death comes not to the living soul, Nor age to the loving heart.

PERSIAN.

Mrs. Postmaster General Randall is going to spend the summer in Scotland. Another dwarf wedding, between little Nut and Minnie Warren, is on the tapis. Stephen Smith, a lumber merchant, is the richest negro in Philadelphia. He owns 75 houses and is worth \$300,000. Khamed Bey, the Turkish Secretary of Legation at Paris, was, it is said, 7,000,000 francs, lately, by one night's gambling. The King of Abyssinia remains true to his declaration of love for Queen Victoria, and declares he will hold the English Consul in prison until she consents to give him her hand. An Illinois journal has a cheerful editorial expressing the belief that Mr. Lincoln is alive and will turn up in Washington some day. The N. Y. Times says that President Johnson's personal habits "have been rigidly and severely abstemious ever since he has been in the Presidential office." Hon. Theodore S. Cuyler recently said: "I wish I could be permitted to write, in golden letters, among Crawford's superb marble groups on the fore front of the capitol, those noble words of the Sultan Akbar, 'No man was ever yet lost in a straight road.'" Henry J. Raymond has gone to Europe. Mr. Prescott, U. S. Consul at Guayaquil, is dead. The son of John V. Mason has got a commission in the French army in Algiers. Orson Pratt, Sr., of London, father of Orson Pratt, Jr., the noted Mormon, has published a work on mathematics. Forrest has to pay his divorced wife \$50,000 to \$60,000 arrears of alimony. Nasty portraits of Mr. Greeley is one of the things that is to be furnished to Tribune subscribers. The President of Mexico, Juarez, conducted a small cigar factory in New Orleans from 1832 to 1855, and during that time is said to have acquired a thorough knowledge of our political system. A. H. Stephens is in a very feeble health again. Mrs. N. P. Willis is reported dangerously ill. Carlotta Patti has made a sensation in Paris. One of the critics says: "Her eccentric and phenomenal voice confounded the amateurs, some with admiration, others with stupefaction; this singing of *l'Americain* is the most curious heard in Paris for many years and defies analysis." Twenty-eight years ago General Sheridan was a boy in a hardware store. He was fortunately nominated to West Point by General Ritchey, a member of Congress, and thus we were insured a good general. A dutiful son, named Dugan, the other day, sued his father in a New York court for the funeral expenses of his mother, and a verdict of \$101 was rendered in his favor. It is said that James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, has had a slight stroke of paralysis. Rev. Father Rupert has been made a mitred Abbot in Minnesota. He is the third mitred Abbot in the United States. The monument of Gen. McPherson, built at Clyde, Ohio, will be forty feet high, of the purest marble. Fort and Mrs. Fanny Fern Parton are ransacking at St. Albans. Spurgeon has the gout in one leg. Hartford is making an effort to raise a monument in memory of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Maximilian's last order home was for 2,000 nightingales from the Tyrol.

PERSONAL.

Man is a mister, and woman is a mystery. A tax has been imposed on babies in Turkey. We read of attacks on babies during Herod's time. When is a chicken's neck like a bell? When is it wrong for dinner. A conscript, being told that it was sweet to die for his country, tried to excuse himself on the ground that he never liked sweet things. A German writer complains of the difficulties of the English language, and cites the word *Bo*, which he says is pronounced *Bikens*. Somebody advertises for agents to retail a work entitled "Hymenial Instructor." A contemporary adds: "The best hymenial instructor we know of is a young widow. What she don't know there is no use knowing." An old bachelor is a traveler on life's railroad, who has entirely failed to make the proper connections. An English butler affirms that "high churchmen drink the most, and low churchmen heat the most, always, sir." In a history of plants, the author notices the virtue of hemp thus laconically: "By this cordage ships are guided, bells are rung, and cigars are kept in the world." "Ideas," says Voltaire, "are like beads; men get them when they grow up—women never have any." Adam was fond of his joke, and when he saw his sons and daughters marrying one another he drily remarked to Eve that if there had been no apple there would have been no pairing. A literary paper in Paris having proposed for discussion the question, "What is a woman?" a correspondent sent to the editor the following answer: "A woman is a small article of luxurious furniture, which ought not to make the journey of life without a label inscribed 'very fragile.'" A good sort of a man in Maine was once asked to subscribe for a chandelier to the church. "Now," said he, "what's the use of a chandelier? After you get it you can't get any one to play on it." Miss Buchanan, once rallying her cousin, an officer, on his courage, said: "Now, Mr. Harry, do you really mean to tell me you can walk up to a cannon's mouth without fear?" "Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a Buchanan's either." And he did. A sarcastic writer says: "Shutting one's self up in a convent, marrying, and throwing one's self over a precipice, are three things which must be done without thinking too much about them." That Rev. Mr. Barham (author of the famous "Ingoldsby Legends") used to tell a story of the complete discomfiture of a wit of no inferior order by a message politely delivered at a supper party by a little girl: "If you please, Mr. Jones, mamma sends her compliments, and would be much obliged if you would begin to be funny." "It has been asked, when rain falls, does it ever go up again? Of course, in dew time. Little girls believe in the man in the moon—big girls believe in a man in the honey-moon—Why is early grass like a penknife? Because the spring brings out the blades. A lady who went to one of the great mourning warehouses in London, and on mentioning what she required, was politely requested by one of the shopmen to go farther on. "This, madam, is the light affliction department; the heavy bereavement is further on." A bachelor advertises for a "help-mate, one who would prove a companion for his heart, his hand, and his lot." A fair one replying, asked very honestly: "How big is your lot?" "What is the difference between Noah's ark and an archbishop? One was a high arch, but the other is a *hierarch*." When have married people passed through the alphabet of love? When they reach the ba-be. A gentleman once asked, "What is woman?" when a happy married man replied: "She is an essay on grace, in one volume, elegantly bound. Although it may be *dear*, every man should have a copy of it."

General News. Oberlin College has 775 students, nearly half ladies. The receipts of the Atlantic cable for 227 days amounted to \$1,201,640 in gold. Constantinople has ten daily papers and lots of impudent newsboys. There are 60,000 Odd Fellows in Pennsylvania. There are 30,000 blind people in Great Britain. The French are experimenting with cannon having the interior made of steel and the exterior of bronze. The milliners are going to enlarge the size of ladies' bonnets. They find it difficult to put \$30 worth of gawgaws on a pen wiper or a wafer. A Jewish insurance company, with a large capital, is about to be established in New York. The St. Louis Republican states that Archbishop Kenrick has secured possession of a valuable lot in that city, on which he expects to erect a cathedral to cost at least \$2,000,000. Of 524 American exhibitors at the Paris Exposition, 183 have secured prizes and 77 honorable mention. Grand prizes have been awarded to four exhibitors, gold medals to seventeen, and silver medals to six. Two American insurance agents in Philadelphia, last year issued 55,048 policies covering risks to the amount of \$77,973,700. A Polish chemist has invented a compound, one drop of which causes intense intoxication. Ohio has 4,400,712 sheep. What other State can say "bah" to that? The Bank of England is suffering a plethora of coin—\$30,000,000 worth. Ten daily Republican newspapers have been started in the South since the passage of the reconstruction acts. St. Louis papers estimate the population of that city at 230,000. A new hanging day has been established in Pennsylvania. Thursday has been substituted for Friday. The object is to remove the superstitious idea that Friday is an unlucky day. Petitions are in circulation throughout Texas proposing a division of that State into two parts—East and West. Texas is large enough to make four States, but the present population is so small there is no necessity for a division. Wisconsin has a history. She was governed by the King of France ninety-three years; by the King of Great Britain, twenty years; by the State of Virginia one year; by the Territory of Ohio, sixteen years; and by those of Indiana and Michigan, nine and ten years each. She became a Territory of the United States in 1836, and a State in 1848. Three Quixotic young gentlemen, of the ages of thirteen, fourteen and fifteen respectively, from Chicago, have arrived in Omaha, en route for the Rocky Mountains. They say they want a little adventure in the woods, and we opine they'll get it, says the Omaha Herald. Bavaria, which is smaller, and less in population than New York, keeps an army of 100,000 men. The Grand Army of the Republic is to have a grand celebration in New York City in a few weeks. Invitations are to be sent to all the leading Generals. The estimated annual production of malt liquors in the United States is 5,000,000 barrels, in the manufacture of which 12,000,000 bushels of barley and 15,000,000 pounds of hops are required. The Pope has issued an edict against brigandage, offering rewards for the heads of brigands, which has set the

refusians to killing each other for the reward. A young Norwegian in Wisconsin is seven feet in height. The New York City Directory, just published for 1867, contains the names of 177,317 persons. The Jacksonville Journal tells of a boy raised in Arenzville, Cass county, who is sixteen years old and weighs only 443 pounds. The boy has gone to St. Louis. From there he goes to New York to be put on exhibition. This puny little fellow has seven brothers and sisters, all of whom are of ordinary size, save one sister, who at the age of eight, weighs 275 pounds.

Humorous. Man is a mister, and woman is a mystery. A tax has been imposed on babies in Turkey. We read of attacks on babies during Herod's time. When is a chicken's neck like a bell? When is it wrong for dinner. A conscript, being told that it was sweet to die for his country, tried to excuse himself on the ground that he never liked sweet things. A German writer complains of the difficulties of the English language, and cites the word *Bo*, which he says is pronounced *Bikens*. Somebody advertises for agents to retail a work entitled "Hymenial Instructor." A contemporary adds: "The best hymenial instructor we know of is a young widow. What she don't know there is no use knowing." An old bachelor is a traveler on life's railroad, who has entirely failed to make the proper connections. An English butler affirms that "high churchmen drink the most, and low churchmen heat the most, always, sir." In a history of plants, the author notices the virtue of hemp thus laconically: "By this cordage ships are guided, bells are rung, and cigars are kept in the world." "Ideas," says Voltaire, "are like beads; men get them when they grow up—women never have any." Adam was fond of his joke, and when he saw his sons and daughters marrying one another he drily remarked to Eve that if there had been no apple there would have been no pairing. A literary paper in Paris having proposed for discussion the question, "What is a woman?" a correspondent sent to the editor the following answer: "A woman is a small article of luxurious furniture, which ought not to make the journey of life without a label inscribed 'very fragile.'" A good sort of a man in Maine was once asked to subscribe for a chandelier to the church. "Now," said he, "what's the use of a chandelier? After you get it you can't get any one to play on it." Miss Buchanan, once rallying her cousin, an officer, on his courage, said: "Now, Mr. Harry, do you really mean to tell me you can walk up to a cannon's mouth without fear?" "Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a Buchanan's either." And he did. A sarcastic writer says: "Shutting one's self up in a convent, marrying, and throwing one's self over a precipice, are three things which must be done without thinking too much about them." That Rev. Mr. Barham (author of the famous "Ingoldsby Legends") used to tell a story of the complete discomfiture of a wit of no inferior order by a message politely delivered at a supper party by a little girl: "If you please, Mr. Jones, mamma sends her compliments, and would be much obliged if you would begin to be funny." "It has been asked, when rain falls, does it ever go up again? Of course, in dew time. Little girls believe in the man in the moon—big girls believe in a man in the honey-moon—Why is early grass like a penknife? Because the spring brings out the blades. A lady who went to one of the great mourning warehouses in London, and on mentioning what she required, was politely requested by one of the shopmen to go farther on. "This, madam, is the light affliction department; the heavy bereavement is further on." A bachelor advertises for a "help-mate, one who would prove a companion for his heart, his hand, and his lot." A fair one replying, asked very honestly: "How big is your lot?" "What is the difference between Noah's ark and an archbishop? One was a high arch, but the other is a *hierarch*." When have married people passed through the alphabet of love? When they reach the ba-be. A gentleman once asked, "What is woman?" when a happy married man replied: "She is an essay on grace, in one volume, elegantly bound. Although it may be *dear*, every man should have a copy of it."

FROM BOULDER VALLEY. Peter Wilson received, accidentally, a life shunt in his left leg, above the ankle, crushing the bone into splinters. While his comrade attempted to mount a somewhat uneasy horse his rifle was discharged accidentally, and hence the sad occurrence. Amputation is necessary, and the life of the unfortunate man is in danger. Mr. Wilson is a native of Sweden, and has the sympathy of all who know him.

FROM ARGENTIA. Capitalists Looking Around—Developments Projected—An Amateur's Cabinet. Editor Post:—I do not imagine that the outer world takes any special interest in the everyday occurrences of this camp; and I may as well begin by admitting that nothing startling has occurred here since I last wrote. We are a most exemplary community, a fight is as rare as a wedding, and on the whole, life is at present rather monotonous. We are waiting patiently as we can for the good time coming, confident in the richness and durability of our lodes, and equally confident that the day is not far distant when mills and furnaces along the Rattlesnake will grind out silver by the ton. The success of the St. Louis Company's works are a sufficient guarantee.

During the past week the monotony has been somewhat broken by the presence of a number of gentlemen from the East, who are largely interested in the mines of this district. Prominent among whom I may mention Messrs. Godfrey and Bartleson, Professors Cochran, Eaton and others. Several sales of lode property have been made, and much tramping done over the hills, visiting the various mines, resulting in most learned disquisitions nightly as to the characteristics of the different veins, all agreeing as to their richness and extent. Mr. Godfrey, President of the Esler Mining Company, I learn intends running in the Legal Tender from the base of the hill to the discovery shaft, striking the vein about 400 feet from the surface. When this is completed, as it soon will be, under the energetic superintendence of Mr. Esler, this celebrated lode will furnish ore sufficient to run half a dozen furnaces.

Several other companies intend developing their property immediately, and on the whole the prospect brightens. Of course our visitors were taken to see Mr. Joe Brown's cabinet of specimens, the oldest and finest collection of minerals in the county, and probably the finest that any district can boast. The collection speaks highly for Mr. B.'s taste and industry.

Ever yours, OSHKOSH. [The above communication was accidentally mislaid, which accounts for its previous non-appearance.]

The New Masonic Temple in Boston. This building, now nearly completed, and dedicated, June 24th, will be, when finished, the finest of the kind in New England. The corner stone was laid with due ceremony on the 14th of October, 1863, and no expense or labor have been spared to make it a splendid structure. The construction has been under the charge of the Masonic fraternity, and it will consequently be peculiarly adapted to its specific purpose. The building is of granite, eighty-five feet front, and seven stories high. The ground floor is occupied by the refreshment and confectionary saloons of Cope land & Tarbell, and are equal in beauty of finish, convenience of arrangement, and perfection of management to anything in the United States.

The stairway of the entrance is ten feet wide and leads, up an easy ascent, to the great door, which is of black walnut. The vestibule is also finished with the same material. On the second floor is the principal hall, which is used by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. It is seventy feet long by forty feet in width, and will accommodate several hundred persons. It is of the Gothic order, and is elegantly finished in carved black walnut, upholstered in blue, and lighted by two superb chandeliers. It has a costly carpet, and the ceiling is splendidly frescoed. Four statues of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Wisdom, by a well known Boston artist, will fill niches in the corners. The third story contains seven rooms, which will be used for the keeping of regalia, sodality meetings, etc. On the north front corner there is quite a large hall for meetings. The great feature of the fourth floor is the Egyptian hall, designated for chapter meetings. Twenty-four Egyptian columns embellish the walls, which are adorned with brilliant emblems of a like order, while at the lower end of the room are two tablets of hieroglyphics that none but the initiated can understand, and no one can reveal. Only the High Priest can elucidate them. This hall is well lighted and furnished. On the same floor is the armory of the Boston Encampment of Knights Templars. It is stuccoed and frescoed, and lined with cases in which to keep the regalia of the Sir Knights.

The fifth story has eight fine halls for lodge chapters, etc., all of them handsomely finished, and several of them already engaged. On the sixth floor are several rooms for the meetings of the subordinate bodies, among them a large one for Knights, a fine reception room, and the armory of the St. Bernard Encampment. But the principal hall is the grand hall of the Knights Templars, called the Gothic Hall. It is elaborately finished, carpeted with Brussels, and furnished with black walnut. The walls are blazoned with the devices of a dozen orders of Knighthood.

The seventh floor is chiefly occupied by three large banquetting halls, connected by sliding doors, and capable of seating six or seven hundred persons. From this floor an elevator descends to the basement, by which provisions, refreshments, and all comforts for the inner man can be sent up. The space about the edifice will be bedded with flowers, and ornamented with two fountains. The building will be heated by boilers, on the same plan as the Capitol at Washington. There are two enormous reservoirs of water to supply the steam pump in case of fire, and on every floor are fire-escape water closets, and all other modern conveniences. The building has also three large safes for the preservation of valuable jewels and memorials of the Order.

Haymaking time has about begun in the valley, but I am sorry to say not with the same enthusiasm as last year, and very likely will be of more value next winter than is at present anticipated. I am informed by good and reliable authority that several tons of mail matter were swept from the banks of Green river, sixty miles from Fort Bridger, and were never recovered. Such reports are sufficient to provoke serious dissatisfaction from those who have a father, mother, sister or brother in the far distant east, and expect daily to hear from the loved ones at home. These matters should by all means receive a careful investigation by the persons authorized and whose duty it is to do so. Montana is unfortunate enough with her mail detentions that are unavoidable, but when we are about to suffer by the neglect or corruption of mail contractors then it is high time to take this most important matter into immediate consideration and act. I do not believe in allowing big dogs to steal, roast and punish the small ones for swallowing the bone.

Just as I was closing, a messenger arrived from the upper Boulder, who is on his way to Helena for medical aid.

FROM BOULDER VALLEY.

Incidents—Agricultural Chat—Scott's Bar and Boulder Valley Mines—Developments in that Region—A New Road Opened—The Failure of the Mail System—Accidentally Shot.

Regular Correspondence. ED. POST: In my last communication I attempted to give in detail all the many incidents which occurred during my absence. I, however, failed to notice the slight increase of population, now cradled in its infancy. For instance, there is Mrs. and Mr. Skeels, the good natured landlady and ever kind host, formerly of the stage station on Little Boulder, he who was famous among the parched and thirsty passengers for milking the cow that gave the cool and delicious buttermilk, were blessed with a son; Mrs. Birkins and Douglas with ditto. So you may at once perceive that our little valley keeps up pretty well with the multiplication table of the Divine Law. Send the recruiting officer around.

Marriages also had their sway during my absence. Farmers have apparently received their final death stroke. Grasshoppers have done their usual work of destruction. I alluded to the subject of farming in previous communications, and no doubt some took exception thereto, thinking it, perhaps, not advisable to tell the truth at all times, but here allow me again to say that where a valley is subjected for three successive years to hordes of merciless grasshoppers and potato bugs, to heavy frosts and severe hail storms in the month of June and July, capable of destroying all the labor and fond hopes of a good harvest, within ten minutes, it is by no means well adapted for agricultural purposes, and he who sows the least reaps the most. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

Scott's Bar, of which I spoke in glowing terms in my last communication, has thrown up the sponge since water give out, and work has been entirely suspended and the company dissolved *sine die*. Up the Boulder things look more favorable, and has almost created a stampede thither; yet I would advise no man who is earning reasonable wages to enlist in the ranks of those who roam by scores up and down the Boulder, who expect much, and do precious little. I questioned many on their return in regard to their success, and have been usually informed that \$5 diggings could be obtained almost anywhere above Boulder crossing, but that it would not pay to go to any expense for a chance of better. Experiments for the last year, however, were one to form a different conclusion. Messrs. Wilson & Co. purchased, last spring, from a party among whom one Milton Parker figured, a claim, at a very low price. Four and five dollars to the hand per day was all they could realize; but for the last three weeks they have cleaned up thirty ounces per week of assayed gold as I ever cast my eyes upon. There are only three men at work. Another company, consisting of the same number of men, meet with the same results. About twelve miles from the crossing, up the Boulder, is still another party of men located in the valley, men who do not fear to use nerve, pick and shovel with a will, and who have discovered good paying ground. They are now hard at work, regardless of expense. Mr. Davis, one of the party, showed me some specimens, which bore every mark of rich deposits; and still another party of eight men are at work nine miles above the crossing, who are also confident that Boulder is worthy of prospecting. On the upper end of Boulder valley, near Mr. Harkle's ranch, a furnace has been erected and Messrs. W. Cooper, Curtis and Buck are working eight hands day and night, and their labor is, according to the best information, crowned with entire success. In fact, everything indicates immense treasure buried in and around Boulder valley, and prospects are bright for the future, but let those who come to prospect put their shoulders to the wheel with a determination and energy becoming an industrious and enduring miner. The uniform and daily cry of our day is, hard, dull times, or that the country is going down. Hundreds and thousands accept the mere report, without ever venturing to work, but wander from early spring till late autumn, from place to place, hoping to find fortunes by wholesale, without much labor. Finally cold winter overtakes them, when the earnings of limited paying diggings would be very acceptable. Men don't stick to work, or else work don't stick to them, as it used to do in early days, when poverty was an entire stranger in our midst.

The toll road from Butte City to Helena, intersecting the Virginia road at Boulder store, is about completed, making it a distance in all of 65 miles. This no doubt will be long proved to be a great benefit to the whole community, as not only a distance of 48 miles is thereby saved, but a good and practicable wagon road is offered for public use, at very reasonable rates. Messrs. Boyd, Boggs and Bruffy are the enterprising proprietors.

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DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED FREE MASON.—The death of the Rev. George Oliver, D. D., Vicar of Scopwith, near Steatford, is announced, at the patriarchal age of 84 years. The deceased was the author of several works on Freemasonry, and is highly popular among the brethren. Tracing the antiquity of that occult science to very remote times, establishing its relations with genuine religion, and connecting its ritual with the earlier worship of the chosen people. The deceased, who was greatly beloved and respected as a clergyman, and in all other relations of life, was instituted Vicar of Scopwith in 1831 by the Bishop of Lincoln, and rector of South Hykeham, near London, in 1847 in the gift of the Lord Chancellor.—Standard, March 9.

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE MOBILE REPUBLICAN. The publication of a notice in the Mobile Republican, inciting the freedmen to violence, appears to be a proof that the power of the military is impartially used in that city. That is precisely what we want—absolute justice in the South, without regard to color.

PERSONAL.

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General News. Oberlin College has 775 students, nearly half ladies. The receipts of the Atlantic cable for 227 days amounted to \$1,201,640 in gold. Constantinople has ten daily papers and lots of impudent newsboys. There are 60,000 Odd Fellows in Pennsylvania. There are 30,000 blind people in Great Britain. The French are experimenting with cannon having the interior made of steel and the exterior of bronze. The milliners are going to enlarge the size of ladies' bonnets. They find it difficult to put \$30 worth of gawgaws on a pen wiper or a wafer. A Jewish insurance company, with a large capital, is about to be established in New York. The St. Louis Republican states that Archbishop Kenrick has secured possession of a valuable lot in that city, on which he expects to erect a cathedral to cost at least \$2,000,000. Of 524 American exhibitors at the Paris Exposition, 183 have secured prizes and 77 honorable mention. Grand prizes have been awarded to four exhibitors, gold medals to seventeen, and silver medals to six. Two American insurance agents in Philadelphia, last year issued 55,048 policies covering risks to the amount of \$77,973,700. A Polish chemist has invented a compound, one drop of which causes intense intoxication. Ohio has 4,400,712 sheep. What other State can say "bah" to that? The Bank of England is suffering a plethora of coin—\$30,000,000 worth. Ten daily Republican newspapers have been started in the South since the passage of the reconstruction acts. St. Louis papers estimate the population of that city at 230,000. A new hanging day has been established in Pennsylvania. Thursday has been substituted for Friday. The object is to remove the superstitious idea that Friday is an unlucky day. Petitions are in circulation throughout Texas proposing a division of that State into two parts—East and West. Texas is large enough to make four States, but the present population is so small there is no necessity for a division. Wisconsin has a history. She was governed by the King of France ninety-three years; by the King of Great Britain, twenty years; by the State of Virginia one year; by the Territory of Ohio, sixteen years; and by those of Indiana and Michigan, nine and ten years each. She became a Territory of the United States in 1836, and a State in 1848. Three Quixotic young gentlemen, of the ages of thirteen, fourteen and fifteen respectively, from Chicago, have arrived in Omaha, en route for the Rocky Mountains. They say they want a little adventure in the woods, and we opine they'll get it, says the Omaha Herald. Bavaria, which is smaller, and less in population than New York, keeps an army of 100,000 men. The Grand Army of the Republic is to have a grand celebration in New York City in a few weeks. Invitations are to be sent to all the leading Generals. The estimated annual production of malt liquors in the United States is 5,000,000 barrels, in the manufacture of which 12,000,000 bushels of barley and 15,000,000 pounds of hops are required. The Pope has issued an edict against brigandage, offering rewards for the heads of brigands, which has set the

refusians to killing each other for the reward. A young Norwegian in Wisconsin is seven feet in height. The New York City Directory, just published for 1867, contains the names of 177,317 persons. The Jacksonville Journal tells of a boy raised in Arenzville, Cass county, who is sixteen years old and weighs only 443 pounds. The boy has gone to St. Louis. From there he goes to New York to be put on exhibition. This puny little fellow has seven brothers and sisters, all of whom are of ordinary size, save one sister, who at the age of eight, weighs 275 pounds.

Humorous. Man is a mister, and woman is a mystery. A tax has been imposed on babies in Turkey. We read of attacks on babies during Herod's time. When is a chicken's neck like a bell? When is it wrong for dinner. A conscript, being told that it was sweet to die for his country, tried to excuse himself on the ground that he never liked sweet things. A German writer complains of the difficulties of the English language, and cites the word *Bo*, which he says is pronounced *Bikens*. Somebody advertises for agents to retail a work entitled "Hymenial Instructor." A contemporary adds: "The best hymenial instructor we know of is a young widow. What she don't know there is no use knowing." An old bachelor is a traveler on life's railroad, who has entirely failed to make the proper connections. An English butler affirms that "high churchmen drink the most, and low churchmen heat the most, always, sir." In a history of plants, the author notices the virtue of hemp thus laconically: "By this cordage ships are guided, bells are rung, and cigars are kept in the world." "Ideas," says Voltaire, "are like beads; men get them when they grow up—women never have any." Adam was fond of his joke, and when he saw his sons and daughters marrying one another he drily remarked to Eve that if there had been no apple there would have been no pairing. A literary paper in Paris having proposed for discussion the question, "What is a woman?" a correspondent sent to the editor the following answer: "A woman is a small article of luxurious furniture, which ought not to make the journey of life without a label inscribed 'very fragile.'" A good sort of a man in Maine was once asked to subscribe for a chandelier to the church. "Now," said he, "what's the use of a chandelier? After you get it you can't get any one to play on it." Miss Buchanan, once rallying her cousin, an officer, on his courage, said: "Now, Mr. Harry, do you really mean to tell me you can walk up to a cannon's mouth without fear?" "Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a Buchanan's either." And he did. A sarcastic writer says: "Shutting one's self up in a convent, marrying, and throwing one's self over a precipice, are three things which must be done without thinking too much about them." That Rev. Mr. Barham (author of the famous "Ingoldsby Legends") used to tell a story of the complete discomfiture of a wit of no inferior order by a message politely delivered at a supper party by a little girl: "If you please, Mr. Jones, mamma sends her compliments, and would be much obliged if you would begin to be funny." "It has been asked, when rain falls, does it ever go up again? Of course, in dew time. Little girls believe in the man in the moon—big girls believe in a man in the honey-moon—Why is early grass like a penknife? Because the spring brings out the blades. A lady who went to one of the great mourning warehouses in London, and on mentioning what she required, was politely requested by one of the shopmen to go farther on. "This, madam, is the light affliction department; the heavy bereavement is further on." A bachelor advertises for a "help-mate, one who would prove a companion for his heart, his hand, and his lot." A fair one replying, asked very honestly: "How big is your lot?" "What is the difference between Noah's ark and an archbishop? One was a high arch, but the other is a *hierarch*." When have married people passed through the alphabet of love? When they reach the ba-be. A gentleman once asked, "What is woman?" when a happy married man replied: "She is an essay on grace, in one volume, elegantly bound. Although it may be *dear*, every man should have a copy of it."

FROM BOULDER VALLEY. Peter Wilson received, accidentally, a life shunt in his left leg, above the ankle, crushing the bone into splinters. While his comrade attempted to mount a somewhat uneasy horse his rifle was discharged accidentally, and hence the sad occurrence. Amputation is necessary, and the life of the unfortunate man is in danger. Mr. Wilson is a native of Sweden, and has the sympathy of all who know him.

FROM ARGENTIA. Capitalists Looking Around—Developments Projected—An Amateur's Cabinet. Editor Post:—I do not imagine that the outer world takes any special interest in the everyday occurrences of this camp; and I may as well begin by admitting that nothing startling has occurred here since I last wrote. We are a most exemplary community, a fight is as rare as a wedding, and on the whole, life is at present rather monotonous. We are waiting patiently as we can for the good time coming, confident in the richness and durability of our lodes, and equally confident that the day is not far distant when mills and furnaces along the Rattlesnake will grind out silver by the ton. The success of the St. Louis Company's works are a sufficient guarantee.

During the past week the monotony has been somewhat broken by the presence of a number of gentlemen from the East, who are largely interested in the mines of this district. Prominent among whom I may mention Messrs. Godfrey and Bartleson, Professors Cochran, Eaton and others. Several sales of lode property have been made, and much tramping done over the hills, visiting the various mines, resulting in most learned disquisitions nightly as to the characteristics of the different veins, all agreeing as to their richness and extent. Mr. Godfrey, President of the Esler Mining Company, I learn intends running in the Legal Tender from the base of the hill to the discovery shaft, striking the vein about 400 feet from the surface. When this is completed, as it soon will be, under the energetic superintendence of Mr. Esler, this celebrated lode will furnish ore sufficient to run half a dozen furnaces.

Several other companies intend developing their property immediately, and on the whole the prospect brightens. Of course our visitors were taken to see Mr. Joe Brown's cabinet of specimens, the oldest and finest collection of minerals in the county, and probably the finest that any district can boast. The collection speaks highly for Mr. B.'s taste and industry.

Ever yours, OSHKOSH. [The above communication was accidentally mislaid, which accounts for its previous non-appearance.]

The New Masonic Temple in Boston. This building, now nearly completed, and dedicated, June 24th, will be, when finished, the finest of the kind in New England. The corner stone was laid with due ceremony on the 14th of October, 1863, and no expense or labor have been spared to make it a splendid structure. The construction has been under the charge of the Masonic fraternity, and it will consequently be peculiarly adapted to its specific purpose. The building is of granite, eighty-five feet front, and seven stories high. The ground floor is occupied by the refreshment and confectionary saloons of Cope land & Tarbell, and are equal in beauty of finish, convenience of arrangement, and perfection of management to anything in the United States.

The stairway of the entrance is ten feet wide and leads, up an easy ascent, to the great door, which is of black walnut. The vestibule is also finished with the same material. On the second floor is the principal hall, which is used by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. It is seventy feet long by forty feet in width, and will accommodate several hundred persons. It is of the Gothic order, and is elegantly finished in carved black walnut, upholstered in blue, and lighted by two superb chandeliers. It has a costly carpet, and the ceiling is splendidly frescoed. Four statues of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Wisdom, by a well known Boston artist, will fill niches in the corners. The third story contains seven rooms, which will be used for the keeping of regalia, sodality meetings, etc. On the north front corner there is quite a large hall for meetings. The great feature of the fourth floor is the Egyptian hall, designated for chapter meetings. Twenty-four Egyptian columns embellish the walls, which are adorned with brilliant emblems of a like order, while at the lower end of the room are two tablets of hieroglyphics that none but the initiated can understand, and no one can reveal. Only the High Priest can elucidate them. This hall is well lighted and furnished. On the same floor is the armory of the Boston Encampment of Knights Templars. It is stuccoed and frescoed, and lined with cases in which to keep the regalia of the Sir Knights.

The fifth story has eight fine halls for lodge chapters, etc