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—BY—

BENJAMIN F. DILL.

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THE MASONIC DEAD OF THE WAR

An Oration delivered before the Masonic Lodges of DeSoto county, Miss., assembled at Hernando, April 14, 1866, in a Lodge of Sorrow.

BY REV. S. H. FORD, K. T.

Brethren and Companions: We meet to-day a Lodge of Sorrow, not of anger or revenge.

When we have caught the last lifebreath of a departed friend and have closed the eyes in death, we naturally pause, and pass a period of hours or days to elapse ere we celebrate his obsequies, or give vent to our woe. And what a strange, dream-like period that intervals. The emotions are unsettled and conflicting; the calamity is not realized; the hope that beamed on us to the very last, though now set forever, still leaves the twilight on our soul, and ineffindable images still float before the vision. At length the feelings settle down into a conscious reality of our loss; the burden of woe crushes the heart; the iron pierces the soul, and the fountain of tears and of anguish is unsealed. It is not till friends have gathered silently and mournfully around the bier to pay the tribute of respect to the departed, that we feel the full extent of the calamity, and the bitterness of the bereavement.

Such interval has appropriately been permitted to intervene since our hopes went down in darkness and our brethren fell in the conflict. A year has passed since the curtain closed on the last struggle of a cherished cause in whose defense our brethren manfully and gloriously died. That interval, during which our minds have been occupied with varied thoughts—exciting fears—novel and painful surroundings—a changed condition of society—and broken fortunes, has enabled us at length to realize what appeared a fearful dream, and to remember the absent who perished in the strife.

We sit here as a Lodge of Sorrow—we come together to mourn the loss of brethren—how noble, how numerous! What voice can give expression to sorrow so deep, so general? From every Lodge, from every homestead, the bereaved have come to mourn for fathers, husbands, sons and brothers, who sleep in their fatal off, unmarked, gory graves, where the hurried hand of a comrade, or the more careless hand of the foeman, laid them down in their last rest. Is there any sorrow like unto this? What words are all channels for its flow? What consolation can soothe its grief?

But with this sorrow there mingles no bitterness, and over it broods no spirit of vengeance. Our dead heroes come not back like the spirit of Hamlet, inciting revenge. No Ulysses demands the beauty Iphigenia that the son of Achilles may offer her a bleeding sacrifice to appease his father's manes. We leave this spirit to the cruel superstition of a past age, or the more cruel fanaticism of the present, whose weapons are the blood so slaughter can satisfy, and whose heartless hatred no humiliation, no pain can appease. With us the conflict has passed, its issue decided, and now, even much we may feel the humiliation of our condition, yet we accept the arbitrament and seek no appeal; and though we mourn the loss of our brethren, and look around them with sadness on the darkness of the hour, we can truly say, it is the subdued tenderness and regret for the lost cause we thought was right and the friends who died by its subdued, if not repentant, reconciled, if not changed. It is to us, the shadowy evening of a bright day of which the post hath said

Who hath not shared that calm, so still and deep,
The voiceless thought that would not speak, but weep,
A holy concord—and a bright regret,
A glorious sympathy with souls that set?
Yet not harsh sorrow—but a tender woe,
Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below,
Pain without bitterness—but pleasant, too,
A sweet dejection—a transparent tear,
Unmixed with worldly pride or selfish fear,
Shed without shame—and secret without pain.

Even as the tenderness that hour instils,
When summer's day declines along the hills,
So fleets the first pure light of faithful souls,
Warm all of Genius that can pathize.

Such is the character of our sorrow, and such is the true key by which to interpret our regard for the memories of our fallen brethren. We know they acted bravely in the full consciousness of right, and to show this is to vindicate their memory, and to justify our grateful remembrance.

Courage has ever been esteemed by all tribes in all ages. The heart instinctively warms to admiration as it contemplates deeds of chivalry, or heroic endurance. Theseus, the ancestral king of Athens, received for centuries the heartfelt worship of his countrymen for his youthful exploits, and his victory over Taurus in the labyrinth of Minos, and such was the reverence for his memory and the influence of his example, that his phantom form was seen by the eye of enthusiasm in the forefront of the Athenian army at Marathon, sweeping down the conquered hosts of the Persians.

But courage must be measured by the motive that prompts it, and the circumstances under which it is exercised. Mere insensibility to physical danger or desperate daring was not lofty aim or high motive, mere love of excitement or adventure, thirst for glory, ambition for the "bubble reputation," or visions of power, or the gratification of national pride or hate—these strike strange attrite and its achievements of real virtue and all true greatness. The courage and daring of Arnold, beneath a foreign flag, only emblazoned his infamy, and devotion to his memory, were it possible, would be sacrilege.

But on the other hand, when courage is drawn forth by principle, and which is sustained by that principle against real supposed subversion or aggression, braves alike the carnage of the battle-field, the solitude of the bastile, or the ignominy of the scaffold, it invests the character with the highest glory, and lifts its possessor to the highest pinnacle of human virtue. And those in all ages who have displayed such courage, have received the hero's crown, have been renowned in poetic story, and have been held up as models for the imitation of future generations.

Now if such courage—prompted by exalted principle and sustained by a sense of right—if such courage as this bore our brethren on though wasting, weariness and want; through battle-storms, and imprisonment and death, then they too, are worthy to receive our plaudits; to live in memory and in song, and though their resting place be unknown, yet, may their names be entablatured in marble or in brass.

To attempt to prove or even illustrate their daring, their endurance, their constancy and their fortitude, were altogether gratuitous. These deeds have spoken and the world has heard, and paused in admiration. Those deeds speak still in tones that can never die. Listening to them as they ring through the earth, your speaker is silent! They, not I, pronounce their eulogy to-day.

What then incited this acknowledged courage? It was the deep conviction that they owed their first and highest earthly allegiance to the sovereign State of which they were the sons and the citizens; that they owed to her, and to what ever other States she united herself, their services and their lives. Mistaken or not, these men firmly believed that allegiance to other States, sulled or disunited, went and came only through their own sovereign State, and that the adoption of the sentiment of the general compact relieved them of all previous obligations, by the conflicting claims of the imposers. This brief statement, with all its force adhering, in law and in moral, relieves the memory of our brethren from all taint of treason, or rebellion, or wrong. We repeat, however mistaken they may have been in all this, it is nevertheless true that they went forth at the call of their State, believing that they violated no obligations, that they forfeited no allegiance, but were actuated by the principle on which the Republic was founded—"that all just governments rest on the consent of the governed."

It is true that no opp—ion had as yet been felt, no guaranteed rights of property or liberty as yet invaded, but neither does this abridge the meed of praise; for of the American revolution, the immortal Hayne said a half century ago, in the Senate chamber, "There is one characteristic of the American revolution that cannot be passed over in silence. It is this: that our revolution had its origin not so much in the weight of oppression, as in the great principle, the sacred duty of resistance to the exercise of unauthorized power. Other nations have been driven to rebellion by the iron hand of despotism; the insupportable weight of oppression, which leaving men nothing worth living for, has taken away the fear of death itself and caused them to rush upon the spears of their enemies, or to break their chains upon the heads of their oppressors. But it was a tax of three pence upon tea imposed without right, which was considered by our ancestors a burden too grievous to be borne, because they were men who felt oppression from paper as a mountain weight. They judged of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augured misgovernment at a distance, and snuffed the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze." Such were the eulogies pronounced in other days on a glorious patriotism, which went forth to battle, and which risked all: not to fling off the actual weight of oppression, but to vindicate a principle. And "the deep passion and high patriotism which prompted their warriors to acts of daring and bravery," said Dorsey, "enwrapped their country in one universal blaze of glory which can never be fully impressed. Genius is unequal to the task." And what did that "lofty patriotism" and and "deep passion" effect?

"In it," said Webster, "society has maintained its rights against military power, and established a foundation never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself."

I shall not say that if success had crowned the efforts of the South, such language would have been as applicable to the one revolution as the other; that sacrifices as great, sufferings as sad, endurances as trying, and courage as glorious, marked the second as the first. But I will say that if patriotism be a deep felt principle, permeating communities and States, and uniting them and leading them through the battle storms of years—if this patriotism, triumphant or defeated, patriotism still—then our fallen brethren were patriots. Such I pronounce them to-day. By that name shall they ever be spoken of by me.

"TREASON! TREASON! ARNOLD! TREASON! the subversion or invasion of the inherent right of a sovereign monarch to rule his subject, of whom he is the bornmaster; to say they were guilty of this in law, and in morals, and in truth, is a slander on the memories of the patriot dead; mistaken they may have been, but traitors, never!

"To levy war against the United States, or adhere to their enemies," is the only treason known to the Constitution. But when thirteen of these States severed their connection with the rest—whether they had the legal right to do so not—and were united in a *de facto* government of united States in a new confederacy, regular belligerency was established, and treason is out of the question. It is not for me, nor is this the occasion to discuss this question; but it is my solemn duty, and one I fear not to discharge, to vindicate the character of my brothers. Without any spirit of criimination or of defiance, we deny before heaven that they sleep in dishonored graves, or fell in the perpetration of treason or crime.

Nor will those who met our brethren as foemen on the fields of Shiloh, Gettysburg or Franklin, indulge in opprobious epithets to cloud their memory. They know that they encountered men—not trembling criminals. They know that such courage and lofty bearing as oftenfronted them at every step of their progress, could be sustained by principle alone. The heroes on the other side have felt and acknowledged this. Principle recognizes principle. The brave honor the brave. True patriots recognize brothers, though mistaken or in error, yet honest and true. Epithets and insults are not the weapons of the real warriors who won the battles of the Union. It is only from the lips of men of cold and cruel hearts, or of vengeful soul that these insults to the memory of our honored dead so flippantly and constantly fall—men who never met our brethren in the living strife, but can safely insult a fallen foe.

Blame as too, then, for mourning the loss of our brothers and kinsmen; charge us not with folly for cherishing their memory and honoring their names as heroes and patriots.

We return to the proposition at first announced—that heroism is courage drawn forth and sustained by principle. We have declared and we know it—know it by mingling in the councils of the confederacy and the ranks of her armies—that principle actuated all classes throughout those weary years of desolating war. And we ask, what endurances were more heroic, and what courage was more splendid? Donaldson and Shiloh, Gettysburg and Franklin, and numerous other fields, whether of victory or defeat, record the matchless courage of the half-clad, half-fed, tenteless, shoeless, soldiers of the South. Their bleeding feet stained the snows on their wintry march to the entrenchments of Franklin, and green corn was their only food through many a campaign. Yet, against over-powering numbers, they maintained the unequal struggle till the last hope was quenched.

To tell us that this was the mere passive obedience of ignorant and deceived masses, is equally untrue. Our brothers were not "dumb driven cattle." It was not the sullen and brute-like endurance, effected by the force of discipline. They were not mere machines. If ever "taymonets think" they thought in the ranks of our Southern armies. The men who went forth from their luxurious homes, charged by mothers, wives and sisters to die for the right—the men who marched through these towns and villages, bearing the bandanas presented by their country-women, and followed by their tears and blessings—the men who started at the first sound of war, and fell in Donaldson and Manassas—the men who waited for no conscription, and who clung to their standards, refusing all amnesties, and all temptations to desert, steady and erect through all the storm, until Lee bowed his head, and Johnston gave up the struggle, and the sun went down—these men were not "dumb driven cattle," were not machines, were not hirelings or slaves to self-constituted leaders or usurpers. They were soldiers in the true sense of that word—patriot soldiers who have illustrated the highest form of human nature, and around whose memories halos shall ever kindle.

In recounting the many who fell on Shiloh's battle-field—one of the darkest-dyed of the whole war, and one deeply impressed on the speaker and hearers from its vicinity, and the fact that many of us beheld the dread struggle, we cannot refrain from a word of tribute to the memory of a citizen of this State, a member of this fraternity—the true, the great, the gallant Albert Sydney Johnson. Actuated by principle, he left a position of eminence on the shores of the Pacific, and pushed his archons and dangerous way overland, and almost alone, to participate with his countrymen in the struggle. On that terrible day at Shiloh, in the thickest of the storm, the shouts of victory ringing around him, his well laid plans almost consummated, his hopes almost realized, the opposing army broken and retreating, its capture almost within his grasp—a triumph which might have decided the contest forever—*he fell* covered with gory wounds. What might have resulted had he lived a few days longer? What, had he been spared throughout the war? His experience as a soldier, his influence with the head of the Confederacy, his military abilities, the clearness of his intellect, and the power of his will, which would have made him sooner or later, the most renowned of all our leaders—what those might have effected had his life been spared, can not now be even conjectured. But in success or defeat, in independence or subjugation, he would have been a power for good. But a voice from on high called him away ere he could grasp the first wreath of victory—called him from earth's stormy struggles. Death found him at his post with his harness on. And to him, friend and brother, I may be permitted to apply the words of Scott:

"Hadst thou but lived, though stripped of power,
A wanderer on my native shore,
This trembling frame had found the hand,
To close thine eyes and dress your wound.
If thou, as thy the peasant think,
Our patriot hath sought an untimely grave,
As sought phantom glory, through life's stormy wave,
Thy strength and prop—O the bitterness to me!
Now in the season when man's strength
The season night is quickest to awaken
Thy hoary locks in sorrow to lay with,
The wonder silent on the hill!
O think how to his latest day,
When death, last wrestler, seized his prey,
With Palmyra's unalterred mood,
Stood at the altar thy kinsman stood,
Each call for aneedful rest repelled,
With firm step paced the room of death,
Till in his fall, was fatefull away,
The sacrage of the realm gave way."

Nor can I pass in silence one other name; one who occupied a very different position, but illustrating the same great traits of heroic character. He was a youth of promise and of piety. Early in life he consecrated his talents to the service of his God, and the spiritual welfare of his fellow man. He was the youthful pastor of the Protestant Episcopal congregation in this town. He was chosen chaplain of the first company that went forth. Ever at his post, he was in the thick of the battle. The last act he was seen to perform was to assist with womanly tenderness two wounded Federal soldiers, left bleeding on the field as their army was driven back. A few moments after the missile of death called him to his rest. He expired without a groan, and sleeps beside his fallen friends whom he loved so well. Adorned, pious Christian, and an enthusiastic, fearless soldier, the youthful patriot will long be embalmed in the memory of this community, and of the fraternity of which he was a member.

To his memory I dedicate these lines:

He rests neath no cypress, and over him no tomb,
Nor sculpture, attracts the lone passenger's eye;
Yet Spring's fairest tribute of flowers shall bloom,
Where his bones, though unnoticed, yet gloriously lie.

Of others, so numerous, brothers so loved in their lives and now so lamented, I can only give a passing word. [Here the names of the Masonic dead of DeSoto county, who fell in the war were read by the orator.]

Had these men lived, they would have felt, and would have acted as we feel and act—having been overwhelmed in the struggle, they would submit honestly and honorably. And to the thinking and high-minded man, the courage and constancy of the past are the proofs that the pledge of loyalty will be kept. The report of the Patent Office can suggest, recently issued, in describing the characteristics of the noblest animals, states that the horse in his native freedom, when at the leader of the herd, who is most daring in danger, and most desperate in repelling the attacks of the foe, when once brought into submission, is the most gentle and docile of all his kind. It is true in its analogy the opossum, who feigns death at your feet, can never be domesticated or loved. The war horse, whose neck is "clothed with thunder," who paws the earth and "snuffs the battle from afar," is the tractable, gentle and affectionate companion of his ruler. The principle and courage which mark the past, is the guarantee of our fidelity in the future. Let it be remembered that we, too, are Americans. Let it be felt that taunts and insults can do no good; they prick us to the quick. The cudgel may be the fit weapon to discipline the mule, but the lightest touch of the silken lash starts every nerve of the blooded steed. Kindness and fraternity we ask; humiliation we have learned how to bear, but personal or social degradation is death.

And now as from the graves of our cherished brethren, as from the desolated homes of their widows and orphans, as from the midst of ruined fortunes and blasted hopes, would that I could, in the name of the Masonic Fraternity of the South, articulate some word which would reach the fraternity of the North, that it might be passed by them, through the ranks of the order, and down through the masses who seem to shake our latter and deeper humiliation, some word, which, when uttered by our venerable brotherhood, would still the tempest of passion, that over the subsiding flood, and over the reeling arks, over Ararat's emerging summits, might open the rainbow of promise—that beautiful thing woven of sunshine and rain drops—of smiles and of tears, the sign of security, the pledge of peace.

We appeal to the fraternity of the North; not with confessions of self-convicted criminals; not with the wailings of prostrate suppliants—but as men and as Masons, if mistaken, yet true. We appeal to the chivalrous Knights, the venerable Priesthood—Companions—Brothers—and fellows of our order. We ask them to use their potent, and conservative influence, that the ruins of our once beautiful temple may be repaired, and that the cap-stone may once again be brought forth with shoutings of "grace, grace unto it."

As we have beheld the electric Aurora rising in beauty, a column of soft light, through which the northern constellations could be seen, like some tall spirit from whose mantle of brilliant glory is fretted with stars, so rises before us the spirit of ancient Masonry in its God-like drapery, towering to the heavens. Her smile can radiate the gloom; her hand can link again in harmony the constellation which the battle rounds have scored or obscured. Shall that smile beam from her face? Shall that hand join in love, fraternity, peace? Shall her ecstasy again be a complete starry zone, the brilliant symbol of a united brotherhood and a united country? By the memory of our own Washington—by the eternal principles of our order—by the mystic ties that bind us—we invoke our brethren to lift their united voice against the spirit of sectional strife that is still unappeased, that at once and forever fraternally, and unity, and peace may mantle our native land.

RELIGIOUS RESTORATION.

A New England Clergyman's Pilgrimage Through the Southern States.

Letter of Rev. J. E. Roy, to N. Y. Independent.]

I see that the American Home Missionary Society is following up the track of my pilgrimage through the South, with permanent occupation. At Knoxville, Tennessee, Rev. T. D. P. Stone has been commissioned. At Chattanooga—that strategic and historic locality, that point where the railways of the great South converge from the four quarters—that place of manufactures—the Rev. J. H. Manning has been stationed. He is getting his work well in hand and under way, having the generous co-operation of the post chaplain, Rev. T. B. Van Horne. As this is to be one of the permanently occupied forts, it must be a place of safety as well as of interest. At Memphis, Rev. T. E. Bliss' new church is under way, and is to be completed by the first of May—one of the first fruits of the fund of Freedmen's Day. At Helena, the friends have raised $300 for a minister, and the society is about sending him along, agreeing to supplement the salary; while the Congregational Union is negotiating for a church site. I see by the New Orleans *Times* that on the fourth of March Rev. Wm. T. Eustis, of New Haven, commenced service, under the auspices of the society, in the Second Presbyterian church, bought and beautifully fitted up by the aid of the Congregational Union, for the First Congregational church of that city. The old church is refitted and filling in every way. While I was there the corporate society was organized, with twenty-seven male members, among them some of the oldest and best known citizens. There is a clear demand for this church; its success, with a fair administration and the blessing of God, must be a certainty. In that city of two hundred thousand souls, with direct communication with the North by the great river and the ocean, there must always be a large representation of the Congregational material. To Savannah, that beautiful "Forest City," the society has sent Rev. Henry M. Grinnell, of East Canaan, Con., a son of Dr. Grant, formerly a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. among the Nestorians. While I was there thirty business men put their names to a paper pledging to become members of a corporate society, and by their influence and substance to aid in its support. Besides these, twenty more gave verbal promise of the same. It was an interesting fact that of these two-thirds were ex-officers of the Union army settled there in business—a church militant indeed they will make. Of these there were enough to form the nucleus of a church. A pleasant and convenient hall was engaged, and a church will soon be provided by the assistance of the Congregational Union. Services will be held by John Pierpont, who is now serving the Government in an important position at Washington, of my calling at Savannah, he was reminded of a visit he made some years ago in that city, when his son was pastor of the Unitarian church there. It having gone out that the father was to preach for the son, toward the end of the week influential members waited upon the pastor and told him that it would not do to allow that abolitionist to preach. So in the strait of the young man for a sermon the old man proposed to lend him one. 'Twas done; and, the people being highly pleased with it, the pastor had the pleasure of telling them that it was his father's sermon! At Charleston, the old "Circular Church," which was organized in 1680 by English Dissenters, which has ever held a leading position in the city, but whose house of worship, that cost $74,000, was burned in the great fire of 1862, is now much reduced in means and membership. When I was there it was having no public worship, except that the colored portion of its members were holding regular service in a mission chapel built by the church several years before. The deacons who were men of candor and probity, assured me that no Northern man would again be acceptable to them. They complained of the last pastor, who at their communion table even had expressed such sympathy with the South and its institutions (making it a mistake that he had been born North) that they had confirmed him, saying that they only wanted talk of religion at the sacraments! heard, and who had now gone back, publicly to insult the South. At New Bern, Rev. A. A. Ellsworth, who went out under the auspices of the A. H. M. S., is now rejoicing in a chapel fitted up in one of the Government buildings, purchased for that purpose. The printed "constitution and by-laws" of this society, drawn up by the Rev. Capt. Horace James, is a model of its kind. At Beaufort, twenty-five men signed a pledge that they would give support to a Congregational Church in that city. Some of these were old and influential citizens. The society has been diligently searching for the man that is strong enough to occupy that post, and hopes soon to have him on the ground. Richmond was appropriately the head and the heart of the rebellion; it is now the centre of influence in the South. Under the reign of freedom, with its commerce by railway, by a canal across the State westward by the James and the ocean, with its unfouring powers on the Falls of the James, and with its fine location, this city must become one of great importance. At Washington, I see that the Congregational church has secured lots, in a commanding and central location, for a house of worship. So at Baltimore, Rev. E. Johnson's church has raised $10,000, and borrowed $10,000 of the Congregational Union, with which a church edifice is to be erected. The Congregational church of Canterbury, Del., with a promise of missionary aid, has just given a unanimous invitation to Rev. C. A. Harvey, of Illinois, who had made them a visit. When preliminary measures, already taken, shall have been developed into facts accomplished, several more such enterprises at the South will be announced. And so I have been around the second time upon my "Pilgrimage through the Southern States." I wish that I could regret even as much of progress in political reconstruction as in ecclesiastical.

UNGRATEFUL CHILDREN.

A Beautiful and Pointed Story.

Jacob Abbott, in his Hoaryhead, a volume quite equal in interest to a century sketch, tells for one of his illustrations, the story of a poor widow and her son Gilbert, a boy about ten years old, who lived in a solitary log cabin among the hills. Gilbert is very hard at work, but heedless and somewhat neglectful of his mother. On a certain day in winter he loiters on his way home till dark. His mother has done work for him. He eats his supper, lies down by the fire and sleeps. She puts a bear skin and a pillow under him, and ere he awakes, she almost finishes a pair of mittens, which she is knitting for him in secret. Her strong desire to awaken his gratitude leads her to show him her work, and he only seeks for faults in it. Just after he climbs the ladder to bed, a belated traveler enters to inquire the way. He does not delay for the night but accepts her offer of a rich bowl of bread and milk, for which she will accept no pay.

He then inquires:

"Is there no way that I can render you any service? You seem dejected and tired. I have had some experience in the world, and have seen a great many troubles."

Encouraged by this, she told him what troubled her mind when he came in, and then, led on by his expressions of kindness and sympathy, she unburthened her heart to him. She told him how long she had tried to win Gilbert's love, but all in vain, and she described to him her efforts in detail, and their utter want of success. "I would give all the world to have him love me—but he cares nothing for me at all. Now what can I do?"

"Is he idle and disobedient?" asked the guest.

"Why, no, I don't think he is, generally. He does his work most days as well as could expect of such a boy. He helps me a good deal—but he don't care much about that. He doesn't seem to do it out of regard to me. If he should bring me home even a flower out of the woods, because he thought it would please me, I should like it better than all the work he does now from morning till night."

"I see," said the traveler, "you want his heart, not his cold, outward obedience."

"Yes, sir," said she, "that is it exactly."

The traveler paused a moment, looking into the fire, apparently lost in thought. He then said:

"When you make him presents, and do kind little kindnesses, how does he receive them? Does he seem grateful then?"

"No, sir, I don't think he does. He generally takes the presents, I suppose, and is glad to get it and use it, but then I don't see that he thinks anything about its coming from me."

"He takes the gift with a selfish pleasure, but has no grateful feelings towards the giver?"

"Yes sir; and sometimes he murmurs and complains when I have done the best I could for him."

The traveler sat in silence again several minutes, lost in thought. He presently turned round towards his hostess and said:

"You ask me what you shall do, and I cannot well tell you, unless I ask you one or two questions about yourself, which perhaps it would not be proper for me to ask under other circumstances. If you had rather not answer them, do not hesitate to say so. Are you in the habit of morning and evening prayer?"

The mother's eye dropped. She looked embarrassed, shook her head and finally answered:

"No, sir."

"Do you read the Bible much?"

"Why, sir" said she faintly: "we used to have one but it is almost worn out."

"And do you never read the Bible, and pray secretly to God?"

"I used to some, when I was young, but not of late years."

"Then there is now no communication whatever between your soul and God?"

She hung her head and made no reply.

"No thanksgiving for his favors—no love or affection returned for his goodness—no desire to do anything to please him?"

The speaker paused at each inquiry, but his hostess made no reply, and yet the expression of her countenance showed that her feelings were not displeasure that the questions were asked, but self-reproach, awakened by the answer that her conscience gave.

"Perhaps," said the traveler, "I do wrong to press you with these inquiries. I am sure, after the kindness you have shown me, I ought not to be morose or rude. But the truth is, that your child is to you what you yourself are to your parent above. All that you have done to win his love, God has done to win yours; and your child's repulses of your affection are exactly analogous to your repulses to the love of God. We are as unkind, and regular in the performance of duties as unloved, and we do we do nothing for the sake of pleasing God. We turn cold looks and language to him. We take his gifts with a kind of selfish gratification, but with no feelings of grateful affection for the giver—and sometimes, like Gilbert, openly murmur and complain when God has done the best that He could have done for us. Now, have not you been such? If so, you reap as you have sowed. Gilbert is an ungrateful and an undutiful child, just like his mother!"

SOUTHERN HOTELS.

How they should be Constructed and Conducted.

From the Houston Telegraph.]

One of the important improvements necessary in the Southern States is, the establishment of firstclass hotels in the principal cities, good and comfortable hotels in the larger towns, and clean, cool, well-kept inns in the villages and large country places where travelers are in the habit of stopping. The deficiency of the country in such places of civilized life in the past, has been astonishing. The wretched lodging, the horrid beds, the miserable eating, and the various other discomforts to which travelers were, at the time, in mind, been subjected, are notorious. And there is, there has been, no valid excuse for it. Hotels and inns have always been profitable when well kept. It is not true that a new country could necessarily have poor and mean accommodations for travelers. It is refreshing even now to read in English history, fiction and poetry, of the inns, plain, clean, cosy inns of the olden time in that country, where travelers could sojourn and enjoy themselves in the most delightful manner.

The essential things are, good construction in the house; plenty of rooms; good ventilation, absolutely necessary in the South; invariable and invincible cleanliness of offices, parlors, dining-rooms, bed-rooms, kitchens and private retiring places; good, clean, well aired and constantly attended beds; neat, polite, industrious and reliable servants, and in order to this, they must be white; the best the market affords. In the way of fare, and this cooked in the highest style of the art. It is just as easy to keep a hotel in this way as in the wretched manner in which too many of them are kept—just as it is as easy to keep a horse in good condition as in poor condition.

We are satisfied that the black servants will have to be dispensed with altogether, and white ones employed in their stead, if we wish well conducted hotels. The blacks are constitutionally careless, lazy and filthy, and now that they are free they will become more so. Moreover, they have yet to learn, by hard experience, that "servants" have always existed, white as well as black, and always will exist. Black waiters seem to consider themselves in the light of servants, while ones do not. Every hotel keeper who intends to follow the business permanently, and make some other object, keep hotel, should immediately provide himself with white cooks, steward, porter and waiters, even if he has to send to Europe for them to contract for them.

It is not necessary, in this country, as yet, to employ female waiters at hotels. There is plenty of more suitable employment for women. Therefore, taste and decency should no longer be outraged by the employment as waiters of the black and yellow strumpets who now flaunt about hotels, displaying the rewards of their vices upon their persons, to the demoralization of the young of both sexes, and attracting the unprincipled and the dissolute as a swarm of blowflies to a putrefying carcass. Loose colored females about a hotel are always a bad indication of the taste and motives of the employer.

Moreover, in these days of swarming adventurers, females as well as male, more care should be taken to discriminate between respectable ladies who sojourn at hotels, and women of questionable principles and conduct, who seek hotel life as the best sphere for the safest pursuit of their "fast" families. Indeed, society in this country, as a whole, will soon find it necessary, for its own preservation, to discountenance all "fast" women as disreputable, without stopping to inquire too closely into their motives and conduct. Womanly reserve and dignity can be preserved in no other way. The visible line of separation between rather gay ladies of the best character, and the worst sort of women who appear outwardly to be only innocently "fast" and gay, is, so far as can be judged by outward appearances, alarmingly faint. And the hotels, and the different lines of travel, now swarm with women of fine appearance, and elegant dress and manners, trading without their natural or other proper protectors, who nevertheless can show themselves to be well connected, but who are all the while "whited sepulchres, full of rottenness and dead men's bones."

We need a general "reconstruction" of our whole hotel and tavern system, and the right men will do well who engage in the work.

MEDICAL.

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ROBACK'S STOMACH BITTERS, AFTER years of experience and trial, have proven to be the best remedy extant for all complaints where a tonic and gentle aperient is required. They NEVER FAIL to strengthen the weak, impart vigor to the strong, and in all respects restore shattered and broken down constitutions. No remedy has been received with as much favor as Roback's Stomach Bitters.

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In the bilious districts of the West and South there has, for a long time, been used, as a special an article of Stomach Bitters, which, if taken in proper quantities, and at the proper time, are a sure preventive of

Bilious Fever, Fever and Ague, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Jaundice, Kidney Complaints,

And all Diseases of a Similar Nature, and ARE BETTER

As a preventive for bilious derangement, regulating the system, and giving tone to the digestive organs, than any other known remedy.

Now that the war is over, there will be thousands seeking homes in the South. No person who values life should go there without having constantly at hand the BITTERS, as a safeguard against epidemic and miasmatic engendered by miasma and polluted water.

Travelers to, and all residents of, the rank river bottoms of the West and South, and the valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries, should provide themselves with the Bitters.

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March 26, 1866. apt-1m

MISCELLANEOUS.

GREAT REDUCTION —IN— PRICES! —OFFICE— Washington MANUFACTURING COMPANY, TROY, NEW YORK.

Empire Paper Collars, 10 in a box, per 1000 . . . . $12 00
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CITY AND COUNTRY MERCHANTS are requested to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, as we will guarantee our prices as low, if not lower, than those of any first class jobbing house west of New York.

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