THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 8. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 2, 1870. NO. 46.

THOMAS NORRIS & SON,
141 Pratt street,
Near Light, Baltimore.

SOLE AGENTS for the following First Class Standard Machines:

WOOD'S SELF-RAKER REAPERS, $165.
Self-Raker Reaper and Mowing Attachment, $205.

WOOD'S JOINT-BAR MOWER,
4 ft. 3 in. cut, $125.

These Machines are too well known to need any commendation from us.

WESTINGHOUSE THRESHERS AND CLEANERS,

PELTON OR TRIPPLE-GEARED POWERS,

Warranted to suit purchasers, or no sale.

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN GRAIN DRILLS,

The farmer's favorite, with improvements for the next season, rendering them the most superior Drill in the wide world.

NOVELTY WHEEL HORSE RAKE,

The simplest and most complete and consequently most desirable rake in use: price $45.

McKENNEY'S GRUB AND STUMP PULLERS,

Worthy the attention of those who have new grounds to clear and old peach orchards to take up; takes up old peach trees by the roots with the greatest facility.

☞ Constantly on hand and for sale every variety of Implement and Machine needed on the farm, from a Portable Engine to a Hand Grain or Hay Rake.

Fresh and genuine FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS, &c.

THOMAS NORRIS & SON.
June 5—tf. 141 Pratt st., Balt.

GROCERIES,
WINES AND LIQUORS.

NOTICE.

TO ALL LOVERS OF GOOD BRANDIES, WINES, TEAS AND GROCERIES.

I AM PREPARED TO OFFER GREAT inducements to customers, wholesale and retail. Keep constantly on hand a large and well selected Stock of Goods, consisting in part of

Green and Black Teas, of choice chops; Coffees—Java, Laguyra, Rio, &c.

English and American Pickles, Capers and Condiments, Olives, Italian Maccaroni and Vermecilla. Frehs Canned Fruits of all kinds; Canned Meats and Fish; Foreign and Domestic Preserves and Jellies. I have on hand a fine stock of

Old Brandies, Wines, Whiskeys, Gin,

which I offer to Hotel keepers at the VERY LOWEST PRICES, and ask a call.

THOMAS M. GREEN,
88 W. *Baltimore Street, near Holiday.*
Sept. 25, 1869—y.

C. T. R.

ATTENTION.

1st.

TO MY LARGE and VARIED STOCK OF GOODS,

Embracing the *Largest* and the *Best* assortment of all descriptions that I have ever offered to the Public, it would be almost an impossibility to enumerate the various kinds and qualities, and the only way to find out is to give me a call and save money by *buying of me for the CASH.*

2nd.

To my full and beautiful line of CASSIMERES,

BOUGHT TO MATCH IN SUITS,

together with assortments of Beaver & French Cloths for Overcoats, and to the fact that

MR. WM. GREENBURG,

Fashionable Tailor, formerly of Philadelphia,

now occupies rooms over my store: I am therefore prepared to furnish to order Clothing of all Styles, to suit the most fastidious.

3rd.

I am Agent for the justly celebrated

Grover & Baker Sewing Machines,

which I keep constantly on hand in a room fitted up for the purpose, where they are open to inspection to all that wish to buy. This Machine is so well and favorably known, that only an examination is necessary to accomplish a sale.

4th.

Lastly, I call the attention of my customers

To my complete Stock of Liquors,

consisting of

WHISKEY, BRANDY, WINE, GIN,

&c., which I will constantly keep on hand until further notice. Especial attention is called to my *SUPERIOR OLD COGNAC BRANDY, HOLLAND GIN* and *PURE RYE WHISKEY,* which I bought especially for MEDICINAL purposes and family use.

Any of the above articles can be bought CHEAP FOR CASH, at

E. W. PURNELL'S
GALENA.

N. B.—*Country Produce* and *Poultry* dressed for the Philadelphia market, taken in exchange for Merchandise, or the Cash.
Galena, November 16, 1869.

FOR SALE.

100,000 Healthy Peach Trees,
OF CHOICE VARIETIES.

☞ *Send for Price List, &c.*

E. R. COCHRAN,
Middletown, Del.
Sept. 25, 1869—6m.

JOHN P. RINGGOLD,
175 Balt. street,

OFFERS the following inducements to the citizens of Kent and Queen Anne's Counties:

For Ladies.

Patent Merino Vests.
Patent Merino Drawers.
Fine Wool Under Vests.
Fine Wool Drawers.
Scarlet Cashmere Vests.
Fine Cardigan Jackets.
Balmoral Stockings.
Kid and Buck Gloves.
Castor and Cloth Gloves.
Roman Scarfs and Sashes.

For Misses.

Patent Merino Vests.
Patent Merino Drawers.
Patent Merino Stockings.
Scarlet Cashmere Stockings.
Black Cashmere Stockings.
Kid and Buck Gloves.
Cloth and Castor Gloves.
Fine Cardigan Jackets.
Fleecy Cotton Hosiery.
Roman Scarfs and Sashes.

For Gentlemen.

Shirts, Collars and Cuffs.
Undershirts and Drawers.
All Wool Undershirts.
All Wool Under Drawers.
Scarlet Cashmere Shirts.
Scarlet Cashmere Drawers.
Buckskin Shirts & Drawers.
Buck and Cloth Goves.
Kid and Castor Gloves.
Scarfs, Ties and Socks.

For Youth.

Patent Merino Shirts.
Patent Merino Drawers.
All Wool Undershirts.
All Wool Drawers.
Fine Woollen Hosiery.
Knitted Mits and Gloves.
Wristlets, Mitteus.
Suspenders, Ties.
Merino Stockings.
Roman Scarfs and Ties.

Dec. 11, 1869—y.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON.

WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Live Stock and Country Produce Generally,
No. 112 Light St. Wharf, Balto.

ORDERS FR GROCERIES, SEEDS, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise promptly filled.

☞ *Consignments respectfully solicited.*
January 19, 1870—y

NEW FALL GOODS,
AT KENNEDYVILLE.

C. W. WARREN has just opened a large, well-selected stock of seasonable

Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.,

bought on good terms, and will be sold as low, for cash or Produce, as they can be purchased anywhere in this county.

READY-MADE CLOTHING!

A large stock all kinds, at low prices.

MALLALIEU'S CEREBRATED CASSIMERES, and KERSEYS, in great variety.

☞ Call and See our STOCK ☜
No trouble to show Goods.
Kennedyville, Nov. 6, 1869.

FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The Democratic Almanac for 1870.

We have now in press, and will publish about the 1st of January, **THE DEMOCRATIC ALMANAC** for 1870. It will contain, besides the usual matter of all Almanacs, full and official returns of the elections held this year, compared with previous ones, the most important Acts of the last session of Congress, lists of Federal and State officers, members of Congress, chronology of all the important events of the year, statistical and other information indispensible to every politician, planter, farmer, merchant or mechanic.

All orders will be filled according to the date of their reception. The cash must accompany all orders.

TERMS:

Single copies, by mail, prepaid,	$0 20
Seven copies, by mail, prepaid,	1 00
Fifteen copies, by mail, prepaid,	2 00
One hundred copies, by express,	12 00

Address,
VAN EVRIE, HORTON & CO.,
Publishers, No. 162 Nassau st.,
Nov. 20, 1869. New York.

CIGARS & CONFECTIONERY.

TOBACCO! TOBACCO!!

RICHARD B. RUSSELL having removed to the Old Stand on High St., below T. B. Hynson's, is now

Manufacturing Cigars

with a view to supplying the store-keepers as CHEAP AS THEY CAN BE BOUGHT IN THE CITY!

Chewing Tobacco of all grades,

both natural and sweet; and also Fine Cut.



A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
Smoking Tobacco, SNUFF AND PIPES.
A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
CANDIES & FRUITS.

☞ A good smoke or a good chew may always be had at
RICHARD B. RUSSELL'S.
Chestertown, Jan. 8, 1870—tf.

FOR SALE,

A TEN YEARS' SCHOLARSHIP in Dickinson College. Apply to
E. F. PERKINS,
Aug. 28, 1869. Chestertown, Md.

VENDUE.

THE undersigned, intending to discontinue farming, will offer at Public Auction, at his residence, near Urieville, on

MONDAY, APRIL 4th, 1870,
at 10½ o'clock, A. M.,
(No Postponement on account of weather,)

his entire Stock and Farming Implements, consisting in part of

Five head of Good Horses,

1 Fine Driver, 7 years old; 1 good hack or saddle horse, 6 years old; 3 good farm horses; 1 Colt, 2 years old this Spring;

FOUR HEAD OF MILCH COWS,

two with Calves by their sides, one to be fresh soon; 5 head of YOUNG CATTLE; three head of CALVES;

14 head of Fine Shoats,
1 Brood Sow, Chester Co. White;

1 Dearborn, 1 Wagon and Harness, 1 Sleigh and Bells, 1 Saddle and Bridle; 1 BICKFORD & HUFFMAN GRAIN AND GUANO DRILL, 1 WOOD'S MOWER, nearly new; 1 PENNINGTON REAPER, 1 Wire-tooth Rake, 1 Fan, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Corn Drag, 1 Grindstone, Plow Gears, Lines, Bridles, Collars, Shovels, Forks, &c.

Half-interest in Wheat Crop,
(100 bushels seeded,)

10 Tons Good CLOVER HAY,
1000 Weight of Blades.

TERMS.—All sums of $15.00 and under, cash; all over that amount a credit of Five Months will be given, on note with approved security: purchaser to pay for stamps. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with. A discount of five per cent. allowed on all sums over $15, for the cash.

R. AUGUSTUS BRICE
J. W. CARROLL, Auct. [March 26—tds.

NEW CHEAP CASH STORE IN GALENA.

THOMAS H. HORSEY.

"Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Fitz James spoke thus to Rhoderic Dhu,
And so, kind friends, we'll say to you,
That we intend to sell
Goods as cheap as they can be bought in Kent.

We now offer to the Public at LOW RATES for *CASH* or *COUNTRY PRODUCE,* a General Assortment of Goods, just purchased from NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA markets.

OUR STOCK OF DRY GOODS
Is Hard to Beat.

Always on hand a full supply of

FAMILY GROCERIES
And Choice Liquors.

A well-selected stock of Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hosiery and Gloves, Builders' and House Keeping Hardware; Queens, Stone and Cedar Ware—a full stock in this Line, to suit all tastes.

☞ Ladies *DRESS GOODS, WHITE GOODS, NOTIONS* and *TRIMMINGS* we make a speciality.

MALLALIEU'S KERSEYS and CASSIMERES, *very cheap.*

Turner's celebrated Axes, just received.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS!

Give us a call, and we'll suit you all.
Galena, October 30, 1869—y.

General Jobbing & Carpentering!
DONE BY
ARTHUR J. TOULSON.
SHOP ON QUEEN STREET,
Over the Blacksmith Shop, near the Foundry.

PARTICULAR attention paid to mending broken Tables and Furniture of all descriptions: will neatly Varnish the same, if ordered. Venitian Blinds neatly repaired and hung. He is prepared to make

WARDROBES,
DESKS, TABLES, STANDS,
CLOTHES RACKS,
IRONING BOARDS,
LAP BOARDS, GATES, &c.

Also, Saw Filing done.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. [Jan. 8, 1870—3m.

Examiners' Notice.

THE undersigned having been appointed by the County Commissioners for Kent County, Examiners, to view and determine whether the public convenience requires the

Opening of a Public Road

in the Third Election District of Kent county, commencing at or near the gate of J. W. Howard, running across the lands of Joseph Howard, Thomas S. Wilson and Norris Barnard, to a point where it shall intersect with the public road leading to Barnard's Wharf, —hereby give notice that they will meet at the gate of J. W. Howard, on

Wednesday, April 13th, 1870,

at 10 o'clock, A. M., to execute the duties of their commission.

JOHN T. DODD,
WM. W. STEPHENS,
SAMUEL BECK,
March 12, 1870—5t. Examiners.

WARDEN & MERRITT
SUCCESSORS TO
Cox & Brown,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,
Nos. 3 Bowly's Wharf & 72 South St.
Baltimore, Md.
Jan. 16, 1868—y.

Selected Poetry.

From the Buffalo Express.

"No Little Prayers to Hear To-night."

[While at the lonely home of Prof. E. L. Baker, when little Clara and Louisa lay in the sweet sleep of death, the heart-stricken mother made the touching remark to a friend, "I've no little prayers to hear to-night."]

Over the pictures the shadows fall,
Slowly the light fades in the West,
Under the window and garden wall,
Stilly voices are whispering "rest!"
Sad is the thought in the waning light—
"No little prayers to hear to-night."

Voices are hushed in the narrow street,
Children have left their haunts of play:
Round the table dear ones meet,
Gladly they welcome the close of day;
Fondly the mother is bending there
Softly whispering the little prayer.

Precious the hour of early eve,
Folding the dear ones to their rest,
Watching the course of the early dream,
Moving the gentle, guileless breast,
Is time on earth more fair and bright,
Than the hour of the little prayer at night!

But the lips are sealed, and their rest is cold,
And they cannot hear me any more,
And strangely still is the snowy fold
That covers my cherub children o'er;
They dream no more in the cherub light,
I've no little prayers to hear to-night.

"If I should die," says the little prayer,
"O take my soul to its happy home,
Where all is beautiful and fair,"
And the answering angel now has come;
And so, in the land of love and light,
They are singing their beautiful song to-night.

O mothers, who list to the music wild—
The songs that merry children sing,
Who drink of the pleasures undefiled,
That childhood's true affection bring,
O weary not, your reward is bright,
For the sweet little prayer you hear at night.

From Hearth and Home.

The Bastile.

If you have heard much about the Bastile, dear children, you will be glad that nowhere on the broad earth can the building be found to-day. Eighty-one years ago, it was destroyed by the people of Paris and its horrors laid open to the sunlight. It had then been standing nearly four hundred years, though it had been enlarged by frequent additions in the mean time.

The Bastile was a citadel or fortress erected to defend the principal gate of Paris, and the palace of Charles the Fifth It afterward became a prison where criminals of rank were confined, as well as innocent persons who were merely suspected of being enemies to the State. Strange to say, the very architect who planned the building, and who exerted all his powers to make it the strongest fortress of his century, was the first State prisoner received in its horrid vaults. For years he lay in a damp dungeon, where the sunlight never entered; but he escaped at last during a public insurrection, when the Bastile was forced open by the people. There were eight towers to the building. They were one hundred and twenty-nine feet high, and had very heavy double iron doors. The walls were twelve feet thick at the top, and nearly forty feet thick at the base. All the towers contained cells, and the windows of these were merely slits near the top, opening through the solid masonry, and guarded by three heavy iron gratings. There were five different kinds of cells, but the dungeons in the vaults under the towers were the most dreadful of all. They were dark, and swarmed with toads, spiders, and great hungry rats.

The floor, a mass of slime and mud, sent up the most distressing odors; a rough iron bed, fastened to the wall and covered with a few planks, was the only furniture; and the entrance was by two iron doors, each with three heavy locks and three outside bolts. The other cells were not much better: some were eight-sided or octagon in shape; some were small, and so arched that the prisoner could stand only in the middle; some had floors that were rounded in all directions towards the centre; and all were wretched and gloomy, suffocating in summer and cold in winter

The Governor of the Bastile had full control over its management. Under him were a major, an assistant major, a lieutenant, and two hundred soldiers, whose muskets were always kept loaded. The jailors and turnkeys, the roughest and most barbarous men that could be found, were tools in the hands of their superiors. They cleaned the rooms, brought the prisoners their food, attended them in sickness, were spies of the Governor, and carried out his wishes. Each wore a large bunch of keys in his girdle. Each one had five keys.

A prisoner would [illegible] at the Bastile is [illegible] surrounded by dragoons, [illegible] they would lead him into a room to be searched, and take from him every loose article he carried—rings, papers, knives, or whatever they might be—before conducting him to his cell. Three or four heavy doors are opened, he is pushed in, the doors shut behind him, and the prisoner is buried in his dungeon, perhaps forever. If he should be tortured or put to death there, no human being outside the prison would ever know his fate.

At first the prisoners were suffered to have neither books nor writing materials, but afterward these were allowed them. There were two meals a day of the most wretched kind, yet even for these the prisoners were charged high prices. Woe to the poor wretch who made any complaint! He would have to suffer heavy punishment for the offence, and perhaps even be cut off from his few minutes' daily walk in the courts and passages of the Bastile. These walks were always closely watched, and the guard had orders to fire at once on any who were seen making the faintest attempt to escape.

One day, a mysterious prisoner appeared, whose name was kept a profound secret. To this day it has never been found out who he was or why he was put there. No man except the Governor, so far as is known, ever saw his face or heard his voice. He always wore a mask of black velvet, fastened at the back of his head with steel springs. No one waited upon him but the Governor, who attended when he ate and when he dressed. When his linen was changed it was destroyed by the Governor as soon as it was taken off. He never removed his mask for an instant, and when he went to hear mass, which was held in the prison, the armed men who were present were instructed to kill him instantly in case of his speaking or showing his face. For years he remained in the Bastile, and always wore the mask. He died in the prison, and was buried at St. Paul's. He was evidently a person of high rank, probably a relative of the royal family, but the mystery has never been solved. He was always attended by the Governor and major alone, and was treated with great consideration; he died very suddenly, and after his death all his furniture, papers, etc., were burned, and his money and jewels melted down.

When the Bastile was destroyed by the infuriated mob in the French Revolution, it was hoped that something would be discovered in regard to this Man in the Iron Mask, as he was called. But no. Not even the carefully kept records of the prison which were discovered threw any light upon the mystery. He was merely mentioned as an unknown prisoner; but the fact is set down that he was obliged always to wear a mask of black velvet.

When the Bastile was thrown open and ransacked on that terrible June day, only seven prisoners were found in its cells and dungeons. One, the Count de Solage, had been there a close captive ever since he was a little boy of eleven. Another, named Tavernier, had passed thirty years in the Bastile, and when he found the doors of the prison open, and his fellow-creatures crowding in, eager to welcome him, he was like one waking from a thirty-years' sleep. His mind was dulled; the sunshine frightened and bewildered him; he scarcely knew what freedom meant.

They found records there of one poor old man named Lebar, who had been arrested when seventy-six years old, and had died in one of its vaults at the age of ninety.

Dreadful deeds were done during the French Revolution, but one bright spot in its record is the destruction of the Bastile. No more shall broken-hearted prisoners languish in its gloomy towers. The place where it stood so long is now one of the gayest and brightest in the city of Paris, and the famous July column mars the spot where the cruel old walls fell down.

On Wasting Time.

"Here you are, sir, wasting your valuable time—as they say to me," said Charles Dickens one morning, many years ago, as his little boy ran up to him on the Broad-stairs sands, spade in hand. And we have often wondered since how many people there are who know what is meant by wasting time.

It is very easy to make mistakes on this subject, for nothing is so deceitful as appearances. We all know that Penelope, that classical model of propriety and all the virtues, employed her time in weaving a garment by day, and unraveling it at night. She did this to keep off her lovers, who wanted to pursuade her that her husband Ulysses was dead. When the suitors found her out, of course they accused her of wasting her time—but at that moment Ulysses knocked at the door, after seeing many men and cities. In fact, he had come home, and the fair Penelope had her reward after all.

Surely it is a waste of time for that old tortoise to try and beat that nimble hare at racing, but the silly old thing will crawl on, without once stopping, at about the pace one gets down the Strand in a cab on a rainy day. Presently, down comes the hare at a furious pace—there is no wasting time with him, at all events—but, alas! when he arrives breathless at the winning-post, he finds the old tortoise there before him, and fast asleep too.—"Ah!" says the hare, "I wish I had taken my nap at the end, instead of the beginning of the race, and then I should have won it, and that tortoise would have crawled in vain; as it is, he has made good use of his time, and I [illegible]."

What a [illegible] ing hour [illegible] chol[illegible]y. [illegible] and a fool at the other. Wrong [illegible]! That man is an eminent statesman, who has escaped to recruit his weary brain in the company of the kingfisher and the heron. What eloquence, wisdom, and wholesome legislation do we not owe to such hours of idleness! Nay, do not some of our kindliest thoughts often come to us as we sit on the beach and toss pebbles into the shining sea covered with its "innumerable smiles?" Recreation is not waste when it is a rest from real work, and a preparation for more.

We confess we never feel at home with a man who must always be doing something There was a French statesman who wrote a huge book by snatches, in those occasional intervals when he happened to be kept waiting for his dinner. We have not the slightest wish to see this ante-prandial performance. We have no doubt it was a very dull book, for men who are never at leisure are always dull.

Fussy men and idle men are equally insufferable to us. The real worker is never in a hurry, and the real idler, we may add, is never anything else. Who ever heard of Lord Palmerston or the Duke of Wellington, or Lord Broughma, being in a hurry! When we see a man in a great hurry, we may be pretty certain that his profession consists in doing nothing, and that he is doing that badly.—The idlest man we ever knew was always so much pressed for time that he never had five minutes to spare for anything.—No one need ever be in such a terrible hurry as this. If we ever find ourselves so, it is probably because we have been wasting our time. We have had no system, and have therefore, done in an hour what ought to have been finished in twenty minutes; or, like the hare, we have loitered on the way, and then we make a push for it, and arrive just in time to miss the train. How many hares there are every morning who arrive breathless in the city, because breakfast was half an hour late, or because they would not get up when the clock struck seven!

But our readers have a right to ask what constitutes, as a general rule, waste of time. We answer in a single sentence—Whatever hinders or prevents you doing your work in life. Every one should realize that his duty here consists in applying himself to some worthy work, and his time may then safely and without waste be divided into three periods—preparing for work, doing work, and resting from work. Waste of time, then, becomes a thing purely relative. What is mere waste in one case is real profit in another. The idle man who travels simply for pleasure, is simple wasting his time; the man who travels for safety, or the man who travels to get rest from work, or for the sake of his health, is not wasting or abusing his time, he is turning it to good account.

Let the heart be filled with some good principle of action, and let the mind be directed towards some congenial pursuit, and then our innocent pleasures will be as little in danger of degenerating into criminal indulgence, as our wholesome recreations into waste of time.—*Cassel's Magazine.*

The Only Female Mason.

The Hon Elizabeth St. Leger was the only female who was ever initiated into the mystery of Free Masonry. She has had two degrees, the first and second, conferred on her. As it may be interesting to the general reader, we give the story as to how Miss. St. Leger obtained this honor, promising that that information comes from the best of sources.—Lord Doneraile, Miss St. Leger's father, a very zealous Mason, held a warrant and occasionally opened lodge at Doneraile House, his sons and some intimate friends assisting; and it is said that never were Masonic duties more vigorously performed than by the brethern of No. 150, the number of their warrant.

It appears that previous to the initiation of a gentleman to the first degree of Masonry, Miss St. Leger, who was a young girl, happened to be in an apartment adjoing the room generally used as a lodge room, but whether the young lady was there by design or merely accident, we cannot confidently state. The room at the time was undergoing some alteration; among other thing, the wall was considerably reduced in one part, for the purpose of making a saloon. The young lady having heard the voices of Freemasons, and being incited by the curiosity natural to all to see this mystery so long and so secretly locked up from the public view, had the courage to pick a brick from the wall with her scissors, and thus witness the two first steps of the ceremony.

Curiosity gratified, fear at once took possession of her mind, and those who understand this passage well know what the feeling of any person must be who could unlawfully be hold that cermony; let them judge what were the feelings of a young girl under such extraordinary circumstances, There was no mode of escape, except through the very room where the concluding part of the second step was still being solemnized at the far end, and the room a very large one.—Miss St. Leger had resolution enough to attempt her escape that way, and with light but trembling steps glided along unobserved, laid her hand on the handle of the door and opened it, but before her stood, to her dismay, a grim tyler with his long sword unsheathed.

A shriek that pierced through the apartments alarmed the members of the lodge, who all rushing to the door, and finding that Miss St. Leger had been in the room during the ceremony, received [illegible] in the paroxysm of their rage. [illegible] but at the movi[illegible] earnest application of her youngest brother, her life was spared, on condition of her going through the two remaining steps of the solemn ceremony she had unlawfully witnessed. This she consented to, and they conducted the beautiful and terrified young lady through those trials which are sometimes more than enough for masculine resolution, little thinking they were taking into the bosom of their craft a member that would reflect a lustre on the annals of Masonry.

"Miss St. Leger was cousin to Gen. Anthony St. Leger, who instituted the interesting race and celebrated Doncaster St. Leger stakes.' Eventually she married Richard Aldworth, Esq., of Newmarket, a member of highly honorable and ancient family. Whenever a benefit was given at any of the theatres in Dublin or Cork, for the Masonic Female Orphan Asylum, Mrs. Aldworth walked at the head of the Freemasons, with her apron and other insignia of Freemasonry, and sat in the front row of the stage box. The house was always crowded on these occasions. The portrait of this estimable woman is in the lodge room of almost every lodge in Ireland.—*New York Era.*

How the Bible was Made.

It is wonderful how long a time it took to make the Bible. When men make books it does not generally take them very long; sometimes it does. Dr. Allibone has been engaged for sixteen years on his great work, in two large volumes, called the "Dictionary of Authors." An English writer, named Gibbon, was twenty years in writing a history of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Adam Clark spent twenty-six years in writing his commentary; Bancroft thirty-five years on his history, and Noah Webster thirty-six years on his dictionary.

But what are these to the time that was occupied in making the Bible! We read that God was engaged six days in making the world. But in making the Bible he was engaged *fifteen hundred years!* Yes from the time when Moses wrote Genesis, the first book in the Bible, till St, John wrote the Revelation, the last book in the Bible, all those long years passed away. That was very wonderful.

And then it is wonderful *how many men* were employed to write the Bible! There were Moses, and Samuel, and David, and Solomon, and Ezra, and Isaiah, and all the prophets in the Old Testament. And in the New Testament, Matthew, and Mark, and Luke, and John, and Paul, and Peter, and others. There were more than *thirty* persons altogether employed in this work. And it is not only the *number* of writers, but the great difference between them, that makes it wonderful.—Some of them were learned men, as Moses and Paul, and some were unlearned, as Andrew and Peter. Some of them were kings, David and Solomon. Some were princess, as Daniel. Some were shepards, and some farmers, and some fishermen, and some tent-makers. And yet they all agree in what they write. How wonderful this is! How can we explain it? It is this: *God did all things in the Bible* The thoughts in the Bible are all God's thoughts.—Those thirty men only did the writing. They wrote down just what God told them. This is the reason why they agree.

We know that this is so, not only because nobody could have found out the things in the Bible unless God had told about them, but because the Bible tells us that it was made in this way. Thus St. Paul says, "All Scripture is given by *inspiration* of God." (2 Tim. iii: 16.) And what is inspiration? To inspire means to *breathe into.* Suppose, when you go home from school to-morrow, your mother should say, "Come here, Johnny, I want to tell you a secret." You go up to her. She puts her lips close up to your ears, and whispers. "Johnny, father says if you are a good boy till your next birthday, he'll buy you a beautiful watch." Now, while your mother is whispering those words to you, she is *breathing into your ear,* isn't she? Well, that is inspiration. She is inspiring you with the thought of that beautiful watch. In this way God inspired the men who wrote the Bible. God breathed into their minds, or whispered into their ears, what they were to write. St. Peter tells us, "They spake as they were *moved* by the Holy Ghost." (Pet. i; 21) "*Moved*" here means *told.* They said and wrote just what the Holy Ghost told them.

The *time* it took to make the Bible is wonderful. So the *many men* who helped to make it is wonderful. And it is wonderful, too, *how many different parts or piecs.* it is made of. In the Old Testament there are *thirty-nine* different parts. In the New Testament there are twenty-seven. Thirty-nine and twenty-seven make how many? Sixty-six. The Bible is a book of sixty-six different tracts, all bound up together. And yet they are not thrown together helter-skelter, without any order. No; but they fit into each other exactly. They have a beginning, a middle, and an end. The Bible is like a beautiful piece of mosaic work. Did you ever see a piece of this kind of work? It doesn't mean work done by Moses. This word *mosaic* comes from a Greek word, which means *elegant,* or *polished* work. A mosaic work is a figure, or something made, not by using paints of different colors, but by putting together a great many little pieces of stone, or glass, of different colors. These works are very curious, and look very beautiful. [illegible] different colored pieces of stone or glass, all unite together [illegible] a picture. And just in [illegible] same way the different books, or pieces, [illegible] of which the Bible is made, all unite together to make one beautiful picture of Jesus and His salvation.

The first wonder about the Bible is *the way in which it was made.* Remember, under this wonder, three words: the *time,* the *men,* the *pieces.*

A country school mistress who made it a general to send the scholars out to the pump when they came to school with their faces unwashed, sent a seven year old youngster out to wash, whose face was about color of his boots. After being out for some time, he came in with his chin and mouth all washed and wiped dry, but from his nose and eyes up were smeared with dirt and unwiped. Walking into the room the school mistress said:

"Johnny, why didn't you wash your face?"

"I did, ma'am."

"Why didn't you wipe it then?"

"I did wipe as high as my shirt tail would reach."

Johnny's shirt wants retailing.

The editor who kissed a fair damsel, saying "please excuse me," is believed to have exceeded the "liberty of the press."

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