

THE ORPHANS' HOME.

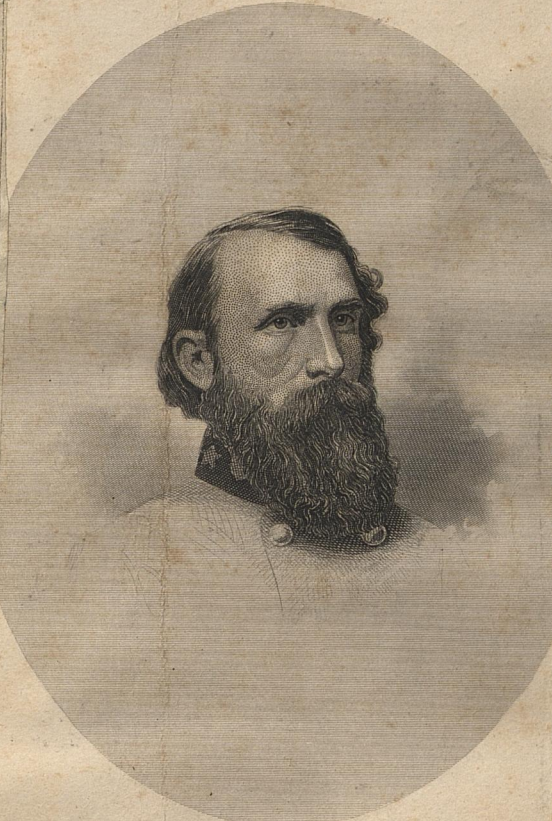
According to the announcement in our last issue, the meeting of citizens and ex-confederate soldiers was held at the Court House, on Monday last, it being County court day. The house was called to order by Lieut. Gov. Cantrill, who briefly explained the object of the meeting. He said, that during his canvass last year, he had found it to be a Universal desire of the old soldiers of the late war to erect a Confederate Soldiers and Orphans' home to be located in this State. This would tend to bind them together, not with a view to celebrate, or revive old animosities, but to provide an asylum for the disabled soldiers, and his orphans, as well as to perpetuate the memory of the heroic struggle in a cause, which they then believed to be right. In laying this before the people, he did so irrespective of party lines or prejudices, and he appealed to all alike to contribute to a needed charity now felt in every part of the State. It should be remembered that 30,000 brave Kentuckians had taken part in that dreadful strife, many of whom had returned disabled for life and homeless, while in many cases their orphans were being cared for by the cold charity of the world. To bring such an institution to a successful completion would be the pride of his life, and in doing so he was actuated by a sentiment of sympathy for his fellow companions in the war; while at the same time, it would be a fitting monument to the generosity of those who would contribute to its erection.

If a generous response from the people of the county was had, the building, costing about \$40,000, would be erected at or near Georgetown. This would tend to concentrate and attract an interest in our section and town, which would materially benefit the county more than the amount contributed. Lieut. Gov. Cantrill was to take the lead in this noble work. It is but characteristic of the man, that he should be found at the head of so noble an enterprise.

He was followed by Capt. Hathaway of Clark County, who spoke almost an hour in favor of the institution. He pleasantly alluded to the historic fame of our county, won by the heroes that had figured in every patriotic strife from the war of 1812 to the present time; and now he would impress the rising youth to strive to wear worthily the mantle that was descending upon them. Taking it in all it was an eloquent appeal, which was well calculated to revive the feeling of patriotism of the past that seems to grow dimmer as advancing years roll on. The last speech was made by W. C. Owens, our present representative in the Legislature, in his most fluent and well timed style, which always wins the attention and interest of the audience. Capt. Spears then offered a report on committees to procure funds in the different precincts of the county, which was adopted; the meeting then adjourned.

"Dedicated to the memory of Patrick Cleburne." It was thus:

Ye brave, on masse, who fall and pass
To the leaden halls of death;
There are palms for the few, but, alas! for you
Not a leaf from the victor's wreath.
He was the festive toast, the soldier's boast,
The type of a martial age;
The foe of wrong, the soul of song,
And the light of a future page.



GEN. A. P. HILL.

From a Photograph taken from life.

Gray Hair.

BY MRS. LOUIS BEDFORD.

Some of the dust from the road of life
Has fallen upon my hair,
And silver threads from my raven locks
Are gleaming out here and there;
And, oh these meshes of silver gray
Tell of the moments flown—
Of the day that's drawing to a close,
And the night that's coming on.

But the coming night seems cold and dark
And my heart is filled with fears,
As thought flies backward, on weary wings,
O'er the waste of vanished years;
And in the castle of Memory
Few jewels are treasured there;
But dross and rubbish that tell of earth
Are visible everywhere.

Even on the faithful register
That hang's in Memory's hall,
I find only worthless deeds are traced—
They are dark and blotted all;
Hence, as approaches the eve of life,
My spirit shrinks back with fear,
For threatening clouds o'erspread the sky,
And the night seems very near.

By faith I turn—in the rosy east
A beautiful star I see
Stand o'er the manger in Bethlehem,
And it seems to shine for me;
And from the city of golden spires,
Whose gates just now are ajar,
I catch a radiant beam of light
From the bright and morning star.

And when upon Jordan's restless wave
I shall launch my way-worn bark,
The "dust from the road of life" shall fall
From my tresses long and dark;
And the lines of care upon my brow,
And the pain within my breast,
Shall pass away as my bark draws near
This beautiful land of rest.

The French call gray hair "dust from the road of life."

[Special to the Courier-Journal.]

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 25.—Thanksgiving was observed by an almost general suspension of business, public and private, and services in the principal churches, in which all the congregations joined. Rev. R. T. Matthews preached to the united congregations of the Christian churches on "American Nationality," in which occurred the following paragraph:

The South may well afford to forget the things which are behind, and to press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of liberty in America. In spite of war and desolation and lingering traditions, it has many advantages with which to begin a new career. The land where breathes a genial climate whose influence always tells powerfully on the character and opportunities of a people, and tells in many happy ways in respect of the Southern people; the land whose hospitality has a world wide fame; the land where neighbors trust each other with a simplicity that charms the stranger; the land where pride and honor are no fiction nor boast, but a social factor, sometimes perverted to evil, but oftener making immensely for good; the land where statute books contain no infamous divorce laws, and where a divorce in any neighborhood is a shock; the land where scandals and seductions are few and far between; the land where woman receives pre eminent courtesies, and where she can expect pre eminent protections—such a land, the land of the South, if it will forget the past, fling away the traditions of the fathers, open its mind for the access of the great ideas of modern civilization—this land can be a power in the advancement of American nationality. Such lessons can be learned from the South; and I believe that they will have a healthful and powerful influence in the progress of the American nation. There is danger of precipitateness in American progress. Our public censors are already calling attention to the fact, and warning us not to go so fast. Let us be thankful that the South can not rush forward in the progress of a material civilization. Its very climate makes such hurry impossible. It must move by the standard, *festina lente*—"hasten slowly;" and such a necessity will be a safeguard in the growth of American nationality. We are in danger of being deceived by the flood of national blessings pouring down upon America. Steamboats, railways, telegraphs, plows, factories, are not civilization. A people are not civilized because they ride forty miles an hour and talk to each other a thousand miles apart and reap millions of acres of grain. A man is fully civilized only as he takes time for intellectual enjoyment, reads pure literature, indulges in aesthetic tastes, has grace of manner, shares in the dignities and amenities of social intercourse, and lives by faith in the unseen. Railways, telegraphs, factories are only helps toward civilization. We need them to make American civilization as broad as the American continent, and to keep it from the narrowness of that of ancient Athens, which, however unique, yet because it lacked the help of modern inventions, as well as the idea of modern progress, was a thing of caste. The South, with its subtle influences of climate, with its ineradicable habits of social courtesy, with its customs of hospitality and trustful neighborliness, can, while developing its soil, and inviting the wonderful possibilities of the mechanic arts, and swinging fully into the march of mankind toward perfection, make itself felt for good in the expansion of American nationality. In the new South there will be, perhaps the Southern people, to quote the graphic words of Henry Watterson, "will yet out-Yankee the Yankees." Anyhow, a new South there will be, of which her sons need not be ashamed, and for which the American people will give thanks. God speed the day!

SUPREME COURT DECISIONS.

WOMAN'S BRAVERY.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissembles.
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry teardrop hangs and trembles,
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword;
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder—
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the plain of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on freedom's field of honor.