

pass him round from county to county where he obtained money, and keep him in prison for as long a period as possible.—*San Francisco Craftsman.*

“MINE IS THINE.”

MINE is thine and thine is mine—
Such is Love's most holy sign;
When the mother's bosom bare
Giveth milk to a baby fair;
When the ailing infant's cries
Bring tears to the mother's eyes.
Smile for smile, and eye for eye,
Tear for tear, and sigh for sigh:
Then appears the law divine—
Mine is thine, and thine is mine.

Mine is thine, and thine is mine—
Such is Love's most holy sign;
When the lover takes his bride,
Each shall share th' same fireside,
Each the blue sky overhead,
Each the board and each the bed;
Each the night and each the day,
Each the toil and each the play.

Pulse to pulse and start for start,
Beat for beat and heart to heart;
Thus they show the law divine—
Mine is thine and thine is mine.

Mine is thine, and thine is mine—
Such is Love's most holy sign;
When the members of the state,
Children are of mother great:
One in heart, and one in head,
Like two lovers ripely wed,
When they each shall share as one,
Morning red and evening dun.
Each the spade, and each the lute,
Each the work, and each the fruit;
Each the common table spread,
Each the blue sky overhead;
Then shall rule the law divine—
Mine is thine, and thine is mine.

Ben. F. Rayim, in Hebrew Leader.

BROTHER ALBERT PIKE.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the *Graphic* gives the following pen-picture of the well-known Mason, Brother Albert Pike:

Pike lives in this city, or at Alexandria, near by.

Arthur McArthur, of Wisconsin, Judge of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, gave me a queer account of Pike last summer.

Said he: “I had heard of Albert Pike as being an Indian, or Texan Ranger, or something.

“He came to our Court, and stood up there like Moses, or some of the able-bodied patriarchs. His long, gray hair, in ringlets, fell down his back and shoulders. He stood between six and seven feet high, and stout in proportion, weighing, I should think, three hundred to four hundred pounds. A look of the frontiersman, the poet, and the lawyer seemed mixed in his face, with a type of something heathen and antique.

“He had a big bandanna handkerchief in his fist, clenched into a little ball. Ever and anon he drew this across his nose, and then seized it in his fist again.

“And then this queer old wonder rolled off law and learning, solemn and rapid, right on in the line of his argument, as practical as could be, but his illustrations and quotations were rare and unusual. I was astonished.”

Albert Pike is a man history has stepped over. There is no man in the world of so many sides to his character, and so plain withal. He was born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, the son of a shoemaker. A wilful, poetical spirit took him to Mexico, and he returned in a pack train as a mule driver, from Chihuahua to Fort Smith. Settling down in a printing office at Little Rock, he became an editor, lawyer, and chief of the Whig party, which he led with unflinching consistency through perpetual minority down to the civil war, and doing the government business of the Cherokees. He became rich and celebrated.

Quarelling with Jefferson Davis soon after the rebellion began, he withdrew from the contest, and at the close was poor. He removed to Washington City about the year 1867, and opened a law office with Robert Johnson, ex-Senator, the nephew of Vice-President Johnson. His home is at Alexandria, that formerly busy seaport, where a large house with garden, stable, and every comfortable appurtenance of gas, water and police may be had for about \$50 a month, whereas the tyranny of fashion makes that same style of residence cost in Washington \$200 a month. There, with an unusually vivacious and intelligent daughter, Pike spends his time in a large library, containing perhaps 5000 volumes, elegantly rebound—the collections of a lifetime. His taste for books extends to their covering, and he has a passion for elegant printing in common and colored ink, all his own volumes on Masonry and Hindoo Philosophy being produced in this way by his amateur disciples. Fine swords, duelling pistols, which he