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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GRAND CHAPTERS.

ALABAMA.

The forty-second Grand Convocation was held in Montgomery, December 8th, 1868, G. H. P. Peleg Brown, presiding.

The Grand High Priest, deals with the question of uniformity of work and says:

The Chapters are now so numerous, and so scattered over the State, I doubt whether it could be accomplished through grand lecturers, without incurring too great expense. Better to increase the committee, who should be located in different parts of the State, each member being fully conversant with the work, and then make it their duty to hold conventions in portions of the State nearest their residence, to which the Chapters could send delegates to procure the work, and in this manner a dozen Chapters could derive the benefit in the same time it would take to instruct one. Uniformity of work is greatly to be desired, and to prevent any confusion during the recess of the Grand Chapter, I would suggest that some competent companion, well versed in the work and lectures, be selected as the oracle or custodian of the work, to whom any point of difference should be referred, and whose decision shall be final until the next Grand Convocation, where it would, if desired, come up for consideration. But the custodian shall not be permitted to altar or change the work adopted, that alone to be with the Grand Body itself.

Comp. Peleg Brown was re-elected G. H. P.

The Committee of Jurisprudence reported that a Mason who had been elected to receive Chapter degrees, and who had been advanced, and afterwards lost an arm, could not legally receive the other degrees of the Chapter. Also, that a motion to lay on the table is unmasonic, and should not be entertained.

The G. H. P. on the behalf of the Grand Chapter, presented P. G. H. P. George D. Norris with a jewel—as a testimonial of past services rendered the Order.

The Committee on Foreign Correspondence reviewed the proceeding of the Grand Chapter of Kentucky for the years 1867-8.

The report contains the following paragraphs of interest to us:

The M. Ex. G. H. Priest urges the Grand Chapter to prohibit dispensations for emergent cases,

yet he himself granted such. If he thought as he says, that "these dispensations to confer degrees out of time, and without due inquiry into the character of the applicant, is somewhat calculated to lower the standard of Royal Arch Masonry," why should he have granted them? Or, if emergencies might arise when the exercise of this great prerogative would be just and proper, why prohibit its exercise? To us it appears that the Grand Chapter makes its selection for the elevated position of G. H. Priest, having in view the capacity, firmness, and discretion, so imperatively demanded, but hardly expects a total disregard of all these qualities at any time, much less does it expect him to use his power, and lend his authority for any act which is "calculated to lower the standard of R. A. Masonry." While we think that these cases of emergency may arise, and also that they should be examined and criticized with suspicion, yet we are unwilling to clip the prerogatives of the G. H. Priest. We would rather take lessons from the past, and exercise greater care in the selection of our rulers.

Efforts are being made to bring about "uniformity in the work," and we recommend to our Kentucky companions the plan apparently adopted in Michigan, of having the report of the committee "read" and "adopted," but instead of ordering it to be "deposited" with the Grand Secretary, furnish a copy to the subordinate High Priests. This will insure uniformity of work, and end this pursuit of "the chimera," as companion Corson calls it.

PROCEEDINGS OF FOREIGN GRAND LODGES.

BY J. M. S. M'CORCKLE.

[Under this head we design to give from time to time abstracts of the proceedings of Grand Lodges in other jurisdictions, which we think will be acceptable to our readers, as they will thus be kept informed of the action of our Brethren in various parts of the United States, and our neighbors north of us.]

ARKANSAS, 1868.

This Grand Lodge held its Annual meeting at Little Rock, on the 16th of November. Bro. E. H. English, the Grand Master, presided, Bro. W. D. Blocker being Grand Secretary, and 98 Lodges represented.

Dispensations for the formation of seventeen new Lodges were granted by the Grand Master during the past year, and two more were ordered by the Grand Lodge.

The death of Bro. Henry K. Brown, Past Grand Senior Warden, was announced and resolutions

appropriate to the occasion adopted, and a memorial page in the proceedings dedicated to his memory.

A very interesting report of the condition of St. John's College is given, and, although yet in its infancy, apparently gives hopes of being a success. It is for males, embraces the military school feature, and contains seventy-five pupils.

The report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, prepared by Bro. C. B. Moore, reviews the proceedings of thirty-four Grand Lodges, our own not being of the number. It is well written and conceived in a fraternal spirit.

The proceedings otherwise were wholly local.

The Grand Master and Grand Secretary were re-elected.

CALIFORNIA, 1868.

This Grand Lodge held its 19th Annual Communication at San Francisco, on the 13th day of October, Grand Master Wm. A. Davies presiding, Bro. Alexander G. Abell being Grand Secretary, and the representatives of 149 Lodges in attendance.

The Grand Master announced the recent death Bro. Henry W. Hartley, the Deputy Grand Master, and says of him: "exemplar of the faith he professed—zealous Mason—Christian gentleman—may the sweetness of the summer's last rose linger long over his resting place, and green be his memory for ever." He also announced the death of Past Grand Senior Warden William H. Peterson. Appropriate resolutions were adopted in memory of the deceased, and suitable mourning pages record their names.

Dispensations for the formation of six new Lodges had been granted by the Grand Master, and one was ordered by the Grand Lodge.

In a trial before Natoma Lodge, No. 64, where some witnesses resided beyond the jurisdiction of the Lodge, and would not attend voluntarily, the Grand Master laid down the following course to be pursued:

Whenever the attendance of a witness residing out of the jurisdiction of a Lodge can not be had at any trial, and that fact is made to appear by either party to the Master of the Lodge, he shall designate the time, place, and the person before whom the testimony of the witness shall be taken, and the length of notice to be given to the adverse

party; and where a Mason's evidence is required, it shall be taken on his honor as such before a Master of a Lodge, or some other discreet Mason; if the witness is not a Mason, then before some officer authorized to administer oaths. The deposition, when returned, to be received in evidence on the trial, with like effect as if the witness were present.

Bro. W. H. Hill made the report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, in which he reviews the proceedings of forty Grand Lodges, our own not being of the number. It is very ably written and is indeed one of the best we have read. It covers 90 pages of fine print, and shows marks of the great care used in its preparation. Our prescribed limits will only permit us to extract from it the following account of the organization of the Provincial Grand Lodge of

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

We have received what we suppose to be the preliminary proceedings for the establishment of the Grand Lodge of British Columbia. They are contained in a circular, consisting of one sheet of letter paper merely. Our young sister is indeed a "little one," but we welcome her to the old family roof, and doubt not but there will be vigorous health and prosperity in the future.

Representatives from different Lodges assembled at Masonic Hall, in the city of Victoria, V. I., December 24th, 1867—the M. W. J. W. POWELL, Provincial Grand Master was in the chair, and the R. W. A. G. RICHARDSON, acting Grand Secretary.

We quote at length the brief record of those initiatory proceedings:

The Provincial Grand Lodge was then opened in due form with solemn prayer. The provincial Grand Master then exhibited his commission, by virtue of which he had called them together. He expressed his regret that some more competent brother had not been selected to fill the high and distinguished position which had been conferred upon him; but relied upon the kind and fraternal assistance of his brethren to aid him in the proper fulfillment of all his duties. He congratulated the brethren of the Order upon the establishment of a Provincial Grand Lodge, and regarded it as the harbinger of the future prosperity and extension of our Ancient and Honorable Order in this Colony. The great distance of Scotland, the uncertainty of mail communication causing often tedious delays in correspondence; had all contributed in completing the isolation of Scottish Freemasons in British Columbia, and preventing the extension of our grand jurisdiction in this Colony. The establishment of a provincial Grand Lodge would happily put an end to all of these serious obstructions to our growth and success, and place us in comparatively an independent position. He announced that already he had granted two dispensations by virtue of the commission which he had the honor of holding. First a dispensation to *Cariboo* Lodge—evidence of the enrollment of which as No. 469 upon books of our Grand Lodge, had been sent him by the R. W. the Grand Secretary; but unfortunately the Charter had not come to hand, and as the brethren of that locality would experience serious inconvenience from a further delay of five or six months, he had granted the R. W. Master and Officers a working letter, pending the arrival of the Charter, and was now happy to announce to brethren and representatives of that flourishing Lodge here present, that the missing Charter had at last arrived and had been duly forwarded to its proper destination. The other was a dispensation to a number of brethren at Nanaimo who had petitioned to Grand Lodge for a Charter of Erection as Caledonia Lodge, and at the same time had placed in his hands their prayer for authority to work, pending the arrival of a Charter. As their petition had the cordial endorsement and recommendation of the Lodge at present existing at Nanaimo, he had granted them his power to work as Lodge Caledonia, (under dispensation) pending its confirmation by our Grand Lodge, and he hoped ere long to announce its regular enrollment as a duly chartered and prosperous Lodge of this jurisdiction. The Provincial Grand Master then alluded to the erection of his Provincial Grand Lodge, and expressed his great regret and disappointment in being unable to welcome the Most Worshipful the

Grand Master and Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge of Washington Territory, the Grand Secretary of which had intimated their intention of responding to his invitation and being present to conduct the installation of Grand Officers. The unfortunate irregularity of steam communication between this city and the adjoining territory at this particular time had prevented the anticipated pleasure, and he would therefore proceed to the appointment and installation of officers of the Provincial Grand Lodge for the ensuing year.

The following Brethren were then appointed, invested and proclaimed Provincial Grand Officers for the ensuing year, viz: the R. W. Norton I. Neustadt, Provincial Deputy Grand Master; W. S. R. H. Adams, Provincial Senior Grand Warden; John E. Hunt, Provincial Junior Grand Warden; J. Robertson Stewart, Provincial Grand Treasurer; A. G. Richardson, Provincial Grand Secretary; Rev. Thos. Somerville, Provincial Grand Chaplain; A. C. Campbell, Provincial Senior Grand Deacon; E. C. Holden, Provincial Junior Grand Deacon; H. B. W. Aikman, Provincial Grand Sword Bearer; Philip J. Hall, Provincial Grand Tyler.

These officers were duly installed, and the Grand Lodge closed.

A resolution was adopted, acknowledging the Grand Lodge of Idaho, the Provincial Grand Lodge of British Columbia, and the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick as having been justly and legally established.

The following resolution, which meets our entire approbation, was adopted:

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Grand Lodge that caucussing or electioneering, to influence the votes of members of the Grand Lodge in the election of Grand Officers, is contrary to the letter and spirit of Masonry; and that we disapprove of conventions or other local or sectional combinations to affect the legislation of the Grand Lodge, or to secure election to office.

Bro. Charles Marsh was elected Grand Master, and the Grand Secretary was re-elected.

LABOR.—None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labor, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us; the idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose, or lawful calling, which engages, helps, and enlivens all our powers, let those bear witness who, after spending years in active usefulness, retire to enjoy themselves; they find leisure a burden rather than a pleasure.

TOO MANY DEGREES.—"We do not set ourselves up as the Champion of the 'Rite of Memphis' and the 'Scottish Rite' or any other 'Rite,' or side degrees. We honestly believe there are getting to be far too many degrees in this country for any utility,—for the real good which Masonry is intended to accomplish. The great and important truths, the lessons and glorious precepts taught, almost at the thresholds of our institution, are often forgotten, in the desire to gain possession of the so-called higher degrees."—*Bro. Wm. C. Munger*.

THE TALLEST FREEMASON IN THE WORLD.—An emergency meeting of the Lodge Clyde, No. 408, was held within the Hall, 170, Buchanan street, Glasgow, on Thursday, 10th inst. The Lodge was opened by the R. W. M., John Buchanan, assisted by Bros. William Lindsay, S. W., Geo. Ferguson, acting J. W., Robert Burns Thomson, Chaplain. Major Ole Andreas Hansen, of the United States army, a native of Norway, having passed the ballot, was initiated, and passed the degree of F. C.; and on the Lodge being raised, he was raised to the sublime degree of M. M. The ceremony was very imposing and ably performed by Bro. Thos. M. Campbell, P. M., Proxy Master, 489; Bro. James Wallace, P. M. 360, Proxy Master 440, acting Deacon. We believe Bro. Hansen is the tallest Freemason in the world, being nearly eight feet high, and thirty-three stone weight.

MASONIC DISCOURSE.

BY JOHN T. WALSH, EDITOR OF BANNER OF CHRIST, NEWBERNE, N. C.

No 4.

"FREEMASONRY AS A MODE OF DOCTRINE."

By JOHN AUGUSTUS WILLIAMS, President Daughter's College, Harrodsburg, Ky.

1. THE JEWISH RITUAL.—Pres. Williams makes up an issue between my "eandor" and my "knowledge" or "ignorance" of Masonry, and finally concludes I "honestly think I know it all, but that in reality I know nothing of what I am 'writing about.'" This is the only meaning I can put upon his first paragraph. This is a very common argument (?) with Masons, and one of the first to which they resort. I do not profess to know all about "so dark a subject," as Pres. Williams terms it. Nor shall I take it for granted that he knows it all, or one "thirty-third part of it." He may be a mere "Entered Apprentice"—a bearer of burdens, or a "hever of wood and a drawer of water." Or, he may be a "Fellow Craft," or, perhaps, he has been "raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason," and knows nothing beyond it. *Masons themselves are often ignorant of Masonry.* I doubt very much whether Pres. Williams "honestly thinks" he knows it all, and shall continue to doubt until he informs us how many degrees he has taken.

I trust Pres. Williams will be more particular in quoting my words, and not write his conclusions as my declarations. "The Jewish ritual, with all its types and shadows, has passed away; and yet Free Masonry clings to the rites and ceremonies of the law as though they were still in force." This is what I wrote. *Is it true?*

When I charged that the rites and ceremonies of Freemasonry were Jewish, I said no more than Pres. Williams has virtually admitted, when he says: "But to conclude, our Reviewer stumbles on something like a truth, when he says, 'Masonry still sticks to the primer * * * * * and in this respect she imitates, if she does not adopt, the Jewish ritual.'" I did not mean that Masons practiced circumcision, or that they offered animal sacrifices; but that they have their pantomime of "the Ground Floor," "Middle Chamber," and "Holy of Holies of the Tabernacle, or Temple;" of finding the long concealed "Ark of the Covenant," with its contents of "the Book of the Law," the "pot of Manna," "Aaron's rod that budded," and last but not least, certain "ineffable characters"—not very Jewish? Added to these they have their altars, their incense, their Priest and High Priest, Kings, Scribes, &c. And then they have their veils, breast-plates, and sacerdotal robes of Jewish type, not merely as symbols to illustrate, but as a practical ritualistic formula, authoritative in character.

Pres. Williams attempts to justify the Masonic use of Jewish ceremonies, and, a second time, virtually admits the truth of our charge. He says: "In the only sense in which Christian Masons ever refer (why did he not say—practice?) to Jewish symbols and ceremonies, these things have not passed away." *Pantomime is practiced, and not merely "referred to."* I know that "as media of moral and religious instruction, Christians still use Jewish symbols and ceremonies;" and that even "the inspired writers of the New Testament employ Jewish forms to express Christian ideas;" but this, and much more of the same sort, said by Pres. Williams, does not meet the issue. If "symbolic Masonry is not, in part at least, a reproduction" of things under the Law, what is the meaning of the "pantomime" or play? Are not all the things referred to *dramatically "reproduced?"* Truly, I do think "christians should not learn truth in that way," "for the Spirit has" not "sanctioned it." The Apostles did not "reproduce" these things in "pantomime," and no one knows this better than Pres. Williams. And further more, *christians* have no right to "reproduce" them. Were it right to dramatise them at all, it would be right to do it in public rather than in secret, and on the stage rather than in the Lodge room. But *christians* have not so learned Christ nor christian morality. Pres. Williams speaks of "*christians*" all the time, as if none but such ever participated in this drama—this wonderful "mode of doctrine," as Pres. Williams calls it. I wish for

Pres. W. to understand now, once for all, that I am not merely opposing Masonry as a "mode of doctrine;" but that I oppose both the "mode" and the "doctrine." But if the drama is the best method of teaching truth, let it be inaugurated and put in full blast on the stage and in the pulpit; for, if it is a good "mode" any where, it is good here, and if it is right anywhere, it is right here.

2. MASONIC OBLIGATIONS.—On this point a direct issue is made up between Pres. Williams and myself. *Masonic obligations*, as published to the world and endorsed by such men as Morgan, Allyn, Stone, Bradly, Richardson, Duncan, Stearns, Bernard, Hart, Finney and others do violate the letter and spirit of primitive christianity. They are extra-judicial and unevangelical. I shall not argue this point now, because it will come up as a distinct issue hereafter.

3. THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.—I used the term "christian" in its widest and most popular sense, and believe I am right in my estimate of the matter, as there are only about a million and a half Masons in the world; and if we allow they are all professors of Christianity they are in a small minority. Pres. Williams does not seem to be posted in regard to Anti-secret and Anti-Masonic sentiment in the "Christian world." It is far more extensive and potential than he appears to think.

4. MISCELLANEOUS.—There is so little method in the arrangement of brother Williams' points and paragraphs, that it is difficult to reduce them to any sort of logical order in our replies. Masonic Worship is Deistic or it is not. The *Masonic Monitors and Charts* in which we find their prayers, &c., will decide this point; but we have other proof from their public services in the dedication of Halls, laying corner stones, &c.

We have never said that all who bow around Masonic altars are Deists,—some professed christians bow there; but that Masonic altars are christian, and were erected for christian worship, is simply preposterous. The name of Christ is ignored, and men approach God professedly without the intervention of a mediator. So true is this that the practice has been acknowledged and defended publicly by a professed Minister of Christ, and that, too, within the past year—Rev. W. Hall.

The name of "Christ" is omitted in deference to the unity, universality, and deistic character of the institution, many of whose members have no faith in Christ, and so practically deny the Father and are without hope and without God in the world.

Pres. Williams is very anxious I should affirm a negative; indeed, he is not satisfied with one—he would have me affirm a half-dozen negatives. And it is pretty evident that unless I do the affirming we shall have a short and unsatisfactory discussion. I am willing to meet Pres. Williams halfway, and do one half the affirming. If brother Williams means that Masonry is a christian institution, the "handmaid" of christianity, let him say so. My position towards Masonry is wholly negative, and his is affirmative.

5. MASONIC SYMBOLS.—On the subject of symbols Pres. Williams is quite lengthy and plausible, but he utterly fails to reconcile his previous statement of the "dark and meaningless" character of "Masonic Symbols," "until the light of Revelation shines upon them." Indeed, he utterly ignores fully one half of my previous article, and does not even make an allusion to the points it contains. Bro. Williams gets away from Masonic Symbols, and lest I should think otherwise has the kindness to tell me so! He even goes to the inspired oracles, after quoting from Shakespeare, and learns something of the resurrection "in the planted grain;" but what has this inspired thought to do with masonic Symbols in the hands of Arabs, Turks, Jews, Chinese, and Mahometans?

Masonic symbols proper are the working tools of operative Masons, such as the Square, the Compass, the Rule, the Line, the Mallet, the Trowel, &c. Is it logical to conclude that, because "the heavens declare the glory of God," therefore "the Square teaches to regulate our actions by rule and line, and to harmonize our conduct by the principles of morality and virtue?" Or that, because "the Law, with all its types, was a shadow of good things to come," therefore "the compasses teach

us to limit our desires in every station; thus rising to eminence by merit," &c? We do not oppose inspired symbology in illustration of morality and religion; but Masonic symbols, with perhaps a few exceptions, are not authorized by inspiration, nor do they represent inspired thoughts. Inspired symbols are symbols used by the Holy Spirit. Masonic symbols are held to teach one thing, and inspired symbols teach quite another. "Masonry," says Pres. W. "might be called the science of symbols and include everything that pertains to the communication of moral ideas through material forms!" Hence, in her pride and presumption, she claims and monopolizes the universe, and converts every "material" object into a symbol! It is not true that, "the pride that would keep any one from the study of God's word, would keep him also from the study of God's works," for hundreds study the latter and reject the former; as Pres. W. well knows. Free-Masonry in 1717 was a small affair, but it has been added to until now it has a theological system—is a Deistic religion, and seeks to monopolize and appropriate all symbols human and divine to itself. If all symbolism is Masonic then Baptism, the Lord's day, &c., are Masonic. The Serpent, Dragon, Satan, Baal, Ceres, Minerva, and Bacchus, involving the mysteries of Isis and Osiris, of Eleusis and Memphis; the Jewish types and ceremonies, &c., are all so many Masonic symbols! And so this symbolism may include every form of idolatry, pagan and papal, ancient and modern, on the face of the earth! Then we may not only speak of "the Freemasonry of the skies," but also of the earth; Freemasonry celestial and terrestrial, supernal and infernal! We may speak of the Freemasonry of the church, of Baptism, &c. In fine, we can resolve every rite, ceremony, type, symbol and emblem, human and divine, into Freemasonry; for there is no limit to its demands and aspirations, but it claims the boundless universe as its rightful domain! In this view of the case, however, it has failed in one point: It should have provided a Grand Lodge below, as well as a "Grand Lodge Above;" and why it failed to do so can only be accounted for upon the principle that all Masons are saved, and they have no use for the other place.

Masonic Symbols were invented; but she now seeks to appropriate and monopolize all symbols, Masonic, properly so-called, and all others. I repeat it with all emphasis that, there is no *Free Masonry* outside of the tools or implements of *Operative Masons*, which *Speculative Masons* (save the mark!) have seized upon for the purpose of constructing a system of morals by obedience to which they might gain what they call "the Grand Lodge above." All, therefore, that Pres. Williams says about other symbols, which do not properly belong to the Masonic category, amounts to nothing. Let *Freemasons* stick to their trade, and not attempt to monopolize every symbol, or to daub christianity and christian morality with untempered mortar. We cannot consent to stand by and see this Behemoth attempting to swallow heaven and earth, and exalting itself above every name and system of truth in this world, calling it all *Freemasonry*.

"Brother Walsh does, not mean that the stars and the flowers are the inventions of men," nor is this "the plain import of his language." This declaration is not creditable to the head or heart of Pres. Williams. "There is a strange disposition in man to leave the inspired oracles of God, and to seek the inventions of men for moral and religious instruction." This is the end of an independent sentence, and "logical pertinency requires" no such inference as Pres. Williams has drawn. But this is a small matter, and I only notice it as an offset to the "insinuations" and "ridicule" with which he says some of my "paragraphs are tinged," with however, I assure him, no such design on my part. The President's "paradox" may pass for what it is worth in *Masonic coin*.

He says the "worshipful Master" is a "symbolic personage," the Bible is also a symbol, and, I repeat it to call his special attention to it, is not authoritatively taught in *Masonry* either in the Lodge or out of it. But of what is the "Worshipful Master" a symbol? "The common gavel" is used for "the noble and glorious purpose of divesting our minds and consciences of all the vices and superfluities of life, thereby fitting our bodies, as living stones, for

that spiritual building, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Webb page 35.

This is genuine Symbolism, and teaches a way of salvation not found in the New Testament. There is much more of the same sort, which we could quote, but this must suffice for the present. This is the symbolism we oppose, and this is both deistic and Pharisaic; and may herefore, be both Deistic and Jewish, for "in vain do you worship me teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." If Masons can fit themselves for heaven by the "use of the common gavel" symbolically considered, then Christ has died unnecessarily; and that Masonic Symbolism teaches this is susceptible of the most ample proof.

I now call attention to the following radical and primary issue:

The principles of organized secrecy are opposed to the letter and spirit of the gospel, and are characteristic of the apostacy, being jesuitic in character.

Or, if Pres. Williams likes it better, I will affirm the following:

The church of Christ is an unsecret and anti-secret organization, and her members should owe no allegiance to, nor be in alliance with, any secret oath-bound order.

"Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven." Math. v: 14-16.

And here we must close for this month, and await the response of Pres. Williams to our article in the May issue of the BANNER.

Does Masonry teach or encourage Immorality?

REPLY TO, DR. WALSH, NO. IV.

In my last paper, I stated that Brother Walsh had substantially affirmed:

"That Masonry is an immoral, unchristian, deistic and Judaizing institution; and that, while professing to know the road to Heaven, its votaries swear never to point it out to the poor and blind on pain of disgrace and death." The first question, then in order, is the one put as the caption of this paper.

Brother Walsh charges an immoral and unchristian character upon the Institution on the ground that its oaths, or obligations, are morally and religiously improper. Such, at least, is his position as well as I can understand it. Our christian opponents usually represent that the candidate for Masonry is required, as a condition of admission, to take an oath, binding himself under certain barbarous penalties duly to perform his covenant, while at the same time the articles of that covenant were not previously made known to him. They argue, therefore, that this proceeding is immoral on the grounds: first, that it is wrong to swear at all; secondly, that the promise is indefinite, and hence impious and rash; and thirdly that the candidate is required to imprecate—on himself—the most horrid penalties for his unfaithfulness.

1. I hold, in view of all that has been said about the lawfulness of oaths, that a Christian may with due reverence of spirit and solemnity of manner take an oath whether promissory or assertory. This it is his privilege to do, and it may even become a duty, not because the civil law permits, or may require it to be done, but because it may be at times ethically proper or necessary, to swear. If oaths are wrong either *per se*, or by Divine prohibition, human legislation cannot make them right; though if they are indifferent, the statute may make them criminal, which it has not done, or it may make them compulsory, which in certain cases it has done. The simple question, then, arises: Are oaths in and of themselves, immoral? Or, has the law of God forbidden them?

Admitting, for argument's sake only, that Masons take an oath, in the sense in which Brother Walsh and others affirm they do, I can not see on what principles such oath-taking is inherently wrong. An oath is simply a solemn declaration made in the recognized presence of the Searcher of Hearts and Punisher of Falsehood, usually accompanied with a prayer for the Divine aid, and sometimes with the accident of an imprecation.

Insincerity or infidelity, under such circumstances, is commonly regarded as aggravated falsehood, and is called perjury, whether legal or

moral. Inconsiderate, light or idle swearing is confessedly wrong, whether judicial or extra-judicial; for it is profane. But the solemn or reverential oath, or vow, is but the expression of that which the Christian always feels in his heart. I can see in an oath nothing whatever, save the formal utterance, that is not always in the mind of a pious and thoughtful man. The Christian should always feel, and for that matter avow, that God is a witness, not only of what he declares, but of what he performs; and certainly, he should at all times mentally, if not audibly, invoke the help of God to enable him to speak and to do what is right, ever remembering that the Searcher of hearts will certainly punish deliberate treason, treachery, and falsehood. If the Christian, then, ought at all times thus to think and to feel, is it wicked to give sincere and solemn utterance to such thoughts and feelings? If the reverential oath is wrong *per se*, it must be wrong either in this element of a consciousness of God's presence, or in the utterance of that consciousness in words. But the consciousness that *Thou God seest me and hearest me* is always right, and I call on Brother Walsh to show that the sincere expression of this mental oath is profane or otherwise improper. I repeat with emphasis, that an irreverent or careless oath is profane, whether imposed by Cæsar or Solomon,—by the State or the Lodge.

But do the Scriptures forbid the taking of oaths and vows? I answer, yes; they forbid a certain class of oaths; but we deny that the Masonic covenant is an oath of that class. Jesus condemned perjury; so did the Jew. But the Jew, who loved to swear, invented many oaths which they supposed might be violated with impunity or without perjury. They idly swore by the Temple, or by the altar, and broke their oaths, they thought, without sin. In fact, with the exception of the gold of the Temple and the gift on the altar, oaths by any creature might be safely violated. They swore also by the heavens, by the earth, by Jerusalem, by their heads and their beards. Their conversation was usually interlarded with these expletive oaths. The Saviour taught his disciples to shun their evil example, and showed them that though the name of God was not mentioned, yet such idle oaths had all the sin of profanity in them; for to be oaths at all they must have some reference to God, and as such reference was generally irreverent, such swearing was of course profane. The doctrine of Jesus in Matthew 5:33, and of the Apostle in James 5:12, must from the context and from the habitually profane and hypocritical temper of the Pharisees, be understood simply as rescuing the solemn oath from the corruptions and evasions of the apostate Jew.

The fact, that under the Jewish dispensation, God permitted and, in some cases, enjoined swearing, affords a presumption, if not a proof, that the oath in itself is not wrong. The patriarch swore with divine approval, and even Jehovah himself confirmed his word with an oath. If sincere and solemn swearing were inherently wrong, it seems to me that God would not have thus given it his sanction. Certain it is, also, that Jesus was adjured, and thus deposed; and that Paul substantially swore when he called on God to witness the truth of his declaration.

2. But objectors to the Masonic covenant urge that the candidate is required to promise sincerely and solemnly to do things about which he knows nothing at the time; the promise being thus indefinite, it is, they say, on that account improper. In reply to this, it might be said that before the candidate enters into covenant relations with the Society, he is informed of the nature of that covenant, and he is assured that it will bind him to nothing that conflicts with his duties to God, to his fellow-men, or to himself. It is, moreover, untrue that the Lodge reserves or claims the right to judge for the candidate what those duties are; for Masons notwithstanding their covenants are free to do right; their liberty of conscience is unimpaired. Besides, every article of the covenant is made known to the candidate before he is permitted to ratify it by his acceptance, should he imagine at the time or afterward that those articles do not leave him free to do right, the principle will apply in such case that they must be construed *secundum animam imponeris*. A candidate can not possibly bind himself, unwillingly or unwittingly, to do what is wrong. I do not say this on the ground that a promise to do wrong is null and void; but I affirm, not only

that there is no promise in the Masonic covenant to do any thing that is wrong, but that such a promise could not in any well regulated Lodge be given or received. The candidate can bind himself to do only what is lawful and right. Our opponents often argue as though the Mason, like the members of certain religious orders, makes a surrender of his moral freedom, and obligates himself in a blank covenant to do the will and pleasure of his Master. Duties can never clash, though the judgment may waver. A Mason is bound to do right, and by the conditions of his covenant is free to judge what is right. In spite then of cable-tows, branding-irons, drawn swords, oaths and imprecations—those bug-bears of the Anti-Mason no man on earth is more free to do what is right than the Freemason.

3. Respecting those "horrid imprecations that bind Masons to do things they know not what," it is enough for the present to say, that the sanctions of a Mason's obligation lie not in penal threats. The tenor, form, and ritual of his covenant are symbolic and educational; and the Mason or the Anti-Mason that thinks otherwise is profoundly ignorant of the first principles of Masonic doctrine.

If in this paper I have anticipated Brother Walsh, and responded before he has affirmed, it is because I am anxious, as perhaps our readers are, to end the skirmish and to come at once to close conflict on a well defined issue. I presume I do not incorrectly state the argument of our opponents; and I must hold Brother Walsh to the proof of his first assertion that *Masonry is an immoral Institution*.—JNO. AUG. WILLIAMS.

SWEDISH RITE.

Since the initiation of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales in Sweden much curiosity has been expressed in many Masonic quarters as to the nature of the rite according to which his admission took place, the numbers of degrees or steps not corresponding with those adopted in Johannite Masonry.

It would appear that two, if not three, rites savouring of the high grades are worked in Sweden; the first culminating in the Honorary Knighthood of Charles XIII., the second professing to be instituted according to the principles of that remarkable and enigmatical man Emanuel Swedenborg, and the third being in adaptation of the Illuminism of Avignon, with additions from the Rite of Swedenborg, known as the Rite of Zinnen-dorff.

The Swedish rite proper, as worked under the sanction of the Grand Lodge of Sweden, consists of twelve degrees, the fifth of which ennobles the possessor of it in a social and political sense. These degrees are respectively—1, Apprentice; 2, Fellow Craft; 3, Master; 4, Apprentice and Fellow Craft of St. Andrew; 5, Master of St. Andrew; 6, Brother Stuart; 7, Favourite Brother of Solomon; 8, Favourite Brother of St. John, or White Ribbon; 9, Favourite Brother of St. Andrew or Violet Ribbon; 10, Member of the Chapter; 11, Dignitary of the Chapter; and 12, Reigning Grand Master. I do not know whether any modifications have taken place in this arrangement, but perhaps the degree of Brother Stuart has been in some instances replaced by the Order of Charles XIII., a distinction existing since 1811. At any rate, this last was established in honor of Freemasonry. The manifesto constituting the Order contains the following decree:—"To give this (the Masonic) Society a proof of our gracious sentiments towards it, we will and ordain, that its first dignitaries, to the number which we may determine, shall, in future, be decorated with the most intimate proof of our confidence, and which shall be for them a distinctive mark of the highest dignity." There are altogether twenty-seven knights, and the reigning sovereign of Sweden is the Perpetual Grand Master. It is evidently rather an honourable distinction, like other sovereign orders, than a symbolical degree.

Whether Swedenborg himself was ever a Mason, I think, may be fairly answered in the negative. Neither the brilliant and eloquent biography of Dr. Garth Wilkinson, the analytical work of Professor Bush, nor the exhaustive and intensely critical and searching memoir recently published by Mr. William White, lead us to any such conclusion. Whatever opinions may be held as the theological value of the singular series of hermenenti-

cal works of the Swedish philosopher, it is certain that they contain many things easily applicable for the purposes of a ritual. But the absolute actual history of the establishment of the Rite of Swedenborg appears to be this. About the year 1769, at a time when Swedenborg was engaged in publishing his *Arcana Cælestia* (the first volume of which appeared in 1749) and his other voluminous writings and tracts, a Benedictine monk, named Perneti, together with a Polish nobleman, the Baron Gabrianca, established a rite called the Illuminati of Avignon, mingling in this rite the reveries of Boehme with those of Swede. In 1783 this rite was reformed and set up *de novo* by the Marquis de Thorne, and from it arose what is now known as Swedenborg's Rite. This rite had the six grades of Apprentice, Fellow Craft, Master Theosophite, Illuminated Theosophite, Blue Brother, and Red Brother. It is said to be still practiced in some Swedish Lodges.

CHESS.

The royal game of chess is firmly established in the affections of the world. It has a history, a literature, a science, and a fellowship of its own. It is the last remnant of feudalism and chivalry; and will survive when the thrones, the mitres, the castles, the tournaments, and the serfdom which it symbolizes shall have been obliterated and forgotten. It presents the poetry and glory, without the tyranny, ignorance, and misery, of the romantic past. The cavaliers of old did not so devotedly surround and defend their king as do the warriors of the chess-board. No men at arms ever advanced so bravely or stood their ground so firmly as the well-played pawns of Philidor. Napoleon, offering the noble Josephine to his ambition, was mean and vulgar; but MacDonnell's famous sacrifice of his queen, followed by checkmate in nineteen moves, was purely sublime. In this microcosm of society, rank exists without jealousy; every individual has a part to play, and every part is important. Manhood is respected. The proud knight retires from his most audacious position when attacked by the humble peasant; the crafty, far-planning bishop finds the sturdy opposition of the common people too much for him, and even royalty itself is not beyond the reach of bold reproof, retires with grace when checked, and has the wit to give up the game when he can no longer move a virtue which kings (and presidents?) seem to have lost, if they ever had it. The common peon, fighting his way through hosts, may be knighted on the field or receive the highest offices in church or state. Many philosophers have said, "Life is like a game of chess." We can only reply, would it were so!

The qualities necessary to form a good chess-player have been often enumerated. We do not propose to inflict upon the reader the well-worn passage from Benjamin Franklin which the votaries of the game delight to quote. In our opinion there is no set of faculties to be enumerated which would quite cover the case. Great generals are popularly supposed to be, as a matter of course, fine players; but history does not substantiate the claim. Military heroes are very apt to be fond of chess, to think they play well, and to be mistaken. General Scott was an indefatigable third-rate player. Bonaparte was beaten by the Automaton, (which never played a really first-rate game in its life,) and overthrew the board in his rage. Philidor, MacDonnell, La Bourdonnais, Morphy, Von der Lasa, and Staunton, are not names of warlike renown. The verdict of experience is that whatever one's profession, to be a good chess player, it is only necessary to play well! No other game or exercise is so perfect a test of character. It is mind against mind. There are cheating and luck in cards; there is scratching in billiards; there are plenty of excuses for defeat in boat-racing, prize-fighting, cricket, and ball; but the verdict of checkmate is ideal justice, unimpeachable, irrevocable. In a world full of triumphant mediocrity, crowned deceit, and merit unappreciated, it is a boon from heaven that we have one sphere in which success must be deserved, and, when deserved, is sure.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

Why are clouds like coachmen? Because they hold the reins.

Miscellany.

IF!

If our path were strewn with roses
That concealed no stinging thorn;
If the hour when one joy closes
Saw another newly-born—
If our dreams were full of beauty,
And our waking hours of peace,
Would we feel for those whose duty
Never gives their hearts release?

If our dwelling were a palace,
Where we knew no pang or pain,
Where the red wine in life's chalice
Bore no bitterness, no bane,
Would our sympathies awaken,
Would our velvet hands be spread
For the outcast, the forsaken,
Who has neither home nor bread?

If our raiment were the fairest
That the Indies could afford;
If the daintiest food and rarest
Daily crowned our glittering board,
Could our full hearts know the sorrow
Of the patient, toiling poor,
Who tremble lest to-morrow
Bring gaunt famine to their door?

If we knew no lack, no losses,
Disappointment, toil, nor care,
Would we succor him whose crosses
Are too wearisome to bear?
If we slept on silken couches
Frankt with costly gowns, and gold,
Would we pity him who crouches
By the wayside in the cold?

If the world were juster, truer,
In its censure and its praise—
If our doubts and fears were fewer;
Fewer weary nights and days,
If there were no graves behind us
Where the loved and lost ones sleep,
No sweet-memories to bind us,
Would we weep with those who weep?

If our hopes were never blasted—
If our love grew never cold;
If our strength and beauty lasted
Till a hundred years were told,
Would our hearts be humbly given
To the giver of such bliss—
Would we ever think of heaven
As a better place than this?

SARAH T. BOLTON.

From the New York Democrat.
SUCH A LITTLE COFFIN.

It was twice the length of this sheet of paper on which we write this article.

A little coffin—a little bit of a coffin—not large enough to contain half the play things a little girl we know of has to amuse herself with.

It was not a casket or burial case with silver handles, white satin, silver fringe, and glass skylight to the home of the departed. All these are for the rich men—the bondholders, whose children are said to be better than the little children of workmen. It was simply a little plain coffin, made from black walnut, and it was being carried into a house on Canal street as we walked home this Saturday night very weary from our work.

No one else noticed it. A poor man came to the door when the undertaker rang the bell. He looked sad and lonely, just as thousands we know would look if a little coffin should be wanted in their homes to-night. Hundreds hurried by—who of them thought of the mourners?

Slowly we walked home. Somebody was in the depths of sorrow. Who it was we knew not. We could not keep from thinking, and after supper we went back to the house and rang the bell. The man with a sad face, came to the door.

"Good evening, sir. Can a stranger who means well, be of service to you?"

"Oh, thank you; but it is not much a stranger or a friend can do. Who are you? Why come you here? We have never met?"

"Simply a friend. I have nothing to do; I saw the little coffin come in; perhaps I can do some good—and I felt like coming. That is all."

"Oh, sir, you are welcome. But it is all sadness here now. Come this way."

And we walked into a little room where the little coffin was. A little boy, not four years born, rested there. The coffin was on a table. The sweet little face, so waxed and fair, did not seem like death, but for the little rose-bud beside the pale temple. The great, big tears came down so fast over the brown face of our friend, for, if in trouble he was our friend, as he said:

"He was our only treasure, and we did so love him."

"Where is his mother?"

"She is sick, sir—worn out with nervous excitement, and is in our room almost heart-broken."

And we found her weeping bitterly, and as we sat by the side of the lounge on which she reclined, we could only say—"Indeed, I am very, very sorry for you." And we saw a little pin on his bosom, till then unnoticed.

"Are you a Mason?"

"I am, or I try to be one."

"Well, brother—the light in the east is still bright—those are the most favored who are earliest called from labor to refreshment."

* * * * *

Just a little coffin. No one would notice it in a city like this. The hearse passes along—a few carriages try to keep up as the driver hurries through the tangled teams and over horse-car tracks. Then he stops—a jam of carriages is formed and a policeman says in a coarse voice—"move on—move on!" He might have seen it was but a little coffin and spoken a little more kindly. No one could have spoken so harshly who mourned. The omnibus with its load hurried by—a carriage filled with laughing ladies hurried by, and those on its cushioned seats never cared to look at the little coffin even for one little minute. A drayman saw what it was and kindly waited a moment—his eyes seemed to say—"I am sorry for somebody."

And so they bore it away over the river. The hearse on the ferry-boat stood beside a market wagon, on which the driver sat whistling an opera air. A dandy-looking swell stood, with a cane in hand, one foot on the hub of the hearse, looking with half-satisfied eye on the pretty ankle of a girl who was leaning and looking over the railing of the boat. The coffin was not so small as the ankle, but he could not see it.

And when we reached the other side, all hurried off. The crowd jammed, and men swore. Some went this way, some that. We never saw their faces before, as we remember—never shall again. But somebody will see them some day. They will be in coffins, looking up to Him who sees little coffins as well as big ones. If this had been a big one—if there had been four horses with nodding plumes—a silver trimmed casket instead of a plain little coffin—a long string of carriages, half-empty, folks would have asked who it was that was thus keeping ahead of us, and at tea-tables would have told the news. And folks would have asked how much money he had left, that is, how much good he might have done, but did not!

But it was only a little coffin—three carriages followed it—it was the child of a workingman, but with it to God went the grief-stricken hearts of those who mourned because their only joint treasure had been called home. Never mind. He who is so good is the great never-dying speaker of "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And He will always welcome the little ones to him—kiss the tears from the eyes of those who mourn, and send them back to life's duties, while He cares for the jewels in that Heaven we all hope for.

Only a little coffin! Who ever thinks of them? Little caskets contain the most precious treasures. The buds are promises of flowers, and when the bud is taken we mourn, for we do not know but it might have become the most beautiful flower of all.

God pity those who have, with tear-wet eyes, looked upon little coffins. The hope of the father and the mother. The one who has so often been kissed and caressed is no more. The hearts of those who brought it thus far are dark with grief. And down into the little grave, buried with that little coffin, go a thousand hopes, dreams, castles, ideas, and links connecting us with, and drawing us on to the future. Indeed, few there are who know how much the little coffins hold! The agony of the mother who has once before suffered; the

fears of the father who held her head, and by her pillow watched, with kind touch and gentle kiss, the hours of quiet talk over the future of the new guest at love's table. The hopes, fears, watchings, care and affection God gives us for the little ones all are packed into that coffin, till it seems as if He must love the little one just come to Him for the years of heart and hopes dashed to pieces which come like prayers of mourners beseeching His eternal care.

Little coffins.

Little caskets.

Little treasures.

Chrysalis and Butterfly. Promise and reward. Buds here, flowers there. Little graves here—little crowns there. The little coffins are dear, for there we gave to rest our little and our loved ones. And where they sleep are little hillocks, which also mark the wounds on our hearts. And the little hillocks will last after we have gone to the Eternal Land, where only can our wounds be healed!

And the hillocks are everywhere—city and town—cemetery and grave-yard, crowded together and singly, are to be found. And when we see them in the quiet cities of the dead, we feel sorry for those who there hid from the sight the little coffins, and say way down deep in our heart: God bless and make happy little ones thereat rest, and all who mourn that they are not with us who so loved them, and carried to them presents, and love and kisses, and kind words every Saturday Night.

A FLEA ENTERTAINMENT.

In London a young Englishman is conducting an exhibition of a very curious character. He is the proprietor of a stud of performing fleas; or, to use the words of his announcement, of "trained apterous insects, the only specimens of the articulata in the world ever taught to perform." The London Daily News says:

"We went to the sight fearing that our sense of refinement would be shocked, but found, upon entering the room, a tastefully decorated apartment, and several ladies with their children admiring the household foes which a wholesome sense teaches them generally to crush. Mr. Kitchingman, the exhibitor, has toiled hard and long to bring his exhibition to its present successful condition. Like the everlasting cookery-book hare, the fleas have had first to be caught, then shipped hither from Russia, Belgium, and France, or elsewhere, and afterwards subjected to a training in which severity and tenderness are pretty equally proportioned. Without going so far as the exhibitor, who believes the little wretches he protects have intellects, and says he has seen their brains, we must confess our astonishment at the novel figure they are made to cut, although in an age like this one ought not to be amazed at such a trifle as the spread of education among fleas. The insects in Regent street draw carriages, act as tug to a man-of-war, fire off a gun, perform on the tight-rope, draw a bucket out of an imaginary well, leap and swing, and execute other evolutions upon a white, smooth table.

"These things, however, are not done by the fleas as by other beings. The voluntary system is quite ignored, and the wonder of the exhibition is rather the marvellous delicacy of the machinery than the genius of the performers. Mr. Kitchingman, after years of patience, has perfected a set of lilliputian articles, designed and made by his own hands, that are of themselves of the rarest kind, and the visitor will soon perceive that they are most ingeniously made for the fleas, and not the fleas for them. Taking the raw, untutored flea between the finger and thumb, with a touch that few could command, the proprietor fastens by a peculiar noose a fine hair around the insect's trunk, leaving the two ends standing an inch or so above the back, like a couple of overgrown feelers. These hair ends are fastened to the apparatus, generally by insertion in the split of any tiny straw, and this difficult operation having been done without injury to wind or limb, the harnessed captive is attached to the particular service for which its talents fit it.

"The Russian and Belgian fleas are favorite pupils, but the English breed, after much starving and training, become the toughest and best. We observed one on Saturday, however, fretting

in the collar very painfully, and drawing his ivory car with a hop, skip, and jump, instead of the steady, easy trot which the Russian or Belgian affected. Perhaps it was too much to expect a right minded flea to be docile under the circumstances in the presence of ruddy children and blonde ladies. One or two of the performers were pointed out as the inheritors of a green old age; they had lived nine months, and were now in the course of nature nearing the day of their death. There our four months—nay weeks, however—are considered a hard age for a flea to live.

"Mr. Kitchingman, with touching affection, allows his fleas to live out of himself, which is nothing but fair, seeing that he lives out of them. Every day, when something attempted and something done has earned them a night's repose, he feels his flock upon the back of his hand, puts each individual between two blankets, and the whole layer into a box, where they slumber secure out of harm's way, and ought to be able to rise in the morning with clear consciences toward all mankind. The untrained reserve stock (two or three hundred) are kept in a stoppered bottle full of flannel wool. The exhibitor gives his visitors much information upon this special branch of natural history."

A FORTUNATE MAN.

My good father—a man who, even to extreme old age, maintained habits of active employment—was speaking, one day, of an English friend of his, Mr. Walsingham—one of those whom the world considers eminently fortunate. A man of letters, educated to every classical attainment and the inheritor of a princely fortune, he had been able to gratify, at a wish, his cultivated tastes. He had married in early life, an amiable wife, and had seen his children (though he never personally concerned himself with their education) grow up around him with the fairest promise. He had a handsome town-house in a fashionable square in London, and a country-seat ten or twelve miles off, in the midst of one of those magnificent English parks—the ideal of stately rural elegance, with its trimly-kept lawn and its wide spreading chase, dotted over with clumps of noble old trees, where the deer sought refuge from the noonday heat and a lair at nightfall.

Mr. Walsingham had traveled over Europe, and brought back, as mementoes of his journey, paintings and statuary by some of the best masters, ancient and modern, with which to adorn his favorite retreat. The house itself (I have seen it since,) with its rich marble columns and balustrades, was a fine specimen of the purest Palladian manner, where all that luxurious refinement could devise had been unsparingly lavished. There my father found his friend with no occupation more pressing than to pore over the treasures of his library, and no graver care than to superintend the riches of a conservatory where wealth had brought together, from half the world, its choicest plants and flowers.

They spent some days in undisturbed quiet; not an incident, beyond the conversation of a sedate and intellectual family circle and the arrival and departure of a friend or two, to break the complete repose. Delightful it was to my father, no doubt, in contrast to the city bustle and the constant occupation he had left. One morning he said to his host: "I have been thinking that if I ever met with a man who has nothing left to desire, you are he. Health of body, cultivation of mind, a charming family, wealth and all it procures—whatever Nature and Art present of most beautiful—you have them all. Are you not completely happy?" Never, my father said to me, should he forget the dreary sadness of the unexpected reply: "Happy! Ah, Mr. Sydenham, I committed one fatal error in my youth, and dearly have I abided it! I started in life without an object, even without an ambition. My temperament disposed me to ease, and to the full I indulged the disposition. I said to myself, 'I have all that I see others contending for: why should I struggle? I knew not the curse that lights on those who have never to struggle for anything. Had I created for myself a definite pursuit—literary, scientific, artistic, social, political, no matter what so there was something to labor for to overcome—I might have been happy. I feel this now—too late! The power is gone. Habits have become chains. Through all the profitless years gone by,

I seek vainly for something to remember with pride or even to dwell on with satisfaction. I have thrown away a life. I feel, sometimes, as if there were nothing remaining to me worth living for. I am an unhappy man." That was my father's story. I never forgot it, and I trust I have profited by its lessons.—From *BEYOND THE BREAKERS*, in *Lippincott's Magazine* for July.

THE MASONS AND THE MINISTERS.

There has been held in this city, during the last few days, an assembly of clergymen and of others to consider and recommend the best means of arousing the American people to a sense of the moral and political dangers to be apprehended from a further toleration of secret societies, especially the Masons. The principal objection of these gentlemen, representing a large body of the people, is that the Masonic Ritual, though founded upon the theory of a Supreme Being, the unchanging Creator and Ruler of all things, does not, from first to last, recognize Christ as God, and that it ignores His Divinity. One of the very eminent speakers pointed out, as the distinction between the American Protestant Association and the Masons, to be that, while both are secret, the former recognized Christ, and the latter did not.

The defence of the Masons to this objection is an obvious one. Their order claims to be universal. It embraces men of all races, tribes and creeds; takes in Asiatic, African, European and aboriginal American. It includes men of every faith, who worship a Supreme God. To demand a belief in the Divinity of Christ would destroy this universality, and confine its membership to believers in the Christian faith.

The other objections to the Masons are consequent upon this leading one, and the other secret orders, such as Odd-Fellows and Good Templars, were treated as mere imitations of Masonry, which would perish with its fall. In fact, one of the reverend gentlemen declared that the Good Templars were nothing more than "courting societies"—an announcement calculated to increase their membership among the romantic and susceptible of both sexes.

The general tone of the convention was denunciatory of the newspaper press, because it did not hold up Masonry as a fearful evil; yet the convention, as we have stated, placed their objection to that order upon a question of religious faith. It is no part of the duty of the secular newspaper press to proclaim a national theology, and to hold all men as enemies of the country who do not accept that theology. In the first place, it would be a presumption on the part of the press, and a direct interference with those who are chosen to teach the law of God. It is more than probable, too, that the newspapers would be as hopelessly divided as mankind upon the proper theology to be enforced; and thus, instead of crushing out disbelievers, the latter, through their portion of the press, would be making wholesale conversions from the ranks of the faithful.

As long as the charge against the Masons is their omission, as an order, to declare the Divinity of Christ, the objection is not peculiar to the Masons, but applies to all that portion of the people who not only omit such a declaration but reject the doctrine. There are religious papers without number; every religious denomination has at its service printing presses, from which information and instruction upon religious matters are sent forth without limit to the people of this and all other countries. The Bible is printed in every language and in cheap forms, and is distributed gratuitously to all who will take it. Thousands of pulpits are constantly filled by eminent and profound Doctors of Divinity, expounding the Gospel and preaching its sublimities and its truths. If, in the face of these means, the truth is overwhelmed and Christianity is rejected even here at our doors, it is ungenerous on the part of these Christian teachers to attribute the responsibility to the newspapers. The newspapers of the day publish occasional items of Masonic news, just as they do of things taking place in Turkey, Japan and China; but they publish, also, every item of religious intelligence, and a great many sermons. The bane (if there be such a thing) is always accompanied by the antidote. The newspaper press can take no part in a war upon Masonry or any other institution, so long as the objection thereto is purely theological. Every citizen, whether he

be Christian or not, is entitled to respectful toleration of his religious belief, and that toleration the newspapers will maintain as a matter of principle and without reference to the theology assailed.—*Chicago Tribune*.

ANTI-MASONIC ACTION.

Several assemblies of religious bodies have lately taken ground against Masonry, upon the ostensible ground that it is composed of secret societies. If secrecy be the principle aimed at, it is a little singular that the Good Templars, Sons of Temperance, and other similar organizations were not mentioned.

The resolves of a synod here and there against Masonry are about as effective toward shaking it as would be the hurling of putty pellets against the rock of Gibraltar, with the expectation of battering down the everlasting structure. As the fly on the horn of the ox did not disturb the latter, so will not the hostile action of a little sect here and there, discomfort an organization whose limits are those of the whole world.

During the late war, Masonry did more to ameliorate the horrors of imprisonment, and to mitigate the atrocities of battle, than any agency else. To remark that "I am a Baptist," or "I am a Methodist," the reply was, invariably: "That's played out." The announcement of Masonic rights, on the contrary were never disregarded.

We think that these gentlemen who are denouncing Masonry should not fail to notice that, whereas, nearly or quite every Protestant sect was disrupted before or during the war, Masonry remained, then as now, indivisible. In this element of fraternal regard which no war can shake, no convulsion disrupt, and in which no principle of discord can gain a foothold, the pious and discordant sectaries who are now warring against Masonry can find something worthy of imitation. Masonry never quarrels; never arms brother against brother; never burned or crucified an opponent; never bellows politics from its altar; never distributes tracts where bread is needed; never marshals nation against nation. Can that Christianly organization of which these hostile little synods are members, say as much? Are there any Latimers, or Cranmers, or Mary Stuarts in its history? Did it ever hang, burn, or imprison anybody because of a difference of opinion? Is there any blood upon the pages of its history? Does it meddle with politics? Did it thank God for the removal of Lincoln, as did a Protestant, orthodox clergyman of this city?

The record of Masonry will compare favorably with that of any other organization. Its history is one of peace. Its flag is white. Its mission is charity. It teaches the beauty of fraternal love, and its effort is to quiet the warring elements in humanity, and to induce the clasping of hands by enemies. It is the oil which calms the troubled and stormy waters of existence. When some of these aggressive little synods can show as good a record, then will the world be prepared to admit their right to criticize. Meanwhile, let the casting of the first stone be withheld until some one without sin can be found to undertake it.—*Chicago Times*, June 5th.

CHARITY.—It is said that it is not charity to give a penny to a street mendicant, of whom nothing is known, while we higgie with a poor man out of employment, for a miserable dime. It is not charity to beat down a seamstress to starvation prices. It is not charity to take a poor relation into the family, make her a slave to all your whims, and taunt her continually with her dependent situation. It is not charity to turn a man into the streets with his family who is out of work, because he cannot pay his rent. It is not charity to extract the uttermost farthing from the widow and orphan. It is not charity to give with a supercilious air and patronage, as if God had made you the rich man, of different blood from the shivering recipient, whose only claim that is he is poor. It is not charity to be an extortioner—No! though you bestow alms by thousands.

I don't like to hear young men say they can marry any one they want; it shows there is something wrong in the "upper story."

I'M GROWING OLD.

The following stanzas first appeared in the Andover Advertiser, and are said to have been written by a lady of New York city:

I'm growing old—'tis surely so;
And yet how short it seems,
Since I was but a sportive child,
Enjoying childish dreams!

I cannot see the change that comes
With such an even pace;
I mark not when the wrinkles fall
Upon my fading face.

I know I'm old; and yet my heart
Is just as young and gay
As e'er it was before my locks
Of bright brown turned to gray.

I knew these eyes to other eyes
Looked not so bright and glad
As once they looked; and yet 'tis not
Because my heart's more sad.

I never watched with purer joy
The floating clouds and glowing skies,
While glistening tears of rapture fill
These old and fading eyes.

And where I mark the cheek, where once,
The bright rose used to glow,
It grieves me not to see instead
The almonds crown my brow.

I've seen the flower grow old and pale,
And withered more than I;
I've seen it lose its very charm,
Then droop away and die.

And then I've seen it rise again,
Bright as the beaming sky,
And young and pure and beautiful—
And felt that so shall I.

Then what if I am growing old—
My heart is changeless still,
And God has given me enough
This loving heart to fill.

I love to see the sun go down,
And lengthening shadows throw
Along the ground, while o'er my head
The clouds in crimson glow.

I see beyond these gorgeous clouds,
A country bright and fair,
Which needs no sun; God and the Lamb
Its light and beauty there.

O! I am glad I'm growing old!
For every day I spend
Shall bring me one day nearer that
Bright day that has no end.

Freebooter.

Love may exist without jealousy, although this is rare; but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common; for jealousy can feed on that which is bitter, no less than on that which is sweet, and is sustained by pride, as often as by affection.

Never let your honest convictions be laughed down.

The bright spots of a man's life are few enough without blotting any out. The heart, like the earth, would cease to yield good fruit, were it not sometimes watered with the tears of sensibility; and the fruit would be worthless, but for the sunshine of smiles.

The grandest man is he who troubles himself least about the verdict, that may be passed upon him by his contemporaries or posterity, but who finds in doing good, honest work, to the best of his ability, under existing conditions, "its own exceedingly great reward."

Ten million eyes have gazed upon Raphael's Sis-

tine Madonna and Transfiguration and soiled them not, nor chafed nor dulled their surface. Not half so softly does the dew steal upon the flower; not half so lightly does it rest there as does the eye rest upon objects of beauty.

A fool in a high station, is like a man on the top of a mountain—everybody appears small to him, and he appears small to everybody else.

All nature is a vast symbolism,

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

We cannot see by the light of yesterday, nor subsist long upon yesterday's food. We need continual supplies every moment. So long as we feel our weakness, and lean upon an Almighty arm, we are safe, but no longer.

Agriculture is both a science and an art, requiring both an educated head and a skillful hand.

PROFANENESS.—If there are hypocrites in religion, there are, also, strange as it may appear, hypocrites in impiety—men who make an ostentation of more irreligion than they possess. An ostentation of this nature, the most irrational in the records of human folly, seems to lie at the root of profane swearing. It may not be improper to remind such as indulge this practice, that they need not insult their Maker to show that they do not fear Him—that they may relinquish this vice without danger of being supposed to be devout, and that they may safely leave it to other parts of their conduct to efface the smallest suspicion of their piety. To view this practice in the most favorable light, it indicates, as has been observed by a great writer, "a mind over which religious considerations have little influence." It also sufficiently accounts for that propensity to ridicule piety, which is one of our national peculiarities.

In the past the chief study has been to take the greatest weight of grain from lands; in future, the chief care will be to take the greatest weight of meat from an acre.

The good time coming will begin when the horse-power in farm work eats coal instead of corn, and when the scum of cities enriches the earth instead of polluting air and defiling water.

Calmness is the most abundant origin of all that is keen and deep in the movements of the mind; it is the essence of judgment, the author of penetration, the substitute of invention.

To the honor of the sex and in acknowledgment of the wise mercy of God, it must be admitted women are more conscientious in their parental duties than men.

OBJECTS OF CHARITY.—These are ripe for charity who are withered by age or impotency, especially if maimed in following their calling, for such are industry's martyrs, at least her confessors. Add to these those that with diligence fight against poverty, though neither conquer till death make it a drawn battle. Expect not, but prevent their craving of thee, for God forbid the heavens should never rain till the earth first opens her mouth, seeing some grounds will sooner burn than chap.

"If we are to live after death, why don't we

have some knowledge of it?" said a sceptic to a clergyman—"Why didn't you have some knowledge of this world before you came into it?" was the caustic retort.

Home is made "sweet home" where cordiality and affectionate love prevail.

RELIGION MANIFEST.—I would not give much for your religion unless it can be seen. Lamps do not talk, but do shine. A light-house sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet, far over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by your conduct, and it shall not fail to be illustrious.

The young man who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, who never gets into debt, who gains friends by deserving them, and who saves his spare money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this old dusty highway, but the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having, good fortune, good name, and serene old age, all go in this road.

THE DEAD CHILD.—The little child is dead, dead! Move softly round the house; tread reverently when you near the room where the beautiful form lies in its little coffin. How still! the very shroud seems sculptured; you never knew how lovely he was until now; you never knew half his gentle virtues. Over your heart the memory of his sweet smiles hovers like an angel; his eye was brighter than any you will ever see again; his voice more musical than the sweetest lute. O, why will the stranger pass on unheeding? why does the school boy laugh and shout, even beneath the window where he lies? How can travellers rattle by so heedlessly—go on with its shows, its farces, its pleasure-seeking, its tumults of peace and war, joy and hatred, when loving, happy-hearted Willie sleeps unknowing all? Alas! the little child is dead, and fain would the stricken soul clothe all the world in mourning.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

The tear for others' woe that's given,
Or pity's whispered prayer,
Ascends like incense up to heaven,
And claims a blessing there.

When pomp and pride had thrown
Their offering to the poor,
A humble widow stood alone,
And gave her little store;
Though small the gift—'twas all her hoard,
And angels with delight
Did in the Book of Life record
That lowly widow's mite.

Pleasure is seldom found where it is sought—our brightest blazes of gladness being commonly kindled by unexpected sparks.

We have three friends that are useful to us—a sincere friend, a faithful friend, a friend that examines what is told him, speaks little; but we have three also whose friendship is pernicious—a hypocrite, a flatterer, and a great talker.

Parents often see their faults reflected in their children and want to break the glass.

KENTUCKY FREEMASON.

EDITORS.

A. G. HODGES and Rev. H. A. M. HENDERSON.

FRANKFORT, KY.....AUGUST, 1869.

HOW TO REMIT.

Subscribers to this paper will remit by a "Post Office Order," if practicable. If they remit money, let it be done in a "Registered Letter," as all Postmasters are required to remit in Registered Envelopes. We will not be responsible for loss unless money be sent us as directed.

Bro. Jas. A. Dawson is the General Agent for the Southern Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Louisville. Brethren who may wish to subscribe to the Freemason may do so with him, as he has kindly consented gratuitously to receive and receipt for subscriptions to our Journal.

We call the attention of the Craft to the Kentucky Freemason Job Printing Office. Brethren who may desire printing done in the neatest manner and upon the cheapest terms, can have it expeditiously executed by sending it to our office. All such favors are direct helps to the support of our Masonic Journal. Lodges desiring constitutions, By-Laws, Odes &c., can have them furnished by us on such terms as challenge competition.

The Masonic discussion between Bro. Williams and Dr. Walsh "drags its slow length along."

Dr. Walsh is an artful dodger. If he is hit on one cheek he turns the other. Bro. Williams is giving him a good slapping. We wish Dr. Walsh would stick to the issue, that the discussion might be ended the sooner.

We venture to say that "the Banner of Christ" never had so much excellent matter in it before. Bro. Williams made his *debut* upon its pages. People will begin to think, after a while, that it really is a *religious* journal.

We direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement of "The Daughters' College," at Harrodsburg Ky., and under the supervision of that finished scholar, and eminent Mason—Bro. Jno. Augustus Williams L. L. D.

The attention of the fraternity is especially directed to the advertisement of the "Princeton Masonic Female Academy" which appears elsewhere in our columns.

The "Kentucky Military Institute" promises to have the most prosperous year of its history, to begin with the Academical session in September. More than a score of Southern cadets are already at the Institute.

We congratulate Bro. Allen on the auspicious omens, which presage an unexampled prosperity for this noble school.

The "Keystone" (Philadelphia) is treating its readers to some beautiful Architectural designs.

The "Freemason" (St. Louis) is a 24 page monthly journal, and has a fine element of support in a good batch of advertisements.

It is ably edited, and Bro. Gouley is lightning on the Scottish rite and Negro Masonry.

We have been informed that T. M. Lillard Lodge, No. 331, celebrated the 24th of June, by a picnic basket meeting, in a beautiful woods adjoining the village of Verona, in Boone county.

The day was bright, and at the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M., a crowd of one thousand or more persons were in attendance.

The brethren had erected a speaker's stand, with commodious seats surrounding. The Lodge, together with many visiting brethren of sister Lodges, formed in procession at their Hall and marched to the Woods, when Bro. J. M. COLLINS delivered a most beautiful and instructive address of more than an hour in length, after which the audience were invited to a most sumptuous lunch, prepared by the good wives and sisters of the members of the Lodge; and ladies of the vicinity.

After dining, the audience repaired to their seats and listened to a short and appropriate address from Bro. T. M. LILLARD, in honor of whom the Lodge was named. After which the audience quietly dispersed.

During the whole day, in so large an audience, there was not the slightest disturbance; and, in fact, the order and attention was perfect.

A castor of vinegar cruets lately was on the table in Chicago—a sour and miserable set of busy-bodies calling themselves Anti-Masons.

They will do very well for greens.

They resolved until they reduced themselves to vapor and gas—the cloud of a single summer's day, and the light of a transient hour.

Poor fellows! they are as silly as the Thracian who shot his arrow at a thunder-bolt, or the child who tried to blow out the sun with a pout and a puff, or the idiot that thought to dry up the sea with a lucifer match.

They furnished a comically for the great Mimus of Masonry. We have had a good laugh—thanks to the Anti-Masonic Convention.

Redford's History of Methodism (Second Volume) lies open before us. We have just been pouring over its pages with all the rapture of a sentimental maiden over a dreamy romance. It tells the story of a moral chivalry, which made Kentucky as famous in the pulpit, as her pioneers have become as woodsmen, hunters, and warriors. The book, made up as it is, of the nicest tid-bits of biography would interest any reader of any Church, or of none.

It is dramatic. Its characters act before the mind, and as the curtain of each chapter falls; the reader feels as if he had been gazing upon a spectacle, and listening to the brave words of heroes.

Dr. Redford has done his work well. The matter has been collected with that industry so essential to the historian, and put together with the skill of the analyst and rhetorician.

The two volumes, already before the public, have met with a sale unprecedented with any work of the kind.

They are to be followed by two others, bringing the History down to 1844, when the Great Separation took place in body of American Methodism.

Those who suppose Mr. Redford's work to be Sectarian, will find themselves greatly mistaken by reading it. Baptists, Presbyterians, and other denominations will find many scraps of history pertaining to their own Churches, agreeably dispersed throughout its pages, and in no case will have the opportunity of complaint against the amiable and Catholic author.

ST. JOHN'S DAY, IN BOURBON COUNTY KENTUCKY.

Was celebrated in a most becoming manner at Flat Rock by Hope Lodge No. 286. A very large attendance of Companions and Brethren were present from Paris, Millersburg, Clintonville, North Middletown, Winchester, Carlisle, Mount Sterling, and other places, who were formed into procession by Companion McCauley as Grand Marshal, accompanied by an excellent Brass Band from Carlisle, and marched to the spacious shady grove of Mr. Joseph Wilson, preceded and followed by a very large concourse of ladies and gentlemen. After all were comfortably seated Bro. Patterson of North Middleton offered an impressive prayer, and the R. W. Chas. Eginton D. G. M., delivered a most eloquent and appropriate address. A recess was then had, and the large crowd present partook of a sumptuous repast, consisting of every good thing of the season, and at 2 P. M., being again assembled around the stand, were further addressed by Bro. Eginton, and then, under the admirable management of the Grand Marshal, marched into town, and upon dispersing congratulated each other upon having been present to partake of the great pleasure which all had enjoyed.

The Masonic Token (Portland, Maine,) for July is on our table. It is a dear little mottled Masonic bird's egg, which when brooded in the mind, will never fail to produce and pour fourth its song of cheerfulness.

We have received one number of the "Michigan Freemason," a new candidate for the Masonic patronage in the North-west. We welcome the *Michigander* to our exchange list. We find its columns filled with interesting matter and invite its Editor to a free scissor-use of our columns—since what is "fair for the goose is fair for the gander."

Masonic Tydings (Warsaw N. Y.,) is indeed a news-bearer. It gives able digests of Masonic matters, and always interests us with its tastefully selected miscellaneous matter. A good Editor is seen as much by the way in which he handles the blades, as in the use he makes of his pen.

Who are the Knights in Frankfort and what Knightly deeds do they do? On what nights do they meet?

The Board of Directors of the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home, Louisville, are anxious to get a first class Agent. We are hopeful of the noble enterprize, and trust that no mistake will be made in the selection of one to prosecute its claims on the order throughout the State.

Grand Chaplain Jno. H. Linn, D. D., has gone to Baltimore and takes charge of the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Sir Knight R. A. Holland was the orator at the late Commencement of Washington College, Va.—of which Gen'l. Robt. E. Lee is President.

We were in a Lodge lately and heard the question asked: "Is the Lodge ready for the question?" This was unmasonic. The Master is the sole judge when debate shall be closed, and the question put.

We, also, state that such a thing as calling for the previous question is un-masonic.

THE ECLIPSE.

On the 7th of August occurred in our latitude a total eclipse of the sun.

An eclipse, is the darkening of the sun or moon, and is caused by some opaque (dark) body coming in between the earth, and the luminary eclipsed. An obscuration of the sun is called a solar eclipse. An eclipse of the sun is caused by the moon, when it comes between the earth and the sun, in her revolution eastward, and throws its shadow upon our world. Eclipses of the sun always come from the west, and pass over eastward.

In a central eclipse of the sun, the firmament is clothed in darkness, and the stars shine as in the night. During the great eclipse of 1806 ignorant people were very much alarmed, believing that some great catastrophe was about to occur in nature, and that "coming events" were "casting their shadows before;" the brute creation became much agitated and displayed the greatest restlessness.

So accurately can Astronomers take measurements of the movements of the heavenly bodies, and forecast the relative position of the spheres, that the eclipse just taken place has been fore-known to them for many years.

Barlow's Planetarium—constructed perfectly on the model of the solar system displays this eclipse, showing that the universe is constructed upon the truest mechanical principles.

The fact that eclipses can be calculated with momentary exactness as to time and the line of latitudes in which they may be observed, and that they may be mechanically illustrated, as in Barlow's Planetarium, demonstrate the truth of the copernican theory of the universe, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Taking advantage of the fact that barbarians, who are totally ignorant of the scientific reasons for an eclipse, are universally frightened when one occurs, and believe them to be an indication of the displeasure of their gods, Columbus practiced a useful strategy upon the aborigines of St. Domingo in 1502. The barbarians had refused him the shelter of their harbor, and threatened him and his crew with instantaneous destruction should he drop his anchor in their waters. They also peremptorily refused to supply him with provisions for which he stood in such pressing need.

The quick wits of the great navigator came to his relief. He knew that an eclipse of the moon would take place that night, so he told them that the Great Spirit was grieved at their course, and would afford them the proof of his displeasure that very night.

The savages looked for the omen and sure enough the moon was darkened as Columbus predicted, and they were glad enough to revoke their determination and offered Columbus harbor and supplies.

Superstitious people believe that the eclipse is a sign of the near end of the world. Science thoroughly explains the phenomenon and sensible people see the spectacle without alarm, delight in the works of God's hand, and to go to worship on the on the succeeding day as they have been accustomed to do.

We went down to Shelbyville to view the eclipse through the fine refracting Telescope of Shelby College. This instrument is 10 ft. 4 in. focal length; the aperture of the object-glass seven five-tenths inches; cost \$3,500; was constructed by the celebrated Optical and Mathematical instrument maker Merz, and was purchased in 1850.

It is the largest in the West, except the one in the Observatory of Cincinnati.

The largest in this country is at Cambridge.

The United States Nautical Observatory at Washington and Harvard University had a corps of scientific men at Shelbyville to take observations.

THE DOORS TYLED.

The guardian of a Masonic Lodge stands without the portals, with a drawn sword, to protect the entrance to our sacred temple.

This very circumstance shows that Masonry is considered as something worth protecting from the ruthless gaze of the profane multitude. The question then arises, are we, within, to be so hospitable as to open wide the gates of our Arcanum to all who may knock for admission? Nay: certain qualifications are indispensable. Not only must a man be upright in his consciousness of himself, but he must be *under the tongue of good report*. It may be one's misfortune, rather than crime, to have incurred the animadversions and maledictions of his fellows, but we owe it to the character of the Order, and to our own good and untarnished names, that we run no risk of compromising the one, or of putting a blot upon the other.

It will not do for a Mason, nor a Lodge of Masons to say: "We believe the man has been slandered, and therefore, we will receive him and throw around him the protection of our good names." The verdict of public judgement *cannot* be avoided in the case of candidates for the honors of Masonry. Let him remain without, until he can silence the voice of popular calumny, and when he can come without the animadversion of the world sounding in his, and our ears, then let us welcome him to the fellowship of Ancient Masonry.

We must pursue this course as a matter of self-protection. A man *must* have a good reputation in the outside world before he can, according to the Ancient Landmarks, be received to our mysteries and confidence. The Lodge cannot be the judge of a man's innocence or guilt in any specific transaction, or course of conduct.

The applicant *must* be under the tongue of good report, or the doors are tyled against him.

Another pre-condition to crossing our threshold is that a man should have a desire and a purpose *to learn to subdue his passions*. The libertine and the pimp are as much out of place in our sacred retreat as a devil would be in Heaven. Our Lodge-rooms are the temples of virtue, and the shrine at which we bow is consecrate and vocal with our vows to chastity. When the sensualist approaches our gates let the Tyler display the edge and point of his sword.

When it is known that a man frequents the bagnio, or otherwise violates the law of purity; when it is known that he is bound in the adamant chains of a depraved passion, none but black balls can express the constitution and landmarks of Masonry when the ballot is spread to determine his case.

It is equally so in the case of the drunkard. If an insatiable habit has wound its toils around the unhappy victim, and "second nature" brutal in its aptitudes and instincts has taken possession of his being, that individual is barred from legal access to Masonry. The doors are tyled against the admission of the libertine and the drunkard, and that Mason is recreant to his trust who does

not clothe the Tyler's sword with the authority of the repudiating ballot.

Nor are we to throw down the barriers by a free invitation to those whose ignorance unfits them for a clear perception of our mysteries, and a thorough receptiveness of our ethics. The object which the neophyte, shrouded in darkness, announces as he gropes his way over our portals, is that he may improve himself in Masonry; and that his greatest desire is light. Now if we know that the native capacities and acquired facilities of the candidate are not adequate to a thorough mastery of Masonic tradition and science, it is our duty to arrest his progress, at whatever stage the discovery may be made. It is, for instance, the height of folly to advance an Entered Apprentice to the degree of a Fellow-Craft, before he has learned even the names of the tools with which he is expected to work. And it is grossly criminal to make a Master Mason of one who has never learned the plainest details of quarry work.

What, in operative Masonry, would be thought of a "working men's union," that should allow a bungling Apprentice, who did not know how to hold his chisel or trowel, to enter into full counsel with the skilled Craftsmen, and even draw his caricatures of design on the trestle-boards of the master-builders?

It would be seen at once that such a course would defeat the end of the "Union," lower the dignity of the Craft, and bring confusion into the plans which the artisans pursue in the prosecution of their work.

It is none the less the case in Speculative Masonry. Every Entered Apprentice should be able to *teach* the work of his degree before he is advanced to the honor and labors of the Fellow-Craft. Let him "serve his time." And so, *pari passu* with Masonic promotion should go thorough knowledge of the subordinate stations through which the candidate has passed. In Masonry *numbers* do not constitute *power*.

Twelve enlightened Masons, illustrating the principles of the fraternity in their daily walk and conversation, set forth a finer exhibition of Masonic power than one hundred could do, among whom there were but a dozen, who, if the Lodge were winnowed of its chaff, would be found to be sound, golden grain.

The muster-roll of an army is not the best exponent of its strength. Its undisciplined numbers may constitute the very elements of its weakness, and provide the very conditions of its mortifying defeat when the hour of battle arrives.

Masonic veterans are those who have often been tried and who have never disappointed the expectations of those who entered into trial with them.

Masonry is not a *universal* brotherhood; that is, it is not designed for every man. There must be fitness for Masonic honor. Masonry seeks to produce the *conditions* which will finally produce a universal brotherhood, but in order to this ultimate end it must be scrupulously guarded against the introduction of unworthy members, and indolent workmen.

Drones may have their office in a hive, by providing the conditions for cultivating charity and benevolence among the busy bees, and this is the only possible end that a lazy and ignorant man can serve in the active work-shop of Freemasonry.

We freely admit that there are bad men *in*, but this is only a reason why we should seek to get such *out*, and to prevent others from *getting in*, to

desecrate our tessellated carpet with their unhal-
lowed feet.

No one will contend that Judas was an orna-
ment to the Apostolic College, or Arnold a grace
to the staff of the American army. We suppose
that the sun would shine brighter if it were not for
the spots upon its disc.

All good things have their spots, but this don't
prove that spots are desirable things.

A little diamond, clear to its centre, and its
points all shining with distinguishable light, is
more valuable, than a big diamond flawed and
flameless.

Let us have ten upright Masons, even though
we have to bear with a denying Peter, and a be-
traying Judas. Don't let us fill up with Judases
who will betray us in the hour of our need.

Because the sun of Masonry has its opaque
spots, do not let us deliberately take a pot of
lamp-black, and make others.

Our Order has passed through its fiery trials,
but they were kindled from without and not
within.

Those fires were refining and served to remove
the dross from the fine gold. It is not persecu-
tion, but the more imminent danger of prosperi-
ty we have to fear.

Everywhere, there is a revival of interest in
our Institution. Our tables are covered with ap-
plications. We are liable to be misled, or to be
lax in our scrutiny of those who seek admission.
We are open to imposition not so much from cow-
ans and caves-droppers as from the introduction
of unworthy members.

Let us not be deluded into the fearful mistake
of estimating our prosperity by the multitude who
may desire to join us. Let us seek to correct the
errors of those already within the sanctuary, and
to subjugate ourselves thoroughly to the sway of
the noble principles of Brotherly Love, Faith,
Hope, Charity, Fortitude, Patience, Truth and
Relief. Thus like load stones, our Lodges will
attract to their bosom, all who are worthy of a
place in the lofty line of Ancient Masonry.
Again, we say, see that the doors are tyled.

ROUND ABOUT.

We took a run up to Mt. Sterling, via Winches-
ter, returning through North Middletown and
Paris.

On the stage from Lexington to Winchester we
had the pleasure of riding with Secretary Brown-
ing, late of President Johnson's Cabinet. We
found him to be an open-minded, broad-hearted
and dignified gentleman, and our conversation
with him ran as smoothly as if we had been ac-
quainted for years, and had mingled in the same
pursuits and scenes.

He was on his way to visit Judge Simp-
son (formerly of the Court of Appeals) who re-
sides at Winchester, and is a brother-in-law of
Secretary Browning. At Winchester we found
Bro. W. T. Poynter waiting at the Stage office,
wearing one of his broadest smiles,—which, by
the way, would make you feel that there was sun-
shine in his soul,—and in readiness to conduct us
to his very pleasant home.

Bro. Poynter—was lately (two years ago) en-
gaged in the Bank. He resigned his lucrative
position and entered the ministry of the Metho-
dist Episcopal Church, *South*, and was stationed
by the Conference at Winchester, in response to
the expressed wish of its citizens, without respect
to Church relations.

Considering that he had been in business con-
tact with the citizens for more than twelve years,
the compliment was a great one. He is an indus-
trious Mason, as well as an indefatigable pastor.

Next morning we had a pleasant buggy ride
with a good old Bourbon farmer to Mt. Sterling—
talking by the way of crops, stock and religion.

We were somewhat astonished to see such rich
crops. The wheat harvest, just over, had yielded
the richest return to the husbandman's toil, and
here and there, the horse-power thresher was
doing its swift work. The corn-fields groaned
with a plenty that seemed to laugh defiance at a
seven-year famine.

The spring and summer in Clark and Montgom-
ery has been more seasonable than with us. We
were told that being situated near the base of the
mountains, the clouds being collected by their
lofty peaks, they were seldom without the early
and the latter rain. In fact, we were informed,
by competent authority that the counties of Bath
and Montgomery were the greatest corn-produc-
ing counties in the State, one year with another.

At Mt. Sterling we were taken in charge by
Judge Peters, of the Court of Appeals, and for
three days were most handsomely entertained.
Without burdening with their attentions, he and
his estimable wife make their guest to feel.

"No more a stranger nor a guest
But like a child at home."

We are especially indebted to Mr. Berkely, Esq.
Winn, Judge Apperson, Major Turner, and Rev.
Mr. Cooper for hospitable attentions while in
Mt. Sterling.

Mt. Sterling, like a Phoenix, is rising out of
the ashes of war.

The Christian Church, recently completed, is an
ornament to the town, and would do credit to a
city. It is constructed with Architectural taste,
has a tall and graceful tower, and is handsomely
frescoed inside. It will cost, when the basement
is completed about \$30,000.

The Methodists have also completed a beauti-
ful House of Worship, which was to be dedicated the
ensuing Sabbath by Bishop Kavanaugh.

It is gratifying to witness the vast improve-
ment of rural taste in the matter of Church Ar-
chitecture. Now, the Church is ungrudgingly
made as ornamental as the means of the town or
neighborhood will allow; and many a meeting-
house is looked upon, by the citizens, with a pride
and reverence in no degree inferior in intensity
to the feeling that expands the soul of the dweller
near Trinity, or the ancient Cathedrals of Church-
abounding Europe.

We saw the Craftsmen at work upon a new Ma-
sonic Lodge, which is to be erected at a cost of
\$25,000

This enterprise indicates a healthy condition of
the Lodge in Mt. Sterling. Cannot the brethren
up there give us a handsome list of subscribers to
the Kentucky Freemason.

Returning we rode in a rockaway, having most
agreeable lady-company to Paris.

Beautiful land-scapes, that only need the green
hedge-row of English still-life to make them per-
fect, line the road on either side. Truly, Kentuck-
ians may be pardoned boasting, for surely.

"The world has no such glorious homes
To show the human eye."

There is a charm in her blue-grass pastures,
her rolling woodlands, her emerald-carpeted lawns
her chaplet-crowned hills—if you please, her "big-
uddered cows," sleek horses and mules, her berk-
shires and south-downs—so great that no other

scenes can break the enchantment that the wand
of her wizzard beauty and plenty holds over the
hearts of her sons and daughters.

Kentucky isn't a good State to emigrate from.

Look yonder, on that blue-grass lawn, at that
drove of mules having fed to surfeiting, are gath-
ered in groups round that glorious old elm; heads
toward the trunk, snugly compact as a flower-girl
in Paris would dispose a bouquet. The tree an-
swers for the stem; it is a Bourbon bouquet. Hark!
over the hills comes the voice of asinine melody—
the orchestral strains of a Bourbon Piano.

We have got a kind heart for old Bourbon (not
the whiskey—the county) including its asses.

We arrived in Paris half-an-hour before the
cars we wished to take. Signs of thrift meet the
eye on every hand. We stepped into the beauti-
ful Drug-store of Chambers and Wainright—just
completed—and no sooner were greetings ex-
changed, than Jeff Oxley had a fragrant Havana
smoking in our lips.

We get a good deal out of life, here a little and
there a little, and we for one like to live, love our
State, and love her people who are always ready
with some token of good-will.

Nothing mars the pleasure of our visits to Paris
but that miserable old Court-House—that vile
slander on the taste and liberality of our native
county.

If we were an Editor in Paris we would almost
make steel pens melt with the warmth we would
exhibit in denouncing that dilapidation, and in
urging that a fit structure, becoming the wealth
and worth of the county, should speedily take its
place.

The cars whistled us to the depot, and soon we
were whisking homeward, and here we are on the
tripod, with a miserable "devil" at our elbow re-
morsefully crying "copy!"

Take this, you black imp, and be off.

The only way we can resist this "Devil" that
he may fly from us, is to give him that which he
asks with such Satanic grin.

Let us have peace.

Mr. Alex. Brawner a Master-builder of this
City has secured a patent for leveeing overflowed
lands.

In the midst of the embankment a plank wall
is placed, dividing the river and inner side
into separate sections; the joints of the plank are
broken as bricks in a wall,—these joints soon fill
up with earth and make the planking water tight;
the posts to which the planking is fastened extend
above the ground sufficiently for a fence; in case
the overflow should touch the top of the earth-
work the planter can arrest it by merely nailing
on plank above it, giving him time to raise the
height of the outer levee.

A drop of water is an engineer that can work
through the banks of a levee; it tunnels a way for
its fellows and they, rushing, prepare for all be-
hind them.

Craw-fish make channels through which the
water percolates, enlarges the way, and thus the
great crevasses are formed. Water-drops nor
Craw-fish can bore through a cypress plank.
These destructive engineers will be arrested in
their progress when they reach the plank wall,
and thus the rich alluvial lands of the Mississippi
valley and its tributaries are to be rescued, and
preserved from inundation.

We are having a wood-cut of the improvement
made, and in the next number will present the il-
lustration for the benefit of our Southern readers.

For the Kentucky Freemason.
AN INCIDENT IN THE CAMP HOSPITAL AT INDIANAPOLIS.

Through the kindness of a Physician and a Minister of the Gospel, I was permitted to visit one of the Prison Hospitals. In one of the wards I was attracted by the comely, round face of a youth who had seen about 17 summers, with bright blue eyes, which were rendered brighter by the fever which was then burning in them. I walked to the side of his poor cot and laid my hand soothingly upon his forehead, I said to him, "you seem to be very sick." Never will I forget the look of that boy as he gazed into my face, and said "I wish I could see my mother." I was completely overwhelmed I sat down by his side and wept tears bitter tears for that mother.

When I could compose myself to look at him again his eyes were closed, and big tears on each cheek lay like a jewel on a ruby leaf. His lips moved. He breathed a name distinct and clear, "Mother" that hallowed name of love. Dearer to him than all on earth besides. Remembrance seemed to hover over every incident of his childhood days, when her presence gavelife its charm; when her affection turned aside the arrows of misfortune—her gentleness alleviated the pang of distress—when her tenderness smoothed the pillow of sickness, and her hand held the aching head of pain—her smile which beamed upon him, and ever the brightest when the world was frowning. These were not forgotten. But oh! how bitterly he seemed to feel that he was traveling alone the pathway to the grave, with no kind mother to minister to his wants—to soothe his pains and smooth his feverish pillow. I tried in my feeble way to comfort him, by telling him he was not alone. That God was with him, that he must trust in him, that He would lead him to mansions where sickness would never come, where parting would be no more, where he would meet that loved mother in the Paradise of God.

A KENTUCKY LADY.

A fire lately occurred in the Trade Palace—occupying the lower floor of the Masonic Temple in Louisville, destroying about forty thousand dollars worth of property for Mr. Neal the proprietor of the store. The Masonic Temple Company will not lose anything—their loss being covered by Insurance.

The Grand Hall is being thoroughly refitted after the latest style, and will be transformed into an elegant Opera House. It will be ready for occupancy in October.

MASONRY/MASONRY.

"All the plans of Freemasonry are pacific. It cooperates with our blessed religion in regulating the tempers, restraining the passions, sweetening the dispositions, and harmonizing the discordant interests of man, breathes a spirit of universal love and benevolence; adds one thread more to the silken cord of evangelical charity, which binds man to man; and seeks to entwine the cardinal virtues and christian graces in the web of the affections, and the drapery of the conduct.

"The Rev. T. M. HARRIS,
(United States.)"

"I have ever felt it my duty to support and encourage the principles and practices of Masonry, because it powerfully develops all the social and benevolent affections; because it mitigates without, and annihilates within, the virulence of political and theological controversy; because it affords the only neutral ground on which men of all ranks and classes can meet on perfect equality, and as-

sociate without degradation, or mortification, whether for the purpose of moral instruction or social enjoyment.

"The late Right Hon. the Earl of DURHAM,
(P. D. G. M.)"

"The aid and moral purport of Masonry is to subdue our passions, not to do our own will, to make a daily progress in a laudible art, to promote morality, charity, good fellowship, good nature and humanity.

"The Rev. JAMES ANDERSON, D. D.,
(P. G. W.)"

"Masonry is one of the most sublime and perfect institutions that ever was formed for the advancement of happiness and general good to mankind, creating in all its varieties, universal benevolence and brotherly love. It teaches us those useful, wise and instructive doctrines upon which alone true happiness is founded, and at the same time affords those easy paths by which to attain the rewards of virtue; it teaches us the duties which we owe to our neighbor,—never to injure him in any one situation, but to conduct ourselves with justice and impartiality; it bids us not to divulge the mystery to the public, and it orders us to be true to our trust, to be above all meanness and dissimulation, and in all our avocations to perform religiously that which we ought to do.

"H. R. H. the Duke of SUSSEX,
(P. G. M.)"

"Freemasons are a public benefit to the world, uniting in the strongest ties the people of all countries, their language is as general as that of the eyes, and in all parts of the globe it is understood by communicative signs it has become peculiarly valuable, and Freemasons possess, what the learned have sought in vain, an invariable cypher for general communication, a sort of personal shorthand.

"Freemason's Magazine, p. 11, A. D. 1793."

"Masonry has no principle but what might still more ornament the purest mind, nor any appendage but what might give additional lustre to the brightest character.

"The Rev. JETHRO INWOOD,
P. Prov. G. C."

MASONIC SYMBOLISM—ITS INFLUENCE ON CHARACTER.

Masonry is a moral science, taught by symbols, and as such exerts a formative influence on character. There is no need to argue its superiority over other methods of instruction. Just as soon should we think it incumbent upon us to prove that the study of maps as a method of ascertaining the situation, extent and boundaries of countries preferable to a word description. What the map is to the mind of the student of geography, or the chart to the mariner, are symbols to the mind of every true Mason. When the student of the geography of the earth has seen the shape, boundaries, and relative size of a country, he has a clear and vivid idea of the facts thus elucidated and they are fixed strongly in the memory. So when the Mason studies the Masonic map of the virtues and duties of men, he has clear and luminous views of those principles which altogether form the character of the true man or Mason.

Masonic symbolism has an advantage over the map and chart of the material world, in that it is composed of the most common implements of handicraft, and hence, in some of its forms, it is sacred ever present with the devoted student of its ancient mysteries. The common implement becomes to him a book filled with great practical truths; teaching pure moral lessons; imposing great duties which must be performed. Thus, whenever the implement with which the cement is spread which unites the buildings in one common mass is exhibited to the well-taught Mason he sees something more than the blade and the handle—the simple tool of the bricklayer. It reveals to him important truths. It reminds him of unchanging principles. It preached him a sermon, which, though not audible to other ears, yet reaches the inmost recesses of his soul, and compels him to be, unless a recreant to every principle of righteousness, a brother to his fellows in act and

word. It teaches him that as a Mason he must liberally spread the cement of fraternal love; that the moral edifice formed of living stones shall be neither unstable, unsightly, nor unworthy of the Master whose temple it is. How much more forcible comes this lesson, under the symbol so aptly and appropriately chosen to illustrate it, than if couched even in "language such as angels use."

Again: Take that other symbol of justice between man, by which every Mason is taught to square his actions. It is only a simple implement used by the builder, from time immemorial, with which to lay out his work and to correct his angles. Only this, and nothing more to the untaught mechanic. To him it is serviceable in the prosecution of his trade, but conveys no admonition; it reveals no duty—it presents no moral. How different to the well-instructed Mason! In that implement, dust-covered and begrimed with earth, he reads great moral truths that underlie the whole structure of society. Therein he sees divine principles asserted—undeviating laws written by God's own fingers, established. It becomes invested with a value by others unseen and unappreciated, but which to him is incalculable. Looking on that symbol of a just and honest life, he recalls the solemn pledges he has made to the brethren that he will square his actions by the square of his virtue, and susceptible to holy promptings must be he who does not feel strengthened in good intentions and stimulated to a correct and upright life whenever he looks upon the symbol of Masonic justice between man and man.

To speak of still another of the most common implements used by the builder by which we are taught to circumscribe and keep our passions within bounds. It is one of the ancient implements of operative or practical Masonry. But it is also almost as ancient as a symbol of speculative or moral Masonry. Invested with the importance with which speculative Masonry has given it, the compass becomes something more than a tool with which to strike circles or describe courses. Those taught in symbolic mysteries know that the most valuable tenets of Freemasonry may be found between its points, and that while they keep within that charmed circle it is impossible they should materially err. And he who reads moral lessons in symbols which he sees, or perhaps handles every day, must be imbued by them to some extent, and he who heeds their teachings cannot be a bad man.

I have chosen these, the most common implements of both ancient and modern builders, as samples of the whole symbolism of Masonry. Others exist whose teachings have encouraged the despondent to fight on and ever—for the right and the true—have made the weak strong, and wavering firm—have fortified the hope of the despairing, and given a brighter and a stronger faith to the doubting heart. But we need not now particularize. Instead of being "a spectacle to amuse full grown boys," the symbolism of Masonry becomes a system of mutual assistance and encouragement. In the night of misfortune, it teaches human brotherhood in a world lying in wickedness, it inculcates rectitude of life; in the midst of passion and turmoil, it enjoins a due restraint upon the propensities of our nature, and if its voice is heeded, and its lessons cherished, the symbolism of Masonry performs what nothing short of Divine grace has ever yet accomplished—makes the evil in human hearts subservient to the good. Because of man's perverseness, it may not accomplish all this, but its tendency ever and always is in that direction, and by so much are mankind benefited.—W. Rounseville, in *Mystic Star*.

MASONIC MEASURE.—A Masonic pound weighs sixteen ounces, and is at least evenly balanced.

A Masonic yard is thirty-six inches, and is not shortened by the handling of the stick.

A Masonic ton is two thousand pounds, and is not roughly judged, but conscientiously handled.

A Masonic bushel contains two hundred and thirty-one cubic inches, and is filled brimful.

A Masonic day's work is for the time paid for and is faithfully and diligently engaged in the employer's business.

A Masonic bargain or sale is one in which there is neither cheating for profit nor lying for gain.

An eminent artist lately painted a snow-storm so naturally that he caught a bad cold by sitting too near it with his coat off.

EACH MOMENT CALLS.

BY MARY E. MACKINTOSH.

One by one the sands are falling,
Falling from the glass of life;
One by one the moments calling,
Urge us onward to the strife—
Urge us to gird on the armor,
And press forward to the van,
Where the battle waxed warmer
For thy good, O brother man!

Glancing backward o'er the ages,
See we those with front sublime—
Barks inspired, and ancient sages,
God-like men of every time,
Who have struck the chord of glory
With a master's skillful hand,
And have left their lives' bright story
As a guardon to the land.

These have rent the clouds asunder
That would else impede our way,
And revealed to us the wonder
Of this new, completer day;
For to-day clasps all the treasures
Of the backward gliding years—
All the profits, all the pleasures,
All the conflicts, all the fears.

May it be our great endeavor
To press onward with the best;
Nothing daunted, may we never
Give ourselves a moment's rest.
Thinking that the hours will linger
For some noble work undone:
Time, with fixed, unerring finger,
Points us to the setting sun.

When the last brave word is spoken,
When the day for us is o'er,
When the glass of life is broken,
And the sands shall run no more—
When our deeds have been rewarded,
Both the evil and the good—
May we each have left recorded:
He has done the best he could.

Literary Gems.

A Sunday given to the soul, is the best of all means of refreshment to the mere intellect.—*Isaac Taylor.*

Good John Bunyan was once asked a question about Heaven which he could not answer, because the matter was not revealed in the Scriptures, and he therefore advised the inquirer to live a holy life and go and see.

Emerson was right when he said that men go abroad because they are nothing at home, they generally come back because they are nothing any where else.

A man who strives earnestly and perseveringly to convince others, at least convinces others of that he is convinced himself.—*Thomas.*

The design of nature is for the preservation of life in man to the full extent of permitted existence. Should circumstance or chance cause damage, nature will work at repair, and may be assisted by art; but should nature be overcome, art is of no avail. Life is the gift of God.—*Ellis.*

CHRISTIANITY.—“I desire that in judging of Christianity, it may be remembered that the question lies between this religion and none; for if the Christian religion be not credible, no one, with whom we have to do, will support the pretensions of any other.”—*Paley.*

The religious character of an institution so ancient, so sacred, so lawful, and so necessary to the peace, the comfort, and the respectability of so-

ciety, ought alone to be sufficient for its protection; but, that failing, surely the laws of the land made for its account, ought to be as strictly enforced as the laws of protection of person and property. If the Sunday laws be neglected or despised, the laws of person and property will soon share their fate, and be equally disregarded.—*Attorney General Bates.*

Philosophy, like everything else, in a Christian nation, should be Christian. We throw away the better half of our means when we neglect to avail ourselves of the advantages which starting in the right road gives us. It is idle to urge that, unless we do this, anti-christians will deride us. Curs bark at gentlemen on horseback, but who, except a hypochondriac, ever gave up riding on that account?—*Thomas Fuller.*

HOW TO TELL A GOOD BOOK.—If the book be of religion, and brings God nearer to my heart and life; if it be of humanity, and brings me nearer to the heart and life of man; if it be of philosophy, and makes this universe glow to me with new grace; or of metaphysics, and brings me more truly to myself; if it be the poem or story, adventure or history, or biography, and I feel that it makes me more of a man, more dutiful and sincere and trusty—then, no matter who wrote it, or what men say about it, the judgment is set in my own soul.—*Rev. Robert Collyer.*

There is no Christian grace which has in it a particle of self-existence. Faith, love, courage, are all sweet flowers, but their roots are in God. There may be streams of gratitude in your heart, but the springs thereof are in Him. Your soul may be devoted and consecrated, but the lock of your devotion will be shorn off, as was the hair of Samson, unless the eternal God preserves it.—*Spurgeon.*

LOVE.—The following exquisite passage we find in Tupper's "Crock of Gold":—"Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man when all else had failed. Reason he parries; fear he answers blow to blow; but love, that sun against whose melting beams winter cannot stand, that soft subduing slumber which wrestles down the giant, there is not one human creature in a million, not a thousand men in all earth's large quintillion, whose clay heart is hardened against love."

GREATNESS.—All greatness consists in this—in being alive to what is going on around one; in living actually; in giving voice to the thought of humanity; in saying to one's fellows what they want to hear or need to hear at that moment; in being the concretion, the result of the present world. In no other way can one affect the world than in responding thus to its needs, in embodying thus its ideas. You will see, in looking in history, that all great men have been a piece of their time; take them out and set them elsewhere, and they will not fit so well; they were made for their day and generation. The literature which has left any mark, which has been worthy of the name, has always mirrored what was doing around it; not necessarily daguerreotyping the mere outside, but at least reflecting the inside—the thoughts, if not the action of men—their feelings and sentiments, even if it treated of apparently far-off themes.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.—Blessed influence of

one true-loving human soul on another. Not calculable by algebra, not deducible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty, as the hidden process by which the tiny seed is quickened, and bursts forth into tall stem and broad leaf, and glowing tasseled flower. Ideas are often poor ghosts or sun-filled eyes cannot discern them; they pass athwart us in their vapor, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh; they breathe upon us with warm breath, they touch us with soft responsive hands; they look at us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones; they are clothed in a living human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power, then they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE ALL HAIL HEREAFTER.—I live, as did Simon, in the hope of seeing a brighter day. I do see gleams of dawn, and that ought to cheer me. I hope nothing from increased zeal in urging an imperfect, decaying form of Christianity. One higher, clearer view of religion rising on a single mind, encourages me more than the organization of millions to repeat what has been repeated for ages with little effect. The individual, here, is mightier than the world; and I have the satisfaction of seeing aspirations after this purer truth.—*Channing.*

It will not do for a man to fancy himself a painter, merely because he has a pot of colors by him, unless he knows how to lay them on.—*Curran.*

Dirt: matter in the wrong place.—*Palmerston.*

It is a wonderful error which leads some to suppose that ornamental composition is not plain. What can be more plain than the language of Tecumseh or Homer: yet what more richly decorated!—*Dr. E. Thomson.*

Along every Man's ladder, as on that of dreaming Jacob's, should be seen God's angles.—*Beecher.*

Every swell of the heaving storm shapes a grave—a church yard hillock on the surface of the sea; and could we still the waves and descend into the deep, there might we see far down, pillowed on the silvery sands, rows of sleepers who perished in the storm, or, in the shock of battle, or dying of wasting sickness far from land, were lashed to the rude plank and heaved overboard when all was calm and fair.—*McMillan.*

The Sabbath, as a political institution, is of inestimable value, independently of its claim to divine authority.—*Adam Smith.*

"Olivia," the correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, excuses the strongmindedness of Susan B. Anthony. "Let us," she says, "visit her faults tenderly. Baby lips have never pressed her hard cold cheek. She has bathed in that immeasurable sea of glory whose waves touch the gates of Paradise."

Says Ruskin: "You know that to give alms is nothing unless you give thought also, and that therefore it is written, not "Blessed is he that feedeth the poor," but "Blessed is he that considereth the poor."

The moment a man is satisfied with himself everybody else is dissatisfied with him.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevailleth.

Better to hope, though clouds hang low,
And to keep the eye still lifted; I
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are lifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour—as the proverb goes—
Is the hour before the dawning.

There's many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to Heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave, in the web of life,
A bright and golden filling;
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate minute threads
Of our curious life asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

AN AFFECTIONATE TRIBUTE.—The preface to the obituary of Henry J. Raymond in the New York Tribune of Saturday, closes with the following affectionate tribute to the memory of the editor of whom it is said, "he had no enemies:"

"While his hands were full of business and his life full of activeness, the strange, swift order came to him to leave all this for large occupation. There was no time to say his farewells to his old associates, but they crowd to say a tender farewell to him. There is no journalist to take his place: the epitome of his power is written thus. There is no friend to take his place: the epitome of his kindness and loyalty is written thus. Pure sunshine floods the earth this morning, and filters down in mist of gold on the cold sweet sward of Greenwood, where his eyes last looked on it. The golden mist will float above a new made grave, where he shall lay beside the lad he loved so much, and, shimmering in the sun, will seem to make a ladder through the shining air whereon the angels of the Lord shall ascend and descend.

"His hands are folded on his breast;
There is no other thought expressed
Than long disquiet merged in rest."

A NOVEL PHASE OF PATRIOTISM.—The Amherst, Mass., Express thinks it would be a good idea to offer the first chances of enlisting in the grand musical army at the jubilee at Boston to those who were so unfortunate as to find no opportunity for service in the days of fighting. It might be doing them a real kindness, as will be readily seen by those who at some future day, might listen to dialogues something as follows:

Master Charlie—(Who has been reading the history of the late war,) "Oh, what noble men they were who fought so bravely for the Union in the Great Rebellion! Why, grandfather, you must have been a young man then. Did you take any part in the war?"

Grandfather—"Ye-es that is—well no—not exactly—I didn't fight in any of the battles, but I sang in the Great Peace Jubilee."

S. Hall, a queer genius, had made frequent promises to his troubled friend, that he would put an end to himself. One stinging cold night he vowed he would go out and freeze to death.

About 11 o'clock he returned shivering and snapping his fingers.

"Why don't you freeze?" asked a loving relative.

"Golly," said the pseudo suicide, "when I freeze I mean to take a warmer night than this for it."

TRUE ELOQUENCE.—Milton thus defines it:—"True eloquence I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of truth; and that, whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others, when such a man would speak, his words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their own places."

THE LAMB SKIN.

More ancient than the golden fleece,
More dignified than Star
Or Garter, is the badge of peace
Whose ministers we are.

It is the badge of innocence,
And friendship's holy flame,
And if you ne'er give that offence,
It ne'er will give you shame.

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"Sunday is a day of account; and a candid account every seventh day is the best preparation for the great day of account."—Lord Kames.

A Christian bargain or sale is one in which there is neither cheating for profit nor lying for gain.—Living Epistle.

BE GENTLE.—If you cannot relieve, do not grieve the poor. Give them soft words if nothing else. Put yourself in the place of every poor man, and deal with him as you would God should deal with you.—John Wesley.

On Commemoration Day, at Charleston, S. C., Chief Justice Chase said: "The dead are not dead. They have only gone before, and now see eye to eye. Why may not we all borrow from their sacred graves oblivion of past differences, and henceforth unite in noble and generous endeavor to assure the honor and welfare of our whole country, of all her States and of all her citizens."

Love.—South, in one of his sermons, says, love is the great instrument of nature—the bond and cement of society—the spirit and spring of the universe. Love is such an affection as cannot properly be said to be in the soul, as the soul to be in that; it is the whole man wrapt in one desire.

The moment a man parts with his moral independence, that moment he judges of a duty, not from the inward voice, but from the interest and will of a party; the moment he commits himself to a leader or a party, and winks at evil because divisions would hurt the cause, that moment he shakes off his particular responsibility, because he is but one of a thousand or million by whom the evil is done.

Philosophers and physicians tell us that amusements are essential for the promotion of health—and home attractions the most rational, the safest and the best.

What would this world be without women? A perfect blank—like a sheet of paper—not even ruled.

One step backward is equal to two steps forward; hence retreating from duty is compound loss.

A bad omen—To owe men money.

Height of fashion—ladies' hair.

Why is flirtation like plate powder; Because it rubs up the spoons.

Solitude—A good place tew visit, but a poor place tew stay.

A "smile" that foretells sorrow—the one you take in a bar-room.

The bachelor has to look out for number one—the married man for number two.

They have at Portland, Me., what is called a "Widow's Wood Society." Who ever heard of a widow that wouldn't?

Things I don't like to see and hear. I don't like to see more than twenty children in the same family.

I don't like to see curls and slender waists, unless they are obtained honestly—but how's a fellow to tell?

What will help weak singers! The tonic. What is a slug? Almost any remark one singer makes about another.

What is a rest? Going out of the choir for refreshments during sermon time.

What is singing with an "understanding!" Marking time on the floor with your feet.

What is a symphony? Flirting with the soprano singer behind the organ.

How do you cause a discord? By praising a lady singer at the expense of a rival, who overhears you.

How is a shake produced; By catching the bellows-boy asleep when the choir is ready to sing.

What is a fiat? A singer who supposes herself or himself indispensable to the success of the choir.

What plant is in greatest favor with orchestral conductors? Thyme.

What vegetable do the members of orchestras care for the most? The beet.

What is a swell? A professor of music who pretends to know everything about the science, while he cannot conceal his ignorance.

If brooks are, as poets call them, the most joyous things of nature, what are they always murmuring about.

Why is a hen immortal? Because her son never sets.

A little girl, walking silently by her father's side one starry night, when asked what she was thinking, replied, "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be."

A countrywoman in New York visited Stewart's. "Such heaps of goods! Such lots of people!" And then, said she, "there were so many pretty little boys named Cash, and all about the same size! I didn't see Mrs. Cash; but I tell you she's got a mighty smart lot of young ones!"

There is a man in Boston so absent minded that, meeting his son on the street a day or two since, he extended his hand to him, and inquired: "How do you do? When is your father coming home?"

Truth is the golden sandal in which love must walk.

We are all like Penelope. We knit one day, and the next unravel what we knit.

It is what an act has in it that determines what is its power of usefulness.

Sin, like a poisonous weed, re-sows itself, and becomes eternal by reproduction.

Man is the chief monster that the earth ever bred.

What must that ocean-universe be, of which this earth is but a single drop?

REMARKABLE MASONIC INCIDENT.

The first Masonic funeral that ever occurred in California took place in the year 1849, and was performed over the body of a brother found drowned in the bay of San Francisco. An account of the ceremonies states that on the body of the deceased was found a silver mark of a Mason, upon which were engraved the initials of his name. A little further investigation revealed to the beholder the most singular exhibition of Masonic emblems that was ever drawn by the ingenuity of man upon the human skin. There is nothing in the history or traditions of Freemasonry equal to it. Beautifully dotted on his left arm, in red and blue ink, which time could not efface, appeared all the emblems of the entire apprenticeship. There were the Holy Bible, the square and the compass, the twenty-four inch gauge and common gavel. There were also the Masonic pavement, representing the ground floor of King Solomon's Temple, the intended tessel which surrounds it, and the blazing star in the centre. On his right arm, and artistically executed in the same indelible liquid, were the emblems pertaining to the Fellow Craft degree, viz: the square, the level and the plumb. There were also the five columns representing the five orders of architecture—the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, Composite.

In removing the garments from his body, the trowel presented itself, with all the other tools of operative Masonry. Over his heart was the pot of incense. On the other party of his body was the bee hive, the book of constitutions, guarded by the Tyler's sword, the sword pointed to a naked heart; the All-seeing eye; the anchor and ark, the hour-glass, the scythe, the forty seventh problem of Euclid; the sun, moon, stars and comets; the three steps emblematical of youth, manhood and age. Admirably executed was the weeping virgin, reclining on a broken column, upon which lay the book of constitutions. In her left hand she held the pot of incense, the Masonic emblem of a pure heart, and in her uplifted hand a sprig of Acacia, the emblem of the immortality of the soul.

Immediately beneath her stood winged Time, with his scythe by his side, which cuts the brittle thread of life, and the hour-glass at his feet, which is ever reminding us that our lives are withering away. The withered and attenuated fingers of the Destroyer were placed amid the long and gracefully flowing ringlets of the disconsolate mourner. Thus were the striking emblems of mortality and immortality beautifully blended in one pictorial representation. It was a spectacle such as Masons never saw before, and, in all probability, such as the Fraternity will never witness again. The brother's name was never known.—*Age, Philadelphia.*

MERCENARY AND MALICIOUS REJECTIONS.

Among six hundred Lodges, rejections are inevitable. Several years since, a Master of much experience and observation, remarked in conversation that he with others had aided several times in removing objections to rejected candidates whose friends were grieved, and whereupon the surface no reasonable objections could be made. But, in every instance, he had occasion to regret his action, and really wished that no one of them had been initiated. As a rule, when admitted, they had gained their end, and were either a reproach, or were indifferent or officious. In addition to that, good brethren who felt it their duty to reject for reasons satisfactory to themselves, but who would not deny their vote, and could not stand the pressure of solicitation, were discontented, had suffered in loss of self-respect, and ceased attendance on Lodge. In nine cases out of ten, rejections are right, and there are ten men wrongfully initiated where there is one wrongfully rejected. Every Grand Master over such a jurisdiction as this, has painful and constant evidence that such is the case. It is also true, that rejections do occur where the motive is good, but where the information is false or the impression wrong. We can quote a case precisely in point. We will use the name of John Smith for our purpose. He petitioned for initiation. A railroad conductor was present when the petition was referred. He knew a John Smith, who had been rejected in a Lodge at the

other end of the road. He inquired, and upon being certain, gave his information to a member, who happened to step in while the ballot was being cast, and gave his vote in the negative. The whole Lodge were surprised, but the Master was watchful and wary. The report of the committee had been full, and the candidate was well known. The report was read again, and it appeared that the John Smith who was the petitioner had always lived right there and was above suspicion. The next ballot was clear. This was a misapprehension as to identity, and one of the many cases where a misapprehension is acted upon with a good motive, and which can be removed if the Master is wise, and the brethren will be patient and good natured. The information in this case was right as to the wrong John Smith; hence the misapprehension.

But there are several classes of rejection that are wrong and mischievous; for some there may be no present remedy; for others there is a remedy which should be neither slow nor uncertain.

1. *From motives of malice.*—Rejection for malicious reasons are many. Some are based on personal enmity. Masonry, while just, is cautious and discreet. She allows no blabbing nor prying. Evidently, therefore, she does not meddle with personal differences between their initiates and the profane, and, as a logical consequence, these differences can not be considered or enquired into in an application for initiation, and improper rejections of this sort are difficult to reach, unless the rejector has voluntarily disclosed his reason, and even then, such cases are to be handled with caution.

Some rejections grow out of unfriendly relations with one or more brethren in the Lodge. Malice is gratified by rejecting their relatives or friends. No matter whether the unfriendliness be the fault of the rejector or not, such an act is intense meanness and injustice—is a blow at an innocent party to reach a third, and is wholly without excuse, and a voluntary avowal of it should subject the offender to expulsion. Another malicious motive for rejection, is caused by rejection of friends, personal disappointment, ungratified ambition, or a general discontent which vents itself in opposition to the Lodge. In such cases it takes the form of wholesale rejections, and regards neither friendship, character, nor condition. This is absolute treason. The man who can do such an act, would sacrifice his country, his friends, and his kindred upon sufficient provocation, upon the altar of his malice, and should be dealt with as relentlessly as Judas Iscariot or Benedict Arnold. In nearly all instances of this character, the mind instinctively fastens itself upon the guilty person, and in a large majority of cases, the rejector, confident in his security, will proclaim, in some form, what he has done. He may do it by threats, open or concealed before hand; by open exultation when the deed is done or by subsequent admissions. In all such cases let the Master act wisely, see that his brethren are discreet, and wait patiently for the result. It will come, unless prevented by improper action among the members of the Lodge.

2. *From mercenary motives.*—Rejections for business or political reasons are too common; they are troublesome things to bear, and, under the influence of resentment or irritation, strongly tempt reprisal; reflection dissipates this, and justice generally prevails. Rejections for business or political reasons had better be let alone.

3. *Rejections for religious reasons.*—We have separated this class from those of a business or political character because they are not mercenary in fact, but are based upon fanatical or immoral reasons. *Fanatical*, where a rejection occurs from a difference in denominational or religious views; *immoral*, where the rejection is intended to prevent an admission of one who would discountenance any vices or immoralities to which any member or members of the Lodge might be wedded, or whose presence would be a constant evidence of their unworthiness.

It is self-evident that cases of this class are dangerous to touch. They are best cured by silence and time.

Rejections for mercenary, fanatical, or immoral reasons, are mostly confined to individual cases, and affect a Lodge incidentally. The same is true of malicious rejections for personal reasons. As a rule, they had better be let alone. But

where the malice directs itself against the Lodge, self-preservation becomes an imperative law.

But let every W. Master and every brother remember that no provocation can justify or tolerate any departure from the law. No Lodge can be benefited, but must be harmed, while Masonry will be injured, by any violations or evasions of the provisions of the Masonic code. In case of a rejection, no one has a right to proclaim his vote either way; no one has a right to inquire, and whatever is revealed should be voluntary; otherwise the revelation is surreptitious; or obtained by solicitation, and both the solicitor and the revealer, or neither, are subject to the discipline of the Lodge.

THE WIND A MUSICIAN.—The wind is a musician at birth. We extend a silken thread in the crevice of a window, and the wind finds it and sighs over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and poor Paginini must go somewhere else for his honor; for lo! the wind is performing with a single string!

It tries everything upon earth to see if there is music in it; it persuades a tune out of the great bell in the tower, when the sexton is at home and asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the giant pines, and it does not disdain to try what kind of a whistle can be made of the humble chimney of the world. How it would play upon a great tree, till every leaf thrills with a note in it, and winds up the river that runs at its base, for a sort of murmuring accompaniment.

And what a melody it sings when it gives a concert with a full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs an anthem between the two worlds, that goes up, perhaps, to the stars that love music most and sang it the first.

Then how fondly it haunts old houses—moaning under the eaves, sighing into the halls, opening old doors without fingers, and singing a measure of some sad old song around the fireless and deserted hearth.—*B. F. Taylor.*

Cheer up man; God is still where he was.

A GOOD MAN AND VERY RICH.—“Mr — is still living?” said one clergyman to another, whom he had not met for sometime, and was anxious to learn how his old parishioners were getting along.

“O yes; one of the best men in the parish; not very liberal, but a good man, and very rich.”

“What does he do for your support?”

“Well, not much, but he pays his pew rent.”

“Does he sell vinegar now?”

“O yes; he has one of the largest orchards in the parish, and is so conscientious that his cider is all made into vinegar.”

“Does he give you any of his vinegar?”

“Not he.”

“So it was in my day. His vinegar was made to sell. When his daughter sickened and died, I went there almost every day, about five miles off. When she died she had a great funeral sermon. I called the next day. Then a few days after I went, and thought I would carry my old vinegar jug, which just then happened to be empty. The jug was filled. I did not like to take it away without offering to pay, and so I said, as meekly as possible, “What shall I pay you?” “Well,” said my good parishioner “I generally charge twenty-five cents a gallon, but seeing as how you have been so kind to me in trouble, etc., I wont charge you but twenty cents.” At this time I had eleven children, and was living on a salary of six hundred dollars per annum.

Masonry is a language by which men of all nations, kindred and tongues are united in one band of Brotherhood. To specify the advantages which have resulted to individuals and to the community from the institution, would be but to give a particular history of it from its first establishment to the present day.

How often has its benign influence relieved the way-worn traveler and sent him on his way rejoicing; how often given the grand hailing sign of distress, which has spoken to his faithful brethren on the shore louder than the winds and the waves! Nay, even in the din of battle, the first joy of the combat, when ferocity rages and mercy sighs farewell, has the spirit of Masonry interposed, stayed the uplifted sabre and spared the blood of the prostrate victim.

Wit and Humor.

Note for Dull People—B sharp.

High words—conversation on Mont Blanc.

The largest aunts in the world—Elephants.

The latest thing in dresses—Night-dresses.

A soothing nap-sack—A pillow.

Objects of interest—seven-thirties.

Domestic magazines—Wives who blow up their husbands.

To keep your wife in constant check—Make her dress in gingham.

A debate on the constitution—A consultation with a physician.

Is there anything in the world can beat a good wife? Yes, a bad husband.

Miss Vinnie Ream is said to be singer as well as a sculptor. If the old rule holds good, this one singing Ream ought to be equal to twenty tuneful quires.

There is a new temperance tale entitled "John and the Demijohn." It is probably the story of a father and son.

Irish Toast—"And may he live to eat the hen that scratches over his grave."

A Yankee has just taught ducks to swim in hot water with such success that they lay boiled eggs.

Hairdresser—Well, my little gentleman, and how would you like your hair cut? Charlie—O, like papa's please—with a little round hole at the top.

An old bachelor seeing the words, "families supplied," over the door of a shop, stepped in and said that he would take a wife and two children.

Josh Billings says there are four styles of mind: 1st, them who knows it's so! 2d, them who knows it aint so! 3d, them who split the difference and guess at it! 4th, them who don't care a darn what way it is!

"My son," said a man of doubtful morals, putting his hand on the head of a young urchin, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe so, too," replied the urchin.

"Won't that boa-constrictor bite me?" said a little urchin to a showman: "Oh! no, boy, he never bites, he swallows his wittles whole."

A Dutchman once met an Irishman on a lonely highway. As they met, each smiled, thinking he knew the other. Pat, on seeing his mistake, remarked with a look of disappointment:

"Faith, an' I thought it was you, an, you that it was me, an' its naythur of us."

The Dutchman replied: "Yaw, dat is dhru; I anuder man, and you is not yourself; we poth be some other podies."

"Suppose you were to see the sun rising in the middle of the night, what would you call that?" said a teacher to a plough-boy pupil, whom she was examining on miracles.

"But suppose you knew it was not the moon, but the sun, and you saw it actually rise in the middle of the night, what would you think?"

"Please, sir, I should think it was time to get up."

Conversation on the street between two little girls, one Irish and the other colored, walking together: Colored girl (meditatively)—"I wonder where Lucy was buried." Irish companion—"Was she a Yankee?" Colored girl—"She was a colored woman." Irish lass persistently—"Well, was she a Yankee?" Colored lass (somewhat testily)—"Of course, she was a Yankee. Who ever saw an Irish colored person!"

A young fellow offered to bet with the teacher of a young ladies' grammar school who was boasting of the proficiency of his pupils, that not one of them would "decline" a husband.

In New York, a short time since, a city editor met a country editorial friend, who, taking by the hand, exclaimed: "I am delighted to see you."

"How long are you going to stay." "I shall stay while my money lasts," said the country editor.

"How disappointed I am," said the other, "I hoped you would stay a day or two."

Burton, while traveling on a steamboat, seated himself at a table and called for beef steak. The waiter furnished him with a small strip of that article. Taking it upon his fork, and turning it over, and examining it with one of his peculiar looks, he very coolly remarked: "Yes, that is it, bring me some."

An irregular apprentice, frequently keeping late hours, his master at length took occasion to apply some *weighty* arguments to convince him of the "error of his ways." During the chastisement, the master exclaimed: "How long will you serve the devil?" The boy replied, whimpering: "You know best, sir; I believe my indentures will be out in *three months*."

A learned savant writes to the *American Naturalist* that "the male mosquito is beautiful, both physically and morally, as they do not bite; their manners are more retiring than those of their stronger-minded partners, as they rarely enter our dwellings, and live unnoticed in the woods." Just so! The female is the creature for exquisite torment, when she makes up her mind to it, and the male has only the fact of his being male to recommend him. But that fact is a "killing" one, generally, to the sharper sex.

A fact—Courtship is bliss, but matrimony is blister.

Why is the road of transgressors so hard? Because it is so much traveled.

An India-rubber car is about being invented, which, when jam full, will hold a couple more.

What is the difference between a farmer and a seamstress? One gathers what he sows and the other sews what she gathers.

A Quaker once hearing a person tell how much he felt for another who was in distress and needed assistance, dryly asked him, "Friend, hast thou felt in thy pocket for him?"

A learned doctor referring to tight lacing, avers that it is a positive benefit, inasmuch as it kills all the foolish girls and leaves all the wise ones to grow up to be women.

A devotee of Bacchus thus addressed his hat, which had fallen from his head: "If I pick you up, I fall; if I fall, you will not pick me up—then I leave you;" and he staggered proudly away.

A traveller in Pennsylvania asked his landlord if he had any cases of sun-stroke in that town? "No, sir," said the landlord, "if a man gets drunk here, we say he's drunk, and never call it by any other name."

"Is Mrs. Brown in?" inquires a gentleman of the servant who responds to the ring at the door-bell.

"No, sir; she's not at home."

"Well, I'm sorry," said the gentleman, in a regretful tone, "as I owe her some money, and called to pay it." Whereupon a voice from over the balustrades is heard: "Oh, I am in; to be sure I am! Why, Sally, didn't you know that? Ask the gentleman to walk in!"

A Yankee describing an opponent says: "I tell you what, sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic—add him up and there is nothing to carry."

The 'hoop question' has two sides—woman takes the in and men the outside.

Young lady, don't gush. A gushing woman don't wear. It is hard work, too, gushing is; to be always ready with a mouthful of compliments for all you meet, or with "charming, superb, divine, delicious, adorable" for all you see, is apt to tire both the gushist and the gushee. Be natural and charming. Be any thing you please—only don't gush.

What brought you to this prison, my colored friend?" "Two constables, sah." "Yes, but I mean had intemperance anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah, dey was bofe of 'em drunk."

"Nineteen dresses in three weeks, and she said last night that she could not go to supper, because she had not a rag to her back!" "What did Gussy say?" Why, that he could not either, he had no coat to his stomach."

"Bobby, my love," said a silly mother to her darling whom she had been cramming with tarts and other good things, "can you eat any more?" "Why, y-e-s, mamma," was young hopeful's hesitating reply, "I think I could if I stood up."

Traveler: 'Ain't you ashamed to beg, a stout fellow like you? I should think you might work.' Picturesque Beggar: (drawing himself up)—'Senor, I asked you for alms, not for advice.'

An Irishman recently soliloquized,—"What a waste o' money to be buying mate when you know the half of it is bone, while you can spend it for rum that hasn't a bone in it."

A father who had passed innumerable sleepless nights, has immortalized himself by discovering a method of keeping babies quiet. The *modus operandi* is as follows: As soon as "pet" awakes set it up, propped by a pillow if it can not sit alone, and smear its fingers with molasses; then put a half a dozen feathers into its hands, and it will sit and pick the feathers from one hand to the other until it drops asleep. As soon as it wakes repeat the operation; and in place of the fret and cry of former nights there will be silence and quiet repose.

Rev. Rowland Hill used to ride to and from church in a carriage. This gave offence to one of his members, who went so far as to hand in among the notices, "requesting prayers for the pastor, who, yielding to pride, rides in his carriage, not content like his Divine Master, to ride upon an ass." It was not till Mr. Hill had read the paper and observed the sensation created, that he noticed its import, then laying it down he said, "It is true, brethren, I ride in my carriage, but if the author of this notice will appear at the door at the end of these services, saddled and bridled, I will do my best to ride hem home."

Behind time—the back of a clock.

The most difficult ascent—Getting up a subscription.

First class virtue is always anxious to avoid temptation.

The ray that always fights up a woman's despair—rainment

Joseph Smith, son of the original Mormon, denies that he is dead.

Book-keeping taught in one lesson—don't lend them.

Why are persons born blind unfit to be carpenters? Because they never saw.

A person from the rural district was walking through Montreal the other day, when a rough looking fellow took hold of him by the collar, shook him, and insisted upon knowing the hour. The farmer pulled out a pistol with the remark, 'My man it will be just one if I fire.'

A teacher was explaining to a little girl the meaning of the word 'cuticle,' and asked, 'What is that all over my face and hands?' 'It's freckles, sir,' answered the little cherub.

We once saw a young man bravely turning up the glass. He was a free hearted, glorious fellow; he was, as he said, sowing his wild oats. We afterwards saw the constable hauling a miserable drunkard from the gutter to jail. It occurred to us that the wild oats were being dragged in. A glorious crop! The bar-room and gutter are ex-gaustless in their fertility.

COMMENDATORY NOTICE.

KENTUCKY FREEMASON.—We have received the June number of this excellent Masonic journal, and find it as interesting and instructive as the preceding issues. Its contents are of interest to the Craft, not only of Kentucky, but of the whole country: and the subscription price is within the reach of all. One of the most interesting articles in the number before us, is Bro. John A. Williams' review of Dr. John T. Walsh's Criticisms on Masonry. The former is President of Daughters' College, Harrodsburg, Ky.; and the latter, editor of the "Banner of Christ," published at Newberne, N. C. In view of the recent anti-Masonic Convention in Chicago, this article is of particular interest just at the present time. So far, Bro. Williams seems to have decidedly the best of the argument.—Freeport (Ill.) Journal.

Kentucky Freemason, Frankfort, Ky., A. G. Hodges, \$1.50 per year. If everybody thought as much of this paper as we do, it would have many readers in Maine.—Masonic Token.

The Daughters' College.

The 13th annual session of this
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It may be proper to state that the Principal, JOHN AUGUSTUS WILLIAMS, is determined to give his whole time to the Institution. He will continue to reside in the College, and to devote himself exclusively to the work of educating young Ladies. This assurance is given in view of the recently published statement that he would probably accept the Presidency of another Institution. For further particulars, address

C. E. & JNO. AUG. WILLIAMS,
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The Academical Session of this Institute begins on the first Monday in September, and continues forty weeks without intermission. Terms.—\$250 (currency) per Academical Session, one-half payable in advance, and the remainder at the end of twenty weeks.

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TO SUBORDINATE LODGES.

We have the By-Laws of Hiram Lodge, No. 4—located in Frankfort—setting in Type, and can furnish a copy to any Lodge that may desire to examine them. They are, in substance, the same that were recommended some years ago by the Grand Lodge of Kentucky to the Subordinate Lodges as a good model.

After the Subordinate Lodge has examined them, and approved, with slight modifications, we can furnish them well printed and neatly bound for \$12 00 per hundred copies—sent by mail, we paying the postage.

Attached to these By-Laws is the Funeral Service, entire Address,
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