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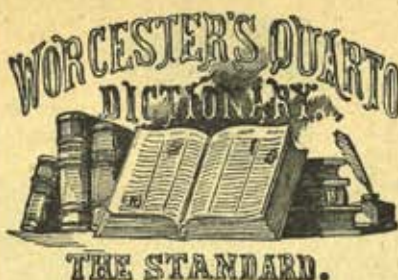
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"FRIENDSHIP, MORALITY AND BROTHERLY LOVE."

H. A. M. HENDERSON, D. D., Editor.

VOL. VII.

LOUISVILLE, KY., APRIL, 1874.

No. 4.

ADDRESS

—OF—

O. H. JOHNSON, W. M.,

Of Jerusalem Lodge No. 9, F. and A. M.,
Delivered to Jerusalem Lodge No. 9,
Henderson, Ky., on St. John's
Day, December 27, 1873.

BRETHREN:—

Freemasons all over the land have in some way celebrated this day with appropriate ceremonies. The two festival days of the Fraternity are St. John the Baptist, June 24th, and St. John the Evangelist, December 27th. As Masons, we set apart these days in honor of these two eminent patrons of our Art; and on each of these days it is proper for the brethren to meet together to worship the Grand Architect of the Universe—to give thanks for the many blessings poured upon them in the past, and implore his continued favor in the future upon the great family of mankind, and partake of the feast of brotherly love and affection.

Anciently, Masonic Lodges were dedicated to King Solomon, because he was the first Most Excellent Grand Master; but modern Masons dedicate theirs to the Holy Sts. John, who, as stated before, were eminent patrons of our Art. And, as by the laws of our Most Worshipful Grand Lodge, we are required on this day to hold our annual election for officers, we have met this evening for the twofold purpose of celebrating this festival occasion and of electing our officers for the coming Masonic year. Therefore we will close the Masonic year of 1873, and begin the new one of 1874 with this meeting.

Before I give up my jewel of office, and that ancient and loved charter, to my successor, I feel I would be derelict

in my duty to myself as a man, and to occasion to open my heart and pour out its warmest and deepest thanks to you for the honor conferred upon me one year since, by elevating me from the floor to the highest office in your gift. In my opinion, a higher honor could not be conferred upon any person than that of being made Worshipful Master of a respectable Masonic Lodge; and it certainly should fill any brother's breast with feelings of pride and gratitude to be the recipient of such distinction. As we this evening close the Masonic year of 1873, I deem it due to those present, who have been prevented from attending the meetings, to give them some idea of the workings of the Lodge and of its present condition. From a perusal of the Lodge records, it will be found that the average attendance during the year has been equal to, if not far larger, than that of any previous year. We have had thirty meetings: twenty-four regular, five called, and one festival—having work at sixteen out of the thirty—conferring the Entered Apprentice degree on five; the Fellow-Craft on five, and the Master's degree on six—showing a total amount of work equal to that of any year for the past six or eight. And as to the manner in which the work has been done, I leave the brethren who have witnessed it to be the judges, feeling well assured that they will draw the mantle of Masonic charity over all the imperfections they may have seen, and extend due commendation where deserved. You will please allow me here to return my thanks for the courteous manner in which you have supported me, and submitted to the rulings which I felt constrained, for the good of the craft, to enforce. And, as a proof of the good effect of our system, on several occasions visiting brethren from a distance have complimented us for the order and courteous manner in which the brethren departed

themselves in the Lodge room; and one brother from Louisville said that such order and system as he witnessed in our Lodge, was to him like the fine carved work on an elegant piece of furniture—adding new beauty and finish to the seemingly finished and perfect piece of work. Should not such a compliment stimulate us to strive to retain this good name, and by our continued good conduct daily add new laurels to our fame? And to this end would it be presumptuous in me at this time to make a few remarks in regard to your selection of officers for the coming year? First, I am an earnest advocate for one term in office, unless all suitable material has been exhausted, or the brethren feel, from surrounding circumstances, that it would be for the good of the Craft to continue a brother in office; and this suggestion I consider particularly applicable to the offices of Senior and Junior Warden; for by the laws of the Grand Lodge a brother is not eligible to the office of Master until he has passed one of those chairs. Therefore, let us see to it that there is no more re-electing of Wardens until every brother has passed one of these chairs, and is eligible to become Master; and instead of having but a few from whom to select, your whole Lodge will be eligible, and you can at all times get a good Master without being compelled to re-elect one who has served you and received the honors. And, again, there are brethren in all good lodges who are more or less ambitious, and if put forward at the right time would take an interest in the work and make good officers; but when they see older members, and those who have before received the honors, placed ahead of them in the different offices, they begin to think there is no chance for them, they become negligent, and are soon so rusty in the work as to be totally unfit you as my brethren, were I not on this

for the positions they once would have adorned.

But, then, there is a wide difference between the proper and improper ambition that actuates brethren to desire office; and see to it, in the selection of your officers, that you do not get some belonging to the latter class; but select those who have shown by their attendance upon the meetings, and their knowledge of the work, their ability to perform the duties of their offices—that we may retain the name of being one of the best working lodges in the State. For, mark my words, whenever a member of an institution like this never shows his face at its meetings, except when there is a chance to get office, he is a person who only seeks for the honors and never expects to devote time to make himself useful to the craft. And if there is a single brother present who is aspiring for the honors of an office, let me warn him that it is gross unmasonic conduct to seek or electioneer for office.

Then, my brethren, let us select those for our standard bearers who have shown by their zeal that they will take upon themselves the duties of their respective offices with a determination to do their whole duty in a manner acceptable and pleasing to the craft; and that they will exert themselves to be prompt in their attendance upon the meetings, so as to prevent so many *pro tempore* officers. And to those of you who may be called upon to discharge the duties of some office let me say that, masonically, you have no right to shirk or refuse to perform your duty; but you owe it to the fraternity to do all in your power to perform your duty in a manner that will please the brethren; and I bespeak for those that will be elected this evening as your officers the same courteous and cordial support that you have extended to the officers of the past year.

Now, my brethren, before I close, I desire to call your attention to a question which is daily asked upon the streets,

WHAT IS MASONRY?

When asked this question how do you answer it? Is Masonry an institution that is all pretences, with no reality—with a gilded and embellished exterior, but when you enter its interior you find it a hollow and empty nothing? I answer, no; Masonry is not this. Then, is it not

an institution organized to further the ends of political parties and meddle in State affairs? Again, I answer, no. But, says one, it inculcates a religious worship and is put ahead of the church. Emphatically no! Here steps up a kind and intelligent lady and says, "Masonry professes to teach morality, truth, brotherly love, and charity; but in my opinion it is simply an organization to take our husbands away from home, and for the life of me I cannot see any good they have done." Allow me to say this is a mistake; Masonry is not this. "Ah, but you are a secret society!"

Now, my brethren, before we try to answer these accusations against our Order let us, if possible, see the cause of such ideas being abroad. We, as Masons, emblazon it upon our banners, and hang them upon the outer walls, that Masonry is founded upon the Bible—that it teaches Morality, Truth, Temperance, Brotherly Love and Charity. And, like all institutions that lay claim to such teachings, it is expected of its members to show, by their daily walk, that they have tasted of these virtues, and are striving to inculcate the teaching.

But when you go upon the streets and see a member of the church, or of any other institution that claims to elevate man and teach the virtues I have named, reeling in drunkenness, speaking evil of his brethren, showing no respect for the truth, or the name of the Great Architect of the Universe, I say is it strange that you hear the institution to which he belongs derided, or even abused? Is it strange you so often hear it asked, "What is Masonry?" Are we not daily the cause, by our acts, of such reproaches upon our loved Order? Are we temperate? Are we moral? Do we practice Brotherly Love, and display Charity, one to the other? Do we remember never to mention the name of Almighty God, except with that venerative awe which is due from a creature to his Creator?

Take these questions to heart, my brethren, and may they be the means of causing each of us to be more particular in our outward deportment, that we may not be the means of bringing reproach upon so good an institution.

We have had the question asked, considered the causes—now let's see if we can answer it:

In the first place we claim that Ma-

sonry is Ancient and Honorable—Ancient, as having subsisted from time immemorial; and Honorable, as tending, in every particular, so to render all men who will be conformable to its precepts.

We certainly have an Ancient institution—this, no one pretends to deny; and we just as certainly have an Honorable one, that so tends to make all its members. And I defy any person to show me a man who is a Mason, and has inculcated the teachings of Masonry, and is not a better man than he was before he entered the tyled recesses of a Masonic door. And this alone should be sufficient to prove it an honorable institution, and that it is not an empty concern. No, my brethren, it is not empty, as you all well know; but its gilded and embellished exterior, however bright, is not comparable with the unspeakable beauties of its inner courts.

"Is it political?" Is there a brother in the sound of my voice who has ever in his life heard politics mentioned within the tyled door of a Masonic Lodge, but rather has not every initiate been solemnly charged, in the State, to be a quiet and peaceful subject, true to his Government, and just to his country, and not to countenance disloyalty or rebellion, but patiently submit to legal authority, and conform to the government of the country in which he lived? No, my brethren, it is not political; but we can here meet around the altar of Masonry as a band of brethren, united in all our thoughts and acts while in the Lodge, leaving all differences of opinion and distinction outside the door of Masonry.

"Does it inculcate a religious worship," etc.? The greatest and best of men in all ages have been supporters and encouragers of the Art, and have never deemed it derogatory to their dignity to level themselves with the fraternity and patronize its assemblies. This could not be the case had the aims of Masonry been to teach a religious worship, or take the place of the church. And again: Masonry has ever been composed of men of all sects and beliefs; and ministers of the gospel in all lands, and of all beliefs, are zealous members of the craft. Therefore, if Masonry taught any belief, except a belief in an Allwise and Merciful God, and a final, glorious resurrection, this would not and could not be the case. Masonry has no saving power, and I trust

there is no brother deluded enough to place his only trust in so weak a thing for his eternal hope. Masonry teaches and inculcates Morality, Truth, Brotherly Love and Charity; but we all well know that these virtues, in themselves, are not sufficient to save us; therefore let us build our hopes of a future life upon a firmer foundation, even upon the Eternal Rock of Ages.

"Is it a Secret Society?" A secret society, indeed! Is not our time and place of meeting known to all; our By-laws and Constitution are open for the inspection of any who desire to peruse them. Our members are known, and most of them are proud enough of their connection with the Order to wear some emblem upon their person designating them as such. Then what is "secret about Masonry?" save what is done at our meetings, and our charity? for, as Masons, we are taught not to let our left hand know what our right is doing. No person has the right to know or ask of any Lodge of Masons, how much charity they have dispensed, and upon whom. We do not publish it, or report it to any higher authority, except to the Grand Master of the Universe, who presides over that Celestial Lodge above. To him alone are we accountable; to Him alone do we look for our reward. Is there, then, a single family fireside in the land that is not just as much a secret society as Masonry? You may know their place of abode, the number of their family—even the number of the male and female members, but you do not know, and dare not ask, or try to pry into the fireside secrets. No, they are holy and are not for the ears of the profane and outside world. Ah, sir, because I do not open my bosom, and reveal to you all my family affairs, you call my family circle a secret society; and just as rightly so as you can brand Masonry with such a stigma. Other acts, when drawn around the Masonic altar as a family of brethren, are not for the profane world to pollute by being passed from mouth to mouth; and any brother who would make them public, or any man who would publish his family affairs, would degrade and pollute himself in the eyes of all right thinking persons.

Is it organized to give husbands an excuse to leave home, etc.? I fear, my brethren, that we are the cause by our acts of this complaint to a greater extent

than in the other cases. Do we say to our wives that we are going to lodge-meeting frequently when there is none? Do we stop in billiard saloons and such places after the lodge has closed, and stay until a late hour, and then say to our wives that we had work at the lodge and could not get home sooner? Ah, my brother, if there is one present who has ever been guilty of so grossly wronging so good an institution, to cover up what your conscience tells you is a wrong, let me this evening implore you to determine never again to blacken your soul with such a falsehood, and bring reproach upon an Order you should ever strive to honor and uphold.

Has Masonry ever done any good? As before stated we do not publish our acts of charity, nor do we strive, through great displays, to cause the outer world to honor us, being content with the simple lamb's skin or white apron as the badge of a Mason, and an emblem of purity. But, on this occasion, I deem it sufficient to prove that Masonry has done good, and at the same time answer what it is.

To call your attention to one act of the fraternity in this State: I speak of the *Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home and Infirmary*, at Louisville, Ky., which has been built to shelter the helpless orphan, destitute widow, and old and infirm brother, from the cold and storms, and from the influence of evil persons who await the necessities of poverty to lure them to ruin and degradation. There we give them shelter; we clothe them, feed them, and educate them; thereby fitting them for the stations in life of men and women of culture and refinement. This institution now has within its walls, and under its protecting roofs, more than one hundred precious souls, the widows and orphans of our loved brethren who have gone before us to that temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Then look at that monument of Masonic charity and say whether or not Masonry has ever done any good. Look, and ask if you can, "*What is Masonry?*"

Allow me here to remind the brethren of Jerusalem Lodge No. 9 of the compliment paid you in the Grand Master's address, for being the Lodge that made the largest contribution to the Home of any Lodge outside the city of Louisville, and let such a compliment stimulate you when the time arrives to again buckle on your

whole armor and again enter the contest, determined to win new laurels for yourselves, and contribute substantially to the wants of those who look to you as their protectors, assured that, with a healthy season, you will double the contributions of last year, and soon we will see the buildings completed in all their parts—a home for the helpless and a monument to our charity for ages to come. Then we can point to it with pride, and say we did more for its erection than any other Lodge in the State outside of Louisville, and this too without a single beneficiary from our Lodge asking for its benefits.

Now, my brethren, allow me once more to thank you for the honor conferred upon me, your courteous treatment during the year, and your attention to my remarks on this occasion. May some of the suggestions made be as seed sown in good ground, bringing forth the fruit of *faith, hope and charity*, a thousand fold, causing us to remember that we are a band of brethren, and that one of the greatest privileges we are permitted to enjoy is the regular meeting around the family altar of Masonry, there to hold sweet communion one with the other, aid the weak, raise the fallen, and bind the wounds of the afflicted.

And now may the blessings of heaven rest upon us, and all regular Masons; and may all our acts tend to elevate us, honor our loved institution, and do good to all mankind.

A DES MOINES druggist sent his clerk out to drum for sales of oil. He called upon a tradesman, and tossed a card upon the counter, saying that he represented that establishment. The tradesman picked it up, gave it a steady look, and said it was a fine establishment, and was informed by the clerk that he had represented it about three years, whereupon he remarked to the youth that he supposed he would soon be a partner. The youth said he would be pleased to sell him some coal oil, and that his establishment handled more oil than any other in Des Moines. The tradesman took another look at the card, and asked the boy if he wasn't mistaken? He blushing guessed that he was, as he returned the girl's picture to his pocket.

THEY have some very smart business men in New Jersey. Last season a young man was struck by lightning in a field near Trenton, and when the people began to flock to the spot to look at the victim, they found a man standing by the corpse trying to sell lightning rods to the crowd.

ZERUBBABEL—PRINCE OF JUDAH.

A Metrical Romance.

BY SIR KNIGHT CHAPLIN, OF PADUCAH COMMANDERY.

In Zion's ruins, 'mersed in woe,
A mystic council sadly bowed;
Adown whose cheeks the tears did flow,
While 'plaints were bitter, long, and loud.

"Behold these walls—fire-charred and black—
So dreary looking and forlorn;
No mark of woe doth Zion lack,
To show her now of glory shorn—
Our temple once so grandly fair,
Where, richly robed, the High Priest knelt;
Where anthems thrilled the perfumed air,
And each Jehovah's presence felt.

"Ah! now alas, those temple walls,
Lie lower than the common dust;—
A night of woe our spirits palls,
And slaves we groan 'neath Syria's lust;
The holiest place to earth cast down,
Moles and bats, sole owners there;
Jerusalem 'neath Heaven's frown,
Lies withered in her deep despair.

Where sleeps the arm so strong to save
"The David who Goliath slew;
Who will the Persian dangers brave,
With heart all bold and warm and true;
Who, counting life of little worth
While Judah thus is trodden down
Will glad forego the ease of earth
To win our land from Persia's crown?

"Is there no heart with pity moved,
Is there no hand with strength supplied,
To build again the walls so loved,—
To re-adorn Jehovah's Bride?"

Thus spoke the Priest and bowed his head,
Tears streaming from his age-dimm'd eyes,
His heart as hopeless as the dead—
His brow as mid-night tempest skies.
Then up rose one of lordly mein,
Upon whose broad expansive brow,
True honor sat a regnant queen
And urged him thus to grandly vow:

"Know, Priest of God, my country's woes
Oppress my soul with smothering weight;
To see her thus despoiled by foes,
Thus crushed beneath an adverse fate,
What Jewish heart would not bewail,
Shekinah's lost, extinguished light:
The worship of the accursed Baal;
Whose altars are our country's blight.

"But Priest of God, hope springs afresh!
Another king o'er Persia reigns,
Then he who did our land enmesh
In these dark woes and crushing pains;—
Darius now the scepter sways,
He will our woes forever end—
In by-gone, youthful, happy days
He was my first, my bosom friend.

Hytaspes' son, while yet uncrowned,
Did at God's altar freely vow,
Should diadem his brow surround,
The sacred vessels in Babel now

Should back to Judah quickly go—
Her temple walls be soon upreared,
And Zion freed from every foe,
Be once again both loved and feared.

Arm me with passports and with signs,
That friends of thine myself may know,
And give the pledge that Vasons binds,
And I, to Babylon will go,
And tell the King, friend of my youth,
Of his vow that's writ on high;
Urged on him there, the force of truth,
And tell him kings should never lie."

When Zerubbabel thus had spoken,
With flashing eye, and form dilate,
They felt that Zion's chains were broken,
That she had gained her lost estate.
Now dimmed eye priests all firm, erect,
At holy altar hopeful stand,
The Prince's breast their fingers decked,
With the green mystic silken band.

They belt him with a trusty sword;
With shield and buckler all bedight,
They ask for blessings from the Lord
To guard him in each lawful fight—
"Go," said they, "Thou blest of God,
May success thy course attend
Thro' all the weary way you plod,
And crown you at your journey's end."

Prince Zerubbabel held his way,
'Till Persia's confines met his view,
Nor did he there a moment stay,
But trusting in his cause so true,
Assayed to cross the bridge where stood
In shining ranks the Persian guard,
Who, ere he'd marched another rood,
With force and arms his progress barred.

They rudely robbed him of his sword,
His sash of green they tore away,
And binding him in chains abhorred,
The Prince a slave, a captive lay.

Round Persia's King the courtiers throng,
Gold, diamonds, pearls flash in the light,
Music soft, with witching song,
Make day less splendid than the night.
A soldier stands among them now,
With stalwart form and armor bright—
Fierce eastern suns had bronzed his brow,
And scars he bore from many a fight.

"Oh King," he said "forever live!
Thy guards without a captive hold,
Who doth a name and princely lineage give:
With sword in hand, with spirit bold,
He came within thy broad domains,
But now disarmed, in garb of slave,
He bears the captive's galling chains,
And doth an audience humbly crave."

"Admit him! ho! my guards attend,
Assemble here around my throne.
Let me behold this foe or friend,
Who braves me singly and alone."
Enters our prince as captive slave—
But noble, king-like was his mein,
Unawed he stands, a soldier brave,
The noblest man that court had seen.

"'Tis Zerubbabel, trusted friend!
Guards, 'tis no foe you hold in ward,
But one 'round whom the virtues' blend
Nature's purest, noblest lord,'
Thus to them all Darius spoke;
But of this captive Prince, he asked,
Why do you thus my wrath provoke?
Why with such perils are you tasked?
"Oh King," he cries, "my people's tears
Have given me exquisite pain;
Stern foes fill us with bitter fears,
As God's great house we build again;
With force and arms they hover 'round,
And cause the pious task to cease,—
They drive us from the sacred ground;
They will not let us work in peace.

"'Tis thus despair drives me to thee;
Country, home, alas! I've none!
An exile, to my King I flee,
And tell him what these foes have done.
I beg of thee, Oh! mighty King!
That 'mong thy lords my name may stand—
A loving heart, a sword I bring,
To serve thee in that trusted band."

To him Darius smiling said:
"With joyous heart, I do recall
The past which we together led,
Ere sorrow did our hearts appall;
Thou, then, my Prince, wert very dear,
Since, pleased I've heard thy wondrous
fame,—

For Masons praise thee far and near,
And dwell with rapture on thy name.
More than you ask I will bestow,
If Mason's arts you now unfold;—
Their mystic art I long to know,
For which I'll give you wealth untold.

The Prince in anger clanked his chain,
And drew his form to its fullest height,
His face distorted as in pain,—
Ah! 'twas a pity-moving sight.
At length he said "Masonic Art
Teaches me to be both brave and true;
How vile, indeed, would be my heart
Should it its truths reveal to you.

"If then to be thy servant, King,
I must from Honor's presence fly;
Ere I would be that perjured thing,
I tell thee, King, I'd rather die."

"Hail to thee, Prince of Royal line!
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done;
Heart more pure and brave than thine
Breathes not beneath the rolling sun.
Guards strike of those chains; he is no slave!
But Mason bold and true and strong,—
Give him the honors due the brave,
Robes which only to the kings belong.

In royal robes the Prince arrayed,
Tiara gracing well his brow,
His wisdom to the Court displayed,
Who did to him in deference bow
Nor rested he 'till once again
The Temple stood on Zion's Hill,
With Courts all thronging with the men
Who felt with him devotion's thrill.

Sir Knights, our Prince has passed away;
But truth, decay can never feel,
She shines the brighter every day,
And ever freshing joys reveal.
Companions, for truth then ever live;
Thro' all your conduct let her shine,
Then bright examples will you give,
And make your lives all but divine.

The Right Hand of Fellowship.

BY JOHN EDWIN MASON, M. D.

It has been said by the oldest Masons that in the early days of Freemasonry in America, visitors were welcomed in Lodges and Chapters with the most sincere affection and courtesy. It has been said by these oldest Masons now living, that no act of fraternal etiquette was spared to make them understand that they were really glad to see them. Visitors were greeted with open arms and warm hearts, that showed them that wherever they traveled, they found among Masons Brethren of the mystic tie who are really Brothers indeed. Nothing could be more fraternal or cordial than the greeting such Brethren received as they were introduced to the Lodge-room.

The Master invariably sounded his gavel, and ordered the Lodge to take a recess for a few moments, for the purpose of giving the Brethren an opportunity of being introduced to the stranger. The Master then took his position beside the visitor, and introduced each member of his Lodge by name; and thus, in a true fraternal spirit, a Masonic acquaintance commenced.

The Brethren, surrounding the visitor, made his stay agreeable in the Lodge; and when the Lodge was closed all partook of substantial refreshments, and pledged friendship and love as united in the bonds of brotherhood.

If the visitor remained a few days in the place, the Brethren would call the next and succeeding days at his hotel, and would try to make him happy, and destroy the monotony of life among strangers by all those acts of courtesy and fraternal friendship which make the time pass pleasantly. When strangers settled in the place, their first business seemed to be to make the visiting brothers acquainted with the town and its inhabitants; and thus enter on life in a new place under the comforting auspices of the Brethren of the Masonic Fraternity. If a Brother from abroad was taken sick, not only was a proper physician procured, but watchers and nurses were provided, and Brothers visited the bedside so often that the visiting Brother could want neither care nor comfort nor attendance. And when death claimed the visitor, his remains would be taken to the loved ones

at home with that tender and loving solicitude that characterizes the true Mason from the heartless and ignorant pretender.

All this has changed! Masonry remains in its ritual and its principles; but that individual responsibility that each Mason has pledged to another is fast rusting and dying out. Unless it is stopped at once it will entirely change the character of the Order we love and cherish. Selfishness, conceit, ambition and avarice will take the place of love, charity, and friendship.

In no way can this change be so surely felt as traveling among Masons and visiting Lodges at the present day. In small towns and sparsely settled communities, the visiting Mason may yet receive a cordial welcome; but in all our large cities he will not.

The visiting Brother applies at the ante-room of a Lodge in a large city, and sends in his card. The Master finds some trouble in getting a committee to examine him, because no interest is manifested in receiving visitors, and many invited to undertake the Job are too lazy to preform this little act of courtesy. At last the Master selects a committee, and they retire. Now this committee is always composed of about three experts, who seem to make that their business. They have the work of the Lodge, exactly as the parrot perched on his cage has the language. They salute the visitor gruffly, and try to make him ill at ease. In this way they succeed in getting only a small portion of what he knows, and the visitor is chagrined to find he passes so poor an examination. The committee have no knowledge of the work or ritual outside of their own Lodge, and the visitor from a distant State is charged with not being proficient, when he gives the exact language as used in his own jurisdiction. The committee are ignorant of Masonry abroad, and believe the sun rises and sets in their Lodge. It is difficult to convince the committee that the visitor is really a Mason; and they deliberate on the question whether to kick him down stairs as an impositor or admit him. Although he could not give the obligation verbatim as the committee required, still they introduce the visitor without ceremony, and he feels as though he had escaped from some band of Modoc Indians. He is introduced to no one, and he sits all the even-

ing as stiff as a frozen codfish standing on its tail, and sees men around him who look at him and frown; and he imagines each man a small iceberg, just escaped from Captain Hall's Arctic expedition.

The visitor leaves the Lodge-room without knowing a single brother, and says if that is Masonry he wants no more of it. He cannot be convinced that these men are not representatives of Masonry. He grows cold in his zeal, and soon becomes suspended for non-payment of dues; and in that way drops out of the back door of Masonry.

If city Lodges wish to turn their Lodge-rooms into mercenary institutions, to make money by conferring degrees, let them simply say that they do not want to bother with visitors. But do not cast the chilling influences over the Order all over the globe, by the farce enacted in examining visitors and pretending to entertain them. They may be "entertaining angels unawares," and the poor angels would not be accustomed to this kind of a reception.

A little of the milk of "human kindness" might be used with excellent effect.

Instead of having over the door of every city Lodge, "Hope enters not here," put up the cheering sign to visitors, "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.—*Mackey's National Freemason.*"

TRIAL brings man face to face with God—God and he touch; and the flimsy veil of bright cloud that hung between him and the sky is blown away; he feels that he is standing outside the earth with nothing between him and the Eternal Infinite. Oh, there is something in the sick-bed, and the aching heart, and the restlessness and the languor of shattered health, and the sorrow of affections withered, and the stream of life poisoned at its fountain, and the cold, lonely feeling of utter rawness of heart which is felt when God strikes home in earnest, that forces a man to feel what is real and what is not.

This is the blessing or affliction to those who will lie still and not struggle in a cowardly or a resentful way. It is God speaking to Job out of the whirlwind, and saying, In the sunshine and the warmth you can not meet Me: but in the hurricane and the darkness, when wave after wave has swept down and across the soul, you shall see My form and hear My voice, and know that your Redeemer liveth.—*Hill.*

Masonry the Handmaid of Religion.

The San Francisco *Pacific Churchman* of March 12th, inst., remarks upon the fact that Freemasonry is sometimes spoken of as an enemy, or rival of the Church; and sensibly adds, that if our Fraternity takes up the Church's work, it is because she herself has neglected it. Referring to past history, the *Churchman* says:

"When the fell plague swept over Carthage in the times of Cyprian, when all others in their selfish terror thought alone of their personal safety, the Christians, under the leadership of their heroic Bishop, marshaled themselves as one united host to battle with the awful pestilence.

"They visited the sick and dying, they fed the poor, they provided for the fatherless and widows, with their own hands they buried the dead, and with solemn prayer committed them to the care of a merciful God. This was not a spectacle strange and unusual to Christian men and women in those days. Even the letters and proclamations of the heathen Emperor Julian, who hated the Christian with all the rancor of an apostate, testifies to the known and acknowledged works of the Church of Christ. Christianity has become the weak abject thing it is, simply because the Church has abandoned such exhibitions of the spirit and temper of her Divine Master.

"Works of mercy are no longer considered her legitimate business on this earth. Nearly all her energies are now exhausted in building up parishes. And the chief duty of the parish is supposed to be simply to exist.

"The remedy for the evils complained of, is for the Church to arouse herself to her legitimate tasks, and consider the purpose of her existence. If the Priests and Levites pass by and leave the wounded and dying man by the way side, in common decency they ought not to complain of the alien Samaritan who takes him up and cares for him."

JONES had worried Smith with conundrums very often, and now it was Smith's turn. "Guess what I did last night," said Smith. Jones thought of sundry improbable things, and suggested the making of a speech, the doing of a kindness, the getting of himself into the lock-up, and finally gave up the conundrum in despair. "Well," said Smith, in a triumphant tone, "I slept."

Questions Answered.

Question.—The ballot had been spread for a candidate for initiation, and in answer to the usual interrogatory from the W. M., the Wardens answered, "Not clear;" but before the W. M. announced the result to the Lodge, a member arose and said that by a mistake he had voted a black ball when he had intended to vote a white ball; there having been but one black ball voted would it be lawful for the W. M., in such a case, to declare the candidate elected without taking another ballot?

Answer.—The ballot alone decides the question of the admission of a candidate, and it must be unanimous in his favor before he can be declared elected. If, upon inspection, it is found that only one black ball has been voted, it is the duty of the W. M. immediately to order another ballot, so as to afford an opportunity to correct a mistake if one has been made. No member has a right to say how he voted, or how he had intended to vote, under any circumstances, and hence the statement made in this case was out of order, and should have been so declared by the W. M. The law of the Grand Lodge of Indiana upon this subject, is as plain as words can make it, and no violation of it can be tolerated on the plea that the same result has been attained by a shorter process. The ballot and not the statement of a brother decides the question of the admission of a candidate into the Lodge.

Question.—When a Lodge is opened at its hall to attend to the burial of one of its deceased members, should the charter accompany the procession to the residence of the deceased, to the grave, &c.

Answer.—We find no written law or published decisions on this point, nor do we remember ever having heard an opinion given concerning it. So far as we are informed it is not customary to carry the charter of the Lodge in any public procession, and hence conclude that it has never been deemed important that it should be. We are not however well satisfied as to the correctness of this practice. To constitute a Lodge requires "a certain number of Masons duly assembled with Holy Bible, Square and Compass, and a Charter or Dispensation from lawful authority empowering them to work." Without all of these essentials a Lodge cannot lawfully be opened, and

a Rule of the Grand Lodge of Indiana provides that, "At funerals the Lodge must be opened on the third degree." It has always been held that no work can be done in the Lodge room unless the Charter be present, and the question is whether the same rule shall apply while the Lodge is at work in public. The Holy Bible, Square and Compass have always been deemed essential in the public as well as the private work of the Lodge, and we can see no good reason why the same rule should not apply to the Charter. We refer the question to the Grand Master for his decision.

Kentucky Freemason.

The current number of the Kentucky Freemason is before us. It is in all respects a model magazine. To the craft it is invaluable; to the family circle it is a gem; to the lover of pure literature it is unsurpassed. Its editor, Dr. H. A. M. Henderson, is not only a most graceful and scholarly writer, but is thoroughly cultivated and read-up in the best standard, and current literature of the day, hence, both in the editorial and miscellaneous departments, are presented some treats to the mind of all lovers of the pure the beautiful and the good.

The mechanical execution of the work is unsurpassed. It was gotten out at the LEDGER Job Rooms, under the management of J. Alex Wilson, one of the most thoroughly artistic printers in the country, and is a novel of typographic excellence. It is a large quarto of 24 pages, with beautifully engraved and tinted cover, and is furnished at the exceedingly low price of \$125 a year; and in clubs of ten at \$100. Lists of subscribers should be sent to the LEDGER COMPANY, No. 80 Fourth street, Louisville, Ky.—*Ledger*

"TAKE A WING," gushed a pompous upstart, extending his bent arm to a sensible young lady, at the close of the prayer meeting. "Not of a gander," she quickly replied, and walked home with her mother.

AN Ohio youth, who desired to wed the object of his affections, had an interview with her paternal ancestor, in which he stated that although he had no wealth to speak of, yet he was "chuck full of day's work." He got the girl.

A WIT once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life. "I mind my own business," was the reply.

The Last Man Brotherhood.

The Philadelphia *Press*, of a recent date, says: In the year 1856 an organization was formed in this city composed of thirty-three members, all printers, and known as the "Last Man Brotherhood," adopted doubtless from the affecting dramatic story in which the sole survivor, overcome by emotion as he surveyed the vacant chairs and silent room, ate his last sad, solitary meal, fell on the floor and died! On the third Saturday of February, in every year, the number meet together; nearly every year another is added to the vacant seats, until now there are only fifteen. As years roll on these will multiply, until the ranks are so thinned by the insatiate archer that the fleeting and transitory nature of time, and the rapid approach of eternity, will be impressively felt by the small remaining band. The nineteenth annual meeting and supper was held on Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock, at the residence of one of the members on Spring Garden street, below Tenth. After all the business had been transacted the Brotherhood sat down to a fine banquet. Around a large table thirty-three chairs were placed, and in front of those seats, whose former occupants had died during the past year, large bouquets had been placed, and were afterwards presented to the nearest relatives of the departed. The evening was passed in social enjoyment, speeches, toasts, recitations and extracts from interesting books. The secretary records every word uttered in a book kept for that purpose, and this is to be left to the "last man." The same bottle of sherry wine that was presented to the Brotherhood eighteen years ago was again placed on the table on Saturday, and will remain on the festive board until the last survivor of the Brotherhood takes his meal alone. He will then be required to drink the health separately of all his companions.

When the hour of twelve arrived the members arose, joined hands in a circle, and sang their annual parting song, "Auld Lang Syne."

The members then departed to their homes, impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. Those who joined the organization in 1856 were, or had been, employed as printers, but now they are scattered in every conceivable direction. They, however, managed to participate in the annual supper.

An Englishman Abroad.

When Macready, the actor, visited this country, he found many things to puzzle and perplex him, for he was as precise and angular as Mr. Grewgious. The idioms and the eccentricities of the Yankees were beyond his comprehension. At one of our theatres, where he was performing an engagement, he had occasion to find fault with supporting actors, who were a particularly free and easy set. Going to the manager one day, he said:

"Mr. Manager, you have deceived me, sir. You have told me that which was not true, sir!"

"Bless me!" cried the manager, in surprise, "how so?"

"About your actors sir. Did you not tell me that Mr. A— was on a high?"

"Yes."

"And that Mr. S— had a touch of the tanglefoot?"

"Yes."

"And that Mr. P— had a brick in his hat?"

"Aye—that was what I said."

"And in the explanation of the conduct of Mr. B— you told me that he had a snake in his boot?"

"Certainly—I did."

"Well, sir," announced the great tragedian, in his most stern and indignant manner, "I find, upon critical examination, that these men *are all drunk sir; aye—ALL DRUNK!*"

Sir Christopher Wren, Grand Master of Masons in England.

The session of the Grand Lodge at which Wren was appointed Warden was an active and important one. To reduce everything to system, and secure order and regularity among the members, specific rules were adopted for their government. Six General Regulations were framed, founded upon the organic principles of Masonry, and formally agreed to. They were of great importance in reducing everything to order, and securing a correct deportment among the members. They contain the germs of those General Regulations which were adopted in 1723, and have come down to our own times. Doubtless Christopher Wren bore a part in their preparation and adoption, and, indeed, they bear evident marks of his systematic habits and well-trained mind. We should not be surprised if they were drawn up by him, and adopted at his suggestion.

Mr. Wren served as Warden until the session of the Grand Lodge on the 24th of June, 1666, when a change was made in the Grand Officers, and Thomas Save, a nobleman, was elected Grand Master in the place of the Earl of St. Albans. The new Grand Master appointed Mr. Wren as his Deputy, John Webb and Grimlin Gibbons being selected as Wardens.

His Visit to the Dentist's.

"I went straight to the dentist's, (says the *Danbury Newsman*.) I had had teeth snatched out for me with a thread, and I was not afraid. I told the dentist the trouble. He knew all about it, and invited me to take the chair. I asked him if it would hurt to have the tooth pulled. He said it wouldn't, and I believed him. I laid back my head and opened my mouth, and he reached in with a murderous-looking instrument, and went to prowling around in there. I didn't think it was so easy to have a tooth pulled, and fell to regretting that I hadn't come down before and oftener, when he suddenly bore down on my jaw, and I fairly screeched with agony; then he came right up, and I screamed again. When he went down, I thought I was dead; but when he came up I knew better, and was sorry for it. He asked me if it hurt, but I didn't say anything. I was too proud to say it did, and too mad to say it didn't. But the next two days I waited around for his son, who was about my age, and if ever there was a boy who had reason to regret his father's vocation it was that boy.

"MARIA, have you given the golden fish any fresh water?" "No, sir; what's the use? They haven't drank up what's in there yet."

SAID a man who tumbled out of a third story window: "When I first fell I was confused; but when I struck the pavement I knew where I was."

"DO TRY and talk a little common sense!" exclaimed a sarcastic young lady to a visitor. "Oh!" was the reply, "but wouldn't that be taking undue advantage of you?"

"BOY, what's become of the hole I saw in your pants the other day?" Young America, carefully examining his unmentionables, "it's worn out, sir."

Daniel O'Connell.

In the year 1797, Dublin Lodge, numbering one hundred and eighty-nine, was the scene of an initiation neither more nor less interesting than that solemn and affecting ceremony always is, especially to the old Mason, as he looks back half fondly, half regretfully to his own youth, when he entered upon that journey "as all true fellows have done before." The young apprentice soon became not only a master workman, but as his brilliant qualification became strikingly manifest, he was elected to the dignity of the oriental chair, only three years after his initiation. For more than a quarter of a century this prime scholar, magnificent orator, powerful political leader, talented lawyer and wonderful genius, was not only a distinguished Freemason, but exemplified in his life all the virtues which he had learned and taught at our altar.

Then came a change; without betraying the secrets of the Order (he was in capable of such baseness) he grew cold towards it, and finally abandoned it. He had become ambitious. The Court of Rome at that time held immense influence in Ireland and our enthusiastic W. M. had to choose between leading his countrymen (with pikes in their hands) in their stern demands for justice from England, or abandon his most cherished Masonic convictions. Such were the terms proffered by Archbishop Troy, a creature of Rome, and the master of Ireland, in a spiritual sense. When a man has become the idol of his nation, when his talents have put him in a first place, when he deeply sympathizes with a wronged people, when he sees that one misstep may prove the ruin of his nation, frenzied with oppression, when he knows that one word from the Pope would upset his labor in the cause of human amelioration, is it any wonder that he should adopt a course (the only one open to him) which should secure the confidence of the mightiest power in his native land? Masonry is sacred but the most solemn of all its rites throws its shield over patriotism. Our country above all! The distinguished Mason promptly renounced the external communion of Masonry, when the ultimatum was placed before him, of country—or Masonry. As for ceasing to be a Mason, that is impossible! No man after initiation can again occupy the very same position that he did before. Once

a Mason forever a Mason; no expulsion, degradation, or suspension, can ever rub out the spiritual mark forever imprinted upon the very soul of him who has once beheld our light. To renounce Masonry is to renounce God, His revelation, Brotherly love, relief and truth, for these are its essential features, upon which the whole structure immovably stands. But to return. The conduct of our Brother and Worshipful Master was publicly announced in the *London Pilot*, of April 19th, 1843, and in the following month the idolized Freeman was publicly expelled from the external body of the Brethren. Nine years later the illustrious Irishman, who had dethroned Viceroy, and even bearded the British lion in his fastness of the imperial parliament, was called away to another world. Father Ventura, a man like the subject of our sketch, pronounced the funeral oration at Rome in the church of St. Andrew Della Valle, on June 28, 1852. The funeral ceremonies were on the grandest scale of the dramatic ritual of Romish church; nothing was wanting in the magnificent spectacle but the lambskin apron, to have made the ovation complete. Should you ever visit Glasnevin Cemetery you may yet perceive some of the gorgeous trappings of those splendid obsequies. The epitaph is not a long one, two words of it speak volumes to the observer. These two words are DANIEL O'CONNEL.—*Anonymous.*

King Solomon's Blacksmith.

And it came to pass when Solomon, the Son of David, had finished the Temple at Jerusalem, that he called unto him the chief architects, the head artificers, and cunning workers in silver and gold, and in wood and ivory, and in stone—yea, all who had aided in rearing the temple of the Lord, and said unto them:

"Sit ye down by my table; I have prepared a feast for all my chief workers and cunning artificers. Stretch fourth your hands, therefore, and eat, drink, and be merry. Is not the laborer worthy of his hire? Is not the skillful artificer worthy of honor? Muzzel not the ox that treadeth out the corn."

And when Solomon and the chief workers were seated, and the fatness of the land and the oil thereof were set upon the table, there came one who knocked loudly at the door, and forced himself even into the festal chamber. Then Solomon, the King, was wroth, and said:

"What manner of man art thou?"

And the man answered and said:

"When men wish to honor me they call me Son of the Forge, but when they desire to mock me, they call me blacksmith; and seeing that the toil of working in fire covers me with sweat and smut, the latter title O king! is not inapt; and in truth thy servant desires no better."

"But," said Solomon, "why come thou thus rudely and unbidden to the feast, where none save the chief workmen of the temple were invited to dine with the king of Israel?"

"Please ye, my lord, I came rudely," replied the man, "because thy servant obliged me to force my way, but I came not unbidden. Was it not proclaimed that the chief workmen of the temple were invited to dine with the king of Israel?"

Then he who carved the cherubim said: "This fellow is no sculptor;" and he who inlaid the roof with pure gold said: "Neither is he a workman in fine metals;" and he who raised the walls said: "He is not a cutter of stone;" and he who made the roof cried out: "He is not cunning in cedar wood; neither knoweth he the mystery of uniting strange pieces of timber together."

Then said Solomon:

"What hast thou to say, Son of the Forge, why I should not order thee to be plucked by the beard, scourged with a scourge, and stoned to death with stones?"

And when the Son of the Forge heard this he was in no sort dismayed, but advancing to the table snatched up and swallowed a cup of wine, and said:

"O king, live forever! The chief men of the workers of wood and gold and stone have said I am not one of them, and they have said truly. I am their superior; before they lived was I created. I am their master, and they are my servants." And he said to the chief of the carvers in stone: "Who made the tools with which you carve?"

And he said: "The blacksmith."

And he said to the chief of the Masons: "Who made the chisels with which the stones of the temple were squared?"

And he said: "The blacksmith."

And he said to the chief workers in wood: "Who made the tools with which you hewed the trees on Lebanon, and formed them into the pillars and roof of the temple?"

And he said: "The blacksmith."

Then said he to the artificer in gold and silver and in ivory: "Who makes your instruments by which you work beautiful things for my lord the king?"

And he said: "The blacksmith."

"Enough, enough, good fellow," said Solomon, "thou hast proved that I invited thee, and thou art a chief artificer in art. Sit thou beside us at the feast; and be thou forever honored among men."

Kentucky Free Mason.

APRIL, 1874.

The Editor of the KENTUCKY FREE MASON lives in Frankfort; therefore all exchanges and communications intended for publication should be addressed to H. A. M. Henderson, Frankfort, Ky. All business matters should be addressed to W. P. D. BUSH, Louisville, Ky.

SPRING MEDITATION AT THE GRAVE OF HIRAM ABIFF.

In every spring we have a mysterious foreshadowing of the resurrection of the body and the life immortal. The bursting buds and quickening roots speak of the awakening after death; and the unspeakable yearnings—the thoughts too deep for tears—all the sadness of the past that come to us are the long ethereal gleaming, when the spring-day is lingering with half-closed eyes amid its new found treasures, loth to leave them, will be like the flutterings of the spirit's wings within us, anxious, yet unwilling, to flee away to its true home and be at rest.

Masonry teaches the doctrine of the resurrection, and they do greatly err who seek to refine away the sublime lesson of the third degree.

Take this out and the whole thing, to our mind, is a vulgar farce. With this in and the drama is solemn in the extreme and well calculated to impart an impressive and valuable lesson.

In the Knights Templar order the doctrine is impressed in its Christian aspect. The scene it presents to view holds the heart in awe and elevates the mind with the ascent of the rising Christ.

Easter, or the feast of the resurrection, having occurred in this month, we have thought proper to make reference to this great doctrine of Masonry and the Church.

Not long ago everything seemed dead. The ground was locked up in ice, the air was cold with frost, the branches were bare, and not a bird hymned a song on the dead boughs. But there was a principle of life at the heart of things then. Nothing but the touch of faith could perceive that there was a pulse left in the breast of nature which would yet quicken its activities until all the winter should be thawed out of its veins. Beneath the

brown encasement of the seed there was a vital germ only waiting the shower and sunshine of spring to burst its coffin and rise into herb or flower. Far down beneath the leafless branches of the trees the roots were throbbing and gathering the forces that ere long should hang the boughs with verdant foliage. Beneath the frost-smitten grasses there was a vitality which is now clothing lawn and meadow with carpet of green.

It takes faith to believe that all that makes spring reviving, and the summer rich in blossom, and the autumn opulent of fruits is *alive* down there under the shroud of snow. Observation has taught us to trust nature. Hence the farmer will go forth in midwinter and sow his wheat upon the frozen ground, in full faith that at harvest time his sickle shall gather the golden grain multiplied an hundred fold.

We have never seen a man rise from the dead, and therefore we are incredulous. We have seen the loathsome, hairy worm gather its cerements around it, and after a season burst its grave clothes and come forth with the colors of the prism upon its wings, to banquet in gardens on the nectar of its daintiest flowers. We have seen that.

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead?" He who first created the body can surely restore it. If an oak tree is stored away in the shell of an acorn, why may not the germ of a resurrection body be treasured up in the perishing frame? St. Paul uses the figure of a seed: "The body we sow is not that body which shall be but *bare* grain. It may chance of wheat, or some other grain. God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him; but to every seed its own body." To quicken the germ of this body we must die. From it comes forth the immortal house in which the soul is to have blissful residence. It is not necessary, nor do we think it rational, to believe that every particle which now composes the body shall be raised up at the last day. But God will preserve the germ from which a body will come that every man will recognize as his own. This germ is under the guard of Omnipotence. It is not absorbed. God is pledged to protect *that*, whatever use He may have for every other element that enters into the physical structure of man. It may be bandied in the billows, battered

on the rocks, frozen in the iceberg, wasted in the tropics, but, at last, the Omniscience that watched it, and the Omnipotence that preserved it, will arrest its wanderings, and with the sunshine of his smile cause it to burst and burgeon into a glorified body.

The sublime doctrine of the Church and of Masonry confirms the old Hebrew faith, which called the grave the "house of the living;" and the exquisitely beautiful idea of Richter, that it "is the green mountain top of a far, new world."

Widows' and Orphans' Home.

It would be a splendid spectacle to see the entire Masonic fraternity of this State devote the next St. John's Day to promote the completion and further endowment of the Widows' and Orphans' Home. Every body in the summer-time likes a little recreation, and when pleasure can be united to benevolence it is doubly profitable. It not only relaxes the strain of life, but it gives sinew to a great enterprise deserving the prayers and patronage of all good people. If in each of the 116 counties of the Commonwealth the Masons would organize a vast celebration, charge admittance fees at the gate, sell dinner tickets, etc., it would put twenty-five thousand dollars in the treasury of the Home. The great Louisville celebration will probably net from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars more. If it could go abroad that the Masons of Kentucky, while unfolding their principles, commemorating the virtues of a patron Saint, and enjoying the "fat" things of life, had contributed *forty thousand dollars* to furnish a Home for the widows and orphans of their deceased brethren, what an argument it would furnish our friends, what a rebuke it would administer to our foes, what encouragement it would yield our brethren in other jurisdictions who are endeavoring to build up similar institutions. The good would be long-lasting and far-reaching.

The Home is rightly located. The brethren at Louisville have never relaxed their efforts in behalf of this Home. The Board consists of men who are thoroughly versed in business matters, and who are, therefore, prepared to manage its financial matters with a prudence that will always utilize its funds to the production of the most beneficent results. The ladies have taxed their ingenuity for

methods by which to promote the interests of the Home. Donations are being made weekly from merchants. The ablest ministers preach to the children. There is no other place where such an institution would hardly be possible. Let our brethren abroad recognize these facts, and be perfectly satisfied with the location and the management, for it cannot be bettered. Then let them go to work to complete the enterprise until five hundred happy wards shall enjoy the advantages of a comfortable home, a good education, and the watch-care of cultivated friends.

There is a way in which every one can help to support this noble charity. A few bushels of potatoes, a barrel of flour, and similar articles of country produce are always acceptable. Ladies can employ their needles on little garments and donate them.

The great encouragement that waits on this Institution is its promise of permanency. Promiscuous alms are soon expended and their benefits perish. Organized benevolence is cheaper and more enduring. There are seeds which, after being floated on the stream for a short distance lose their vitality; they rot, and sink and disappear, and never find a germinating lodgment in the rich and fertile delta. So it is with much of man's endeavor. So it is with many a human project, many a fascinating suggestion, many a benevolent enterprise. It procures or invites a little favor in its day; it can not secure lodgment in a sufficient number of productive minds, and so it soon becomes obsolete or obsolescent; the thought dies, the seed decays and perishes. But not so with such an effort as we are putting forth. It is more than the chance-suggestion of some short-sighted but philanthropic impulse; it is more than the happy conceit of some well-meaning enthusiast. It is an idea born of God. It is a purpose which commands and receives the blessing of Infinite Love. It is destined to survive those that originated it and extend its benefits far down the line of future ages. A principle that has divine life is at its core, and as it progresses along its brilliant path the "God of the Widow" and the "Father of the Fatherless" will keep alive the benevolence of its heart.

THE Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, of Louisville, will have a grand procession on Monday, April 27th, and an address at the Public Library Hall, by the editor of this paper.

The Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home.

The Board of Directors of the "Home" have contracted with John Hehl, builder, of Louisville, Ky., for the erection of the main building and South wing of the Institution, the foundation of which was built last fall, and is now ready to receive the walls, timbers and roof, which is, as far as the Board of Directors contemplate carrying the structure the present season.

Simultaneously with the commencement of the work, the agent of the "Home," Rev. S. L. Helm, of this city, commences the canvass of the State in the interest of this noble Masonic charity, and we bespeak for him a kind and paternal reception from the brethren wherever he may go throughout the State, as well as a hearty and zealous co-operation on the part of the craft to crown his mission with that success the noble enterprise deserves. Let every member of the Order in Kentucky feel that it is his duty to contribute, according to his ability, to this good work, and be thankful for the privilege of aiding in the erection of this noble monument to Masonic benevolence and charity.

The 24th of June, St. John's day, having been set apart as a day to be observed by the Order all over the State, in the interest of the "Home," the board of directors are now engaged in the preparation of a programme for its celebration, worthy of the event, and expect to present to the craft in Louisville, as well as the general and generous public, an entertainment that will meet the approval of all, and assure the success of the day. We call upon the brethren throughout the State, to lay aside for that day all other employment, and come together in social conclave, with hearts all aglow with benevolence and love, determined to make that day one long to be remembered by the people of Kentucky, and forever to be blessed by the God of the Widow and the Orphan.

Brethren: In your cities and towns, get up pic-nic suppers, fairs, or any other entertainments that may prove a social enjoyment to all, and a benefit to the "Home." Last year the observance of the day was a success, this year we hope it will prove doubly so. There are now in the Home, some one hundred and forty odd inmates, and we learn from the managers that applications for others are being received almost daily. It requires a large sum to support the Home, as well

as what will be required to build it, and yet we venture the assertion that no brother in Kentucky feels himself the poorer for what he has contributed to it. Brethren, one and all, determine that this Home shall be built, and endowed, and it will be done. "So mote it be."

WE publish in this issue a review of Bro. Jolly's article in the March number, from the hand of Bro. Frank. We disclaim all responsibility for either the facts or the language, and lament the personalities which these brethren see fit to employ. Our columns are not open to personal strife. But having admitted Bro. Jolly's communication, we cannot refuse that of Bro. Frank. We notify the brethren, however, that while we are glad to have articles discussing Masonic principles and jurisprudence, we cannot turn our journal into the arena of personal gladiatorship.

Our business as Masons is to see "who can best work, and who can best agree." Harmony is the chief support of all well regulated institutions, and more especially this of ours.

We, now lay it down as a rule, that nothing of a personal character will hereafter be allowed to enter our columns.

Both brethren have been severe. Let us have peace.

SOME brother inquires if there is a form of funeral service for Royal Arch Masons? The Old Chair knows of none, and trusts there will never be any. For a century or more there has been a form for funeral ceremonies for Master Masons. It is impressive, beautiful, and appropriate. Much of it is borrowed from the funeral service in use in the English church, and arranged by men of judgment, taste and discretion.

The Old Chair regrets there was a form of burial service for Knights Templar adopted. If a Mason is buried with masonic ceremonies, it should be with those in which all Masons, of whatever degree, can unite. At the grave all distinctions should be forgotten, and all meet on the broad level of Master Masons, to pay the last honors to a deceased brother.

REV. P. H. JEFFRESS, formerly Grand Chaplain, was seized, on the 3d, inst., with a severe attack of apoplexy, but is about again.

A Man With an Aim.

Give me a man with an aim,
 Whatever that aim may be,
 Whether it's wealth or whether it's fame,
 It matters not to me.
 Let him walk in the path of right,
 And keep his aim in sight,
 And work and pray in faith away,
 With his eye on the glittering height.

Give me a man who says,
 "I will do something well,
 And make the fleeting days
 A story of labor tell."
 Though the aim he has be small,
 It is better than none at all;
 With something to do the whole year through,
 He will not stumble or fall.

But Satan weaves a snare
 For the feet of those who stray,
 With never a thought or care
 Where the path may lead away.
 The man who hath no aim
 Not only leaves no name
 When this life's done, but ten to one
 He leaves a record of shame.

Give me a man whose heart
 Is filled with ambition's fire;
 Who sets his mark in the start,
 And moves it higher and higher.
 Better to die in the strife,
 The hands with labor rife,
 Than to glide with the stream in idle dream,
 And live a purposeless life.

Annu. of Phren.

Oh! for the leisure to rest and to dream,
 By some woodland well, or some rippling
 stream,
 With a cool green covert of trees overhead,
 And fern or moss for my verduous bed;
 Oh! for such leisure to rest and to stray,
 In green haunts of nature if but for a day,
 Through leaves to look at the sky from the sod,
 Alone with my heart, my hopes, and my God.

Circular.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER, A. F. & A. M.
 PADUCAH, KY., March 30, 1874.
 Worshipful Master, Wardens and Brethren;
 I call your attention to the fact that by a resolution of the Grand Lodge, the 24th of June, of each year, being the festival of St. John, should be celebrated by the craft throughout the State, as a Masonic Jubilee to raise funds for the benefit of the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home and Infirmary.
 It is needless for me to speak to Masons concerning this great charity, for I am sure every brother feels a personal interest in its success and welfare. It is the embodiment of the highest type of Masonic Charity—for nothing can be dearer

to a True Mason's heart than the care and support of the Widows and Orphans of his dead brethren.

Thus far it has been a grand success, and so far as the building is finished it is crowded with wards of the craft. There are now *one hundred and seventeen* children, besides several widows of deceased brethren within its walls, and applications are daily coming for the admission of others. Soon the Managers will have to decline to receive any more for want of room.

In view of this fact the Board of Managers have made contracts for the completion of the entire building, relying upon the generosity of the craft for funds. A canvass of the residences of the beneficiaries discloses the fact that nearly four-fifths of them are from Lodges outside of Louisville, and yet, thus far, a very large proportion of the funds raised has been the result of the zeal and liberality of Louisville Masons. I state this fact, so that the brethren throughout the State may be aroused to a sense of their duty; and I trust that the next Festival of St. John will witness an uprising of the craft so as to make it the grandest day Masonry has ever seen in Kentucky. Brethren, give that one day to raising funds for this blessed Charity—by Festivals, Pic-Nics, Fairs, or any means most convenient and suitable to yourselves. I would also ask every Lodge to adopt the Grand Lodge recommendation increasing the annual dues of the members *one dollar*—the increase to go to the fund for the Home.

There are over *Twenty Thousand* affiliated Masons in this jurisdiction, and the *small* sum of *five dollars* given by each on next St. John's day will not only complete the entire edifice but *endow it forever*.

This Charity has beautifully illustrated to persons outside of the craft the practical workings of Masonry, and has attracted the attention of Masons throughout the United States. Let us go on in this good work, and with united hearts and voices make complete that which will be the first Masonic Charity of the kind in the entire country.

I hope that the officers and members of subordinate Lodges will at once organize for this purpose and make such returns after St. John's day as will demonstrate their devotion to Masonry and its most cherished interests.

Fraternally Yours,
 THOMAS J. PICKETT.

The Laborer.

A writer in the *Overland Monthly* discussing "the forces of culture," says: "If we should divide culture into a dozen eras instead of only into the stone, bronze, and iron ages, we should have to designate nearly all of them from industrial events. The sailing vessel, the mould-board which turns over the furrow of the plow, the water-wheel, the magnetic needle, gunpowder, the paper-mill, movable type, the spinning-wheel, the telescope, the microscope, the quadrant, the chronometer, the steam-engine, the steamboat, the steam railroad, the steam-blast in smelting-furnaces, the puddling-furnace, the rolling-mill, and labor-saving machinery of a thousand kinds—these are triumphs of industry, and the main causes of the superiority of modern over ancient civilization. It is the workingman, not the soldier, the priest, the statesman, the philosopher, the scientist, the artist, nor the author, who has given us not only the foundation, but also most of the superstructure of our culture."

A Gavel of the Olden Time.

Lately 'mid the ruins of Melrose Abbey, where the classic structure had yielded to the inroads of Time's resistless ravages, there was discovered in a crevice an old wooden mallet, worm-eaten and decayed, the antiquity of which was fully demonstrated by the most careless observation.

The position in which it was found, and the appearance of the mallet itself seemed to fully justify the opinion that it had been dropped accidentally or otherwise by some workman, at the time when the building of the Abbey was progressing. Much of the pristine beauty of the wooden instrument had disappeared, while the still exquisite carving, curious characters, mysterious hieroglyphics, skillful make, and superior fabric of which it is fashioned, lead to the conjecture that it belonged to some more than ordinary artificer, mayhap, the architect and Grand Master.

These facts are communicated to the *Freemason* (London) by Bro. Alexander Kidman, who also suggests that it has been presented to St. John's Lodge (Melrose), and that it is intended to have it photographed, that accurate representations of this ancient relic may be preserved by those who treasure evidence of the antiquity of Masonry.

For the Kentucky Freemason.

"High Eleven." A Dying Mason's Last Words.

BY THE REV. MORRIS EVANS.

I was a missionary in California, in the year 1856. My appointment was the Station of Grass Valley, in Nevada county. Upon arriving there I formed the acquaintance of Judge Jacob Fouse, formerly of Baltimore. Before coming to California he had been a class leader in the Methodist church. He went into the mines and for some years was cut off from all church privileges. He never forgot that he was a gentleman, and, although he gradually remitted his duties as a Christian and ceased to enjoy the comforts of its experience, yet he was always "under the tongue of good report." I never heard a complaint against his character as a good upright man.

He was a "bright," zealous R. A. Mason; for a long time Master of his Lodge. He diligently lectured his Lodge, both in work and morals. At that time, and under such hardships, Masonry, like Judaism in the days of Solomon, was so popular that its gates were thronged by those who sought admission. Week after week, and almost night after night were the craftsmen called together for work, and the hours of labor frequently—almost constantly—trenched upon those appointed for rest. The early morning often found the wearied Master still presiding over the zealous workman. But the Judge was of consumptive habit. This kind of toil began to tell upon his constitution and he had to retire from this active, laborious position.

It was soon after his retirement from his office as Master that I formed his acquaintance. Disease, had made then, no very marked inroads upon him. The practiced eye clearly saw consumption preying upon him. But, as is ever the case with consumption, he was hopeful of speedy restoration to vigorous health. Our personal relations became very intimate. His strong religious feeling easily made our conversation frequently turn upon questions of personal experience and relationship. His character began to ripen in this regard. When urged by me to take again his place in the church, he objected solely upon the ground that many would suppose that decayed health would drive him to do what he would not do in

his vigorous life, and as he would soon be over this attack he would defer it until then. This I felt—knew was honest, and the sole reason for delay. Our acquaintance developed into an affectionate intimacy. Little by little the invidious disease grew upon him.

Upon my return from Nevada City on one morning I found the Judge had sent to my office for me during the previous afternoon. He had suddenly become much worse. As I was expected back every hour they had sent no messenger after me. As I came into town almost every one I met told me of the Judge's illness, and his desire to see me. Everybody knew and loved him. I hastened to his house and found him very low. But business had to be attended to, and no present opportunity was had for private interview. The Judge, however, insisted that I should remain in his room. He hardly consented that I should go out for my dinner. After dinner, the completion of business settlements and attention of his physician occupied him until it was deemed needful that he should try and rest a little in sleep. He, however, made it a condition that I should not leave the room. All others except his wife, his physician and myself left the room and he slept. After some time it became apparent to us that it was a sleep from which he would wake no more. We gathered anxiously about his bedside, watching the breathing which became constantly more feeble and uncertain of return. His limbs were already paralyzed by the chill of death. His eyes, too, had known their last waking. The rigor of death exhibited itself upon every feature. We stood and watched and wept. Our friend was beyond our reach. In the midst of the intense silence we heard springing from the lower part of the throat of our friend, in deeply guttural sounds, the words, "High Eleven—High Eleven—High Eleven." Then was silence absolute. A few mere gentle breathings and the dead body of our loved one was before us. The Doctor made the first motion as he placed his fingers over the eyes of the corpse. I took the bereaved wife by the hand and led her to another room. No words were said other than such as would have been appropriate to the quiet death of any other good man.

As I was preparing for the funeral, I went first to the Doctor (who was also a

R. A. Mason) and then to the widow, to verify my understanding of those last, singular words. Both heard as I did, but supposed them meaningless, the idle sounds of the unconscious man. I had never heard such an expression, nor did I suppose that the Judge had. Then the query, "Why should unconsciousness win such an utterance?" Again, he knew that according to promise I was there, and his physician also. He knew that I was deeply interested as to his religious state, hence I thought that it might be the utterance of consciousness, laboring under great difficulties of expression. If so, what could it mean. There was a suggestion of his loved Masonry in the sound of the words. The idea was suggested, as the spirit was being disentangled from the complications of its physical associations, it was permitted glimpses of its own future. The new life was dawning. It was a beautiful life of "rest." Then, although the paralyzed tongue and eye refused their appointed offices, he, by a mighty effort of will, so used the resources yet under control as to tell us that the future was bright before him. Time was short and resources few. How, then, with so few and incompetent instrumentalities of communication could he make himself understood, and tell us that a happy spirit was entering upon a joyous existence, and words be few and short? He knew that Masons bent in watchful expectancy over him; that they were versed in its phraseology. Then, in two words, thrice repeated the tale was told to understanding ears. The hour of rest from labor and call to refreshment was not yet come, but was just at hand. It was not yet HIGH TWELVE, but it was "High Eleven."

COLERIDGE, when lecturing as a young man, was once violently hissed. He immediately retorted: "When a cold stream of truth is poured on red-hot prejudices no wonder they hiss."

THE MASONS of Brookville, Bracken county, Ky., will celebrate the 24th of June, in the interest of the Widows' and Orphans' Home.

THE Grand Commander of Knights Templar has appointed Sir Kt. L. D. Croninger, of Covington, Grand Recorder of the Grand Commandery, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Sir Knight Wm. C. Munger, of Franklin.

JEFFERSON T. JOLLY REVIEWED.

"ALAS, POOR YORICK."

In the April Number of the Free-Mason, I find an article signed Wm. I. Jolly, a mistake of the printer I suppose, for Thomas J. Jolly. In your note you give as an excuse for publishing it, that a severe article had appeared in the Louisville Commercial from Bro. Frank touching the case. In my article I confined myself to the Masonic aspect of the case. After some two months cogitations Bro. Jolly appears in an article in your paper, descending to personalities, of which I will give him enough after defending myself.

Now, as to the Methodist church, which he calls to his aid: At the commencement of the late civil war, there lived in Bewleyville and its vicinity four somewhat noted Lincolinites, viz: Bros. Jolly, Paul, Frank and Mr. Ed. Cain, who were forced to leave their country for their own good. When the skies became clear, and the atmosphere healthy, Bros. Jolly, Paul and Frank, like bad pennies returned. In about a year Mr. Ed. Cain followed in their illustrious foot-steps. About this time Mr. Peter Dent, of the firm of Dent and Meador, wished to sell out his interest in a store in the town of Bewleyville, to which was attached a grocery. Bro. Thomas J. Jolly sent for me to come to his house in the country, persuaded me to buy Mr. Dent's interest, and give Mr. Cain employment, alleging that Mr. Cain was one of the noted four—that he had lost every thing—had nothing, that I was able to help him, and at the same time advance my own interest. I yielded to his request. I placed my money in the hands of Meador and Cain; exercised no control over the store, never sold a glass of whisky or a pound of sugar. I was a silent partner.

Sometime after this I joined the Methodist church. I told them at the time I did not profess religion. But as the church was rather scarce of funds I thought I might help them by paying well, and by association become better myself, perhaps. In a short time Bro. Jolly thought it was time to take one of his pious fits; and to distract attention from his derelictions got up a petition to the Legislature, signed by women and children, to stop the sale of whisky at Bewleyville. This I opposed strenuously, and it was

defeated. I am a christain, if I may so use the term, after the manner and mode of king Solomon. I love wine and women. I take them when I think fit, and openly and above board; not like Bro. Jolly, who when his brother Gid was running for sheriff, and he was mixing bucketfuls of punch for the voters, its savory odors affected his nostrils so that, duck-like, he bent his head under the counter and quaffed the delicious mixture; though, at the time, he was high-cockalorum of the Sons of Temperance.

I remonstrated with Bro. Jolly on his fanatical course; told him that he would injure his church, kill himself, and accomplish nothing. If he kept from the groceries they would not follow him; if he was afraid his natural love for whisky might lead him to a drunkard's grave, it was no reason why I should be deprived of my *tod*. That I wanted to take my own time in being exalted above. That I did not wish to be dragged there when alone, and if he got there before I did to tell them that I was coming too. I thought, and still think, that these laws are but the entering wedge to more prescriptive ones; a beginning of puritanism, when they will prescribe how many times a man shall kiss his wife on Sunday. Now, though 58 years old, I am still fond of that, and don't want to be limited as to the number.

In revenge for their defeat, they brought charges in the church against me as a whisky-seller, and in due and ancient form exalted me to the sublime degree of ex-member of the Methodist Church South. On summing up my experience as a member I found my suspicion of being religious had cost me about \$75, and I now feel assured, if I have not as good, I have at least a cheaper road.

Did Bro. Jolly fulfill his obligation as a Royal Arch Mason, when a negro women, whom I had hired for a year, on an imaginary provocation, left my service, and I detained her clothes in order to force her to serve out her time, when he, together, with one Rev. Jas. Vincent, went her security to sue me for damages, without the least warning?

Was he fulfilling it again when he told Wm. Stilt of the four persons who blacked him, and alleged as an excuse, he had forgotten himself?

In his description of me, nine persons out of ten, who know Bro. Thomas J. Jolly will

recognize a picture drawn to life of himself.

With this introduction I will now answer the Masonic part. He promised to prove, but gave none but his own bare assertions; It did not rain on that night—proof—J. Dee Jourdan, now W. M.; F. Peyton, S. W.; I. M. Paul, S. D.; Joel Jourdan, &c.

There were present when the ballot was spread Bros. J. Dee Jourdan, I. W. Dent, Meador, Frank, Joel Jourdan, Jas. Truth and Hodges of Johnston Lodge, 7. Bros. Peyton and I. M. Paul were sent for and present at the raising—9. The S. D., I. M. Paul, authorized me to say he gave Bro. Jolly no authority to use his name, and that he gave no such information as he alleges.

Bro. Ad Neff also authorizes me to deny that he requested the balloting to be deferred. The acting Master at the time, Bro. J. Dee Jourdan, and the S. D., F. Peyton, &c., knew nothing of the request. Bro. Ad Neff could not have made it, for we opened on the Master's degree, and he was not in the Lodge till he issued from the preparation room. He had, at the former meeting been examined, and reported proficient. He can not bring testimony to prove that I, and others, had declared we would slip in Bro. Neff. They are his assertions alone; and if we did, we were only thwarting those who were adding a new test to Masonry.

That very same night the petition of Jas. K. Smith was due for initiation, and it was balloted on, but not being present, he was not initiated. He ignores the fact that it was a stated meeting, the petition due, and it was their duty to be at their post.

He says I can not name the four who declared that they were against admitting any member who sold whisky, and in a paragraph below says, he knows them; that three were elected to important offices in the Lodge. If he claims the Secretary of the Lodge, Bro. Thomas Drury, I have to say, that in the presence of Bro. George Paul and myself, he declared he was not one of them—that he was not opposed to the raising of Ad Neff. I would also say that though a strict member of the church, that his conduct is fair and liberal and in accordance with his professions. I would here say, if the article written by Bro. Jolly had been known by the members

on the day of the election, they would have met the same fate they did in the chapter.

That I made the remarks "have we got them, &c.," I deny emphatically, and I can find more who were present on that occasion who heard it. Bro. Jolly got it from Tom, Tom from Dic, and Dic from Harry.

He speaks of my being proud of minority. Do four moral fanatics, as Dr. Oliver terms them, constitute a majority of some forty members? Does he forget the case of his now Son-in-law? One I will vouch for as a smart worthy young man. Did not Bro. Jolly, like myself, think it a great wrong? Did he not arrange that I should, in open Lodge, assert that there was dissatisfaction as to the ballot, and on this only W. M., *pro tem.*, ordered notice to be given that at the next stated meeting, he would retake the ballot merely for form's sake? That the notice never was served, or intended to be served. At the following stated meeting he caused the ballot to be spread, and he was initiated, though the record shows there were but six members present, and one visitor. Was not this a decision of the actual Master on record, reserved by a Master *pro tem*? Is he proud of sustaining the laws of the Grand Lodge on that occasion, and also of his minority? Does he not know that during the winter we seldom muster nine, and oftener five or six?

When the W. M., caused his article to be read, and the minutes, I showed him that as Secretary I had seldom, if ever, recorded but the officers present. Did not the S. W., then the acting Master, say to him there were seven when the ballot was taken, and nine when the raising took place, and name the members? Did he not try to apologize to the S. W., and tell him he meant me, and not him? Did not the S. W., J. Dee Jourdan, ask him "how is it; am I not responsible for what was done on that occasion?" His usual black snake twist to get out.

I have been Secretary of the Lodge for several years, elected with a mere nominal opposition. I was not a candidate for Master, had always declared that I would not take it; telling them that delivering the lectures was enough, which I had always to do, whoever was Master. In three times asserting that I

was defeated for Master, it is strange he forgot his defeat for Secretary at the same time!—and who was easily elected Master! Bro. John Dee Jourdan, the Senior Warden, who presided and ordered the ballot on that former occasion. I never yet was so anxious for office as to vote for myself, as he has on several elections where he was defeated for Master, as I know, for I counted the ballots. Does he forget when he voted for himself for School Trustee, and was elected by his own vote? Proof—Bro. Joel Jourdan.

On the night of February 7th, 1874, Bro. Jolly, in pitiful tones, begged for a certified copy of minutes to be sent to the S. W. Though I had demitted, I, by the permission of the W. M., opposed it, but was willing for it to go with the certificate that the other members were present, but not recorded. He would not accept the proposition, and the Lodge refused it. Does this show I was in the minority? I was willing for the whole truth to go, he did not want that. Bro. Frank has slandered me, poor fellow, he cried. He wanted to make it appear that the minority misled him and thus to shelter his recklessness in making charges or hearing evidence. This was on the night of the day on which the Chapter had degraded him and his friends. He left as mad as a March hare, taking a bee line for home, saying nothing to anybody, though he knew the council was to meet after the Blue Lodge.

I have the authority of all the members present on that eventful night, to deny Bro. Jolly's assertion that I filled any position in the raising but that of W. M., *pro tem.* I have thus disproved his assertions which he stated he would prove.

I did demit from the Lodge to join Johnston Lodge, in which there was peace. And did accept an invitation to install these officers in due form, and make them an address, after performing that I went home to dinner with the W. M., and while talking with him he received a letter signed Thomas J. Jolly, calling his attention to the regulations of the Grand Lodge, that no Master Mason could be received without an unanimous recommendation from the Lodge, &c., and requesting that his name be kept secret. His usual dodge to get some one else to do his work. The W. M. laid it upon the Secretary's table for the inspection of the craft.

Now to the funny part—injurious to the church. Did I not as Chairman of the Committee to replaster and fence the church, beg what I could from outsiders, and advance money out of that whisky concern to effect that object?—Did he not, when I resigned as Chairman, by his ingenuity, save the church \$35 by twisting it out of the firm?

When Thos. Meadows spoke to him of some of his statements, did he not say "I was not sworn; why did you not swear me?" Did not Mr. Meadows reply, that a man that would tell a lie, would swear to one? While a member of the church did I go to Bob Cox's grocery, in Hardinsburg, and play cards with Bro. Thos. Skellman, &c., for liquor, &c., till near 12 o'clock?

Did I go to Hudsonville, when Jonas Wilson was making his race for Sheriff, and so monopolize the card table that Bro. Riley Dowell complained that he could not get a sight?

Was not his standing in the community shown, when he received two votes for constable, after publicly declaring himself, when his brother was running for Sheriff two years ago, and it was reported that Bro. Jeff. Jolly was to ride as deputy? Did not Bro. Sam. Parks have to mount his horse, knowing that if such a rumor gained credit, defeat was certain?

Did S. R. Dent, A. M. M., and now a merchant of Litchfield, Grayson County, when I was settling with him, and he presented an account of a negro whom I had endorsed for, and then denied, and whom I was owing, and which I wished to hold back in order to trick said negro in assuming the debts of Plackamine Church (negro), for which Lhad advanced money, tell me to my face, I was a thief?

Did Carroll Check, now a merchant of Litchfield, Grayson County, ask Bro. Jolly how it was that I was so high in the church and lodge, and swear that I would tell a lie for five cents?

Did I, as sheriff, return responsible farmers as insolvent, and the State come back on me for back rations to the tune of a thousand?

Did not Bewleyville Chapter No. 99, speak on the 1st Saturday in February last, at their election, held under dispensation, when he got the same number of votes for H. P., as he says I got in the Blue Lodge, 3. Was I not re-elected with but their three dissenting votes, and he degraded from the office of King to

High private, and his aid-de-camp sharing the same fate? Did I not two years ago decline a re-election as H. P., and request the Chapter to elect Bro. Jolly, and did they not refuse? Was it his chagrin at his defeat that caused him to place on the secretary's table in the Blue Lodge, certain resolutions, endeavoring to involve the Chapter and Blue Lodge in difficulty? Was it his known want of popularity that prevented him from owning them, knowing well if he did, they would see through the trick.

The council, at the next election, will speak for itself.

Now as to the lodge whose influence thrust him from the master's chair, where I had elevated him, and which he had filled for several years. Whose pocket-book sustained the lodge during its indebtedness? Who carried it and the chapter and the council safely through? Did he advance any money; some for the chapter, and enforce his interest? Let P. G. M. Fitch say when he visited our lodge, and in debt as it was, did I head an individual subscription among the members, advance the \$100, and if it was not a year before I got it back, and some of it from demitted masons, whom I persuaded to walk up to the line? Did I not go with him to Hardinsburg, and though there was a packed party to defeat, did he not say, without my influence he would have failed? Does Bro. Jolly forget his remark to Bro. S. Paul, when he was defeated for master, "who will pay the lodge debt; have you the money?" When he was instigating Mr. Carroll Check to sue the lodge; did I not checkmate him, and get the note in my possession? Ask Past Grand High Priest Ryan, when he came to Bewleyville to institute the council, whose pocket-book was open? It is my religion, all I have, and all I expect to have in pocket; I have lived by it, and I expect to die by it, and by the solemn strokes of the funeral chime, I want alone to be buried.

Now may the cloak of Christianity and Masonry which Bro. Jolly has some time been wearing, gradually strike into his inner soul, so that he may become a better man, and enable him to meet me in that lodge, where the wicked cease from troubling, is the prayer of his high priest.

J. H. W. FRANK.

NEVER turn a blessing around to see whether it has a dark side to it.

THE Board of Directors of the Widows' and Orphans' Home have elected Rev. S. L. Helm, D. D., a distinguished Baptist clergyman, a brother of Gov. Helm, a member of a family remarkable for its talents and probity, the agent of that grand charity. A better selection could not have been made. He is a fine speaker, a devoted Mason, a Christian gentleman, and deserves and will receive a cordial welcome in every community and Lodge where he essays to advance the interest of the noble benevolence committed to his advocacy. The fact that a gentleman of such talents and personal worth could be secured for this work indicates its dignity.

A VIRGINIA railroad was made to pay \$25 for killing a rooster. The engineer said he spoke to the gentleman with the whistle as kindly as possible, but when the fellow dropped one wing on the ground, raised his good eye heavenward, and commenced whetting his spur on the rail, forbearance ceased to be a virtue and he lit into him with thirteen freight cars, and forwarded him to his happy scratching ground by lightning express.

Now, what about the duties of Freemasonry? Mainly, they are summed up in the words of Him who "spake as never man spake." "I was an hungered and ye give me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me, I was sick and in prison and ye visited me." Freemasonry seeks to illustrate in practice that portraiture of christian benevolence. To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and bind up the wounds of the afflicted, is the special duty of Freemasonry. It is her constant aim to calm the troubled bosom, wipe away the tear of sorrow, cheer the mourner, sympathize with the unfortunate in all their trials, smooth the rough and rugged ways of life to all who are called to walk therein; and when a weary pilgrim comes at last to his journey's end, to lay him quietly in his grave, and let tear drops and evergreens mingle together in the dust in which he is laid, telling at the same time the sorrow and anguish of bereavement, and reminding all of a glorious immortality to the faithful and true.

HE is incapable of a truly good action who knows not the pleasure in contemplating the good actions of others.

Masonic Reminiscence of General Washington.

Bro. Robert B. Folger, M. D., in his "Recollections of a Masonic Veteran," contributed to the New York *Dispatch*, gives the following highly interesting reminiscence of Bro. General George Washington:

It was in the Lodge-room at the Shakespeare Hotel, corner of Duane and William streets, New York city, that the initiation of the Irish Giant, Clancy, and the five Oneida Chiefs took place. But subsequently a far more interesting incident occurred in Montgomery Lodge, which is worthy of a place in the memory of all true Masons, and which we shall therefore relate for the benefit of the Craft.

During the war of the Revolution, while the American army was encamped in New Jersey, a party of troops was sent out on a foraging expedition, and on their way fell in with a number of British soldiers who had been placed as a guard over some baggage which was being removed to a distant place. A skirmish ensued, they were taken prisoners, and, with the baggage, were removed to the camp of the American army. On examining the baggage a Templar's sash and a Master's apron were found, which excited some surprise among the soldiers, and was immediately carried to the tent of the commander-in-chief. As soon as his eye fell upon the same, he gave instructions that the baggage should be carefully protected from all injury, that inquiry should be made after the owner of those implements, and, if found, that he be requested to repair immediately to his tent. He soon made his appearance. Kind words and friendly greetings attended his reception. He was treated with the utmost care while a prisoner, and was soon sent home to England on parole, attended by all the comforts and conveniences which it was possible to bestow upon him in those times of trouble.

This person was Sergeant Kelley, of the British army, who, after his arrival home, lived to a good old age, and preserved that sash and apron with the greatest care. On his dying bed, surrounded by his kindred, and among the number was an old and tried friend who was a brother Mason, he ordered the sash and apron to be produced, and calling his old friend and brother to his side, exacted from him the promise to forward, after his death, the same to Montgomery Lodge, in New York city, with an accompanying letter, stating it to be a memento to the Fraternity of the kindness and regard of General George Washington toward an humble Brother and a stranger, and as a testimonial that "the memory of the just is blessed, and shall live and flourish like the green bay tree."

We had the pleasure of presenting the same to Montgomery Lodge, where they

now remain and are preserved. The act, although a simple one, was instrumental in calling up many pleasant memories. From childhood we had been taught to revere the name of Washington; had read from time to time, with great interest, the history of his life; had listened with attention to the many stories and incidents connected with him in public and private scenes, and the estimate which we had formed of the man was more than usually great. His ambition was a virtue, and its limits the freedom and independence of his country. In dignity of mind, in patience under privation, in fortitude under calamity and disappointment, in forbearance under provocation, in self-possession under misfortune, and moderation in success, he was unexcelled. The mind dwells with a delightful complacency on him as a perfect whole. There was no master passion in his mind, swallowing up and overshadowing all the rest. Like the star of the mariner, he was always the same—always shining bright and clear without dazzling the eye; always pointing one way, "true as the needle to the pole."

Amid the many scenes through which he was called to pass, whether as Commander-in-Chief of the American army, or as the Chief Executive officer of his country, or as a citizen in common with those who surrounded him, he never was unmindful of the sacred ties which bound him to the Brotherhood, and this simple incident, a history of which we have aimed to give, indicates most clearly his reverence of its precepts, and his unflinching determination to illustrate them by his conduct toward an humble brother, though found in arms against the cause which he espoused, and for which he would have willingly sacrificed his life.

DIED—WILLIAM C. MUNGER, Grand Recorder of the Grand Commandery of Kentucky, died at his residence in Franklin, Ky., on the fifth of February last.

It is painful to see our old and valued friends departing, one by one, and reflect that we shall see them no more "on this side the river." We had known Bro. Munger since 1846, and always found him the true gentleman, genial and kindly, a true Mason and courteous Knight.

He had filled the office of G. J. Warden in the G. E. of the United States, G. S. Warden of Webber Lodge of Perfection, and was a member of the G. Consistory, 32°, at Louisville. But his work is finished, his battles fought and won, and the Master has called him to his reward. Green will be his memory.—*Masonic Review*.

"EQUALITY," says a French writer, "means a desire to be equal to your superior, and superior to your equal."

The Temple of Solomon.

An article in the *Edinburgh Review*, for January, evidently written by a brother Mason, contains so many things of interest relating to the construction of the Temple, that I am induced to present some of these to the reader of your journal for their information.

We are told that the plan of the Temple and its courts was given to David by revelation, as the plan of the tabernacle had been given to Moses; and the successor of David on the throne of Israel erected the Temple in accordance with that plan, and to its erection he brought the highest constructing knowledge and engineering skill of his age. We cannot, of course, in the limits of a short article, attempt to give a description of the Temple, its courts, its retaining walls, the arched and vaulted reservoirs and chambers still to be found within the limits of Mount Moriah; but we may acquire some idea of the magnitude of the work, when we are told that the height of the pinnacle of the Temple, at its southwest angle, along the valley of the Kedron, was 426 feet, only 50 feet less than that of the Great Pyramid, and that, allowing four square cubits for each worshiper, the Temple, sanctuary, platform, courts and cloisters would accommodate 210,000 persons, while two amphitheatres, of the size of the Coliseum of Rome, could have been placed on the temple area, with room to spare.

For some years a party of English surveyors have been engaged in prosecuting an examination into the actual condition of the Temple area and its substructures, to recover, if possible, the knowledge of the condition of the Temple in the days of Solomon. With these surveys before him, the writer of the article educed some surprising results. One of these is the determination of the orientation of the ancient Temple, or of its east and west line or axis. The ancient tabernacle was pitched with its face to the east; and with the Jews the main cardinal point was the east instead of the north, as with us; the south, therefore, was on the right, and the north on the left hand. It appears that the location of many of the Temples was determined by the sunrise line on a particular day, that of the laying of the corner-stone, on that of one of the solstices. The faces of the Great Pyramid were laid to the four points of the compass, with a variation of only about four and a half minutes, a very accurate determination in the advance of modern scientific means for establishing the true meridian.

The building of the Temple of Solomon was begun on the seventeenth day of the month Zif, in the fourth year of the reign of Solomon. The sunrise line, as it appeared from Mount Moriah on that day, allowing for the obstruction of Mount Olivet to the east, was ten degrees, forty-eight minutes, thirty seconds north of east.

This sunrise line of that day bisected the great eastern gate, the site of the brazen altar, the sanctuary, the Holy of Holies; and the western wall of the sanctuary was built at right angles to this axial. The meridian line bisected the great gate in the southern wall, and determined the face of the platform on which the sanctuary was erected. The writer, with the ordinary surveys before him, draws his conclusions, "that, in the alignment of the rock hewn scarps and colossal masonry of the sanctuary, and the enclosing mountain, King Solomon not only formed a record of the grand unity of his original design, but further calendered, to all future time, the very year and day of the foundation of the holy house. That day, in the year in question, fell on the first day of the week." The architect of the Temple was no mean engineer, and to this day his works are the proof of his skill and capacity.

Another interesting fact is brought out by the writer, determining the site of the great altar of Solomon. According to the Rabbinical writers, during the continuance of the first Temple, the great altar fires were never extinguished, but no matter what the direction or force of the wind, the smoke of the sacrifices always ascended directly upward toward heaven, as a cloud of smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night. Beneath the Sakrak or rock, now covered by a mosque called the Kubbet al Sakrak or Dome of the Rock, is found a well or shaft connecting with the chambers and excavations beneath. If the great altar was placed over this well, there would be a constant upward draft from all the vaulted chambers and passages beneath the mountain, carrying upward not only the smell of the sacrifices, but constantly ventilating and purifying all the subterranean reservoirs and vaulted passages, which penetrate the mountain in every direction. The site of the great altar is thus established, and from it the architect can deduce conclusions as to the actual location of the different parts of the Temple.

At the building of the Temple there was not heard the sound of the hammer, axe, or any tool of iron; but it would appear that this applied not only to the Temple itself, but also to its great foundation walls; for there is found at this day on these stones the marks of Phœnician Masons, specifying the number of the course in which the stone was to be placed, proving that the stone was hewn and squared at the quarries from which they were raised. The Phœnician Beth or B appears on the second, Daleth on the fourth, and a numeral 5 on the fifth course, and these marks are found at several places on the foundation courses. On other stones the Mason's private mark is found, made with common marking material, such as red chalk or some kind of ochreous earth.

The Order of Nature.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Thou who wouldst read with an undarkened
eye
The laws by which the thunderer bears
away,
Look at the stars that peep, in yonder sky,
Unbroken peace from Nature's earliest day.

The great sun, as he guides his fiery car,
Strikes not the cool moon in its rapid sweep;
The Bear, that sees star setting after star
In the blue brine, descends not to the deep.

The star of the eve still leads the hour of
dews;
Duly the day star ushers in the light;
With kindly alternations Love renews
The eternal courses, bringing day and night.

Love drives away accursed War, and keeps
The realms and hosts of stars beyond the
reach;
In one long calm the general concord steeps
The elements, and tempers each to each.

The moist gives place benignly to the dry;
Heat ratifies a faithful league with cold;
The nimble flame springs upward to the sky;
Down sinks by its own weight the sluggish
mold.

Still sweet with blossoms in the year's fresh
prime,
Her harvests still the ripening summer
yields!
Fruit laden Autumn follows in his time,
And rainy Winter waters still the fields.

The elementary harmony brings forth
And rears all life, and when life's term is
o'er
It sweeps the breathing myriads from the
earth,
And whelms and hides them, to be seen no
more.

While the Great Founder, He who gave these
laws,
Holds the firm reins and sits amid the skies,
Monarch and Master, Origin and Cause,
And Arbitrator supremely just and wise.

He guides the force He gave; His hand re-
strains
And curbs it to the circle it must trace;
Else the fair fabric which His hand sustains
Would fall to fragments in the void of
space.

Love binds the parts together; gladly still
They court His kind command and wise
decree;
Unless Love had them subject to the Will
That gave them being, they would cease
to be. *New York Ledger.*

AVOID a contest if possible for you
can never be sure how a contest will end.

For the KENTUCKY FREE MASON.

Personal Recollections of Masonry in Europe.
NO. II.

In my former article I made a brief mention of the *actual* call from labor to refreshment, at which time the Craft, under the supervision of the proper officer, refresh themselves both *mentally and physically*.

In a great many cases, an oration is given by a member of the Lodge, or a question selected for discussion, in which event the members proceed as in other deliberative bodies, arranging themselves on the side each one thinks correct. It not unfrequently happens that the discussion assumes such a degree of importance as to continue the subject until the next meeting. When the speeches are of such a length as to become wearisome to the listeners a recess is taken, and glasses filled with either wine or toddy. Toasts are then in order, and for a time all is mirth and jollity. Aye! and my American brethren, what is or could be a more pleasant sight, than thirty or forty of the "ancient and honorable" Order, assembled around the board, with the world and its cares without, no feeling pervading the heart save that of friendship and brotherly love, and music—one of the blessings bestowed upon man by the Grand Architect of the Universe—lends its aid—

"To melt or fire the soul by turns,"

"Or swell the heart and veins."

But enough for the present. More anon. TISRI.

THE rise and fall of imitative societies is amusingly parodied by the celebrated Masonic writer Noorthouch, in the last century in these lines:

When Bucks and Albions are forgot,
Freemasonry will remain;
Mushrooms each day spring up and rot,
While Oaks stretch o'er the plain.
Let others quarrel, rant and roar
Their noisy revels when no more,
Still Masonry shall reign.

IN this world there is one godlike thing, the essence of all that ever was or ever will be of godlike in this world—the veneration done to human worth by the hearts of men. So says Carlisle.

UNBOUNDED patience is necessary to bear not only with ourselves, but with others whose various tempers and dispositions are not congenial with our own.

THE OLD CHAIR does not consider the present condition of Masonry a healthy one. The Order is popular and prosperous—if conferring degrees *ad libitum* is an indication of prosperity. The effort is not so much to acquire a knowledge of the spirit and purposes of the Order, and obey its high behests in "deeds of charity and pure beneficence;" not to read, study and reflect upon what Masonry requires of its members, but degrees—degrees—*more degrees!*

Not content with being a "Master" until they have comprehended the grand principles of the Order, and learned to practice them, they must go on *at once*. They are enamored of ceremony, and cry out for "more degrees." In a few months they have reached the Royal Arch, perhaps wear a *chapeau* and sword, and are probably panting for the distinction of being "Prince of the R. S.!" A hundred—two hundred dollars—for "degrees," and no rest until they have all been explored! What then? why, too many deem it beneath their dignity to attend, or take an interest in the *Lodge*. They are rarely there: why, they are Knights Templar, or thirty-seconds, and it cannot be expected that they should come down to the plain practical duties of Master Masons!

Masonry cannot prosper unless the lodge is attended, and the practical duties are observed. Passing through ceremonies, taking numberless degrees, spending large sums of money for promotion and regalia, orders and jewelry—never yet made a Mason, but they have spoiled a great many. The Old Chair advises young Masons to stick to the lodge, and learn *there* to be true, genuine, practical Freemasons.—*Cincinnati Review*.

IN the following extract, an exchange tells us how an Anti-Masonic bigot came to grief:

"At a Methodist Conference in Ypsilanti, Mich., one of the clergy desired to ask the candidates for the ministry, who were undergoing a disciplinary examination, whether any of them were opposed to oath-bound societies. Bishop Wiley immediately settled the matter by responding from Scripture: 'Secret things belong to our Lord, but those that are revealed, to us and our children.' The anti-masonic brother feeling himself squelched, had nothing further to say about secret societies."

Lodges of Colored Masons in Michigan.

The question of the Masonic status of what have been called Lodges of Colored Masons, has, we think, been very properly determined, so far as respects the jurisdiction of Michigan, by the Grand Lodge of that State.

At the recent meeting of the Grand Lodge of Michigan, in January, "a petition was presented from colored persons styling themselves Masons, and purporting to be a committee of a so-called Grand Lodge in the State, requesting recognition by the Grand Lodge." It was received and laid on the table. On the next day the same petition substantially but differing in form was presented, and again laid on the table. On the same day the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"WHEREAS, petitions or requests have been presented to this Grand Lodge, from persons who represent themselves to be Free Masons, and members of bodies claiming to hold charters under a Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of the York Rite—colored—of the State of Michigan; and,

"WHEREAS, this Grand Lodge has taken no action upon said petitions or requests, except to respectfully receive them; therefore—

"Resolved, That this Grand Lodge, having for over thirty years exercised an exclusive and lawful jurisdiction of the several degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry within and throughout the State, all so-called Lodges existing or pretending to exist within this State, not acknowledging allegiance to this Grand Lodge, and not working under its charter or dispensation, are *clandestine*, no matter from what source they may have derived their pretended authority, and cannot be in any manner masonically recognized by this Grand Lodge.

"Resolved, That this Grand Lodge does not dictate, and has not at any time undertaken to dictate, to its constituent bodies what shall be the color of their members, or of their Masonic material.

"Resolved, That all persons having the qualifications required by our ancient regulations, who desire to be made Masons, are referred to the constituent Lodges of this Grand Jurisdiction, with the assurance that all who have such qualifications, and can pass the scrutiny of the ballot, will be received without question."

The Spirit of the Lodge.

There is something in the teachings of Masonry that fills the soul with ineffable delights; there is a spirit that fills the universe, and crieth aloud: "Come unto the fountains and drink, that ye may be full of an ever-lasting spirit—that you may wash and be innocent—purified, and be pure;" and if the spirit rest not with the Lodges, if the Brethren be not inspired with it, how can those Lodges "be and live?" how can a brotherly love and affection prevail, if their interests and designs are not the same? how can they pursue the same paths, if their objects are not alike? how can they live in accordance with one another? It is this spirit that establishes the *unity*, and is productive of *that harmony* upon which the whole fabric of our institution hangs. Then how shall we infuse and imitate this spirit? in other words, how shall we become true and perfect Masons? By approaching the fountains of knowledge. The undertaking is arduous, the paths are rugged, we require aid and assistance, and shall we seek for that aid and not find it?

There is but little knowledge of a generic nature that does not directly or indirectly lead to the development of principles embraced in Masonry. From the observation of things around it, the mind gradually opens from darkness to apparent light, and as development takes place, the understanding expands, the soul is filling with an essence peculiar to itself, or rather exhibits itself to be a never-ending existence, and, proportionate to these acquirements, the inner and outer man becomes refined, the animal delights lose their charms, and pass away unheeded, and to walk in the ways of pleasantness, and in the paths of peace, will be our continuous aim.

In order that a true spirit shall pervade the Lodge, it is essential that it be began with a spirit of truth and a virtuous progression; nay, more! it is essential that that spirit should be preserved, and abide with it, and how can this be done if the arcana of knowledge be not opened—widely opened—and all be partakers of its treasures? But if one portal be opened, and the other be closed, will there not be disappointment and dissatisfaction created? and those to whom the sovereignty of direction is entrusted, should they not be constantly heard to exclaim: "Come! come! buy without price, with-

out money, for there is much that is unwritten—there is much to be told?" If this knowledge is denied once, it is doubtful if it will be asked for again, for it should be freely offered, and if once freely extended, it will be gladly received; the spirit will joyously begin its workings, and amity will be established, harmony prevail. All pursuing the same course, their tendencies, internal and external, will be productive of the same results, reaching toward the same heaven, and we may then truly repeat: "Behold! how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." This, then, is the spirit that should exist, but does it? Need we answer if any other spirit is prevalent, need we inquire what it is, or of what that spirit is composed, and to what the energies thereof tend? It will speak for itself—it will glitter in its own gaudy tinsel. Now, if such be the case, is there not much for those whose duty it is "to visit and examine the condition of the Lodges," and to give "good and wholesome advice," to awaken in the minds of the Brethren a regenerative influence, to open the doors of knowledge and science, and to point upward to that ever-existing Lodge of never-ending bliss as a future reward? Let, then, elder Brethren convey, and younger Brethren joyfully receive—let information generously be thrown among the Craft, and in the Lodges. Trifling as it may be, it will lead to further reward, gradually assume a more important character, and soon the thirst will increase, and a lever of knowledge will begin to exert its power, and Masonry will become more universal, scattering blessings, rich blessings for thousands, myriads yet unborn. Then will the spirit exhibit its tendencies, make manifest its innumerable, incalculable, spiritual and practical benefits.—*M. W. Bro. John W. Simons.*

THE Master of Hiram Lodge, F. A. M., in this city, received a letter Thursday from Springtown, Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory, stating that the seal of Rio Verde Chapter, No. 121, Kentucky, had been found near that place by the writer of the letter, and also enclosing impressions of the seal. The letter was forwarded to the High Priest of the Chapter named at Omega, Heart county, which is No. 87, instead of 121, as in the impressions of the seal. We suspect that some one has forged the seal in order to impose on the craft.—*Yeoman.*

The Unifying Influence of Architecture.

As an Order, we look back over ages to that period in the world's history when the Temple was reared as a place of worship for those differing in their views and opinions in all things save one. That point of agreement was a common belief in the great Creator, the Grand Architect of the Universe. In erecting an edifice for public use or benefit, this great fundamental doctrine, the corner-stone of all correct human beliefs, the source of all that is elevating, of all that is intelligent, and of all man's confidence, is usually reverentially acknowledged. This is proper. It is a public confession that the Grand Architect of the Universe is the imperishable foundation of every great undertaking, and that He must have the external as well as the internal homage of men. Science, art, all nature, the restless conscience, all with one unchangeable voice proclaim this great truth.

As an example for man when engaged in a work of many seemingly conflicting parts, or partaking of many perplexing duties, we are assured that, in rearing the Temple of Solomon, there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building. The lovers of art, the wise and learned of all nations, visited this wonderful edifice to behold its grandeur and to admire the wisdom of the Architect who promised that this house should be built. Regarding man as an edifice, when many are taken to form a society of edifices, the excellence of that union depends upon the perfect construction of each, having its foundation in the living principle of reciprocity, concord, mutual life.

Science and art have claims upon the Master Mason, whose moral Masonic edifice is tested by the square, the level, and the plumb. At a very early period the study of geometry and architecture became a passion among its patrons, and it was deemed a great accomplishment to master these arts. It is not our purpose now to refer to them, except incidentally. Whether architecture has improved since Greece made it the admiration of the world, and gave it a name and a fame which we proclaim for it to those who shall succeed to our places, is a question for the scholar to determine. We are to-day content with the beautiful orders of architecture as they have come down to us from the past, with all their history undenied, like a panorama of gorgeous splendor moving

before our eyes, bearing upon its massive walls and monuments—exquisite, delicate, majestic, sublime, ponderous, and imperishable.

How unlike the arts of the individual are these to which we have referred. The sculptor and painter ply the chisel and the brush in retirement. However skillful they may be in their art, it is the labor of years, the result of diligent study and application. No great order, no admiring multitude gathers to approve their work or to praise their gifts. If perchance by a life of hard and often sad experience they accomplish their task, there are a few who appreciate their genius and will reward their merit. But a building is the work of many cunning and skillful craftsmen, whose architectural display is the admiration of the multitude; who celebrate their triumphs of science and art by pomp and becoming ceremony. Civil and religious architecture have much to do in smoothing the rough natures of men, and have from their constant study become auxiliaries in the cause of civilization. They are the readily recognized features of a civilized condition of any race of men, and as a nation becomes intelligent and wealthy, so do these striking features become numerous and prominent.

We may here remark that a knowledge of geometry and architecture enabled Pythagoras to revolutionize Greece, and that Euclid taught as the science of geometry what is now known as Masonry. But it matters not to us whether such be the case, or whether Greece borrowed these arts from Egypt, or whether they have been received from Rome, or revived by the Italians, civilized and cultivated man finds a property in them which he asserts in every structure of art. Indeed, architecture adorns every department of government, and Freemasonry has preserved and moulded its constituent parts into a moral symbolism for the benefit of man. Freemasonry, therefore, as we now behold it, had its origin in the art of building. And the Order of to-day is the effect of those demands of olden times, which induced artisans to unite for the purpose of securing the benefits of their services to each other and to protect their organization against the machinations of those who were jealous of their success; a combination for the common good, out of which came order, the superiority of station, and submission to authority.

The only mode of communicating this science was by association, and to protect itself against the intrusion of the uninitiated, secrecy was required. "For all nations seek admission into secret societies" Like the art of building symbolized in Freemasonry and presenting in its name "a system of morality veiled in allegory," our Order is adapted to any race or rank. It is its own master in all climes; it speaks but the universal language of science and art in many different tongues; it is accredited as well in one hemisphere as in the other; it glories only in its own habitation; it claims the work of relieving the infirmities of human nature as its inheritance.

Illustrious Masons.

When our enemies traduce us by accusing our Order of being unworthy of respect, they forget that thousands of illustrious men, above reproach, have humbly kneeled at the altar of Masonry. We have never seen an exhaustive catalogue of these names, but a few occur to the minds of most readers, such as the following:

Washington, Sir Isaac Newton, Locke, Frederick the Great, Lafayette, Sir John Moore, Lord Nelson, Napoleon Bonaparte, Lord Wellington, Dugald Stewart, Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Moore, Robert Burns, Benjamin Franklin, Patrick Henry, De Witt Clinton, Judge Story, Gen. Warren, Earl de Gray and Ripon, (present Grand Master of England,) the Prince of Wales, Past G. M., Charles XV, King of Sweden and Norway, who is the G. M. of these countries. Infact our records contain the names of the very elite of the whole world; Emperors, Kings, Noblemen, Archbishops, Bishops, Clergy of every grade, Soldiers, Statesmen, Authors, Journalists, Artisans and Farmers, all meet upon the level of our tessellated pavement. Strange that there are fossilized institutions that should seek to discredit us as worthy of their abhorrence. May all that hate us be like—they!
—*Cala. Masonic Mirror.*

GREAT men leave two different impressions of themselves on their contemporaries—the one the result of their public career, the other of their private life.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR was defined by a little girl to be a "Good Templar who staid out late at night." The little girl was disposed to be sarcastic.

Death-Bed Scenes.

Many persons seem anxious to know if they are going to die—not because they wish to make physical preparations, but that they may arrange their material affairs, give final directions for the disposal of their effects or their remains. Again and again have I been asked by the wasted wretches in prison: "Do you think I am a gone case, Doctor? I'm not afraid to die, but I want to know."

I have found, particularly at Salisbury, the material comfort is the thing longed for by the dying. In their last hour men and women want physical rest and ease above aught else; and I know instances in which the replies of persons near their dissolution were in such sharp contrast to inquiries made of them as to become positively grotesque.

I was present when an acquaintance, who had been struck in the streets by a falling chimney, was carried home in a dying state. As soon as he had recovered consciousness, his wife, half frantic with terror, leaned over the sofa on which he lay, and said, "Oh, my darling, do you really love me?" The response was "Yes, if you will pull off my boots," and these were his last words. A gentleman, long ill of a wasting fever, had reached that condition of rest which naturally heralds the great transformation. His betrothed, who had devotedly nursed him said, "Dearest, do you die happy?" "I should," was the answer, "if that infernal fly wouldn't bother me," and spoke no more. "Wouldn't you like to see your father?" inquired a doting mother of her only son, as his life was ebbing fast. "Of course I should, but I had rather have my face washed." Such words, apparently harsh and unfeeling, come from persons of natural sensibility and tenderness, because in their dying hour the desire for material comfort often crowds out every other consideration.

—(From Junius Henry Brown's Paper on Death.)

THE reputation of a man is like his shadow, it sometimes follows and sometimes precedes him; it is sometimes longer, and sometimes shorter, than his natural size.—[French Proverb.]

IF you see anything your duty, the sooner you attend to it the better. David says, "I made haste, and delayed not to keep his commandments." Follow his example.

Little Things.

Little words, not eloquent speeches nor sermons; little deeds, not miracles nor battles, nor one great act of mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam, "that go softly" on their meek mission of refreshment, not the waters of the river, "great and mighty," rushing down in torrent, noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of self and the flesh, little acts of indolence, of indecision, of slovenliness, or cowardice, little equivocation or aberrations from high integrity, little bits of worldliness and gayety, little indifference to the feelings and wishes of others, little outbreaks of temper and crossness, or selfishness or vanity; the avoidance of such little things as these go far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life. And then attention to the little duties of the day and hour in public transactions, or private dealing, or family arrangements; to the little words and tones, little benevolences, or forbearances, or tenderness; little self-denials, self-restraints, and self-thoughtfulness; little plans of quiet kindness and thoughtful considerations for others; punctuality and method and true aim in the ordering of each day—these are the active developments of a holy life, the rich and divine mosaics of which it is composed. What makes you green so beautiful? Not the outstanding peck, or stately elm, but the bright sward which clothes its slope, composed of innumerable blades of grass. It is of small things that a great life is made up; and he who will acknowledge no life as great save that which is built up of great things will find little in Bible characters to admire or copy.

ANDREW JACKSON was accused of bad spelling, but John Randolph defended him by declaring that "a man must be a fool who could not spell a word more ways than one."

A WATCHMAN who lodged in the boiler-room of a factory was asked if he was n't afraid of being blown up, and answered, with a sickly smile, "No; I'm a married man."

"I Have No Chance."

Do n't say that, young man. You have five chances on each hand. Then you have thirty-six at least in your head. Every faculty you have will vote you into office, if you only enfranchise it, and form a confederation between the freemen in your brain and the freemen at the ends of your arms.

Chances, plenty of them, fall under our eyes, if we have only eyes to see them and hands to pick them up.

The falling of an apple was the opportunity for Newton to solve the secret of the skies.

A floating sea-weed, drifting by the vessel when the crew were uttering mutinous threats, was the chance seized by Columbus to pacify an incipient rebellion, and to inspire his men with the promise of a new continent and a new world of enterprise.

The picking up of a pin in a street of Paris by a poor boy, as he was going from a great bank, saddened at the denial of his application for a place, was the founding of the success and prosperity of one of the greatest bankers of the queen city of the world. That simple act, illustrative of economical spirit, asserting itself over present grief, was observed from the window; the lad was recalled, and the refusal recalled at the same moment. Industry, patience, and honesty did the rest.

A jumping tea-kettle lid is said to have put the steam into that boy's head who gave us the great giant of modern industry.

A kite and a key, in Franklin's hands, were the grand-parents of our telegraph, and all the blessings of modern inventions applying electricity.

A swinging greasy lamp, just filled with oil by a vergor in the Cathedral of Pisa, caught the eye of Galileo at eighteen years of age, taught him the secret of the pendulum, made many a discovery in astronomy and navigation possible, and gave us the whole modern system of the accurate measurement of time.

GOD made man to go by motives and he will not go without them any more than a boat without a stem, or a balloon without gas.

LOOK out for the best aspects of a man as you do for views in the country.

The Mason's Orphan Daughter.

In a late visitation which we made to one of the Orphan Homes of this State, we found among the interesting groups of fatherless inmates of the institution, a sweet-faced little girl of some eleven summers, whose mild blue eye and simple, womanly manners at once attracted our attention, and kindled within our heart, as is somewhat natural in such cases, an inquisitive desire to know something of her history.

The wonderful, attractive power which some persons possess, and which is often found even in the eye and contour and manners of the young, seems to wear the mystic blandishment of some weird land. There is an unearthly beauty in the person and wand power of immediate influence in the individual spirit which but few can resist. It comes over us like a divinity, and fastens our admiration as with the tethers of an irresistible affinity.

It was this sort of a soul-subjugation which came over us when we looked into the eyes and apparent angel character of this little orphan girl, as she sat among the rest, as if she were but a common lamb of the fold, with the helpless and innocent consciousness that she was only an orphan child, homeless and friendless, and without a single bright star to illuminate her unknown future.

To us her condition seemed a sad one—without father or mother, brother or sister, and alone in the world, with no guardian power over her save that of the sympathy of public charity.

When the songs and prayers of the evening were over, and the orphan family had retired to their respective chambers for the night, we began our questioning with the kind-hearted Matron, who herself is the relict of a Masonic brother whom we once knew, and who in her present position is doubtless the right woman in the right place.

"What is the history," we asked, "of that blue-eyed girl who sat here to our right this evening during devotional services?"

"O, that is Annie Torrey, one of my favorite pets. Isn't she an interesting child?" the Matron asked.

"Indeed she is, but where is she from?" we inquired.

"Her little short life-story," responded the good woman, "is full of interest, and I might add even of romance, too, for she

is an English-born child, and here in this city lost both her father and mother within a year. She had two little brothers, but they are since dead, and Annie is now the only one left of the entire family."

"She is indeed a fair and beautiful child," we replied, "and her very soul seems to speak through the soft and mild beamings of her eyes."

"Does she seem happy here?" we inquired.

"Why, yes, this is her native disposition. It seems to be natural with her to be easy pleased no matter what turns up."

"Do you know anything of her parentage, further than that she is of English birth?" we asked.

"Why, yes," she replied, "I have heard that her father was a Master Mason, and came to this country to better his fortune as a machinist, and for some time worked in this city. But, poor man, he and his wife both died within a year after coming to the country. Their possessions were small, and by the time they had passed through their sickness and death, there was nothing but their three children left behind."

With a sympathy of soul for the poor little orphan daughter that was even painful, we bid the good Matron adieu for the evening, with a promise of attending the Sabbath services the next day in the institution.

We could but think when lying down for the night how melancholy and hopeless is the prospective destiny of the tens of thousands of orphan children which are to be found scattered over our country. We thought, devoutly, too, of the "All-seeing-eye," and wondered if there was not an especial assurance given to all such in that old Jewish inspiration, "When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up." Surely if God pities the poor, there must be some special hope for the helpless orphan in the divine compassion. Life's relationships are often sad at the best, for men and women are weak and frail, and too frequently are wanting in education and intelligence, as well as in self-government, and even with their children around them, they are often far from being happy. They fail to recognize the richest gifts of heaven, and draw closer upon themselves the sorrows of life, when they should only be drinking of its most pleasurable realities.

The next day in the Chapel of the Or-

phans' Home we again met the Mason's orphan daughter. She was dressed in her plain Sunday suit of buff calico, with a neat little ruffle of the same color round her neck, which was partially hid by the beautiful clusters of auburn curls which hung down her back.

The children all looked well and appeared to be happy, and we joined with them in their Sabbath-school services with much more than the ordinary interest. Little Annie sat near us, and we had a fair opportunity of noticing her intelligent readiness in answering questions, and when the school closed, by permission of the Matron, we held a long and interesting conversation with her in regard to what she knew of her history.

"Do you remember, Annie," we asked her, "your father and mother?"

"O, yes sir," said she, "as well as if they had only died yesterday."

"What do you remember of England, your native country?" we inquired.

"Why, sir, I remember Manchester, the place where I was born. My grandfather and grandmother and Uncle James live there, and I often think," said she, with an air of observable sadness, "if my dear parents had remained there we might all have been living yet."

"You have no relatives living in this country?" we asked.

"Not one," she answered promptly.

"Would you like to go back to England?" we inquired.

"Indeed I would," she affirmed.

"Well, then, why don't you write to your relatives to send for you? Wouldn't they do it?"

"Yes, sir, I think they would," she quickly responded.

"Do you know, Annie," we asked her with some delicacy, "whether your father was a Mason?"

"No, sir," she responded "he was a machinist."

We could but smile at her simplicity, and explained, by asking, "if he was what they call a Freemason?"

"I think he was something of that sort," she responded, with a laugh, "for I have in my little trunk up stairs a purple apron which has a good many things on it which I don't know anything about. I found it in one of our drawers after mother died, and as I thought it was very pretty I have kept it ever since."

I asked her if she would please go and get it, and let me look at it.

She flew up stairs at once, like a little bird, and in a few moments returned and spread out on my lap a very well preserved Master Mason's apron.

"Was this your father's, Annie?" we inquired.

"I presume it was," said she "though I don't know what he did with it. I have often taken it out and looked at it, and thought it was something that belonged to the machinist."

"No, Annie," we assured her, "this is what they term the apron of a Master Mason, and we presume your father held this relation to the Craft in England."

"It may be, but I don't know," said she, "for I was only eight years old when we left England, and I never saw it until after my mother's death, when I was nine years old."

"And you have kept it ever since?"

"Yes, sir, for since Joseph and Fleming died, this is nearly all I have left of anything that belonged to our family."

That Masonic apron was a relic worthy of her tenderest regards, for it gave to others whom she knew not, an interest in her which perhaps nothing else in her possession would or could have done, for she was soon made known to several as the Mason's orphan daughter, and with the little light which she could give, a correspondence was opened up by Brother Gentry, of Terre Haute, with Annie's friends in Manchester, England, and the probabilities now are that ere the new year of 1874 dawns upon us she will be under the genial roof of her grandparents in the land of her birth, where it is fondly hoped that the loneliness of her orphanage will be forgotten in the loving smiles and tender caresses of her own blood kin.

"Thus found alone on bleak and foreign shore,
An orphan child is carried home once more."

Masonic Advocate.

LIFE is made up of little things—The greater misfortune troubles us least. A man will generally show more of his evil nature at the absence of a button off his shirt bosom than at the loss of his finest horse, and will probably endure it less manfully. The field of experience is broad, and covers the world; but her most severe tests greet us first, and happy is he who can achieve the master over the things which are small, for he then is sure of the mastery of himself.

ST. JOHN'S DAY.

Meeting to Prepare for the Masons' Annual Holiday.

Pursuant to a call, the Board of Directors of the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home met the representatives of the various Masonic bodies of the city of Louisville in the office of the Grand Secretary at Masonic Temple, on Monday evening, March 30, to take into consideration the proper observance of St. John's day. Hon. W. B. Hoke was chosen chairman, and John M. S. McCorkle secretary, when the following representatives responded to the call:

Abraham Lodge No. 8—W. J. Duncan.
Clark Lodge No. 51—J. B. Fishback.
Mt. Moriah Lodge No. 106—W. B. Hoke.

Antiquity Lodge No. 113—J. W. Colston.

Lewis Lodge No. 191—J. T. Shade.
Willis Stewart Lodge No. 221—C. Henry Finck.

Robinson Lodge No. 266—W. E. Pennington.

Falls City Lodge No. 376—Jno. C. Lewis.

Louisville Lodge No. 400—A. Phillips.
Kilwinning Lodge 506—D. F. C. Weller.

Louisville Chapter No. 5—H. H. Neal.
King Solomon Chapter No. 18—R. B. Caldwell.

Louisville Council No. 4—S. W. Cloyd.
DeMolay Commandery No. 12—R. B. Caldwell.

Grand Consistory of Kentucky—J. W. Cook.

And the following members of the Board of Directors of the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home: Hon. T. L. Jefferson, President; Chas. Tilden, Vice President; George C. Buchanan, George W. Wicks, C. H. Finck, John H. Leathers, H. Wehmhoff, and R. E. Miles.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted; "That the 24th of June next be celebrated by the Masonic fraternity by parade and picnic at Central park, and that the arrangements for same be left to the Board of Directors of the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home, and that we, the presiding officers of various Masonic bodies, will aid them to the extent of our abilities to make the same a season of great success."

President Jefferson, on behalf of the Home, spoke of the earnestness with which the brethren present entered into the work, and assured them of the appreciation entertained by the board; and, since the power was solely invested in the

directors, with such aid as they might be called on to select, it would be their pride to make the approaching festivities an occasion of pleasure, one to which the wives, daughters and lady friends will love to revert and anxiously look forward to its recurrence, rather than dread the same on account of the arduous labor hitherto so cheerfully performed. The utmost harmony prevailed, and all seemed alive to the importance of the work so auspiciously inaugurated.

Earnest co-operation is all that is necessary to make this the grandest of our celebrations, as it will be one of pleasure, not of toil.

On motion, the meeting adjourned to meet again next Saturday evening at 7½ o'clock, in the office of the Grand Secretary at Masonic Temple.—*Courier-Jour.*

Anecdote of Paganini.

He who does a thing extra well deserves an extra price—and will generally get it. Any expert in any trade may say to an exacting employe, "Perform an exploit in your line equal to what I perform in mine, and you shall be as well paid for it." This point is wittily put in the following anecdote in one of the weekly criticisms of the Paris press. Paganini, one day at Florence, jumped into a cab and gave orders to be driven to the theater. The distance was not great, but he was late, and an enthusiastic audience was waiting to hear him perform the famous prayer of "Moise" on a single string.

"How much do I owe you?" said he to the driver.

"For you," said the man, who had recognized the great violinist, "the fare is ten francs."

"What! ten francs? You are surely jesting."

"I am speaking seriously. You charge as much for a place at your concert."

Paganini was silent for an instant; then, with a complacent glance at the rather too witty driver, said:

"I will pay you ten francs when you drive me upon one wheel."

He then tendered two francs, which were taken.

WHEN she told him he was a flat, Jones said it was her fault, because she would not have him round. Jones thinks he got square on her.

A Lenient Judge.

The late Judge Pigott, Chief Baron of the Irish bench, was a very kind-hearted man. He much preferred that many criminals should escape punishment than that one innocent person should be unjustly condemned. His leaning was generally towards the accused, or towards any suitor who had what appeared to be a just claim against the defendant.

On one occasion his leniency was exposed in a very amusing way by the culprit himself. It was at the Cork assizes, that is the regular holding of the court at the city of Cork, which instead of being light as cork, is sometimes heavy enough. A boy was accused of burglary. The case turned on the question whether a cap found in the house or shop into which the burglars had broken belonged to the boy.

The lawyer who defended him claimed that it did not, and in support of his view brought evidence to show that the description of cap found was very common in the country, and might have belonged to any other boy. The Chief Baron, in his charge to the jury, gave the prisoner the benefit of the doubt, though there was scarcely any doubt in the minds of the people as to his guilt. The jury acquitted the prisoner and the judge directed that he should be discharged. But before leaving the court the prisoner appealed to the bench, saying, "My lord, wont you give me back my cap?"

How to Keep a Situation.

An observing correspondent in the *Western Rural* gives the following hints on the above subject:

"Be ready to throw in an odd half hour or an hour's time when it will be an accommodation, and don't seem to make a merit of it. Do it heartily. Though not a word is said, your employer will make a note of it. Make yourself indispensable to him, and he will lose many of the opposite kind before he will part with you. Those young men who watch the clock to see the very second their working hour is up—who leave, no matter what state the work may be in, at precisely the instant—who calculate the extra amount they can slight their work, and yet not get reproved—will always be the first to receive notice, when times are dull, that their services are no longer required."

Tying a Cow's Tail

It costs something to interfere with the natural movements of a dumb beast, but sometimes it has to be done. In such cases it is well to contrive something that will be sure to hold. Mr. Jones wasn't careful enough about that.

One rainy evening Mr. Jones, as usual, went out with his pail and stool to milk the cows. The animals were not in the cleanest condition, and when the wet and muddy tail of one was provokingly lashed across his face once or twice, Mr. Jones became vexed, and declared he would fix that cow so that she wouldn't bother him any more that night. So he carefully tied her tail to his boot-strap.

Everything went smoothly for a time, and Mr. Jones congratulated himself on the experiment. He was feeling pretty well, and perhaps would have sung a hymn if he had known one, when the cow took a notion to lash a fly that was biting her.

Mr. Jones chuckled when he felt the pull at his boot-strap, but his chuckling was soon cut short, for "bossie," finding she could not touch her tormentor, suddenly started, and as Mr. Jones was not prepared for such a demonstration, he was upset, with the contents of the pail distributed over his person.

The cow stopped for a moment, but in that time our hero had gained his feet; a moment after he was seen with his hand on the hip of the cow, making the tour of the farm yard with prodigious hops upon one foot, the other being suspended by the boot-strap which was still attached to the cow's tail.

At every hop he would ejaculate, "So, boss, so, boss," but "boss" didn't "so," until he was almost used up, when the boot attachment suddenly broke and Mr. Jones was free. He returned to the house a wiser, if not a sadder man, and so far as we know has never repeated his novel experiment.

A ONE legged Yankee orator, named Jones, was pretty successful in bantering an Irishman, when the latter asked him: "How did you come to lose your leg?"

"Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree, and looking up my descent, I found there was some Irish in me, and having become convinced that it had settled in that left leg, I had it cut off at once."

"Be the powers," said Pat, "it would have been a better thing if it had settled in your head."

TAINÉ, the famous French writer upon Art, asserts that the social medium, that is the general state of mind and manners, determines the growth and species of works of Art. Apply this test to Freemasonry in this jurisdiction. The Craft have erected the noblest Temple since the time of King Solomon, and graced it with the purest specimens of Architecture and sculpture. These are the outgrowths of the Masonic culture of today, and exponents of the prevalent taste of the Fraternity, which demanded that it should be represented by adequate artistic examples. We may well be proud of the habitudes of mind and manners in our midst, since they have bodied themselves forth in a Masonic Temple which in all of its parts is a model of grandeur and beauty, and as a whole is an epitome of the Fine Arts of which Freemasonry itself is the noblest patron and exponent.—*Philadelphia Keystone.*

The Lower Classes.

Who are they? The toiling millions, the laboring man and woman, the farmer, the mechanic, the artisan, the inventor, the producer? Far from it. They are nature's nobility. No matter if they are high or low in station, rich or poor in pelf, conspicuous or humble in position, they are surely upper circles in the order of nature, whatever the fictitious distinctions of society, fashionable or unfashionable, decree. It is not low, it is the highest duty, privilege and pleasure for the great man and high-souled woman to earn what they possess, to work their own way through life, to be the architects of their own fortunes. Some may rank the classes we have alluded to as only relatively low, and in fact the middle classes. We insist they are absolutely the very highest. If there be a class of human beings on earth who may be properly denominated low, it is that class who spend without earning, who consume without producing, who dissipate on the earnings of their fathers or relatives, without being anything in and of themselves.—*Raleigh Spirit.*

A NASHVILLE girl tried to hang herself because her nose was turning red. "Taste is various," said Sam Weller. "Some men spend large sums of money, time and whisky in bringing their noses to a bright red."

Spurgeon on Starch.

That dreadful, ministerial starch attracts the attention of Spurgeon, who says to his brother clergymen:

"If you have indulged in it, I would earnestly advise you to go and wash in Jourdan seven times, and get it out of you, every particle of it. I am persuaded that one reason why workingmen so universally keep clear of ministers is because they abhor their artificial and unmanly ways. If they saw us in the pulpit, and out of it, acting like real men and speaking naturally like honest men they would come round to us, Baxter's remark still holding good: 'The want of a familiar tone and expression is a great fault in most of our deliveries, and that which we should be very careful to amend.' The vice of the ministry is that ministers will personificate the gospel. We must have humanity along with our divinity if we would win the masses. Every one can see through affections and people are not likely to be taken in by them. Fling away your stiffs, brethren, and walk on your feet; doff your ecclesiasticism and array yourself in truth."

UNSPOKEN REVELATIONS OF THE LIPS.—There are hints of some value in these remarks by Leigh Hunt:

"I have observed that lips become more or less contracted in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humor and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-temper or grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected for an habitual series of such moments. Remark the reverse, and make a similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face; it can't in the least conceal its sensations. We can neither hide ill-temper with it, nor good; we may affect what we please, but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavor to impose upon them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions, as the eyes are of another; or, rather, it expresses the same emotions but in greater detail and with a more irrepressible tendency to be in emotion. It is the region of smiles and dimples, and of a trembling tenderness; of a sharp sorrow, or a full breathing joy, of candor, of reserve, of anxious care, of liberal sympathy. The mouth, out of its many sensibilities, may be fancied throwing up one great expression in the eye—as many lights in a city reflect a broad luster into the heavens.

"Ma, I think that's real mean of William Henry to bite sissy the way he does!"

"Bite your sister? Why, how silly you talk, child!"

"Oh! yes, he does, ma—every time she goes with him to the hall door, when he leaves. Though she's ever so good to him, fussing over his coat collar, and fixing his scarf, he just bites her right on the mouth! And he keeps right on biting for ever so long, though she tries her best, with both arms round his neck, to make him stop. And what makes it meaner of him, you know, ma, for sissy is so good to him, too, every time, and must know how much he hurts her, she never screams out once!"

A JOCLAR friend being told that an anti-Masonic journal was published somewhere out West, called the *Cynosure*, says the name is fitly chosen, because it is a sign o' sure insanity for a man to publish such a paper.

The Spaniards are said to have a proverb which reads: "At eighteen marry your daughter to her superior; at twenty, to her equal; but at thirty, to anybody who will have her."

AN undecided fellow courted a lady twenty-eight years, and then married her. She turned out a perfect virago, but died in two years after the wedding. "Now," said he, in a self-congratulatory tone, "see what I have escaped by a long courtship!"

It is very easy to say: "Take things as they come; but suppose they don't come."

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