

**KENTUCKY
FREEMASON**

**A MONTHLY JOURNAL,
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
THE CRAFT.**

*W. P. D. BUSH, Publisher & Proprietor,
No. 80 Fourth Street, Louisville, Ky.*

Edited by H. A. M. HENDERSON, D. D., Frankfort, Ky.

BALTIMORE REGALIA EMPORIUM.

CISCO BROTHERS,

BALTIMORE, MD.

MANUFACTURERS & IMPORTERS OF

MASONIC

I. O. O. F., KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS,

AND ALL OTHER SOCIETIES'

REGALIA

Jewels, Paraphernalia, &c.

Knights Templars' Uniforms

A SPECIALTY.

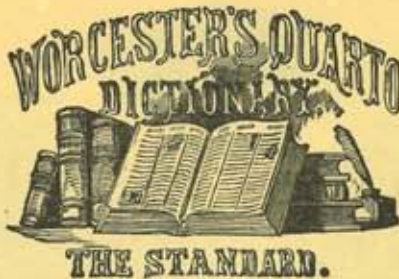
BANNERS AND FLAGS,

GOLD AND SILVER FRINGES,

LACES, TASSELS, &c., &c.

Send for Price-list before purchasing elsewhere.

Feb. 20, '72—tf.



VIENNA, AUSTRIA, August 2, 1873.

It gives me great pleasure to report that the MEDAL OF MERIT has been awarded to your firm in consideration of the publication of the series of Worcester's Dictionaries, and in my judgment it is an honor well deserved.

JOHN D. PHILBRICK,

U. S. Commissioner to the Vienna Exhibition.

New illustrated editions of Worcester's Comprehensive and Primary Dictionaries have recently been published. We have just issued Worcester's Pocket Dictionary, illustrated, with important tables for reference.

BREWER & TILESTON,

114 Washington Street, Boston.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. Nov.—tf

Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.

Grand Consistory, 32°. degree, meets quarterly in March, June, September and December, and in annual Communication on the 2d Wednesday in January of each year. John W. Cook, 33°. Grand Commander-in-Chief.

Kilwinning Council Knights Kadosh, 36°. Henry H. Neal, 30°. Eminent Commander.

Pelican Chapter of Rose Croix, 15° J. M. S. Motorkle 33°. K. C. C. H. Most Wise Master.

Ada Council Princes of Jerusalem, 16°. William A. Warner, 33°. M. Farshather.

Union Lodge of Perfection, No. 3, 14° meets 1st Monday of every month. William Clark, K. C. C. H. 32° P. G. Master. Address any of the above or

FRED WEBBER, 33°. S. G. J. G.

Nov 1f

Grand Secretary.

KENTUCKY MASONIC MUTUAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

DIRECTORS ELECTED OCTOBER, 1873.

J. C. Robinson, Pres't. Thos. Shanks, V. Pres't

William Crome, Treasurer.

Clinton M'Clarty,

Smith Wingate,

A. G. Hodges,

J. M. Houston,

J. M. Spalding, M. D.,

W. H. Meffert,

J. M. S. McCorkle,

C. M. Talmage,

D. T. Bligh,

Geo. W. Barsh,

Geo. W. Wicks.

Information in reference to the Association will be given by any of the above, personally or by letter, or by application to FRED. WEBBER, Secretary, Louisville, Ky. Nov.—1f

AGENTS WANTED

In every Lodge of every Secret Society in the United States and Canada, to sell articles wanted by members of all Societies. Large Commissions. For further information and terms address

M. C. LILLY, Columbus, Ohio

ALFRED WHITE,

Importer and Manufacturer of the



CELEBRATED

Scotch Granite Monuments,

255 and 257 West Fifth Street,

CINCINNATI, O.

We have the largest stock to select from of any house in this country, and put up MONUMENTS, MARBLE AND GRANITE, in any state. All we ask is give us a call or write. feb 1f

MASONIC SUPPLY CO.,

233 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.

JOHN D. CALDWELL,

MASONIC BOOKS, DIPLOMAS, BLANKS, CARPETS, &c.

Knights Templars' Suits a Specialty.

Chapter Robes, Crowns, and Mitres furnished. Send

A. F. Worthington & Co.

HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY,

170 West Fourth Street, 3d door West of Elm,

CINCINNATI, O.

Homœopathic Books, Medicines, Cases, etc., of every description. Our stock is all new and of the best quality. 1y

STEAM PUMPS, BOILER FEEDERS.

Cope & Maxwell Manufacturing COMPANY,

Office and Works, HAMILTON, OHIO.

SALESROOMS:

122 East Second Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

24 and 26 South Canal Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

717 North Second Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

8½ Oliver Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue. feb 1y

F. W. BIERE & SON,

Manufacturers of

PIANO FORTES,

Warerooms: 170 West Court Street,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Biere Pianos are pronounced by all leading Artists and Musical Critics as the most perfect instruments manufactured. Every Piano has our New Improved Scale, and is fully warranted for Five Years. Circulars sent on application to F. W. BIERE & SON. Agents wanted. feb 1y

IF WINTER'S BLASTS

Admonish the strong man to prepare against his icy breath, what is his voice to the tortured rheumatic? Be advised by one who knows, and take

WALKER'S RHEUMATIC CURE

As the best known remedy for your case.

Prepared and sold wholesale by

J. W. SEATON & CO.,

207 West Market St., Louisville, Ky. 1y

THE BEST TAKE

AGENTS, general and special have the best and

steadiest canvass on PEOPLE'S MONTHLY—the most beautiful and popular illustrated paper for the home published anywhere. A 20-page tinted paper, and so popular that it sells from Maine to Texas; adds 100 per day to its lists, and renews eight out of ten of its subscribers. Quickest sale—biggest pay—finest chromos and best agents. We make a point to take care of our agents. They earn from ten to thirty dollars per day according to location. Outfits ready. A choice between two superb 16x20 chromos, which sweep whole communities.

The Second Installment of

THE NEW OHIO

HISTORICAL NOVEL

SIMON GIRTY,

By the author of Old Fort Duquesne, will appear in the May Number, now ready.

Old Fort Duquesne:

—OR—

CAPTAIN JACK, THE SCOUT,

(A Famous Pennsylvania Border Ranger.) An Historical Novel of Truth and Thrilling Interest, Endorsed by Religious and Secular Press.

"The Truest Historical Novel ever written. Much more faithful to History than Cooper ever was."—[Philadelphia Bulletin.

"The volume ought to occupy an honored niche in every library."—[Pittsburg Commercial.

Send Stamp for circular. PEOPLE'S MONTHLY, 163 Elm street, Cincinnati. Agents wanted every where.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

HISTORY OF THE

Grange Movement;

—OR THE—

FARMERS' WAR AGAINST MONOPOLIES.

Being a full and authentic account of the struggles of the American Farmers against the extortions of railroad companies, with a history of the rise and progress of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry; its objects and prospects. It sells at sight. Send for specimen pages and terms to Agents and see why it sells faster than any other book. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Cincinnati, Ohio. May 3m

Kentucky Free Mason.

W. F. D. BUSH, Publisher.

"FRIENDSHIP, MORALITY AND BROTHERLY LOVE."

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

VOL. VII.

LOUISVILLE, KY., JULY, 1874.

No. 7.

MASONIC.

St. John's Day at Munfordsville.

A Grand Celebration and a Splendid Oration by Rev. J. G. Wilson.

MUNFORDSVILLE, KY., June 25, 1874.

To the Louisville Ledger:

On yesterday the Masons of this vicinity held a festival at the Fair Grounds at this place in connection with the celebration of St. John's Day.

It was intended to have a Masonic celebration and festival under the auspices of eight lodges at our neighboring town of Caverna, but for want of suitable grounds it was determined to have the festival at Munfordsville, sustained chiefly by Green River and Woodsonville Lodges. At 11 o'clock a Masonic procession was formed at the hall of Green River Lodge and repaired to the Fair Grounds.

Here a large audience had convened near the speakers stand—and the brethren of the Order passing under the Ever-green Arch, took their places with the audience. After a few moments for rest and refreshments, enlivened by some fine pieces of music from the Munfordsville brass band, we had the pleasure of listening to one of the ablest Masonic addresses it has ever been our good fortune to hear—delivered by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, President of Warren College, Bowling Green, Ky. Then came dinner—a most sumptuous and bountiful repast, and after this the remainder of the evening was spent delightfully, in social pleasure. Taken altogether, it was, notwithstanding the extremely warm weather, a most entertaining and enjoyable occasion. At night a concert was given by the ladies at the Presbyterian church, which was well attended and proved a complete success. Music, songs and tableaux sped the hours away.

The festival and concert were both given in order to raise funds to aid that noble charity, the Widows' and Orphans' Home in Louisville, Ky. Up to this writing it is not known exactly what amount was realized, but it will be some where between one hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars.

A committee of Masons, at the solicitation of a number who heard the address of

Dr. Wilson, requested it for publication, and it is forwarded with the request that it find a place in your columns, and with the hope that it will be read by every Mason in the State.

The Masons of this community desire to express publicly to the Munfordsville Brass Band their thanks for the music voluntarily afforded for the festival, and which added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion, and also especially to the ladies of Caverna and Munfordsville for their unbounded efforts to render the festival and concert a success.

FRATER.

DR. WILSON'S ORATION ON OPERATIVE AND SPECULATIVE MASONRY.

Ladies and Gentlemen and you brothers of the Craft:

"Whom we know by your aprons white,
All architects to be,
We know you by your trowels bright
Well skilled in Masonry."

a kind and cordial greeting upon this, our Masonic festival, a festival in its spirit and object in full accord with the genius of Masonry; its pleasures, pure and innocent, arising from the reunion and communion of friends and brethren, and its object, charity to the widow and orphan.

We gladly, in view of this object of the occasion specially, accepted the invitation courteously extended to contribute our mite to the interest of the festival, by delivering to you an address. I would apologize for the address, as hastily prepared in the few hours that could be snatched from many and pressing duties, were it not that the interest and charm of the theme, "Operative and Speculative Masonry," would naturally tend to atone for any defects in its treatment.

The interest attaching to Masonry grows naturally, in the first place, out of its antiquity. So far as historical records are concerned, it is like the mysterious personage, Melchizedek, Priest of the Most High God and King of Salem, without beginning of days, without father or mother; and from its age of untold centuries, while still vigorous with unwrinkled youth, it would seem to bid fair to be like him in that no man shall record its death and burial.

Whatever is ancient and venerable gathers about itself a mysterious interest, and when the character of ancient and venerable belongs to social, civil or religious institutions, it is proof presumptive of worth, and that there is in them that strikes root deep down into the heart and takes fast hold upon the interests of humanity.

When Webster, in his magnificent oration at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill monument, turned to the surviving heroes of the Revolution and said "Venerable men, you have come down to us from a former generation," he, by the magic of the orator, gathered up all the essential

features and incidents of that heroic age, the years of struggle, of alternating hope and despair, the deeds of valor and the deeds, not less noble, of sacrifice and of patient, firm endurance, together with the final glorious triumph, and presented it all to the imagination of those present, as incarnated in those venerable men.

The oak that has withstood a thousand storms and bids defiance to a thousand more, the aged, ivy-crowned ruin, that to the imagination resounds to the voices and the busy steps of those who inhabited it ages ago, the buried and forgotten but now recovered city, that, underneath its pall of lava, has enwrapped and preserved for our inspection the life of centuries ago, what a fascination have these for the mind of man.

The heavens above us, the spangled frame, how we gaze, not charmed alone with their present beauty, but awed with the thought that for thousands of years, coldly and calmly as now, they have looked down upon man, proud, busy man, and smiled a smile of pity at his eager toil and arrogant boasting over works and institutions which, compared with their duration, were the things of a moment. So comes Masonry down from the past, a past full of mystery and of myths, furnishing us no key to "the old death bolted mysteries." How suggestive it is! What thronging memories gather thick clustered about it! The link of association guides us at once to the presence of other ancient mysteries, hiding like itself from the vulgar gaze, sacred things and truths, crying from their portals to the ignorant and impious herd "Præcul, procul este profani"—hence, far hence, ye profane.

Dionysian and Eleusinian Mysteries, secret rites and institutions of Orientals, of Romans and of Greeks, Druidic Mysterious Mistletoe, calling out from the dim and awful recesses of the Oak forests of Ancient Gaul and Britain, telling of Solomon, and it may be of bloody rites, celebrated by stern priests in presence of the initiated and awe-struck worshippers—priest and victim, and altar and forest, all now of the past and buried.

How the imagination teems with wonder, and the spirit quails with awe, as we remember these things, and strive from a few faint hints to reconstruct them. In vain we interrogate these mummies of the past. "Dust hath no answer from the dust," and as we ask for light

"Back still the vaulted mystery gives
The echoed question it receives."

These have all gone, but Masonry survives. She has buried them; she has dug the graves of dynasties and empires and laid them away to rest; she has sat by the cradle of new-born kingdoms and churches, civil and political institutions seen them grow, live out their allotted time, do their appropriate work for the human race, and die, while she still lives.

Like that oak on the mountain's brow, she has braved a thousand storms that have only invigorated her to defy a thousand more.

Superstition, always afraid and suspicious of light and study, that deemed Roger Bacon at work in his laboratory making his researches into Natural Science, a sorcerer in league with the devil, has looked with suspicion upon Masonry.

We read in Oliver's Historical Landmarks of Masonry: "The people believed the splendid productions of Operative Masonry to be the effect of some secret compact with the powers of darkness; and the feeling was so generally believed as to be transmitted from father to son, till it became associated also with speculative Masonry; and in some countries the Church, as the protector of the people against the wiles of the devil, has been so unwise as to take a serious notice of the absurd fancy. Thus it was said of the Scottish Kirk:

When they were told that Masonry practiced charms, invoked the devil, and raised tempestuous storms, Two of their body prudently they sent To learn what could by Masonry be meant. Admitted to the Lodge and treated well, At their return, the Assembly hoped they'd tell; We say no more than this, they both replied, "Do what we've done and ye'll be satisfied."

Masonry has been wealthy, and kings, covetous of her wealth, have sought to blot out her title thereto with the blood of her sons. She has been powerful, and with that power thrown on the side of truth and right, and the brotherhood of man, tyranny and priestcraft have recognized her as a foe and put her under ban, and still, in some quarters of the world, is the conflict waged, but the immortality of the true, the beautiful, and the good is hers, and, guided by wisdom established in strength and adorned with beauty, she goes serenely and triumphantly forward on her heavenly mission of binding the race in bonds of brotherly affection, dispensing benefactions to the suffering, and drying the tears of the widow and the orphan.

Much interest gathers about Masonry, again, from her symbolic teaching. Types, symbols, emblems, parables, these have always had their charm for the mind of man. How the Great Teacher, in His inimitable parables, availed himself of this principle—the kingdom, the marriage feast, the vineyard, the shepherd, the sheep, the piece of money, the leaven, the mustard seed, the bird by the path, the lily of the valley—how he made of each and all of these a rich depository of precious truth; so that these symbols and emblems have but to be seen or mentioned, and at once the truth flashes upon the mind.

So Masonry has sought far and near for her symbols and gathered them in rich abundance for the instruction of her Neophytes.

Operative Masonry has lent to Speculative Masonry her humble but useful implements, and from being the simple conveniences and implements of manual toil, they are exalted by Speculative Masonry in her higher realm to be teachers of important and beneficent spiritual truths. Her object lessons are many and beautiful. The apron, the trowel, the gavel, the square and the compass. What Mason's eye can fall on any of these that lessons of pure and sound instruction are not spoken at once to his mind and urged upon his heart?

That so many Masons do not receive much of profit from these symbols that are ever before the eye in the Lodge Room, or upon the Masonic Chart, merely shows what we learn in many ways, as well as from Holy Writ, that there are men who, "having eyes see not, and having ears hear not."

How many walk abroad amidst Nature's vast storehouse of beautiful and sublime symbols unmoved and unprofitable?

The host of stars may race above their heads, singing, like a heavenly choir, the

music of the sphere, the glorious refrain of which is "The hand that made us in divine," but they dull of hearing know nothing of the song nor "look through nature up to Nature's God."

If but the earth yield corn that they be fed, oil that their face may shine, and wine to make merry their heart, the flowers, God's poesy, speak to them in vain of God's thoughts of beauty, and in vain their varied and blending hues tell the skill of Him who paints the lily and the rose with his pencil of light. They care for none of these things.

Not even Masonry, with all her manifold and suggestive signs and symbols and lectures, can give life to a clod or spirit to a brute.

I spoke of Operative Masonry lending to Speculative Masonry her humble instruments, such as the square, the compass, and the trowel, that the latter, in performing her higher function of ministering to man's mental and spiritual wants, might sublime them into symbols of spiritual truth. This suggests thoughts upon the superlative age and office of these two departments of Masonry, and upon the period and results of the blending and harmonizing of the two into one grand, harmonious system of blended theory and practice, science and art, work and morality, Masonry and religion.

Art comes first in order, then science, and then as the fruit of science in her reflex influence upon art comes forth art advanced, refined and ennobled. That is to say, men learn first, usually under the spur of necessity, to do, then to ask the questions why and how, to observe phenomena as Nature and art, present them and by experiment to create new phenomena, that fresh observations be made, then theorize and generalize, and so *cognoscere causas rerum*, to ascertain the wherefore of things, and in this way furnish to operative industry not only an explanation of its old processes, but means and instructions for a thousand new ones. So, doubtless, was it with Masonry, that Operative preceded Speculative Masonry.

How men first sheltered themselves, after leaving the bowers of Eden, from whose balmy and equal sky, no other shelter, than such as Eden's bowers gave, was needed, we know not of his first clothing. After the more temporary expedient resorted to for the purpose of hiding for the time their shame, we learn that God gave it to them, made of the skins of beasts, doubtless of the first victims slain for sacrifice under Divine tuition. This would seem to be the method of the Divine procedure in the education of man, simply starting him upon the line of development and leaving him, under the pressure of necessity and the guidance of experience, to use the faculties given him in going forward to higher excellence. From the sheepskin or goatskin robes and gowns of Adam and Eve to the shawls of cashmere and the silks, velvets and laces of the Parisian belle, what progress?

So it may be that an unrecorded hint was given by God himself to our first parents or through the ministry of angels as to the necessity and method of building at least some rude shelter from the elements. The hint was like the fig leaf or the sheepskin in matters of dress, the first letter of an alphabet that was to grow into a splendid language of palace and tabernacle and temple, and bridge and fortress, and town and turreted and pinnacled city.

The first rude hint, too, of form and proportion in the simple structure was likewise the first liped syllable of the science of form foretelling the geometry that should measure and weigh the earth, and then taking wings and borrowing a new name from the stars amongst which she ranged, as Astron-

omy, should traverse the immensities of space, count the myriads of God's unnumbered worlds, and, standing upon the utmost verge of imaginable space, shout back to man: "Lo! we are but upon the outskirts of God's vast empire, but the center of His dominions and the place of His throne—who shall reach unto it?"

From Jabal, who was father of such as dwell in tents, movable habitations adapted to those who lead a nomadic life, and Tubal Cain, instructor of those who wrought in metals, there succeeded doubtless a long and continuous line of Operative Masons, who by their handicraft subverted the necessities of human society.

Nor were they merely artisans. The hints of scripture and the teachings of tradition alike go to show that with art science also grew, and that with the growth of both there grew up associations, guilds or lodges, if you please, wherein the mysteries of science and art alike were preserved and transmitted with increasing light and fulness from sire to son.

Masonic tradition tells us too that in this antediluvian world, Speculative, as well as Operative, Masonry, had its birth, and mentions with special distinction as great lights the names of Enoch, Lamech, and Noah.

The last exhibited the excellent fruits of Speculative Masonry in the character which caused him to be rescued from amidst the doomed race, while he showed the utility of Operative Masonry in skillfully constructing, after plans traced by the Great Architect upon the trestleboard, the ark in which himself and family should outride the deluge and so repeople the earth and transmit to future generations the principles of both Operative and Speculative Masonry. In the branching out of the family of Noah we find the descendants of Ham specially devoted to operative Masonry. Canning in all manner of work, the artisans, the architects, and tradesmen of the early postdiluvian ages, they founded mighty cities whose ruins still astound the beholder, and in their work-hops, in all the various departments of art, fashioned those costly articles of taste and luxury, which brought the wealth of the world into their coffers, and corruption and effeminacy into their morals.

Nor was the Operative Masonry of these early nations confined merely to matters of art and handicraft.

In the midst of the work of the compass and the square, the gavel and the trowel, science had her votaries; the skies were scanned with curious gaze, that the stars might be charmed into revealing their hidden mysteries and utter their fateful oracles, presaging fame and fortune or ruin and overthrow to individuals and to empires.

Strange poetic dream of the old astrologers, how wonderfully realized in the sublime discoveries of modern science, revealing that not a motion, not an impulse of force can be exerted or observed upon earth, that has not its birth in the light of heaven's orbs.

No wonder that modern science amidst the blaze and glory of recent discoveries, "blinded by excess of light," is not always able to read and understand aright the mysteries of faith and of revelation.

The Hamites, however, with most of the Japhethites and Shemites, whatever progress they made in Operative Masonry, building splendid palaces and mighty cities, stored with the wealth of many Creuseses, spanning streams with splendid bridges, and conducting vast aqueducts over hill and plain, and constructing other works that are problems difficult of solution to Modern Civil Engineering, and, while they developed science to a high degree of excel-

lence, yet forgot the high, pure teachings of Speculative Masonry as perpetrated through Enoch and Noah and Shem.

Science and Art, with them allied themselves with a spurious Masonry, pandering to the vices of the times and becoming the hierophants of idolatry and ministrants of debauchery.

From Shem, however, as Masonic traditions state, pure, unadulterated Speculative Masonry, with its two grand themes of the Unity of God and the immortality of man, was handed down or rather directly taught to Abraham, and through him to his posterity.

In Egypt, under the shadow of mighty and splendid temples of idolatry, and doubtless initiated by Egypt's priests and pompous rites into her Spurious Masonry, Moses was, no doubt, by pious kindred secretly initiated into the pure Speculative Masonry of his forefather Abraham, and prepared, by what he saw and heard, to recognize and serve the true and living God, who spake to him out of the mystic burning bush.

During the wanderings we find operative Masonry manifesting itself as art in the service of the religious in building the Tabernacle, the second structure built on earth after patterns traced by the Supreme Grand Master and Architect of the Universe upon the trestle board to guide his servant Moses, for "See, said he, that thou make all things after the pattern showed thee in the Mount."

The Jews planted in the promised land were, in the providence of God, called rather to the preservation and propagation of the grand truths, which it was the duty of Speculative Masonry to guard from extinction than to attain to any great excellence in Operative Masonry.

Studying and teaching religion rather than science and morals, rather than art, they condemned idolatry, and kept alive the knowledge of our God, and of man's responsibility to Him. There came a time, however, when the crowning glory of Masonry was to be revealed in the perfection of the Operative Masonry of the Gentiles being brought into relation with the beauty and excellence of the Speculative Masonry of the Jews, and the Living God should be glorified by the erection, under the most skillful architects of the time, of King Solomon's Temple, solemnly dedicated to the worship of Jehovah and consecrated and glorified by the divine Shechinah in the Holy of Holies. Treasures rich and abundant had been gathered by King David, and the work of God had designated his son Solomon as the one who should build the magnificent Temple that was to be God's special dwelling place and to Jerusalem a Crown of Glory, but devoted as I have said, more to the Sublime Mysteries of Speculative than to the more practical and showy service of Operative Masonry. There was neither in Solomon nor his people the skill to plan and execute such a work in a manner sufficiently grand and symmetrical to harmonize with its holy nature, or be in consonance with the majesty of Him whose temple it was to be.

Besides, it seemed eminently appropriate that, with the wealth and piety of the Jew should be combined the skill and science of the Gentile in the construction of a temple to Him, who is the God of the whole earth, and in whose eyes there is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, but only man in his manhood, and whose house was to be a house of prayer for all peoples.

In Tyre, upon the Mediterranean coast, then under the rule of King Hiram, Operative Masonry was at its zenith, as was Speculative Masonry at Jerusalem under King Solomon.

A league of amity between these two Monarchs and Grand Masters, Hiram of Tyre representing Operative Masonry, or science and art in their richest development, and Solomon of Jerusalem representing Speculative Masonry in its purity and divorce from idolatry and vice, a Grand Architect, Hiram Abiff, is found an appropriate connecting link as being of Gentile extraction by his father, and of Jewish by his mother, and these three Most Worthy Grand Masters in a triple conjunction, as it were an alliance of wisdom, strength and beauty, conspire to raise the glorious edifice. Under the authority of Solomon and Hiram, and working according to the plans of Hiram Abiff, the many thousands of Apprentices and Fellow Crafts and Master Workmen toiled in the quarry and in the forest; the rocks are squared, the rough ashlar polished, the mighty trees upon the mountain side felled and hewed to the line, and ultimately each block, squared and numbered and marked with the peculiar mark of the Craftsman by whom it was prepared, was brought to its proper place upon the chosen mountain's brow and, so skillfully has the Grand Architect drawn his plans, and so faithfully have the Craftsmen executed them, that lo, every piece falls into its place exactly, and there is not heard the sound of an ax nor of any tool of man, as the glorious edifice towers up to its full completion.

In the manner of its building and the resources employed for its construction, we have in this magnificent temple of Solomon, about which Masonry has so much to tell us, as well as in the building itself and in all its special appointments and furniture and ritual, symbolic teaching of the highest value.

We are taught that Operative Masonry is a drudge and slave to the base necessities of man, or in its more refined developments a pander to idolatry and minister to vice until brought into the service of true and pure Speculative Masonry.

Then it borrows grace and glory from the beauty and splendor of the temple, it toils to erect, and holiness and dignity from the presence that fills the temple.

So it is, friends and brethren, with our manual labor, with our daily tasks, our arts and handicrafts, our trades and professions. So long as they are of the earth, earthy, so long as they are not looked upon as means and resources for the building of a spiritual temple, of which the splendid temple on Moriah's brow was only a material type, I mean a human soul, edified in truth, righteousness, honor, purity and charity, so that God may, without dishonor, dwell therein, so long, I say, they are but low and vile, menial in character and subserving only the physical necessities or the sensual cravings of man.

But when, guided by pure Speculative Masonry, these lowliest employments of humanity are brought into the service of religion and of God, they become spiritual sacrifices well pleasing in God's sight and ennobled because of a consciousness of the presence and the claims of God carried into them all.

Let us learn to toil, not to satisfy our selfish purposes, or be enabled to say to our souls, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry," lest God say to us, "Thou fool."

Let us remember that, as the Apostle exhorts all to work, that beyond the supply of their own wants they may have to give to him that needeth, so Speculative Masonry teaches us to desire as Operative to receive wages, not only the better to support ourselves and families, but also that inspired by

Masonic Charity we may aid distressed brethren, their widows and orphans.

We behold in this temple science and art in their highest forms, the handmaids of religion, and in her service shining with the baleful light of comets, threatening ruin, but with the steady brilliancy of planets benign.

From that time the noblest votaries of both have recognized themselves as priests of God and Servants in his temple.

Whenever any votaries of Operative Masonry in the department of Science have refused also to heed the teachings of genuine speculative Masonry in its doctrines of a God, immutability, of a resurrection, and of man's accountability to God, they have wandered "in wandering mazes lost," and ended by showing man to be a creature so low in his origin, so brief in his duration, and ignoble in his lot as to need no science and no art, but only to eat and to drink, for to-morrow he dies.

So with art. When she forsakes the service of heaven, like arch-angel fallen, she becomes the priestess of vice; and whether as music, or painting, or sculpture, or architecture, in her ripeness shows rotteness, and instead of scattering blessings as a radiant priestess in the temple of God, spreads corruption and death.

This temple upon Moriah's Mount again, this home and radiant seat of a pure and genuine Speculative Masonry was a sign and producing cause of the brotherhood of man.

The home of the God, who revealed Himself as the All father; here He dwelt in the midst of His family and thither, as to the home of their common father, all the tribes repaired, keeping alive the sentiments of their brotherhood.

And, brethren, these two, grand central truths, the Universal Fatherhood of God and the Universal Brotherhood of Man, are the great vital truths, which it is the special business of Masonry and Christianity to teach.

When men shall be brought everywhere to say, with a realizing sense of what the words mean, to God, my Father and to man my brother, then shall both tables of the law be fulfilled.

When we fear God, whom all good Masons are taught to fear as the beginning of wisdom, and then learn to say with Terence, "*Homo nem nihil humani alienum a me puto*"—I am a man and nothing pertaining to humanity do I deem alien from me," and when we learn to say with D. do:

"Not ignorant of misfortune myself, I learn to succor the miserable," then shall injustice and all corruption be banished from legislative halls, despotism and oppression be no more known to the exercise of judicial or executive authority, weakness no more be the prey of violence, poverty and destitution no longer look in vain for sympathy and relief; the widow no longer mourn and the orphan no longer cry.

Brightest and loveliest in the train of virtues and graces cherished by the genius of Speculative Masonry, friends and brethren, stands gracious charity, the crowning glory of Masonic or of christian character.

Long has it been the peculiar boast and glory of Masonry, that in her widowhood and orphanage find a friend.

I rejoice that in our festival to-day reference is had to that noble monument of Masonic charity, the Widows and Orphans' Home. Foster it, minister to it, let its wants be abundantly supplied, let its portals remain hospitably open for the friendless and bereaved, and as the widow's heart is made to sing and the orphan's wail is hushed, the prayer of the widow and orphan will

bring down from Heaven upon you blessings that shall be as the dew of Heaven, and upon your Lodges a glory which shall be as that which filled Solomon's Temple, when the labor of the Grand Masters was consummated, the cap-stone was brought forth with shoutings of "Even unto it," and the glory of the Divine presence, in attestation of God's acceptance of the work of their hearts and hands, filled the house.

So mote it be, and let every true Mason say, in the depths of his heart, Amen.

The Improved Order of Red

Shortly after Mr. Ziegler joined the Improved Order of Red Men, he paid a visit to the circus and menagerie which tarried in New Castle for a few days, and he was much pleased to find among the curiosities a chief of the Kickapoo Indians, who was attached to the show, and who moved about among the people with all his feathers and war paint on. Zeigler determined to use his familiarity with the secrets of the Red Men for the purpose of getting acquainted with this particular savage, so he approached the chief and gave him fifteen different grips in rapid succession beside whispering all the pass words and winking furiously at the noble aborigine. The chieftain, at first, seemed somewhat surprised; but just as Mr. Zeigler was given him the fifteenth grip, and was in the midst of some confidential remarks about "wampum" and "moons" and "happy hunting-grounds," the Kickapoo was suddenly impressed with the conviction that Mr. Zeigler's reason had been temporarily dethroned, and so, after knocking him down and sitting on him, the warrior called to a companion.

"Begora, Moike, come yer quick an hold this maineyac, or, be me sowl, he'll be a murtherin' every mother's son ov us! Git a bit ov a rope an' we'll sind 'im to the ashylum in a push cart."

Then Mr. Zeigler became aware that his Kickapoo was a deception; and, after buying off the oboriginal fraud with a quarter, Mr. Zeigler went home with an impression that his initiation was not a wholly judicious investment.—*Max Adeler.*

GRAND LODGE OF NEW YORK.

The Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of New York, just closed, was one of the largest ever held, notwithstanding the decrease in the number of Representatives under the new Constitution. Nearly 700 Lodges were represented. Bro. Christopher G. Fox, Grand

Master, delivered an able address. The New York *Dispatch* publishes this address in full. We give the following, which embodies some matters of general interest:

"The Constitution and Statutes adopted at the last Annual Communication have proved well adapted to the wants of the Fraternity, and, in the main, are satisfactory to the Craft; but are somewhat defective, and require, to some extent, careful revision in order to secure the best effects from their administration.

"The provisions relating to the penalty for the non payment of dues, and those in regard to unaffiliation, restoration to membership, and dismissal, requires such modifications as will result in a consistent course of action in accordance with Masonic usage, and at the same time protect the interests of the subordinate bodies, the rights of their members, and those of unaffiliated Masons as well.

"The imposition of Lodge dues, admittedly a resource of modern times, is nevertheless a necessity that none will question; as, without the revenues derived from that source, Lodges could not be properly sustained and their works of charity continued, unless resort was had to the requirement of excessive fees for initiation, which in effect would restrict the privileges of the Fraternity to the wealthy alone, or lead to the indiscriminate admission of members on the payment of a considerable sum, for the sake of the money thus produced—a result that would materially weaken the institution, and tend to destroy its influence, power, and dignity. The Grand Lodges on this continent, with scarcely an exception, permit their subordinates to exact from their members quarterly or annual dues, and to provide a penalty for their non-payment; but this provision is not uniform as to its terms, and while the punishment is light in some jurisdictions, in others the offence involves the most severe punishment known to Masonry.

"The refusal or neglect to pay dues, when there is ability to discharge the obligation, indicates a want of integrity, and is a clear violation of a solemn compact; and in either case deserves the condemnation of all just men, and ought, in common fairness to the faithful and diligent Craftsmen, to subject the delinquent to a deprivation of certain privileges. My opinion is that the just penalty for the non-payment of Lodge dues should be *suspension*

from all the rights and privileges of Masonry, save that of charity (for that is derived from a higher than the written law, and, in its application, the Masonic teaching recognizes no distinction among Masons.) This penalty should only be inflicted in accordance with safeguards established by the Grand Lodge, and should continue until removed by the payment of the amount due at the time of suspension.

THE DEMON OF THE ROAD.

An Engineer's Story.

An engineer who had neglected to display his red lamp flagging signal, and being reminded of the omission when approaching the train against which he was bearing the flag, attempted to prevent the inevitable collision by a mode not in the rules, made the following singular statement to the General Superintendent:

"You see, when we got the order I went to the front of the engine, to help my fireman to fasten on the lamp. The iron strap had got bent, and would not go into the slot made to hold it. So we tied it on with a piece of rope. It delayed us about a minute fixing that."

"Was it lighted?"

"Yes, sir. After taking so much trouble to fix a lamp on, we should not be so green as to go away without a light in it.

"Well, we were a little bit behind time, and had not much to spare to save the connection. I was keeping a sharp lookout ahead, and we were getting along pretty fast.

"It was not a clear night, and it was not a thick night; I had a good view of things ahead.

"Well, sir, you may think I've lost my senses, but I tell you solemnly that I saw a woman or a woman's ghost, walking straight up the middle of the track toward my engine!

"It was no use whistling, she was so close. I crawled out of the cab-window as quick as I could, and went along toward the front just in time to see the form sitting on the buffer-beam, and putting out the light in the red lamp.

"The creature got off when it saw me, and walked away in front of the engine; and as we thundered along after it, it somehow disappeared.

"I got back into the cab trembling some.

"I told John the light was out, and to go and get it and light it.

"After he had done it, we went out and tied it on.

"I went to see if it was burning all right, and it was burning bright.

"I said nothing to Jack about what I had seen.

"Well, it was more than three minutes, and we were going our smartest, when I saw that same figure walking up the track towards the engine, as before.

"'Jack,' I cried, 'look there!'

"Jack had already seen it, and had sounded a long whistle, and begun to put on the brake.

"'Go to the cow-catcher,' I said; and he crawled through the window.

"A few moments after he came back, his face pale and his eyes starting from his head. He looked at me and I looked at him, but we said nothing.

"I pointed ahead, and there it was!

"I got out and fetched in the lamp!

"The light was out!

"I saw it open the lamp-door, and blow it out,' said Jack, in an awful terror; and then it got down and walked away in front of the engine.'

"Well, I guess there never was two men on an engine so mortally scared as my fireman and me.

"However, I went out again with the lamp and tied it on. I also turned the rope once or twice round the door, so it could not be opened without some trouble.

"'Jack,' I said when I got back into the cab, 'there's going to be some dreadful thing happen to night. That woman's a ghost of evil. No living being could do as that has done.'

"Jack's teeth were chattering with fright, and so were mine, for the matter of that.

"I felt that we had been singled out to be the cause or the victims of something awful.

"'Keep a good lookout, Jack,' I said; 'we're only a mile from G——, where we are flagging No. 174 to, and we must show the light if all the she-devils in hell are agin' us.'

"I ordered Jack to the front of the engine to watch the lamp.

"He did not seem to like it, but he went.

"I wrote on the back of a time-card these words:

"FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T PASS THE SWITCH. We are flagging 174.'

"I stuck the paper on the end of a bit of pine wood, and kept it ready.

"When I looked ahead again, I saw the shape, as plain as I see you now, sir, walking toward us, and afterward get on the front of the engine.

"I could see the head-light of No. 135 in the side-track, and I was sure our flagging signal lamp was out, for there was that female figure walking ahead of us on the track for the third time.

"I wasn't so scared as before, so I just lighted the pine stick in the fire-box, and held it up flaming bright with the paper on it.

"As I passed the engine of No. 135 I threw it toward the engineer.

"It was getting dark, but by the engine light I saw him pick it up.

"He read the paper, as you know, sir, and waited till No. 174 had got in; and so there was no collision.

"My story may seem strange, but it's true, as Heaven is my judge.

"You may discharge me and Jack, if you like, for not showing the flag signal, as you say; but I can't alter what I've said.

"When we got to the end of the trip I found Jack had fainted away, and was lying senseless on the front of the engine; for that she-devil had put the lamp out some how, in spite of his and the rope tied around the door."—[Taylor's "Fact Life on the Modern Highway."

MASONRY AS A DRAMA.

In nothing does the difference between dullness and intelligent life appear more conspicuous than in the contrast between different lodges in their manner of working; while some glow with light and animation, others stagnate in moss and mud. You can scarcely make an interesting history unless you have an interesting drama to record.

The love of histrionic display is universal in all ages and people. The rudest have their plays, ceremonies, acting; the most civilized the same under a more elegant drapery. The chief attraction of Masonry lies in this: its drama gratifies the universal craving for histrionic display in its highest and noblest forms. In all great plays, whether tragedy or comedy, there is a substantial human thought as a central figure, and its attraction lies in the masterly working out, with human characters, the full development

of this thought. How grandly this is in such dramas as Hamlet, Macbeth, etc., we need not urge. Such pieces are immortal, because man is from age to age the same in impulse, thought, vice and and virtue.

Masonry is a drama—a great one; nay, the greatest one of all, because the oldest, farthest spread, and conveying greater lessons than any other. Viewed with an informed eye, it presents, in its inimitable scenery and character, the relation between man and his fellows, between man and his God. It takes a person out from the bulk of society, choosing him from the mass by certain tests, that have reference to the part he must play in life.

This selection and election is highly dramatic. It is the first scene in the first act of the great drama of Masonry. It prepares this selected character (the candidate) for the part he is to perform, as the servants in the tiring room of the theatre prepare their characters for the stage. Every step in this preparation is strikingly dramatic. It introduces the candidate by scenic display, ancient, curious and impressive, before an audience that symbolizes judgement, truth, prudence. The whole of this is thrillingly dramatic. A volume might be written to illustrate this entrance by the northwest upon the Masonic stage. It is his birth.

The drama now goes on step by step, each act and scene developing new thoughts. Degree follows degree, to the number of three; the first impressing morality, with all its adjuncts, upon the candidate; the second informing the mind with the principles of science; the third conveying the doctrines of religion. This latter is so dramatic, so grateful to the eye and ear, that it only needs the announcement that "the Master's Degree is to be worked to-night," to call together an audience in the poorest and shabbiest lodge in the land.

How impressive is the entire Masonic drama when properly presented to the mind! We have witnessed the acting of most of the immortal pieces of Shakespeare and others, that occupy the modern stage, but there is none of them that has a central thought like this of Masonry. Compared with this, they are "of the earth, earthy." Has any of our readers an acquaintance with theatrical men and matters? If so, he must have observed the extreme care with which everything

is prepared, the properties, the scenery, etc., that can give effect to the performance.

How studious is every actor to commit his part (every word of it) to memory! How every movement is calculated, every entrance, exit, crossing of the stage, etc. How every inflection of the voice is contrived to add to the general effect! And all this, too, though the play itself may be some trifling matter hardly worth a sensible man's attention.

Bro. Edwin Forrest when asked his experience on this subject, said that the life of an actor is the most laborious and studious of all professions, on account of the innumerable minutæ necessary to the successful presentation of pieces before the public. If this be so with dramatic performances of an ordinary character, how should it be, let us inquire, with the drama of Masonry? A play whose lessons involve all the virtues essential to a moral life; a play that brings up with startling force the revelation of a resurrection! The answer must be that every portion of this drama should be acquired with solicitous and painful accuracy, and exhibited with earnest and solemn fidelity to the truths conveyed in it.

The solemnity with which a Christian assemblage exhibits the Last Supper of their Lord; the fervor with which a Jewish assemblage receives the bringing forth of the law from its receptacle; these are the models upon which Masons should work in presenting the thrilling and matchless drama of their Craft. [*History of Greenleaf Lodge, No. 117, Maine.*]

MAKING PEOPLE HAPPY.—A poetical writer has said that some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air, to every one, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their strength and sweetness, as the orchards in October days fill the air with the ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses like the honey-suckle over the door; yet, like it, fill all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. How great a bounty and blessing is it to hold the royal gifts of the soul that they shall be music to some, fragrance to others, and life to all. It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joys; to fill

the atmosphere which they must stand in with a brightness which they can not create for themselves.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to those who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed and at ease in the society of men superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversation with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart changes continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, their natures polished and brightened, and their richness, like gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of woman than it could ever be done by those of men. The iron and steel on their characters are hidden, like the character and armor of a giant, by studs and knots of good and precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare.

Curious History of a Piece of Candle.

The following we clip from the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia for 1867. The statement, it will be seen, comes from that well-known Mason, P. G. Master French, who is first-rate authority on all Masonic matters.

Bro. P. G. M., B. B. French, presented the Grand Lodge with a piece of sperm candle, with the following remarks.

"On Monday, June 3, 1867, Mrs. McCormick, widow of William McCormick, Esq., a gentleman to me well-known, and who was for many years Postmaster of the House of Representatives of the United States, presented to me the accompanying piece of candle, informing me that it was borne in the hand of Alexander McCormick, the father of William, in the Masonic procession at the burial of Gen. Washington in the old tomb at Mount Vernon, on Wednesday, the 18th of December, 1799, and that Brother McCormick always said that he entered the tomb with Washington's remains, holding this candle in his hand.

"On one end of the fragment, as may be seen, is inscribed the word 'Washington.' On the other, 'Died 14th Dec., 1799,' which inscriptions Mrs. McCormick assured me were made by the hands of Brother Alexander McCormick.

"This candle, it will be observed, is of spermacetti. The Masonic history of the preparations made by Alexandria Lodge, No. 22, to attend the funeral, informs us that 'the Deacons of the Lodge were directed to have the orders cleaned and prepared, and to furnish spermacetti candles for them.' (Hayden's Washington, pp. 198.)

"When presented to me, this candle was wrapped in the pieces of paper which now surround it, one of which is a fragment of a Baltimore paper, dated January 31, 1820.

"Immediately about the candle were fragments of very thin paper, written upon, no piece of which was over an inch square, and most of it in pieces not as large as the finger nail. It was so fragile and brittle that it could not be handled in the most delicate manner without its falling into still more minute pieces.

"The writing was undoubtedly a brief account of the death of Washington and the interment of his remains, written by Brother McCormick, and wrapped around the candle. I took great pains to decipher all that remained of the writing, much the largest part of which had been lost. The following is a copy of every word and letter that remained: 'Ge— Wa— Saturday, being Dec. 14, 1799.—th, he was interred in — under the —, a Lodge — ter of said Lodge. Lodge No. 15 — Fed — — to him.'

"It may be presumed, from the fragmentary words above, that a part of the memorandum was somewhat as follows: 'General Washington died on Saturday, being Dec. 14, 1799. On the 18th he was interred in the tomb at Mount Vernon, under the auspices of a Lodge from Alexandria, he being the first Master of said Lodge. Lodge No. 15, of the Federal city aided in doing honor to him.' The paper crumbled so in my efforts to decipher the writing upon it as to render it impossible for me to preserve it.

"This piece of candle has been faithfully preserved, and is without the shadow of a doubt exactly what it purports to be. Its appearance, the inscriptions upon it, the paper which surrounded it, the

asservation of Mrs. McCormick as to the great care taken of it by the Messrs. McCormick, father and son, all go to prove conclusively that it is what Brother Alexander McCormick said it was, the candle he carried in his hand at the Masonic funeral of our Brother George Washington.

"Alexander McCormick was, as we all know, the second Grand Master of this Grand Lodge. He held that office in 1812-13. He was Master of Federal Lodge (then) No. 15, when this Grand Lodge was formed. These facts add, if anything can, to the value of this relic, which I regard as one of the most interesting that this Grand Body can possess.

"I now present it to the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia. The box in which it is presented was made by myself and I hope while the candle is preserved by the Grand Lodge that it may be kept in this box, and that it may be regarded when I have passed away, as a slight memorial of one of your Past Grand Masters, who has always endeavored to perform faithfully every Masonic duty."

AGE.

There are three classes into which all the women past seventy years of age, that ever I knew, were to be divided: 1. That dear old soul; 2. That old woman; 3. That old witch.—*Coleridge*.

When a noble life has prepared old age, it is not the decline that it reveals, but the first days of immortality.—*Madame de Staël*.

The evening of life brings with it its lamps.—*Joubert*.

Can man be so age-stricken that no faintest sunshine of his youth may revisit him once a year? It is impossible. The moss on our time-worn mansion brightens into beauty; the good old pastor, who once dwelt here, renewed his prime and regained his boyhood in the genial breezes of his ninetieth spring. Alas for the worn and heavy soul, if, whether in youth or age, it has outlived its privilege of springtime sprightliness!—*Hawthorne*.

Age makes us not childish, as some say; it finds us still true children.—*Goethe*.

O sir, you are old; nature in you stands on the very verge of her confine; you should be ruled and led by some discretion, that discerns your state better than you yourself.—*Shakespeare*.

Age is rarely despised but when it is contemptible.—*Johnson*.

Old age likes to dwell in the recollections of the past, and, mistaking the speedy march of years, often is inclined to take the prudence of the winter time for a fit wisdom of midsummer days. Manhood is bent to the passing cares of the passing moment, and holds so closely to his eyes the sheet of "to-day," that it screens the "to-morrow" from his sight.—*Kosuth*.

They say women and music should never be dated.—*Goldsmith*.

We should provide for our age, in order that our age may have no urgent wants of this world to absorb it from the meditation of the next. It is awful to see the lean hands of dotage making a coffer of the grave!—*Bulwer Lytton*.

There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures nor sensible of doing them to others.—*Sir W. Temple*.

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living.—*Goldsmith*.

Old age is never honored among us, but only indulged, as childhood is; and old men lose one of the most precious rights of man—that of being judged by their peers.—*Goethe*.

A healthy old fellow who is not a fool, is the happiest creature living.—*Steele*.

It is noticeable how intuitively in age we go back with strange fondness to all that is fresh in the earliest dawn of youth.

If we never cared for little children before, we delight to see them roll in the grass over which we hobble on crutches. The grand sire turns wearily from his middle-aged, care-worn son, to listen with infant laugh to the prattle of an infant grandchild. It is the old who plant young trees; it is the old who are most saddened by the autumn, and feel most delight in the returning spring.—*Bulwer Lytton*.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.—*Swift*.

Last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history, is second childhood, and mere oblivion; sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.—*Shakespeare*.

It is difficult to grow old gracefully.—*Madame de Staël*.

Though sinking in decrepit old age, he prematurely falls whose memory records no benefit conferred on him by man. They only have lived long who have lived virtuously.—*Sheridan*.

Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but to content themselves with a mediocrity of success.—*Bacon*.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they are merely making a sacrifice to God of the Devil's leavings.—*Swift*.

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.—*Swift*.

We see time's furrows on another's brow; how few themselves, in that just mirror, see!—*Young*.

There is nothing more disgraceful than that an old man should have nothing to produce, as a proof that he has lived long, except his years.—*Seneca*.

I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.—*Longfellow*.

It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.—*Goethe*.

One's age should be tranquil, as one's childhood should be playful; hard work, at either extremity of human existence, seems to me out of place; the morning and the evening should be alike cool and peaceful; at midday the sun may burn, and men may labor under it.—*Dr. Arnold*.

Some one has said of a fine and honorable old age, that it was the childhood of immortality.—*Pindar*.

Cautious age suspects the flattering form, and only credits what experience tells.—*Johnson*.

ELEGANT MASONIC REGALIA.

H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, on being elected as First Grand Master of Knights Templar of Great Britain, established a new order of the "Grand Cross of the Temple," as the highest rank in the

Masonic brotherhood of the world. This took place last year. Immediately on its establishment twenty-seven Knights of the new order, with H. R. H., at their heads were created. Among them were the principal sovereigns and noblemen of the eastern world, already high in the brotherhood, and our fellow-townsmen, J. Q. A. Fellows, Esq., the only Freemason on this continent, therefore, who ranks with H. R. H., with the Emperor of Germany, the King of Sweden, the Crown Prince of Germany, and the other twenty-three who at present compose the new order. On Monday our Sir Knight received from England, direct, the patent and the full regalia of the order, and they are now on exhibition in the window of Mr. E. A. Tyler, on Canal street, too well known to be more minutely indicated. A view of them will doubtless be gratifying to all who may indulge in one. The patent, which is, of course, in Latin, commences with the Red Cross of Salem, and the autograph of H. R. H., "Albert Edward,"—itself a little autographic curiosity. After reciting the numerous titles of H. R. H., it is addressed, as of the new order, to John Q. A. Fellows, of the Confederated Republic of North America, as conferring upon him, by special favor, and in consideration of his signal merits, the degree, dignity and rank of the Grand Cross.—*N. O. Picayune.*

It is with pain mingled with disgust that we read such fulsome notices of the GREAT MASONS of our nation. The love of notoriety, of getting a little higher, or having a bigger title than anybody else, is positively painful to a true Masonic mind. Only think of it! Only *one* so great in Masonic titles as H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, in the United States! And what is Masonry, that the Prince of Wales or the tiler of a small Lodge can establish a *higher* degree in Masonry than has ever yet been attained? What is Masonry, that the chief or presiding and executive officer of a so-called Masonic body should make a display of himself, have leading journals note his position, sound his greatness—of course, by implied, if not expressed request—and his *Masonic* regalia displayed in a show window the most public that could be found, for the public, intelligent and modest gentlemen and ladies, the common multitude and the vulgar herd to gaze at and wonder? Oh, shame, where is thy blush?—Oh, Masonry, where is thy modesty, equality and

common brotherhood? Give us yellow fever, give us cholera and other scourges, give us overflows, inundations, conflagrations and starvation, but, great God, don't give us any more big-titled, vain, conceited, GREAT little Masons!

Jewel.

Christianization of Freemasonry.

The interpretation of the symbols of Freemasonry from a Christian point of view, is a theory adopted by some of the most distinguished Masonic writers of England and this country, but one which I think does not belong to the ancient system. Hutchinson, and after him Oliver,—profoundly philosophical as are the Masonic speculations of both,—have, I am constrained to believe, fallen into a great error in calling the Master Mason's degree a Christian Institution. It is true that it embraces within its scheme the great truths of Christianity upon the subject of the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body; but this was to be presumed, because Freemasonry is truth, and all truth must be identical. But the origin of each is different; their histories are dissimilar. The principles of Freemasonry preceded the advent of Christianity. Its symbols and its legends are derived from the Solomonic Temple and from the people even anterior to that. Its religion comes from the ancient priesthood; its faith was that primitive one of Noah and his immediate descendants. If Masonry were simply a Christian Institution, the Jew and the Moslem, the Brahman and the Buddhist, could not conscientiously partake of its illumination. But its universality is its boast. In its language citizens of every nation may converse; at its altar men of all religions may kneel; to its creed disciples of every faith may subscribe.

Yet it cannot be denied that since the advent of Christianity a Christian element has been almost imperceptibly infused into the Masonic system, at least among Christian Masons. This has been a necessity; for it is the tendency of every predominant religion to pervade with its influence all that surrounds it or is about it, whether religious, political, or social. This arises from a need of the human heart. To the man deeply imbued with the spirit of his religion, there is an almost unconscious desire to accommodate and adapt all the business and the amuse-

ments of life,—the labors and the employments of his everyday existence,—to the in dwelling faith of his soul.

The Christian Mason, therefore, while acknowledging and appreciating the great doctrines taught in Masonry, and also while grateful that these doctrines were preserved in the bosom of his ancient Order at a time when they were unknown to the multitudes of the surrounding nations, is still anxious to give to them a Christian character; to invest them in some measure, with the peculiarities of his own creed, and to bring the interpretation of their symbolism nearer home to his own religious sentiments.

The feeling is an instinctive one, belonging to the noblest aspirations of our human nature; and hence we find Christian Masonic writers indulging in it to almost unwarrantable excess, and, by the extent of their sectarian interpretations, materially reflecting the cosmopolitan character of the Institution.

This tendency to Christianization has, in some instances, been so universal, and has prevailed for so long a period, that certain symbols and myths have been, in this way, so deeply and thoroughly imbued with the Christian element as to leave those who not penetrated into the cause of this peculiarity, in doubt whether they should attribute to the symbol an ancient or a modern Christian origin.—*Mackey's Encyclopaedia.*

"What are the Powers of the Grand Master in Masonic Trials and Appeals?"

In response to the request of the Grand Master of Iowa, Bro. T. S. Parvin, Chairman of the Committee on Masonic Jurisprudence, gave the following opinion, in writing, upon this important subject:

A great diversity of opinion exists among intelligent Masons in this country relative to the extent of the prerogatives of the Grand Master. Some hold that, as he is the Grand Master of a Grand Lodge (no longer of Masons, as originally, when there was no Grand Lodge), created by it, and deriving its authority from its Constitution, he is restricted to the exercise of such powers only as are conferred upon him in that instrument. Others contend that he is the Grand Master of the Masons in the State, Territory, or country where his Grand Lodge exists, and, as such, is possessed of prerogatives

older than Grand Lodges (the first of which was organized in 1717), and independent of the constitutional provisions of the body over which he presides; and that these powers are now secured to him in the "ancient landmarks which our fathers have set," and which cannot be removed by any Masonic legislation whatever. Others, again, hold that while he is not restricted in the exercise of the powers claimed by the constitutional enactments of modern Grand Lodges, he yet possesses no authority not conferred upon him by the ancient Constitutions or charges; and by this they mean, and we shall so consider it, the old Charges long ante-dating that which we usually consider ancient—to-wit, that of Dr. James Anderson, of 1723, the original edition of which, as well as the collection of the "old Charges" by that most intelligent and able writer and antiquarian, William James Hughan, of Truro, England, may be found in the Library of this Grand Lodge.

In the study of this question we have re-read all the "ancient Constitutions" and "old Charges" ever yet published, as well as all the works devoted, in whole or part, to the subject of "Masonic jurisprudence," besides numberless periodical articles and discussions in the proceedings of Grand Lodges.

We shall discuss the subject under all its several heads.

First. "CONSTITUTIONAL PROVISIONS."—The Constitution of the Grand Lodge of Iowa confers no power whatever upon the Grand Master in cases of trials and appeals. Article XI. vests in the *Grand Lodge alone* the power "to hear and determine all appeals from subordinate Lodges." The code for trials and punishments prescribed by the Grand Lodge in 1864, and revised in 1870-2, confers no authority whatever upon the Grand Master in cases of trials and appeals. Chapter VII, in providing for appeals, says the appeal shall be to the *Grand Lodge* in all cases, and in Section II. of the same chapter, it declares all the powers over cases appealed lie in the *Grand Lodge*: "The Grand Lodge may (1) affirm the sentence, (2) dismiss the appeal, (3) reduce the sentence from expulsion to suspension, (4) set aside the proceedings for informality, and order, in such cases, a new trial, (5) set aside the sentence, and remand the case for review of sentence alone, or (6)

it may reverse the decision of the Lodge for good and sufficient reasons." But in no case can even the Grand Lodge *increase* the punishment inflicted by its subordinate. Of course, none of the foregoing powers are conferred upon the Grand Master, but, by the plainest law, all are denied him, and conferred upon the Grand Lodge. In the case of trials, he has, under the authority to visit Lodges and preside therein, the right to preside over the trial of a Brother, and exercise all the prerogatives of the Worshipful Master, and no more; and these prerogatives only apply to the admission of testimony and preliminary rulings, etc.

Under "the Constitution," then, the Grand Master possesses no power whatever in cases of Masonic trials and appeals.

Second. "INHERENT RIGHTS OF GRAND MASTERS."—These are rights and prerogatives which he possessed as the supreme ruler of the Craft in general, before Grand Lodges were organized, and which are not dependent upon constitutional or prescribed rules. These inherent rights or prerogatives are fully specified in the "Landmarks of Masonry," all older than Grand Lodges, viz: (1), to preside over assemblies of the Craft; (2), to grant dispensations to confer degrees at irregular times; (3), to grant dispensations to open new Lodges; (4), to make Masons "at sight." Only these, and no more, are quoted in the usages and customs as set forth in the "Landmarks." (See "Encyclopædia of Freemasonry," title "Landmarks.") And as all granted powers are enumerated, all not enumerated, are withheld, and not granted.

Under this second division of our subject, you will see that the Grand Master is possessed of no power in trials and appeals.

Third. What say the "old Charges" and the "ancient Constitutions," from the earliest known date of that of 1723 inclusive upon this subject? Bro. Henry M. Look, in his most interesting and valuable work on "Masonic Trials," quotes a passage (the only one on the subject) from the old York Constitution, claiming a date as early as A. D. 926, in which it is affirmed that "if a Mason live amiss, he shall be summoned to the *next Grand Lodge*." The earliest edition of the old Charges now in the possession of the

Craft is that of A. D. 1390, from which we quote the following:

"For and the Mason lyve amysse,
And yn hys work be false,—y-wysse,
And * * * * *
To the *next semble ze schul hym calle,*
To pere byfore *hys fellows alle,*" &c., &c.,
—Hallowell's Edition (1844) of the old Constitution.

Dr. Mackey, and other learned writers, in commenting upon the *judicial* powers of the Grand Lodge, always, in ancient times, exercised an *original* jurisdiction and supervision over the Craft, and that the exclusive power to hear and determine Masonic Trials was in *that* body. We nowhere find in them any provision recognizing or implying the existence of this power in the Grand Master, *nor yet* in the subordinate Lodges." But the Constitutions of A. D. 1427-77, as quoted by Look, delegate a portion of his penal jurisdiction to the subordinate Lodges, in these words: "If any Master or Fellow has broken any of the articles agreed to, and if, after being duly cited to appear at the congregation (Lodge), he prove rebel, and will not attend, then *the Lodge shall determine against him,*" etc. We need not run through all the editions which Bro. Hughan has published (there are twenty between 1390 and 1723), where the same power is enumerated—but at once refer to the latter edition, in the possession of all our Lodges, in the Iowa Reprint of 1866 (see page 20, Article IX.): "But if any Brother so far misbehave himself, * * * * he shall be dealt with according to the by-laws of *that particular* (subordinate) Lodge, or else in such manner as the Quarterly Communication (Grand Lodge) shall think fit.

No power to hear or determine Masonic Trials is here conferred upon or recognized as existing in the Grand Master by the "Ancient Constitutions," the "Old Charges," "Ancient Landmarks," nor yet in the "General Regulations of 1721," nor anywhere else known to the Masons of this or any other age or country. On the contrary, this power is fully conferred upon the subordinate Lodge, with the defendant's right of appeal (fully secured) to the Grand Lodge.

Another phrase of the question remains, viz: the powers of the Grand Master in "appeals." The authorities before cited upon the first branch of the subject—that of "trials"—are equally ex-

PLICIT upon this, and to the same effect. The Constitutions of 1721 are yet more full and authoritative, and being accessible to all, we refer to Article XIII. and XX-VIII., where it is declared that, "all matters which cannot be made up by a subordinate Lodge are to be considered in the Grand Lodge," and "at the Grand Lodge all appeals are to be received and lodged, that the appellant may be heard and the affair adjusted."

The last, and possibly the most important, element remains to demand a few thoughts. It is concerning "the civil rights and privileges of Masons." Civil courts are instituted in every enlightened nation for the protection of the civil rights of citizens against invasion from any and all sources, whether secret or open. The first case we notice is that related by D. Murray Lyon in his invaluable work, "Freemasonry in Scotland." The Grand Master of Masons in Scotland issued his edict of "suspension" against a Master of one of the Lodges, excluding him from "the Order," or, as we say, the "privileges and rights of a Mason." He appealed to the courts of law through which the case was carried and the highest tribunal held that "the Grand Master had no power to expel the member of a Lodge from the body of the Fraternity of Freemasons." In the argument of the case, that power was claimed as one of his *inherent prerogatives*, and Bro. Lyon in commenting upon the case, uses this truthful and forcible language: "It (the decision) did not effect the right of the Grand lodge to expel from its communion those *infringing its laws*; but it clearly established that it (the Grand Lodge) had no power to exclude from the Order itself." Here we have an additional argument, and a tangible and forcible one, in support of the position we advanced in our "opinion" on the subject of "non-payment of dues." The Lodge may for non-compliance with its laws, *exclude* from "its communion" the delinquent Brother, but not from the Order. The first Brother excluded from the order for non-payment of dues, and who appeals to the civil courts for protection of his rights, will, in our judgement, not only "find that which he seeks," but open the eyes of those now blind to civil and Masonic justice. Bro. Lyon continues; "In addition to this, we learn what value the highest judicatory in the country attached to a claim of supremacy based chiefly upon Masonic

fables (ancient usage, inherent rights, old prerogatives, etc., etc., etc.) the perpetuation of which, as alleged historical facts, is a libel upon the intelligence of the Craft." This latter cause should be engraved above the entrance-door of every Grand Lodge, and upon the door-plate of every Grand Master in this land.

In a late number of the *Michigan Freemason* may be found the decision in full of the court in the case recently decided in Ohio between an Odd Fellow, expelled by his Lodge, and his Lodge, which it would be well for Grand Masters and Masters of Lodges to read and ponder. Also the decision of the court in Philadelphia, between a member and a brotherhood of Engineers; and in Chicago, between his present Bishop Cheney and his old Bishop, Whitehouse; and in Brazil, between the priest and his Masonic parishioners—all of which develop this pregnant fact, that the civil courts will not permit the church, or brotherhood, or other secret society, more than the State to deprive unlawfully a brother man of his rights. If the Brethren have not read these cases as they have progressed, then are they ignorant of the law, and, like "the blind leading the blind, both shall fall into the ditch."

It is unnecessary to quote more law, but we will remark, in conclusion, that, after the most elaborate discussion of the subject, it is the conclusion of the authorities, that, "Lodges and Grand Lodges are the only tribunals having jurisdiction to try and punish for Masonic offences." Wherefore it is well to *caveat*.

Respectfully Submitted,

T. S. PARVIN.

This is one of the stories revived about George Francis Train. Train attended, not long ago, the Jockey Club races at Jerome Park, and laid wagers during the whole week on the wrong horses. At the close of the last day, having had his usual ill-luck, he exclaimed, in a loud tone of voice, "I'll bet a hundred dollars that I'm the greatest fool of the native-born specimens that this Republic can show to day!" An entire stranger, only a few feet off, drew forth his pocket-book and said, "I don't know who you are; but I'll cover your pile, unless you should happen to be George Francis Train."

OBJECT OF MASONRY.

An Address Delivered by Dr. H. A. M. Henderson, at Central Park, Louisville, Ky., on Saint John's Day.

Masonry has for its object the establishment of a universal brotherhood. It proposes the reconciliation of adverse and hostile elements in one united effort to establish those kindly relations which exist in a well-ordered family. It succeeds just in the degree in which the happiness of all the members of the human family are secured through its benign instrumentality. It proposes no aid to the more fortunate members of the family who are able to successfully engineer their own career other than that which arises from the consciousness it imparts that should disaster overtake the honest efforts of those enlisted in the legitimate enterprises of life, that the catastrophe of uninvited failure will be overcome as far as the kindly offices of a great fraternity can repair them.

It places a man in sympathetic co-operation with an originated and systematic benevolence which proposes relief only to actual suffering. As long as an individual is able to buffet the winds and waves of the troubled sea of life, it furnishes no other assistance than the chart and compass it furnishes the imperilled navigator. But no sooner does the wing of the tempest smite and wreck than its life-boat glides over the waters to the rescue of those who otherwise would be at the mercy of the angry billows of the sea, hungry for its prey.

Other societies are organized upon the principal of mutual benefit, and the richest member shares in the premiums it distributes equally with the poorest and most unfortunate. Masonry enjoins upon its adherents the relief of real woe. While it serves to ennoble character, to establish goodly fellowship, and to put each man into positive relations with the great commerce of human beneficence, it proposes no help to those in a material point of view, who are able to care for themselves. It calls upon those who are affluent in resources to lend a willing ear to the calls of charity and lays upon its members an obligation never to turn deserving want empty away.

In the family the weakest member is generally the subject of the greatest solicitude. The mother, though surrounded

by healthy sons and daughters that are the pride of her heart, scarcely yields them a thought if a little babe lies suffering on her breast. All the wealth of her heart's love and mind's anxiety is drawn out toward the little sufferer so dependent upon her sheltering arms and womanly ministry.

In the great family of worlds' God, the All Father, prescribes with the tenderest concern for our poor planet that has been blighted by a visitation of sin, and that groans beneath its burden of agonizing woe. Though myriads of constellations revolved about His sovereign presence, shedding a loyal light upon his infinite crown, He turned from the unfallen "morning stars" to catch the piteous wail that ascended from our baby world. Heaven had no treasure too dear if our race might be redeemed from its slavery to sin, and its orphanage of woe might be assuaged by its expenditure.

In accordance with the analogy of human life and of divine procedure, Masonry devotes not its attention to the rich and influential, wasting its energies upon those who are able to care for themselves, but turning from those who sit upon the top of the world's ease, it casts a pitying eye upon those smitten by affliction and extends its helping hand to those who might otherwise be left to struggle, unfriended and alone.

By the pillow of the sick it posts its faithful watch, and counts it an ennobling privilege to hold the aching head; by the bier of the dead it stands an earnest to those who mourn that the world is not a bankrupt of a living interest for those whose hearts are sorrowing for the loved and lost; by the grave it lifts up its resurrection promise and prophecy, and plants the emblematic Acacia to symbolize the immortality of the human spirit; it penetrates the home of the widow, and makes her forlorn heart sing for joy and turns the tears of helping orphanage into rainbow prisms; it steals into prisons to kiss the chains of captives; it visits the home of guiltless poverty, and the blessing of the poor man follows its retiring footsteps.

"The widow's tear—the orphan's cry—
All wants our ready hand's supply,
As far as power is given,
The naked clothe—the prisoner free—
These are thy works sweet Masonry,
Revealed to us from heaven.
In choral numbers Masons join,
To bless and praise the light divine."

Is there a man here to-day, the spectator of this splendid scene, that does not feel prouder of his race and more hopeful of its future? What is it that has stopped the wheels of commerce and barred the gates of merchandise, that this festival day may be crowned with success? Have this vast multitude of people put on their holiday attire to celebrate the completion of some grand public enterprise that is to enrich the city with its returns? Have they come hither to shout hosannahs to some hero of the Senate-hall or the battle-field? Nay. Look at those little ones whose fathers sleep the dreamless sleep. How thrilling the mute eloquence of their dependent presence! It is for them that the Mayor has issued his proclamation, and Main street wears a Sabbath look. It is for them the merchant prince and his clerks have flocked to this Park. It is for them that the regalia glitters in the sun, the banners kiss the breeze, and the music fills the air.

It is for the orphans of Masonry that business stands still to heed the voice of benevolence, that the long procession of aproned masters and baldricked knights have tramped through the streets to this festal spot. Twenty-five thousand people are here to help build a home for the shelterless and to turn a day's pleasure into an enduring good. What a salad is the thought of doing good to the repast of the day! Truly, in promoting the felicity of others we increase our own.

"The heart that feels for other's woes
Shall find each selfish sorrow less;
The breasts that happiness bestows,
Reflected happiness shall bless."

The man that doeth good gives and receives a blessing. He blesses those upon whom his benevolence is bestowed, and it reflects more happiness upon himself that he yields to the subject of his charity. None liveth unto himself. A man must extend his beneficent relations to others if he would know the richness of life in its higher experiences. Coleridge, in one of the most beautiful of similies, illustrates the pregnant truth, that the more we love the more instinctive our sympathy. "The water lily in the midst of waters, opens its leaves and expands its petals at the first pattering of showers, and rejoices in the rain-drops with a quicker sympathy than the parched shrub in the sandy desert." Everything in nature is upon the plan of giving. The sun gives away its golden light with a munificence that seems a

waste of splendor. If the King of Day were to turn miser and lock up his sunbeams in a great iron chest there would be a wilderness of worlds more barren of life than the Sahara desert. The sun kisses the flower and the flower breaths sweetest odors on the gamboling zephyr that rocks it on its stem. The mountain stream yields tribute to the river and the river rolls to the sea and the sea burdens the clouds and the clouds rain refreshment on the thirsty earth. The vegetable world gives it oxygen to the animal and the animal in turn furnishes a diet of carbon to the shrubs and trees. The dew that borrows hues from the morning flowers builds the splendor of the rainbow that spans the evening shower. Everything is organized upon the principle of circulation and reciprocity. A mere absorber among men will die of plethora, or, if he survives, his existence will be as void of warmth as a toad with perpetual winter in its blood.

"That man may *last* but never *live*;
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creations blank."

We live in the *benevolent age* of the world. Never was the world so busy, and yet never was it so kind. In the days of Alcibiades and Pericles and Augustus—the eras of the most superb ancient civilizations—there were no institutions of a benevolent character. In the palmiest epoch of the Greek culture the poor, the rich, the deaf, the dumb, the lunatic, the widowed and the orphan enjoyed no organized sympathy. Never was there an era in the history of the past, before that in which it is our happy lot to live, when millions of dollars were given by private individuals to educational and benevolent enterprises. This age is as much distinguished by its Peabody's, Rich's, Cornell's, Vanderbilt's, Drew's and Lick's, or by its railroads, steamships and telegraphs. I am happy to be able to say that Masonry is *en rapport* with the spirit of the age. She dwells not in reverent musings upon her origin in the antique past, and her march of triumph along the line of advancing centuries. It is indeed pleasant for the modern Mason to look back over the wreck of ages, into the dim and retreating old, and behold the order with the morning dew of the world upon its youthful locks. It is no inferior delight to the soul ear of the antiquarian

to hear the stroke of the craftsman's gavel ringing on the stones of Egyptian pyramids and the clink of the Giblemite's chisel in the secret vault, where the blocks for King Solomon's temple were fashioned. Yet after all the achievements of Masonry in the glorious eras gone, its beneficent history and sunlit pathway of love, is less significant and sublime than the prophecies of its approaching golden age. If railroads, steamships and telegraph cables are binding the nations together in closer bonds of commerce and political comity Masonry, though silently, yet surely at work, is throwing its three-fold cord around the hearts of men, and by the agency of a cosmopolitan brotherhood contributing, in no small degree, to the introduction of the day when arsenals shall be emptied and the weapons of warfare be turned into implements of peaceful husbandry, when the nations shall cease their strifes and the Prince of Peace shall preside over the concordat of the world. Many and varied are the agencies at work by which the wheels of progress are being turned round and all of them spinning out some benevolent purpose of God, but we can not yield to the idea, that aside from the Christian Church, any of them are doing more, for the re-integration of humanity, than is our beloved order. Masonry seems to have been preserved by a good Providence that it might play its noblest part in the latest era of the world. We have seen it amid battle scarred States and shattered nationalities binding up the wounds of the sufferers, like some omnipresent Good Samaritan. The voice of defaming prejudice hushes in its presence, and the howl of passion is turned into a hymn of love. If in times like these, when the strongest political bonds are sundered and men's hearts are failing them for fear, our Order can be benignant and complacent, have we not in the midst of our evils, (even as hope remained in Pandora's box,) an element upon which to base the fabric of future reconciliation and of an enduring peace? We once witnessed the excited fears of a large community, quieted by the assurance of a single martial Mason's word breathed to his brethren in the sacred retreat of the Lodge-room. If thus, one Mason's word could hush the murmurs of apprehension and bring relieving tranquility to the troubled hearts of a city, cannot we perceive how, in widening circles, the

force of our institution may extend, until like a girdle of glory it shall zone the whole earth with a cestus of love and bring peace to every hearthstone?

Masonry, too, has inaugurated a new era in her history by adopting a plan of corporate and systematic benevolence. To our own Commonwealth belongs the honor of the first Widows' and Orphans' Home erected under the auspices of the Masonic craft. This example is being imitated by the Masons of every other jurisdiction, and ere long every State will have its Home, and 20,000 Orphans will be rescued from the wastes of woe, sheltered in youth, and turned upon the world at majority, educated and refined men and women. Since Masonry in Kentucky has engaged in this scheme of beneficence, prosperity has waited upon its path. Her principles being expressed in a monument, have attracted the admiring gaze of those without her pale, and awakened in the breasts of good men a desire to be numbered in this brotherhood of mercy. The craft everywhere from the Big Sandy to the Cumberland and Tennessee are at work. The water in a stagnant pool breeds contagion and death. It is the running brook that is pure and sweet and which carries a tuneful song and a refreshing draught to the thirsty meadows. Even so truth may stagnate in a man's mind and become a pool of lifeless doctrine, whose death-brewing surface no breeze from Heaven ever stirs, whose sluggish depths no streams of life, springing up from within, ever freshen. Masonry inoperative, caring nothing for the good of others, will stagnate and be like the death-distilling pool. Earnestly and actively engaged in labors of love, it will be like the silvery stream that ribbons the meadow, making music in its flow, giving verdure to the grass and blossoms to the plants.

When Napoleon, just before his fierce battle with the Egyptian Marmalukes, was reviewing his army, he reminded his soldiers of the approaching engagement, and exclaimed: "Warriors of France, thirty centuries look down upon you from the top of those pyramids!" We may say that more than a score and a half of centuries look down the vista of the ages, and witness the efforts we, as Masons, put forth. In our hands are the same tools with which our ancient brethren performed their work on the Masonic

Temple; upon our trestle-board is the same design they so scrudulously followed; each age witnesses the superstructure, approaching farther completion.

Our ancient brethren worked upon the foundation; those of a post-Christian age carried up the walls; we are at work upon the dome, those who come after us will shout the cope-stone to its place, and amid the plaudits of a grateful and regenerated race, pull down the scaffolding and display the symmetry and splendor of the finished building. Then shall every tongue cry, "Grace, grace be unto it!" Then, notes of invitation shall sound out a hearty welcome to the wandering children of sorrow to enter into sacred portals, and to share its distinguished honors. Its courts and altars shall be filled with troops from all nations, peoples, kindreds and tongues, and high over the babble of the myriads of voices shall ring the one glad sentence, 'Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!'

A Pennsylvania writer contends that as woman was originally part of man, having been made of one of his ribs, she will be restored to her old place in the future. That is to say she having been a man's wife during life she will return to be his rib again after death. But our Pennsylvania friend does not take into consideration the fact that some men marry half a dozen wives, and that some women marry half a dozen husbands. Where is he going to find room in one man for half a dozen more ribs—unless they are fastened somewhere on the outside of him, or how is one woman to become a rib in each of a half dozen men—that's the great question.

THERE ARE NO FIXED STARS.—All are sweeping through space at a rate which baffles conception. Each one of the stars that make up the Great Bear has a movement of its own. Hence the time will come when this constellation will have wholly changed the form with which we are now so familiar. Flammarion has calculated and given a diagram of the form which it will assume 100,000 years hence; and also that it must have had 100,000 years ago. These forms have no resemblance to its present shape. All the constellations are undergoing similar changes.

older than Grand Lodges (the first of which was organized in 1717), and independent of the constitutional provisions of the body over which he presides; and that these powers are now secured to him in the "ancient landmarks which our fathers have set," and which cannot be removed by any Masonic legislation whatever. Others, again, hold that while he is not restricted in the exercise of the powers claimed by the constitutional enactments of modern Grand Lodges, he yet possesses no authority not conferred upon him by the ancient Constitutions or charges; and by this they mean, and we shall so consider it, the old Charges long ante-dating that which we usually consider ancient—to-wit, that of Dr. James Anderson, of 1723, the original edition of which, as well as the collection of the "old Charges" by that most intelligent and able writer and antiquarian, William James Hughan, of Truro, England, may be found in the Library of this Grand Lodge.

In the study of this question we have re-read all the "ancient Constitutions" and "old Charges" ever yet published, as well as all the works devoted, in whole or part, to the subject of "Masonic jurisprudence," besides numberless periodical articles and discussions in the proceedings of Grand Lodges.

We shall discuss the subject under all its several heads.

First. "CONSTITUTIONAL PROVISIONS."—The Constitution of the Grand Lodge of Iowa confers no power whatever upon the Grand Master in cases of trials and appeals. Article XI. vests in the *Grand Lodge alone* the power "to hear and determine all appeals from subordinate Lodges." The code for trials and punishments prescribed by the Grand Lodge in 1864, and revised in 1870-2, confers no authority whatever upon the Grand Master in cases of trials and appeals. Chapter VII., in providing for appeals, says the appeal shall be to the *Grand Lodge* in all cases, and in Section II. of the same chapter, it declares all the powers over cases appealed lie in the *Grand Lodge*: "The Grand Lodge may (1) affirm the sentence, (2) dismiss the appeal, (3) reduce the sentence from expulsion to suspension, (4) set aside the proceedings for informality, and order, in such cases, a new trial, (5) set aside the sentence, and remand the case for review of sentence alone, or (6)

it may reverse the decision of the Lodge for good and sufficient reasons." But in no case can even the Grand Lodge *increase* the punishment inflicted by its subordinate. Of course, none of the foregoing powers are conferred upon the Grand Master, but, by the plainest law, all are denied him, and conferred upon the Grand Lodge. In the case of trials, he has, under the authority to visit Lodges and preside therein, the right to preside over the trial of a Brother, and exercise all the prerogatives of the Worshipful Master, and no more; and these prerogatives only apply to the admission of testimony and preliminary rulings, etc.

Under "the Constitution," then, the Grand Master possesses no power whatever in cases of Masonic trials and appeals.

Second. "INHERENT RIGHTS OF GRAND MASTERS."—These are rights and prerogatives which he possessed as the supreme ruler of the Craft in general, before Grand Lodges were organized, and which are not dependent upon constitutional or prescribed rules. These inherent rights or prerogatives are fully specified in the "Landmarks of Masonry," all older than Grand Lodges, viz: (1), to preside over assemblies of the Craft; (2), to grant dispensations to confer degrees at irregular times; (3), to grant dispensations to open new Lodges; (4), to make Masons "at sight." Only these, and no more, are quoted in the usages and customs as set forth in the "Landmarks." (See "Encyclopedia of Freemasonry," title "Landmarks.") And as all granted powers are enumerated, all not enumerated, are withheld, and not granted.

Under this second division of our subject, you will see that the Grand Master is possessed of no power in trials and appeals.

Third. What say the "old Charges" and the "ancient Constitutions," from the earliest known date of that of 1723 inclusive upon this subject? Bro. Henry M. Look, in his most interesting and valuable work on "Masonic Trials," quotes a passage (the only one on the subject) from the old York Constitution, claiming a date as early as A. D. 926, in which it is affirmed that "if a Mason live amiss, he shall be summoned to the next Grand Lodge." The earliest edition of the old Charges now in the possession of the

Craft is that of A. D. 1390, from which we quote the following:

"For and the Mason lyve anysse,
And yn hys work be false,—y-wysse,
And * * * * *
To the next semble ze schul hym calle,
To pere byfore hys fellows alle," &c., &c.,
—Hallowell's Edition (1844) of the old Constitution.

Dr. Mackey, and other learned writers, in commenting upon the *judicial* powers of the Grand Lodge, always, in ancient times, exercised an *original* jurisdiction and supervision over the Craft, and that the exclusive power to hear and determine Masonic Trials was in *that* body. We nowhere find in them any provision recognizing or implying the existence of this power in the Grand Master, *nor yet* in the subordinate Lodges." But the Constitutions of A. D. 1427-77, as quoted by Look, delegate a portion of his penal jurisdiction to the subordinate Lodges, in these words: "If any Master or Fellow has broken any of the articles agreed to, and if, after being duly cited to appear at the congregation (Lodge), he prove rebel, and will not attend, then the *Lodge shall determine against him*," etc. We need not run through all the editions which Bro. Hughan has published (there are twenty between 1390 and 1723), where the same power is enumerated—but at once refer to the latter edition, in the possession of all our Lodges, in the Iowa Reprint of 1866 (see page 20, Article IX.): "But if any Brother so far misbehave himself, * * * * he shall be dealt with according to the by-laws of *that particular* (subordinate) Lodge, or else in such manner as the Quarterly Communication (Grand Lodge) shall think fit.

No power to hear or determine Masonic Trials is here conferred upon or recognized as existing in the Grand Master by the "Ancient Constitutions," the "Old Charges," "Ancient Landmarks," nor yet in the "General Regulations of 1721," nor anywhere else known to the Masons of this or any other age or country. On the contrary, this power is fully conferred upon the subordinate Lodge, with the defendant's right of appeal (fully secured) to the Grand Lodge.

Another phrase of the question remains, viz: the powers of the Grand Master in "appeals." The authorities before cited upon the first branch of the subject—that of "trials"—are equally ex-

placit upon this, and to the same effect. The Constitutions of 1721 are yet more full and authoritative, and being accessible to all, we refer to Article XIII. and XX-VIII., where it is declared that, "all matters which cannot be made up by a subordinate Lodge are to be considered in the Grand Lodge," and "at the Grand Lodge all appeals are to be received and lodged, that the appellant may be heard and the affair adjusted."

The last, and possibly the most important, element remains to demand a few thoughts. It is concerning "the civil rights and privileges of Masons." Civil courts are instituted in every enlightened nation for the protection of the civil rights of citizens against invasion from any and all sources, whether secret or open. The first case we notice is that related by D. Murray Lyon in his invaluable work, "Freemasonry in Scotland." The Grand Master of Masons in Scotland issued his edict of "suspension" against a Master of one of the Lodges, excluding him from "the Order," or, as we say, the "privileges and rights of a Mason." He appealed to the courts of law through which the case was carried and the highest tribunal held that "the Grand Master had no power to expel the member of a Lodge from the body of the Fraternity of Freemasons." In the argument of the case, that power was claimed as one of his *inherent prerogatives*, and Bro. Lyon in commenting upon the case, uses this truthful and forcible language: "It (the decision) did not effect the right of the Grand lodge to expel from *its communion* those *infringing its laws*; but it clearly established that it (the Grand Lodge) had no power to exclude *from the Order itself*." Here we have an additional argument, and a tangible and forcible one, in support of the position we advanced in our "opinion" on the subject of "non-payment of dues." The Lodge may for non-compliance with its laws, *exclude* from "its communion" the delinquent Brother, but not *from the Order*. The first Brother excluded from the order for non-payment of dues, and who appeals to the civil courts for protection of his rights, will, in our judgement, not only "find that which he seeks," but open the eyes of those now blind to civil and Masonic justice. Bro. Lyon continues; "In addition to this, we learn what value the highest judicatory in the country attached to a claim of supremacy based chiefly upon Masonic

fables (ancient usage, inherent rights, old prerogatives, etc., etc., etc.) the perpetuation of which, as alleged historical facts, is a libel upon the intelligence of the Craft." This latter cause should be engraved above the entrance-door of every Grand Lodge, and upon the door-plate of every Grand Master in this land.

In a late number of the *Michigan Freeman* may be found the decision in full of the court in the case recently decided in Ohio between an Odd Fellow, expelled by his Lodge, and his Lodge, which it would be well for Grand Masters and Masters of Lodges to read and ponder. Also the decision of the court in Philadelphia, between a member and a brotherhood of Engineers; and in Chicago, between his present Bishop Cheney and his old Bishop, Whitehouse; and in Brazil, between the priest and his Masonic parishioners—all of which develop this pregnant fact, that the civil courts will not permit the church, or brotherhood, or other secret society, more than the State to deprive unlawfully a brother man of his rights. If the Brethren have not read these cases as they have progressed, then are they ignorant of the law, and, like "the blind leading the blind, both shall fall into the ditch."

It is unnecessary to quote more law, but we will remark, in conclusion, that, after the most elaborate discussion of the subject, it is the conclusion of the authorities, that, "Lodges and Grand Lodges are the *only* tribunals having jurisdiction to try and punish for Masonic offences." Wherefore it is well to *caveat*.

Respectfully Submitted,

T. S. PARVIN.

This is one of the stories revived about George Francis Train. Train attended, not long ago, the Jockey Club races at Jerome Park, and laid wagers during the whole week on the wrong horses. At the close of the last day, having had his usual ill-luck, he exclaimed, in a loud tone of voice, "I'll bet a hundred dollars that I'm the greatest fool of the native-born specimens that this Republic can show to day!" An entire stranger, only a few feet off, drew forth his pocket-book and said, "I don't know who you are; but I'll cover your pile, unless you should happen to be George Francis Train."

OBJECT OF MASONRY.

An Address Delivered by Dr. H. A. M. Henderson, at Central Park, Louisville, Ky., on Saint John's Day.

Masonry has for its object the establishment of a universal brotherhood. It proposes the reconciliation of adverse and hostile elements in one united effort to establish those kindly relations which exist in a well-ordered family. It succeeds just in the degree in which the happiness of all the members of the human family are secured through its benign instrumentality. It proposes no aid to the more fortunate members of the family who are able to successfully engineer their own career other than that which arises from the consciousness it imparts that should disaster overtake the honest efforts of those enlisted in the legitimate enterprises of life, that the catastrophe of uninvited failure will be overcome as far as the kindly offices of a great fraternity can repair them.

It places a man in sympathetic co-operation with an originated and systematic benevolence which proposes relief only to actual suffering. As long as an individual is able to buffet the winds and waves of the troubled sea of life, it furnishes no other assistance than the chart and compass it furnishes the imperilled navigator. But no sooner does the wing of the tempest smite and wreck than its life-boat glides over the waters to the rescue of those who otherwise would be at the mercy of the angry billows of the sea, hungry for its prey.

Other societies are organized upon the principal of mutual benefit, and the richest member shares in the premiums it distributes equally with the poorest and most unfortunate. Masonry enjoins upon its adherents the relief of real woe. While it serves to ennoble character, to establish goodly fellowship, and to put each man into positive relations with the great commerce of human beneficence, it proposes no help to those in a material point of view, who are able to care for themselves. It calls upon those who are affluent in resources to lend a willing ear to the calls of charity and lays upon its members an obligation never to turn deserving want empty away.

In the family the weakest member is generally the subject of the greatest solicitude. The mother, though surrounded

by healthy sons and daughters that are the pride of her heart, scarcely yields them a thought if a little babe lies suffering on her breast. All the wealth of her heart's love and mind's anxiety is drawn out toward the little sufferer so dependent upon her sheltering arms and womanly ministry.

In the great family of worlds' God, the All Father, prescribes with the tenderest concern for our poor planet that has been blighted by a visitation of sin, and that groans beneath its burden of agonizing woe. Though myriads of constellations revolved about His sovereign presence, shedding a loyal light upon his infinite crown, He turned from the unfallen "morning stars" to catch the piteous wail that ascended from our baby world. Heaven had no treasure too dear if our race might be redeemed from its slavery to sin, and its orphanage of woe might be assuaged by its expenditure.

In accordance with the analogy of human life and of divine procedure, Masonry devotes not its attention to the rich and influential, wasting its energies upon those who are able to care for themselves, but turning from those who sit upon the top of the world's ease. It casts a pitying eye upon those smitten by affliction and extends its helping hand to those who might otherwise be left to struggle, unfriended and alone.

By the pillow of the sick it posts its faithful watch, and counts it an ennobling privilege to hold the aching head; by the bier of the dead it stands an earnest to those who mourn that the world is not a bankrupt of a living interest for those whose hearts are sorrowing for the loved and lost; by the grave it lifts up its resurrection promise and prophecy, and plants the emblematic Acacia to symbolize the immortality of the human spirit; it penetrates the home of the widow, and makes her forlorn heart sing for joy and turns the tears of helping orphanage into rainbow prisms; it steals into prisons to kiss the chains of captives; it visits the home of guiltless poverty, and the blessing of the poor man follows its retiring footsteps.

"The widow's tear—the orphan's cry—
All wants our ready hand's supply,
As far as power is given,
The naked clothe—the prisoner free—
These are thy works sweet Masonry,
Revealed to us from heaven.
In choral numbers Masons join,
To bless and praise the light divine."

Is there a man here to-day, the spectator of this splendid scene, that does not feel prouder of his race and more hopeful of its future? What is it that has stopped the wheels of commerce and barred the gates of merchandise, that this festival day may be crowned with success? Have this vast multitude of people put on their holiday attire to celebrate the completion of some grand public enterprise that is to enrich the city with its returns? Have they come hither to shout hosannahs to some hero of the Senate-hall or the battle-field? Nay. Look at those little ones whose fathers sleep the dreamless sleep. How thrilling the mute eloquence of their dependent presence! It is for them that the Mayor has issued his proclamation, and Main street wears a Sabbath look. It is for them the merchant prince and his clerks have flocked to this Park. It is for them that the regalia glitters in the sun, the banners kiss the breeze, and the music fills the air.

It is for the orphans of Masonry that business stands still to heed the voice of benevolence, that the long procession of aproned masters and baldricked knights have tramped through the streets to this festal spot. Twenty-five thousand people are here to help build a home for the shelterless and to turn a day's pleasure into an enduring good. What a salad is the thought of doing good to the repast of the day! Truly, in promoting the felicity of others we increase our own.

"The heart that feels for other's woes
Shall find each selfish sorrow less;
The breasts that happiness bestows,
Reflected happiness shall bless."

The man that doeth good gives and receives a blessing. He blesses those upon whom his benevolence is bestowed, and it reflects more happiness upon himself that he yields to the subject of his charity. None liveth unto himself. A man must extend his beneficent relations to others if he would know the richness of life in its higher experiences. Coleridge, in one of the most beautiful of similes, illustrates the pregnant truth, that the more we love the more instinctive our sympathy. "The water lily in the midst of waters, opens its leaves and expands its petals at the first pattering of showers, and rejoices in the rain-drops with a quicker sympathy than the parched shrub in the sandy desert." Everything in nature is upon the plan of giving. The sun gives away its golden light with a munificence that seems a

waste of splendor. If the King of Day were to turn miser and lock up his sunbeams in a great iron chest there would be a wilderness of worlds more barren of life than the Sahara desert. The sun kisses the flower and the flower breaths sweetest odors on the gamboling zephyr that rocks it on its stem. The mountain stream yields tribute to the river and the river rolls to the sea and the sea burdens the clouds and the clouds rain refreshment on the thirsty earth. The vegetable world gives it oxygen to the animal and the animal in turn furnishes a diet of carbon to the shrubs and trees. The dew that borrows hues from the morning flowers builds the splendor of the rainbow that spans the evening shower. Everything is organized upon the principle of circulation and reciprocity. A mere absorber among men will die of plethora, or, if he survives, his existence will be as void of warmth as a toad with perpetual winter in its blood.

"That man may *last* but never *live*;
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creations blank."

We live in the *benevolent age* of the world. Never was the world so busy, and yet never was it so kind. In the days of Alicibiades and Pericles and Augustus—the eras of the most superb ancient civilizations—there were no institutions of a benevolent character. In the palmiest epoch of the Greek culture the poor, the rich, the deaf, the dumb, the lunatic, the widowed and the orphan enjoyed no organized sympathy. Never was there an era in the history of the past, before that in which it is our happy lot to live, when millions of dollars were given by private individuals to educational and benevolent enterprises. This age is as much distinguished by its Peabody's, Rich's, Cornell's, Vanderbilt's, Drow's and Lick's, or by its railroads, steamships and telegraphs. I am happy to be able to say that Masonry is *en rapport* with the spirit of the age. She dwells not in reverent musings upon her origin in the antique past, and her march of triumph along the line of advancing centuries. It is indeed pleasant for the modern Mason to look back over the wreck of ages, into the dim and retreating old, and behold the order with the morning dew of the world upon its youthful locks. It is no inferior delight to the soul ear of the antiquarina

to hear the stroke of the craftsman's gavel ringing on the stones of Egyptian pyramids and the clink of the Giblemite's chisel in the secret vault, where the blocks for King Solomon's temple were fashioned. Yet after all the achievements of Masonry in the glorious eras gone, its beneficent history and sunlit pathway of love, is less significant and sublime than the prophecies of its approaching golden age. If railroads, steamships and telegraph cables are binding the nations together in closer bonds of commerce and political comity Masonry, though silently, yet surely at work, is throwing its three-fold cord around the hearts of men, and by the agency of a cosmopolitan brotherhood contributing, in no small degree, to the introduction of the day when arsenals shall be emptied and the weapons of warfare be turned into implements of peaceful husbandry, when the nations shall cease their strifes and the Prince of Peace shall preside over the *concordat* of the world. Many and varied are the agencies at work by which the wheels of progress are being turned round and all of them spinning out some benevolent purpose of God, but we can not yield to the idea, that aside from the Christian Church, any of them are doing more, for the re-integration of humanity, than is our beloved order. Masonry seems to have been preserved by a good Providence that it might play its noblest part in the latest era of the world. We have seen it amid battle scarred States and shattered nationalities binding up the wounds of the sufferers, like some omnipresent Good Samaritan. The voice of defaming prejudice hushes in its presence, and the howl of passion is turned into a hymn of love. If in times like these, when the strongest political bonds are sundered and men's hearts are failing them for fear, our Order can be benignant and complacent, have we not in the midst of our evils, (even as hope remained in Pandora's box,) an element upon which to base the fabric of future reconciliation and of an enduring peace? We once witnessed the excited fears of a large community, quieted by the assurance of a single martial Mason's word breathed to his brethren in the sacred retreat of the Lodge-room. If thus, *one* Mason's word could hush the murmurs of apprehension and bring relieving tranquility to the troubled hearts of a city, cannot we perceive how, in widening circles, the

force of our institution may extend, until like a girdle of glory it shall zone the whole earth with a cestus of love and bring peace to every hearthstone?

Masonry, too, has inaugurated a new era in her history by adopting a plan of corporate and systematic benevolence. To our own Commonwealth belongs the honor of the first Widows' and Orphans' Home erected under the auspices of the Masonic craft. This example is being imitated by the Masons of every other jurisdiction, and ere long every State will have its Home, and 20,000 Orphans will be rescued from the wastes of woe, sheltered in youth, and turned upon the world at majority, educated and refined men and women. Since Masonry in Kentucky has engaged in this scheme of beneficence, prosperity has waited upon its path. Her principles being expressed in a monument, have attracted the admiring gaze of those without her pale, and awakened in the breasts of good men a desire to be numbered in this brotherhood of mercy. The craft everywhere from the Big Sandy to the Cumberland and Tennessee are at work. The water in a stagnant pool breeds contagion and death. It is the running brook that is pure and sweet and which carries a tuneful song and a refreshing draught to the thirsty meadows. Even so truth may stagnate in a man's mind and become a pool of lifeless doctrine, whose death-brewing surface no breeze from Heaven ever stirs, whose sluggish depths no streams of life, springing up from within, ever freshen. Masonry inoperative, caring nothing for the good of others, will stagnate and be like the death-distilling pool. Earnestly and actively engaged in labors of love, it will be like the silvery stream that ribbons the meadow, making music in its flow, giving verdure to the grass and blossoms to the plants.

When Napoleon, just before his fierce battle with the Egyptian Marmalukes, was reviewing his army, he reminded his soldiers of the approaching engagement, and exclaimed: "Warriors of France, thirty centuries look down upon you from the top of those pyramids!" We may say that more than a score and a half of centuries look down the vista of the ages, and witness the efforts we, as Masons, put forth. In our hands are the same tools with which our ancient brethren performed their work on the Masonic

Temple; upon our trestle-board is the same design they so scrudulously followed; each age witnesses the superstructure, approaching farther completion.

Our ancient brethren worked upon the foundation; those of a post-Christian age carried up the walls; we are at work upon the dome, those who come after us will shout the cope-stone to its place, and amid the plaudits of a grateful and regenerated race, pull down the scaffolding and display the symmetry and splendor of the finished building. Then shall every tongue cry, "Grace, grace be unto it!" Then, notes of invitation shall sound out a hearty welcome to the wandering children of sorrow to enter into sacred portals, and to share its distinguished honors. Its courts and altars shall be filled with troops from all nations, peoples, kindreds and tongues, and high over the babble of the myriads of voices shall ring the one glad sentence, 'Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!'

A Pennsylvania writer contends that as a woman was originally part of man, having been made of one of his ribs, she will be restored to her old place in the future. That is to say she having been a man's wife during life she will return to be his rib again after death. But our Pennsylvania friend does not take into consideration the fact that some men marry half a dozen wives, and that some women marry half a dozen husbands. Where is he going to find room in one man for half a dozen more ribs—unless they are fastened somewhere on the outside of him, or how is one woman to become a rib in each of a half dozen men—that's the great question.

THERE ARE NO FIXED STARS.—All are sweeping through space at a rate which baffles conception. Each one of the stars that make up the Great Bear has a movement of its own. Hence the time will come when this constellation will have wholly changed the form with which we are now so familiar. Flammarion has calculated and given a diagram of the form which it will assume 100,000 years hence; and also that it must have had 100,000 years ago. These forms have no esemblance to its present shape. All ther constellations are undergoing similar changes.

THE BRICKLAYER.

"Ho, to the top of the towering wall!"
 'Tis the master-mason's rallying call;—
 "To the scaffolding, boys, now merrily climb;
 'Tis seven o'clock by the town-bell's chime!
 Bring to your work good muscle and brawn;
 Out with your saw-tempered blades of steel!
 Smoother than glass from point to heel;

Bring out your challenge: 'Mort, O Mort!
 Clink! Clink! trowel and brick!

Music with labor and art combine;
 Brick upon brick, lay them up quick;
 But "lay to the line" boys "lay to the line!"

Cheery as crickets all the day long,—
 Lightning labor with laugh and song;
 Busy as bees upon angle and pier,
 Piling the red blocks tier upon tier;
 Climbing and climbing still nearer the sun;
 Prouder than kings of the work they have
 done;

Upward and upward the bricklayers go,
 Till men are but children and pigmies below
 While the master's order falls ringing and
 short.

To the staggering carrier, 'Mort, O Mort!
 Clink, Clink, trowel and brick!

Music with labor and art combine;
 Brick upon brick, lay them up quick,
 But 'lay to the line,' boys, 'lay to the line!'

Who are the peers of the best in the land,
 Worthy 'neath arches of honor to stand?
 They of the brick-reddened mortar-stained
 palms,

With shoulders of giants and sinewy arms,
 Builders of cities and builders of homes,
 Propping the sky up with spires and domes;
 Writing thereon with their trowel and lime
 Legends of toil for the hours of Time!
 So that the ages may read as they run,
 All that their magical might has done!

So clink, clink, trowel and brick!
 Work by the master's word and sign,
 "Brick upon brick, lay them up quick!
 But 'lay to the line,' boys, 'lay to the line!'"

"In America we fully realize and endorse
 the following lines from the great Masonic
 poet, Robert Burns, whose memory Masons in
 America love and esteem so highly:

"A king can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that,
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
 Fer a' that, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

"Then let us pray that come it may—
 As come it will for a' that—
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, ane a' that—
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that."

THE 24th IN LOUISVILLE.

The day was intensely hot, which fact deterred hundreds from enjoying in the procession. Notwithstanding this the parade was a large one. The mounted Knights Templar and Knights of Kadosh, in their splendid uniforms and in their richly caparisoned horses, made a most imposing appearance. The Grand Lodge officers and orators of the day rode in open carriages. The Park was radiant with beauty and thronged with gallantry. The gay flags and festooning and banners and glittering uniforms made up a splendid spectacle. The children of the Home were all there, except a delegation of 12 sent to Paducah. They were seated on a pyramid, and discoursed at intervals some sweet songs. The speakers all referred to them in touching terms, drawing tears from eyes unused to weeping. Speeches were delivered by Past Grand Master Fitch, Grand Chaplain Henderson, Rev. Jno. D. Vincil, P. G. Master of Missouri, and Ed. Parsons, Esq.

Mæbius' Orchestra discoursed the sweetest music. Those who danced had ample opportunity. There were a score of sources of entertainment. At night there was a fine exhibition of fire works. About 12,000 persons visited the grounds during the day, and the gate receipts amounted to \$5,500—the tickets of admission having been placed at fifty cents. The amount realized for the Home must have exceeded \$10,000.

This sum, together with that raised in various places in the State, will enable the Directors to push forward the building to an early completion—an event, which, when achieved, will cause the heart of every Mason and friend of philanthropy to rejoice.

Dr. Holland says: "There is no better test of purity and true goodness than a reluctance to think evil of one's neighbor, and absolute incapacity to believe an evil report about good men, except upon the most trustworthy testimony."

Those who bequeath unto themselves a pompous funeral are at just so much expense to inform the world of something that had much better been concealed—namely that their vanity had outlived themselves.

Masonic, Good Templars and Sabbath School Pic-Nic.

On 24th of June 1874, according to previous arrangement Bewleyville Lodge, number 228 met in their Hall. Thos. J. Jolly being appointed W. M., pro-tem, the Lodge was opened in form.

The object of the festival was the stated and procession formed by Charles Blanford, Marshal General of the day, and proceeded to the grove for speaking and refreshments.

Able and appropriate addresses were delivered by Hon. Chas. G. Wintersmith, P. W. G. M., and P. W. G. Chap. R. G. Gardner in the forenoon. A table of bountiful refreshments, due to W. H. Pennington as chairman of arrangements and the very generous and noble ladies of Bewleyville and vicinity. After dinner the crowd met in the church and was addressed by James G. Haswell, Esq., on the subject of temperance. The amount contributed was \$65. Though small, it bespeaks a generous impulse for the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home.

Fraternally,
 THOS. J. JOLLY.

A Michigan father wrote to a lottery agent: "I do not approve of lotteries; I regard them as no better than gambling schemes. My son bought ticket No. 5 in your drawing, but if he drew anything, don't send the money to him—send it to me." The father will probably feel relieved to learn that the ticket didn't draw anything.

As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of reeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep, so men meet into the world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and, if he needs, giving him supplies.

When a man thinks nobody cares for him, and he is alone in a cold and selfish world, he would do well to ask himself this question: "What have I done to make anybody care for and love me, and to warm the world with faith and generosity?" It is generally the case that those who complain the most have done the least.

Amusements.

We may simplify the course of inquiry by confining it to the subject of amusements. The mirthful side of human nature must be provided for. The sects have shut up the theatre, the race-course, and the dancing-saloon; they have forbidden game after game; the Ten Commandments they have displaced by a hundred of their own, each commencing with "Thou shalt not." Nothing was easier, and nothing was more useless. A man loves the drama passionately; he sees only the ideal side of it; the true interpretation of a great poem is to him the most refined of luxuries; he is entranced by the genius of art. The sects say to him, You must give up the drama, and he receives the intimation with great surprise, probably too with some disgust. The intimation may be given to him by a man who hardly knows the meaning of the word drama, who has no soul for poetry, no eye for art—a man who would throw jewels away because the casket had been spotted with mud. Are the feelings of the dramatist not easily conceivable, and do they not under such circumstances call for sympathy? Christ never told his disciples not to go to the theatre, the race-course, or the revel; from end to end of his teaching no such prohibitions can be found.—*From Ecce Deus, by Dr. Parker.*

The Ladies' Aid Society in behalf of the Widows' and Orphans' Home convened in the Masonic Temple on the night of July 13th to award the canes to the successful candidates voted for on St. John's day at Central Park. Mr. Jno. H. Weller, candidate for Clerk of the Chancery Court had received the greatest number of votes and received the most valuable cane—Fifty Dollars. Mr. Jno. S. Cain, candidate for Clerk of the Circuit Court, having received the next highest number was awarded a cane almost equally handsome. Bros. Wm. H. Meffert, Master of Preston Lodge, and Alonzo Philips Master of Louisville Lodge received the canes presented to the Masters of the most popular Lodges. Bro. Chas. Tilden made the presentation speeches in his usually graceful style. Refreshments were enjoyed, and the evening passed off "a feast of reason and a flow of soul."

A Freemason should be a man of honor and conscience, preferring his duty to everything besides, even to his life; inde-

pendent in his opinions and of good morals; submissive to the laws, devoted to humanity, to his country and to his family; kind and indulgent to his brethren; the friend of all virtuous men, and ready to assist his fellows by all the means in his power.

A certain French baron, whose scientific tastes led him to collect the skulls of celebrated persons, one day received a visit from a man with whom he was accustomed to deal.

"What do you bring me here?" asked the baron, as the man slowly unwrapped a carefully enveloped package.

"The skull of Shakespearo."

"Impossible!"

"I speak the truth Monsieur le Baron. Here is proof of what I say," said the dealer, producing some papers.

"But," replied the baron, drawing aside the drapery which concealed his own singular collection, "I already possess that skull."

"He must have been a rogue who sold you that," was the remark of the honest dealer. "Who was it, monsieur?"

"Your father," said the baron, in a mild tone; "he sold it to me about twenty-nine years ago."

The broker was for a moment disconcerted, but then exclaimed, with vivacity, "I understand. Be good enough to observe the small dimensions of the skull on your shelf. Remark the narrow occiput, the undeveloped forehead, where intelligence is still mute. It is Shakespearo's, certainly, but as a child about 12 or 14 years old; whereas this is when he had attained a certain age, and had become the great genius of which England is justly proud."

The baron bought the second head.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE AS A SIGN.—There is no surer sign of a lack of intelligence and refinement in a neighborhood than a dilapidated and slovenly school-house; its benches hacked with knives and stained with ink, its doors unhinged, its floor covered with dirt, and its windows open to sun and rain. On the other hand, if you see a school-house neat in design, freshly painted, in good repair, with a small turf-ed yard filled with beautiful shade trees, you instinctively infer that the families of the neighborhood are enterprising and intelligent. If the school-house is what it ought to be, you are likely

to find in it a competent teacher and well-behaved scholars. In such a neighborhood, moreover, you will be likely to find the farms well taken care of, the fences trim, the houses in good repair. The town which neglects its schools is on the high road to ruin.

A certain English nobleman was figuring some time ago at Washington, who had more titles than brains. Several young ladies were counting up his honors—Lord so and so, Baron so and so, etc. "My friends," observed a sensible old gentleman, "one of his titles you appear to have forgotten." "What is that?" they inquired eagerly. "He is *Barren of intellect*," was the reply.

Masonry as a Traveling Companion.

BY WM. ROUNSEVILLE.

Those who quietly sip their coffee at home at the usual breakfast hour, take a seat in a luxurious Pullman Palace Car, and are whirled across the country and drink their tea a couple of hundred miles away, have little idea of the labor involved a score of years ago in making that same journey, the propelling motor being horse power. Then it was a matter of several day's exposure to a torrid sun or beating storm. Now a person travels that distance and returns and his absence is scarcely noticed even by the members of his family. Then there was vast preparation and cogitation over the proposed voyage, and occasionally one would make his will, wisely calculating the chances that from a journey so lengthy he might not return.

Then a pleasant companionship was a desirable adjunct of travel. Many a long and tedious mile was shortened by the vivacity of a friend, and a cheerful companionable host at the hotel where you were compelled to domicile for the night added several hours to the sum total of your enjoyment. But the inn-keeper might be an old cudmudgeon, and yet considerable solid pleasure could be captured on the public piazza if a generous, social and intelligent group happened to congregate thereon, after the fatigues of a day of travel by buggy or the more primitive stage coach. The faculty of easily becoming acquainted was of more importance then than now, as travelers

were compelled to spend more time in each other's company, and were consequently more dependent on each other than now.

We have been led to this train of reflection by the remembrance of a journey once traveled, some thirty or more years ago it must be, from Chicago, where we then resided, to Galena, at the north-western extremity of the State. A visit from a maternal uncle, whose home was in Vermont, who had business in the lead mine city, was the occasion of the journey. As the preferable way of traveling we preferred and ignored Frink & Walker's stages and harnessing a stout pair of horses to a democrat wagon, concluded to set out on the scout independent and self-reliant.

Our relative, as has been stated, was a resident of the State of Vermont, the only State in the Union where Anti-Masonry could be made successful. Of course he thoroughly imbued with the intolerant sentiment of that rampant political sect, and believed in all the revelations of Morgan, Witherell and Bernard. Their version of the Craft work was next to the Bible, his daily companion, and all other questions were somehow made to revolve around this and become supporters or satellites of it.

According to our arrangement we swept over the low, level prairie west of Chicago, the greater part of which is now in Chicago, watered or sweating steeds at Spencer's, on the Aux Planes, and dined at the "Buckhorn," kept on open the prairie by Hoyt, and arrived in good season at Elgin, where we deposited ourselves for the night with "Sibbles," well known in those days as the host of one of the few, very few, decent hotels in the country.

Supper over, quite a number of persons, travelers as well as town's people, gathered on the seats in front of the hotel and engaged in such general conversation as the surrounding circumstances suggested and on the whole the evening was pleasantly and cheerfully whiled away. Our uncle was not very talkative, and on this occasion seemed better pleased to hear than to speak; hence, unless spoken to, he generally maintained a profound silence. Even the Ogle county lynching operation of the Driscolls, which was then fresh in the memory of the company, failed to elicit from him any particular remark. Surrounded by scenes new and people

novel, the old gentleman was evidently thinking.

It will not be necessary to give the events of the journey in detail, nor would they be interesting. The second day we dined at a wayside hut, with the owner of which we managed to make a speedy and pleasant acquaintance, drove to Belvidere where we took our tea, and shook hands fraternally with a dozen of citizens without introduction, and reached Beechford at sundown, where we passed the night. Our aged relative was not yet out of his study. After retiring, he asked when we traveled this road before.

"Never was on this road west of Elgin until to day," was the answer.

"When did you get acquainted with the keeper of the house at Coral?"

"Never saw him until he came out to meet us."

"You must have been in Belvidere before."

"On the contrary, this is my first visit."

"How then did you know so many persons when you first arrived there? It seemed as if you had encountered a company of old friends."

"It *did* seem something like it."

"And then when you drove up here this evening the whole crowd rushed up and grasped your hand as though they had been expecting you for a month. I suppose you never saw these fellows before."

"Not one of them, to the best of my knowledge and belief."

"And while you were enjoying yourself with them, I could scarcely engage one of them for a moment in conversation."

"Really, Uncle, I am sorry you were neglected, and will take care it does not occur again; but the company was so pleasant and sociable that I forgot there was any one left out."

"Oh, you need not trouble yourself, sir, I shall get along well enough. But it is a mystery how you manage to get acquainted with perfect and entire strangers with such facility. It must be a faculty worth possessing."

Knowing the old gentleman's prejudices, it was not deemed necessary or expedient to enlighten him on the particular point to which his cogitations appeared to be directed, and the conversation closed. Our journey for the next day lay over the open and somewhat broken prairies between Rock river and the Pecatonica. Our companion was reticent, and only

replied to our remarks in monosyllables. Even the wide-spread, natural plains by which we were surrounded seemed to possess no charms for him. In vain we called his attention to the varieties of wild flowers that bloomed around us. Though something of a botanist, they could not secure his attention.

Suddenly, as our good team surmounted the ridge overlooking the valley of the Pecatonica, presenting one of the finest prairie landscapes in the world, he exclaimed:

"I knew it! I thought there was something secret about it! But it is all plain enough now. It is all that pesky Masonry that does it, and these men you meet so cordially are Masons. Will, are not you a member of that horrid institution?"

"I am a Mason," I replied, "if that is what you mean."

"That is what I mean; and you have been a Mason all this time and I did not know it."

"Certainly, I have been a Mason for several years. Had you asked me I would have told you, but we never obtrude our Masonry upon others."

"And all these strangers with whom you have been so free are members of the Lodge?"

"Every one of them."

"How did you find them out?"

"There is a way by which you can get an answer to that question."

"How is that?"

"Join the Lodge."

"I join the Lodge! I be a Mason!"

"Yes, why not?"

"Because I have opposed Masonry all my life."

"Repentance is always in order."

"True, I'll think of it."

And he did think of it, cast aside prejudices, and took the only possible way to find out friends when you travel, joined the Lodge, and was followed to the grave in the old anti-Masonry State by a large concourse of Brethren. He learned to appreciate Masonry as a traveling companion.—*Voice of Masonry.*

During the year 1873, contributions to the amount of £21,000, or more than one hundred thousand dollars, were made to the great Masonic charities by the combined donations and farewell offerings of our English Brethren. A good record.

RIP VAN WINKLE LODGE, NO. 1001.

A TRUE HISTORY FROM NOTES.

This grand old Lodge has long been working under a Charter obtained from Holland in the early days of the Knickerbockers, and it is not therefore strange that its membership is a large one. It may not be so, but it seems that the most of them were selected to membership in the Order because of their natural inherent lethargy and special carelessness, for the most of them have always been noted for these things. In the first place they are all proud of being Masons, and if they are asked, "Are you a Mason?" they answer promptly, "Yes, siree," showing that they pit themselves in belonging to the ancient Fraternity.

Then secondly, they are distinguished for never paying their dues until they receive two or three notices from the Secretary, giving evidence that they like to be *officially* noticed with financial honors, at least every two or three years.

Then thirdly, they are very indifferent in their attendance upon their Lodge meetings, which has been charitably accounted for, in most cases, in their having no almanacs. It seems they never study the changes of the moon, which as all know, is essential to any full knowledge of Masonic philosophy.

But they have all taken the degrees of the Craft, and this they think is enough, and therefore they do not propose, as Masons, to live on anything other than "past recollections," and to have Masonic machinery carry them through.

The fact is now patent that most of them expected from the beginning that Masonry would glorify them instead of their having to glorify it. This was their personal idea of the contract, and they have taken due notice thereof and of course govern themselves accordingly. Hence they look to the east for help, for patronage, for professional honors and such like glorifications, and when they don't come thick and fast enough they are very apt to take the *studs* and refuse to pull anywhere.

Under such circumstances many of them drop off from their Lodge meetings and don't attend one in six months. It is on this account that many of them grow to be very indifferent sort of Masons, so far as *work* and interest and Masonic intelligence are concerned. They ap-

pear indeed to be very like the man who got married. "The first month," he said, "he felt like eating his wife up, soul and body, and ever since then he had been very sorry he hadn't done it."

It is no doubt true that Masonry has been disappointed in a great many men, but then the thing has been made equal in the fact that a great many men have been disappointed in Masonry. It didn't help them along, or make them half as great as they expected it would. At least this is the experience of many in the old Rip Van Winkle Lodge, and they ought to know, for what they don't know in that Lodge no other Lodge need try to learn—or in other words "they know it all."

To some this assertion may sound a little strange, as but very few of them ever read a Masonic paper of any sort.

But then it should be remembered that most of them, like the Irishman, "get their knowledge by inheritance," which shows that they are Masons "to the manor born."

The nomenclature of this good old Lodge is peculiar, as well as its membership, for they define "Brotherly Love" to mean "water to our mill," and "Relief" they say signifies "that we shall help others as others help us." And they also tell us that "Truth" means "all such things as are on their side of the question." In other words, they don't call any one much of a "brother" unless he plays on their fiddle strings.

To live in this good old Lodge one must not expect too much of his Brethren, as but little or nothing is expected of himself, for this principle or nomenclature they have found out by experience is their very best hold. Hence they teach all their members to place great reliance on that passage of Scripture which reads, "Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed."

That such a Lodge as the old Rip Van Winkle should flourish in these days is not to be wondered at, for they tell outsiders that the very name of Master Mason is popular, respectable, ancient, and therefore glorious. They teach that it is only necessary to take the degrees, and then you know it all. "It is knowledge of the ancient mysteries," they say, "men want, and when they get them they need no more." Like the ancient Oracles of Delphi, they speak but one language, and cling with tenacity to the primitive land-

marks as the only hope of maintaining the prestige of their antiquity. With many of our modern Lodges this old Rip Van Winkle Lodge may not stand so fair. They are looking for progress—for advancement—for new light, and some of them are even making improvements on the ancient science, and it is not remarkable that they especially find fault with the old Rip Lodge, because they think they see as plainly as they can see the outlines on the trestle-board, that the example of this old antiquated concern is a drawback on the advancing light of Masonry, and calculated to make the world believe that the Mystic Tie is pretty much a humbug after all. In this matter, however, we think they need not greatly trouble themselves, for the old Rip has stood it well, as she is, for a good many years, and the human propabilities are that she will continue to do so until the crack of doom.

H.

—Masonic Advocate.

MASONIC OBLIGATION.

The too common habit of pledging the Masonic honor should be abandoned. The tendency is to weaken the sense of pledged obligation and to undignify a solemn vow of fidelity. The word of a Mason is not capital in trade. It is not to be employed to advance one's material credit or other interests beyond those expressly embraced in the Masonic compact. The only time we ever were literally swindled was by a Master Mason, pledging his ability and intention to pay. We went his security for a sum of money, and had it to pay under such circumstances as assured us that he was lying when he was giving us the most solemn promise to pay. In all purely business matters Masonry should play no part. Every transaction should be based on the laws of trade, and the written obligations, common to commercial life, should form the basis of business. The taking of a Masonic promise as a security for the payment of debts or the faithful execution of contracts savors of the profane. It is like pledging the faith of a Christian in sacramental wine to some secular obligation to bind one's self upon the five points of fellowship. We are always pained when such a pledge is broken, for the effect is to break down Masonic confidence. Using it upon the mart and in the ordinary confidential conversations of life superinducers an in difference to its solemnity.

THE BRICKLAYER.

"Ho, to the top of the towering wall!"
 'Tis the master-mason's rallying call;—
 "To the scaffolding, boys, now merrily climb;
 'Tis seven o'clock by the town-bell's chime!
 Bring to your work good muscle and brawn;
 Out with your saw-tempered blades of steel!
 Smoother than glass from point to heel;

Bring out your challenge: 'Mort, O Mort!
 Clink! Clink! trowel and brick!
 Music with labor and art combine;
 Brick upon brick, lay them up quick;
 But "lay to the line" boys "lay to the line!"

Cheery as crickets all the day long,—
 Lightening labor with laugh and song;
 Busy as bees upon angle and pier,
 Piling the red blocks tier upon tier;
 Climbing and climbing still nearer the sun;
 Prouder than kings of the work they have
 done;

Upward and upward the bricklayers go,
 Till men are but children and pigmies below
 While the master's order falls ringing and
 short.

To the staggering carrier, 'Mort, O Mort!
 Clink, Clink, trowel and brick!
 Music with labor and art combine;
 Brick upon brick, lay them up quick,
 But 'lay to the line,' boys, 'lay to the line!'

Who are the peers of the best in the land,
 Worthy 'neath arches of honor to stand?
 They of the brick-reddened mortar-stained
 palms,

With shoulders of giants and sinewy arms,
 Builders of cities and builders of homes,
 Propping the sky up with spires and domes;
 Writing thereon with their trowel and lime
 Legends of toil for the hours of Time!
 So that the ages may read as they run,
 All that their magical might has done!

So clink, clink, trowel and brick!
 Work by the master's word and sign,
 "Brick upon brick, lay them up quick!
 But 'lay to the line,' boys, 'lay to the line!'"

"In America we fully realize and endorse
 the following lines from the great Masonic
 poet, Robert Burns, whose memory Masons in
 America love and esteem so highly:

"A king can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that,
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

"Then let us pray that come it may—
 As come it will for a' that—
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, ane a' that—
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that."

THE 24th IN LOUISVILLE.

The day was intensely hot, which fact
 deterred hundreds from enjoying in the
 procession. Notwithstanding this the pa-
 rade was a large one. The mounted
 Knights Templar and Knights of Ka-
 dosh, in their splendid uniforms and in
 their richly caparisoned horses, made a
 most imposing appearance. The Grand
 Lodge officers and orators of the day rode
 in open carriages. The Park was radiant
 with beauty and thronged with gallantry.
 The gay flags and festooning and banners
 and glittering uniforms made up a splen-
 did spectacle. The children of the Home
 were all there, except a delegation of 12
 sent to Paducah. They were seated on a
 pyramid, and discoursed at intervals some
 sweet songs. The speakers all referred to
 them in touching terms, drawing tears
 from eyes unused to weeping. Speeches
 were delivered by Past Grand Master
 Fitch, Grand Chaplain Henderson, Rev.
 Jno. D. Vineil, P. G. Master of Missouri,
 and Ed. Parsons, Esq.

Mœbius' Orchestra discoursed the
 sweetest music. Those who danced had
 ample opportunity. There were a score
 of sources of entertainment. At night
 there was a fine exhibition of fire works.
 About 12,000 persons visited the grounds
 during the day, and the gate receipts
 amounted to \$5,500—the tickets of ad-
 mission having been placed at fifty cents.
 The amount realized for the Home must
 have exceeded \$10,000.

This sum, together with that raised in
 various places in the State, will enable the
 Directors to push forward the building to
 an early completion—an event, which,
 when achieved, will cause the heart of
 every Mason and friend of philanthropy
 to rejoice.

Dr. Holland says: "There is no better
 test of purity and true goodness than a
 reluctance to think evil of one's neighbor,
 and absolute incapacity to believe an evil
 report about good men, except upon the
 most trustworthy testimony."

Those who bequeath unto themselves
 a pompous funeral are at just so much
 expense to inform the world of something
 that had much better been concealed—
 namely that their vanity had outlived
 themselves.

Masonic, Good Templars and Sabbath
 School Pic-Nic.

On 24th of June 1874, according to
 previous arrangement Bewleyville Lodge,
 number 228 met in their Hall. Thos. J.
 Jolly being appointed W. M., pro-tem,
 the Lodge was opened in form.

The object of the festival was the
 stated and procession formed by Charles
 Blanford, Marshal General of the day,
 and proceeded to the grove for speaking
 and refreshments.

Able and appropriate addresses were
 delivered by Hon. Chas. G. Wintersmith,
 P. W. G. M., and P. W. G. Chap. R. G.
 Gardner in the forenoon. A table of
 bountiful refreshments, due to W. H. Pen-
 ington as chairman of arrangements and
 the very generous and noble ladies of Bew-
 leyville and vicinity. After dinner the
 crowd met in the church and was address-
 ed by James G. Haswell, Esq., on the
 subject of temperance. The amount con-
 tributed was \$65. Though small, it be-
 speaks a generous impulse for the Masonic
 Widows' and Orphans' Home.

Fraternally,
 THOS. J. JOLLY.

A Michigan father wrote to a lottery
 agent: "I do not approve of lotteries; I
 regard them as no better than gambling
 schemes. My son bought ticket No. 5 in
 your drawing, but if he drew anything,
 don't send the money to him—send it to
 me." The father will probably feel re-
 lieved to learn that the ticket didn't draw
 anything.

As ships meet at sea, a moment togeth-
 er, when words ofreeting must be spoken,
 and then away into the deep, so men
 meet into the world; and I think we
 should cross no man's path without hail-
 ing him, and, if he needs, giving him
 supplies.

When a man thinks nobody cares for
 him, and he is alone in a cold and selfish
 world, he would do well to ask himself
 this question: "What have I done to make
 anybody care for and love me, and to
 warm the world with faith and gener-
 osity?" It is generally the case that
 those who complain the most have done
 the least.

Amusements.

We may simplify the course of inquiry by confining it to the subject of amusements. The mirthful side of human nature must be provided for. The sects have shut up the theatre, the race-course, and the dancing-saloon; they have forbidden game after game; the Ten Commandments they have displaced by a hundred of their own, each commencing with "Thou shalt not." Nothing was easier, and nothing was more useless. A man loves the drama passionately; he sees only the ideal side of it; the true interpretation of a great poem is to him the most refined of luxuries; he is entranced by the genius of art. The sects say to him, You must give up the drama, and he receives the intimation with great surprise, probably too with some disgust. The intimation may be given to him by a man who hardly knows the meaning of the word drama, who has no soul for poetry, no eye for art—a man who would throw jewels away because the casket had been spotted with mud. Are the feelings of the dramatist not easily conceivable, and do they not under such circumstances call for sympathy? Christ never told his disciples not to go to the theatre, the race-course, or the revel; from end to end of his teaching no such prohibitions can be found.—*From Ecce Deus, by Dr. Parker.*

The Ladies' Aid Society in behalf of the Widows' and Orphans' Home convened in the Masonic Temple on the night of July 13th to award the canes to the successful candidates voted for on St. John's day at Central Park. Mr. Jno. H. Weller, candidate for Clerk of the Chancery Court had received the greatest number of votes and received the most valuable cane—Fifty Dollars. Mr. Jno. S. Cain, candidate for Clerk of the Circuit Court, having received the next highest number was awarded a cane almost equally handsome. Bros. Wm. H. Meffert, Master of Preston Lodge, and Alonzo Philips Master of Louisville Lodge received the canes presented to the Masters of the most popular Lodges. Bro. Chas. Tilden made the presentation speeches in his usually graceful style. Refreshments were enjoyed, and the evening passed off "a feast of reason and a flow of soul."

A Freemason should be a man of honor and conscience, preferring his duty to everything besides, even to his life; inde-

pendent in his opinions and of good morals; submissive to the laws, devoted to humanity, to his country and to his family; kind and indulgent to his brethren; the friend of all virtuous men, and ready to assist his fellows by all the means in his power.

A certain French baron, whose scientific tastes led him to collect the skulls of celebrated persons, one day received a visit from a man with whom he was accustomed to deal.

"What do you bring me here?" asked the baron, as the man slowly unwrapped a carefully enveloped package.

"The skull of Shakespeare."

"Impossible!"

"I speak the truth Monsieur le Baron. Here is proof of what I say," said the dealer, producing some papers.

"But," replied the baron, drawing aside the drapery which concealed his own singular collection, "I already possess that skull."

"He must have been a rogue who sold you that," was the remark of the honest dealer. "Who was it, monsieur?"

"Your father," said the baron, in a mild tone; "he sold it to me about twenty-nine years ago."

The broker was for a moment disconcerted, but then exclaimed, with vivacity, "I understand. Be good enough to observe the small dimensions of the skull on your shelf. Remark the narrow occiput, the undeveloped forehead, where intelligence is still mute. It is Shakespeare's, certainly, but as a child about 12 or 14 years old; whereas this is when he had attained a certain age, and had become the great genius of which England is justly proud."

The baron bought the second head.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE AS A SIGN.—There is no surer sign of a lack of intelligence and refinement in a neighborhood than a dilapidated and slovenly school-house; its benches hacked with knives and stained with ink, its doors unhinged, its floor covered with dirt, and its windows open to sun and rain. On the other hand, if you see a school-house neat in design, freshly painted, in good repair, with a small turfed yard filled with beautiful shade trees, you instinctively infer that the families of the neighborhood are enterprising and intelligent. If the school-house is what it ought to be, you are likely

to find in it a competent teacher and well-behaved scholars. In such a neighborhood, moreover, you will be likely to find the farms well taken care of, the fences trim, the houses in good repair. The town which neglects its schools is on the high road to ruin.

A certain English nobleman was figuring some time ago at Washington, who had more titles than brains. Several young ladies were counting up his honors—Lord so and so, Baron so and so, etc. "My friends," observed a sensible old gentleman, "one of his titles you appear to have forgotten." "What is that?" they inquired eagerly. "He is *Barren of intellect*," was the reply.

Masonry as a Traveling Companion.

BY WM. ROUNSEVILLE.

Those who quietly sip their coffee at home at the usual breakfast hour, take a seat in a luxurious Pullman Palace Car, and are whirled across the country and drink their tea a couple of hundred miles away, have little idea of the labor involved a score of years ago in making that same journey, the propelling motor being horse power. Then it was a matter of several day's exposure to a torrid sun or beating storm. Now a person travels that distance and returns and his absence is scarcely noticed even by the members of his family. Then there was vast preparation and cogitation over the proposed voyage, and occasionally one would make his will, wisely calculating the chances that from a journey so lengthy he might not return.

Then a pleasant companionship was a desirable adjunct of travel. Many a long and tedious mile was shortened by the vivacity of a friend, and a cheerful companionable host at the hotel where you were compelled to domicile for the night added several hours to the sum total of your enjoyment. But the inn-keeper might be an old cudmudgeon, and yet considerable solid pleasure could be captured on the public piazza if a generous, social and intelligent group happened to congregate thereon, after the fatigues of a day of travel by buggy or the more primitive stage coach. The faculty of easily becoming acquainted was of more importance then than now, as travelers

were compelled to spend more time in each other's company, and were consequently more dependent on each other than now.

We have been led to this train of reflection by the remembrance of a journey once traveled, some thirty or more years ago it must be, from Chicago, where we then resided, to Galena, at the north-western extremity of the State. A visit from a maternal uncle, whose home was in Vermont, who had business in the lead mine city, was the occasion of the journey. As the preferable way of traveling we preferred and ignored Frink & Walker's stages and harnessing a stout pair of horses to a democrat wagon, concluded to set out on the scout independent and self-reliant.

Our relative, as has been stated, was a resident of the State of Vermont, the only State in the Union where Anti-Masonry could be made successful. Of course he thoroughly imbued with the intolerant sentiment of that rampant political sect, and believed in all the revelations of Morgan, Witherell and Bernard. Their version of the Craft work was next to the Bible, his daily companion, and all other questions were somehow made to revolve around this and become supporters or satellites of it.

According to our arrangement we swept over the low, level prairie west of Chicago, the greater part of which is now in Chicago, watered or sweating steeds at Spencer's, on the Aux Planes, and dined at the "Buckhorn," kept on open prairie by Hoyt, and arrived in good season at Elgin, where we deposited ourselves for the night with "Sibbles," well known in those days as the host of one of the few, very few, decent hotels in the country.

Supper over, quite a number of persons, travelers as well as town's people, gathered on the seats in front of the hotel and engaged in such general conversation as the surrounding circumstances suggested and on the whole the evening was pleasantly and cheerfully whiled away. Our uncle was not very talkative, and on this occasion seemed better pleased to hear than to speak; hence, unless spoken to, he generally maintained a profound silence. Even the Ogle county lynching operation of the Driscolls, which was then fresh in the memory of the company, failed to elicit from him any particular remark. Surrounded by scenes new and people

novel, the old gentleman was evidently thinking.

It will not be necessary to give the events of the journey in detail, nor would they be interesting. The second day we dined at a wayside hut, with the owner of which we managed to make a speedy and pleasant acquaintance, drove to Belvidere where we took our tea, and shook hands fraternally with a dozen of citizens without introduction, and reached Beechford at sundown, where we passed the night. Our aged relative was not yet out of his study. After retiring, he asked when we traveled this road before.

"Never was on this road west of Elgin until to day," was the answer.

"When did you get acquainted with the keeper of the house at Coral?"

"Never saw him until he came out to meet us."

"You must have been in Belvidere before."

"On the contrary, this is my first visit."

"How then did you know so many persons when you first arrived there? It seemed as if you had encountered a company of old friends."

"It *did* seem something like it."

"And then when you drove up here this evening the whole crowd rushed up and grasped your hand as though they had been expecting you for a month. I suppose you never saw these fellows before."

"Not one of them, to the best of my knowledge and belief."

"And while you were enjoying yourself with them, I could scarcely engage one of them for a moment in conversation."

"Really, Uncle, I am sorry you were neglected, and will take care it does not occur again; but the company was so pleasant and sociable that I forgot there was any one left out."

"Oh, you need not trouble yourself, sir, I shall get along well enough. But it is a mystery how you manage to get acquainted with perfect and entire strangers with such facility. It must be a faculty worth possessing."

Knowing the old gentleman's prejudices, it was not deemed necessary or expedient to enlighten him on the particular point to which his cogitations appeared to be directed, and the conversation closed. Our journey for the next day lay over the open and somewhat broken prairies between Rock river and the Pecatonica. Our companion was reticent, and only

replied to our remarks in monosyllables. Even the wide-spread, natural plains by which we were surrounded seemed to possess no charms for him. In vain we called his attention to the varieties of wild flowers that bloomed around us. Though something of a botanist, they could not secure his attention.

Suddenly, as our good team surmounted the ridge overlooking the valley of the Pecatonica, presenting one of the finest prairie landscapes in the world, he exclaimed:

"I knew it! I thought there was something secret about it! But it is all plain enough now. It is all that pesky Masonry that does it, and these men you meet so cordially are Masons. Will, are not you a member of that horrid institution?"

"I am a Mason," I replied, "if that is what you mean."

"That is what I mean; and you have been a Mason all this time and I did not know it."

"Certainly, I have been a Mason for several years. Had you asked me I would have told you, but we never obtrude our Masonry upon others."

"And all these strangers with whom you have been so free are members of the Lodge?"

"Every one of them."

"How did you find them out?"

"There is a way by which you can get an answer to that question."

"How is that?"

"Join the Lodge."

"I join the Lodge! I be a Mason!"

"Yes, why not?"

"Because I have opposed Masonry all my life."

"Repentance is always in order."

"True, I'll think of it."

And he did think of it, cast aside prejudices, and took the only possible way to find out friends when you travel, joined the Lodge, and was followed to the grave in the old anti-Masonry State by a large concourse of Brethren. He learned to appreciate Masonry as a traveling companion.—*Voice of Masonry.*

During the year 1873, contributions to the amount of £21,000, or more than one hundred thousand dollars, were made to the great Masonic charities by the combined donations and farewell offerings of our English Brethren. A good record.

Jurisdiction will, in the burial of their dead, yield to others and take for themselves precedence according to the position attained by the deceased in their own and other organizations.

We have but a few words to say in regard to this matter. If an affiliated Mason dies and requests to be buried with Masonic honors, other organizations should understand that as his preference, and only attend as an escort. Without this special request from the deceased or his immediate family, the Masons should give way to their organizations that desire to perform the funeral rites. Masons are too ready to award honors to the dead without request, and frequently without merit as to the deceased. Masons should understand that funeral honors are the highest honors they can bestow, and they should be chary of them. A Mason may belong to a dozen different organizations—does that argue that a dozen different rites and ceremonies must be performed at his grave? No; nor does it argue that the Masonic order, on account of age and respectability, should have the preference. To our mind it is a question of merit, of labor or devotion to the orders he belonged to. To which was his heart most allied? If to Odd Fellows, and without special request, let the Odd Fellows bury him. If to Masons, let the Masons bury him, if they deem him worthy of honors. Odd Fellowship does not demand that they shall "bury the dead" if the dead while living requested others to do it. Odd Fellows should not forget their self-respect, neither should Masons, and neither should crowd themselves in where not wanted. We speak as a Mason and an Odd Fellow, that all things being equal, Masons are to have the precedence when they desire it. If Masons cannot, on account of the peculiarity of organization, unite with other societies in giving honors to the dead, Odd Fellows should not object, nor should Masons presume to claim rights that more properly belong to others.

To illustrate and make our meaning plain, we will suggest a case. We have been an Odd Fellow for twenty years in good standing, filled various offices, and, as we thought, did our duty. We have also been a Mason for many years—devoted much more time and attention to it than to Odd Fellowship. Should we die without making any request as to

burial, what should be the rule? The Masons, if they deemed us worthy, would have the control of the funeral. It would be their right and their privilege to say what part, if any, the Odd Fellows should take at the burial.

We will suggest another case. The treasurer of a Masonic Lodge in this city for the past few years has devoted most of his time to Odd Fellowship. If he should die, as suggested in the preceding case, what would be the rule? It would be for the Masons to ask if they would be permitted to perform the last rites at the grave; if not permitted, they should go as an escort of honor to the deceased, or not go at all.

We have much to say on this subject, Masons and other organizations should have a better understanding with each other, not only as to funerals, but in the granting of relief to those claiming membership with Masonic and other secret benevolent societies. We shall refer to the subject again.

Tribute of Respect.

Resolutions pertaining to the death of Charles White:

WHEREAS, Brother Charles White departed this life on the 20th day of June, A. D. 1874, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, had been for a number of years, and was at the time of his death, a good member of Good Faith Lodge, No. 95, during which time he ever spoke and acted in a manner becoming a Mason and a Christian gentleman, manifesting at all times, brotherly kindness and charity towards with whom he was associated; therefore:

Resolved, That in the death of our aged and worthy brother, Charles White, this Lodge has lost a kind and sympathizing member, yet we humbly submit to the dispensation of an all-wise Providence.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved children.

Resolved, That having attended his funeral as a body, we will wear the usual badge of mourning.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in *The Saturday Advertiser* and *KENTUCKY FREEMASON*, and a copy sent to the bereaved children of our deceased brother.

J. J. DULANEY,
JOE. WAGSTAFF, } Committee.
J. W. HOWE.

GRAND COMMANDERY.

The Semi-annually Assembly of the Grand Commandery of Knight Templars and the Appendant Orders of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, was held in Mason's Hall, What Cheer Building, Providence, on Wednesday, May 27th. The day was propitious, and a goodly number of Sir Knights were in attendance. R. E. Sir Charles A. Stott presided as Grand Commander, and E. Sir Alfred F. Chapman rendered, as usual, efficient service as Grand Recorder. A most delightful spirit of Christian and fraternal zeal prevailed all the deliberations of this distinguished and now venerable body. We missed the beaming countenance of Sir Knight Winslow Lewis, and the stately forms of not a few of the "veteran soldiers" who have fought so long and so successfully in the cause, but we remembered that all labor must come to an end, and we could but rejoice in the fact that so many strong and valiant cross bearers were coming forward to take the places of those who are soon to enter, or have already entered into rest. The most important business transacted, related to the much vexed question of *Costume*, as will appear from the following communication from the Grand Recorder:

"At the semi-annual Assembly of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, held May 27th, 1874. The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the Subordinate Commanderies of this jurisdiction are clothed in accordance with the legislations of this Grand Commandery.

Resolved, That the resolution passed by the Grand Encampment of the United States in 1859, confirmed and continued to such Subordinates the right to wear such *Costume*.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Grand Commandery, the right so confirmed and established has not been revoked.

Resolved, That the Representatives of this Grand Commandery in the Grand Encampment of the United States, be, and they are hereby instructed not to consent to any revocation of said right.

Resolved, That no Subordinate Body shall be constituted, unless they shall have adopted the *Costume* prescribed by the Grand Encampment of the United States.

The foregoing resolutions were acted upon seriatim, and unanimously adopted. The discussion which preceded the action taken, was of a positive character, thoroughly considered, clear and unmistakable in its conclusions, and the satisfaction afterward freely and generally expressed, confirmed and approved the judgement already given. C.

LIVE IT DOWN.—An honest blacksmith was once grossly insulted, and his character infamously defamed. Friends advised him to seek redress by means of law, but to one and all he replied: "No; I will go to my forge, and there in six months I shall have worked out such a character and such as all the judges, law courts and lawyers in the world could never give me." He was right. It is by honest labor, industrious habits, manly toil, and conscience void of offense, that we assert our true dignity, and prove our truth, honesty and respectability.

COMPLIMENTARY

To the Louisville Commandery Knights Templar.

It will be seen by the letter which we publish below, that the Louisville Commandery No. 1, Knights Templar, has been selected to act as escort to the R. E. Deputy Grand Master of Knights Templar of the United States at the next triennial meeting in New Orleans. It is a deserved compliment.

The letter reads as follows;

OFFICE OF THE GRAND COMMANDER, }
COVINGTON, KY., JUNE 26, 1874. }

Sir C. F. Billingsley, E. C. Louisville Commandery No. 1. K. T.

DEAR FRATER—Having been informed that it is the desire of Sir J. H. Hopkins Deputy Grand Master of Knights Templar of the United States, that Louisville Commandery should act as his special escort at the next triennial meeting of the Grand Encampment of the United States, to be held at New Orleans, December 1. 1874, I hereby give my most cordial consent for you Commandery to except said post of honor, and to discharge said duty.

Permit me, Eminent Sir, to congratulate you, and through you the Sir Knights of your command, upon this mark of confidence and esteem manifested by the R. E. Deputy Grand Master, in thus selecting your command for said duty, and also to

consider the honor very worth-

ily bestowed and to express the confidence which I feel that the high position attained the Knights Templar of Kentucky will be fully sustained by Louisville Commandery No. 1, upon the occasion referred to, with feelings of high regard, I remain courteously yours,
H. Boswick.

"A NEW MASONIC ORDER."

H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, on being elected as first Grand Master of Knights Templar of Great Britain, established a new order of the "Grand Cross of the Temple," as the highest rank in the Masonic brotherhood of the world. This took place last year. Immediately on its establishment twenty-seven Knights of the new order, with H. R. H. at their head were created. Among them were the principal sovereigns and noblemen of the eastern world, already high in the brotherhood, and our fellow-townsmen, J. Q. A. Fellows, Esq., the only Freemason on this continent, therefore who ranks with H. R. H., wite the Emperor of Germany, the King of Sweden, the Crown Prince of Germany, and the other twenty-three who at present compose the new order. On Monday our Sir Knights received from England direct, the patent and full regalia of the order, and they are now on exhibition in the window of Mr. E. A. Tyler, on Canal Street, too well known to be more minutely indicated. A view of them will doubtless be gratifying to all who may indulge in one. The patent, which is, of course, in Latin, commences with the Red Cross of Salem, and the autograph of H. R. H., "Albert Edward,"—itself a little autographic curiosity. After reciting numerous titles of H. R. H., it is addressed as of the new order, to John Q. A. Fellows, of the Confederated Republic of North America, as conferring upon him, by special favor, and in consideration of his signal merits, the degree, dignity and rank of the Grand Cross.—*N. O. Picayune.*

It is with pain that we read such fulsome notices of the GREAT Masons of our nation. The love of notoriety, of getting a little higher, or having a bigger title than anybody else, is positively painful to a true Masonic mind. Only think of it! Only one so great in Masonic titles as H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, in the United States! And what is Masonry, that the Prince of Wales or the tyler of a small country Lodge can establish a *higher* degree in Masonry than has ever yet been attained?

Oh, Masonry, where is thy modesty,

equality and common brotherhood! Give us yellow fever, give us cholera and other scourges, give us overflows, inundations, conflagrations and strvations, but don't give us any more big-titled, GREAT little Masons!—*Masonic Jewel.*

We agree with the *Jewel* in deprecating the attempted creation of modern Masonic orders, rites or degrees. There is nothing Masonic in them, no matter by whom created. They are a blot on the Masonic name, and should be discountenanced by every intelligent Freemason.

The Conservative Teaching of the Gavel.

In its social mission, so far as it relates to modes of government or the exercise of political power, Freemasonry is eminently conservative. It is opposed alike to the despotism of a single tyrant, and the multitudinous tyranny of a popular anarchy; while it is the friend and supporter of civil and religious liberty, and teaches obedience to constituted authority. Perhaps, in a country like our own, where the great latitude of freedom sometimes tempts its fortunate possessors to indulge in the exuberance of license, and where, from the nature of our education and habits of life, youth too often aspires to an immature enjoyment of the immunities and privileges of manhood, and where age does not always receive the reverence due to its years,—in such a country the great lessons of obedience to authority and respect for ancient usage which Masonry inculcates are far more needed than in those less free communities where man is rather to be stimulated by eloquence to the assertion of his rights than to be depressed in the enthusiasm with which at times he may maintain them.

In such a country the mission of Masonry is of vast importance in the conservation of a due equilibrium of society. In its teachings of veneration for antiquity and obedience to just authority, it presents a noble example of subordination to government, whose influence is always felt by the disciples in their converse with the world.

A Masonic Lodge is in fact the very best model of a public, in which the voice of every citizen is heard; in which all alike are interested in the public weal; where the just rights of the most obscure are as faithfully guarded as those of the most illustrious; and where, while ht

principles of fraternity and equality are rapidly observed, obedience and fidelity are cultivated as virtues essential to the safety and perpetuity of the institution.

When I view the tumultuous proceedings of one of our popular assemblies, or the indecorum which too often degrades the deliberations of our sages and legislators, and then turn with wearied and painful feeling to the mild and decorous conduct, the firm but parental government and the gentle and fraternal mode of discussing every question that characterizes the labors and consultations of a Masonic Lodge, I look almost with reverence upon that little implement in the Master's hand which has effected all this peace and harmony, and recognize with grateful emotion that the gavel is indeed the symbol of legitimate authority, duly exerted and cordially obeyed; and so, from sitting beneath its sound, the Mason goes forth into the world imbued with healthful sentiments of respect for authority and habits of obedience to those who are set over him as rulers, with kindness for those who labor with him in the world's work, and with cordial will to do all that duty requires with cheerfulness and fidelity. And thus it is that the work of the Lodge is deeply and constantly felt as a great conservative element in the work of the world.—*Mackey.*

[From the Kentucky Yeoman.]

The Grand Commandery of Knights Templar at Cynthiana.

The annual meeting of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of Kentucky took place in Cynthiana on Wednesday, the 8th inst., and continued two days. In consequence of the exceedingly hot weather, the attendance in point of numbers was not as large as usual; but in point of representative strength, it was good, every Commandery having delegates present except two. There were near two hundred visiting Sir Knights, and they were most hospitably received and entertained by the members of the Cynthiana Commandery and the citizens generally.

The first day, Wednesday, was devoted to the transaction of business and the annual election of officers, the installation taking place at night. The following is a list of the officers for the ensuing year: Jas. A. Beattie, Grand Commander; S. S. Parker, Deputy Grand Commander; Hiram Bassett, Grand Generalissimo; Jacob

Swigert, Grand Captain General; Rev. Wright Merrick, Prelate; W. L. Thomas, Senior Warden; J. M. Poyntz, Junior Warden; D. P. Robb, Recorder; L. D. Croninger, Treasurer; J. M. Terry, Standard-bearer; J. O. Pierce, Grand Warden; and H. W. Fulton, Captain of the Guard.

Thursday was devoted chiefly to social courtesies and to a grand parade in the afternoon. The Sir Knights in full regalia presented a handsome appearance, and the parade attracted a large concourse of spectators, to whom the display, with the music of several brass bands, was very entertaining. At night there was an elegant hop and banquet, which were largely attended, and both brilliant successes. There must have been full four hundred ladies and gentlemen at the banquet, while the display of beauty at the hop, we venture to say, could not be excelled in any State. There was a freshness of female loveliness and grace, combined with the elegance of dress, which was as charming as rare. In addition to the many beautiful ladies of Cynthiana and Harrison, Covington, Bourbon, Lexington and Scott sent some of their choicest representatives. The festivities were kept up until quite daylight, a welcome rain which set in gently about dark tempering the atmosphere so as to make it very agreeable.

Our Frankfort Commandery was well represented, and its headquarters were thronged with visitors on Thursday, when they held a reception from 11 o'clock till one, their entertainment including a bountiful lunch, with ice-cream and other delicacies. Every member, not only of our own Commandery but of all, brought away with them the most pleasing impressions of the courtly Cynthiana Sir Knights, and will always cherish grateful recollections of the kindness and hospitality of the citizens. Our own reporter desires especially to return his thanks to Mr. Richard Collier, Dr. Harvey McDowell, Maj. Ben. Desha, and Mr. Robertson, Editor of the Democrat, for their civilities.

The next annual meeting of the Grand Commandery will be at Paducah in May, 1875.

The corner-stone of the Masonic Temple at Louisville, Ky., was laid on the 16th of June, 1851. Some six or seven hundred Masons were present. At that

time there were 233 Lodges in that State and 5166 contributing members.

The Strength Of Materials.

Gold may be hammered so that it is only 1,300,000 of an inch thick. A grain of iron may be divided into 4,000,000 of parts. Still chemistry tells us that there are ultimate parts called atoms or molecules, which are absolutely invisible. These atoms are attracted to each other by the attraction of cohesion, and repelled by the force of repulsion. By the action of both these forces the atoms are kept in a state of rest. The solidity of a solid depends upon the fact that each pair of atoms are in this state of equilibrium. These atoms are supposed to be of an oblate spheroidal form. An iron bar would support its own weight if stretched out to a length of 3 1-4 miles. A bar of steel was once made which would sustain its own weight if extended to a length of 13 1-2 miles.

Our ideas of great and small are no guide to be used in judging of what is truly great and small in Nature. The bunker Hill monument might be built over a mile in height, without crushing the stones at its base. When bars of iron are stretched until they break, those which are the strongest increase in length less than the weaker one. A piece of wood, having a breadth and thickness of four feet, if supported at its ends, would be bent one millionth of an inch by a weight of three pounds placed at its center, and a weight of one-tenth of an ounce would bend it one seven millionth of an inch. Professor Norton described a machine for testing the variations of sticks of wood. The machine consist of levers and screws so contrived that the amount of weight brought to bear upon the stick can be accurately measured, and the variations of the stick from a straight line can be measured, even though it does not exceed one seven millionth of an inch.

The Frankfort Masons raised \$394 on St. John's day for the Home. There was a procession and picnic and an eloquent oration by Bro. Lyman Seely, D. D. The pupils of the Frankfort City School gave an entertainment in aid of the Home, which netted \$55.

A Striking Lesson.

The day had been bleak and inclement, and the setting sun had left behind him a heavy and sleety night. A day of severe labor had caused me to feel weary and indolent. I retired to my office, and divesting myself of my boots, and putting on my slippers, prepared myself in easy chair for a night's rest. I fell into a slight slumber, from which I was rudely aroused by the loud ringing of the office bell. The outer door was opened by my servant, and I heard him remark, "You will find Dr. C. in his office," at the same time opening the inner door. I started from my seat to welcome a gentleman muffled in a comforter and a heavy overcoat, his slouched hat drawn down over his eyes, and an unkempt beard of a week's growth. For a moment he seemed to eye me with a stern intensity; at length making a profound bow, he asked in a husky voice: "Do I address Dr. C., the Master of ——— Lodge of Masons?" "You do," I replied, and extending my hand to greet him, the recognition of Brothers was cautiously exchanged. The stranger, at my request, seated himself at the cheerful fire, but remained silent; at length springing to his feet, he violently grasped both my hands, and while tears streamed down his face, he cried in accents keen, piercing, the sad, hopeless tone of which I never shall forget: "Doctor, Brother, my wife is dying, and I have not a dollar to procure her the needed attendance or medicine." "Where is she?" I demanded. He paused for a moment as if unwilling to state where; at length, assured by my remarks made to him, he replied: "At ——— Hotel. We arrived this evening from the North, on our way home in Alabama. I had been on a pleasure tour, hoping to improve the health of my wife, as far as Boston; my means were ample, my tickets were purchased for this place; but before arriving here I found my pocket book had been abstracted from my pocket, and but for that my tickets had been given to the conductor, God only knows what humiliation I and my dear wife might have been subjected to. My pocket book has been stolen, and my baggage remains." There was a manly and honorable countenance in the man. I called with him to see his young and sweet looking wife, and without hesita-

tion gave him the amount of money he needed, at the same time requesting a medical friend to call and prescribe for the wife. I was often laughed at for my folly, and what was called my gullibility. Some several months passed, when one evening, on the way to the Lodge, I called at the post office, and was presented with a package which had arrived by the evening mail. Wondering what massive documents had thus come to me, I awaited on my arrival at the hall to examine it. I found, on arrival at home, that the package contained a magnificent diploma creating me an honorary member of M. W. Grand Lodge of ———, the full amount of my donation to my suffering Brother, and a most gratifying series of resolutions, full of thanks for the Masonic care and fraternal love which had so materially aided the Grand Master of that State, who, like the stranger succored by the Samaritan, had fallen among thieves. Here was a striking incident, illustrating the value and uses of Masonry. This incident is, I understand, written, framed and hung up in the Grand Lodge of which the Brother was a member. Here is a beautiful illustration of the benefits of Freemasonry—the right hand knoweth not what the other hand doeth.—*Loomis' Musical and Masonic Journal.*

The Paducah papers are replete with descriptions of the celebration of St. John's day at that point. Twelve children of the Home were present and attracted universal attention and sympathy. The little ones returned delightful with their excursion. Grand Master Pickett, distinguished himself by the zeal he manifested to make the occasion a success. Dr. Helm, delivered an oration. The Knights paraded on horse back under the command of Eminent Commander Thomas E. Moss.

THE SUREST REMEDY.—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher says: "The lawyer can not look for success in his profession if he simply opens an office and delegates the care to an ignorant office boy, while he himself knows nothing about law, and never studies. The doctor gives years of time and study before he attempts to practice. The merchant goes through a long apprenticeship before he commences business for himself; but our young girls

leave the school room to assume a right of which they know nothing—the privilege and honor of making a home. If women would only understand how much skill and power is requisite, what a noble, honorable thing it is to succeed or become eminent as a home-maker, there would be fewer boarding houses, fewer miserable, dissipated husbands, fewer fast, wild, reckless children and fewer worthless servants."

The following are the officers of the Grand Commandery for the ensuing year:

R. E.—J. A. Beatty, G. C.

V. E.—S. S. Parker, D. G. C.

E.—H. Bassett, G. G.

E.—Jacob Swiggert, G. C. G.

E.—W. L. Thomas, G. S. W.

E.—J. M. Poyntz, G. J. N.

E.—D. P. Robb, G. T.

E.—L. D. Croninger, G. S.

E.—J. Moss Terry, G. Standard-bearer.

E.—John Pierce, G. Sword-bearer.

E.—H. W. Fulton, G. W.

Sir Knight Harvey C. Warren, of Louisville Commandery No. 1, authorized the Grand Commandery to offer a banner, given by himself, to the best drilled Commandery at Paducah, in 1875.

The Masons suffrage Reform is an attempt to make trumpets out of flutes, and sun-flowers out of violets.

If a young lady has a fee simple to a corner lot, the young men are apt to conclude that there are sufficient grounds for attachment.

Thirty Bachelors in Lansing, have sworn that they will marry none but widows.

Exchange.

They are not Mis(s)erable.

After speaking in Louisville on the 24, in the morning we went to midway to perform the same service at night. The entertainment in this pleasant Blue-grass town was unique. In a large hall tables were spread around the room, seats were disposed as in a parlor, and the central space was reserved for Terpsichorean exercises. About 250 persons were present. After some entrancing music by Timmin's quadrille Band of Lexington, Bro. J. S. C. Blackburn (the popular candidate for Congressional honors in the Ashland District) introduced us to the Com-

pany and we gave a start, colloquial presentations of the principles and practices of Masonry. After the address, the banquet was dispatched then the tables were cleaned and the young folks enjoyed in dancing. The evening netted \$175 for the home, in whose interest the entertainment was given.

We have never seen a handsomer and more grateful company of ladies nor a more gallant band of beaux that delighted our eyes upon this festive occasion.

A Call off for Refreshments.

Having been invited by the Executive Committee of the Ohio State Teachers' Association to address that body at its late Convention, at Put-in-Bay, Ohio; we determined when that duty was performed to supplement our visit with an enjoyment of the recreative facilities afforded by this most delightful of summer resorts. About seven hundred professional educators were present upon the Convention, and we never before had the pleasure of addressing so cultured an audience as listened to our two addresses. The occasion was one of great interest to those engaged in the educational work, and we doubt not productive of all the profitable results hoped for by those most interested.

We propose some description of these Islands of Lake Erie and of the sports and pleasures which they afford the visitor.

In an ancient geography, published by Jedediah Morse, the first geographical knowledge of the Islands of Lake Erie was given to the world, and not very tempting to pleasure-seekers was the delineation. His notice of them is brief. He says: "They are so infested with rattlesnakes as to render landing very dangerous, in fact they were so numerous that acres of them might be seen basking on the lily leaves that grow about the Islands." Those acres of snakes may (?) have once infested these shores, but they are gone now and the fertile ground is covered with beautiful trees and pleasure grounds, and where once the only music was the rattle and hiss of the reptile now the silvery laughter of youth blends with the accordant strains of skilled orchestra. Lake Erie has been called a dull lake, and perhaps with much justice, but like the honest Scotchman, when laughed at for selecting a "lassie" for his wife, whose beauty would not rival Helen's, remarked,

"but then, dinna ye ken the dimple in her elbow," so Lake Erie, in her group of Islands, ten or more in number, set like gems of Emerald on her flashing bosom, have a redeeming quality that compensate for all other defects. These Islands, varying in size, are red with luxuriant vegetation, the trees coming down to the water's edge, cast their brilliant reflections far out upon the blue tranquil waters. Here and there the rocks present bold and picturesque front, while out in the sparkling waves the little boats go racing wing-and-wing, the fertile streams go puffing and whistling from island to island, and the great steamers come and go from the lake shore cities, and ever and anon the graceful yacht and heavy sailed schooners and sloops, crop the orbit of vision. Fanned by cool breezes, the islands seem one "quiet afternoon land" when the scenery never bold, but always charming invites to quiet repose, or more properly, restful pleasure.

These Islands have a history, from in the long ago the Indians lived here and many of their antiquities (particularly on Kelley's Island) are still clearly discernible, and fought with wierd interest out beyond Gibraltar the great victory of Commodore Perry was achieved, and under that weeping willow at the head of the pier in Put-in-Bay, the braves who fell on the slippery deck are buried.

Now, the culture of the grape and the manufacture of still and sparkling wines engage the resident population, and it is estimated that nearly one million gallons of wine are annually produced.

Put-in-Bay Island is famous for its hotels with all the appointments conducive to convenience and pleasure.

Gibraltar contains the summer residence of Jay Cooke, where, previous to his bankruptcy he annually entertained, free of cost, invalid clergymen.

Middle Bass has the famous wine cellar of Wehrle, Werk & Co., and the splendid party-rooms of Mr. Stacey.

Kelley's Island is notable for its Indian curiosities, its vineyards, the spacious cellars of the wine company, its fine stone quarries and the elegant hotel kept by that prince of landlords, Jacob Rush.

The fishing is better about this island than any other—as we know from experimental tests.

Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, is notable for having been the site of the prison

where captive Confederate officers were confined during the late civil war.

Music, billiards, bowling alleys, croquet, bathing, sailing, fishing, dancing, and coquetting constitute the sports of the resorts.

Those fond of wine-drinking find here the purest native vintage at the cheapest possible cost. In this respect you are in the Eppernay of America.

We have had the exquisite pleasure of successful fishing. We took our fish weighing five pounds, and he tasked all our skill to secure him.

A Hack bass four pounds in weight will resist sixty pounds of pressure. Nothing equals the excitement of capturing such a fellow except the "buck fever."

Non Affiliation.

"How shall we cure the evil of non-affiliation?" has been a question that has perplexed Grand and subordinate Lodges all over the world, and almost from the time that chartered Lodges first came into existence. When older and wiser heads have sought the true answer to this question in vain, it were folly for us to claim that we at least had found it. We do, however, believe that much could be done to remedy the evil so much depreicated, by abolishing the fees for affiliation. In moving to a new place it is not only the privilege but duty of every good Mason to connect himself with the Lodge in the locality which he has chosen to be his home; but if it is his duty certainly he ought not to be taxed for discharging that duty; but according to our present regulations, he who affiliates must not only pay the regular dues exacted from other members, but also a fee for membership ranging all the way from two to ten dollars, and that, too, at a period when he least can spare the money—when his outgoes are the largest, and his income the least. Again, the charging of affiliation fees tends to build up a moneyed aristocracy, and this is certainly contrary to the true spirit of Masonry. It has long been our boast that:

"We meet upon the level, though from every station come,

The rich man from his mansion, the poor man from his home;

For the one must leave his wealth and state outside the Mason's door,

And the other finds his true respect upon the checker'd floor."

Masonry, in short, recognizes no aristocracy but that of goodness. I believe that if affiliation fees were abolished and brethren "traveling from afar" were no longer, to all intents and purposes, fined for discharging their duty, *i. e.*, applying for membership, the result would be a great decrease of non-affiliates. We would at least get all that were worth having, and with the balance the less we have to do the better. Several Grand Lodges are moving in this matter, while some have already done away with the affiliation fee.—*Grand Master Griswold, of Minnesota.*

Masonic Influence.

It is said that there are one hundred and thirty-three Freemasons in the English Parliament—fifty-six in the House of Lords and seventy-seven in the Commons. The Prince of Wales is proud of his connection with the Order; peers and noblemen, of all grades and creeds, esteem it a privilege to have a place in the Lodge. If the Order was dangerous, surely, by its numbers and influence in Parliament, it could make its influence manifest for evil. But in the long years of its history it has proved itself the advocate of peace, good order, friendship, morality, and brotherly love. It even aided in granting to the Roman Church—who is its most inveterate enemy—the rights and privileges it now enjoys in England. And to-day, if it were to exert its social and political influence in that country the Roman Church could be placed in a very different position there. It is by the clemency and forbearance of the Order, that its most uncompromising enemy enjoys equal privileges with itself.

In the House of Lords there is one Bishop, seven Dukes, eight Marquises, and seventeen Lords who are Freemasons, and one earl is the Grand Master of the Order. But this is only a tithe of its strength; in the Commons it is still stronger, and then its members are every where in society, among the clergy, and the laity. It has the power, if so disposed, to create disturbance in the State, but its duty forbids, and it recognizes duty as the great law of Masonry.

Whatever jealous and interested parties ever concerning the danger which Church and State may apprehend from it, the history of the past proves it all to be groundless. Masonry never headed an

insurrection, never united its forces to overthrow the Government, never soiled its fair escutcheon in the degrading arena of political strife. On questions of creed, it has never persecuted. Can the Roman Church say as much? In all the history of the past, whether traditional or recorded, *there is no blood upon the hands of Freemasonry!* It never persecuted—never imprisoned—never tortured, for opinion's sake. Such intolerance and cruelty have been left to those who profess to be *par excellence*, the exemplars of mankind.

The first injunction of the Order is obedience to the moral law; the second is obedience to the laws of the country; the third is toleration in matters of creed and conscience. It believes that "he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him," whether he be prince or peasant, Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Catholic. If it errs in this, then the great apostle was in error, and it shelters under the authority of inspiration. Obedience to the foregoing is the stern duty of every Mason, and duty, as I said before, is the great law of Masonry,—inflexible as fate, exacting as necessity, and imperative as destiny. The church may utter anathemas, it may forge chains, and kindle its fires, and prepare its dungeons; but the true Mason will remember what is *duty*—and perform it. The State may forbid private assemblies; the Czar and the Pope—Austria and Spain, may unite their prohibitions; but Masonry will flee to the mountains and the plains; and where only the eye of Omniscience is upon them, perform their mystic rights and renew their covenants of fidelity. Rome, where it had the power, has always interdicted Masonry and a few minor Protestant sects have echoed the spirit and practice of the "mother Church" in this behalf; but all this time *duty* has been the polar star of every true Mason; why should it not be popular in England?

Masonry has won a name and reputation in the world, not by its mystic rites and secret ceremonies, for of these the world is ignorant—but by its deeds of practical beneficence. It has contributed of its funds to aid in giving the Holy Scriptures, free, to those who had them not. It has sent bread to the hungry, and clothing to the naked. It has found a shelter for the orphan, when there were none others to care for them: It has taken the destitute

aged, and provided for them homes and comfort. Now, for which of all these works of God-like charity does the Roman Church denounce the Order?—*Freemason, in the Masonic Review.*

THE ART OF THINKING.—Too much stress cannot be laid upon the fundamental importance of perfect command over thought. How many a student finds a lack of this power the chief hindrance to progress! How many a page must be re-read, how many a lesson conned over and over to compensate for laps of thought. In the possession or absence of this power over mind lies the chief difference between mental weakness. Some men think as a child plays with a hammer, striking little blows here, there anywhere, at any object in reach. The action of a strong mind may be compared to the stone-breaker's sledge-hammer, dealing stubborn blows successively upon one spot till the hard rock cracks and yields. The power to classify and arrange ideas in proper order is one that comes more or less slowly to even the best of minds. In proportion as this faculty is strengthened, desultory and wasted effort diminishes. When the acts, it acts to some purpose, and can begin where it left off without going over the whole ground again to take up the threads of its ratiocinations. Concentration and system are thus seen to be the chief elements in the art of thinking. To cultivate the first, constant watchfulness to detect the least wandering, and the immediate exertion of the will to call back and hold the mind upon the subject under consideration, should be vigilantly exercised. To secure the latter, the practice of analyzing and considering the different parts of a subject, first separately and then in their relations to each other, is a discipline to which every young mind should be subject, and which we are sorry to say, is much neglected in most English methods of instruction.

Some years ago Henry Ward Beecher pithily said: "Life would be a perpetual flea hunt if a man were obliged to run down all the little inuendoes, invectives and insinuations and suspicions which are uttered against him." Mr. Beecher is on a pretty large flea hunt at this time. The indications are that Mr. Tilton has "a flea in his ear."

Genius is the exponent of hard work.

Spoiling Material.

"When good material is put in your hands, see that it is not spoiled by bungling workmen. It is often said, and with much truth, that first impressions are the most lasting. Nowhere do we see this more fully exemplified than in Masonry. The impressions made upon the mind of the candidate, as from time to time he receives Masonic Light, will go with him through all his Masonic life, and will do more to make him a good worker and a devoted Mason, or the opposite, than perhaps all other influences combined. Masonry has a ritual, than which there are none more beautiful; and when properly rendered, it is capable of exerting a powerful influence, and making deep impressions for good. But he does not render it properly who simply learns the words, and is blind to the important thoughts they are intended to convey, or one who says his part in a hum-drum or a light, flippant way.

"What every one should do, from the Steward to the Worshipful Master, is to study his part, until he not only has words but ideas, and drinks in so deeply the spirit of every utterance that he can throw his whole soul into the work of the hour. But how often do the workers in our Lodges go through with our ritual as though they wished to see how meaningless they could make it; and if, perchance, any of its inherent beauties and solemn truths do, in spite of the wretched rendering, make deep impressions and inspire noble resolves, at the close by the light and jocular manner in which they refer to what has passed, they seem to try to dispel all serious impressions, and give the newly admitted Brother to understand that what has just transpired is nothing more than a very fine play.

"How often have I sat by in misery while degrees were being conferred, because our ritual was really being murdered by the bungling manner in which it was given, and when, afterward, I learned that the candidate had not only failed to see anything attractive, but had gone away feeling that he had been made the victim of a huge sell, I did not wonder. Frequently from good material thus spoiled is recruited the army of non-affiliates. Brethren, see to it that you do not by the manner of your work turn that which in itself is beautiful and grand into a miserable farce.

We are obliged to Brother Frank Gerard for sending us a copy of the Bowling Green Democrat containing Dr. J. G. Wilson's able Masonic address, delivered at Munsfordville, June 24th. We shall make liberal extracts from this valuable contribution to Masonic literature.

OTTO & REYNDERS,



64 Batham Street, New York, IMPORTERS OF

French Articulated HUMAN SKELETONS, Skulls with Thigh Bones.

OVER 100,000 SOLD.

Our superb Masonic Home Pictures, Recommended by scores of eminent Masons and every Masonic Journal in America,

"THE MYSTIC ALTAR."

The most beautiful Masonic Picture ever issued is now ready, and selling by thousands; our commissions are one-fourth larger than other houses offer. Hundreds of our agents are making a five weeks wages in a single day, and you can do it in your Lodge if you will. Our circular will satisfy you of this. Send for it at once, giving number of your Lodge, and the name of this Magazine.

J. HALE, POWERS & CO.,

Fraternity and Fine Art Publishers, Cin., O. N. B.—See notice of our Pictures in Nov. No. of this Magazine. Nov. 1y

A Gem worth Reading!—A Diamond worth Seeing!

SAVE YOUR EYES!

Restore your Sight!

THROW AWAY your SPECTACLES.

By reading our Illustrated

PHYSIOLOGY AND ANATOMY of the

EYE SIGHT. Tells

how to Restore Impaired

Vision and Overworked Eyes; how

to cure Weak, Watery, Inflamed, and

Near-Sighted Eyes, and all other Dis-

eases of the Eyes.

WASTE NO MORE MONEY BY ADJUSTING

HUGE GLASSES ON YOUR NOSE AND DIS-

FIGURING YOUR FACE. Pamphlet of 100

pages Mailed Free. Send your address

to us also.

Agents Wanted,

Gents or Ladies. \$5 to \$10 a day guaranteed.

Full particulars sent free. Write immediately,

to **DR. J. BALL & CO.,** (P. O. Box 967.)

No. 81 Liberty St., New York City, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

HISTORY OF THE

GRANGE MOVEMENT

OR THE

FARMER'S WAR AGAINST MONOPOLIES.

Being a full and authentic account of the struggles of

the American Farmers against the extortions of rail-

road companies, with a full history of the rise and pro-

gress of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry; its ob-

jects and prospects. It sells at sight. Send for specimen

pages and terms to Agents, and see why it sells faster

than any other book. Address NATIONAL PUBLISH-

ING COMPANY, Cincinnati, O.

SUPPOSE a man owns a skiff; he fastens

the skiff to the shore with a rope made of

straw; along comes a cow; cow gets into

the boat; turns round and eats the rope;

the skiff thus lets loose; with the cow on

board; starts down stream, and on its pas-

sage is upset; the cow is drowned. Now

has the man that owns the cow got to pay

for the boat, or the man that owns the

boat got to pay for the cow?

LAST CHANCE FOR

AN EASY FORTUNE!

FIFTH AND LAST GIFT CONCERT

IN AID OF THE

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY.

JULY 31ST, 1874.

LIST OF GIFTS.

One Grand Cash Gift.....	\$250,000
One Grand Cash Gift.....	100,000
One Grand Cash Gift.....	75,000
One Grand Cash Gift.....	50,000
One Grand Cash Gift.....	25,000
5 Cash Gifts, \$20,000 each.....	100,000
10 Cash Gifts, 10,000 each.....	100,000
15 Cash Gifts, 10,000 each.....	140,000
20 Cash Gifts, 5,000 each.....	100,000
25 Cash Gifts, 4,000 each.....	100,000
30 Cash Gifts, 3,000 each.....	90,000
50 Cash Gifts, 2,000 each.....	100,000
100 Cash Gifts, 1,000 each.....	100,000
250 Cash Gifts, 500 each.....	125,000
500 Cash Gifts, 100 each.....	50,000
19,000 Cash Gifts, 50 each.....	950,000
Grand Total 20,000 Gifts, all cash.....	2,500,000

PRICE OF TICKETS.

Whole Tickets.....	\$ 50 00
Halves.....	25 00
Tenth, or each Coupon.....	5 00
11 Whole Tickets for.....	500 00
22 1-2 Tickets for.....	1,000 00

For Tickets or Information, Address,

THOS. E. BRAMLETTE,

Agent and Manager, Public Library Building, Louisville, Ky. May 2m

THE KENTUCKY FREE MASON.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single copy, per year.....	\$2 00
Clubs of ten and over, each.....	1 50

An extra copy to getter up of club.

Subscriptions invariably in advance. No paper will be sent unless the money accompanies the order. Money must be sent by post-office order or express to

W. P. D. BUSH,

Publisher and Proprietor,

No. 80 Fourth Street.

ADVERTISING RATES.

EIGHT LINES AGATE MEASURE TO A SQUARE.	
General Advertising, for each insertion,	per square.....\$1 00
Editorial Notices, per line, each inser-	tion.....
Local Notices, per line, each insertion,	20
Special Notices, per line, each insertion,	15
Advertising bills due on first insertion of advertisement.	

RELIEF COMMITTEES.—We advise the Masons in every town where there is more than one Lodge to appoint a Board of Relief, and every Lodge which is alone to appoint a Relief committee, and see that every case is sent to that committee. Experience shows that more than half the traveling applicants are imposters and these always have the impudence to go from one to another until they reap a rich harvest, while the worthy applicant goes on with an insufficient bounty rather than reiterate this story.—*Masonic Token.*

A FAMILY ARTICLE
 Agents make \$12 50 per day; \$75 per week.
 AN ENTIRELY NEW
SEWING MACHINE
 FOR DOMESTIC USE.
ONLY FIVE DOLLARS.
 WITH THE NEW PATENT
BUTTON-HOLE WORKER,

Patented June 27, 1871,
 Awarded the First Premium at the American Institute and Maryland Institute Fairs, 1871.

A most wonderful and elegantly constructed Sewing Machine for Family work. Complete in all its parts. Uses the Straight Eye-Pointed Needle, Self-Threading, direct upright Positive Motion, New Tension, Self-feed and Cloth Guide. Operated by wheel and on a table. Light Running, Smooth and noiseless, like all good high priced machines. Has Patent Check to prevent the wheel being turned the wrong way. Uses the thread direct from the spool. Makes the Elastic Lock Stitch, (finest and strongest stitch known;) firm, durable, close and rapid. Will do all kinds of work, fine and coarse, from Cambric to Heavy Cloth or Leather, and uses all descriptions of thread. This machine is heavily constructed to give it strength; all the parts of each machine being made alike by machinery, and beautifully finished and ornamented. It is very easy to learn. Rapid, Smooth, and Silent in operation. Reliable at all times, and a Practical, Scientific Mechanical Invention, at greatly reduced prices.

A Good, Cheap Family Sewing Machine at last. The first and only success in producing a valuable, substantial and reliable low priced Sewing machine. Its extreme low price reaches all conditions. Its simplicity and strength adapts it to all capacities, while its many merits make it a universal favorite wherever used, and creates a rapid demand.

IT IS ALL BY IT IS RECOMMENDED.
 I can cheerfully and confidently recommend its use to those who are wanting a really good Sewing Machine at a low price

Mrs. H. B. JAMESON,

Peetone, Will County, Ill.

Price of each machine, "Class A, One," (warranted for five years by special contract,) with all the fixtures, and everything complete belonging to it, including Self-Threading Needle packed in a strong wooden box, and delivered to any part of the country, by express, free of any further charges, on receipt of price, only Five Dollars. Safe delivery guaranteed. With each Machine, we will send on receipt of \$1 extra, the new patent

BUTTON-HOLE WORKER.

One of the most important and useful inventions of the age. So simple and certain that a child can work the finest button-hole with regularity and ease. Strong and beautiful.

SPECIAL TERMS and extra inducements to Male and Female Agents, Store Keepers, &c., who will establish agencies through the country and keep our Sewing Machines on exhibition and Sale. County Rights given to smart agents free. Agents' complete outfits furnished without any extra charge. Samples of sewing, descriptive circulars containing Terms, Testimonials, Engravings, &c., &c., sent free. We also supply

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Latest Patents and Improvements for the Farm and Garden. Mowers, Reapers, Cultivators, Feed Cutters, Harrows, Arm Mills, Planters' Harvesters, Thrashers, and all articles needed for Farm work. It needs in large variety. All money sent in Post Office money orders, Bank Drafts, or by Express, will be at our risk, and are perfectly secure. Safe delivery of all our goods guaranteed.

"An old and responsible firm that sell the best goods at the lowest prices, and can be relied upon by our readers."—Farmer's Journal, New York.
 Address Orders

Jerome B. Hudson & Co.,

Corner Greenwich and Cortlandt Sts., N. Y.

LADIES

Physician of twenty years unsurpassed success in the treatment of Diseases of Females.

No charge for treatment until cured.
 Address PROF. BECK, Lock Box 650,
 Cincinnati, O.

OPIUM

MORPHINE HABIT speedily cured by Dr. Beck's only known & sure Remedy.

NO CHARGE for treatment until cured. Call on or address
DR. J. C. BECK, Cincinnati, O.

EVENS' SEAL PRESSES,

For Lodges, Societies, Notaries, Companies, Courts, etc. Send for samples and price list.
 Also hand printing stamps in every variety.
 Address, P. EVENS, Jr.,
 267 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

SOUTHERN MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF KY.,
 LOUISVILLE.
 COMMENCED BUSINESS, JULY, 1866.

With moderate death losses the Company has paid to the families of Deceased Policy Holders over
\$200,000.

"The Company is in good condition, and its affairs are well administered.—Extract from 2d Annual Report of Gen. G. W. Smith, Insurance Commissioner of Ky., page 152.

OFFICERS.

J. Lawrence Smith, President.
 J. H. Lindenberger, Vice President.
 J. B. Temple, 2d Vice President.
 L. T. Thustin, Secretary.
 John E. Smith, Cashier of Western Financial Corporation, Treasurer.
 Samuel T. Wilson, General Agent.
 W. R. Barrett, Legal Adviser.
 Dr. E. D. Foree, Medical Director.

OTHER DIRECTORS.

Thos. L. Barret, Cashier Bank of Kentucky;
 W. C. Hite, Cashier Commercial Bank, J. G. Barret, Cashier of Citizens Bank; George W. Morton, Banker; John M. Robinson, Merchant; C. Henry Finck, Merchant; T. J. Tapp, Merchant; Geo. W. Morris, Merchant; Henry W. Barrett, Merchant; J. B. Wilder, Druggist; William Mix, Lawyer; James A. Dawson, Editor; T. T. Alexander, Circuit Judge Columbia, Ky.; J. S. Kennedy, Manufacturer, Florence, Ala.; J. D. Fogle, Lawyer, Lebanon; Jos. Adams, President Farmers Bank, Henderson; H. D. McHenry, Lawyer, Hartford; E. P. Campbell, Lawyer, Hopkinsville; G. W. Welsh, Merchant, Danville; Thomas H. Ginter, Farmer, Cadiz, Ky.; S. P. Walters, Banker, Richmond, Ky.; Jos. A. Graham, Merchant, Bowling Green, Kentucky.
 January, 1873.

Mosler, Bahmann & Co.

Manufacturers of

FIRE & BURGLAR-PROOF

(SAFES!)

VAULTS, LOCKS, &c., &c.

OFFICE, SALESROOM AND FACTORIES,

South-West Cor. Front and Elm, and 168, 170

& 172 Water Street,

Jan. '73 CINCINNATI, O.

FOR SALE AT

Fleetwood Stock Farm

(2 Miles from Frankfort.)

THOROUGHbred, TROTTING AND

PERCHERON HORSES,

Pure Bred Southdown Sheep,

BERKSHIRE PIGS!

IMPORTED ALDERNEY CATTLE,

FINE GRADE STOCK OF ALL KINDS.

J. W. HUNT REYNOLDS.

Jan. '72-tf

DEDICATION

—OF—
Masonic Temple

PHILADELPHIA.

It is with great pleasure we use the pages of the KENTUCKY FREE MASON to inform the Masonic Fraternity that we are NOW FULLY PREPARED with a large and most excellent assortment of

FINE BLACK CLOTH SUITS

(READY-MADE)

AND A SUPERB LINE OF

BLACK CLOTHS AND DOESKINS,

FROM THE BEST MILLS OF EUROPE,
 To make to order in our

Extensive Custom Department,

Which has been lately reorganized and greatly improved in all its appointments.

Having a most efficient force of skillful cutters, tailoring hands, and inspectors, we are prepared to furnish at shortest notice most

Elegantly-Fitting Suits and Uniforms.

We will be happy to send samples, with easy Rules for Self-measurement, to any who may be pleased to write to us for same.

Special attention given to orders for KNIGHT-TEMPLARS' UNIFORMS. Having made this department a specialty for a number of years and possessing every facility, we guarantee perfect satisfaction and lowest charges.

WANABAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL,

The Largest Clothing-House in America.

S. E. COR. SMITH AND MARKET STS,

(Occupying entire block to Mirror Street)

of PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. SHEMMERHORN & CO.

PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS,

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

School Furniture and Apparatus,

14 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

Mar '73—tf

OVER 100,000 SOLD.

Our superb Masonic Home Pictures, Recommended by scores of eminent Masons and every Masonic Journal in America

"THE MYSTIC ALTAR."

The most beautiful Masonic Picture ever issued is now ready, and selling by thousands, our commissions are one-fourth larger than other houses offer. Hundreds of our agents are making a five weeks wages in a single day, and you can do it in your Lodge if you will. Our circular will satisfy you of this. Send for it at once, giving number of your Lodge, and name of this Magazine.

J. HALE, POWERS & CO.,

Fraternity and Fine Art Publishers, Cin. O.

N. B.—See notice of our Pictures in Nov. No. of this Magazine. Nov. 1y

W. E. GROVE.

E. FORTNINGHAM

MASONIC SUPPLIES!

W. E. GROVE & CO.

Dealers in

MASONIC,

I. O. O. F., I. O. R. M.,

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

AND OTHER SOCIETY GOODS.

General Agents for Carson & Barnard's Masonic Record of Kentucky. Agents wanted in every

Lodge in the State. Send for Circulars.

93 W. Jefferson St., bet. Third and Fourth
 LOUISVILLE, KY.

1874

THE

"KENTUCKY FREEMASON."

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Single Copies one year,	\$2 00
Clubs of ten and over, each,	1 50
One Extra Copy to getter up of Club.	

Subscriptions invariably in advance. No paper will be sent unless the money accompanies the order. Money must be sent by Post-office order or Express to

W. P. D. BUSH,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,

No. 80 Fourth Street,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

EDITED BY

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

FRANKFORT, KY.