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Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass. June, 3m

Kentucky Free Mason.

W. P. D. BUSH, Publisher.

"FRIENDSHIP, MORALITY AND BROTHERLY LOVE"

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

VOL. VIII.

LOUISVILLE, KY., JULY 1875.

No. 7

Dedication of Temples.

The following is the epitome of the address used in the Dedication of Temples in the Ancient Accepted Rite, and has its fitting place in our columns at this time, when there is so much interest felt in the Dedication, on the 2nd of June, of the Great Temple erected by the Symbolic Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

Sublime Princes, the world is filled with the ruins of temples, erected by the ancients to their imaginary deities. In Egypt, India, Ethiopia, and Chaldea, the lover of antiquity and the eager student gaze enraptured on the huge remains of mighty edifices sorely stricken by the relentless hand of time, in which, when they stood in all their splendor and glory in that East, teeming with the hosts of its mighty population, Athomon and Ammon, Brahma and Buddah, Toth and Bael were worshipped. The great cavern temples of Elephanta, Salsette, Carnac, Luxor, and Thebes, still remain to astound us with their vastness. The sculptured columns of an hundred fanes builded to the gods of Olympus, and enriched with all that was rare and wondrous in architecture, painting, and statuary, still remain, some standing and some fallen and broken on the classic soil of Greece. The artist is familiar with the great temples reared to the gods in Rome; and the ruins of Etruscan sanctuaries still tempt the antiquarian.

While Hiram worshipped in the temple of Belus, builded by his ancestors in his royal city of Tyre, Solomon, whom Masonry claims for its Grand Master, erected the first Temple at Jerusalem, believing that the infinite and omnipotent God would come down and dwell therein, and utter his oracles from between the extend-

ed wings of the cherubim on the mercy-seat; whither the priests repaired to consult the Shekina or oracle of God.

The Mahometan rears his mosques, the children of Israel their synagogues, and the Christian his churches, devoted to the worship and disputes of an hundred sects. To adorn the cathedrals of the great Catholic world, the arts contributed their most glorious works; and there the great productions, of the genius of Angelo and Raphael, and many other immortal painters and sculptors, yet remain unapproachable in beauty and sublimity, to be imitated and copied, but never to be equalled.

If the shattered columns and mouldering walls of pagan temples, if the arches and vaults of mosque and church and cathedral could speak, what lessons could they not teach to the human race! what a history could they not give of the atrocities of which man is capable when enslaved by his fear of the angry and murderous gods, or changed to a wild beast by a savage fanaticism! How have the shrieks of human victims echoed within the walls of those pagan fanes, and the blood of human sacrifice flowed over their altars down the sides of the pyramids of Mexico!

How often has the mosque heard Paradise and the houri promise as a reward for the slaughter! how often the church and cathedral rung with the thunder of interdiction and excommunication, and the frenzied shouts that responded to the fanatical apostles of the Crusades!

Sublime Princes, you propose to erect here a Masonic Temple, and dedicate it to the God of Beneficence and Love.—The cardinal principles of Freemasonry are Charity and Toleration. According to its principles, ambition, rivalry, ill-will, and the jealousies and disputes of

sects, cannot cross the threshold of its sanctuaries and enter within their sacred walls; and yet such are the frailties and imperfections of man, that they do find entrance there; sect denounces sect, and even borrows of an intolerant church its weapons to smite down heresies withal.

Into this temple, my brethren, which we are now about to inaugurate, into this Consistorial Chamber of our beautiful and beloved Ancient Accepted Rite, let no such unholy visitors ever intrude; let ambition and rivalries, jealousies and heartburnings, never effect an entrance within its portals! Let its sacred walls never resound with the accents of hatred, intolerance, uncharitableness! Let it be truly a temple of peace and concord, and not of Pharisaical self-righteousness.—Let charity and loving kindness be ever enthroned between its columns; and let its members, recognizing every Mason as a brother, hold out to him the hand of amity and fraternity, and practice here and everywhere, to their utmost extent, the great, tolerant, generous, liberal doctrines of our Ancient Accepted Rite.

My brethren, as the world is darkened with ignorance and error, and lies in the twilight of superstition and routine, so in this Temple the dim light struggles with the darkness, and does not prevail. Let us kneel here, before our Father who is in heaven, and acknowledge our faults and errors; implore Him to give us light, a spark of that divine fire, which in His exhaustless munificence ever flows from the sun to bless the grateful earth, and which our ancient brethren imagined to be the substance of Deity; that we may therewith illumine this Temple, accepting it as an omen and assurance that the light of wisdom and knowledge will some day illumine the whole world, and make it a fit Temple for a God of infinite love.

When he rises to address the Brethren you may hear a pin drop, and he concludes his pithy orations amid general regrets that he has said so little. Yet he possesses the rare art of saying much in a few words, and has thoroughly learned how to influence the minds of thoughtful men. He never deals in flights of oratory, or in that species of buncombe which passes for eloquence, but carries his point by the aid of well-arranged facts and cogent reasoning. A man of this stamp is always a pillar of the Lodge which is so fortunate as to claim him as a member. He would, probably, shine in any station in life, and is as highly respected in the city for his probity and good judgement as he is in the Order for his studious regard for the true interests of Masonry.

Lastly, we must touch briefly upon the characteristics of the Mason who is conspicuous for benevolence. Happily, this type is common enough, but we have in our mind's eye as the most perfect embodiment of the character, the Brother who seldom makes speeches, but who works silently and steadily at the task he has set himself. We shall not chronicle the long roll of his good deeds, since a man of his stamp generally does good by stealth, yet when duty calls him to a prominent place, and he becomes one of the Stewards of the annual banquet in aid of the funds of the Asylum or Schools, he is always conspicuous for the large sum which he manages to collect for the Institutions. But his goodness is never one-sided, and he always remembers that true charity begins at home. His first care is for his wife and family, his second is for the Order, and his last for the world. When such a man dies, he requires neither panegyric nor epitaph. The good he has done lives after him, and is the most fitting monument of his fame.—*Freemason's Chronicle.*

TWADDLE.

AN eminently pious (?) reformer, one of those holy men whose office it is to "travel" for the "National Association of Busybodies"—official organ, the *Cynosure*—and who tacks a "D.D." to the tail of his name, gives us a long dissertation on the evils of Masonry, and then curiously recites one of the advantages as an evidence of his assertion. This exponent of

piety relates an incident which occurred during the troubles in Kansas and Arkansas, and says: "That Senator Pomeroy was told that the laws would not protect him if he wished to go up the Mississippi, but that if he was a Mason, he could travel with entire safety;" and then goes on to wail about the great misfortune (?) of such a state of affairs! Truly lamentable, is it not, that when the laws of man fail to protect, the laws of God should? This is a specimen of "*Cynosure* wisdom;" that wisdom which purposes to turn the world up-side down, and revolutionize society. These are the wise men (?) who are "traveling" about the country, and filling an imbecile organ with moans because intelligent men won't come to their lectures, to hear such burlesques of common sense as the supposed murder of Morgan; every public officer denounced as villains; and servants of God, Christian ministers, lampooned and insulted, because they, too, will not join themselves to a pack of fools—These prophets prance around the country looking for a martyr's crown, but more likely to meet with a "cap and bells." The next time this saint (?) favors the public with an evidence of the evil of Masonry, we hope for his own sake, that he wout make another such blunder. The craft ought to engage him to preach upon the benefits of the institution; and he might take that one incident as an ample illustration of the true greatness of Freemasonry.

Freemasonry inculcates a love of man for his fellow; and though men in hatred and anger over sectional differences, may violate every law of the land; still in the midst of all that strife, when creeds are overturned and the teachings of religion openly outraged, there is a language which, though the lips are motionless and the tongue tied, speaks to the heart. When man hates his fellow because of his political or religious creed, and still dare not refuse him aid, protection, and comfort, because he is his brother. Because they were both children depending upon the same heavenly Father; and this system, by which a man is guaranteed a friend in every clime under the sun, is the one this wiseacre paints so black. Not content with this gorgeous outburst of wisdom, this smart fellow recites another instance of Masonic enormity; and says that Masons are bad because they are pledged to conduct themselves virtu-

ously toward the ladies; this is almost too much, and if we ever want a man for our comic almanac we will most assuredly secure this paragon. This innocent says that he finds many people unwilling to believe his "tales of woe," which fact speaks well for the intelligence of the community, and before long we may learn of this lunatic being securely placed in bedlam, where he should have been years ago.

Another "crusader" writes a note trying to defend himself from the imputation of having been expelled from the lodge, which he absolutely denies. Then naively adds that "I withdrew myself by not paying my dues." And this fellow is a minister! Here is Masonic law on the subject of withdrawals: Every member in arrears for dues shall be suspended; and if he does not discharge his indebtedness within a reasonable time, he shall be expelled."—*Grand Lodge, Ohio.*

In conclusion, we would invite all those gentry who seem to have an abundance of time and nothing particularly to occupy it, to run down to this city in June next; take a look at our Masonic Hall; also at the procession and the men who compose it. Then let them run off into the world and howl over Masonry. For it amuses the Masons, displays the character of their opponents, and proves of immense advantage to the institution—advertises its beneficial influence among men.—*The Square.*

Mr. Wm. P. Coon's of Maysville, has in his possession a Master Masons diploma, issued to his grandfather, George Coons, by Lebanon Lodge, No. 41, of Gainsburg, Va., on the 17th of September, 1799. It is signed John Brown, W. M.; Wm. Saunders, S. W.; John Price, J. W.; and attested by Henry Bishop Secretary.

A monument to the memory of the Confederate soldiers, buried in Lexington Cemetery, was dedicated on the 26th of May. Genl Wm. Preston was the Orator and Major Henry T. Stanton the Poet of the day. Both acquitted themselves with distinguished credit.

A Frenchman intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb, said, "She is one mutton as is small."

The Installation of the Prince of Wales.

The installation of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, as Grand Master of English Freemasons, which has been looked forward to with so much eagerness by the whole Craft, was performed at the Royal Albert Hall. The event must ever be marked as the most noteworthy that has taken place in Freemasonry. Nothing in the whole annals of the Order, certainly nothing within the memory of living Masons will bear comparison with the gorgeousness or the magnitude of the scene that presented itself; and we doubt whether any Freemason, in the wildest dreams of his imagination, was prepared for what was witnessed on that occasion. From an early hour in the morning, great activity was perceptible about the Albert Hall, and it was not to Masons alone that this was confined. The outer world took great interest also in the event, and assembled in great numbers to watch the arrival and departure of the Brethren.— But it was more especially the departure which drew great crowds together, for when the ceremony was over, and the Brethren departed, the scene was much like that which was daily witnessed at the same spot just about twenty-four years ago, when the great exhibition was held opposite the present Albert Hall, and on the site of the Albert Memorial. Thousands of people were massed together, and hundreds of vehicles were moving about.

The Stewards, numbering several hundreds, arrived at eleven o'clock, but Sir Albert Woods, Mr. Fenn, Mr. Moncton and Mr. Long, the Committee for carrying out the arrangements, were there very much earlier, some as soon as six o'clock. The workmen in the building were banished from the scene at ten o'clock, and the edifice was left in sole possession of Freemasons. The Stewards received the final instructions on their arrival, and their places pointed out to them. Punctually at one the doors were opened to the Brethren generally, and the arrangements were so complete that, with all the necessary precautions taken against the admission of the uninitiated, a concourse of between 7000 and 8000 Masons were passed to their places in perfect order by half-past two.

When all were assembled the scene was most impressive. The usually sombre appearance of English gentlemen in evening dress may have led the uninitiated to fancy that the aspect of the hall would be very dull, but the fact was that all entitled to be present had a silk collar in right of their position in the Order. These, for the most part a light blue, gave their color to the whole assemblage, and enlivened the scene in a very tasteful way. Here and there were gentlemen clothed in collars of different colors—some of deep crimson, others of a dark blue, while here and there was the blue and yellow of Sweden, or the scarlet coat of a military Brother. The grand old throne and chairs presented by the late Duke of Sussex, and which form so conspicuous a feature in the Temple, were there, the throne being again, after a lapse of many years, surmounted by the prince's plume. Behind the throne, and in front of the organ, was the royal standard, in front of which was the Masonic banner. The seats behind and to the right and left of the throne were occupied by Past Grand Officers, clothed in their splendid collars and aprons, covered with jewels and gold embroidery, giving the dais a most magnificent appearance. The arrangement of the canvas screen above gave an additional peculiarity to the scene, those in the arena being all in the shade, while those above caught the light, and appeared of quite a different complexion.

The route of the procession was covered with a splendid carpet bearing the Masonic arms and the Prince of Wales' plume. This carpet was manufactured specially for the occasion by Bro. Lewis, of Watling street and Halifax, and presented by him to the Grand Lodge.

At about ten minutes past three, a blare of trumpets announced the Royal entrance, and the head of a procession appeared, slowly passing, amid solemn music to the dais.

After a formal opening of the Grand Lodge by the Earl of Carnarvon, Pro Grand Master, a deputation was sent for H. R. H., and soon returned in the following order:

Four Grand Stewards of the Year.

The Gloves and Apron of the G. M. on a cushion borne by the Master of a Lodge.

The Collar and Jewel of the G. M. on

a cushion borne by the Master of a Lodge.

Grand Director of Ceremonies, Sir A. Woods.

Grand Secretary, Bro. John Hervey.
Pres. of Board of Gen. Purp. Bro. Moncton.

Grand Registrar, Bro. McIntyre, Q. C.
Grand Treasurer, Bro. S. Tomkins.
Grand Chaplains, R. P. Bent and Dr. Simpson.

Six Past Grand Wardens.

Six Provincial Grand Masters, viz: the Earls of Shrewsbury and Limerick, the Marquis of Londonderry, Lords R Grosvenor, Tenterden and Londesborough.

The Prince of Wales, Grand Master.

Two Grand Stewards.

The Prince of Wales was received with deafening cheers from the assembled brethren, which were again and again renewed until some time after he had taken his seat on the left of the Earl of Carnarvon. His Royal Highness seemed much gratified, and bowed his acknowledgments as often as the cheering was taken up. The Duke of Connaught stood all this time almost motionless, but apparently much struck with the impressive scene.

Everybody concerned having, under the direction of Sir A. Woods, taken his proper position, the brethren arose, and a prayer was offered by the Grand Chaplain. The Prince was then, with certain formalities, invested with the collar and jewel of his office, and placed in the chair; and the trumpets once more having challenged attention, Sir Albert Woods proclaimed to the brethren in the following form:

"Be it known that the Most High, Most Puissant, and Most Illustrious Prince, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Chester, Carrick and Dublin, Baron of Renfrew, and Lord of the Isles, Great Steward of Scotland, K. G., K. P., K. T., G. C. B., Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India, Knight of the Elephant of Denmark, Knight of the Golden Fleece, has been elected Most Worshipful Grand Master of Freemasonry in England. Whom the Great Architect of the Universe long preserve."

The formal salutes having been given;

The Earl of Carnarvon—Your Royal Highness and Most Worshipful Grand Master. It has been from time immemorial the custom when any Master of the Craft was placed in this chair to remind

him of the duties that he then undertook and although it is unnecessary that I should remind your royal highness, who is so conversant with all the affairs of the Craft, of those duties, it is right that that old and time-honored custom should not absolutely disappear, and therefore it is my duty to address to you a few words on this occasion. Sir, your royal highness knows well that Freemasonry possesses many titles to respect, even in the eyes of the outer world. It has, first of all, a great antiquity—an antiquity ascending into the sphere, I may say, of immemorial tradition. Secondly, it is known and practised in every country, in every clime, and in every race of civilized men, and lastly, in this country, above all, it has associated itself with human sympathies and charitable institutions. (Cheers.) Let me say further, that while in these modern times it has changed its character in some respects, it has lost nothing which can claim the respect of men.

Formerly, through the dim periods of the middle ages, it carved its records upon the public buildings of Europe, upon the tracery of the cathedral windows and the ornamentation of palaces. Now, as I have said, it is content to devote itself to works of sympathy and charity, and in them it finds its highest praise and reward. Let me draw one further distinction—no one will say that it is an invidious one.—In some other countries it has been unfortunately the lot of Freemasonry to find itself allied with faction and intrigue—with what I may call the darker side of politics. In England it has been signally the reverse. The Craft here has allied itself with social order, with the great institutions of the country, and above all with Monarchy, the crowning institution of all. Your Royal Highness is not the first, but many of your illustrious family have sat in that chair. By the lustre of your great name and position you will reflect honor upon the Craft to-day; but it is also something, sir, to be at the head of such a body as this vast assembly now represents; for I may truly say that never before, in the whole history of Freemasonry, has such a Grand Lodge been convened as that on which my eyes rest at this moment. And there is this further and inner view to be taken—that far as my eye can carry me over these serried ranks of white and blue, of gold and purple, I recognize in them men who have

solemnly undertaken obligations of worth and morality, men who have undertaken the duties of citizens and the loyalty of subjects. Sir, I am but expressing, though very feebly, the feelings and the aspirations of this great assembly when I say that I trust that the connection of your Royal Highness with the Craft may be lasting, and that you may never, sir, have occasion for one moment's regret or anxiety when you look back upon the events of to-day.

His Royal Highness, on rising to respond, was received with enthusiastic applause, and said:

Brethren, I am deeply grateful to the Most Worshipful Pro Grand Master for the excessively kind words which he has just spoken, and to you, Brethren, for the cordial reception which you have given to them. It has been your unanimous wish, Brethren, that I should occupy the chair in which you have this day installed me as your Grand Master. It is difficult for me to find words adequately to express my deep thanks for the honor which has already been bestowed upon me—an honor which has already been bestowed on several members of my family, my predecessors—and, Brethren, in whose footsteps it will always be my most ardent and sincere wish to walk; and by God's help to fulfill the duties of that high office to which I have been called to-day in the same way that my illustrious predecessors fulfilled them. The Pro Grand Master has told you, Brethren, and I feel convinced that it is so, that such an assemblage of Grand Lodge has ever been known, and when I look round this vast and spacious hall, and see those who have come from the North and the South, from the East and the West, to be present on this auspicious occasion, it is, I trust, an omen of good. The various public duties which in my position I have to perform will not enable me so frequently as I could wish, to attend to my many duties connected with the Craft. But you, Brethren, may rest assured that I shall do my utmost to maintain the Craft now in its present prosperity, and to do my duty by it and my duty by you on every possible occasion. It would, Brethren, I feel sure, be useless for me, at a moment like this, to recapitulate anything which has been so ably told you by the Pro Grand Master relative to Freemasonry. Every Englishman knows that the two watchwords

of the Craft are "loyalty" and "charity." As long as those are our watchwords, and as long as Freemasonry keeps itself from being mixed up with politics, so long will, I am sure, this great and ancient Order flourish, and its benign influences will tend to maintain the integrity of this great empire. I thank you once more, Brethren, for your cordial reception of me to-day, and especially those who have come such immense distances to welcome me on this occasion. I assure you I shall never forget to-day.

Various deputations from foreign countries were then presented, and the ceremony was at an end, having occupied about two hours. In the evening the usual banquet was held.—*London Freemason.*

General John C. Breckinridge.

The idol of the Kentucky heart, the peer of any man in the country, at once the statesman, orator, soldier, gentleman and brother—John C. Breckinridge is dead. The fact almost freezes the heart. Had he fallen like Clay when life had been measured to its furthest boundary and nature forbade the hope of his longer stay it would not be so sad. But his sun has gone down while it was yet day. It has dropped all ablaze with splendor into the rayless night of the tomb. We shall never cease to regret that he died ere a nation's sense of returning justice had liberated him from disabilities that should never have been imposed. It is not in the power of a liberal mind to believe that this noble spirit possessed an element in his grand nature which made him deserving of the dishonor that was sought to be placed upon him. His trumpet of eloquence was dumb. That voice, sweet as the silver bugles of the Levites, was forbade the tones of patriotism. For ten years a padlock of wrong has been upon the most eloquent lips of our Commonwealth. But,

"There's a language that's mute
There's a silence that speaks"

Breckinridge in the calm dignity of retirement spoke as eloquently as when his majestic periods thrilled a listening Senate. Misfortune did not impoverish him nor the disabilities of a proscriptive government crush his proud spirit, or turn his language into complaint. He lived in ease and honor though not in places of preferment to

which admiring Kentuckians would gladly have again lifted him. He lived in the affections of those whose love he most coveted and he extorted admiration from those who vainly sought to despoil him of his honor and fortune. His death spread a public grief throughout the south. Cities and towns repeated his funeral honors. His grave will be sought by those who will gratefully treasure his memory for ages to come and the grass that enfolds his throbless breast will be kept green by the tears of bereaved and comfortless people. Gen. Breckinridge was one of the highest Masons in the world. He was a member of the thirty-third degree of which there are but few in the United States. He was buried with the rites of the Knights Templar.

E. Polk Johnson, gave the following beautiful account of the funeral, in a communication to the Courier-Journal:

The Knights Templar, that peculiar degree of Masonry said to exemplify the beauties of our holy Christian religion more fully than any other organization, took charge of the body, and in the most solemn and impressive manner spoke the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," which carried with them the body of our beloved and honored statesman, patriot, soldier and gentleman. Upon his coffin lay the sombre trappings which had been worn by those who had borne, with loving hands, the corpse to the grave; and above all else came the offering of angelic woman, who was ever first at the cross and last at the grave. Spread out in tasty and elegant profusion above the woeful crape lay their gift offerings—their olive branches, lovely flowers. Covered by these sweet-scented harbingers of that full fruition of spring time which he has missed here, but realizes on the other shore, his coffin was sadly borne to its resting place by gentle, loving hands, and then laid down for a time to rest and await the action of the State, which should and does esteem it the highest honor to have given birth to Breckinridge. Mournfully the vast cortege turned away, as if loth to leave the sacred spot where the son of Kentucky is sleeping, and with stricken hearts, made its way back to the city. Sadness rested upon every brow—no smiles, not levity, but a tearful, prayerful wish that joy, peace and holiest love might rest and abide forever upon the stricken family.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and thus was buried the mighty Breckinridge.

At a meeting of the Anderson Lodge, No. 90 of Free and Accepted Masons, held at the Lodge room in Lawrenceburg Ky, on the 5th day of May, 1875, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, it has pleased the Grand Master of the Universe to call our much esteemed and well beloved brother, Wm. S. Hickman from the labors of earth to the rest prepared for those who put their trust in Him.

Resolved, That while we deplore the death of our beloved brother and grieve at the loss we have sustained by his departure from our midst, we submit with reverence to the edict that has called him hence, and feel assured that our loss is gain to him.

Resolved, That the life, character and christian conduct of our departed brother is worthy of emulation by all true Masons.

Resolved, That we mingle our grief with that of his bereaved family and cordially sympathise with them in the affliction that has deprived them of a husband and father, and bid them look to Him who can heal all sorrow for that consolation no earthly power can give.

Resolved, That the Lodge be draped in mourning, and that the members wear the usual badge for thirty days.

Resolved, That the Secretary spread these resolutions on the minute book of the Lodge, and send a copy to the widow of brother Hickman, and transmit copies to the Frankfort Yeoman and Freemason for publication.

JOHN F. WILLS, Secretary.

E. OTTENHEIMER, W. M.

STAR LODGE No. 490 A. Y. M.
Tribute of respect to the memory of Wm. S. Hickman:

WHEREAS, The Grand Architect of the Universe, in His providence, has taken from our midst our much beloved Brother Wm. S. Hickman.

Resolved, That we as a Society do humbly submit to the will of Him who doeth all things well, that we lament in his loss a Brother eminently worthy to be cherished in our memories.

Resolved, That we tender our warmest sympathies to his bereaved family and friends and commend them to the grace of God, which alone is sufficient to sustain them in this sad bereavement.

At a meeting of the Anderson Lodge No. 90, on Tuesday, March 9th, 1875, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our dearly beloved brother, H. H. Maddox, has passed from the level of time to that bourne from whence no traveller returns.

Resolved, That while we deeply deplore the death of our beloved Brother we bow in meek submission to the mandate of the Almighty Ruler by which he has been called hence. Having an abiding confidence in His wisdom and goodness that forbids us to murmur at His decrees.

Resolved, That we tender to the widow and family of our deceased Brother our heartfelt condolence in their deep affliction, and point them to Him that never wounds except to heal, for that comfort that none but He can give.

Resolved, That the Lodge be draped in mourning and the members wear the usual badge for thirty days.

Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to spread these resolutions on the minute book of the Lodge, and that he send a copy thereof to the widow of Bro. Maddox, and also to transmit a copy to the Freemason for publication.

JOHN F. WILLS, Secretary.

E. OTTENHEIMER, W. M.

Obligations.

Freemasons in their secret societies obligate their disciples, similar to the ancient brethren, to keep their doctrines, their engagements and their transactions from those who are not of the Order. These obligations are not composed of such tremendous oaths as we are charged with by bigots, who, ignorant as they naturally must be, of the whole of our transactions unless they have been received into our society themselves, utter their unholy anathemas and excommunications against us, thereby making their daring insolence to condemn their fellow-creatures for imaginary sins against God and religion, which must ultimately be laid to the charge of those trifles with their neighbors' consciences.

Indifferent Masons

[From the Masonic World of France.]

Among Freemasons indifference to the duties and efforts of the grand Institution to which they have sworn to lend their aid is worse than a grave error; it is a desertion in the very face of the enemy—a true act of treason. Devoted to the enquiry after Truth and the conquest of justice, Masonry, in spite of the violent and gross enmity of which it has been the object, is ever struggling with energy against error, prejudices, and superstition, against oppression and deceit. In such a work it has a right to look for support to all who seek an asylum at its heart and are anxious for enlightenment from its teaching. But this assistance, in order to be useful and efficacious, must be active and thorough. No soft-heartedness is possible; no lukewarmness tolerable. Eager and earnest permissible hearts can alone be really serviceable to our grand and fraternal association.

As inconsistent Masons, so indifferent Masons have done Freemasonry all the harm they possibly could without actually destroying it. It is these who paralyze our efforts and render them futile. It is these who make our Lodges empty and who keep aloof those who would prove the earnest and fittest defenders of our cause. It is this indifference, which, passing on from one spot to another, freezes the hearts of the brethren, extinguishes our enthusiasm, and surrounds us with that cold atmosphere that paralyzes the strongest will. An indifferent Mason is not only a useless member of our Craft, he is hurtful, corrupting by his noxious influence all who surround him, and impeding the due performance of our labors. He is a true paralytic, almost a corpse, which we are dragging after us, and which hinders and delays all our movements.

Nothing that interests our fellows, nothing that can in any way contribute to the amelioration of their lot and the development of their intellectual and moral faculties, should be indifferent to men of feeling, and more especially to Masons, whose obligations are greater, and who, having entered our order freely and unconstrainedly, have duties devolving upon them, all the more important that they have been contracted freely. In the meantime, the number of indifferent brethren ap-

pears from some time past to be continually increasing. Whence arises this abnormal state of things? Clearly from several and various causes.

The excuses which go to justify the unjustifiable neglect of Masonic duties are—"Powerlessness of Masonry to fulfil its programme, senselessness of its aims, the futility and barrenness of its labors"—wretched arguments which only react on those who use them; for if Masonry is powerless, its objects vain, its labors barren and of no effect, we can only, in reason, lay the blame on the half-heartedness and indifference of its workmen. We must seek then elsewhere the true causes of the evil which gives us so much concern.

In our opinion, indifferent Masons may be classed under three chief categories:

1. Those who, having entered the order with an exaggerated idea of the influence and power of Masonry, have experienced discouragements, and discovered the error of their views. These, the natural bent of their minds, induce them to exaggerate, just as they had done their early aspirations.

2. Those who, having entered young into the order, have dispelled or lost, in the varying struggles of life, all their hopes and the noble sentiments which animated their youth.

3. The ambitious vulgar, who only joined Masonry in order to seek a protection which it was impossible to give them.

Of these three categories, the first may easily be recalled to a more rational way of viewing the position; the second, though almost incurable, deserves our pity. As to the third, incorrigible and incapable of inspiring us with the slightest interest, we can only urge on the brethren who compose it to renounce at once and forever their title to be regular Masons. A sense of honor forbids them to remain any longer members of a body which they discourage by exhibiting towards its labors the most intense disdain.

To these three classes of indifferent brethren we might have added a fourth, more numerous still, which comprises those Masons who are always ready to be guided by the influence of those who surround them; but we have thought it better not to insist too strongly on the weakness of such brethren, but to encourage them by good example to reawaken their

zeal, and become once again really useful and active members of the Craft.

Indifference, adding its ravages to those inflicted by the late war, has, during the last four years especially, weakened French Masonry. Our lodges have been partially deserted, and notwithstanding the efforts of the most devoted members, the duties languish and are unproductive. Against the dangers which such a position involves, it is the duty of all who are sincerely attached to our institution to combat with the utmost energy.

The general elections have recently taken place in all the district lodges. May the newly elected officers signalize their accession to power by a merciless war against this mortal enemy of our great family. May they pursue, unrelentingly, even to its last retrenchments, and afford in all circumstances, to the lukewarm and hesitating, the comforting example of zeal and activity. All well-disposed men are ready to give their efforts to labor earnestly with them to restore to our lodges the life and energy which are deserting them. In this work of restoration hesitation is impossible, devotion will not fail of its influence. And since indifference is, of all the dangers which menace us, the greatest and most pressing, let us, at this moment, and everywhere throughout French Masonry, have but one thought, but one aim; but one rallying cry: "*Guerre a l'indifference!*"—[Translated for the *Keystone*.

IN 1801, a Golden Urn, containing a lock of Washington's hair, was presented to Grand Master Dunn, of Massachusetts, at his installation; and at every succeeding installation since it has been confided to the care and custody of the incoming Grand Master, with solemn and imperative injunctions to carefully preserve it, and at the expiration of his term of office, to transmit it to his successor, with the like charge. In December last the Urn was delivered to Grand Master Everett.

It is simply absurd to talk about a woman being qualified to fill every position in life that a man fills. For instance, what woman could lounge around the stove in a country grocery and lie about the number of fishes she caught last summer.

The Memorial Poem.

Read at the Dedication of the Ladies'
Memorial Monument (Confederate)
at Lexington, Ky., Wednesday,
May 26, 1875.

BY HENRY T. STANTON.

And still a mindful people turns
To such as wear their crosses,
Beneath a way of waving ferns
And interwoven mosses.

And still, with knots and crates of bloom,
With soonest blowing roses,
They come to break the night of gloom
That o'er the hero closes.

And still, by fingers deft from love,
The wild-vine's tendril's matted
In tribute wreaths and crowns are wove,
And lissom garlands plaited.

And still, the new-strown immortelles
Of memory are saying,
As tender-fresh as if the bells
A dying chime were playing.

And years have been, and years may be,
And still shall gather yearly
The fettered soul beside the free—
The dead they love so dearly,

And still shall freshest garlands fall
From loving hands in showers,
O'er fragments of the crumbled wall
That closed the Land of Flowers.

Here sleep the brave, the good, the true,
The trusting and the daring;
The great, that in their living grew
The laurels they are wearing.

The battle-stains are on their breasts,
The battle currents clotted—
An index on the outer vests
Of inner men unspotted.

An hundred mounds are circled near,
An hundred heroes under;
An hundred knights that ne'er shall hear
Again the battle's thunder.

But o'er the turf in drooping fold,
With broken staff, a banner
Shall keep their knightly prowess told
In true chivalric manner.

Among the mounds are some whose names
Upon the stones are missing—
Who fell in front too soon for Fame's
As for their mother's kissing.

The brave "unknown" in martial pride
Is honored here and knighted;
We only know a hero died—
A soldier's home was blighted.

Be still, sad bells! Where Hanson lies
Ten thousand tongues are telling;
The wailing of a people rise
Beyond an iron knelling.

What need to wake a mournful tone
Upon an anthem organ,
Whilst broken rests the sword that shone
Above the plume of Morgan?

What founts Kentucky starts for one,
Of all her dead the newest;
For Breckinridge—her peerless son,
Her proudest and her truest.

There shrouded lies her latest gift
To God, and Fame, and Story,
Whose going left a golden rift
Upon the skies of glory.

It may not be in our day
Yon blighted land will blossom—
The land for which their coats of gray
Grew crimson on the bosom;

But time will come at last for all,
When from these mounds of ours
The Master hand shall build the wall
That closed the Land of Flowers.

From the Masonic Advocate

Mother Kemp Follows a Guide.

It was Sunday evening, and a raw and cold one at that, when we last visited Mother Kemp. The wind was in our face, and we were tempted several times to turn back, but the hope was in our heart that the good old dame had "something sweet to tell us," and we pushed on with more than our common ambition until we reached her door. We were delighted to see that the old lady had a big blazing fire, and sat there "as snug as a bug in a rug."

"Come in, come in Jeems," said she; "I'm monstrous glad you've come, for I've jist bin thinkin' about you. Take this cheer, Jeems, said she, and she drew up towards the fire her revered husband's big old armed chair. "Now set down in this," said she, "and rest yourself, for I see you've well nigh run yourself out of breath comin' to see me.

"Jeems, I'm mighty glad you've come over this evenin'," said the good old saint,

"for this equenoxal storm has been so inclement that I was afeared you'd forgit me."

O, no, Mother Kemp, said we, it would take more than an earthquake to make us forget you.

"Well, now, Jeems," said Mother Kemp, with one of her blandest smiles, in which she showed her beautiful set of store teeth, "you must n't flatter me; you know," said she, "that I'm only a poor woman, and you know that we women folks are mighty easy to be flattered about our beauty and our many other good qualities, and I tell you, Jeems," said the profound old female philosopher, "it won't most always do to speak too plainly in the praise of our sex; it sort of sets us crazy like, and the fact is, my son," said she, "sich talk makes downright fools of a great many of my sex."

Forgetting what I had said, and only remembering that she was dealing in the sublimities of the sublimest practical philosophy, the old saint broke out in a strain of her richest volubility.

"Why, Jeems," said she, with a knowing look, "I've never told you, yit, my early Masonry experience, and I reckon I had ought to do it, for I know it will show you how far an innocent and virtuous woman may be led astray into ignorance, error and prejudice, by follerin' a fool for a guide.

"You see, Jeems," said the precious old mother, as she kicked the fire with her left foot, "you and the rest of your Masonry brethren have no idea what people are a sayin' behind your backs. Why, they even say, Jeems, that your whole fraternity worships the Prince of Darkness, and that you don't believe in the Bible, and that you cheat poor ignorant men out of thousands of dollars by pretendin' to give them what you call degrees in Masonry. Then they also say, Jeems, that you've barrels and barrels of wine in your Lodges, and that you've a high old time a drinkin' and a carousin' every time you have what you call a "raisin."

Why, where did you learn all these things, Mother Kemp? we ventured to ask.

"That's jist what I'm a goin' to tell you, my son," responded the good old woman.

"You know you men folks, Jeems, tell us that a woman can make herself a bigger fool, or a devil, either, when she tries,

than any man can, and maybe it is so, Jeems. I know I've bin fooled by a good many of my own sex, but I never onct was fooled by a man. My revered husband used to say of me, that I could read a man's idiosyncasis quicker than our old Towzer could catch a 'possum; and I believe, Jeems, that I most always could, for my experience has given me the information that, in the ginerall way, men are not most always as smart and knowin' as they think they are. I know, Jeems," she went on to say, with remarkable discernment, "that women folks are called 'the weaker sex,' but I tell you, my son, that that declaration, in my belief, has mighty little truth, or philosophy, either, in it. It is true, Jeems, men are bolder and more impudent than women folks is, but our sex, you know, are more modest and more cautious than men. Men often think that women are a sleepin' when they only have their eyes shut, but there's nothin further from the truth, Jeems. They are only jist a thinkin' how they'll conquer next time.

"Now, Jeems, my son," said the good old mother, "I learned all this when I was a girl. You see," said she, "I was a livin' at home with father, and some of the time I was a goin' to school, and I used to often go up to Mrs. Simpkin's to help her out with a quilt, and the like, and so she tuck a great likin' to me; and often while we was a sittin' and a quiltin' away, she would tell me all about Masontry."

"Said she one day, 'Polly, don't you ever marry a Mason, unless you want to be made the biggest fool of in the world.'

"Why?" said I.

"Why, don't you know, girl," said she, "that they stay out of nights, sometimes till midnight, and that they make the poorest husbands that ever was?"

"Why, no, said I, Mrs. Simpkins, I know nothin' about Masontry."

"Well, child, said she, 'I'll tell you all about them. They are a low, deceitful and wicked set, which, I've heard my father say many a time, and I hope you'll never marry one of the scamps, for if you do you'll have to stay alone half the nights in the year.'

"I remembered all this, Jeems, when I did get married, and I used to tell my revered husband, Obadiah, who you know was an itinerant circuit rider, that he was

a great deal worse than the Masontry men in stayin' away of nights. Poor man! he'd only jist laugh and tell me that he'd no doubt that a good many women would like for their husbands to be Masons, if it would only keep them away about half the year.

"My revered husband, Jeems, was a mighty dry sort of man, always sort of serious like, and he did not joke much, but he was sometimes kind of sarcastic, perticklarly when I said anything about the Masontry which Mrs. Simpkins used to tell me of.

"He said to me one day, Jeems, when he were seated in that very cheer you're now a settin' in; said he, 'Polly, you must remember that we Methodist have enough faults of our own to look after, without follerin' after those of other people. You know nothin' of Masontry, and it is not right that we should tell of other people's faults we don't know.'

"Poor dear man! I didn't know then, Jeems, that he was a member of your society, for if I had I wouldn't of said a word about it. It makes a great deal of difference, you know, Jeems, with many people in this world, what horse the saddle is on. Some people are mighty good in persecutin' societies that they don't belong to; and for my part, Jeems, I most always despised a persecutin' sperit, no matter where it came from; and it is this, my son, that has led me, in my old days, to be so taken up with Masontry. In readin' of its history, I find that it has never persecuted any other society.—Why, Jeems, it is less combattant, as my revered husband used to say, than even the Quakers. They do not like you, and in their way they make war on you, when they had'nt ought to do it. But I say Jeems, to you, and to all of your Masontry brethren, never mind any such enemies, jist go right on; never look to blind guides, for they will only heave you into the ditch.

"Now do stay to supper, Jeems, said the good old lady; 'I've a nice corn pone in the skillet.' We staid.

The Last Degree.

Startling, indeed, are the rapid knells that daily announce to us the speedy and unceremonious transition of the souls of our brethren from time to eternity. In rap-

id succession, one after the other is being called from our side, on this sublunary sphere, to the imperishable edifice of our God.

The past and present inclement season is impoverishing our ranks, and laying to waste our temporal hopes and alliances.

Daily there comes an alarm at our doors from an inexorable warrior, whom none dare deny admission. Into our midst dashes an unannounced and foaming steed, and he who sits upon him is Death, who, gathering into his icy grasp the doomed mortal whom he seeks, rides forth in bold mockery with the captive. Trampling under foot broken hearts and hot tears of sorrow, regardless of all opposition, still the yawning man of the sepulchre is not satisfied. Another and another is, and shall be, swallowed up by this grim monster, until the "degree of silence" shall have done her work upon every brother in the land, and other generations shall the gavel wield.

Reflect upon it. Think of the fatality in our midst, and the amiable characters that have been summoned from our roll. And still others fall on quick and fast. And who among us shall say: "What shall be on the morrow?"

"Death comes sure, speedy and relentless, while love and friendship receive their everlasting seal under the cold impress of Death.

"For there, with tomb-key hanging at his breast, Silence appeared, and his lips his fingers pressed."

We know not the value of those endearing terms by which we salute our brother until he is lost to us. Then do we, awe-stricken, silently gaze upon all that remains of those we loved, and think and wonder upon the mysterious, silent end that is, we know not what, and lies, we know not where. But we realize that our brother has fulfilled his allotted time on earth, and has passed away into eternity, through the damp stagnation of the tomb or the cold grave, and is heard no more. Thus do we learn that life is but a transient, fitful shadow, an existence where we learn to walk, to act and speak, until the degree of transition comes, and he with the key upon his unheaving breast, and his sealed lips are with his fingers pressed. Then are we taught gratitude and silence. All the stages of life and phases of nature are but degrees of advancement or retrocession—from birth to babyhood, from that to youth, from youth to age, from age to silence.

And thus we creep our tardy pace, day after day, from degree to grade, until we reach the yawning chasm that leads through the dark valley of the shadow of silence.

Who has returned to relate the vicissitudes of the voyage? Any? God hath said to man: "I have many things to tell you, but you cannot hear them now," therefore wait. So says Masonry, as one by one, from grade to grade, we are taught its beautiful mysteries, and at the end we comprehend, indeed, that all Masonry is devoted to the glory of the deity. Its precepts are Faith, Hope and Charity,

Faith in God, Hope of a peaceful hereafter, and charity for all mankind. These precepts, well observed, will entitle us to a peaceful death and initiation into that mysterious degree of silence.—*Hebrew Leader.*

MARTINETTS.

Webster says: "A martinet is one who lays stress on a rigid adherence to the details of discipline, or to forms and fixed methods."

Of all the human nuisances with which we are acquainted, we know of none, next to a rowdy, except a "martinet;" both are extremes of human character, and one is as objectionable as the other. A rowdy cares for nothing and nobody, and a martinet measures other people's rights by his own tape-line, and each is ignorant of the polite differences of individual opinions and the usages of general society.

The martinet is nearly always some little fellow who "thinks he knows it all" and makes himself disagreeable by his eternal criticisms. He would send an "it" that is not dotted, or a "t" that is not crossed to everlasting perdition; and as for the author of such mistakes, he might pray like Lazarus for even one drop of cool water, without the slightest hope of refreshment, here or hereafter. We have certain men in our eye at this time, who, if they had the power, would put hell on wheels, and themselves take the reins and drive around the earth, making it particularly hot for all opponents. They think conservatism is the first-born son of the devil, and only has a place in the world by the law of primogeniture, and, as such, should have had his head chopped off by an unforgiving ax.

In lodges they are perfectly intolerable, especially to a lecturer, or any one doing work; and, in fact, we owe our own departure from active part in the work simply because there were always some present to ridicule the substitution of an equivalent word for one they learned, and they knew no other.

Many a young officer in a lodge is forever discouraged on account of those who had a larger bump of words than they had of common sense. We have known members to throw cold water on young Masons and on other members, as well as on officers, by retailing around that the W. M., or some other officer, "did not know the work," or "made an awful botch of it last night," when in all probability the only error was in calling the lodge "his lodge," or "the lodge," or "a lodge," or on some such equally trivial difference of verbiage.

If it were not that Masonic rules prohibit the initiation of fools, we think that some lodges would be best tyed by electing "the fool-killer," with power to use his sword at sight, judging from some members we know; one of whom would damn a man who did not belong to his Church; another who looked upon all who practised a certain school of medicine as knaves or idiots; and another who said that the only doubt he had of the power of Christ with God was, "to forgive and save men who fought on the other side."

As a general rule, arrived at after years of close observation, we have come to the conclusion that when we hear a man condemn a fellow-being simply because he thinks, speaks, acts, or is educated differently, without any allowance for those differences, we should forgive such a man, on the plea that the Almighty intended to demonstrate the possibility of creating a human being who could fill the place of a gnat in a lion's nostrils. We will say nothing unkind of God's works, but simply bow in obedience, as we do before all other things we cannot understand.—*St. Louis Freemason.*

Ancient Initiation.

In Egypt the ceremonies of initiation into the mysteries, took place in a pyramid erected over a cavern; the present pyramids of Egypt are nothing more or less than Masonic Temples, and these

were so constructed as to defy the ravages of time.

The Arabs have a tradition that the present pyramids were built by Saurid Ibn Salhouk, king of Egypt, who lived three hundred years before the deluge, and who adopted the curious form of building, on account of the great solidity it gave to the structure, and its symbolical reference to the sun—the spiral flame. It was also to indicate the God-head: for having three sides, it represented *trinity* in unity, and wisdom, strength and beauty.

The caverns under these places of initiation, or Temples of Masonry, usually extended East and West, and differed in their appearance, some being perfectly bare and devoid of all ornament, while others were embellished with symbols cut into the solid rock, and contained couches and cells, or closets. In these caverns were celebrated the rites of Ancient Masonry.

How Robert Stephenson Came to be a Mason.

THE biographer of this famous civil engineer relates the circumstances which led to his connection with the Fraternity as follows:

He had passed three years, (from 1824 to 1827,) being twenty-one and twenty-four years of age, in South America, in the service of the Columbian Mining Association. At length the time came when he could honorably start homewards. As there was no suitable vessel about to start without delay from Carthagena for a British port, Robert Stephenson decided to take passage on a ship bound for New York, and then to proceed to London or Liverpool. The entire party quitted the unwholesome little town of Carthagena, where yellow fever was raging, and set out for New York.

The voyage was eventful. At first the weather was severe, and for several days the sailors predicted that on clearing off from there they would learn that a fearful storm had raged in the open ocean. A few degrees farther north they came upon the survivors of a wreck, who had been for days drifting about in a dismantled hull, without provisions, and almost without hope. Two more days' sailing brought them in with a second dismantled hull, full of miserable creatures, the

relics of another wreck, whom hunger had reduced to cannibalism.

The voyage was almost at an end, and they made land, when about midnight the vessel struck, and instantly began to fill. The wind blew a hurricane, and the deck was crowded with desperate people, to whom death within gunshot of land appeared more dreadful than perishing in the open sea. The masts and rigging were cut away, but no good was gained by the measure. Surrounded by broken water, the vessel began to break up, whilst the sea ran so high that it was impossible to put off the boats. By morning, however, the storm lulled, and with dawn the passengers were got ashore.

Robert Stephenson and his companions naturally pushed forward in the scramble to get places in the boat which was the first to leave the sinking ship; and they had succeeded in pushing their way to the ladder, when the mate of the vessel threw them back, and singled out for the vacant places a knot of humble passengers who stood just behind them. The chief of the party was a petty trader of Carthagena. He was, moreover, a second class passenger, well known to be without those gifts of fortune which might have made it worth a mate's while to render him special service.

On the return of the boat, Robert Stephenson had better luck, and by 8 o'clock, A. M., he was landed, safe and sound, on the wished-for shore. Not a life was lost of either passengers or crew; but when Stephenson and comrades found themselves in New York, they had lost all their luggage, and almost all their money. A collection of mineral specimens, on which he had spent time and labor, was luckily preserved; but he lost a complete cabinet of the entomological curiosities of Columbia, and the box containing his money, on which his fellow-travelers were dependent.

Fortunately, he had no difficulty in obtaining money in New York. He was, therefore, in a position to proceed homewards without delay; but as he was in America, he determined to see a little of the country, and to pay a visit to Canada before crossing the Atlantic for Great Britain.

Having made his arrangements accordingly, Stephenson said farewell to the captain in whose ship he had made the first unfortunate passage from Carthagena,

and on parting with him, asked if he could account for the mate's conduct when the passengers were leaving the vessel. "I am the more at loss to find the reason for his treatment of me," he observed, "because on the voyage we were very good friends." "Well, sir," answered the captain, "I can let you in the secret. My mate had no special liking for Mr.—; indeed, I happen to know he disliked him as strangely as you and the rest of the passengers disliked him. But Mr.— is a Freemason, and so is my mate; and Freemasons are bound by their oath to help their brethren in moments of peril or distress, before they assist persons not of their Fraternity." This explanation so impressed Robert Stephenson, that he forthwith became a Mason. The Master, Wardens and members of St. Andrew's Lodge, No. 7, constituted under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, presented him (Sept. 21, 1827) with a document under their seal, in which he styled, "a Master Mason of good report, beloved and esteemed among us"

Crushing out Freemasonry.

We give place to the following from the powerful *Voice of Masonry*, May number. It has the true and emphatic ring, and we endorse it heartily:

"MacMahon, it is said, has instructed the Governor of the French colony in New South Wales to crush out Freemasonry, and, accordingly, several merchants have been arrested and sent to France, as 'suspects' of being either Freemasons or communistic friends of Rochefort.

"He can gain no benefit or credit by efforts to crush Freemasonry. It is not a political institution and need not be feared by any Government. Whenever and wherever a ruler becomes jealous of it and declares war against it, there is the certainty that his motives will not bear righteous inspection. Knowing himself in some respect in the wrong, he seeks to hide his fault by casting suspicion on others. Time always exposes the objects of such men and pays them for their injustice. Unfortunately, it does not compensate the *injured persons* for the persecutions they suffer in behalf of their cherished institution. This is the lamentable part of attempts to crush

Freemasonry. Otherwise it has nothing to fear from, nor can it be injured by any of its enemies.

"As well might they expect the winds and waves to obey them as to succeed in eradicating Freemasonry, for it is truth, and truth cannot be destroyed. Will MacMahon take notice of this fact and give up his hopeless task of crushing this ancient, honorable and imperishable Institution.

The first Masonic Lodge of Jerusalem is a beautiful illustration of the cosmopolitan nature of the principles of brotherly love in practical operation. The Master of that Lodge, who is now lecturing in this country, says: "The Master is an American, the Past Master an Englishman, the Senior Warden a German, the Junior Warden a native, the Treasurer a Turk, the Secretary a Frenchman, the Senior Deacon a Persian, and the Junior Deacon a Turk. There are Christians, Mohammedans and Jews in the Lodge."

D. P. G. M. OF ENGLISH FREEMASONS.—Lord Skelmersdale, who, it will be remembered, came to Clark last fall was a year ago, to see our Short-horns, is Deputy Grand Master of the Freemasons in England. The Prince of Wales was elected Grand Master a few weeks ago, and when he was installed, he appointed his Lordship his Deputy. Skelmersdale will have to do the chief part of the presiding. He is a leading member of his party in the House of Lords, and also a prominent breeder of Short-horns.

DON'T FORGET—"That the real greatness of Masonry does not consist in her grand temples, much less in the display of elegant and costly paraphernalia, but that which entitles Freemasonry to the respect and consideration of the wise and good of all lands and all ages, is to be found in the exemplification of her high and ennobling virtues, and in the lives of her votaries." Charity; the poor comforted, the orphan sheltered.

What Mason in Kentucky, who has taken any part, however humble, in the erection and endowment of their noble charity, is not proud of his action, and does not feel a just pride in the Grand Lodge, under whose jurisdiction he lives and works?—*Masonic Review*.

No Going Back.

If Masonry would retain its hold upon the regard of philanthropic men, it must engage in practical labors of love. We may boast our antiquity, and prate about the sublimity of our legends and ritual, but all this will pass for nothing, in this age, unless we can point to monuments of mercy. Our fine architecture and glittering regalia and imposing parades may serve to impress the profane with the dignity of our institution, by suggesting that there must be good in an Order that thus can enlist the means, time and tastes of true men; but there is an ever-recurring demand upon us to show that we actually contribute to the relief of human suffering. One well endowed Masonic Home for orphans in each State will be the most potent argument that we can address to the curious or the incredulous. We can point to it and say: "There is what we are doing," and feel satisfied that we have presented a mute plea in behalf of the utility of Masonry which will strike dumb every one who questions the value of our institution. The Masons of Kentucky need never hope for prosperity in the future if they should let our "Home" fail or languish. Had we never begun this work we might have been allowed to go unchallenged; but having begun it, and placed a magnificent building in the public eye, we have directed a scrutinizing attention to our principles and purposes, which will be satisfied with nothing less than the full accomplishment of all that has been proposed. When Cortez invaded Mexico he burned his ships, and thus showed his followers that there was no safety for them but in victory. There they were, in an enemy's country, without a prow or a sail to bear them off, and the only alternative was valor and victory. Our ships are burned. We cannot sail away. We are thoroughly committed to our enterprise, and we must succeed or submit ourselves to the scoff and scorn of our enemies. What one Mason can do may seem small and insignificant, but it must be remembered that all great results are but the aggregated power of small particles. Men are struggling for fame, but

"The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore."
And one dollar given to this charity may

dry one tear of a Master Mason's orphan child. The man who has never felt the pleasure of relieving distress has lived in vain, and knows not to what race he belongs. When Masons fail to exemplify benevolence they are worthless to the Society, the world, and do great injustice to themselves. Pope says:

"All mankind's concern is charity."

And when men see others banded together to work the relief of human woe they are bound to yield a silent or spoken tribute of praise.

No agency should be left unemployed that will hasten to full completion the work we have undertaken. Each Lodge—each Mason—should do something, and though what is done in each locality, or by each individual, may be so small as to promise but little, yet, when all is concentrated at Louisville, it may prove amply adequate.

"As many several ways meet in one town,
As many fresh streams run in one salt sea,
As many lines close in the dial's centre,
So many a thousand actions once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be well borne
Without defeat."

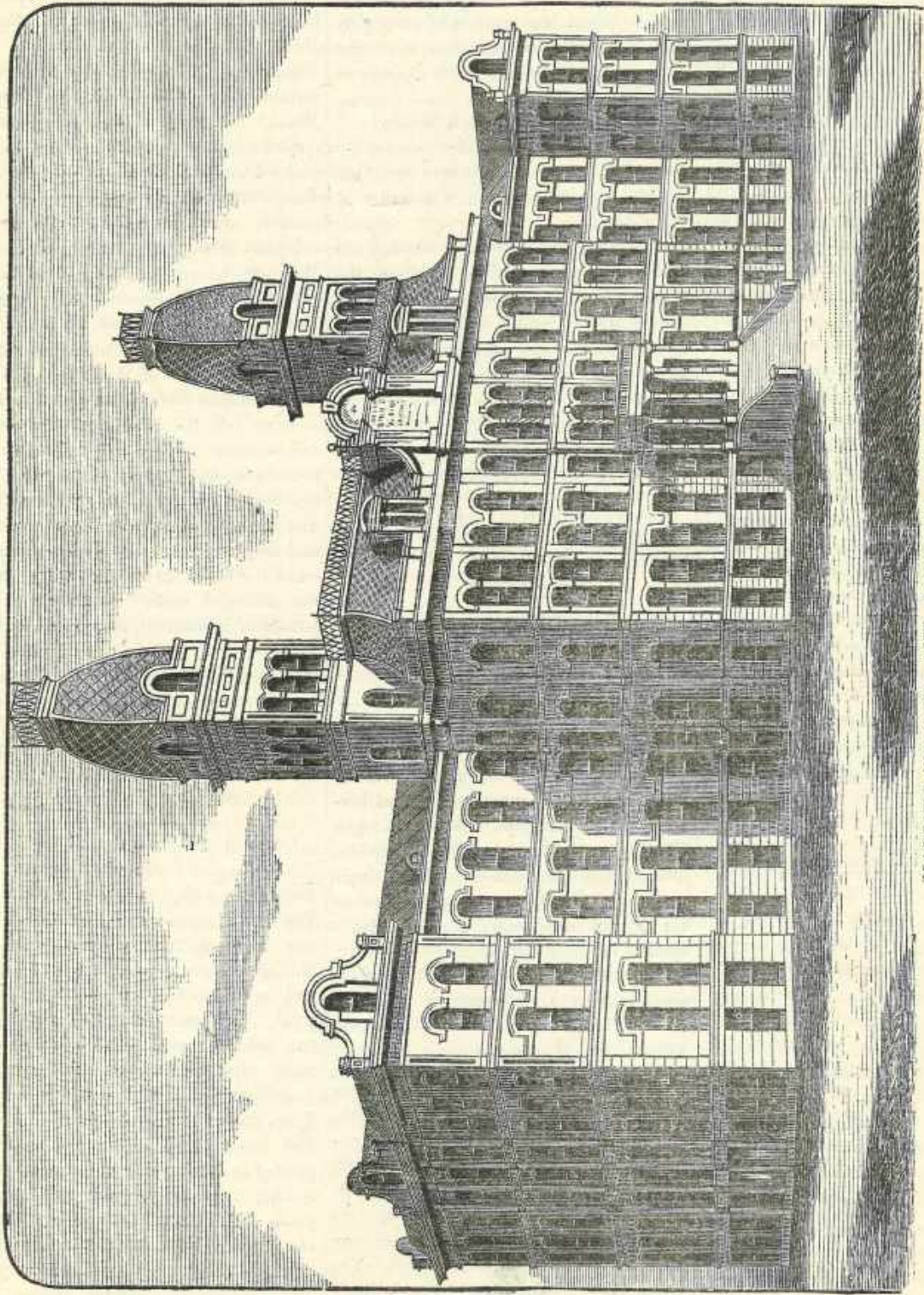
The *Danville Advocate* says: "The promotion of our young friend, Sir Knight W. L. Thomas, to the office of Grand Generalissimo, in the Grand Commandery, is gratifying to the fraternity in this part of the State, where he is so well known for his devotion to the Order."

We had the pleasure of seeing the Chivalric Orders conferred upon Sir Knight Thomas, and afterwards of installing him as one of the first officers of Ryan Commandery. He deserves any distinction his fraters may confer on him. He is spotless in character, intelligent in duty, and chivalric in spirit. In fact the whole caste of Grand Commandery officers is the very best, taken entire, we have ever known. It augurs well.

The Kentucky Press Association convened in Shelbyville, June 3rd and 4th, and was elegantly entertained by the citizens of that hospitable town. We were the delighted guest of Rev. Dr. W. M. Pratt, whose accomplished family, with himself, did everything to make our stay pleasant—in which they succeeded. The public exercises consisted of a welcoming address by J. S. Morris, Esq., and a response by Col. J. S. Johnston; an original poem by M. M. Teager, Esq., and the annual oration by ourself.

During the session of the Grand Commandery, at Paducah, De Molay Commandery No. 12, Louisville, W. J. Duncan Eminent Commander, kept open house for their friends at the Richmond Hotel. Henderson Commandery No. 14, Wm. Souper Eminent Commander, entertained their friends at the European Hotel. Paducah Commandery No. 11 spread a bountiful board at the office of Major Thomas E. Moss. Thursday, May 13th, there was a grand inspection and review, and a competitive drill for the beautiful banner presented by Sir Knight Harry C. Warren, of Louisville Commandery. The contest was between Henderson and Paducah, and was won by the latter. Governor John Q. A. King acted as one of the Judges. There was a banquet and hop at night, and the Jenkins of the Paducah Kentuckian tells what the ladies had on, from which account we learn there was a great deal of elegant dressing on the occasion. The Sir Knights appeared in uniform, and the scene must forcibly have reminded of the festal days of chivalry, when the baronial castle resounded to the strains of merriment, and joy winged the flying hours. The best thing done however, was the giving of that \$1,000 by the Grand Commandery to the Home. We believe the Sir Knights would have enjoyed it more had Paducah contributed the cost of that banquet to the same worthy institution.

On Wednesday, June 2d, 1875, the Grand Masonic Temple in New York was dedicated with imposing ceremonies. The new Temple cost one million of dollars, is ninety-two by forty-four feet in dimensions, and is constructed of granite and superb marbles, cut in highly ornate style. The main portal is flanked by two pillars of pure French bronze, fashioned after the models of the pillars, Jachin and Boaz, which Hiram, King of Tyre, made for King Solomon's Temple. The Bible borne in the procession was printed in 1767, has been the property of St. John's Lodge for over one hundred years, and is the same on which Brother George Washington was sworn into office, as first President of the United States. Twenty thousand Master Masons, two thousand Royal Arch, and twenty-five hundred Knights Templar joined in the procession.



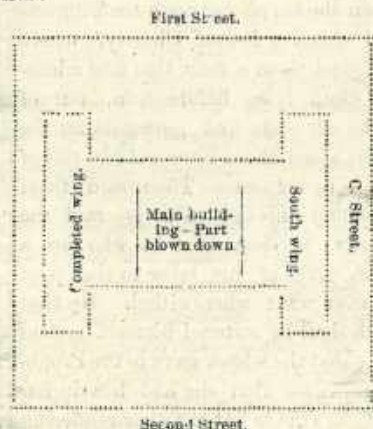
MASONIC WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' HOME.

The Calamity to the Home.

The storm of the evening of June 2nd, which prostrated the central portion of the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home, perhaps carried on its destroying wings a great lesson to the world. We are speculative architects and builders, and as Masons we should teach the world how to build well. If the pride of our hearts, erected in the interest of pure benevolence, comes toppling down, the voice that goes out from the crumbling walls is, "lay your bricks better and in tighter bond." It is always a mistake to accept a cheap bid for a structure devoted to benevolent uses, on the ground that a margin in the usual price is contributed from philanthropic motives, for there is in many such cases a special temptation to retrench, by the employment of indifferent material or labor. We do not know that such was the case in this superstructure. It may be that no walls would have withstood the fury of that storm, so pitiless that it launched its mightiest forces upon a Home built for the sheltering of the widowed and orphaned.

Those who are familiar with the history of this institution know that some years since the north wing of the building was erected, furnished and occupied, there being now over one hundred inmates enjoying the benefits of the institution. Last year the Board determined to complete the building, in order to make room for the hundreds of widows and orphans appealing for admission. Accordingly the main building and south wing were put up and covered in, at a cost of about \$50,000, when the work was suspended temporarily, to await funds to meet the expense of completing and furnishing. The building is of brick, four stories high, and fronting to the West. The openings for windows and doors were boarded up—the boards being nailed on the inside; and when the terrific force of wind struck the main front these boards gave way, and the atmospheric pressure was so great as to lift the roof and let it down upon the walls of the center or main building with such force as to tumble them to the ground with a terrific crash. The north wing, which is occupied, as above stated, and the south wing, in its unfinished state, were left intact, with comparatively little damage. It is estimated that \$30,000 will be re-

quired to replace that portion destroyed, and repair the injury to the wings; which will but nerve the arms and stimulate the liberality of the craft throughout the State, who have resolved upon the early completion of this, the grandest monument of Masonic charity ever undertaken. In order that our readers may clearly understand the nature of the damage to the building, we reprint at the head of this article our admirable electrotype of the building, which presents the structure as it stood; while the following diagram will show that portion which to-day is a mass of ruins. All that portion of the building between the towers is totally destroyed; the towers are standing, as well as the wings to the north and south of them:



Whatever may have been the cause of the ruin wrought, whether from neglect or unavoidable, the calamity is to try the intensity of Masonic purpose, and to demonstrate whether it is strong enough to stand the discouragement of such a reverse. We presume no one will be found sufficiently narrow-hearted to counsel an abandonment of the enterprise. It is no time for parleying with doubts and fears,

"Our doubts are traitors

And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt."

Those who have given must give again, and those who have not yet contributed must come promptly to the aid of our Home. It would not be amiss for those of other jurisdictions to assist in the retrieval of this calamity. When the fire swept Chicago, and the pestilence Memphis, Kentucky Masons heard the cry of distress and opened their relieving hands. The voice of Kentucky orphans and widows now send out a call that leaps geographical boundaries and reaches the

hearts of those who, though foreign to us while prosperous, should be near to us in want and wo. We shall now have an opportunity to see how much of sympathy there is for us abroad in this, the hour of calamity.

The enterprise will not fail. This disaster will advertise the necessities of the "Home," and arouse a sympathy which, with its ready gifts, will rapidly rebuild the temple. The walls of Jerusalem were swiftly rebuilt under Nehemiah, for every one built over against himself, and the people "had a mind to work." Let every Mason do something, and let all unite to complete a benevolence which will distribute its benefits to distant ages.

The "Masonic Advocate" has a story in its last issue entitled "Masonic Chivalry," the gist of which is that a Southern prison officer, who was a Knight Templar, found among the captives a frater—went to Richmond and tried to get him exchanged—failed—but got permission to take the officers from Galesburg, N. C., to Libby, and on the way connived at their escape. The relation of such incidents as these do Masonry great damage. The Knight who performed this unpatriotic act did no deed of Masonic Chivalry. He violated the trust his Government reposed in him. If he were known at this day he would deserve to be stripped of his spurs. His duty was to have kept strict guard over those prisoners and delivered them at the point of destination. We were ourself, in the latter stage of the war, an "Exchange Officer," and while we had occasion to perform many Masonic Charities, in a legitimate way, we never permitted a Masonic appeal to loosen the bonds of obligation to the Government, in whose service we had enlisted. Masonry does not propose to interfere with a man's duty to his God, country or family, and of this the candidate is given assurance before he takes our obligation.

Probably the incident was manufactured, but fiction presented as fact is as dangerous as if true.

There are in the United States 543,474 Master Masons, and 40,410 Knights Templar. Of this number Kentucky has 20,649 Master Masons, and 898 Knights Templar. Kentucky ranks among the first States in the Union in Masonic strength.

The Life of Charity.

A man may vegetate, but not live a soul-life. He may receive, as the plant, the sunshine and shower, and lift no grateful heart to the Giver of all Good. He may receive from air, and cloud, and light, and yet, as some odorless flowers, shed no fragrance abroad, or even as some obnoxious weeds, afford no beautiful blossom to delight the eye, or worse still, like the deadly henbane he may distil a hurtful poison. He only *lives*, in the truest sense, who has learned that it is more blessed to give than to receive—that the girdle of perfection, the bond of the Universe, is love, and the most shining grace that can decorate human character is charity. If there be a devil that can mock the dying agonies of a malevolent man, it is the thought that with the power and opportunity of doing good none has been performed, and that all the forces given for benevolent uses have been turned to blight, rather than to bless. There are men who pass through the world like a band of music at the head of a holiday procession. They fill the air with music, and give a glad quick tune to the march of humanity. They are like orange trees, bannered with refreshing green, and hung over with rich clusters of golden fruit, and loading the circumambient space with odors that regale the waiting sense. There are others who are like the coarse clamor of Chinese gongs, offending the ear and paining every sensitive nerve, or like the tom-tom, beat at the Pagan's funeral pyre to drown every cry of the hapless victim for mercy, or like the baneful Upas tree, of fable, dropping from every bough a deadly virus upon every tired traveler that has dropped to sleep beneath its delusive branches.

How grandly does a life aggregate into a history that daily abounds in words of cheer, pleas for virtue, touches of tenderness, charities bestowed, brotherly kindnesses manifested, self-culture, devotion to the true, the beautiful and the good?

We call upon our Masonic brethren to review their past history with the questions in view—"What have I done to shed abroad the light of benevolence? What desponding fellow have I helped to cheer on his way? What widow whose grief I have aided to assuage? What or-

phan can rise up and call me blessed? What invalid that can thank me for watches by his pillow of suffering? What wayward companion have I faithfully warned of impending danger? What good in thought, feeling, faith and hope have I gathered from myself, as a reaper or a gleaner, in the harvest fields of opportunity?"

If a negative answer must be returned to every query of this catechism there is occasion for poignant regret, sharp repentance, and firm resolve that the future shall be sufficiently fruitful to measurably atone for the barrenness of the past.

Here is an allegory from Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* worthy of the thoughtful attention of every reflecting mind:

"Then the shepherds took the Pilgrims and led them to Mount Charity, where they showed them a man that had a bundle of cloth lying before him, out of which he cut coats and garments for the poor that stood about him; yet his roll of cloth was never less. Then said they, what should this be? This is, said the Shepherds, to show that he who has a heart to give of his labor to the poor shall never want wherewithal. He that watereth shall be watered himself. And the cake that the widow gave to the Prophet did not cause that she had less in her barrel." This is but another rendering of a divinely revealed truth—"There is that which scattereth abroad and yet increaseth; and there is that which withholdeth and tendeth to poverty." It was not an agent of the "Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home" that said, "The liberal soul shall be made fat." Pharaoh's kine were not more lean than the soul that seldom tastes the sweets of charity. The man who doeth good is blessed in the deed. And as man does not live by bread alone, the consciousness of duties well performed invigorate the spirit—the health of which is of equal importance with that of the body.

God of the Fatherless! Come to us now,
In spirit descend from the mansion above!
Come with the glory that beams 'round the
brow,

And teach us new lessons of Heavenly love.

God of the Motherless! Come from Thy
throne,
Before which the bright angels ever adore;
Oh! come with the comfort that's ever Thine
own,

And bless with Thy presence once more.

God of the "Mystic Tie!" Aid us to bless
The helpless, the friendless, the poor;
To banish dark sorrow, and drive the distress
Far away from our poor Brother's door.

HENDERSON, KY., June 8th, 1875.

I see mentioned in the *Freemason* that we made a nice sum at the little concert we gave. The sum made there was \$36, and then when I returned home from Paducah I found my wife had arranged to have a sociable at our residence, and notwithstanding we had a stormy night, yet we made clear \$30. Although both these sums are small, yet they are both worthy of the effort made to raise them. And then either of the amounts will clothe one of the orphans for a year, and a person who feels they have contributed a sum sufficient for that purpose should feel well repaid for the efforts it requires to raise it. And then again, as good Brother Hodges says, "Great streams from little fountains grow," so I believe the impetus given the fraternity here by the two little entertainments will be the means of raising a large amount (weather permitting) on the 24th.

While I feel grieved to learn of the great loss to *our Home*, yet I thank God that none of the precious little ones were harmed. And this sad accident should cause every good and true Brother to put his shoulder to the wheel with renewed and re-doubled energy, and if they will do this we can all see the Home complete in all its parts next fall.

Fraternally, &c.,

C. H. JOHNSON.

His Royal Highness Prince Leopold of England was raised to the Sublime Degree, at an Emergency Meeting of the Apollo Lodge, No. 357, which was held on Saturday evening, April 17th ult., and afterwards took his place as Senior Warden, to which office in that Lodge he had been appointed a short time since. Bro. R. H. Collins, M. A., of Lincoln College; Secretary to our royal Brother, was also raised on this occasion.

Ira Julian, Esq., a gifted young lawyer of the Franklin bar, delivered a most entertaining and eloquent address to the Odd Fellows of Frankfort, on the occasion of the late 56th Anniversary of that order.

What Freemasonry has Done.

An honest enquirer has asked us, "What has Freemasonry done to establish its claim to the distinguished honor and position which Masons assign to it in the world?" We answer, it has, to a very creditable extent, promoted the work of civilization. The pages of history supply but scanty records of its usefulness. What Freemasonry has done, in this direction, has not been proclaimed to the world. She works not as an organized body, displaying its machinery to the world; but works through its members themselves and through their means. But this is more or less withdrawn from the gaze of the enquirer, as also from the world in general; for "the actual deeds of a Freemason are his secrets."

Freemasonry has been the conservator of pure and sound religious morals in times of almost universal degeneracy. We do not claim too much for it when we say that, in the Fourteenth Century, more especially in Germany, and in Northern Europe generally, when corruption and licentiousness had invaded the Church of God; when vice in its grossest form, and immorality in its most revolting aspects, were sanctioned by those who ministered at its sacred altars of religious worship Freemasonry entered its solemn and oft-repeated protests against the corruptions and profligacy of the times. The sturdy operative Masons, moved by these strong and vigorous words, engraved with their own honest hands upon the solid rock which they wrought for building purposes, figures, words, and sentences, that stood out in mute rebuke of the unbridled licentiousness of the very priests themselves, who were the moral and religious instructors of the people! And many of those silent but stern rebukes remain till the present time, in attestation of the high and healthful tone maintained by the Craft in mediæval times. In the meantime, the lives and examples of the fraternity were in exemplification of a higher and purer morality than was found, at the time referred to, in the Church itself.

How far the sterner and more elevated morals of the association of Operative Masons, in these days, went to countervail the corruptions of the Church, and to prepare the way for the great Reformation, then dawning, we are not called on to say;

but nothing is hazarded in asserting or affirming, in the light of Masonic history, that Freemasonry, or that which was substantially the same, under a different name, preserved a radius and centre of moral influences, that, but for the fraternity, had not existed in any other organization in Europe. It was a great moral power at work upon that class and portion of society most likely, under ordinary circumstances, to sink deepest in corruption, in times of prevalent licentiousness and irreligion in high places. It was a light shining in a dark place. The value of Freemasonry cannot be over-estimated at that dark period, as a great conservator of good morals. But, at all times, and in all places, if Freemasonry be true to its avowed principles, it must prove a powerful agency in the conservation of sound morals. It is direlict, on the score of duty, if it fails to answer this end and to render this service to the cause of morals in this world. Thousands upon thousands of men at the present day, and all around us, in every-day walks of life, are made better by their Masonic vows than they could be in absence of those restraints. They are better husbands, better fathers, better brothers, better in all the social relations of life, than they would be if they were not Masons.

A Masonic Lodge, in any community, if the fraternity be true to its code of morals, and perform with fidelity the moral duties, as enjoined in the Lodge, cannot fail to prove a blessing to that community.

The best of institutions are liable to abuse. The Church itself, which stands upon a higher platform than Masonry, whose members are bound by their profession and solemn vows to "walk worthily of their vocation," often has to mourn over the defections and delinquencies of its members. Many of them bring reproach upon the cause.

It cannot be expected that Freemasonry should escape the reproach from what the Church is not exempt.

Freemasonry has administered an untold and incalculable amount of relief and comfort to widowed and orphanage, and to distressed Masonic brothers. These deeds have been done in secret. Darkened homes, where the shadow of death has been left brooding, have been visited by Masonic charity. Tears have been dried up, bleeding hearts have been soothed,

bread has been dispensed by the noiseless hand; guardian angels have been scarcely less silent and unostentatious in their visits to the homes of poverty and want, and scarcely less lavish and unselfish in their offices of love and mercy, than the Masonic fraternity, in dispensing charity and scattering its rich benedictions upon the destitute and suffering poor. As the wilted flowers spring up under the refreshing influences of the dew, gently distilled in the silence of the night, so many a withered and broken heart, pining in poverty and want, has been refreshed and invigorated by the noiseless visitation of Masonic benevolence.

The Masonic fraternity, like the Great Author of every good and perfect gift, becomes the husband of the widow and the father of the orphan; and the days of eternity alone will disclose the amount of benevolent work performed in time by this Universal Brotherhood.

The Temple is not yet finished. Masonry has not yet accomplished its mission in the world. Let us work on. Work, work! This is the law. The time is short. It is past high noon with many of us. The sun goes down. Soon we shall lay by the implements of our Masonic work; and soon our offices of friendship and brotherly love and relief will cease,—
The Scotsman.

The Masonic Babe.

The equivocal destiny of an infant has in more than ten thousand instances been the fond and deep concern of a mother's heart. Innocent and beautiful, delicate and helpless as a waif on the winds, no one could predict its destiny in life, or tell the fortunes of its history. And more especially is this so when the father disowns it and the mother casts it away.

A little waif with such a *debut* was once found at the door steps of an old Tyler of one of our Masonic Lodges in the State of Ohio. It was warmly wrapped up in a blanket, and had evidently been laid there while it was asleep, for just as soon as it awoke it began a serenade which soon brought the old Tyler to the door, where he espied the precious bundle, and he promptly and kindly pressed it to his bosom and carried it into the house. It was such a prize as they were not looking for in their old days.

The story soon spread over the village

that mother Savits, aged sixty-five, "had a bran new baby," but where it came from was as much of a mystery as if it had dropped from the clouds. No one could tell and no one was suspicioned. But it was there, and every body who came to see it said it was a perfect little pink of feminine beauty. Hundreds visited it and all asked Aunt Hetty "what she was going to do with it?"

"Why," said the good old woman, "I am not going to throw it out of doors again."

The incident gave rise to many a joke on the old Tyler, but he received them all with that *sang froid* which had ever distinguished him, and when a few nights after his Lodge met, the old man was greatly astonished as well as highly gratified to see one of the oldest members of his Lodge rise and offer a resolution "that they would as a Lodge adopt this mystic infant as their Masonic babe, and help the old couple who were now its custodians to raise it in full and ample style."

The resolution was passed without a dissenting voice, and twenty dollars was given that night to the venerable Tyler to begin with. The news of this gracious act of the Lodge was quite a relief to Aunt Hetty, and she wept for joy to think the poor, dear outcast child was not to be without friends.

As the years passed, Lillian Savits grew and promised to be a healthy, lovely, and beautiful child. She was taught to call the aged couple who nursed her, Uncle and Aunt, and dearly did she love them, for they loved her as they did their own lives.

In the course of time, one after the other in quick succession, Uncle and Aunt Savits, were called away by the great Master, and Lillian was their chief mourner. She wept as if her last friend was gone. The two trials seemed more than she could well bear. But she still has friends left who have for the last three years had her away as a pupil in one of the best female colleges, and she is still known in the Lodge as the *Masonic Babe*.

H.

"Godless Schools."

[From the St. Louis Republican.]

The New York Times makes a strong point thus:

"It is vain to call a school 'godless' be-

cause it is secular. A bank is not 'godless'—provided it is honestly managed—even if it is not opened and closed with daily prayer. A shoemaker is not 'godless' because he refrains from pronouncing the benediction in connection with the delivery of a pair of boots to his customer. Enough that his leather is good, his thread strong, his work faithful, and—which unhappily is not always the case—his promises are punctually kept. A schoolmaster is not 'godless' who teaches arithmetic, reading and the other branches accurately, and deals with his pupils in a truthful and kind spirit."

This is about the way the majority of sensible people look at the matter; and the way they will vote, too, if the question involved is ever squarely presented to them. Common schools, more especially under a popular form of government, are not a luxury, or a convenience merely, but an absolute and indispensable necessity. Being such they should be stripped of all embarrassments and incumbrances, and made as efficient as possible. In order to do this the religious element should be rigidly excluded, for whenever and wherever it is introduced sectarianism in one shape or another is sure to follow. Genuine, unadulterated education is simply the suitable conveyance of great and valuable truths to the human mind, and no such education can be called 'godless.' By keeping our common schools purely secular, we avoid the only danger which threatens their permanent and beneficent existence. Whenever we break down, or seriously weaken that barrier, their ultimate demoralization and final destruction are inevitable. And when the schools fall, public liberty and personal freedom must certainly fall with them. If history does not teach that tyranny in government is the natural outgrowth of popular ignorance, then it teaches nothing.

[From the Courier-Journal, June 4th.]

An Appeal to Kentucky Masons.

The effect of the tornado that swept over the city Wednesday night was even more disastrous than at first conjectured. The reporters of the COURIER-JOURNAL yesterday carefully reviewed the storm-track and found that the damage as revealed by the sunlight approximates one hundred thousand dollars. The force of the storm was felt south of Broadway to a

greater extent than elsewhere, comparatively little destruction of property occurring between that and the river. New Albany and Jeffersonville, being sheltered by the knobs, were unscathed.

AT THE MASONIC HOME.

The wings of the building and the two central towers that separated them from the main building, or the part blown down, were not injured, it is thought, and now remain standing intact. Most of the debris lies within the space formerly occupied by the main building, but a few fragments of larger stones and bricks now rests yards away from the outer walls, and parts of the tin roof are on the Preston-street road, half a mile distant. The theory of the architect under whose supervision the Home was constructed, as to how the demolition was caused, is probably the true one. He supposes that the wooden boards nailed across the front windows of the main building gave way before the furious blast, and in an instant the great wind filled the hollow apartment, and having no mode of egress was sufficiently strong to force down the rear wall, and then the other one and roof. As the main building was complete only on the exterior, and had but two small cross walls within to support the great sides and massive roof, this theory seems to be a good one. Had the cross walls been in the edifice, the disaster would probably not have occurred.

The first intimation Dr. J. H. Wheeler, the superintendent, and the inmates had of the disaster was great clouds of dust that suddenly swept into the occupied or north wing of the Home. Great terror was produced among all inmates when the fact of the fall became known, and dozens of children fled outside the building, preferring to be exposed to the wind, rain, and lightning rather than to remain inside. Some returned in a few minutes, but others staid away till after the storm. When the superintendent called the roll of inmates' names to ascertain whether all were present, twelve failed to respond, and for awhile the others believed them to have been crushed to death. Subsequently an announcement of their safety was heralded through the Home with great joy. The twelve little ones had fled to the residence of Prof. Chase, opposite the Home, and there remained till after the storm. The total number of inmates in the Home is about one hundred and fif-

ty, the greater number being children.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

of the Home met there yesterday forenoon to take action on what is best to be done under the circumstances. There were present Messrs. C. Henry Finck, John L. Wheat, Charles Tilden, Geo. W. Wicks, E. Richardson, L. B. Porch, W. B. Hoke, W. H. Meffert, Henry Whemhoff, George C. Buchanan and the president, T. L. Jefferson, Esq. The secretary being absent, Mr. Wheat was chosen in his stead. The Building Committee was instructed to get all possible information and plans for rebuilding. The subjoined resolution, submitted by Mr. Geo. C. Buchanan, was adopted:

WHEREAS, In the sense of this board the calamity of last night, by which a large portion of the Home was destroyed, and a loss of from \$20,000 to \$30,000 caused, imperils the success, yes, the existence of the institution unless the fraternity of the State comes forward to the rescue (as one man) in this hour of danger and distress; therefore,

Resolved, That this board invite the Masonic fraternity of Louisville and Jefferson county to assemble in mass meeting at Masonic Temple, on next Monday night, to devise means to save our Home.

Mr. Jefferson suggested the advisability of issuing an appeal to the Masons of Kentucky, reviewing the calamity and needs of the board to rebuild the damaged part of the Home.

He also submitted an appeal, whereupon a director moved its acceptance, an action heartily concurred in by all. Appended is the

APPEAL TO KENTUCKIANS.

LOUISVILLE, June 3, 1875.

To the Masonic Fraternity of Kentucky:

DEAR BRETHREN—In the midst of our arduous labors to complete the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home, it hath pleased Almighty God to visit us with such dispensation of His providence as seems to us to be a severe stroke of affliction. On the evening of June 2nd, a severe tornado, passing along the southern suburbs of Louisville, took in its course of destruction the Home building, and in a few minutes leveled the central or main building to the ground. Coming upon us at this time, is indeed a severe blow; the entire finished part of the building has been filled for several months, and the prospects just brightening to complete the

entire building this year, thereby relieving the more than fifty orphaned ones who are now seeking refuge in this asylum.

Yet sad and blighting to our hopes as this dispensation now seems to be, we feel profoundly grateful to God that in His mercy the lives of the dear orphaned and widowed ones were spared, and while the storm king reveled hard by them in his fury, yet each and every one in the Home escaped unhurt.

In the present state of affairs, the active efforts of the friends of the institution are greatly needed; it will cost considerable to repair the damage done and still more to complete the entire structure.

In the name of the widow and orphan, we again appeal to the generosity of the fraternity to lend a helping hand to aid us in rebuilding and completing this place of refuge for the bereaved and indigent of our order.

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| T. L. Jefferson, | John L. Wheat, |
| E. Richardson, | Wm. Ryan, |
| Charles Tilden, | John H. Leathers, |
| C. H. Finck | R. E. Miles, |
| L. B. Porch, | Geo. C. Buchanan, |
| H. Wehmhoff | W. H. Meffert, |
| George W. Wicks, | W. B. Hoke, |
| Theo. Schwartz, | |

Board of Directors of the M. W. and O. Home.

The Board adjourned after adopting the appeal. A determination to rebuild the Home without delay was manifested throughout the meeting. The intention to do so is as noble as it is charitable, and appeals to the generosity of every Mason within the borders of our State to lend a helping hand. Come one, come all.

What Wears Your Eyes Out.

Clean your eye glasses or spectacles carefully with soft cloth or paper, and then hold them up between your eyes and the light, and notice if the glass is scratched. If they have been worn a year or so, they will appear cloudy and badly scratched. Your eyes pain you, and if you look through them a long time your head aches. Did you ever ask yourself why? Confine your foot in a tight boot continually and see if it does not give you a warning sign of distress by aching until you release it. One reason why your eyes ache is because you compel them to spend weary hours behind scratched glass, vainly endeavoring to see.

The remedy is to get something that will not scratch. This will save your eyes and aches both. The real Pebble (Stone) Spectacles to be had of C. P. Barnes & Bro., Opticians, Main street, between Sixth and Seventh, Louisville, Ky., have all the qualities required.

The spectacles will not scratch, and will last as long as five or six pairs of the best glass, and save your eyes besides. They send their new Illustrated Price List of Pebble Eye Glasses and Spectacles, which shows how to order, free of postage to any address.

See their advertisement in another column.

The Allegory in the Third Degree.

By R. W. Bro. Otto Klots, in the "Craftsman," Canada.

Were the exemplification in the third degree no more than what our late Rev. Brother George Oliver styles it, "the legend of the third degree," it would certainly not be in harmony with the enlightenment of the present century, nor in consonance with the real spirit of Freemasonry to continue the same, far less to style that degree the sublime degree of a Master Mason. For what is a legend? The dictionary informs us: a chronicle or register of the lives of saints; an idle or ridiculous story told respecting saints; an incredible unauthentic narrative, and so on. Is there in reality anything contained in that ceremony, which, when properly understood, can be termed idle, ridiculous, or incredible, even if taken in its literal meaning, even if taken as a representation of an act that has actually occurred? But how different will the ceremony appear to him who is conversant with the ceremonies practised in the various ancient mysteries, who understands the grand sublime meaning of those imposing ceremonies, who is fully aware that the personification therein exhibited were allegories, having reference to some sublime thought or idea, but not to real persons that had lived and passed away.—How different will be the ceremony of the third degree to him who considers it as that which it really is, *an allegory*, who finds this allegory identical with that practised in all the other ancient mysteries; as in the Egyptian mysteries, Osiris represented the sun, who by his enemy Python is slain and laid low, until he gradually rises by the aid of Leo,

itant circumstances embellished, by the fancy or prejudices of those through whom they were transmitted, pointed out the necessity of some more precise and restricted method for their communication.

Hence the use among all rude nations of symbolic figures. In the first dawning of civilization, those representations were usually taken from the simplest and most common objects with which savages are conversant. As nations advanced in improvement, we find more obvious principles of science, and the implements for their practical use made subservient to the design of perpetuating the knowledge they possessed. Thus astronomy, agriculture, and architecture, have afforded materials for the most copious symbolic languages. From this latter are mostly drawn the hieroglyphics of Masonry, which constitute the most perfect system of the kind, of which any knowledge has been preserved. Their design is twofold; through them has been transmitted to us the important occurrences in the history of our Order; and they afford besides the most beautiful illustrations of the precepts it inculcates, and the duties it enforces.

Whence may be seen their intimate connection in one of their uses with the mysteries, and the other with the principles of the institution. The former can be known to Masons only; the latter is ably explained in most of the numerous publications, which have treated of the subject. Of the mysteries of Masonry it is necessary to say but little. Their design must be known to all. They are the cord which binds us indissolubly to each other. It is by them that every Mason must vindicate to himself the rights and privileges of the Order, and the peculiar immunities of each particular degree, which he may claim to possess. It is by their agency that we have been preserved, as we believe, from the foundation of the world, but as can be clearly proven, from the days of Solomon, a distinct and peculiar class. They constitute a science the most varied and beautiful, each degree complete in itself, yet the union of all forming a symmetrical whole. They resemble the union of every color in a ray of light.

When we reflect on their importance to the Craft; on the millions of human beings of every generation, who have been

members of the Order, and on the strong communicative propensity of the species, we may be surprised that greater interest and anxiety are not evinced by the Craft generally, when the strong probability of their revelation is urged. This apparent apathy arises from the conviction that such suggestions are vain and false. The disclosure of the minutest mysteries of the Order, would exhibit a degree of desperate and short-sighted villiany but rarely to be found in the history of mankind. There is also another consideration which tends to produce the same effect. Mysteriously as our secrets have been preserved, and important as it certainly is, that the knowledge of them should be confined to the members of the institution; its gradations of distinction and skill would render the disclosure of them much less ruinous than is generally imagined. He, who is possessed of the mysteries of one, or even several degrees of Masonry, is no more a Mason than an acquaintance with a few of the simplest mathematical axioms, confers a knowledge of the stupendous operations of that boundless science, or than the smattering of a few sentences of unintelligible jargon, can give a just perception of the rich and exhaustless beauties, which the stores of classical literature unfold.

There are few inquiries more interesting in their nature than those institutions, which have occupied much of the consideration of mankind, or which could exert much influence over their happiness. Nor can we, in any way more readily effect the object of our research, than by an examination of the principles by which their actions have been directed. For though the consequences of our actions may be frequently unknown to us, and are generally beyond our control, a scrutiny of the causes, which have operated to produce them, and of the rules by which they have been directed, will supply us with some idea of the general result. Fortunately, in the present instance, the object of our attention is not of difficult attainment. The principles of Masonry are as widely diffused as the extent of creation. They are drawn from the operations of nature, and the injunctions of nature's God. Formed at first by that reason, which so peculiarly distinguishes man above all other creatures, and perfected by the successive revelations, which the Almighty has been pleased to make us of

his will, they constitute a system of the purest and most perfect morality. The hallowed volume of inspiration is the depository of our faith, our principles, and our hopes. By its light we hope to be directed through the gloomiest dispensation of life; to be cheered by its influence in "the dark valley of the shadow of death," and covered with it, as with a mantle at the judgment bar of God!

The effects of such an institution upon society at large, and upon the individual happiness of men, cannot avoid being permanent and useful. That, which exists only by system and order can not encourage confusion and insubordination, unless by the vilest species of moral suicide. That which seizes hold on the strongest and tenderest sympathies of the human heart, and wields them through a succession of years and of honors by the most powerful impulses which are known to our nature, must by the plainest law of our intellectual constitution, strengthen our virtuous affections, and vastly increase the desire and facilities of knowledge. If this be to dupe and degrade mankind, then were our revilers right to spurn and despise us. But if we direct you to all the lessons of the past, and show you that government itself has derived its firmest support from those virtues which we most especially inculcate; if we point you to the smiles of the helpless, the benedictions of the widow, and the rich tribute of the orphan's tears cheering us on our way, then may we condemn the ignorance, which derides us, and look forward with confidence to the track of glory, which will illuminate our course, when the childish virulence of Robinson, and the learned malice of Baruel shall be buried amid the rubbish of a barbarous antiquity.

Masonry, the depository of virtue, of arts, philosophy, and freedom, enlightened our continent in the days of its barbarity, and now sheds its benign influence around the rising glory of another. Every part of created nature is the subject of its contemplation and its influence. From the minutest ingredient of an atom, up through the gradations of beauty and of being, to the spangled myriad of glories which surround and light us, it traces and reveals the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator. Its principles, commensurate as we may say, with the existence of man, have survived the shock of time,

and the decay of empires. Nations have arisen, and have triumphed, and have passed away, leaving scarce a fragment on which the eye of philanthropy might repose, or whence history could trace the story of their fame. The land of Maro, and Tacitus, and Tully, exists only in the decayless empire of the mind. Their descendants, standing amid the monuments of their country's freedom, and the decaying tombs of those at whose frown the nations trembled, in unblushing corruption bug their gilded chains, and smile over their infamy!

The canvass glowed beneath the pencil of Appollo, and the marble breathed under the chisel of Phidias; Athens was mute at the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the waves of his rocky Chios were still at the sound of Homer's harp. Yet the land of Aristotle is now the abode of ignorance, and the descendants of those who fell at Marathon and Salamis live—and are slaves! The shade of Hercules no longer dwells on the top of Mount Oeta. The heights of Olympus, the banks of the Peneus, and the vale of Tempe no longer resound to the Muses' song, or Appollo's lyre. The glory of Achilles has departed from Larissa; Thebes has forgotten the martial summons of Cadmus. Mycense no longer dwells on the fame of Agamemnon, and Philippi could not learn from Brutus to be free! The altars of Ida, and Delos, and Parnassus, are crumbled into dust; Plataea has forgotten the triumphs of Pausonius, and the sea of Marmora that the wreck of an invader once rotted on its waves! Thus has it been not only with man, but with all those subjects, which would seem from their nature, less liable to change or decay. Learning, arts, and accomplishments, have changed with successive generations, or perished beneath the weight of remorseless barbarism.

Not so with Masonry. Race has followed race, as wave chases wave upon the bosom of the deep until it dashes against the shore and is seen no more. Thus our Order has withstood the concussions of a thousand generations. The billows of every sea have lashed its sides, and the storms of every age have poured their fury round its head. Perfect at its creation, sublime amid all the changes which have convulsed the world, its adamant column will stand unshaken throughout all the revolutions

of the ages which are to come; or, if it should fall crushed beneath the weight of its own incumbent magnificence, it will carry with it in its ruin, half the happiness, and half the wisdom of mankind. When the Eternal shall gather in his grasp the splendid retinue of worlds, which constitute his train, and call into judgment all the souls, which have peopled them, then will the principles we profess survive the general desolation, and be consummated in the glories of measureless eternity.

Such is the brief outline of our institution, which from remote antiquity—its unknown origin—its mysterious preservation, and its vast extent, forms the most remarkable phenomenon in the history of mankind. As far back as the human vision can penetrate, we behold her moving in quiet majesty along the stream of time, apparently unconcerned in the events which were transpiring, but really exerting an influence over the concerns of men—mute, indeed, but extensive as the countries over which her votaries were dispersed.

The sketch which we have given is but a distant external view of the Temple of the Order. A superficial view of the Cartoons of Raphael will not bring the observer acquainted with the style of the great master. Much time must be devoted to each to feel its individual force and grandeur of outline and expression; for although they are all the productions of the same matchless pencil, and have all therefore correspondent style, they cannot be judged of, one by another; but must be diligently studied apart. Thus it is with this stupendous fabric. Every attitude from which it can be viewed is striking and magnificent; but every change of situation produces a corresponding change of appearance. To those who are not Masons we would say, study well its graceful proportions, its imposing aspect, its rich and gorgeous decorations. Every view will afford a lesson for future practice. Here the natural and dignified simplicity; the exquisite symmetry of Doric architecture, solicits your admiration; there you behold the richer Ionic drawn, as we are told, from the matchless proportions of Diana, and made immortal by being used in her Ephesian temple. Moving on, you will contemplate the plain and solid strength of the Tuscan; the rude magnificence of

the Gothic, and the light and graceful proportions, the delicate and rich decorations of the beautiful Corinthian.

Brethren and Companions:—To you we would say, enter the expanded portals of our consecrated dome. Contemplate with awe and admiration the splendors which surround you. Remember that you stand upon holy ground, and amid the labors of the best and wisest of mankind. The accumulated trophies of countless generations lie open before you. All that is lovely in nature; all that genius could create, or skill embody, solicits your admiration, and urges you to advance. Pause not with heathen indifference at the vestibule, but prosecute your search through the glittering apartments, until you shall arrive at the Holy of Holies, and gaze undazzled upon the flood of glory. Each step you advance will afford you a richer theme for admiration; a stronger inducement to virtue, an undiscovered source of usefulness and knowledge!

May your lives "become beautiful as the Temple, peaceful as the ark, and sacred as the most holy place. May your oblations of piety and praise be grateful as the incense; your love warm as its flame, and your charity diffusive as its fragrance. May your hearts be pure as the altar, and your conduct acceptable as the offering. May the exercise of your charity be as constant as the returning wants of the distressed widow and helpless orphan. May the approbation of Heaven be your encouragement, and the testimony of a good conscience your support. May you be endowed with every good and perfect gift, while traveling the rugged path of life, and finally admitted within the veil of Heaven to the full enjoyment of life eternal! So mote it be. Amen.

THE TEST.—We have often heard it asked—"Is Masonry of any use? And it is asked, sometimes, by the enemies of the Order, in a tone of triumph, as though it were already answered in the negative.

A single fact was detailed to us the other day, which though comparatively trivial, is a full response to the question. A member of a certain Lodge in Ohio died, leaving a widow and five young children, but no property to provide for their necessities. The duty of looking after them and providing for them was assigned to a brother well known, but we

will not give his name for fear of his displeasure. On one or two occasions during an extremely cold winter, the widow was out of wood, and the brother, not being informed in time, could not procure a supply for her until the last stick was burned, and then it was night. Knowing they had nothing to build a fire with next morning, or to cook their breakfast, the brother rose next morning long before day, to see if he could make provision. It was very cold, and the snow was nearly knee deep on the ground; but cold as it was, and with such a snow, the brother went to his own woodpile, shouldered as much as he could carry, took it to the widow's door, cut it up, and left it for her use—and all while the family were yet asleep.

We thought that, while this single fact answered the question—"Is Masonry of any use?"—it was a sufficient test of that brother's devotion to the principles, and obedience to the teachings of our glorious Order. Reader, if your Masonry will not lead you that far, and prompt you to such noble deeds, we would not give a straw for it. "Go thou and do likewise."

—Review.

A London paper contains an account of a test made of rolled hoop-iron two-inch chain, showing its great strength and power. It was attached to a test-chain of two and one-half inches diameter, and, on the hydraulic powers being applied, one of the links was lengthened five-eighth of an inch when it reached a strain of one hundred and ten tons; the two and one-half-inch testing chain broke off in two places when the strain reached one hundred and fourteen tons. The hoop-iron chain had some openings in one of the links which had been imperfectly brazed, but it did not appear to have been otherwise defective. One link of the same dimensions, two inches thick, was afterward placed in the testing frame, and when a strain of seventy tons was applied it lengthened one-twentieth of an inch; with eighty tons, one eighth of an inch; with one hundred and ten tons, one-fourth of an inch; with one hundred and fifteen tons, five-sixteenth of an inch, and when it reached one hundred and twenty tons' strain it was considered not advisable to continue the strain, as it was so great as to loosen the stone frame on which the machine rested.

Incident at a Funeral.

The Rev. Mr. B., a Baptist clergyman, was settled a short time ago in one of the southern towns of Rhode Island. He was called at one time to officiate at a funeral there at the residence of one of his old parishioners, when a somewhat unusual incident occurred. The mourners were seated in the front room and adjoining lodging room, the men with their hats on, as is the custom in some places. While preaching, the minister noticed an unusual merriment among the mourners, especially among those in the lodging room and those whose position commanded a view of it. The levity increased to a giggle among the young people, which so surprised and confounded the minister, who could see no reason for it, that he stopped in his discourse and referred to the manifest impropriety of indulging in such feelings on such an occasion. When quiet was restored he continued his remarks, with the consciousness that the merriment was only kept in check. After the services were over the following explanation was given: In the lodging room, which was free from its usual furniture, some wearing apparel was hanging from the ceiling about the room, among it a lady's hoop skirt, which fell down over one of the men, inclosing him from the top of his hat to the lap, and, being somewhat of a wag, he sat there demurely, looking through the bars of his cage, until some one near him removed the offending article. Had the minister himself beheld the spectacle it is doubtful how it would have influenced his own gravity.

Recent experiments tend to show that forests increase atmospheric humidity by the action of their roots rather than by any attraction exerted on rain clouds. The moisture, in other words, comes from below, and not from above. The roots seem to serve as outlets through which water drawn from the earth is conducted to the leaves and passes thence into the atmosphere. An oak tree, experimented upon by Prof. Pettenkofer, was estimated to have between seven and eight hundred thousand leaves, and the total amount of evaporation in a year was computed to be eight and one-third times more than that of the rainfall on an area equal to that covered by the tree, the moisture exhaled by the leaves being equal to some two hundred and eleven inches, while that from the rainfall was but twenty five inches.



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Reference is made to Major Henry T. Stanton, Frankfort, Ky. July 1st.

The Grand Commandery Knights Templar, of Kentucky, was established October 5, 1827. Henry Wingate, of Frankfort, was the first Grand Commander.

Courtesy of temper, when it is used to cloak churlishness of deed, is but a knight's girdle around the breast of a base clown.
—Walter Scott

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Lv Louisville.....	10.10 am	11.30 pm	5.40 pm
" Cincinnati Jc.....	10.30 am	11.55 pm	5.58 pm
Ar Lebanon Jc.....	11.17 am	12.41 am	7.05 pm
" Elizabetht'n.....	12.02 pm	1.15 am	7.48 pm
" Cave City.....	1.53 pm	2.45 am	9.42 pm
" Glasgow Jc.....	2.09 pm	9.58 pm
" Bowling Green.....	3.10 pm	3.45 am	11.00 pm
Ar Franklin, Ky.....	4.23 pm	4.54 am
" Gallatin.....	5.25 pm	6.00 am
" Nashville.....	6.40 pm	7.20 am
" Columbia.....	9.07 pm	10.00 am
" Decatur.....	12.25 am	1.30 pm
" Birmingham.....	4.40 am
" Calera.....	6.10 am
" Montgomery.....	8.35 am
Lv Bowling Gr'n.....	3.35 pm	3.50 am
Ar Russellville.....	4.52 pm	4.51 am
" Guthrie.....	5.45 pm	5.40 am
" Clarksville.....	6.30 pm	6.15 am
" McKenzie.....	10.40 pm	9.45 am
" Milan.....	11.35 pm	10.35 am
" Humbolt.....	4.30 am	11.20 am
" Memphis.....	8.45 am	3.35 pm

*Train No. 1 does not leave Bowling Green on Sunday, via Memphis Line.

†Train No. 3 does not leave Nashville on Sunday for Decatur.

TRAIN No. 1 connects at Lebanon Junction with Knoxville Branch; at Cave City with Stages to and from Mammoth Cave; at Glasgow Junction with trains to and from Glasgow; at Nashville with N. C. & S. E. R'y; at Decatur with M. & C. R. R. trains going west; at Calera with S. R. & D. R. R.; at Montgomery with Western R. R. east and west, M. & E. R. R., and with M. & M. R. R.; at Milan with N. O., St. L. & C. E. R. R. trains going south; at McKenzie with N. C. & S. E. R'y; at Guthrie with St. L. & S. E. R'y train from Nashville.

TRAIN No. 3 connects at Nashville with N. C. & S. E. R'y; at Guthrie with St. L. & S. E. R'y train from Nashville; at Milan with N. O., St. L. & C. E. R. R., and M. & O. R. R. trains going south; at Memphis with M. & L. R. R'y for Little Rock and all points in Texas.

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January, 1873.

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Adm Council Princes of Jerusalem, 16°. William A. Warner, 33°. M. Furshather.

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

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Nov 11 Grand Secretary.

KENTUCKY MASONIC MUTUAL

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Information in reference to the Association will be given by any of the above, personally or by letter, or by application to
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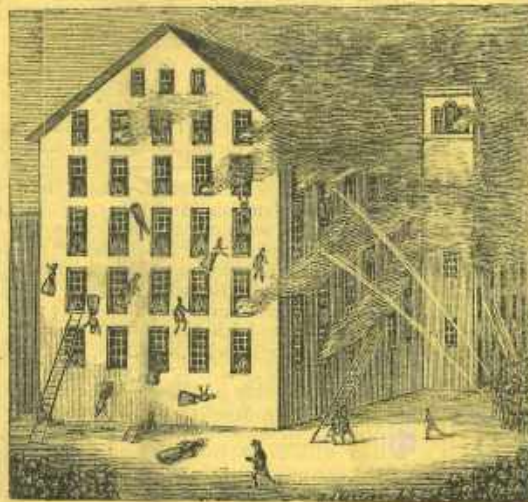
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A WOEFUL WAY.



The above is a sketch of the calamitous fire of Granite Mills, Fall River, Mass. Ask, from loss of property, think of the unspeakable loss of humanity. And this is only one of a class of fires that at too frequent intervals are occurring. Yet we are told the fire, when first seen, could easily have been put out by a single Great American Fire Extinguisher. The large Boston fire, when seen by Mr. Burr, was "running over a chair or two." How easy a Great American would have conquered it! The largest fire in the world, the great Chicago, was so small when first seen that the policeman went to work to put it out without turning in the alarm. He had no Extinguisher, and of course failed. Provide a defense before the best comes. What is a good defense? Let the Public Press tell you.

PRESS OPINIONS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN:

It is simple, and of priceless value; saved New Orleans Academy.—Galveston, Texas, Mercury, Nov. 20, 1874.
 They are indispensable to a community like ours.—Leavenworth, Indiana, Democrat, July 15, 1874.
 The triumphant antagonist of fire.—Springfield Kentuckian, Oct. 21, 1874.
 A really valuable machine.—Paducah Kentuckian, June 25, 1874.
 Invaluable for the prevention of fire.—Madison, Indiana, Courier, July 10, 1874.
 Has merits over all competitors; ought to be in every house.—Galveston, Texas, Age, August 12, 1874.
 Surest, safest, and most reliable Extinguisher; always ready when needed.—Texas State Fair Repository, May 24, 1874.
 Convinced of the perfectness of this Extinguisher.—Cincinnati Volksfreund, July 22, 1874.
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