

KENTUCKY FREEMASON

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"FRIENDSHIP, MORALITY, AND BROTHERLY LOVE."

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HISTORY OF KENTUCKY MASONRY.

NUMBER VI.

The Eighteenth Grand Communication was held at Lexington Aug. 29 to 31, 1810. A dispensation was ordered to St. Andrew's Lodge, Cynthiana. The Grand Lodge of Ohio was recognized, and the Secretary ordered to enter into correspondence with L. Henry Clay then rising into importance as a statesman was present as Grand Orator.

The Nineteenth Communication was held Aug. 28 to Sept. 1, 1811. St. Andrew's Lodge was chartered, and dispensations were ordered for Madison Lodge, in Madison county, *Mississippi Territory*, and a Lodge at Winchester Kentucky. Upon a question propounded by Lexington Lodge, No. 1 the G. L. ordered the following *Resolution*: "As the opinion of this G. L., that it requires the same unanimous vote to remove the order suspending the member of any Lodge from the privileges of Masonry, which is requisite for the admission of a candidate or new member," upon a question propounded by Jesse Blodsoe, it was decided that a unanimous vote is not necessary to suspend a member from the privileges of Masonry, which decision is adhered to at the present time. It was decided that no representative was entitled to a seat unless the dues of his Lodge had been paid. The last day's session this year was held on the *Sabbath day*, which we pronounce unmaasonic. Masonic work, except the burial of the dead is as wrong on God's Holy day as any other kind of labor. At the closing of the Grand Lodge, the Grand Master, Daviess, "delivered an appropriate address and charge" and ere another session that voice of eloquence had been hushed forever on earth amid the din and slaughter of the field of Tippecanoe. Daviess county in this State is named in honor of this distinguished brother. The ensuing session of the Grand Lodge celebrated his virtues with funeral honors of the most imposing character.

In 1854 the Grand Encampment of Indiana paid a visit to the battle-ground, in honor of the brethren of the Mystic Tie who fell there. This battle* was fought November seventh, 1811.

Brother D. was a Colonel. He died a hero and a patriot. He was buried by his comrades upon the field. The day after his burial, his friends were thoughtful enough to level his grave with the earth, and to burn brush and oak leaves over it, for the purpose of concealing the spot from the Indians. Thus, while the others who fell and were buried on the field were disinterred and scalped by the Indians the body of our brother escaped this indignity. A portrait of this eminent Mason was painted by a skillful artist, and adorned the walls of Daviess Lodge, No. 22, Lexington Ky. One also decorates the Hall of Confidence Lodge, No. 52, Maysville Kentucky.

The 20th Grand Communication was held Aug. 25 to 29, 1812, and the distinguished feature of the session was the obsequies paid to the late G. M. Joseph Hamilton Daviess. Charters were ordered to Winchester Lodge, No. 20, at Winchester, Ky., Madison Lodge, No. 21, at Huntsville, *Mississippi Territory*; and Daviess Lodge No. 22, Lexington, Ky. Dispensations were ordered to Montgomery Lodge, at Mt. Sterling, Ky., and Richmond Lodge, at Richmond, Kentucky.

At this session was begun the custom of publishing an Annual statistical table.

In January 1812 occurred the battle of the river Raisin, where fell Bro. John Simpson, of No. 5; John Allen and Paschall Hickman, of No. 4, and Jno. P. Snyder, of No. 20, eminent Kentucky Masons.

The Twenty-first Grand Communication was held Aug. 25 to 28, 1813.

The Grand Lodge of Louisiana, organized July 11th, 1812, was recognized. It was decided that it is improper to appoint any Brother to tye who is not a Master Mason; and that it is improper to ballot for a candidate unless his petition has laid over for one month at least.

The Twenty-second Grand Communication was held Aug. 31 to Sept. 3, 1814. Charters were ordered to Maysville Lodge, No. 26; and Columbia Lodge, No. 27, (Adair County.) The proposition to change the place of meeting to Frankfort was again rejected.

Unity Lodge No. 10, located at Millersburg, Kentucky, was declared suspended.

A case came up from Daviess Lodge, relating to

the passage of a challenge to fight a duel from one Master Mason to another. The Lodge had suspended the challenging Brother for one year. From this he appealed. The Grand Lodge while condemning as highly unmaasonic such conduct set aside the suspension, and substituted a lecture upon the impropriety of his conduct, administered by the Grand Master.

The Grand Lodge, acted injudiciously in not affirming the sentence of the Subordinate Lodge, for four years later a Grand Master fought a duel with a Past Master of a Lodge in his own town, to which we shall refer when we reach that period, when we shall see that the Grand Lodge had to assert a firm stand upon this subject, quite different from the temporizing policy which characterized its legislation with regard to the first case brought to its notice.

An emergent meeting was held Nov. 21 to 25th, 1814—in which fifteen Lodges were represented. The State was divided into five Masonic Districts, and a Board of Inspectors was appointed for the purpose of securing uniformity in the method of working in the different Subordinate Lodges.

A petition was presented praying for authority to institute a Chapter of Royal Arch Masons within the territorial limits over which the Grand Lodge had jurisdiction, to be located at Lexington. This is the first mention made of this department of Masonry in the official transactions of the Grand Lodge. The prayer was granted.

A committee was appointed to solicit from the General Assembly of the State a Charter, the proceeds of which were to be applied to the erection of a Grand Masonic Hall in the town of Lexington. A committee was also appointed, authorized to contract for said building so soon as \$20,000 should be obtained.

The Twenty-third Grand Communication was held Aug. 30 to Sept. 2, 1815. Charters were ordered to Union Lodge, No. 29, at Madison, Ind; Burksville Lodge, No. 30, at Burksville, Ky; and Simpson Lodge, No. 31, at Newcastle, Ky; and Dispensations were granted to organize Harmony Lodge, at Natchez, Miss; Independence Lodge, at Middletown, Ky; and Lawrence Lodge, at Shawneetown, Illinois. The time of meeting of the

Grand Lodge was changed from the last Wednesday in August to the last Monday.

The Building Committee, appointed at the last session was discharged and another appointed, which was instructed to manage the Lottery grant conferred by the last Legislature, and to procure ground with the proceeds, and erect thereon a Masonic Hall, making provision upon the ground floor for a charity school, to be under the auspices of the Order.

It was during this year that Bro. Henry Wingate, afterwards widely and favorably known for his devotion to Masonry, was initiated in Hiram Lodge, No. 4, at Frankfort Ky. This event occurred Nov. 22d, of this year. He was passed Jan. 5th, 1816; raised Feb. 1st 1816. He died in Frankfort a few years ago loved and honored by all who knew him, and with him was extinguished one of the brightest lights that ever shed its beams to enlighten Kentucky Freemasonry.

PROCEEDINGS OF FOREIGN GRAND LODGES.

BY J. M. S. M'COCKLE.

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

LOUISIANA.

The Annual Communication was held at New Orleans, on the 10th day of February, 1868, Bro. Abel J. Norwood, the Grand Master, presiding, Bro. James C. Batchelor, Grand Secretary, and seventy-two Lodges represented.

Dispensations for the formation of three new Lodges has been granted during the past year.

The report of Louisiana Relief Lodge, No. 1, shows that they expended during the past year for relief, expenses, &c., \$3,398, of which \$1,828, was for applicants from other States than Louisiana.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the regulation of this Grand Lodge, adopted Feb. 15, 1859, providing "that no one made in a clandestine Lodge can be affiliated with or treated by our Lodges, but must come in as a profane, or by special dispensation from the Grand Lodge in each particular case, as it may arise," remains in full force and vigor.

Resolved, That every Mason in this jurisdiction is strictly forbidden to display Masonic emblems on sign-boards, business cards or advertisements, and the Lodges are hereby directed to discipline any brother who continues to do so after being duly warned to discontinue the same.

Resolved, That all Lodges are strictly forbidden to confer the first section of the first and second degrees, and the first and second sections of the third degree, on more than one candidate at the same time.

Bro. James B. Scott made the report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, reviewing the proceedings of thirty-six Grand Lodges, ours for 1866 being of the number. It is one of the best we have met with in our review of the proceedings of our sister Grand Lodges. His views are generally correct and his opinions though firmly expressed, are given in a most fraternal manner.

He differs from the Grand Master of Indiana in respect to the utility of Committees on Correspondence as follows:

With all due deference to M. W. Bro. Hazelrigg, we think he misapprehends the object for which Committees on Foreign Correspondence were established. No Grand Lodge publishes its proceedings for sale and general circulation, but only prints a sufficient number to supply the fraternity

within its own jurisdiction and to send two or three copies to each Grand Lodge with whom they are in fraternal correspondence. Hence the great mass of the fraternity have no opportunity to read the proceedings of the different Grand Lodges, and can only obtain a knowledge of "what is done and what is going on" in other jurisdictions, from the report submitted to their own Grand Lodge by the Committee on Foreign Correspondence. It does not devolve upon the Craft, but upon this Committee, to examine "several thousand pages," and they are specially appointed for this purpose, in order that their report may present an abstract of the doings of sister jurisdictions, call attention to what they may consider violation of laws or landmarks, point out what they may suppose to be errors, and warn their own constituency against adopting them.

We are indebted to this report for the following interesting information which we find under the head of "Trans-Atlantic Miscellany."

Freemasonry is now domiciled in all the European States, with the exception of Austria and Spain.

The prospect for the introduction of Freemasonry among the native population of the Orient is not encouraging. Abd-El-Kader, during a visit to the Lodge Henri IV, at Paris, in answer to a question as to the possibility of the introduction

and spread of Masonry in his native country, replied: "Thus far, Freemasons are generally considered dangerous people. The ignorance of the Oriental people would not even allow a Lodge to be formed, and the law, strictly prohibiting all secret meetings, would severely punish every attempt that might be made to constitute a Lodge."

The Lodges in the Orient are formed and supported by European residents. Such among others, is the Lodge Palestina, No. 415, of Beyruth, Syria, which, on the 9th of August, 1866, exemplified the humanitarian principle of Freemasonry, by initiating the following candidates:

Achmet Bey, a Mohammedan Turk; Emin Mahamed Emin Raslan, Drusian Prince of Lebnaan; Josef Jakup Geddai, an orthodox Greek Arab, and Serafin Kussala, a Maronitish Catholic Arab.

A rare instance of the application at one time of the Masonic principle—universality. Four candidates of divers nations and various religious faith, they were the embodiment of this principle of Masonry. Perhaps no other Lodge on the face of the globe contains as many diverse elements as this Lodge Palestina. Almost all races and religions are represented.

Our limits will not permit us to indulge in further extracts from this truly interesting report.

Bro. Henry R. Swasey was elected Grand Master, and Bro. J. C. Batchelor was re-elected Grand Secretary.

JURISPRUDENCE.

1. A suspended brother may petition his Lodge for restoration without recommendation, but to claim the favorable consideration of the Lodge it is better to be recommended.

2. A Mason under sentence of suspension may be tried by his Lodge for offenses committed subsequent to his sentence, or for a repetition of the offense for which he was suspended, and if found guilty, may be expelled.

3. It is not necessary to re-initiate the delinquent to enable the Lodge to take this action.

4. A brother who has been raised or admitted to membership upon demit, subsequent to the suspension, is competent to sit on any committee of the Lodge.

5. And to vote on all questions arising before the Lodge while acting in either a parliamentary or judicial capacity.

6. A suspended member can not be admitted into the lodge; therefore he must appear by agent or attorney; such agent or attorney must be a Master Mason. If the accused make no such appearance, it becomes the duty of the Worshipful Master of the lodge to appoint one of the members of the lodge as such agent or attorney, whose duty it becomes to see that the trial shall be fairly conducted, and that the rights of the accused shall not be parties.

Fourth. It is claimed by some of the members of our lodge that an unaffiliated Mason can not

prefer charges against a member of a lodge; by some it is claimed that he can not visit a lodge except upon special permission, and that he has no right to act as attorney in the lodge for a brother under charges of unamasonic conduct. What is the law? *Answer*. Whatever may be the relation of an unaffiliated Mason to our Order, he has no rights in connection with our lodges. He has not the right of visitation of a lodge except three times by special permission; therefore, he can have no right to prefer charges against a member of a lodge, nor has he a right to appear as counsel or attorney for a brother under charges. The position of a voluntary unaffiliated Mason, in relation to our Order, is such as he himself has sought, therefore he must submit to its consequences and embarrassments.

Fifth. One of our members, five months ago, became dissatisfied with the action of our lodge, and declared that he would prevent any more initiations; since then every petitioner has been black-balled, and the prosperity of our lodge greatly embarrassed. Our best citizens have been rejected. That particular member says that no more members shall be admitted until he sees proper. What ought we to do with him? *Answer*. Such conduct is unamasonic. You ought to prefer charges against him, try him, and, if found guilty, suspend or expel him, as the lodge may determine.

Sixth. In the proceedings of the Grand Lodge for 1860, I find the following question and answer. Q. A brother who cast a black ball by which a candidate was rejected, having waived his objection, can the ballot be a third time passed? A. By Most Worshipful J. A. Allen, Grand Master. It can not. The petition is dead, and can only be renewed by the petitioner and consent of the Lodge, as fixed by the by-laws. What do we understand by the words "the consent of the lodge" in Grand Master Allen's ruling? and has his ruling been changed? *Answer*. The ruling of Grand Master Allen has never been changed nor modified. I understand by the words "on consent of the lodge," in that decision, simply to refer to the fact that no petition can at any time be received without the consent of the lodge, which is manifested by a motion to receive and refer the petition, and an affirmative vote on such motion.

Seventh. After a candidate has received and exhibited suitable proficiency in the first or second degrees, ought he to be prevented from advancement in any other manner than by preferring charges against him in due form? *Answer*. It is the privilege of any member, at any stage of advancement of a candidate, to secretly cast a black ball when the ballot is passed. He need not assign his reason for so doing, and ought not to disclose who cast the black ball. Here ends the law. It is the duty of every Mason who knows an advancing brother to be guilty of unamasonic conduct, to prefer charges against him if he can make the proof of his guilt; if however, he is unable to make such proof, all he is to do is to cast his black ball, and this, in such case, it is his duty to do.

Eighth. Can demitted Masons be accepted into a Lodge while working under dispensation? This question has been presented to me for decision four or five times during the last year. *Answer*. According to usage, and general practice of Masonry, they can not.—S. C. Coffinbury, G. M. Mich.

We find the following in a London paper. William IV, late King of England, when Duke of Clarence, and during his service off the coast of Canada, made an excursion into Upper Canada, and crossed over to the state of Vermont. He entered a tailor's shop and on seeing the tailor's wife, an exceedingly beautiful woman, he without ceremony revivified a kiss from the lady, and remarked, "There, now, tell your country-women that the son of the King of England has kissed a Yankee tailor's wife." Unhappily for him, at that moment her husband, the tailor, appeared from the back room, and being a stout fellow gave the seion of roysally a tremendous kick and exclaimed, "There, go and tell your countrymen that a Yankee tailor has kicked the son of the King of England."

SCANDAL—What one-half the world takes pleasure in inventing, and the other half in believing.

"ARE YOU A MASON?"

Rev. Mr. Magill, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Peru, Illinois, being asked the above question by a lady, responded as follows:

I am of a hand
In the bonds of affection and love;
I have knocked at the door,
Once wretched and poor,
And there for admission I stood.
By the help of a friend,
Who assistance did lend,
I succeeded an entrance to gain;
Was received in the West,
By command from the East,
But not without feeling some pain.
Here my conscience was taught,
With a moral quite fraught
With sentiments holy and true;
Then onward I traveled
To have it unraveled,
What Hiram intended to do.
Very soon to the East
I made known my request,
And "light," by command, did attend;
When, lo! I perceived,
In due form revealed,
A Master, and Brother, and Friend.
Thus far I have stated,
And simply related
What happened when I was made free:
But I've "passed" since then.
And was "raised" up again
To a sublime and sacred degree,
Then onward I marched,
That I might be "Arch'd,"
And find out the treasures long lost;
When, behold! a bright flame,
From the midst of which came
A voice which my ears did accost.
Through the "valley" I then went,
And succeeded at length
The "sanctum sanctorum" to find;
By the "Signet" I gained,
And quickly obtained,
Employment, which suited my mind.
In the depths I then wrought,
And most cheerfully sought
For treasures long hidden there;
And by labor and toil
I discovered rich spoil,
Which are kept by the Craft with due care.
Having thus far arrived,
I further contrived
Among valiant Knights to appear;
And as Pilgrim and Knight,
I stood ready to fight,
Nor Saracen foe did I fear.
For the widow distressed
There's a chord in my breast;
For the orphan and helpless I feel,
And my sword I could draw
To maintain the pure law
Which the duty of Masons reveal.
Thus have I revealed
(Yet wisely concealed)
What the "free and accepted" well know,
I am one of the band
Who will faithfully stand
As a brother, wherever I go.

THE ANGEL DREAM.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his eye lit up with a gleam of joy.
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on a shapeless stone
With many a sharp incision—
That angel dream he had made his own—
He had caught that angel vision.
Sculptors of life are we as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting an hour, when at God's command,
Our life-dream passes before us,
If we carve it then on a shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision—
That angel dream shall be our own—
Our own that angel vision.

DEATH OF EX-PRESIDENT JAMES BUCHANAN.

Our late brother, the ex-President, James Buchanan, died, uttering as his last words, "God bless my country!" Oh, what a world of meaning in these words! He devoutly received the sacraments of his church in his last illness.

Mr. Buchanan was for many years a devoted and faithful Mason. At home and abroad he was courteous and kind to his brethren. He visited the Lodge and frequently conversed on the philosophy of our mysteries. His heart was ever open to the distressed and needy brother.

Mr. Buchanan was initiated December 11, 1816; passed January 24, 1817, and raised January 24, 1817. He was elected Master of his Lodge, No. 43, Lancaster, Pa., December, 1822. May 20, 1826, he was made a Royal Arch Mason. March 10, 1838, he was made an honorary or life member of the same Lodge. At several times his Lodge received handsome donations.

He was born April 23, 1791; graduated in 1809; admitted to practice as a lawyer 1812. In the war of 1812, between the United States and England, he enrolled himself in a band of volunteers to march to the defence of Baltimore. At 23 he was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature; re-elected in 1815; re-elected Congress 1820, re-elected again and again, and in 1828, and twice afterwards, when he was placed at the head of the Judiciary Committee; 1831, was appointed by President Jackson as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Russia. In this capacity he concluded the first commercial treaty between the United States and Russia, which secured to our merchants and navigators important privileges in the Baltic and Black seas. On his return, in 1833, he was elected to the United States Senate, and supported that noble old Mason, General Jackson, in all the measures of his administration.

Under President Polk, another Tennessee Freemason, Mr. B. held the office of Secretary of State. By his skillful diplomacy we gained the North-western Territory and terminated the war with Mexico. Mr. B. was appointed Minister to England under Mr. Pierce.

While President, Mr. Buchanan united in several Masonic demonstrations, and delivered a short Masonic address.

Mr. Buchanan was buried on the 4th of June. At his request the Masons assisted throughout the ceremony of burial, their service accompanying the religious rites. It was one of the most imposing funerals ever held in this country.

Mr. Buchanan gave explicit directions in regard to his funeral to his executor on the Saturday preceding his decease. He requested that there should be no large or expensive monument erected over his remains. He requested that there should be a simple but substantial oblong tomb erected the cap stone to be the finest and most durable marble, on which he specially requested should be cut in Roman letters the following inscription, and nothing more:

"Here rest the remains of JAMES BUCHANAN, Fifteenth President of the United States. Born in Franklin County, Pennsylvania, April 23, 1791; died at his residence, at Wheatland, Lancaster county, Penn., on (adding 'with the day of my death now so near,' which was) June 1, 1868." In the same interview with his executor, who was one of his intimate friends, he said: "The principles of the christian religion were instilled into my mind in my youth, and from all I have observed and experienced, in the long life Providence has vouchsafed to me, I have only become more strengthened in my conviction of the divine character of the Saviour and the power of atonement through His redeeming grace and mercy."

At the conclusion of the interview he remarked, in reply to an expressed hope that he might yet live to see the country fully restored to peace and prosperity, and his public career completely vindicated: "My dear friend, I have no fear for the future; posterity will do me justice. I have always felt and still feel that I discharged every public duty imposed upon me conscientiously.— I have no regret for any public act of my life, and history will vindicate my memory from every unjust aspersion."

In his last moments, as in his life, he remembered the poor, by leaving them a legacy.

Some called Mr. Buchanan old. It is only necessary to go about among his old neighbors and

friends in Lancaster, from the lawyer, who was his most trusted friend, to his black barber, to learn how unjust such a supposition was. "Why, sir," the latter told me, "he didn't know what it was to give a rough answer to man, woman or child." In the height of party rancor, when his policy was assailed in such a manner as only can be in the fiercest times, the most violent man forbore to touch a private chamber which was and remains immaculate. Those who were admitted to the hospitalities of his home know how genial he was, what a store of stories he had for every listener, how women and little children loved him, and how he had their confidence. It was not because he had held high public trusts, but because he was a good citizen, a good neighbor, and a good man, that James Buchanan's memory was honored by a funeral the like of which Lancaster never saw before.

The Grand Lodge of N. Y., at its late session, passed the following resolution by a standing vote, many of the brethren making speeches, showing how deep the affliction of the Masonic fraternity for so true a Freemason:

"Whereas, this Grand Lodge, having been informed of the death of our distinguished brother, his Excellency, James Buchanan, late President of the United States of America, be it

"Resolved, That the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York add the expression of its sorrows to those of the brethren of other States, and of the many personal friends and associates of our distinguished brother; that we present to the brethren his unspotted private character as a fair example, and ask from those brethren who have differed from him in political opinion Masonic charity for a statesman's life and grief for a brother's death."

CIRCULAR.

STATE OF KENTUCKY,
OFFICE SUP'N. PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
Frankfort, Ky., June 19, 1868.

To the Teachers of the State of Kentucky:
It having been found inconvenient to hold the ensuing session of the "State Teachers' Association" at Augusta, the place appointed at the last Convention in Bowling Green, Col. R. T. P. Allen, with characteristic generosity and devotion to the cause of Education, has tendered to the Association the use of the large and commodious buildings of the "Kentucky Military Institute," of which he is the Superintendent. The buildings are located in a most beautiful spot, highly ornamented with native and exotic shrubbery, six miles from the city of Frankfort, and each member who attends will find, in this delightful rural retreat, a most pleasant place for our Convention, and will not fail of a cordial welcome and an agreeable entertainment.

The session will occur during the vacation, and the extensive buildings will afford ample accommodations to teachers of both sexes who may wish to attend. Come, and you can be delighted with the home-like congregation and re-union of the family of Kentucky Teachers. Stages and carriages will be provided at Frankfort upon the arrival of the 7 o'clock A. M. train from the East, and the 9 o'clock A. M. train from the West, which will convey, at a trifling expense, the members to the Institute.

The Convention will assemble at 3 o'clock, P. M., on the second Tuesday in August. Papers friendly to the cause of Education will promote its interests by giving this circular an insertion in their columns.

ZACH. F. SMITH,
Sup't Public Instruction, and Pres't S. T. A.
H. A. M. HENDERSON, Assistant Secretary.

A PRACTICAL COMMENTARY.

Thetwell thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it had come to years of discretion to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden.

"How so?" said he, "it is covered with weeds." "Oh!" I replied, "that is because it has not yet come to years of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair to prejudice the soil toward roses and strawberries."—*Cateridge.*

Miscellany.

DICK THE CANARY BIRD.

In the days when the Confederate Grey ruled the "Crescent City," there was living amid that great seething mass of humanity and inhumanity a humble Irish family whose patronymic was Stevens. They had a pet Canary. His name was "Dickey." His motives constituted the family *Recluse*; his tuneful measures were to their humble, loving hearts, an opera of praise, and oftentimes as he thrilled forth his overgushing airs, after respers had been sung, he was to them "Songs in the night season." The forts fell. The Irish are apt to be patriotic and hence, frequently are found in exile. The family determined on an *Exodus*. Home and its mcgare comforts were left behind, and the family became refugees. But they would soon have thought of leaving one of their children behind as little "Dickey." With nothing but the Canary and his cage they came to Port Gibson. Here for awhile they lived in comparative quiet. But, the tranquillity of home was again disturbed as the thunder of Grant's Artillery broke upon the air and ear. Before the loud alarm of war they again fled. Demopolis was their next resting place. Here they arrived with scanty wardrobe, wan and wasted appearance, friendless, unpitied desponding, but, still clinging with an undying and beautiful love to their pet Canary. They found a shanty for a home, and "Dick" woke his weird-like echoes amid its smoked rafters, with as much sweetness as if poured through the gilded corridors and Gothic arches of a palace, or the fragrant groves of his native isle. Sickness and the decline of Confederate currency reduced the family to absolute want, and as a *dernier resort* little "Dickey" had to be placed in the market. Oh, who can imagine the bitterness of hearts with which the stricken-widow, tasting the wormwood and gall of poverty, and driven stark mad by the wan and wasted appearance, and eloquent cries of starving children, takes from its treasured hiding place the wedding ring, the talisman of brighter and better days, when rows were plighted at the altar and joy held its festival in the soul, and clutching it to her aching breast wends her way to the pawn-broker! Oh, she knows what is the aloof existence as pampered wealth, in haughty state rolls by, throwing on her damp cheek dust from gilded chariot wheels! Can you fancy the feelings of Bridget Stevens as she took "Dick's" cage down from the wall, and started out in the heartless, speculative world to find a purchaser for her Canary? An appreciative lady bought the bird at the price asked—which was not what it was worth to Mrs. Stevens, but, what it would bring. As the old lady relinquished her treasure she gathered up her worn check apron and burying her heavy-face and swimming eyes in its folds went heavy-hearted, crushed and broken to her home. The scene aroused the sympathy of the purchaser. She told the story to a *coterie* of Confederate Officers and a handsome purse was made up for the poor Lady. The next morning the new proprietress of the Canary bird sent for the old one, and placed the money in her hand. The old lady went to the cage, the bird greeted her with a round of welcoming song, tears burst forth from her eyes, like a jet from an imprisoned fountain, and she exclaimed in trembling accents of gratitude "Sweet Dickey, the raven fed the prophet

and God hath ordained that my singing treasure should find me and my hungry children." Oh, that I had the heart of a Seraphim the angel of love—and the mind of cherubim the angel of light—that I might wear a garland of poetry for the Album of Benevolence!

I have often thought—of how much more good to the world was this glossy, yellow-coated little songster, than many of the proud and pampered sons and daughters of wealth, fashion, and folly! How much more worthy of an obituary, an epitaph, and a monument! I have seen delighted groups of children gathered around the cage of "Dick," listening with rapture to his shrill melody. And, *he*, seemed to be singing for their delight, and pleased and encouraged by their applause. I have even fancied that I have seen him turn his ear to catch their eager flattery. Ah, many hours, to many hearts have been made happier by his melodies, than they otherwise would have been. But he is dead. Fain would I believe that he is

"But a treasure removed,

A bright bird parted for a clearer sky."

for he was certainly more deserving the immortal splendor of cloudless skies than many who wear the semblance of our race. One night a cat knocked down his cage, and with its sharp claws pierced the heart of "Dick." Now, I never did like cats. I always thought them mere parlor tigers, and just as ferocious as the Bengal in its native jungles. They would kill people if they had the power. Many were the execrations upon the Grimalkins when we realized that "Dick" was dead. There were tears shed over his tiny bier. There were those who stroked his orange-feathers and heaved a sigh as they felt his song was hushed forever. A coffin was procured and this songster was decently interred. Never has there been a more notable bird-funeral since the days of "Cock-Robin." Upon a parterre of a flower garden, amid bloom and fragrance, twin slates to his song, "Dick" was laid away, and recently those whose hearts his carols have often gladdened have erected a monument of pure white marble over his grave bearing the simple inscription "Dickey." Does this seem foolish? If so it has, at least, the merit of eminent example; says Washington Irving in his sketch of Abbotsford—"Rambling with him, (Sir Walter Scott,) one morning, about the grounds adjacent to the house, I observed a small antique monument, on which was inscribed in Gothic characters,

"*Cy git to preuz Percy*"

"Here lies the brave Percy."

I paused, supposing it to be the tomb of some stark Warrior of the olden time, but Scott drew me on. "Pooh!" cried he, it is nothing but one of the monuments of my nonsense of which you will find enough herabouts. I learnt afterwards that it was the grave of a favorite greyhound."

The roots of plants are hid under ground, so that they themselves are not seen; but they appear in their branches, flowers, and fruit, which argue there is a root and life in them. Thus, the grass of the Spirit planted in the soul, though themselves invisible, yet discover their being and life in the track of a Christian's life, his words, and his actions.

Most enny man will conceit that it loox very foolish to see a boy drag a heavy sly up a steep hill for the fleetin pleshur of ridin down agin, but it appears to me that that boy is a sage bi the side of the young man how works hard all the week and drinx his stumps up Satterda mite.

CHEOPS.

BY REV. B. A. HOLLAND, OF COVINGTON, KY.

I am standing in the shadow of Cheops. I grow dizzy as I throw my head back and look up and watch the eagle, far above, circling its sides, and the blue heavens resting on its summit. I attempt to scale its outer stairway of stones, but fall from giddiness, and while Mr. C. and Walter prosecute their ascent, I sit down on the sand and yield to the natural reflections of the occasion. I am caught up as in the arms of one of the Genii of Arabic legend, and borne swiftly into the regions of long, long ago. I see here close to where I sit a patriarch of flowing white beard. He sleeps now in the sacred soil of Hebron. I see here years after, a middle aged man of regal mien and apparel, who has alighted from his chariot, and with arms folded across his breast, surveys admiringly this immensity of stone. His aspect is that of a stranger, though his insignia belong to Pharaoh's court, and he himself is Pharaoh's Prime Minister. His father and brethren sojourn in Palestine, and though the latter once savagely mistreated him, how many tears has the former shed as he has sat eventide, in his tent door, and remembered his dear boy who believed cruelly slain by the wild beasts of the field.

Time glides on, and I see here another, a nobleman too, and a foreigner. His hair wanders from the pyramid to the city, and from the city to the pyramid. His head hangs heavily. His lip curls indignantly. He weeps and clenches his fists. A few days will disclose startling miracles to Egypt. They have passed. And lo! you river to the east is a stream of blood as if a myriad battles had yesterday been fought on its shore and cast their gore into its current; and to again! thick darkness is in all the land, darkness that can be felt, and how still the darkness, for "no one of all the people can arise from his place." It is midnight now. And the nation is hushed in slumber. Hark! A cry sudden, loud, swelling, a great and universal cry as if the pent-up agony of centuries were voiced in its walling. What means it? Alas, it is the Lord smiting the first-born of Egypt "from the first-born of Pharaoh that sits upon his throne to the first-born of the captive in his dungeon," and there is not in the length and breadth of the land "a house wherein there is not one dead."

Time glides on, and I see here a youthful warrior, his helmet in his hand, and the sweat of a world's conquest on his brow. His eye flashes as it takes in the magnitude of this mausoleum of ancient monarchs, and the flash is that of ambition yet unchecked, resolving to rear to its own achievements a yet prouder memorial—yes, to seat itself in the shrine at which those ancient monarchs bowed. He vanishes as he came, and others take his place, and I see here the Ptolemies, with their gay retinue from Memphian palaces, astronomers with their instruments of science, philosophers and historians, together and by turns until again warriors appear, but this time attended by a queen of voluptuous charms, who brings these haughty chieftains of Rome, prisoners of her love-wiles, to behold the glory of her ancestors.

Time glides on, and I see approaching across you dreary desert a care and travel-worn couple, man and wife, refugees from the tyranny of Herod. As they faintly draw nigh they hail the first glimpse of this land-mark of their temporary home with utterances of gladness and gratitude. They rest by the well under the broad branches of a cyparissus near Heiopolis, as while they rest I notice a third person in the mother's lap. It is a child, but around his head is a halo. It is a child, but in his countenance is the light of the celestial throne! It is a child, but the God-child Immanuel, and though now in swaddling clothes, he shall yet erect a spiritual temple, to whose divine infinitude of dimensions even this Chimborazo of art were an insignificant toy, and to whose divine endlessness of duration even this unaged survivor of uncounted ages were but as the dew of the dawn.

Ah, venerable Cheops, who can reckon thy years, who can guess thy origin, aught? Thy ponderous rocks, thy towering head, tell me that surely thou wast brought forth in those days when there were giants in the earth. Thou hast thus far defated Time and still standest scorn-

fully in defiance of his fierce all-leveling seythe. Centuries in successive flight have exhausted their wrath against thy bare breast and left thee none so near to bespeak their power spent in vain. Thou hast been the cold and pitiless spectator of the world's tumultuous history. Thou art a monumental pangre of Egypt's departed greatness; that without an epitaph dost praise more eloquently by thy still vastness than could a hundred volumes. Methinks, though stern of aspect, lone relic of the nameless and unknown, thy silence must be that of deepest grief. Around thee are the rains of thy companions, some covered deep below the sand, some forsaken save of serpents. The princely race of which thou wast erst the embodied boast, and which builded thee as the protector of their embalmed remains, are mingled with the dust, and scattered by the breeze across the plain, into the sea, or far beyond to alien coasts. Thou hast been doomed to witness their heritage possessed by a degraded and unworthy people, to whose squalor and indolence thou art a perpetual rebuke. Thou wastest in patient expectation for the revelations of the future, and when I am gone, thou shalt stand in thy motionless majesty, often questioned, but never replying except with meaning silence. Oh! wert thou a thing of mind, how ages would throng thy feet to learn the lore of thy experience, and what never-to-be-forgotten lessons thou couldst teach them on both the littleness and greatness of man; on the greatness that created itself, on the littleness that withered like the grass which thou dost yet endure, and shalt endure amid all coming assaults, until rendered by the blast of the apocalyptic trump.

A PROTEST AGAINST INJUDICIOUS EARLY RISING.

Dr. Hall, in the February number of his *Journal of Health*, says: "One of the very worst economies of time is that elicited from necessary sleep. The wholesale but blind commendation of early rising is as mischievous in practice as its arrant in theory. Early rising is a crime against the noblest part of our physical nature, unless it is preceded by an early retiring. Multitudes of business men in large cities count it a saving of time if they can make a journey of a hundred or two miles at night by steamboat or railway. It is a ruinous mistake. It never fails to be followed by a want of general well feeling for several days after, if, indeed, the man does not return home actually sick, or so near it as to be unfit for a full attention to his business for a week afterward. When a man leaves home on business, it is always important that he should have his wits about him; that the mind should be fresh and vigorous, the spirit lively, buoyant and cheerful. No man can say that it is thus with him after a night on a railroad, or on the shelf of a steamboat. The first great recipe for sound, connected, and refreshing sleep, is physical exercise. Toil is the price of sleep. We caution parents particularly not to allow their children to be waked up in the mornings; let nature wake them up, she will not do it prematurely; but have a care that they go to bed at an early hour; let it be earlier and earlier, until it is found that they wake up of themselves in full time to dress for breakfast. Being waked up early, and allowed to engage in difficult or any studies late and just before retiring, has given many a beautiful and promising child brain fever, or determined ordinary ailments to the production of water on the brain."

A Boston newspaper says a good way to preserve cut flowers, is put a pinch of nitrate of soda in to the water every day when it is changed. This it says will preserve flowers for a fortnight. Nitrate of potash in powder has very near the same effect.

WAKING GRANDMA WITH A KISS.—A sweet little incident is related by a writer. She says, I asked a little boy last evening—

"Have you called your grandma to tea?"

"Yes. When I went to call her she was asleep and I didn't know how to wake her. I didn't wish to *bother* at grandma, nor to *shake* her; so I kissed her cheek, and she woke up very softly. Then I ran into the hall and said, 'pretty fond, Grandma, tea is ready. And she never knew what woke her.'"

HENCEFORTH.

O, that solemn henceforth; solemn to each of us as we part to-day, thinking of no more than the chances and changes of this uncertain life; infinitely more solemn as we each look forward to the hour which will certainly come to each, when the past will be done with, our whole life here gone by forever, and only eternity before us. Henceforth glory, or, henceforth woe! We shall never properly understand until we each come to die, how thoroughly, then, the past is gone, and our only portion is in the future. You may feel it in some measure, looking on the faces of one departed; thinking how utterly the many cares that drew those lines on it are past and gone—looking at the gray hair and thinking that now your friend is no longer old. What a sharp, complete end of all the interests of this world has come! how free the heart is from all the little troubles and vexations that fevered it but a short while since! Yes; gone, where these things are not! Entered upon the great Henceforth; the life beyond the grave! The day will come to each of us when we can have nothing but what we can have there; when all the things we toil for and value here will avail us nothing; when the places and the people we knew, the books we used to read, the friends where it was pleasant to worship, the room in which we sat, will all be things long since past away; things that ceased to be for us years and years ago; and nothing about us and before us but the great eternity; Henceforth only that, and what we can have there! Ah! blessed be God, there is that we can gain here, and take with us there! No wonder that St. Paul declared that he counted all things but lost, that he might "win Christ." For the good part in our Saviour is not the best possession now; in a little while it will be the only one; the only possession that will not pass from our falling hand when we die; the only possession we can take with us into the other world.—*Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson.*

BEEES AND THEIR QUEEN.

Experiments have been tried by Huber to ascertain how a hive of bees would behave to a strange queen, after they had lost their own. He removed the native queen, and after a few hours he introduced a strange queen into the hive. The bees which mount guard at the entrance, immediately seized her and made her a prisoner, precisely as they would have done if their queen had still been among them. They did this each time the experiment was repeated. An interval of sixteen hours was suffered to elapse from the time they discovered the loss of their queen, and then a strange queen was introduced into the hive. She was treated precisely as the others had been, as were also her successors in similar experiments; but in some instances, where they survived the pressure, want of air, and hunger for several hours, they were allowed to assume the position of queen of the hive. Twenty-four hours were then suffered to elapse after their queen had been taken away, before a foreign queen was put into the hive, and instead of being made a prisoner, she was welcomed with every sign of joy, and at once accepted as their queen; evidently they had arrived at the conclusion, that from the length of time that had elapsed, there was no chance of their own queen coming back. It must have been from the reasoning of this way, because it was always the case, that if twenty-four hours had passed since she disappeared, the new queen was received with respect and obedience. A very striking instance of this is related. The lawful queen was removed at a time, when she was busily engaged in laying eggs. After a time the news spread through the hive, and the usual consternation prevailed. They were left in this condition a great many hours, their agitation being the greater that no new queen was ready for release from her cell; in fact none of the royal cells had been built. They, therefore, proceeded to enlarge some of the cells containing the eggs of workers. A stranger queen was then introduced, and directly she entered the hive, those who guarded the entrance, instead of making her a prisoner, received her with the greatest respect and satisfaction; they approached her and touched her with their antennae and gave her food. The news began to circulate

through the hive that a new monarch had arrived, and the bees kept pouring in, all of which drew near in succession, and performed the same ceremony.—*All the Year Round.*

OLD PRICES OF LIVING.—In these days of high prices it will be refreshing or tantalizing, as the case may be to know the prices our English forefathers paid for their meats, bread and butter. In 1130 bread enough to feed a hundred men one day cost twenty-five cents; and a sheep sold for eight cents. In 1200 the price of the best wheat was raised to twelve cents a quart to enable dealers to live by them. One cent leaves of wheat bread varied from sixteen to ninety-six ounces in weight, according to the price of grain. Wheat was three cents a bushel in 1288. The law fixed the price of two pullets at three cents; and of a fat lamb from twelve to eight cents, according to the season of the year, in 1599. In 1313 Parliament fixed the price of a fat ox at about twelve dollars; or, if corn fed, at eighteen dollars; a shorn sheep at one dollar twenty-five cents; and eggs at three cents a dozen; and other articles of bread stuffs, &c., continuing at the prices given above. In 1307 the best wine cost five dollars a ton. Wheat was thirty-seven cents a bushel in 1390, and this was deemed a famine price by the historians of that period, who designated this year as "the death year." In the time of Henry the eighth, beef and pork settled down to a cent a pound; and veal at a cent and a half. Three pints of milk were sold for a cent. The best of it was that these prices were fixed by law, and so placed out of the reach of speculators, though the people grumbled at these enormous rates, as they thought them, as much as New-Yorkers, and the whole family of brother Jonathan do now. These prices are reduced for convenience from sterling to Federal money.

A GON OF TASTE.—At the opening of the new Free Church at Craithie, in Scotland, already noticed, Dr. Guthrie said: "I highly approve of the resolution of our friends that led them to build such a house as this; because there is no greater mistake in the world than to fancy that while God is a God of holiness, a God of power, and of justice; he is not also a God of taste, just as much as he is a God of anything else that is lovely and good. And how do I prove that? you may ask. I prove that by just asking you to go to the sea-shore and find out for me a shell that is not pretty. I prove that by asking you to go to those meadows and find out a flower that is not pretty. Let me tell you that the flowers would have produced their kind according to the law, although they had never been planted. It is not necessary for the rose and the lily that the one should blush so beautiful a red and the other bloom as white as snow. God has made a useful flower—a useful rose and useful lily—and then painted them. It is as certain as that the Bible is true that he is a God of taste, as much as he is possessed of those other attributes. And therefore it is, I say, that I rejoice in the erection of such a building for God's service. Our old stupid notion was we abhorred Popery so much that we recoiled the other side—that God never was so well worshipped as in an ugly house. It is a great mistake—a mistake contrary to the Bible—contrary to reason and common sense."

A Mason was once asked if the work called Morgan's, was a true expose of Freemasonry. He asked, in return, if a liar was to be believed; the answer was most certainly *not*. Then he replied I will prove to you that Morgan was a liar. Now, if what he wrote was true, he violated the most solemn oaths, thus proving himself a liar; and if it is not true, he is still a liar by claiming that it is. Thus he is proved a liar on his own statement, and consequently not to be believed under any circumstances.

A DISTINGUISHED ACCESSION.—The Nashville Union contains the following gratifying announcement:

Gov. Henry S. Foote was received into the communion of the Methodist Church on Sunday last. This will be gratifying to his many friends. Having retired from the busy scenes of a most useful life, we trust he may find in the church a quiet eventide.

Freebooter.

JUNE! Rest! This is the year's bower. Sit down within it. Wipe from thy brow the toil. The elements are thy servants. The dews bring thee jewels. The wind bring the jewels. The winds bring perfume. The earth shows thee all her treasure. The forests sing to thee. The air is all sweetness, as if the Angels of God had gone through it, bearing spices homeward. The storms are but as flocks of mighty birds that spread their wings and sing in the high Heaven! Speak to God, now, and say, "O Father, where art thou?" And out of every flower, and tree, and silver pool, and twined thicket, a voice will come, "God is in me." The earth cries to the Heavens, "God is here." And the Heavens cry to the earth, "God is here." The sea claims Him. The land hath Him. His footsteps are upon the deep. He sitteth upon the Circle of the Earth.

JUNE—The man born in this month will be small in stature, and passionately fond of children. The lady will be a personage fond of coffee, and will marry young.

JUNE—This is a glorious month. Prior speaks justly of "the flowery pomp of June." Its name, *Junius*, is derived from Juno, to whom this month was consecrated. She was the daughter of Saturn and Ops, and sister and wife of Jupiter. She was the guardian deity of females, and the empress of heaven. The poets and sculptors represent her as exceedingly grand and majestic. She generally appears in a chariot drawn by peacocks—her daughter Hebe, the goddess of youth and health, usually attends on her car. Her jealousies and quarrels with her husband are a disgrace to the heathen mythology—nevertheless, her worship was more popular and solemn than that of the other divinities: they were all, however, a wretched rabble of deities, not a whit better than their worshippers. We are very sorry that so clever a virgin as this should be named after that old virago, Juno; but so it is, and it cannot be helped now.

YOU CANNOT ESCAPE SLANDER.—Let no one suppose that by acting a good part through life, he will escape slander. There will be those even who hate them for the very qualities that ought to procure esteem. There are some folks in the world who are not willing that others should be better than themselves.

"There is but a breath of air and a beat of the heart betwixt this world and the next. And in the brief suspense, while we feel that death is present with us, that we are powerless, and that He is all-powerful, and the faint pulsation here is but the prelude of endless life hereafter, we feel in the midst of the stunning calamity about to befall us that the earth has no compensating good to mitigate the severity of our loss. But there is no grief without some beneficent provision to soften its intensity. When the good and lovely die, the memory of their good deeds, like the moon-beams on the stormy sea, lights up our darkened hearts and lends to the surrounding gloom a beauty so sad, so sweet, that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness that environs it."

Sorrows are like clouds, which, though black when they are just passing us, when they are past over become as if they were garments of gold thrown off in purple and gold along the horizon.

A good man is the best friend, and therefore soonest to be chosen, longer to be retained, and indeed never to be parted with, unless he cease to be that for which he was chosen.

WHAT HOPE DID.—It stole on its pinions to the bed of disease; the sufferer's face became a smile—the emblem of peace and love.

It went to the house of mourning, and from the lips of sorrow there came sweet and cheerful song.

It laid its hand upon the arm of the poor, which stretched forth at the command of unholy impulses, and saved him from disgrace and pain.

It swells like a living thing in the bosom of the mother, whose son tarried long after his promised coming, and saved her from the desolation and "the care that killeth."

It hovered about the head of the youth who had become the Ishmael of society, and led him on to works which even his enemies praised.

It snatched the maiden from the jaws of death and went with the old man to heaven.

No hope, my good brother? Have it; keep it always with you. Wrestle with it, that it may not depart. It may repay your pains. Life is hard enough at best, but hope shall lead you over its mountains, and sustain you amid its billows. Part with all beside, but keep hope.

Benefit your friends that they may love you still more dearly; benefit your enemies that they may become your friends.

If a man be gracious to strangers it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from the other land, but a continent that joins it.

To believe that everything has been discovered is to believe that the horizon we see is the edge of the world.

A father came home from his business at early evening, and took his little girl upon his knee. After a few dove-like caresses, she crept to his bosom and fell asleep. He carried her himself to her chamber, and said: "Nellie would not like to go to bed without saying her prayers?" Half opening her large blue eyes, she dreamily articulated,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord—"

then adding, in a sweet murmur, "He knows the rest," she sank on her pillow, in his watchful care who "giveth His beloved sleep."

Flowers, "the poetry of nature," and the beauty of the sweet spring time, are left us as mementoes of the ancient paradise. They speak a language, and that is the language of purity and love. They also serve to show us the vanity of all things terrestrial. These beautiful emblems of purity set as so many finger-pointers, to point us back to Eden's lovely bowers, intimating to us the happiness of that place, and to point us to the flowery plains of the paradise yet to come.

A man's character is frequently treated like a grate—blackened all over first to come out the brighter afterward.

To things which you bear with impatience you should accustom yourself, and by habit you will bear them well.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

Read not books alone, but men, and among them chiefly thyself; if thou find anything questionable there, use the commentary of a severe friend.

He is not poor who hath little, but he that desireth much. He is rich enough who wants nothing.

Guilt is that which quells the courage of the bold, ties the tongue of the eloquent, and makes greatness itself sneak and lurk and behave itself poorly.

The true fidelity of life is to be free from perturbations, to understand our duties toward heaven and man, to enjoy the present without any anxious dependence upon the future; not to amuse ourselves with either hopes or fears, but to rest satisfied with what we have.

SISTERS OF CHARITY—Faith and Hope.

An old Baptist Minister says the Religious Herald enforces the necessity of opinion by argument: "Now, if everybody had been of my opinion, they would all have wanted my old woman."

One of the deacons, who sat just behind him responded:

"Yes, if everybody was of my opinion, nobody would have her."

THE BRIDE.—I know of no sight more charming and touching than that of a young and tender bride in her robes of virgin white, led up trembling to the altar. When I thus behold a lovely girl in that tenderness of her years forsake the house of her father and the home of her childhood, and with the implicit confidence and the self-abandonment which belongs to women, giving up all the world for the man of her choice—when I hear her, in the good old language of the ritual, yielding herself to him "for better or worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love honor and obey, till death do us part," it brings to mind the beautiful and affecting devotion of Ruth: "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge—thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Every parent is like a looking-glass for his children to dress themselves by. Therefore, parents should take care to keep the glass bright and clean, not dull and spotted, as their good example is a rich inheritance for the rising generation.

In the voyage of life we should imitate the ancient mariners, who, without losing sight of the earth, trusted to the heavenly signs for their guidance.

It is difficult to conceive anything more beautiful than the reply given by one in affliction, when he was asked, "how he bore it so well?" "It lightens the stroke," said he, "to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

When the Breton mariner puts to sea, his prayer is, "Keep me my God! my boat is small, and Thy ocean is so wide!" Does not this beautiful prayer truly express the condition of each of us?

Set a seal upon thy lips, and guard thy heart with the same watchfulness as the ramparts of a city.

MACHINERY IN THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION.

The term "machinist" may by some of our mechanical readers be considered as misapplied when used to denote the builder and manager of the contrivances employed behind the scenes of a theater. But very much of mechanical skill is required to produce the effects witnessed by the audience at any of our first-class theaters. Having visited one of the popular theaters in this city known for the excellence of its mechanical effects, we will note some of the appliances employed. The stage, with its appurtenances and the rooms connecting, occupies more of the space included within the walls of the theater than the auditorium. Descending two full stories below the stage and ascending two above, "behind the scenes" is an immense workshop where mechanics in almost every branch ply their several trades. Without attempting to describe the different departments in detail, we will endeavor to give briefly an idea of the strictly mechanical devices by which effects are produced.

The floor of the stage is made in movable cross sections, of southern pine plank, of sections, varying from ten inches to three feet in width and ten to fifteen feet in length, traversing inclined slides secured under the floor. These slides incline from the center of the stage towards the ends, these portions of the being depressed enough to allow the thickness of the planks to slide under the floor. The movements are effected by means of ropes secured to the sections and wound upon strong winches beneath the stage. The slides are lubricated with dry, powdered plumago, without a particle of oil. When the sections are closed the outer ends are levelled to the level of the rest of the floor by cam levers which hold them securely. Through the openings thus made in the stage the scenes which rise to show music in the piece are elevated. One of these, the grand "transformation scene," weighs not less than six tons with its load of humanity. To effect this result immensely strong geared windlasses are employed, turned by a number of men who work in perfect accord. Guiding bars of two-inch iron and lifting apparatus in which five-inch ropes are used, afford perfect security.

This machinery is all situated two stories below the stage, a distance of about thirty feet, to give room for the height of the scenes. Both day and night this subterranean apartment is lighted by numerous gas jets. All the machinery is of the strongest description; in fact strength rather than elegance has been the rule in its construction. The machines for lowering the scenery from above the top of the proscenium are also located here, iron braces, strong ropes, and heavy timber being the agencies for the transmission of the power. Two heavy double force pumps with two-inch hose are also fixed in this sub-basement, intended either to force water in torrents to any part of the building in case of fire, or to supply the water for a cascade in one of the scenes, or to pump it up from the receiving reservoir to the height necessary to reach the waste sewer.

The cascade mentioned above is as real as any in nature, except that the rocks are made of zinc, soldered water tight and painted. Other minor cascade are merely rotating cylinders covered with gauze, flecked with mica and having a strong light thrown upon them by rows of gas jets. Gas and lime lights perform no insignificant part in the spectacle. In one scene the light changes from a cadaverous green to a ghastly blue, gorgeous red, and brilliant white. This is effected by changing the lenses of the lime lights, situated in the wings at an elevation of twenty feet from the stage, and aided by cylinders covering rows of gas lights made of the different colored gauzes disposed in longitudinal sections.

The work of the "property man" and "carpenter" with his assistants demands also considerable mechanical skill and talent. For instance, the "crystal columns" in a "hall room" scene are semi-cylindrical and about twenty feet high. They are built of timber and mounted on trucks, the capitals being much heavier and larger than the bases, yet the weight is so distributed that there is no top-heaviness nor danger of overturning in moving. The ornamented capitals are of papier mache, molded in plaster of Paris, which molds must be fashioned by hand, or rather the patterns from which they are made. The

angles of the uprights of which the shafts of the columns are built, are so arranged as to reflect the gas lights inside the columns to produce a dazzling effect. This requires mechanical skill and a thorough knowledge of optics and of the effects of light on the surfaces of different angles.

All the work is of the strongest possible character, to insure against accident, and every part of the ponderous machinery is calculated to move with the greatest ease and in perfect concert with every other part.

THE FREEMASON'S SIGN.

At an inn in the West of England several people were sitting round the fire in a large kitchen, through which there was a passage to other parts of the house, and among the company there was a travelling woman and a tailor.

In this inn there was a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons held, and it being lodge night several of the members passed through the kitchen on their way to the lodge apartments. This introduced observations on the principles of Masonry, and the occult signs by which Masons should be known to each other.

The woman said there was not so much mystery as people imagined, for she could show anybody the Mason's sign!

"What," said the tailor, "that of the Free and Accepted?"

"Yes," she replied, "and I will wager you a half-crown bowl of punch, to be confirmed by any of the members you please to nominate."

"Why," said he, "a woman was never admitted; and how is it possible you can procure it?"

"No matter for that," added she; "I will readily forfeit the wager if I do not establish the fact."

The company urged the unfortunate tailor to accept the challenge, which he at last agreed to, and the bet was deposited. The woman got up, and took hold of the tailor by the collar, saying:

"Come, follow me," which he did, trembling alive, fearing he was to undergo some part of the discipline in the making of a Mason, of which he had heard a most terrible report.

She led him into the street, and pointing to the sign of the "Lion and the Lamb," asked him whose sign it was.

He answered that it was Mr. Lorder's (the name of the Mason kept the inn).

"Is he a Freemason?"

"Yes."

"Then," said the woman, "I have shown you the sign of a Free and Accepted Mason."

The laugh was so much against the poor fellow for having been taken in, that it was with some difficulty he could be prevailed on to partake of the punch.

It was the great and Royal Freemason, Frederick, who would not tolerate the practice of duelling in his army, thoroughly despising the arguments used in its justification.

The renowned Bro. Turenne would never allow himself to be what was called "concerned in an affair of honor." Once when the hero of Switzerland and the Rhine had half drawn his sword to punish a disgusting insult, to which he had been subjected by a rash young officer, he thrust it back into the sheath, with the words: "Young man, could I wipe your blood from my conscience with as much ease as I can this filthy proof of your folly from my face, I would take your life upon the spot."

POWER OF CONSCIENCE IN A PAGAN.—A follower of Pythagoras once bought a pair of shoes from a cobbler, for which he promised to pay him on a future day. On that day he took the money, but, finding the cobbler had died in the interim, returned, secretly rejoicing that he could retain the money and get a pair of shoes for nothing. "His conscience, however," says Seneca, "would not allow him to rest, till, taking up the money, he went back to the cobbler's shop, and casting in the money, said, 'Go thy way, for though he is dead to all the world besides, yet he is alive to me.'"—*British Workman.*

WHISKERS.—"I cannot imagine," said Alderman H., "why my whiskers should turn gray so much sooner than the hair of my head." "Because

ARUSSIAN NOBLE'S WELCOME HOME.

In the midst of the street rises a whitewashed palace, something between a barrack, an hospital, and a Gothic castle. That is the house of my friend. A crowd of peasants are waiting for us; and as the carriage stops there is a faint cheer and a salute of cannon is fired somewhere. Three venerable looking old men, in cloth bedgowns fastened with sashes at the waist, approach, fall on their knees, and kiss the boots of my friend. He is a sober, respectable little man; but he takes their homage quite coolly, and says a few words to them in a good natured tone without motioning them to rise. He calls them his "little fathers." They are the chiefs and elders of the peasant community which a few years ago belonged to him, and might have been sold for money. Now all this slavery is ever, but many of the old traditions are still kept up. Some of the men have got a tray covered over with a napkin of muslin embroidered and fringed with gold. They draw near, and, uncovering their burden, present their lord with bread and salt. Then he makes them a speech. The spokesman of the community replies. They all stand in a semi-circle, bare headed, looking at nothing. There is not the faintest trace of expression on their faces. They are not a comely set even a healthy set of men, although my friend's estate is one of the most prosperous in Russia. He is a kind landlord; a worthy and liberal man. His peasants grow rich. Still he has no oligarchy above twenty years, and the old characteristic type of the Russia peasant will take longer than this to wear out. When the talking is done they disperse silently.—*Dickens.*

STILL OF THE FAMILY.

When a sweet little girl was dying, her father said to her, "You will not be the less my child when you get to heaven than you are now." Her answer was beautiful and true: "More yours, papa."

When, after her death, her sister was born, and some one suggested that the baby should receive her name, the parents were shocked at the suggestion. "What! two children of the same family bear the same name!"

A writer in the Missouri Presbyterian well says: "You would not say that a son absent in a foreign land had ceased, by this circumstance, to be a member of your family; and why should sons and daughters, because absent in heaven, cease to be regarded as members of our families? You would not say that a child, because it has fallen asleep, is no longer a member of your family; and why should you regard in any other light the child that is fallen asleep in Jesus? It is but a deeper sleep into which his mortal nature has fallen, and a longer night through which it must continue; but there is a glorious morning coming, on which you and he shall both awake satisfied with the Redeemer's likeness. It has often occurred to me, that it is a violation of true feeling, and an indication, if not of weak faith, at least of less profound and accurate views, to call two children of the same family by the same name, merely because one is absent in heaven. 'I would not put little Willie out of his place,' was the beautiful remark once made to me by a true-hearted mother, who had lost a lovely little boy, when after the birth of another son, some of her relatives wished him to be called by the same name. It is the same feeling that is exquisitely expressed by Bengel, when, in allusion to the name of a child that had some resemblance to that of a departed one, he says: 'We would not choose quite the same name, because we thought it ought to have some distinction from hers, whom we still regard as one of the family, though sheis fallen asleep.'"

Attorney-General West, of Ohio, decides that the property of Odd-Fellows and Masonic Lodges is subject to taxation, because these Orders are not purely public institutions, being exclusive in their character, and confining their charities to their own membership.

"What a contradiction a watch is," said Timmins. "How so?" asked Mrs. Timmins. "Why, because it always keeps perfectly dry, although it constantly has a running spring inside!"

KENTUCKY FREEMASON.

EDITORS.

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

FRANKFORT, KY.,.....JUNE, 1868.

Arrangements have been made by which we shall have, as contributors for the Kentucky Freemason, Bro. J. M. S. McCORKLE, PHILIP SWIGERT, REV. HENRY E. THOMAS, JAMES A. DAWSON, WILLIAM C. MUNGER, and SAMUEL REED—all well known as Masons and gentlemen of ability. We expect to secure others also.

Having lost, through the mails the subscription money of many of our subscribers to the Kentucky Freemason, we desire those who shall hereafter transmit money to us, to do so in "Registered Letters," "Post Office Orders," or checks up on some one of the Banks in this State.

WIDOWS' AND ORPAANS' HOME.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of "Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home, and Infirmary, of the State of Kentucky," on the 19th day of June, 1868, they determined to resume the work, and appointed Bro. ALEX. EVANS to canvass the State at large, and Bro. JOHN V. COWLING, Agent for the City of Louisville and vicinity.

Bro. Cowling has opened an Office in the City of Louisville, at Dr. R. O. Cowling's, No. 69, West Jefferson, between 24 and 34 streets, where he can be consulted personally in relation to the interests of the Widows' and Orphans' Home. He has been empowered to continue his solicitations in the City, and its immediate neighborhood; and also, to collect all subscriptions obtained by himself while acting as traveling Agent for the corporation, or by the Agents appointed to act for him in the several counties through which he passed. He can be consulted personally, or by letter, in relation to all matters of business connected with his Agency for the Widows' and Orphans' Home.

The work entrusted to Brothers EVANS and COWLING, we learn, will be prosecuted with great zeal and energy, and we have reason to hope with the same success of last year. Brethren of Kentucky we have a word or two for you! Let not these good Brothers be disappointed. Let not this great Charity languish. There is no Mason in Kentucky—if he can not contribute enough to entitle him to a life-membership—who cannot contribute Four Dollars per annum, by a very little self-denial, to build up this Institution. In the name of all that is good, let it be done.

The following gentlemen compose the Board of Directors, viz:

J. D. Guthrie, President; T. L. Jefferson, Geo. W. Wicks, Charles Tilden, C. Henry Pinck, Geo. C. Buchanan, John Ball, Wm. Cromeey, David L. Beatty, Sidney Hare, L. B. Poreh, John N. Wheat, Theodore Swartz, E. Richardson, John V. Cowling.

J. M. S. McCorkle is Treasurer and Henry B. Grant, Secretary.

The publication of the names of the Officers of this Institution, is a guarantee to every contributing Mason in Kentucky that his contribution will be faithfully and carefully applied as intended.

See advertisement of METROPOLITAN HOTEL Cincinnati. Messrs. Thurston and Harrow, Proprietors. If you wish first rate accommodations, give them a call.

GRAND COMMANDERY OF KENTUCKY.

The Twenty-first Annual Conclave of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of the State of Kentucky, was held in the Asylum of Maysville Commandery, No. 10, in the town of Maysville, Mason County, on Thursday, June 11th, A. D. 1868, A. C. 750. All the Commanderies in the State, with a single exception, were fully represented, and there was a large concourse of visiting Sir Knights.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

R. E. Sir Rev. JOHN M. WORRALL, of Covington, Grand Commander;
V. R. Sir JOHN CLARK, of Georgetown, Deputy Grand Commander;
E. Sir WM. A. WARNER, of Louisville, Grand Generalissimo;
E. Sir M. H. SMITH, of Maysville, Grand Captain General;
E. Sir Rev. H. R. BLAISDELL, of Maysville, Grand Prelate;
E. Sir W. H. WARREN, of Lexington, Grand Senior Warder;
E. Sir HENRY BOSTWICK, of Covington, Grand Junior Warder;
E. Sir DAVID P. ROEB, of Versailles, Grand Treasurer;
E. Sir WILLIAM C. MUNGER, of Louisville, Grand Recorder;
E. Sir WILLIAM RYAN, of Louisville, Grand Standard Bearer;
E. Sir WM. P. COONS, of Maysville, Grand Sword Bearer;
E. Sir GEO. F. EVANS, of Louisville, Grand Warder;
E. Sir JAMES KRUEER, of Lexington, Grand Captain of the Guard.

On Thursday night the Officers of the Grand Commandery were publicly installed in the large auditory of the Court House; and Rt. Em. Sir Rev. J. M. WORRALL delivered an eloquent interesting and instructive oration, which was listened to with profound attention by the large concourse of citizens assembled.

A resolution was unanimously passed requesting a copy of Sir Kt. WORRALL's address, to publish in the proceedings, and in the Kentucky Freemason.

The Sir Knights again formed in line and marched to the "Hill House," where the officers and members of the Grand Commandery, and visiting Sir Knights, sat down to a sumptuous repast tendered them by the gallant Knights of Maysville Commandery, No. 10. At the Banquet, and in fact throughout the entire proceedings of the Conclave, every thing was done in the utmost harmony, good feeling, and Knightly courtesy.

The next Annual Conclave will be held in the City of Lexington, on the Second Thursday in June, 1869.

In our next we will endeavor to give the entire proceedings, with the Annual address of the retiring Grand Commander Rt. Em. Sir CHAS. R. WOODRUFF, and as soon as it can be prepared, we will give the eloquent oration of Rt. Em. Sir Rev. J. M. WORRALL.

Death or change is the law of every fish, insect, bird, or every creature. We must die to make room for change, for fresh beauty, fresh forms. Some wonderful statisticians have computed that if everything that had died was piled on the habitable parts of our globe, it would make a pile three miles high. If we had continued to live there would be no room for new forms: therefore death is a blessing. It takes us from joys and from cares; from hopes and from fears; from work and from oppression. Each part of us is made up of cells; each cell dies when its function is completed; they die daily, hourly, minutely. The ancients on their monuments represent death as the renewal of life. It is so represented in the inverted tree, in the butterfly going forth from its disagreeable cell.

A UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

The first principle to which we, as Masons, are devoted is that of *fraternity*; and our leading ambition the speediest possible restoration of a universal brotherhood upon earth. Thus we recognize the All-Father—God—and see in every sentient creature the child of His care. Love to God and love to our brother constitute the two main pillars—the Jachin and Boaz—of our temple.

The genius of Masonry breathes over its consecrated circle the amiable psalmody: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

We lay down the Masonic carpet, like nature does her vernal tapestry, and there is no habitable clime where it is not spread. We claim for our Order universality, harmony, and antiquity. Amid the pagodas of the Celestial Empire, the minarets of the Crescent, and the towers and steeples of Christendom, Masonry has residence. Wherever there is the hum of industry and the abode of men, the stroke of the Master's gavel resounds and is obeyed.

Where spoken language is incomprehensible the Mason can talk with signals which are read the world over. We have ferried all oceans, made pathways through all woods, scaled all mountain barriers, explored every river, and established our institution in all lands. The icy barriers of the North have not impeded our progress, and the Greenlander and the Esquimaux in their snow lodges celebrate our Mystic Rites. In palaces and amid royal company we have set up our altars. Amid the camps of great armies martial Masons have convened.

The north and the south pole and the extremities of the equator alone mark the boundaries of our diffusive system. Civilization and culture are familiar with our vernacular, and the savage and the barbarian are acquainted with the Master's word. By the freestone's ruddy glow, on the thronged thoroughfares of travel, on the busy marts of trade, on the pathless deserts, where navies ride the storm, on the ensanguined field where armies rush to shock and slaughter, the signals of our brotherhood are recognized and regarded.

War has no power to make personal feuds of those who were brethren in days of peace.

The Mason bears abroad with him a passport to universal favor, and letters of credit to every city and country. He may justly claim what the classic Roman vainly arrogated to himself—to be a cosmopolite—a citizen of the world. By the aid of the pass and token, he may fearlessly traverse jungles and wildernesses—yes, may find a home in the wild Arab's tent or in the wigwam of the Indian brother of the West. And he need not eat salt with the one or smoke the calumet with the other in order to secure their protection, but by other means, known to him and known to them, he can turn the intrepid Bedouin or the savage Comanche into a brother.

Not only is our Order thus widely diffused, but everywhere identically the same in organization and design. Differences there are in its objective forms and ritualistic features, but in the traditional and essential we are the one and the same—the same in the wigwam and in the palace. Of course it is readily allowed that the Order takes different complexion under different forms of civilization and religion.

Age's ago it was the pet scheme of the statesman

and the diplomatist to devise and adopt one common language to be the vernacular of courts. What turned out to be a Utopian idea with them has been long peculiar to the institution of Freemasonry.

Masonry in its Lodge rooms is a perpetual miracle of the Pentecost. Parthians and Medes, strangers of Rome, Jews and Proselytes, Greek and Barbarian, Musselman and Christian, there speak the same *Shibboleth* and telegraph the same mystic signs.

The marine of the world has adopted certain bells, gun, and rocket signals to employ in times of battle, and of danger and distress. Long before Columbus crossed the seas or the mariner's compass was discovered, Masonry had its signs of distress, by which help for the widow's son could be obtained.

We have within the sphere of our organization, been enabled to illustrate the possibility of a universal brotherhood; for we have successfully united on one harmonious platform all the diversified elements which enter into the grand whole of humanity.

We have been enabled to establish that comity of sentiment, feeling, and action which directs to that harmony and parity of position incident to a wide-spread and heart-felt fraternity.

TO YOUR POSTS!

Masons are being continually reminded of the duties which they owe to their God, to each other, and to their fellow-men. None can plead ignorance of these. If one fails in duty he does it knowingly. The straight path of virtue is plainly marked before him, and when he strays therefrom, either to the right or to the left, he does it of his own free will and accord. It is true that temptation, appealing to the mere fleshly desire or passion, causes many to err from the right and fall in duty; but still the will accords and gives assent to the evil act. Save in those cases in which man has become utterly besotted, and the will been taken captive by vice and enslaved to its behests. Then, however, the fallen one has ceased to be a Mason. His name may indeed still stand upon the records of the Lodge, but the Grand Master of us all has rejected him as unworthy.

Here is the great danger which lies in the path of every man. Temptations assail him on every side and at every step. Were he holy as his Maker, pure as Him in whom there was no guile and who did no sin, then the tempted would pass on his way unharmed by evil, unstained by sin—the conqueror in every assault. But the temptations without appeal to the corruption within, and so man falls. Now every time he fails in duty its performance becomes more irksome and he finds a growing disposition to shirk it off—the burden which, to a virtuous man, is light and easy to be borne, becomes to such an one heavier and heavier. Every deviation from the path of virtue renders a return the more difficult, and that path itself loses the pleasantness and peace which fill the true heart with joy in every step of life. The consciousness of obligation grows weaker and is soon lost.

To guard himself from such shame and ruin by warding off the danger, every Mason should watch well his steps and cleanse his ways, by taking heed thereto according to that Word which in all his Masonic course is addressing to him its warnings, counsels and promises. The Great Light of Masonry shines not only in the Lodge—it illu-

mines the path of life. In every event, and under every circumstance, it brings duty into view. Virtue it makes radiant with its own pure beauty that it may woo and win all to her gladsome service. It drags vice with its hideous features out of the darkness in which it lurks and lays its snares, that all may see it and avoid the danger. So walking in this light, which he should bear with him everywhere, the Mason cannot fall in duty.

But he has other reminders of the obligations by which he is bound to virtue and good works. These spall constantly to the eye, the ear, and the heart. The objects around him in his Masonic work; the lessons of wisdom, the brotherly counsel, and the sound of warning and of cheer from the *instructive tongue*, which the *attentive ear* so often is receiving; the symbols of the good, and pure, and true, of all that is lovely and of good report, which are ever before him, representing and illustrating those grand truths which raise the heeding soul to its true work and its highest happiness—all these point the Mason to, and lead him in, the way in which he should walk. They urge him to stand at his post, patiently, cheerfully, bravely. They call him to abstinence from every vice; to purity of life; to integrity and nobleness in every action; to the careful, steady practice of every virtue; to self-denying labors for the good of others. They point him to the Treble board of the Supreme Architect of the Universe, and constrain him to shape his life accordingly.

Let Masons heed well these faithful monitors of duty, and treasure up in the heart their lessons of warning and counsel. Then knowing they will do their duty, and find in its performance the highest joy.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

A brother writing from Mublenburg County, asks the following questions:

1st. Is it Masonic for a Master Mason, dealing with a brother, after having acknowledged an account to be just, to plead the statute of limitation to avoid payment of the same?

No. A Master Mason should never take advantage of the technicality of a law to defraud a brother out of what is honestly due him. The very fact that a debt has come under the statute of limitation is evidence of the forbearance of the creditor. Justice is a Masonic virtue. The Mason who remembers how impressively he has been "charged to preserve an upright position in all his dealings with mankind, should never fail to act justly to his brethren, and to the world. This is the corner-stone on which alone he can expect to erect a superstructure alike honorable to himself and to the fraternity."

2d. If the creditor should apply to the lodge for a redress of his grievance, and the lodge should fail or refuse to take any action on the same, what course would be proper for the aggrieved person to pursue in the matter?

Charges might be brought against the offending debtor, but if the lodge should decline to entertain them, the aggrieved creditor would have no redress. The right of appeal is only from a decision of the Master, or from a defendant in a case. Charges cannot be brought against a brother *de novo* in the Grand Lodge. If they are dismissed in the subordinate lodge, they can never reach the Grand Lodge. A subordinate lodge acts as a jury. No ap-

peals can be taken from its verdict. Appeals may be taken from the rulings of the Master who acts as a judge, and these decisions reversed may bring the case before the lodge again.

3d. Has an elected Master of a Lodge a right to preside over the Craft, before he has been regularly installed and taken Past Master's degree?

We think that no one has a right to preside over a Lodge who has not taken the Past Master's degree. "When a brother who has never before presided, has been elected the Master of a Lodge, an emergent Lodge of Past Masters, consisting of not less than three, is convened, and all but Past Masters retiring, the degree is conferred upon the newly elected officer." Many Masons have received the degree of Past Master in the Royal Arch Chapter, who have never been elected to the office of Worshipful Master in the Blue Lodge. Such may preside over a Lodge, in the absence of the regular line of officers, provided he has the custody, for the time, of the charter.

4th. Should a Lodge by carelessness or neglect permit a Fellow-Craft to remain in a Lodge while being opened in the Master Mason's degree, what should be done in such a case?

If a Lodge should neglect the necessary precautions to exclude those who are not entitled by preference to remain, the Grand Lodge upon being made cognizant of the same, might demand the surrender of its charter. No true Fellow-Craft, would willfully remain and take advantage of the carelessness of the Lodge. He could not reveal what he might thus clandestinely see or hear.

The 24th at Bridgeport was a day of which Shearer Lodge may well be proud. A glorious sun and a balmy breeze, appropriate orations, music, beauty, gallantry, and a banquet fit for a festival of the gods—all combined to achieve a signal success. The oration of Rev. B. F. Hungerford was a chaste, connected, and forcible compendium of the History of our Order, and pleasing expositions of its beneficent principles. The Junior Editor of this paper also delivered an address—the substance of which will be found published elsewhere in our columns. The Shelbyville Brass Band headed the procession, which numbered nearly or quite two-hundred Brethren of "the Mystic tie." The Ladies were out in large numbers, with their most beauteous smiles, and added indescribable charms to the occasion. It was estimated that there approximated a thousand persons present, and yet the arrangements were so ample, that the Ladies of the neighborhood, who had provided the sumptuous repast, could have supplied many more.

The Commencement at the Kentucky Military Institute, which occurred June 4th, passed off with great eclat. There were eight graduates, whose speeches on the occasion reflected great credit upon their *Alma Mater*. Addresses of rare merit were delivered by Governor Stevenson, and the Rev. R. A. Holland. There were 177 matriculates during the Academic year. The review of the corps of Cadets by Governor Stevenson and Staff afforded an imposing military display.

Faith is a burning glass, which receives the beams of God's love and inflames the heart with love to him again; till, mounting up in fervent prayers, love reaches its original, and rests forever love.

THE DANGER AND THE DUTY.

The rage of a few fanatics, excited against our Order, has provoked an unnecessary amount of attention from the Masonic press. The silly Thracian, who shot his arrow at a thunderbolt, did no more foolish an act, than do those agitators in launching their diatribes against our Institution. As soon expect the hic-cough of a Swiss drunkard to sweep away the Alps, as that the Finneys, the Barnards, *et id omne genus*, should make any impression upon our Order. Masonry has passed through its fiery trials, but they were kindled from without, and not within. Those fires were refining, and served to remove the dross from the fine gold. The phosphorescent glimmerings of the present effort at persecution amount to nothing. It is a fox fire. We dread the luminousness of rotten fish as much as we do the putrid shining of these would be Inquisitors. Let them alone. They only wish to be written into notice. They would rather be notorious than to enjoy a quiet, religious, village fame. It is not persecution, but the more imminent danger of prosperity we have to fear. Everywhere there is a revival of interest in our institution. Our tables are covered with applications. We are liable to be misled, or to be lax in our scrutiny of those who seek admission. We are open to imposition not so much from owners and caves-droppers as from the introduction of unworthy members. Let us not be deluded into the fearful mistake of estimating our prosperity by the multitude who may desire to join us. Let us seek to correct the errors of those already within the sanctuary, and to subjugate ourselves thoroughly to the sway of the ennobling principles of Brotherly Love, Faith, Hope, Charity, Fortitude, Patience, Truth, and Relief. Thus our Lodges, like true loadstones, will attract to their retreat all who are worthy of a place in the lofty line of Ancient Masonry.

Another danger is from pompous innovations. The Church of God became corrupt by supplements. We are in the same peril. We are allowing the fancies of men to be engrafed upon the trunk of Ancient Masonry. We have too many modern degrees and *discoveries*. Antiquity, one of our principle charms, is in hazard by the additions of new degree-work. We are allowing too many "rites"—Scottish, Irish, Memphis, and we know not what. We must stick to Ancient York Masonry or we shall become the victims of numerous schisms. The Blue-Lodge is Masonry proper. Attention to the degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow-Craft, and Master Mason is essential. We must walk between our parallels. There is a disposition to overleap them and make large claims beyond. It must be checked or disaster will ensue. Draw no new designs upon the trestle-board; work by those we have. They will furnish drafts enough to employ all our powers. Cleave to Hiram, and let Pontifical Masonry alone.

ANTI-MASONIC CONVENTION.

This detestable body of Agitators, met at Pittsburgh on May 5th, 6th and 7th last—the spectators embracing principally brethren of our Order, who went to see the farce, in which reverend clergy play the parts of harlequins. One of the members said he had taken *seventeen degrees*, and was what might be called a *bright Mason*. It was resolved that he should select a sufficient number of anti-Masons, and train them in all that he knew,

and then, this *coterie* of knaves were to travel through the country, and impose themselves upon such Lodges as could be deceived, and at the next meeting of the Convention they were to report for the edification of the fanatics what they had seen and heard. Now we submit the question: How can anybody have respect for a movement, in the inauguration of which, such base Paul-prying as this is to be resorted to, under the aegis of the authority of a revolution?

Can a man who has taken the Masonic obligation and then disregarded it, be believed with regard to any statements which he might make? In civil courts a perjured wretch is never again allowed to mount the witness stand.

We have no doubt but that there are a few honest men who are sincerely opposed to Freemasonry, but we do not believe that any honest man would associate himself with so nefarious a scheme of espionage as that concocted at this Pittsburgh Convention.

Sincere inquirers after truth, when once informed with regard to the true purposes and principles of our Order, never fail to relinquish opposition. Appropos of this remark—we extract the following from the New York Courier:

GERRIT SMITH AND THE FREEMASONS.

"We have more than once alluded in our columns to the efforts of the Oberlin, (Ohio) anti-Masons to get up an excitement under the guise of religion, against the Masonic Society in consequence of its being a secret institution. When the crusade took shape and form, the names of many gentlemen for years known as philanthropists, were used, and amongst them that of Gerrit Smith, who, for many years, has been known as an Anti-Mason. Entirely regardless of the political, or religious opinions of Mr. Smith, but, believing him to be one of those who gave an honest expression to his views according to the light which was in him, and which probably he would not have done, had he been really acquainted with the true objects of Freemasonry, Bro. D. Sickets of this city, forwarded to Mr. Smith a copy of his '*Ahimsan Reason*,' requesting his perusal of the same, and asking him carefully examine it; and having done so, to give expression to his opinions in regard to that which he had formerly condemned.

"The request was complied with, and after a considerable lapse of time, the following letter was received from Mr. Smith, who at the same time authorized its publication. In presenting it to our Masonic readers they will clearly perceive, what every Mason well knows, that it is only as necessary to explain as far as can be done, to their bitterest opponents, what Masonry really is, to cause them to modify their views, as has Gerrit Smith. The letter reads thus:—

"Dear Sir:—Owing to the great pressure upon all my time, I have not been able until now to complete the reading of the Book Ahimsan Reason—which you so kindly sent to me. I thank you for the book, and I shall take great pleasure in letting my most intelligent friends and neighbors read it.

"I have not myself much fancy for allegories and symbols, but I am aware that many have, and therefore I am not surprised that Masonry has so great a number of disciples.

"Your book is an interesting one, and certain it is, that if Masons live up to the letter and spirit of its teachings, they surpass others in a sound religion and a sublime philosophy.

"I suppose that I became so set against the secrets of Masonry, because it was by means of its secrecy, that it proved too strong for the courts in the time of the Morgan excitement.

"Respectfully yours,

"GERRIT SMITH.

"Peterboro', April 16th, 1868."

"I say, ma," exclaimed a little minx of thirteen, "do you know what the pyrotechnical remedy is for a crying infant?" "Gracious goodness me! No; I never heard of such a thing?" "Well, ma, it's rocket!"

APPEAL OF THE LADIES' MASONIC WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' SOCIETY, OF LOUISVILLE.

TO THE WOMEN OF KENTUCKY.

We ask the assistance of the women of Kentucky, to co-operate with us in our efforts to aid the Masonic Fraternity of this State, in the completion of a Home and Infirmary for the destitute widows and orphans of Masons, without regard to creed or sect. Already the Fraternity have more than \$30,000, subscribed towards the object, and, having determined to aid in this holy and glorious enterprise, we now ask to strengthen our hands, by assisting us in this charitable work. We do not desire to ask for assistance out of the State, though, if offered, we will gladly receive it. We are persuaded that the mothers, wives, daughters and sisters of Masons, and the kind-hearted and benevolent women throughout Kentucky, will feel a *State pride* in making this undertaking worthy of the noble object for which it is founded.

We desire that the women of Kentucky, by their sole exertions, shall do a material part of the work, by providing the funds necessary to erect the main building of the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home, and we believe that with your cordial assistance, we can do it. Indeed what is there in the way of god-like charity, that the women of Kentucky, united together, cannot do? We have only to determine to do it, and act according to our determination with promptness, and we will surely accomplish it. Let us then devote our united energies to this object.

This can be done by forming auxiliary societies in each city, town and neighborhood—such associations to work zealously and promptly in giving Concerts, Balls, Tableaux, Bazaars, Fairs, or such other entertainments as they may think best suited to their different localities. The funds resulting therefrom will greatly augment those already realized for this much needed charity. In this enterprise let us not despise small offerings; but remember, that as many little springs make a creek, and many creeks at length a river, which sweeps onward in its majestic and resistless course, so will it be with our proposed auxiliary societies, when once established and in active operation, each will contribute to the general fund, and we will at length accomplish our object.

The remembrance of the increased number of orphans left during the calamities of the last seven years, urges the necessity of the work, that these motherless and fatherless children may have a refuge, where they may in part forget their great sorrow—where they may have an ark of safety from the temptations of youth, and be taught that labor is honorable, so that, being thus fitted to lead useful lives, when those little girls shall become women, they may take their places among us, entitled to the respect and admiration of their associates.

Let us plead also, for your aid and sympathy in behalf of those aged, infirm and desolate widows, who are almost without a future on earth—whose remnant of years should be free from toil and care, and to whom should be assured the tranquility and repose which age demands. Let them be so ministered to that they may pass their time in rest and quietness, and thus be enabled, in the patience of hope, to make that Godly preparation which shall insure them the precious home of the soul.

In conclusion, we hope that every lady who shall receive one of these circulars will consider

herself authorized to organize in her city, town or neighborhood, one or more societies, auxiliary to that of Louisville, for the purpose of assisting us in this work. To facilitate the formation of such societies, we are prepared to furnish a draft of a suitable Constitution for adoption by each. It is apparent that to work together harmoniously and accomplish the purpose we have in view, there should be entire unity of action, and therefore the Constitutions of all the auxiliary societies should be alike in the main feature. Blanks are left to be filled at the discretion of each society.

Upon the formation of any auxiliary society, we request that their action, and the names of their officers, will be promptly reported to the parent society, which should also be advised from time to time of their progress.

Communications can be addressed to the Ladies' Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Society, Louisville, Kentucky.

Mrs. SUSAN P. HEPBURN, President.

Mrs. L. B. PORCH, Secretary.

April 22nd, 1868.

THE HOLY SAINTS' JOHN.

An Address delivered before the Masonic Fraternity, at Bridgeport, Ky., June 24th, 1868, upon the invitation of Shover Lodge, No. 402.

BY H. A. M. HENDERSON.

Nations have their Anniversaries, upon which they celebrate with garlands, music, speeches, festivals, and salvos of Artillery great events; such as the births of their illustrious men, the victories of their armies, or the natal hour of their liberties. Masonry, throughout Christendom, celebrates to-day as the Anniversary of the birth of St. John the Baptist, who amid the College of Christian Saints was a patron of our Order. We have another festival day, that of St. John the Evangelist, which occurs on the 27th of December. Our Lodges are all dedicated to the Holy St. Johns, and hence, Masonry, in Christian lands, is called *Johanne Masonry*. In a certain Masonic document, called the Charter of Cologne, it is declared that previous to the year 1440, the Association of Freemasons were called "Johns' Brothers." *Johanne Masonry* is the Ancient Craft, and embraces the degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow-Craft, and Master Mason. The tradition preserved in the English Lodges concerning the dedication of Lodges to the Holy Saints' John, is as follows: "From the erection of the primitive temple at Jerusalem, to the Babylonish Captivity, Freemasons' Lodges were dedicated to King Solomon; from thence to the coming of the Messiah, they were dedicated to Zerubbabel, the builder of the second temple; and from that time to the final destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, in the reign of Vespasian, to Saint John the Baptist; but owing to the many massacres and disorders which attended that memorable event, Freemasonry sunk very much into decay; many Lodges were entirely broken up, and but few could meet in sufficient numbers to constitute their legality, and at a general meeting of the Craft, held in the City of Benjamin, it was observed that the principle reason for the decline of Masonry was the want of a Grand Master to patronize it; they therefore deputed seven of their most eminent members to wait upon St. John the Evangelist who was at that time Bishop of Ephesus, requesting him to take the office of Grand Master. He answered that though well-stricken in years, (being over

ninety,) yet having been in the early part of his life initiated into Masonry, he would take upon himself that office; he thereby completed by his learning, what the other St. John had completed by his zeal, and thus drew what Freemasons term a line parallel; ever since which Freemasons' Lodges in all Christian countries have been dedicated both to St. John the Baptist, and St. John the Evangelist." To this course, also, the primitive Christian Masons, were doubtlessly induced by the distinguishing characteristics of these eminent Saints. St. John the Baptist by being the grand and rugged reformer and herald of Christ, and by the novel ablation with which he initiated his disciples, might fitly be considered as the *Grand Hierophant*, or Mystic Priest of the Christian Church, while the symbolic nature of the Apocalyptic teachings of St. John the Evangelist co-ordinated with the emblematic instructions employed in the typology of the fraternity.

St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist are two opposite yet consentaneous characters and mutually complete each other and therefore with propriety stand as representative characters of Freemasonry. If the first is occidental, the second is oriental: St. John the Baptist may represent the Lodge at labor; St. John the Evangelist the Lodge at refreshment. The first was a bold man of action, a fearless proclaimer of hard and angular truth; the second dwelt in reverent musings upon the divine love, and his nature was ever flowering and exhaling fragrance. Thus while these two patron Saints of our Order do not contradict each other, but like two opposite forces in electricity attract each other, they exhibit in their characters two elements of development, different yet consentaneous. As the grain of corn, though one, opens itself into two halves on the unfolding of the germ, or as the magnet from one middle point discharges, at the same time a positive and a negative power, so the tendencies of our Order, (alike with the Christian Church) Occidental and Oriental, which complement each other, are represented in the earliest Christian era by the two Sts. John. As the rainbow token of retreating calm succeeds the purifying storm, so does St. John the Evangelist follow the advent and mission of St. John the Baptist.

John the Baptist was a bold and brusque proclaimer of truth, who worked by the square, who would make the way of the *Lord straight*, and who regarded no distinctions of society, no glittering badges of rank, no purple or other trappings of power. He was a man nurtured upon the simplest diet, with no pampered tastes, and clothed with camel's hair, girt about his loins. He was not to be admired for breadth of purple, ringleis or jewels. He was in full earnest, was himself, simply man with a voice for truth, and he looked on men as men. He was the incarnate embodiment of stern truth to which Masonry is ever dedicate. He was a living example of simple, unadorned manhood. Like him Masonry knows no adventitious circumstances, and fortuitous positions in its determinations of the value of men. No lofty elevation in Church or State, or society, promotes above others in our fraternity. No title is regarded. Crowns, crests, and stars are nothing in the sight of our brotherhood. A simple emblem—as little garish of display as the camel's hair vesture of St. John—namely, the lambskin or white apron, constitutes the Masonic clothing, worn alike by the hod-carrier and the Prince, and when worthily worn, "is more ancient than the golden fleece and more honorable than

the star and the garter." Upon entrance to our Lodge the warrior dons his uniform, the potentate his Tyrian purple, the pauper his tattered or thread-bare garments and all assemble upon the same level, in the same artless attire, and separate upon the same square. They work in the same quarry and hew stones for the same grand edifice.

St. John the Baptist reduced men to a common level, and while he stood among them the peer of any, his head was above none. The finger of his mission pointed straight at the heart of every man, and from it leaped the lightning of truth which smote to the core. Well if all preachers of the present day imbibed his spirit, and imitated his practices. The Clergyman who conjectures one gospel for the denizens of refined avenues and neighborhoods and another for the profligate classes in the purlieus of vice knows neither the needs of the human heart, nor properly estimates the offices and powers of Christianity. Masonry, in humble imitation of its illustrious patron has one pure standard of merit and up to it all men must alike measure ere, they can hear the sacred name of brother, and whether a man comes covered with grime from the mud-pits of a brickyard, or fragrant with unctuous oil from a coronation he must walk the straight and narrow parallels of truth or never can approach the Masonic East and bow before its mystic "G."

In St. John the Evangelist we have an opposite type of character presented, but as we have remarked in no wise antagonistic, for the two run parallel.

The peculiar mission of St. John the Baptist was to ruggedly reform by proclaiming sternly the violated law of God. The peculiar mission of St. John the Evangelist was to write God's letters of love to his creatures. In his Epistles we find that one gloriously glad sentence, "*God is love*." Surely, on some day bathed in sunlight and redolent with odors of a thousand Edens did this flower-blooming, and fragrance-distilling world pass like sweet-scented balm through the broad generous heart of the Apostle. There is a burst of sun-rise in it, and the wings of its light drops healing to the hearts of men. Full as an April cloud of refreshing showers is this glorious sentence of invigorating hope. The soul drinks it in like a diamond does the light. It was a truth, caught by the ear of John as, with head pillowed on the breast of Jesus, he heard the beatings of the Divine-man's heart. And, brethren, when we dedicate our Lodges to him, we dedicate them to that truth which was the hymn of his life, the glowing measures of the molten melody of *love*. A mason devoid of love is like a flower without perfume, a night without a star, an East with no sun-burst of morning glory.

But, St. John was also a Mystic Character. How much the Masonry of the Evangelist contributed to the glowing and mysterious emblems of the book of Revelations, of which he was the author, it would be useless to conjecture, but we detect the same rich imagery in the Apocalypse which we discern in the Symbology of Freemasonry. As one has said: "How wonderful the mere outline of the Book of Revelations! The stage a solitary island,—the sole spectator, a gray-haired Apostle of Jesus, who once lay on his breast, but is now alone in the world; time, the Lord's day, acquiring a deeper sacredness from the surrounding solitude and silence of nature: the appearance of the Universal Bishop, gold-girt, with head and hairs white as snow, flaming eyes, feet like burning brass, voice as the sound

of many waters, the seven stars in his right hand, and walking through the midst of seven golden candlesticks; the opening of a door in Heaven; the throne, rainbow-surrounded, fringed by the seven lamps, and seeing its shadow in the sea of glass, mingled with fire; the Lion of the tribe of Judah opening the seals; the coming forth of the giant steeds—one white as the milky banner of the Cross, another red as blood, a third black, and with a rider having a pair of balances in his hand—a fourth pale, and mounted by death; the emergence of those fearful hybrids of hell—the scorpion locusts with Apollyon as their king; the man on the white cloud, with the gold crown on his head, and the sharp sickle in his hand; the reaping of the harvests of the earth; the fall of Babylon; the battle of Armageddon; the advent of the Captain of the holy host; the battle; the rout; the binding of Satan; the reign of Christ; and the ultimate and everlasting "Bridal of the earth and sky"—such are the main constituents of the Apocalypse of St. John—or Revelation of Jesus Christ. How wonderful this singular history! An island dream, despised at first by many has foretold and outlived dynasties—made Popes tremble and toss upon their midnight beds—made conquerors pale, as they saw, or thought they saw, their own achievements traced along its mysterious page, and their own bloody seas anticipated—fired the muse of the proudest poets, and the pencil of the most gifted artists—and drawn as students and admirers, around its cloudy center, the theologians and philosophers of half the world. And most wonderful of all, it has kept its secret—it has baffled all inquirers, and continues shrouded and folded up like a ghost in its formless shades, ranking thus, either with the dreams of mere madness, and forming a silent but tremendous satire on a world of fools, who have consented to believe and examine it; or, as we believe, with those grand enigmas of Nature, Providence, and Faith, which can only be stated, and can only be solved, by God himself." Thus St. John the Evangelist, the grand representative of Mystics—of symbolic teachers, and of those to whom are entrusted the great secrets of God, is fitly recognized as a patron saint of our Order. Can any one object to the symbology of Freemasonry with the Book of God before him? Why, inspiration has written nature over with symbolic instructions! The star of the evening, the lily of the valley, the pierced sparrow trembling to its fall, the fading flower, the withering grass, the wayward zephyr, the rugged rock, and the gurgling spring—indeed almost everything that shines, blossoms, grows, breathes, fades or dies, has been used by the Divine Being an ordained proclaimer of some grand truth. The prophets uttered their predictions in sublime allegories, Christ taught in parables, and by associating truth with every dead and dumb thing around him made nature forever a revealing oracle, a grand mnemonic system by which his precious doctrines were to be recalled. All religions are associated with mystery, and mystery expresses itself in symbols: The Ancient Selli; the Persian Fire-Worshipper, the Gynnosopist, all connected their religious systems with mystery. In the Temple of King Solomon was the Holy of Holies behind the partitioned veil, where in solemn seclusion glowed the Divine Sheekinah; upon the threshold of Egyptian temples sat the Sphynx, prying into the future, as is reading the secrets of Eternity, and Isis, the queen-god, was veiled; over the portals of Christian theology is written, "Great is the mys-

tery of Godliness;" and the wonders of the Millennium Church will be made apparent by the breaking of seals. "The first learning in the world," says Stueckley, "consisted chiefly in symbols." Says Sarraun, on Plato's symposium: "it was the mode of the Ancient philosophers to represent truth by certain symbols and hidden images." The pyramids of Egypt are written over with hieroglyphs, and the earliest writings were of a symbolic character. The painter's grandest creations are allegorical pictures; the sculptor's finest expressions in marble are purely symbolical; the word-painting of poetry finds coloring from metaphors; and even science, stately as it is, must write its formulas in symbols. The method of applying symbols by Freemasonry, is the loftiest and most intellectual method of conveying instruction. The reason of the signification, as well as the thing signified is disclosed in our lectures. Thus the *Apporeta*, or secrets of the Ancient mysteries, constitute an exact counterpart of Freemasonry.

No rational objection can be made to our secrecy, any more than to our symbolic mode of instruction. Silence is one of the sublimest features of the Universe. The silent shining of myriad stars "declare the glory of God" more efficiently than if each one were clamoring panegyrists, for,

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

The great forces of nature operate silently. Light, gravitation, make no noise. "Bees will not work except in darkness; Thought will not work except in silence; Neither will virtue work except in secrecy." Closet prayers, breathed when the door is shut, and deeds of charity performed so that the one hand knoweth not what the other doeth, are most acceptable to God. No one need object to Freemasonry on the ground of secrecy, for in this respect it is not only in common analogy with nature, and all human organizations, but her Holy of Holies is accessible to every worthy man willing to take the steps which lead to its portal and beyond its veil.

Brethren—As Masons we may feel a pride to-day in that antiquity which carries us back for parallels to the two Sts. John, aye, even to Moses and Solomon. It were grand to look upon some proud fortress that had withstood the fury of attacking navies, and the ruthless ravages of relentless time. Grand to view the Edifice in which the principles of our Ancient and honorable Order are entrenched. Back over the wastes of centuries we see it rising in the East, and to-day with pride we behold its polished columns, its golden architraves, its Mosaic pave, and its dome of Majestic splendor. Imposing the assembly of the grand Brotherhood around its venerated altars at this hour.

If the question were asked us when Masonry took its rise, we would frankly avow our ignorance. We travel back to the infancy of our race and cannot reach the period from which to confidently date our rise. We feel assured that King Solomon's temple went up under the operative auspices of our Craft. When the star of Bethlehem broke on the sky of Palestine, Masonic Lodges gemmed the night of the world.

St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist were his Christian patrons. Ere Caesar had carried his imperial eagles to the borders of the globe, the lambskin apron was worn around the earth. To Ninevah, Tyre, Jerusalem, Memphis, and Heliopolis, we can look back and regard them as not only the capitals of ancient civiliza-

tion, but of our cherished art. When Corinth was "the eye of Greece" and Rome the mistress of the world, the cloudy canopy overspread their templed grandeur.

Upon the gray sides of Egyptian pyramids the exhumed tablets of buried Babel and proud Palmyra, entombed in the charnel house of twenty centuries, the scientific Mason of to-day reads with startled admiration, in their curious hieroglyphs, the evidences of our antiquity.

The stormy flight of centuries, the rush of maddened armies, the crash of falling dynasties, the greedy tooth of decay, brought none of the infirmities incident to trial and old age upon its lithe limbs. Like the fabled Phoenix, it has renewed its youth amid crumbling ruins, and risen more glorious from the ashes of each smouldering fire.

The Elysian mysteries have been solved; the Rosicrucian has ceased to ply his art; the sublime mythologies of classic ages are dead; Jupiter no longer tosses his curling locks or wields his heated thunderbolts; no more the beauteous Apollo glows in the morning sun; no more the chaste Diana glides down the starry skies to kiss Endymion to sleep. No Oront on our mountains; no Dryad in our woods; no Nais in our streams. Gone are they all.

The fire has expired upon the altar of Vesta, and the Jewish altar no longer smokes beneath its pious holocaust. Yet Masonry, which has been contemporary with them all, lives in the midst of the splendid civilization of the nineteenth century, and numbers among its brotherhood many of the brightest sons of progress.

I delight to belong to an Order whose Craftsmen rang their gavel on the stones of Zion's temple, and on the mighty pyramids which have kept the watch of centuries over the solitudes of the Libyan Desert. I love to be identified with an institution that has enjoyed its millenniums of brotherly affection and gentle charities. It is a real pleasure to feel that I am one of a Brotherhood of mercy which girdles the earth parallel with every latitudinal line. It is a generous emotion stirs my breast when I reflect that I am integral in an association which has gladdened the hearts of millions of lonely widows and fatherless children. It is no small satisfaction for me to feel that when I die a loving band of brothers will bear me to my burial, plant in the enfolding turf emblematic Acacia, and take to their sacred ward and protection the dear ones I would otherwise leave to struggle alone.

If there are those, who wish to know what are the grand distinguishing tenets to which our Order is devoted, we answer,—that our prime purpose is "to learn to subdue our passions" in the practice of Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence, and Justice—and to surmount selfishness by giving the vital forces of a benevolent heart an outward expression in deeds of charity, and hence Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth, are great articles in the creed of the Masonic profession. The All-seeing eye of our Order pierces through the iron-mail of the soul, and searches the hearts of men, and holds them dear only for their interior worth. "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," confer no extraordinary dignities in our Fraternity. On the point of Masonic fellowship princes and papiers touch breasts, and hear each others most secret breathings. We need scarcely to remind you,—for, in this respect, almost every hamlet has been the theatre of its work,—that the widows and orphans of our Brotherhood are objects of our peculiar care. Napoleon said, on a

grand State occasion when his eye lighted upon an immense group of his Soldiers widows, and bereft babes—"these are the children of the empire;" so does Masonry, whenever her eye of light and love is fixed on a deceased brother's dear ones, regard them as the children of the Fraternity.

We are at this day engaged in building up and munificently endowing a "Widows' and Orphans' Home"—near the city of Louisville—in whose sacred halls hope shall rekindle its torch, and the warmth of life come back to the stunted hearts of our indigent brothers' loved whom they have left behind. Ah, yes,

"The widow's tear—the orphan's cry—
All wants our ready hand supply,
As far as power is given.

The naked clothe—the prisoner free—
These are they works sweet Masonry,
Revealed to us from heaven.

In choral numbers Masons join,
To bless and praise the Light divine."

You, therefore, see that "Masonry is a beautiful system of morals veiled in allegory, and illustrated by symbols"—venerated for its antiquity, and remarkable for this, and its wide-spread diffusion, and Cosmopolitan spirit.

Are there those present who are with us though not of us? Wait not to be urged to join our fraternal band. You will never be asked. Masonry is not a propaganda. It is an asylum. If you ever come to our portals it must be of your own free will and accord, unbiased by the partial arguments of friends. If you are worthy to wear our badges of innocence, we will hail your coming with delight—initiate, pass, and raise you to sublime honor which through the linked centuries, has been conferred on us.

But why are the Ladies not admitted to your secret rites? is the question that some may have asked in their own minds. We answer,—because they are so good, that we do not think they require the restraints of Freemasonry. Man bound in chains of obligation, yet chafes for the liberty of evil. Woman opens her heart to Heaven's purest sunlight, as a flower drinks in the dew, or brightens into beauty beneath its golden kiss. We would as soon think of ornamenting yonder sun, by tying satin streamers to its glorious disc as to suppose that Masonry could supplement the fair and virtuous woman's loveliness.

When we think it necessary to use musk to perfume flowers, lucifer matches to light the star-fires of the night, and vermilion to paint the petals of the rose, then, we will take into consideration the scheme of improving woman by Masonry.

Our Craft, at first, was operative, and from its practical workings, and primitive traditions, was as speculative Masons have descended. Our rites are not adapted to woman's delicate tastes, and the rugged path man travels, is one over which we would never have woman walk. But Ladies, though you cannot join us in our Lodges it is no fault of modern Masonry, but a peculiarity of Ancient Masonry, which we dare not amend, if we would preserve inviolate the traditions, and ceremonies which have descended to us from a venerable part. Could, however, you hear how woman's honor and chastity is pledged by our brotherhood on bonded knees and God's sacred Book, you could not help but love our institution.

Because the Ladies cannot join us we do not cherish them the less. "One of the holiest of our mystic rites inculcates a reverence for the widow, and pity for the widow's son. The wife, the

mother, the sister and the daughter exercise a peculiar claim upon each Mason's heart and affections, and while we know that woman's smile, like the mild beams of a May-day sun, reflects a brighter splendor on the light of prosperity, and warms with grateful glow the chilliness of adversity, we regret, not the less deeply, because unavailing, that no ray of that sun can illumine the recesses of our Lodge and call our weary workmen from their labors to refreshment."

Literary Gems.

BEAUTIES FROM STAR PAPERS.

A bird in a cage is not half, a bird and I determined to hear a lark at Stratford-on-Avon, if one would be scarce up. And so, early this morning I awoke according to a predetermination, and sallied out through the fields to a beautiful range of grounds called "Weloambe." I watched for birds and saw birds, but no larks. The reapers were already in the wheat fields, and brought to mind the fable of the lark who had reared her young there.

Far over, toward the Avon, I could see black specks of crows walking about, and picking up a morsel here and there in the grass. I listened to one very sweet song from a tree near a farm-house, but it was unfamiliar to my ear; and no one near from whom I might inquire. Besides the plain laboring people know little about ornithology and would have told me that "it is some sort of a singing bird," as if I thought it were a goose; and so I said to myself, I've had my labor for my pains! Well, I will enjoy the clouds and the ribbon strips of blue that interlace them. I must revoke my judgment of the English trees; for as I stood looking over upon the masses of foliage, and the single trees dotted in here and there, I could see every shade of green, and all of them most beautiful, and as refreshing to me as old friends. After standing awhile to take a last view of Stratford-on-Avon, from this high ground, and the beautiful slopes around it, and of the meadows of the Avon, I began to walk homeward, when I heard such an outbreak behind me, as whirled me about quick enough: there he flew, singing as he rose, and rising gradually, not directly up, but with gentle slope—there was the free singing lark, not half so happy to sing as I was to hear! In a moment more, he had reached the summit of his ambition, and suddenly fell back to the grass again. And now, if you laugh at my enthusiasm, I will pity you for the want of it. I have heard one poet's lark, if I never hear another, and am much happier for it.

God gave to man this power to breathe himself upon the world; and God gave us that nature by which we feel the inspiration. Is this divine arrangement exhausted in man's earthly history? Are we not to see and to know a sublime development of it when we come to a knowledge of God himself, face to face? Then, not a hamlet alone, a few cottages, a stream or spire will be suggestive; but throughout the universe, every creature and every object will breathe of God. Not of his genius, as Stratford-on-Avon speaks of Shakspear; but of every trait of character, every shade of feeling, attribute of power; of goodness, love, mercy and gentleness, magnanimity, exquisite purity, taste, imagination, truth and justice.

Did you ever, after very dear friends, with whom all the sympathies of your heart were affiliated, had left places in which you and they had lived much in a short time, experience a gentle, serene happiness, and stroll about—*sorry and glad* that they were gone—feeling their presence in every thing, and having from every object around you a bright emanation of remembrance of them? Well, then you know, not how I feel to-day, in this gallery, (the Luxembourg) but you know the direction in which to imagine it. I am calm, happy, full of sympathy—but rational—perceivingly appreciative—and yet, there is everywhere a second sense, or bright over-current of remembrance of the golden joy of my first visit. The visit of day before yesterday seems like the guardian angel of to-day's visit—a spirit hovering round its charge!

Who that has read at all has not read of Claude's sunsets? At length I see them with my own eyes! The whole air is full of ether-gold! There are other artists who put more color into their pictures—into the trees, the forms, the clouds. He puts it into the atmosphere. Every thing is then bathed and suffused with its glow.

It is the end of art to inoculate men with the love of nature. But those who have a passion for nature in the natural way, need no pictures nor galleries. Spring is their designer, and the whole year their artist.

As a flower is the finest stroke of creation, so the rose is the happiest hit among flowers!

But we must not neglect the blossoms of fruit-trees. What a heart an apple-tree must have! What generous work it makes of blossoming!

When one is young, and yet entered on life, the heart pants for new things and for excitements. But after one has taken the burden upon his back, and lived amidst cares that never rest, but beat upon the shore like an unquiet surf, then nothing is so luxurious as the calm of a country neighborhood.

MY DARLINGS' SHOES.

God bless the little feet that never go astray,
For the little shoes are empty in my closet laid away;
Sometimes I take one in my hand forgetting till I see
It is a little half worn shoe, not large enough for me;
And all at once I feel a sense of bitter loss and pain,
As sharp as when, two years ago, it cut my heart in twain.

O little feet that worried not, I wait for them no more,
For I am drifting on the tide, while they have reached the shore;
And while the blinding tear drops wet these little shoes so old,
I try to think my darlings' feet are treading streets of gold;

And so I lay them down again, but always turn to say—
"God bless the little feet that now so surely cannot stray."

And while I thus am standing, I almost seem to see
Two little forms beside me just as they used to be:
Two little faces lifted with their sweet and tender eyes,
Ah me! I might have known that look was born of Paradise;

I reach my arms out fondly but they clasp the empty air,
There is nothing of my darlings but the shoes they used to wear.

Oh! the bitterness of parting cannot be done away,
Till I meet my darlings walking where their feet can never stray;

When I no more am drifted upon the surging tide,
But with them safely landed upon the river side.

Be patient, heart, while waiting to see their shining way,
For the little feet in the golden street can never go astray.

From the Prescott (Wis.) Journal.
A CENTENARIAN—THE OLDEST LIVING FREEMASON.

A few weeks ago we briefly stated that Mr. David Stiles, now stopping with his grand-daughters in this city, had reached the remarkable age of 102 years.

We yesterday enjoyed a very pleasant visit with Mr. Stiles, and a few facts in regard to him will not fail to be interesting to our readers.

It gives one a sense of awe to sit and converse with one who bears the weight of a hundred and more years, who twice voted for Gen. Washington for the presidency, who speaks knowingly of the fashions before the Revolution. It is history vivified. No one would suspect Mr. Stiles' extreme age from his conversation or appearance. He has no more vigor than most men of seventy, and seems likely to live many years yet. His step is reasonably firm, his mind clear, his memory tenacious, his disposition cheerful and social, his voice unbroken, and his conversation enlivened with touches of sentiment and wit.

Mr. Stiles was born in Woodbury, Litchfield county, Conn., May 21, 1766, and is therefore a little over 102 years old. His first wife was Martha Ransom, daughter of Ebenezer Ransom, of Vergennes, Vt., whom he married in 1793, and by whom he had three children. His second wife, Elizabeth Cummings, who lived near Plattsburg, N. Y., he married in 1809, and she died at Hazel Green, in this State, in 1847, having borne him ten children.

Mr. Stiles followed, or rather led the advance of civilization westward to the Mississippi, having located at Hazel Green, in Grant county, Wis., in 1839.

His Masonic history is alike interesting and honorable to him. He has been a Mason seventy-one years, and is no doubt the oldest Mason on this continent. He was made a Mason at Toronto, Canada West, December 27, 1797, when Wm. Jervis was Grand Master of Canada. The Lodge at Toronto was No. 16 of that jurisdiction. He has assisted in forming very many Lodges, and is now a member of Hazel Green Lodge, No. 43, of this State. He is not, like too many, a Mason merely in name—a rough ashler, but he has been a devoted student of its teachings and a faithful follower of its precepts, his memory holds intact its lectures, and he is truly a polished stone fit for the master's use.

With his naturally genial and cheerful disposition, sweetened by piety and strengthened by faith, with the companions of youth and the friends of middle age all gone before him, he stands upon the far outreaching point of time, waiting the Master's beck to cross the narrow space which keeps him from the "other side." May the call be gentle when it comes, and the answer ready and willing.

The moon at its rising and setting appears much larger than when high up in the sky. This is, however, a more erroneous judgment; for when we come to measure its diameter, so far from finding our conclusion borne out by fact, we actually find it to measure less. Here is eyesight opposed to eyesight, with the advantage of deliberate measurement. In ventriloquism, we have the hearing at variance with all the other senses, and especially with the sight, which is sometimes contradicted by it in a very extraordinary and surprising manner, as when the voice is made to seem to issue from an inanimate and motionless object. If we plunge our hands, one into ice-cold water and the other into water as hot as it can be borne, and, after letting them stay in a while, suddenly transfer them to a vessel full of water at blood heat, the one will feel a sensation of heat, the other of cold. And if we close the two first fingers of one hand, and place a pea in the fork between them, moving and rolling it about on a table, we shall find (especially if we close our eyes) be fully persuaded we have two peas. If the nose be held while we are eating cinnamon, we shall perceive no difference between its flavor and that of a deal shaving.

A countryman entered a New Bedford restaurant where a lot of flaming menagerie handbills were posted and on being asked what he would have, replied: "I guess I'll take a cup of coffee and three menageries."

THE HARP IN HEAVEN.

One of the sweetest recollections of my girlhood, said a lady, is a beautiful reply my mother once made me when my heart was swelling with girlish grief.

I had just returned from the house of a wealthy neighbor, who had kindly given me the use of their piano for a few hours a day to gratify my extreme love for music. Our own cottage home looked so plain in contrast with the one I had just left, and no piano within its walls, I laid my head on the table, and gave vent to my overflowing heart. I felt grieved, and perhaps a little angry, that we were unable to afford the one thing I desired above all others—a piano—and expressed my feelings to my mother.

Never shall I forget her sweet, gentle tone as she replied, "Never mind, daughter, if you can not have a piano on earth, you may have a harp in heaven." Instantly the whole current of my feeling was changed. Earthly things dwindled into insignificance, and the "harp in heaven," with its golden strings, became the object of my desires. I felt reprieved for my revivings against the Providence that had placed me in an humble home, and from that moment the enjoyment of heaven seemed far to outweigh all the pleasures of earth. That beautiful reply has followed me all my life, or rather has gone before me like a bright guiding star, lifting my thoughts above this transient life, and opening to my spirit's vision the glorious scenes in that "land of life and light." I have a piano now, but its charm is gone. Its music no longer gladdens my heart as it once did, for the ears that loved best to listen to its sweet tones are now enraptured with the grand harmonies of heaven. The dear fingers that so often touched its keys now sweep the golden harp-strings. Oh, that "harp in heaven!" How my soul longs for one breath of its rich melody.

As I look upon the dear baby fingers in the cradle near me, I think it matters little whether my child be poor or rich—whether her path be strewn with thorns or flowers; if she may only have a "harp in heaven."

THE HAPPIEST PERIOD.

At a festival party of old and young the question was asked: Which season of life is most happy? After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of fourscore years. He asked if they had not noticed a group of trees before the dwelling and said:

"When the spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and these are covered with blossoms, I think how beautiful is spring! And when the summer comes, and covers the trees with its heavy foliage and singing birds are all among the branches, I think how beautiful is summer! When autumn loads them with golden fruit and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint, I think how beautiful is autumn! And when it is so cold winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up and through the leafless branches, as I could never until now, I see the stars shine through."

WHAT CONSTITUTES A MASON?—Many think that the Degree, or all the machinery of the Institution; but such is not the case; every man *rated* (not a Mason, nor every one called a Companion, any more than every circumcised man is a child of Abraham) or every one baptised a Christian. In every case it is the adoption, possession and development of certain clearly defined principles, which are sealed by the outward ceremony. Because of this misconception, many think the Chapter will be sustained, and Royal Arch Masonry advanced by increase of membership. Rough material is presented, and unskilful workmen mark it; but it can never be wrought into that true building which true Masons are endeavoring to erect. Numbers do not give prosperity or character; worth does. I do not believe there is a dormant chapter in Virginia, whose death was not caused by unfit officers or bad character of prominent Companions. Purge the Chapter by true Masonic discipline, and give them good and qualified Companions for officers, and they will be more active than ever.—(G. W. Dame.

It is well known that Mr. Bonner has a country seat at West Morristana. Some time ago, owing to the fever and ague, he determined to sell it. He wrote an advertisement which contained the following passage, but temporarily suppressed it at the solicitation of his neighbors. Now I offer for sale a curiosity, something rare, the precise, exact spot where the fever and ague is, I will warrant it to be there. Three of my children have it; my gardener has it, my groom has the same pulmonary symptoms, and I have a sufficient inkling of it myself. Any doctor, with a large family, who has a specific for fever and ague would find this a most eligible situation; the neighborhood is full of the disease, and if he could keep it out of his own family it would give him a reputation which would insure his fortune. The trees afford not only a delightful shade, but a nice harbor for mosquitoes. The mosquitoes thus far, have not been so much affected by the fever and ague as to prevent their biting. In fact it is a good place for mosquitoes. I bought it to please my wife, and shall leave it to please my whole family. Terms, cash. I am afraid any security on it would get the fever and ague, and become shaky. Those wishing to purchase will please apply immediately. I want to get away from it as fast as a Dexter can carry me.

ROBERT BONNER.

Mr. Charles A. Fuller, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee, died in triumphant hope of heaven, in Edgefield, June 5, and was buried June 7. His funeral was attended by a very large concourse of Masons and others, at the First Presbyterian Church, which was used because of its size. Dr. Skinner, pastor of the First Baptist Church—of which the deceased was a cherished member delivered an eloquent discourse, and ministers of the Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches, assisted in the services—which were followed by the masonic ritual, with a beautiful eulogy by Mr. John Frazier, assistant Grand Secretary.—*Nashville Advertiser.*

SIXING.—Though but a poor singer, yet have I a habit of singing when alone. A little thing sets me off—a bit of green on the earth, or a bit of blue in the skies. Yes, yes, I like singing, and often sing with my heart when my lips are silent. I like to hear a milk-maid singing in the green meadow, when her heart is so happy that she can not help it. I love to hear a song unaltered for. Who asks the birds to sing? They sing to relieve their heart, and this is the sort of singing that I like. I love to hear a loud hallooah, not by the clear musical voice of one who is paid for it, but by a thousand tongues singing with the heart and understanding.

You shall have my favorite song. I sang it in my youth, and in my manhood, and now I am singing it in my years:

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.
—*Old Humphrey.*

"It beats out," as the Down-East cobbler said, on looking at a shoe-making machine.

HYMNICAL.

MARRIED.—At the residence of the bride's parents, in Frankfort, on Thursday evening, June 10th, 1868, by the Rev. H. A. M. Henderson, Jno. W. Rodman, Esq., and Miss Mattie G. Runyan, all of this city.

We congratulate our friends—and particularly the happy bridegroom, and we trust that a green old age shall find them enjoying the bliss of earth and the hope of Heaven.
Joy, serious and sublime,
Such as doth nerve the energies of prayer,
Should swell the bosom, when a maiden's hand
Filled with life's dewy dowerets, girld on
That harness which the ministry of death
Alone unloose; and when the manly
Heart, touched by such fond devotion vows
With solemn sanctity to guard his
Sacred treasure forever.

Wit and Humor.

The editor of the Kenosha (Wis.) Telegraph, says: "Last year we had a tree which bore one apple. This year the crop of the tree is doubled." We think the nature of the tree must have been totally changed, as it is certainly the first instance that we remember of any tree bearing one year an apple, and the next year a pair.

A rumor is gaining ground that the ladies are going to exercise the long year prerogative of offering their seats to gentlemen in the cars for the purpose of putting the latter to shame and setting them a good example for the next three years.

"Julius, how do yer feth der latitude?"
"How do I feth der latitude—why, you bring de parrotix of der horrison opposite to der node of de hemisphere, and from der right angle struck by de converse proportions, you find de quotient in de lunar canstic, sublined from de orbit of de arf."

"Sammy, my son, how many weeks belong to the year?"
"Forty-six, sir."
"Why, Sammy, how do you make that out?"
"The other six are Lent."

A Western paper says that the editor of a rival sheet was skating recently and broke through the ice. He went up to his ears, but the hole was not large enough to let them through. While he was waiting for some one to take him out his ears froze, and have since been amputated, and are used for door-knobs.

A gentleman at an eating-house asked the person next to him if he would please to pass the mustard?
"Sir," said the man, "do you mistake me for a waiter?"
"Oh, no, sir," was the reply, "I mistook you for a gentleman."

A livery stable keeper named Spurr, would never let a horse go out without requesting the hirer not to drive fast. One day a young man called to get a turn-out to attend a funeral. "Certainly," said Spurr, but, he added, forgetting the solemn purpose for which the young man required the horse, "don't drive fast." "Why, just look ahead, old fellow," said the somewhat excited young man, "I want you to understand that I shall keep up with the procession if it kills the horse."

A man being out one day amusing himself with shooting, happened to fire through a hedge, on the other side of which was a man standing. The shot passed through the man's hat, but he missed the bird.

"Did you fire at me, sir?" he hastily asked.
"O, no, sir," said the shrewd sportsman; "I never hit what I fire at."

On a recent visit to Catskill, an artist was standing on the main highway, back of the village, contemplating a rare sunset. The heavens seemed flooded with golden and purple light, and field and mountain glittered with the reflected glories of the sky. Our artist stood mute with rapture, carefully noticing the changing and intermingling hues. Just then he perceived a person standing by his side, and turning to him, he exclaimed with enthusiasm:
"What a magnificent picture you have here!"
"Whereabouts?" was the very indifferent reply.
"Look all around; the mountains, the heavens, the setting sun: what picture can surpass such a view!"

This was spoken with a spice of vexation and disappointment at the stranger's want of sympathy with the scene.
"Why, yes, I have often thought that if ———"
Our friend then began to feel that he had done injustice to the unimaginative gentleman, and turned eagerly towards him, in prospect of some fine sentiment inspired by the prospect.

"Why, yes, I have often thought that if I could only raise money enough to set up a cake and beer stand here, it wouldn't pay bad, 'cause lots of folks travel along this neighborhood."

A CHARITY SERMON.—One illustrated with plates.

It is a popular delusion to believe that powder on a lady's face has the same effect as in the pan of a musket—assists her to go off.

A lady of more wealth than culture applied at a Boston book-store recently for Dickens' novel "David Copperhead."

There is a candidate for office in Virginia who lost both legs in the war. He is a no-toe-rious candidate.

On cupid's bank, Love drew a draft
In favor of myself,
And payable in kisses quaffed
From some fair maiden elf.

I clutched the cheek with eager grip
Before the ink had dried,
And let not many moments slip
Ere to the bank I hid.

With trembling heart, yet firm resolve,
I felt a sheepish fellow,
When I demanded payment of
Mary, the paying teller,

She gazed upon the scrip askance,
In coquetry well trained,
Conceiving, at a single glance,
The import it contained.

Then backward threw her curly head,
As if she had intended
To pay me off, but simply said,
"This bank has just suspended!"

Why may young ladies, when they blush and weep, be said to be disturbers of the public peace? Because, when they blush and weep, they raise a hue and cry.

UMBRILLA.—An article which by the majority of society you may steal from friend or foe, and which, for the same reason, you should not lend to either.

"How are you to-day?" asked a gentleman of a desponding neighbor. "I'm like the root of your tongue," was the reply. "How so?" "Because I'm down in the mouth."

EVERY-BODY.—A glass in which the beholder sees everybody's face but his own.

QUILLS.—Are the things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another.

you have worked so much more with your jaw than your brains," observed a wag.

"Well, my boy, do you know what 'syntax' means?" said a schoolmaster to a pupil. "Yes, sir," was the reply; "the duty on spirits."

HOW ALE STRENGTHENED HIM.—A student at one of our State colleges had a barrel of ale deposited in his room, contrary, of course, to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the president, who said:
"Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."

"Yes, sir."
"Well, what explanation can you make?"
"Why, the fact is, sir, my physician advised me to try a little each day as a tonic, and not wishing to stop at the various places where the beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room."
"Indeed. And have you derived any benefit from the use of it?"
"Oh, yes, sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room, two weeks since, I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the greatest ease."
We believe the witty student was discharged without special reprimand.

A friend of ours has two boys, aged respectively six and eight years. The younger was partaking largely of the good things of his life at the dinner-table, immediately on their return from Sabbath-school on Sunday. The elder, after eying his brother for some time, said "Charlie, if you seem to eat much more and it should kill you, you would weigh so much that the angels could not carry you to heaven." Little six-year-old hesitated for a moment, and then, looking up, replied, "Well, if they couldn't do it alone, God would send Sampson down to help them."

No man has as yet been able to ride a clothes horse with the 'spur of the moment.'

A country youth who desired to know how to become rich, sent a quarter in answer to an advertisement, and received the following valuable recipe: "increase your receipts and decrease your expenditure. Work eighteen hours a day, and live on hash and oat meal gruel."

A young lady from the seminary at M——, being asked at the table if she would have some more cabbage, replied: "By no means, gastronomical refutity admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimate culinary deglutition consistent with the code of Reclapularians."

SCHOOLMASTER.—"Bill Smith, what is a widower?"
Bill—"A widow is a married woman that hain't got no husband 'cause he's dead."
Master—"Very well, what is a widower?"
Bill—"A widower is a man that runs arter widders."
Master—"Well Bill, that's not exactly according to Johnson, but it will do."

John Paul says: "I never was a good carver, which is one reason I do not have turkey on my table every day instead of only once a year. Hash is much easier to help, there are no joints to puzzle me, no crooked necks, side bones and gizzards to drive one to distraction, so I make it the standing dish in my household. Those who think we take it for cheapness make a mistake. The convenience of the thing is its recommendation."

ECROSS.—Of what has heaven given us an equal share? Air.

What does a rumor often do when it flies? Lies.
Which is the loveliest flower that grows? Rose.
Whose children are we apt to think the sweetest flowers? Ours.

What in manners is sure to please? Ease.
What will frequently overcome the most astute? Tears.

What loses its flavor when we borrow it? Wit.
What is it that wealth seldom extinguishes? Wishes.

What traits are difficult to exterminate? Insects.
What did Cleopatra for her bosom clasp? Asp.

What enabled Newton the law of the universe to grasp? Apple.
Which letter do we often chew? U.
Which one resembles a tree? S.
Which one is never wry? I.
Which one does a child first know? O.
Which one is embraced in Caesar? E. Sir.—Our Boys and Girls.

The flower that opens to the morning sky gives its fragrance to the breeze and yields its sweetness to the insect, that curls it with patient industry. In a few hours from its opening, the delicate essence that lay secreted in its bud, is scattered far and wide. So with one's influence. The word that he speaks, or the act he performs, may operate on thousands whom he has never known. If, however, his words and deeds proceed from a pure heart, he may feel assured of its doing good wherever it may.

But alas! how many are like that flower which blooms along the highway in gaudy splendor, tempting by its beauty, those whom it would kill by its poisonous odors.

The easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good heart in it.

He is well constituted who grieves not for what he has not, and rejoices for what he has.

Be deaf to the quarrelsome, blind to the scornful, and be dumb to those who are mischievously inquisitive.

He that would pass the latter part of his life with honor and decency, must, when he is young, consider that he one day shall be old, and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young.

COMMENTARY NOTICES.

THE KENTUCKY FREEMASON.—We acknowledge the receipt of all the back No's of this Masonic Monthly, published at Frankfort Ky., by A. G. Hodges.

We have looked over its pages with much pleasure; its editorial and selections are of the first class, and we hope it will receive that patronage it so richly deserves.

We cheerfully place it on our exchange list.—*Compass and Square.*

THE KENTUCKY FREEMASON.—We have received No. 1, 2, and 3. It is a quarto of sixteen pages, same size of the Musical Review. Its editors are A. G. Hodges, Grand Treasurer of Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter, and Grand Recorder of Grand Council of Kentucky; and Rev. H. A. M. Henderson.

With R. W. Bro. Hodges we have had acquaintance of several years' standing. His publishing experience is evidenced by the fact that since 1834 the title pages of the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky have, almost uninterruptedly, born his name in their imprints; and, as a consequence, with but the exception of our venerable and honored brother, Past Grand Master Philip Swigert, no living member of the fraternity in Kentucky has held so long and intimate association with the Grand and Subordinate Bodies of that State.

We are pleased to see that one of the special features of the Freemason is to be a "History of Kentucky Freemasonry." The Grand Lodge of Kentucky is the mother of Masonry in Indiana—Vincennes, Lodge, No. 1, at Vincennes, having received a dispensation from that body at the August session, 1866, and was duly characterized October 31, 1869. From the same source was derived the Masonic existence of Lodges in Ohio, Illinois, Tennessee, Mississippi, Missouri, Louisiana, and Arkansas; therefore, in the early history of our parent Grand Lodge will also be found sketches of the infant-life of Masonry in what have now become eight large, important, and prosperous Grand Masonic Jurisdictions. Bro. Hodges will, no doubt, so edit this "History of Kentucky Freemasonry" as to make his paper, even for this feature alone, highly desirable to the student of the history of Masonry in the United States, and especially worthy of patronage by all that class of Masons resident in the States whose early Masonic history will thereby be perpetuated.

Rev. Mr. Henderson has already proven himself one of the most finished and eloquent Masonic writers of this country—thoroughly conversant with Masonry's deepest, holiest secrets, which he clothes in language technical, and yet beautified by the workings of a brilliant mind, as well as by the impulses and sentiments of an honest and warm heart, whose every thought and pulsation indicate a fervent love for Religion and her handmaiden, Masonry. Lovers of, and avilers at, Masonry, read, one and all, the Clergyman-Mason's defense of our beloved Order against the carping and revilings of those "pestiferous clergyman" of the United Brethren, Congregational, and Baptist churches, and their lay-brother, Thurlow Wood, Henry Wilson, Wm. H. Seward, and all the other anti-Masonic dogs who are now baying at the serene and peaceful moon as Masonry, riding heaven high above their heads, and to be uncuppled, both now and henceforth, to all on earth save to this groveling crew whose tongues do loll and whose heated breath do make a mist about their eyes, shutting from their view only the undimmed orb.

There is no more ably edited or neater printed journal upon our exchange list than the Kentucky Freemason, and we do most cordially recommend it, for patronage, to all our readers.—*Musical Review.*

When a good wife had prepared an excellent dinner for her husband, and he had declared he liked it, she said: 'Well kiss me, then.' 'Oh, never mind that, my dear,' was the reply. The necessities of life we must have, but the luxuries we can dispense with.

Why is a man who makes his will like a pota to which is offered as a sample of a lot? Because he is a testator.

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TO SUBORDINATE LODGES.

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

After the Subordinate Lodge has examined them, and approved, with slight modifications, we can furnish them well printed and neatly bound for \$12 50 per hundred copies—sent by mail, we paying the postage.

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