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HISTORY OF KENTUCKY MASONRY.

NUMBER VII.

The Twenty-fifth Grand Communication was held August 25 to 29, 1817. Thirty Lodges were represented. Charters were granted to Landmark Lodge, No. 41, Versailles Ky; Pisgah Lodge, No. 45, Corydon, Indiana; Industry Lodge, No. 42, at Frankfort, Ky.; Lawrenceburg Lodge, No. 44, at Lawrenceburg, Indiana; Amity Lodge, No. 40, at Millersburgh, Ky.; Felicians Lodge, No. 46, at St. Francisville, Louisiana; Melchisedeck Lodge of Salem, No. 43, at Salem, Indiana. A Dispensation was issued to Fortitude Lodge, at Westport, Kentucky.

The Lottery Managers reported a scheme, which was adopted, and the Managers were instructed to begin the disposition of the tickets agreeably to the report aforesaid. Grand Master Bibb delivered a Lecture on the First Degree of Masonry.

On December 4th, 1817, the Grand Chapter was established. A convention of delegates from the Chapters at Lexington, Frankfort, and Shelbyville met in Frankfort on December 4th, 1817. The following Companions were elected its officers:

JAMES MOORE, G. H. P.
JOHN WILLETT, D. G. H. P.
GEORGE M. BIBB, G. K.
WM. G. HUNT, G. S.
C. S. TODD, G. Sec.
WINGFIELD BULLOCK, J. Tr.
CALEB W. CLOUD, G. Chap.
SAM'L. H. WOODSON, G. Mar.

On December 5th, the Grand Chapter granted a Dispensation for a Chapter at Danville, Ky. A circular letter was addressed to the General Grand Secretary, announcing the formation of the Grand Chapter of Kentucky, and a letter also directed to Thomas Smith Webb, stating that the measures had been pursued according to the instructions he (Webb) had been pleased to give upon that subject.

The Twenty-sixth Grand Communication was held Aug. 31 to Sept. 5, 1818, Thirty-seven Lodges being represented. The Grand Master

Richardson, and Benjamin W. Dudley were cited to appear on the second day of the session, and answer before the Grand Lodge for having engaged in a duel. The resolution, bringing the matter before the Grand Lodge, was offered by S. H. Woodson, afterward (in 1819) Grand Master, in the following form: "Resolved, That, in the opinion of this Grand Lodge, it is entirely improper and entirely repugnant to the principles of Masonry, for any of its members to engage in personal conflicts, with each other, with deadly weapons, or otherwise: and, whereas, it has been signified and made known to this Grand Lodge that a duel hath lately taken place between Grand Master William H. Richardson and Past Master Benjamin W. Dudley; Resolved, That they be cited to appear before this Grand Lodge at 10 o'clock on Thursday next to answer for the above departure from the principles of the Craft."

On Thursday the parties appeared in obedience to the citation, whereupon, after due consideration the Grand Lodge passed the following order: "Resolved, That the Grand Lodge have jurisdiction, and ought to inquire into the charge exhibited against Bro's Richardson and Dudley for having fought a duel—they being both members of the Grand Lodge."

The next day, (Friday,) on motion of Brother Henry Clay, "Resolved, That a Committee of five be appointed to confer with Brothers Richardson and Dudley, for the purpose of endeavoring to produce a reconciliation between them." The Committee consisted of Henry Clay, William T. Barry, Samuel H. Woodson, and David G. Cowan, who speedily reported, "that they had discharged the duties delegated to them, and were happy to inform the Grand Lodge, that they had been successful in their efforts."

John A. Gordon, of Harrodsburg, Ky., then moved, "This Grand Lodge deeply deploras the unfortunate difference between M. W. G. M. Wm. H. Richardson and P. M. B. W. Dudley, in which they were so far unmindful of their Masonic principles and duties as mutually and deliberately to engage in a duel, thereby prostrating and sacrificing one of the great fundamental principles of our Order to the false notions of honor, by which a deluded world have been too

long influenced. Resolved, therefore, that it is the opinion of this Grand Lodge, that the said M. W. Wm. H. Richardson, and the said P. M. B. W. Dudley, be, and they are hereby expelled from all the immunities and privileges of the Order of Masonry." This resolution was ordered to lie upon the table.

The next morning (Saturday) Henry Clay offered a resolution, which being amended, was adopted as follows:

"This Grand Lodge deeply deploras the unfortunate difference between Bro. G. M. Wm. H. Richardson and Bro. P. M. Benj. W. Dudley, and the unhappy combat to which it has led. This Grand Lodge can not but condemn, in the strongest terms, that those Brethren should have so far forgotten their obligations and duties as Masons, as to have engaged in such a combat: but in consideration that the said Brothers have, by the intervention of this Grand Lodge, become perfectly reconciled the one to the other, and of their correct and uniformly good deportment, and that a mitigation of the punishment, which might otherwise be due, is thereby rendered expedient, therefore, Resolved, That the said Brothers Wm. H. Richardson and Benj. W. Dudley, be suspended from the privileges of Masonry during the pleasure of this Grand Lodge.

The Grand Lodge of Indiana, which had been organized at Madison Indiana, January 12, 1818, by the delegates of six chartered Lodges, (all of which had received their authority from the G. L. of Ky.,) was recognized.

A Committee consisting of Jesse Bledsoe, Geo. M. Bibb, Thomas T. Barr, Wm. T. Barry, and Wm. G. Hunt, were appointed, to draw up a set of Rules regulating the manner of proceedings in the Grand Lodge,—to report next session. A Charter was ordered to Clark Lodge, No. 51, Louisville, Ky.

On January 23d, 1818, the Grand Chapter of Kentucky met at Frankfort.

A response to a communication was read from Thomas Smith Webb. A letter from DeWitt Clinton, General Grand High Priest was read, in which his approbation of the formation of the Grand Chapter of Kentucky is expressed. The returns from Subordinate Chapters show that there

were but 123 Chapter Masons in the State at this time, and of this number only 57 were exalted.

A second Communication of the Royal Arch Chapter was held May 19th, of this year at Shelbyville. Louisville Chapter U. D. had been established, and a charter was granted. A Lodge of Mark Masters was warranted at New Castle.

The Twenty-Seventh Grand Communication of the Grand Lodge was held Aug. 30 to Sept. 4, 1819. Twenty Lodges were represented at the opening. Henry Clay was present as Grand Orator. Resolutions were adopted in honor of Thos. Smith Webb, who had died July preceding. A Dispensation was ordered to Bloomfield Lodge, at Bloomfield, Kentucky. Rules of order were adopted. On the 1st of Sept. the third day of the session the Grand Lodge joined in funeral procession in honor of Bro. Webb. The procession moved to the Episcopal Church where Divine services were performed by Grand Chaplain, Caleb W. Cloud, and an eulogy on the merits and character of Thos. Smith Webb, pronounced by Wm. Gibbs Hunt.

At this session Charters were ordered to Webb Lodge, No. 53, Bath county, Kentucky; Burlington Lodge, No. 55, Burlington, Kentucky. The Managers of the Grand Masonic Hall Lottery were notified that it was the wish of the Grand Lodge to close up the Lottery business as soon as possible. P. G. M., Richardson and Bro. B. W. Dudley were reinstated to Masonry from their suspension last year. This was done in view of all the circumstances, and, particularly because the parties themselves had effected a happy reconciliation.

The following highly important conclusions of a Committee were made the Masonic laws of the State.

Resolved, That Lodges under this jurisdiction be permitted to receive petitions from persons who do not reside in the county in which the Lodge is situated; *Provided*, The candidate resides nearer said Lodge than he does to the Lodge in his county; and *provided* further, that if he does not reside nearer than the said first-mentioned Lodge, he obtain the unanimous recommendation of the Lodge within his county.

Resolved, That it does not appear to this Grand Lodge that the bare removal of a member into another jurisdiction is a sufficient cause to forfeit his seat in the Lodge of which he was a member, nor does it authorize them to strike his name from their roll.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Grand Lodge that no Past Master is entitled to a seat in this body, under the Constitution of the same, unless he has actually served the office of Master in some regular Lodge under this jurisdiction, and remains a member of some Lodge under the same.

The Twenty-eighth Grand Communication was held Aug. 28 to Sept. 2, 1820. Twenty Lodges were represented at the opening. Philip and Jacob Swigert and Henry Wingate appeared for the first time as representatives. The two first are still living in this city, honored as citizens and Masons.

Henry Clay was elected Grand Master. This year Masonry was at its meridian. We cannot better conclude this number than by inserting an extract from an Address delivered October, 1858, by then retiring Grand Master Philip Swigert.

There is much to arouse the feelings of the Masonic veteran, who looks around the Grand Lodge of Kentucky in 1858, and recall the images of the past. When I remember the scenes of 1820, and draw my conclusions, however ill-timed and even superfluous they may seem to others, they are to me pleasant, as making up the most interesting pages of my life.

It was thirty-eight years, in August last, that I

first witnessed the assemblage of this Grand Body. It was on this very site. The ceremonies of opening the Grand Lodge were performed then as now: the invocation to Deity; the division of labor among the various Committees; the very topics discussed, and the dignified and serious manner of discussing them, were then even as now. None of the essentials of Masonry have undergone any change in thirty-eight years, but the generation of Masons, whose wisdom I so highly revered, and whose guidance I implicitly followed with obedience and respect, have all gone down to the silent chambers of the grave, and I—then one of the youngest of the Craft in the Grand Lodge—I alone am left here to address you. Thus "the last has become first." Is it strange, then, that unwonted emotions swell my breast as I attempt to exhibit, in poor language, but with earnestness and sincerity, the Masonic contrast between 1820 and 1858?

Henry Clay was elected that year Grand Master. This remarkable man was at that period, I think in the vigor and prime of his powers, those powers which have stamped indelible traces upon the statesmanship of this century, and given to history another name that can never die. In 1822 he was instrumental in calling together a Convention of Masons at Washington City, to devise a National Union of the Fraternity. After that he became so profoundly immersed in political matters, and was so much absent from Kentucky, that until 1827 or 1828 he did not afterward attend the Grand Lodge.

David Graham Cowan, of Danville, was Deputy Grand Master. This man, for many years, was almost exclusively devoted to Masonic pursuits. In imitation of Thomas Smith Webb, whose pupil he had been, he devoted himself for a considerable period to the study of Masonic history and jurisprudence, and made singular attainments therein. He died as he lived, a profound admirer of the Masonic system, and has left a fragrant memory for an inheritance.

John McKinney, Jr., was the Senior, and Asa K. Lewis the Junior Grand Warden. The former was my own instructor in Masonic science, (having initiated, passed, and raised me.) To him I am indebted for the implanting of those seeds which, however imperfectly I have cultivated them, have given me a taste and a love for Masonry, which two score years of Masonic experience has not abated. I was a member of his family, and under his professional guidance for seven years, and had, I believe, his implicit confidence. He was a Mason in whom there was no guile. Lewis was his equal in love and zeal for the Institution. A true hearted Kentucky gentleman, an agriculturist, popular with all his acquaintances, hospitable as the day. They both presided as Grand Master; their labors in Grand Lodge were thoroughly appreciated; and their deaths, though at ripe old ages, were sincerely regretted.

The Hon. John Rowan, of Louisville, was elected Grand Orator. Judge Rowan was one of the luminaries of his day. Possessing great talents and profound learning, he had the confidence as well of the Craft as the community, and his name lives in history.

Daniel Bradford, one of the early members of the Grand Lodge, was at this time, as he continued to be until 1830, Grand Secretary. He was succeeded in this position, in the latter year, by H. I. Bodley, then of Lexington, who performed the duties for two years after, when the office was placed in my charge, and so continued until my resignation in 1854. Bro. Bradford was a faithful Mason, and brought to the discharge of his duties great experience and inflexible fidelity to his trust; he too had been Grand Master.

The appointment of junior Grand Deacon, this year, was conferred on one who afterward became Grand Master, and an eminent light in the Masonic firmament, John Speed Smith.

From these few types of the Masonic generation then living, it may readily be conceived what was the character for moral worth and the social standing of the rest. I am free to affirm that no where has the world ever beheld a band of Masonic Brethren more homogeneous in their mental, moral and physical structure, more keenly alive to social duties, or more closely cemented in an honorable covenant, than was the assembly who filled these seats and performed these duties thirty-eight years ago.

It is a poor but honest tribute to the dead, this, which I thus place upon record.

While the order held such an honorable position in our own State, it was fast assuming abroad a standard of eminence, both in numerical and social strength. There was no other affiliated society in the United States to draw public attention from the Masonic. A Convention of twenty-four Lodges had met at Portland, Maine, a few weeks previous, (June 1,) and organized the Grand Lodge of that State. The various Lodges of New Orleans had recently arranged the preliminaries for the establishment of a Masonic hospital of Charity, involving an annual expenditure exceeding \$3,000. The Grand Lodge of Ohio had just laid down the doctrine, which they have ever since maintained, at the cost of some popularity, "that a belief in God and the Holy Scriptures is an essential prerequisite to Masonic initiation." The Vice President of the United States, Daniel D. Tompkins, was Grand Master of New York. A Grand Lodge was established in the Island of Cuba a few weeks later; and about the same time the then new and splendid Masonic Hall, at Philadelphia, was dedicated. Wilkins Tannehill, who afterward removed to this State, and became a member of this Grand Lodge, eminent for his literary ability and knowledge in Masonry, was then Grand Master of Tennessee. He deceased but a few weeks since, as also did John A. Quitman, famous in 1820 for his Masonic labors in Mississippi. The body of Thos. Smith Webb, who had died in July, 1819, had just been removed, at the expense of the Masons of Rhode Island, from Cleveland, Ohio, where he died, to Providence, Rhode Island. It is a singular coincidence that our deputy Grand Master, a few months since, first suggested the idea, which will probably be carried out, of erecting a suitable monument over the ashes of one to whom all Masons are so much indebted. The corner stone of the City Hall, at Washington City, was laid this very week of our meeting, in the presence of a large assemblage of Masons and citizens.

In the literary way the Freemasons of 1820 were not idle. Jeremy L. Cross, who was well known in this State, published his Masonic Chart in that year. The work has, since then, passed through many editions, and exercised great influence in shaping the Masonic work. Hon. Simeon Greenleaf published his celebrated production that year, styled "A Brief Enquiry into the Origin and Principles of Freemasonry." Other Masonic works were also then first presented to the public.

Such is a succinct sketch of the position and the pursuits of our Brethren in the year when I first bore a part in labors whose wages of good fellowship have encouraged me to continue thus far, and will, I believe and trust, even to the end of my life. I could not lay down the symbol of my office, and retire to the ranks of those whom you have previously honored, without first displaying before you the merits of men whom I knew in person, with whom I labored for many years, and whose labors in a higher sphere I shall soon join."

DURY.—"A time to keep silence and a time to speak."—SOLOMON.

This is one of the difficult of our Grand Master's injunctions to obey. Sometimes we speak impelled by a sense of duty, and, on account of the unpleasant results that sometimes result from the speaking, we wish we had kept silence. Sometimes we keep silent from a sense of prudence, and the results that from that silence when the speaking of the truth might have saved the cause of truth, cause us to regret we had not spoken. From our experience we have arrived at the conclusion, that the only time to keep silent, is when there is no truth to enunciate, and the true time to speak is when the truth is in danger, and then we should speak regardless of all contingencies. The more we see of men, and the influences of even a word upon the atmosphere of human affairs, the more are we convinced, that the most dangerous and most useless of mankind are those who swing between duty and its consequences. "Policy men," like pendulums, are only kept in motion by the ratchet-teeth of opposing forces. The "time to speak" is when duty demands it; the "time to keep silence," is when truth and duty forbid us to speak.—St. Louis Freeman.

PROCEEDINGS OF FOREIGN GRAND LODGES.

BY J. M. S. M'CORCKLE.

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

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

We have the proceedings of this Grand Lodge for 1867, consisting of the Semi-annual meeting held at Washington on the 7th of May, several special Communications, and the Annual meeting held 5th November. At the Semi-annual meeting Bro. George C. Whiting, the Grand Master presided, Bro. N. D. Larner being Grand Secretary. At this meeting a petition for a new Lodge at Washington was presented and a Charter granted the Brethren.

On the 4th day of September Grand Master Whiting died, and on the 6th was buried by the Grand Lodge with the usual Masonic ceremonies, at Oak Hill Cemetery, Georgetown.

At the Annual meeting held 5th November the Deputy Grand Master, Bro. R. B. Donaldson, presided and Sixteen Lodges were represented.

The death of Grand Master's Whiting was noticed in the Deputy Grand Masters' Address in feeling terms, and appropriate resolutions in honor of his memory adopted.

The following amendment to the Constitution offered in 1866, was rejected:

Strike out Section 22 of Article 20, and insert the following: "Section 22. Every Lodge is prohibited from initiating, passing or raising any one not a citizen of this District, without first having received the consent of the Lodge nearest his place of residence, *under seal*."

We regret very much that by this action the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia refuses to recede from her avowed policy of making Masons out of citizens of other States sojourning in the District, a policy which has already led her into trouble with the Grand Lodges of Iowa and Rhode Island, and which, if persisted in, will surely lead to more. No Grand Lodge in this country will patiently submit to this invasion of her jurisdictional rights.

Past Grand Master B. B. French was elected Grand Master and the Grand Secretary was re-elected.

At the Installation meeting, held 27th December, in his Address, Bro. French defined his *present* position on the subject of the right above claimed by his Grand Lodge, in the following language:

I take this occasion to relieve myself of an inconsistency of which I have heretofore been guilty, even at the expense of acknowledging an error.

At the Installation Communication of this Grand Lodge in 1860, I made a somewhat elaborate report upon the difficulties then existing between the Grand Lodges of Maine and England with regard to the jurisdiction of two Subordinate Lodges, one in Maine and the other in Nova Scotia. The Earl of Zetland, Grand Master of England, took the ground "that every Lodge possesses the abstract right to initiate any person whom it may consider fit and proper, without considering where his residence may be."

This doctrine the Grand Master of Maine earnestly combated, and I, as the organ of the Committee of this Grand Lodge, sustained his position in the following language:

"There is no question on the minds of your Committee that the position in relation to jurisdiction assumed by the Rt. Hon. M. W. Earl of Zetland, Grand Master of England, is wrong.

It cannot be sustained by any Masonic law or precedent known to your Committee. Bro. A. G. Mackey, in his work on Masonic Jurisprudence, says: it is a settled point of Masonic law, that no Lodge can extend its geographical jurisdiction beyond the territorial limits of its own Grand Lodge!"

At the Annual Communication of this Grand Lodge in 1865, our late lamented Grand Master Whiting, in his Address, after quite a long argument relative to jurisdiction, concluded as follows:

"I hold that a Subordinate Lodge in this jurisdiction may, of right, confer the degrees of Masonry upon any candidate whom, upon due inquiry in the manner prescribed by Masonic law and usage, they may find to be worthy; and that all regular Lodges throughout the world may do likewise, unless forbidden or restrained by the Supreme Masonic authority to which they are amenable. We do not presume to define the eligibility of candidates for Masonry in other jurisdictions, and do not admit the right of others to do so for us."

The Address was referred to a Committee, of which I was Chairman, and at the next meeting of the Grand Lodge I made a report thereon, in which I said:

"The practicable and sensible remarks of our Grand Master, in relation to the Annual visitations, will be on the record for all to read, and we should not allude to that portion of his Address were it not that we desire to endorse his views upon the subject of the right of this Grand Lodge and its subordinates to confer the degrees of Freemasonry upon whomsoever they may deem qualified to receive them."

"You will see that I was guilty of a glaring inconsistency. Many of the Committees of the Grand Lodges of other jurisdictions saw it, and they did not hesitate to point it out in a manner by no means flattering to my feelings. I was in no position to say anything, and so was silent; but now, with no attempt at an explanation, or excuse, I must assume the position I occupied in 1860: "That no Lodge can extend its geographical jurisdiction beyond the territorial limits of its own Grand Lodge."

Had I not been re-elected your Grand Master, it is not probable I should have ever in any manner alluded to this subject; but being in that position, you have a right to know, and other Grand Lodges have a right to know, what my views really are on a question of so much importance. As a corollary which naturally follows this confession, I may say that I have noticed that questions have been raised in other jurisdictions as to the citizenship *status* of persons residing here.

This is a peculiar jurisdiction, it being one where even natives, who have lived from infancy to old age without, perhaps, leaving the District, have, so far as the national elective franchise is concerned, been disfranchised; and persons who have come into the District from States where they have been accustomed to exercise that franchise, although actual residents here, in every sense of that word, have sought, while here, to so far keep aloof from active participation in matters relating to this city as not to lose the right of voting in the States from whence they came, and some have gone so far as to raise the question whether persons who have actually resided here for years, under the foregoing described circumstances, were residents sufficiently to justify the Lodges here in admitting them as candidates for the honors of Masonry!

My own opinion in regard to this question is, that every man who is otherwise a proper candidate, who comes into this Masonic jurisdiction with the intention of becoming a resident here, may properly petition to the Lodges here, and, if found worthy, be legally admitted here. It is

not requisite that a man shall vote or pay taxes here, but he must be *permanently here*. To illustrate my views of the matter, if a person receive an appointment as an officer of the government, the duties of which require his constant presence in this District, and he comes here to exercise those duties permanently, he is, for all Masonic purposes, a resident here.

The degrees of Freemasonry may legally be conferred here, or in any other jurisdiction, without any question as to right, on any sojourner who has no legal residence elsewhere, such as an officer of the army or navy, who has been roaming over the world until his residence, if he ever had any, is lost, and he has become, in common parlance, "a citizen of the world." But, when such persons apply to be made Masons, the severest scrutiny into their characters and standing should be made that, all reproach may thereafter be avoided. Indeed, if we desire to maintain our Order in the high position in which it should ever move, and in the purity which should ever mark all its actions, we cannot be too careful in scrutinizing the character of every candidate who desires to enter our sanctuary and become a Brother amongst us.

In all my actions as your Grand Master, I shall endeavor to see that no right of the Grand Lodge is trampled upon; but I shall also take especial care that the utmost respect, kindness, courtesy and brotherly affection shall ever be extended to all jurisdictions who are in harmony with us, and who reciprocate all the evidences of fraternal regard which we extend toward them.

The report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, prepared by Bro. W. Morris Smith, the Chairman, briefly reviews the proceedings of 39 Grand Lodges, ours for 1866 included.

A statement, published in these proceedings, shows that 15 Lodges of the District, during the past year, have disbursed for charity \$4,501 73.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Annual meeting of this Grand Lodge was held at Charleston, on the 19th day of November 1867, Bro. James L. Orr, the Grand Master presided, Bro. R. S. Bruns, Grand Secretary, with a representation from eighty-two Subordinate Lodges.

The Grand Master during the past year had granted dispensations for the formation of nine new Lodges. He acknowledges the receipt of donations for the relief of suffering Masons, their Widows and Orphans from Grand and Subordinate Lodges of \$1,780; besides \$3,450 from Lodges and Brethren in Kentucky by the hands of our late Grand Master, Bro. I. T. Martin, and \$1,000 from the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania for the relief of the Lodges in Columbia. These funds were placed by him in the hands of the Grand Secretary, the Deputy Grand Master Bro. James Connor and Bro. William Gilmore Simms, as a Committee, for distribution where most needed, and a detailed statement given of its expenditure.

In regard to these donations he says:

In every instance I have made suitable acknowledgments to the donors, but avail myself of the present occasion to reiterate the sense of profound gratitude felt by me and the entire fraternity of the State for the generous and timely aid furnished to us by our noble hearted brethren abroad. May these acts impress upon us still more deeply the necessity of cultivating and practicing that charity and Masonic affection which enters so largely into the duties and obligations of our Ancient Brotherhood. Let the example teach us that whatever may be the changes of time or circumstances, the true Mason never departs from that line of fraternal duty which for

ages has been the guide and rule of our Order.

He notices the death of Bro. Joseph Rasky, who by his will left his entire property, real and personal, to the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, in trust and for the use and benefit of the families of deceased Master Masons of that State, and named the Grand Master as his executor. A resolution of gratitude and thanks to those Grand Lodges of other States that extended aid to the destitute and suffering in South Carolina, was adopted.

In regard to the assistance from Kentucky we annex the following report and resolution, which were adopted, viz:

The Special Committee designated by the most Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, feel a singular satisfaction in acknowledging the receipt from him, at several successive periods, of considerable sums of money, amounting in all to \$3,450, designed for distribution among the suffering families of Masons within this jurisdiction. The liberality of the donation, of itself of great importance and use among our destitute, has been enhanced by the grace, frankness, and delicacy with which it was bestowed. It was no frigid charity; no laying down of so much money; but given with rare judgment, and personal as well as Masonic warmth and frankness. The Most Worshipful Brother came to see and to seek out our suffering, and brought his gifts with him; and what in most cases would be simply a benevolence, became, on his part, the most grateful evidence of friendship. It is the desire of the Committee to place on record, in behalf of this Grand Lodge, their earnest sense of the generous sympathies of our Most Worshipful Brother of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, and to identify our own expression of gratitude and pleasure, with the expressed sense to the same effect of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina; and we now entreat of this body the unanimous adoption of the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Grand Lodge of the State of South Carolina, be unanimously awarded to M. W. Bro. I. T. Martin, Grand Master of Kentucky, for the strong sympathies which he has shown for the suffering Brethren in this jurisdiction, for the liberal donations which from time to time, he has made them, the deep and tender interest which he has shown in our condition; and the friendly solicitude which, in his whole intercourse with us has illustrated at once the beauties of Masonic charity, and the courtesy and grace of the individual gentleman, and we beg him to believe that his presence will always be cherished in our hearts.

Resolved, That copies of this preamble and resolutions be transmitted by the Grand Secretary, under seal of this Grand Lodge, to Most Worshipful Bro. I. T. Martin, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky.

The Grand Secretary, Bro. Bruns, made a report on Foreign Correspondence, reviewing the proceedings of 21 Grand Lodges, among them those of Kentucky for 1866 and 1867. It is one of the best that has come to our notice, and we would gladly make many extracts from it did our limits permit us to do so. We however must content ourselves with a single one from the conclusion of his report. In speaking of the progress of Masonry in the United States, within the past two years, as exhibited in the proceedings under review, he says:

Now and grand temples are rising here and there, as if by magic, in various States and Cities; and Masons, as especially becomes them, are demanding of art its most superior creations for the charm and attraction of society. Music is now employed commonly in the Lodges, contributing its divine harmonies to the perfection of rites which themselves approximate a divine harmony in social morals. The rites and ceremonies are administered mostly with a full and serious sense of their magnificent and solemn character, and need nothing, perhaps, but a more general diffusion among the many, of those truths which are ever too commonly limited to the few, for such an

improvement in the services of Masonry, such a progress from the simple ritual to a better knowledge of the occult which it symbolizes, to place our most noble institution upon foundations; and on an elevation, which shall be second to none in the social world which we inhabit, or in comparison with the civilization of any age or country. We have need, however, to send the school-master abroad, on his mission among Masons—the teacher, the lecturer, the philosopher—if we would attain the high eminence which we propose to reach. Masonry, like every other form of society, demands the constant exercise of that intellect which is the special gift of God to man, by which alone, his moral necessities being recognized, he can maintain himself in state, in dignity, and power. We must bring to bear in behalf, and for the proper support of our institution, the equal agencies of thought and learning, which, blended with just morals and the proper subjection of the passions, constitutes the quality which is called wisdom. We must prepare ourselves to teach and to learn to penetrate our own mysteries as well as the more open truths, and make our institutions as familiar to our knowledge as it is beautiful in our conception; and, with proper diligence as study, and in the growth of our knowledge we shall rid ourselves of many of the topics of self reproach and complaint, which are so commonly the burden of all our reports. All differences in Lodges, all conflict in working, varieties and contradictions in systems, and opposing rulings in our jurisprudence—all are due and distinctly traceable to the ignorance and erroneous opinion among brethren; and there need be little or none of this. Uniformity in work would be easy, conflict opinion would be none, contrary decisions would never be uttered, were we to ascertain properly the laws, landmarks, nature, and objects of Masonry, conform ourselves to the law, and confine ourselves to it. Masonry in its symbolical features one of the profoundest of living mysteries, is, in its social character, one of the simplest of human systems. It has its superstitions, but the one may be made clear, and we may slough off the other, by the exercise of those simple rules, method, zeal, and forbearance which are ordinarily exercised in the ordinary pursuits of trade, and in making the ordinary acquisitions of society. The law is assumed to be written in the heart; but to be recognized duly for the purpose of government, it requires to be written also in the head. Let but head and heart co-operate, the one with intelligence, and the other with the virtues of true religion, and the work of wisdom will not fail within the temple and before its shrines.

The Grand Master and Grand Secretary were re-elected.

In relation to Masonic office-seeking, Brother Penick of Alabama, very truly remarks: "Generally, those who seek office are unworthy of it. He that is chosen Master should be able in all the degrees, not only in the ritual but also in his moral and intellectual *states*, that he may be able to preside with dignity, give character to the institution, and proper and timely instruction to the brethren. The practice of log-rolling, to obtain office for ourselves or others, either in a sub-lodge or the Grand Lodge, cannot be too strongly reprehended. Let the office seek the man, and not the man the office. Let the welfare of the institution be the great object. It would seem from the conduct of some persons in this regard, as if they had some enemy to punish, or some friend to reward, for things done, perhaps, outside of Masonry. This should never be."

BEAUTIFUL.—At a Sabbath School anniversary in London, two little girls presented themselves to receive the prize, one of whom had recited one verse more than the other, both having learned several thousand verses of the scriptures. The gentleman who presided inquired:

"And could you not have learned one verse more, and thus have kept up with Martha?"

"Yes, sir," the blushing child replied; "but I loved Martha, and kept back on purpose."

"And was there any one of all those verses you have learned," again inquired the President, "that taught you this lesson?"

"There was," she answered, blushing still more deeply; "in honor preferring one another."

MATERIAL FOR THE WORKSHOP.

Let none but good men and true, energetic and intelligent, be ever admitted to our ranks; instruct the novice at every step, by every symbol, in every degree, of the beauty, the purity, the sanctity and solemnity of the great truths we profess. He should know not only the ritual, but be inspired with the moral of each degree, the one is the *body*, the other the *soul* of Masonry; both are indispensable to the proper fulfillment of the duties of Masonic manhood.

Remember that Lodges are not hospitals for diseased heads or hearts; they are not asylums or reformatory schools for men whose moral constitutions are undermined and crippled by the vices of life. These Lodges are Temples dedicated in the name of God to the exaltation of the noblest virtues and the practice of the purest systems of morals, and into these sacred chambers none may enter whose souls are not already elevated above the common level of human vanities and desires.

Within this quadrangle everything moves within a Circle, and every member must recollect that he (not some one else) is the "point within that circle," like the needle in the compass, polarized by the spirit of unerring truth, his steps will ever be in the line of duty, leading to a destiny glorious and immortal.

The grand intonations of the ocean, as it rolls over half the globe, are not more majestic or sublime than the anthems of Fraternity that nightly ascend from around the Masonic altars of the universe—soul answering to soul in the sweet chant of love—hand extended to hand in the bonds of common charity, forming the tripple links which enfold a world of humanity in its embrace, while from millions of hearts there ever rises the symphony of praise and devotion to the one eternal God whose truth is from everlasting to everlasting.—*La Crosse Democrat*.

A WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.—Charles Lamb tells us his sad experience, as a warning to young men, in the following language:

"The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of the first wine is delicious at the opening scenes or the entertaining of some newly discovered paradise, look into my dissolution and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when he can feel himself going down a precipice, with open eyes and passive will to his destruction, and have no human power to stop it, and feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see the godliness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise: bear the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my fevered eye, fevered with last night's drinking, feverishly looking to to-night's repeating folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

MASONS 600 YEARS B. C.—Sir Charles Lemon, in his address, in 1846, to a Provincial Grand Lodge in England, observes. It happened last year that, traveling in Poland, he was induced to visit a very ancient Jewish temple, built 600 years before Christ, and which is preserved in the same state in which it was originally built and ornamented; here he discovered Masonic emblems now used by the Fraternity. He was introduced to the chief rabbi, whom he found to be a worthy Freemason. A late writer remarks that, in investigating the subject of the *Discipline of the Secret*, as it was called by the Fathers of the Church, who were Masons, he discovered conclusive evidence that no less than eighteen of these holy men belonged to the Fraternity. They had their signs and their symbols; and St. Chrysostom, who lived in the 5th century, alludes to our mysteries when he says, "the initiated will know what I mean."—*Ex.*

A "Senate of Hermetic Philosophers" is to be organized at Newburyport, Massachusetts. It is an ancient Egyptian Masonic order, and was first introduced into America in 1838.

Miscellany.

THE BABE OF HEAVEN.

"Does you love God?"

The question came from a sweet pair of lips. Opposite sat a young gentleman of striking exterior. He and the child were traveling in a stage coach. The latter sat on her mother's knee. Her little face, beautiful beyond description, looked out from a frame of delicate lace-work. For four hours the coach had been toiling on over an unequal road; and the child had been very winning in her little ways—singing songs; lifting her bright blue eyes to her mother's face; then falling back, in a little old fashioned, contented way, into her mother's arms saying, by the mute action, "I am happy here."

For more than an hour the dear babe, scarce yet entering the rosy threshold of her fifth year, had been answering the smiles of the young man, who had been pleased with her beauty. He had nodded his head to her little tunes; he had offered her his pearl-handled penknife to play with; and, at last, his heart went over to her at every glance. The mild blue eyes, full of the innocence of a holy and a trusting faith, made his pulses leap with a purer joy; and, as the coach rattled on, he began to wish the end of the journey not so very near.

The child had been sitting for the last fifteen minutes regarding the young man with a glance that seemed almost solemn; neither smiling at his caresses nor at the dear face that bent above her.

A thoughtfulness seemed to spread over the young brow that had never yet been shadowed by care; and as the coach stopped at the inn-door, and the passengers moved uneasily preparatory to leaving, she bent toward the young man, and hisped, in her childish voice, these words: "Does you love God?"

He did not understand at first, in the confusion, and bent over nearer: and the voice asked again, clearly, almost eagerly, "Does you love God?" The thoughtful, inquiring eyes, meantime, beaming into his own.

The young man drew back hastily blushing up to the very roots of his hair. He looked in a sort of confused, abrupt way at the child, who, frightened at his manner, had hidden her face in her mother's bosom; turned to the coach door; gave another look back, as if he longed to see her face; and then he left the coach.

He hurried to his hotel; but the little voice went with him. There seemed an echo in his heart, constantly repeating the question of the child, "Does you love God?"

Several gay young men met him at his hotel. They appeared to have been waiting for him, and welcomed him with mirth that was almost boisterous. They had prepared an elegant supper; and, after he had been to his room, escorted him to the table. The full gleam of the gas fell upon the glittering furniture; red wines threw shadows of a lustrous crimson hue athwart the snowy linen. There were mirth, wit, faces lighted with pleasure—everything to charm the eye and please the palate; but the young man was conscious of a void never experienced before. His heart ached to see the child again; and ever and anon he seemed to hear her words, "Does you love God?"

His name was Gilbert. Only twenty-three years of age, he was a good scholar, and esteemed by his friends a genius. Already he had made his mark as a writer, but he had never thought, as he thought to-night, on the solemn import of that simple question, "Does you love God?"

It came to him when he held the red wine to his lips; it was heard among the clatter of the billiard-balls, and the shouts of merry laughter that filled the wide room everywhere. Whichever way he turned, he saw the earnest glance of the blue-eyed child, heard the low voice singing, the low voice laughing, the low voice asking thrillingly, "Does you love God?"

It followed him to his bedside. He had tried to drown it in wine, in song, in careless levity. He strove to sleep it away, but heard it in his dreams.

The next night he met a fashionable friend. He was to take her to some place of pleasure. She was very beautiful in dazzling robing. The gleam of pearls and the lustrous of silk and lace vied with each other to enhance her loveliness; but even as

she came sailing into the room with smiles upon her young red lips and a welcome in her words, there came, too, floating noiselessly at her side, the presence of that angel-child. The better feelings her innocent presence had awakened were yet warm; and, before he knew it the young man said, quickly and earnestly, "Does you love God?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the young girl, with a start of surprise.

"I was thinking, as you came in, of a lovely child I saw yesterday," he replied.

"As I was in the act of leaving the coach, she suddenly looked up, and asked me that question."

"And what, pray, put it into the child's head? What did you answer?"

"I am ashamed to say, I was not prepared with an answer," replied the young man, casting down his eyes.

That night pleasure had no gratification for him. His feet trod languidly the mazes of the dance: his smiles were forced: and more than once, it was said of him, "He does not seem himself."

No; he was not like the gay, thoughtless self of former years. There was a still pool lying in his bosom, the waters of which had never before been disturbed. Now a little child had dropped a pebble in and the vibration was to go on through eternity.

Dust-soiled and travel-weary, a thoughtful man walked through the principal street of a large western city. As he walked on, apparently absorbed in his own meditations, his eye accidentally encountered a face looking down from the window of a handsome house. His whole countenance suddenly altered. He paused an instant, looking eagerly at the window; and in another moment his hand was on the bell-handle. He was ushered into the very room where sat the lady of the house.

"You will pardon my intrusion," he said, "but I could not pass by, after seeing you accidentally at the window. I have never forgotten you nor your little girl, who, five years ago, in a stage coach, put to me the artless question, 'Does you love God?' Do you remember?"

"I think I do," said the lady smilingly "from the circumstance that you seemed so much startled and confused; but my dear child asked almost every person with whom we met that or similar questions."

"Her innocent face is engraven on my heart," said the young man with much emotion. "Never, since that day, have I been tempted to do that which my conscience would not sanction, but the earnest, serious gaze with which she regarded me before she asked me that question, has come to my mind. Would she remember me, do you think? Absurd thought! of course she would not. But I should remember her anywhere, under any circumstances. Can I not see her, madam? Is she at home with you? I long to take her in my arms, and hear once more the voice that God has used to draw my heart to Him."

Strange that, in his eagerness, he did not notice that paling cheek, the quiver of the mother's lips, the sudden placing of her hand against her heart! Strange also that he did not mark the absence of pattering feet; of little gentle indications that a child's fingers had been busy in the room about him.

Suddenly, as he ceased speaking, there came over him a startling consciousness. He saw the tear-stained cheek turned toward the window; he noticed the garments of sombre hue; he heard the silence reigning within.

"Madam—is—the child—?"

"She is in heaven," came low and brokenly from the trembling lips.

The young man sank back on his seat, agitated, dumb—sorrowful that he had so rudely torn open the still bleeding wound in that womanly breast.

"This is sad tidings," he said, after a long pause, and his voice was troubled. "Dear little angel! she is, then, speaking to me from the grave."

The mother arose, and beckoned him to follow her. Into a little hallowed chamber she went, where, in a case, were the books the child loved, her Bible, her beautiful rewards, her childish toys.

"There," said the mother, now quite broken down, and sobbing as she spoke, "there is all that is left on earth of precious Nettie."

"No, Madam; that is not all that is left; I am a monument of God's mercy, made so through her holy influence. Before she asked me that question on that eventful day, my mind was a chaos of doubts, of bewildering and conflicting errors. I had dared to question the existence of an Almighty Creator. I had defyingly thrown my taunts at Him, who, in great forbearance, has forgiven me. My influence for evil was unlimited, because men looked up to me, and chose me for their leader. I was going the downward path, groping blindly in a labyrinth of error, and dragging others with me. Madam, by this time I might have been a debauchee, a libertine; a God-defying wretch, but for her unlooked for question, 'Does you love God?'"

"O that voice! that look! that almost infinite sorrow! that divine pity, that, through her, glanced into my soul! Madam, these tears bear witness that your child left more than precious dust and perishing toys."

Utterly broken down, the strong man wept like a child. All he said was true; for he held the hearts of men in his hands. In genius he was one of the strong ones of the earth; and all that powerful mind was engaged in spreading the tidings of man's salvation through Jesus Christ.

Oh! little children do a mighty work. Reader, in the sweet accents of that babe of heaven, is there not a voice in your heart asking "Does you love God?"

MARY'S PRAYER.

Little Mary's mother had occasion to correct her the other night. Mary was angry, and when she said her prayers, instead of asking God to bless papa and mama, as she was wont to do, she said, "God bless papa, and don't bless mama."

Her mother took no notice, and Mary jumped into bed without her good-night kiss. By and by she began to breathe hard, and at length she whispered, "Mama, are you going to live a great while?"

"I don't know," was the answer.

"Do you think you shall?"

"I cannot tell."

"Do many mothers die and leave their children?"

"A great many."

"Mama," said Mary, with a trembling voice, "I am going to say another prayer;" and clasping her little hands, she cried, "God bless papa, and the dearest, best mamma any little girl ever had in the world."

That's the way children. If you knew your mothers were going to die very shortly, you could not be half kind enough to them. But do you not know that, be they long or short-lived, there lies before you, written so plainly that he who runs may read, "Honor thy father and mother?"

Remember that every wrong committed against losing parents will, when they shall have passed from earth, bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder.—*Well-spring.*

Richard Mullins, Sr., one of the pioneers of Kentucky, died at his residence in Pendleton county, Ky., on the 3d of June, at one o'clock, aged 82 years. He was born in Albemarle county, Va., in 1787, and was brought to Kentucky in 1791, by his parents. Early in life he settled in Pendleton county, near Demosville, where he reared a large and respectable family. He has for many years been a zealous Mason, and was buried by the Masonic fraternity, June the 4th, from his late residence.

Why is a clock the most humble thing in existence? Because it always holds its hands before its face, and, however good its work may be, it is always running itself down.

A man is a mere telescope in a woman's hands: she draws him out, looks him through, shuts him up, and shelves him.

An old divine, cautioning the clergy against engaging in violent controversy, uses the following happy simile: "If we will be contending, let us contend like the olive and the vine—who shall produce the most and the best; not like the aspen and the elm—which shall make the most noise in the wind."

Freebooter.

"JULY! Rouse up! The temperate heats that filled the air are raging forward to glow and overflow the earth with hotness. Must it be thus in every thing, that June shall rush toward August? Or, is it not that there are deep and unreached places for whose sake the probing sun pierces down its glowing hands? There is a deeper work than June can perform. The earth shall drink of the heat before she knows her nature or her strength. Then shall she bring forth to the uttermost the treasures of her bosom. For, there are things hidden far down, and the deep things of life are not known till the fire reveals them."

A wise man has foibles as well as a fool; but the difference between them is, that the foibles of the one are known to himself, and concealed to the world; the foibles of the other are known to the world, but concealed from himself. The wise man sees those frailties in himself which others cannot; but the fool is blind to those blemishes in his character which are conspicuous to everybody else. Whence it appears that self-knowledge is that which makes the main difference between a wise man and a fool, in the moral sense of that word.

The shortest way to become rich is not by enlarging our estates, but by contracting our desires.

Visit sick beds and deserted souls much; they are excellent teachers in experience.

LIFE AND DEATH.—Life is but death's vestibule, and our pilgrimage on earth but a journey to the grave; the pulse that preserves our being beats our dead march, and the blood which circulates our life is floating it steadily outward to the depths of death. To-day we see our friends in health; to-morrow we hear of their decease. We clasped the hand of the strong man but yesterday, and to-day we closed his eyes. We rode in a chariot of comfort but an hour ago, and in a few more hours the fast black chariot must convey us to the home of all the living. O, how closely allied is death to life! The lamb that sported in the field must soon feel the knife. The ox in the pasture fattening for the slaughter. Trees do but grow that they may be felled. Yes, and greater things than these feel death. Empires rise and flourish; they flourish but to decay; they rise but to fall.

INFLUENCE.—Some persons fall discouraged on the highway of life because they cannot be this or that eminent person. Why not be willing to be themselves? No person who ever has or ever will live, is without influence. Why not make the most of that? Since you cannot grasp that which you wish, why let what you have slip through your fingers? No person in the world is exactly like you. You have your own faults, but you have also your own excellencies individual to yourself. Let them be seen. Because you are not a poet, should you not be a good merchant? Because you cannot go to college, should you therefore forswear the alphabet? Because you cannot build a palace, should you not rejoice in your own humble roof, and that because it is your own? Will not the sun also shine into your windows, if you do not obstinately persist in shutting it out? If you cannot have a whole hot-house full of flowers, may you not have one sweet rose?

Men and women make their own beauty or their own ugliness. Lord Lytton speaks of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be;" and if he could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face. And is good looking or the reverse, as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisel of thought and emotion are eternally at work. Beauty is not the monopoly of blooming young men and of pink and white maids. There is a slow growing beauty which only comes to perfection in old age. Grace belongs to no period of life, and improves the longer it exists.

If we had no faults ourselves we would not take pleasure in observing those of others.

Slander like love, is born blind, and should be so represented. If Love never sees a vice, Slander never sees a virtue. It can never make others what it wishes them to be, but always itself what it desires to make others. It strikes at others, but its blows recoil upon its own head. It is a dog that bites the biter. It is, however, false to suppose it never bites any one else, for like a serpent, it may fasten its fangs upon another, and do it but too successfully; though it generally ends like the scorpion, by thrusting its venom into its own head. But it is poor consolation to know that he who has killed another, dies at last by his own hands.

ADVANTAGE OF YEARS.—You are getting into years. Yes, but the years are getting into you—the ripe, rich years, the genial mellow years, the lusty, luscious years. One by one the crudities of your youth are falling off from you, the vanity, the egotism, the insulation, the bewilderment, the uncertainty. Nearer and nearer you are approaching yourself. You are consolidating your forces, You are becoming master of your situation. On the ruins of shattered plans you find your vantage ground. Your broken hopes, your thwarted purposes, your defeated aspirations, become a staff of strength by which you mount to sublimer heights. With self-possession and self-command of all things, the title deed of creation, forfeited, is reclaimed. The king has come to his own again. Earth and sea and sky pour out their largeness of love. All the crowds pass down to lay its treasure at your feet.

The same God who moulded the sun and kindled the stars, watches the flight of the insect. He who balances the clouds, and hung the world on nothing, notices the fall of the sparrow. He who gave Saturn his brilliant rings, and placed the moon, like a ball of silver, in the broad arch of heaven, gives the rose leaf its delicate tint, and made the distant sun to nourish the violet. And the same being notices the praises of the cherubim and the prayer of a little child.

Those orators who give us much noise and many words, but little argument and less wit, and who are most loud when they are least lucid, should take a lesson from the great volume of nature: she often gives us the lightning even without the thunder, but never the thunder without the lightning.

"Flowers are the alphabet of angels scattered over hills and dales, and speaking what the tongue cannot express.

In making our arrangements to live we should not forget that we have also to die.

The shortest and best way to make your fortune is to convince people it is their interest to serve you.

To be able to bear provocation is an argument of great reason, and to forgive it, of a great mind.

Prudence and love are not made for each other; in proportion as love increases prudence diminishes.

Quarrels would never last long if the fault were on one side only.

The brightest ore floweth from the hottest furnace; so the best saints are made by the greatest conflicts and sorest trials.

There is a refinement which even wit and knowledge of the world cannot teach their votaries, who often wound the heart without violating perfect politeness.

Adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself—particularly being free from flatterers.

Where danger is, firmness will find its rightful station; and while men strongly fear they cease to feel jealousy.

To practice sincerity, is to speak as we think; to do as we profess; to perform what we promise; and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

A gentle heart is like ripe fruit, which bends so low it is at the mercy of every one who chooses to pluck it, while the harder fruit keeps out of reach.

He who gives himself airs of importance exhibits the credentials of impotence.

If you would not have affliction make you a second visit, listen to its teachings at the first.

He submits himself to be seen thro' a microscope, who suffers himself caught in a passion.

The richer man makes his food, the poorer he makes his appetite.

Castles are proud things, but 'tis best to be out side of them.

Idleness is no natural propensity of mankind, for when they are too young for being tainted by example of the worthless they are all activity.

If thou art rich try to command thy money, lest it should command thee. If thou know how to use it, it is thy servant; if not, thou art its slave.

Caution a good name—a silent tongue is a bright jewel.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and reflection, must finish him.

Beauty, though it is a very pretty varnish, is of a frail constitution, liable to abundance of accidents, and is but a short-lived blessing at the best.

SELF GOVERNMENT.—When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch, in the family our tempers, in company our tongues.

I never trusted God, but I found him faithful; nor my own heart, but I found it false.

LIGHT TO YOUTH.

"A darling little infant
Was playing on the floor,
When suddenly a sunbeam
Came through the open door;
And striking on the carpet,
It made a golden dot,
The darling baby saw it,
And crept up to the spot.

His little face was beaming
With a smile of perfect joy,
As if an angel's presence
Had filled the little boy;
And with his tiny finger,
As in a fairy dream,
He touched the dot of sunshine,
And followed up the beam.

He looked up to his mother,
To share his infant bliss,
Then stooped and gave the sunbeam
A pure, sweet baby kiss.
Oh! Lord, our heavenly Father,
In the fullness of my joy,
I pray that child-like feeling
May never leave the boy.

But in the days of Trial,
When sin allures the youth,
Send out the Light to guide him,
The sunbeams of Thy Truth.
And may his heart be ever
To Thee an open door,
Through which Thy truths, as sunbeams,
Make joy upon life's floor."

PAINTING, A LANGUAGE.

Painting, or art generally, as such, with all its technicalities, difficulties, and particular ends, is nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing.

He who has learned what is commonly considered the art of painting, that is, the art of representing any natural object faithfully, has as yet only learned the language by which his thoughts are to be expressed. He has done just as much toward being that which we ought to respect as a great painter, as a man who has learned how to express himself grammatically and melodiously has toward being a great poet. The language is, indeed, more difficult of acquirement in the one case than the other, and possesses more power of delighting the sense while it speaks to the intellect; but it is, nevertheless, nothing more than language, and all those excellencies which are peculiar to the painter as such, are merely what rhythm, melody, precision, and force are in the words of the orator and the poet, necessary to their greatness. It is not by the mode of representing and saying, but by what is represented and said, that the respective greatness either of the painter or the writer is to be finally determined.

Speaking with strict propriety, therefore, we should call a man a great painter only as he excelled in precision and force in the language of lines and a great versifier as he excelled in precision or force in the language of words. A great poet would then be a term strictly, and in precisely the same sense, applicable to both, if warranted by the character of the images or thoughts which each in their respective languages conveyed.

Take, for instance, one of the most perfect poems or pictures (I use the words synonymous) which modern times have seen—the "Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner." Here the exquisite execution of the glossy and crisp hair of the dog, the bright, sharp touching of the green bough beside it, the clear painting of the wood of the coffin and the folds of the blanket, are language—language clear and expressive in the highest degree. But the close pressure of the dog's breast against the wood, the convulsive clinging of the paws, which has dragged the blanket off the trestle; the total powerlessness of the head, laid, close and motionless, upon its folds; the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness; the rigidity of repose, which marks that there has been no motion nor change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin-lid; the quietness and gloom of the chamber; the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely has been the life, how unwatched the

departure of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep; these are all thoughts—thoughts by which the picture is separated at once from hundreds of equal merit as far as mere painting goes, by which it ranks as a work of high art, and stamps its author not as the neat imitator of the texture of a skin or the fold of a drapery, but as the man of mind.—John Ruskin.

CROCODILE AND ICHNEUMON.

A crocodile of great size and fierceness infested the banks of the Nile, and spread terror and desolation throughout all the country around. He ate up the shepherds and the sheep, the herdsmen and the cattle together. Everybody fled from before him. Various plans were devised and many efforts made for his destruction, but in vain. A public meeting of the inhabitants was held, to consider what should be done to rid the country of this plague. While they were consulting together the ichneumon stepped forth, and thus addressed them. The ichneumon is a small animal, and lives on crocodile's eggs.

"I see your distress," said the ichneumon; "and though I can not assist you in your present difficulty, yet I can offer you some advice that may be of some use to you for the future. A little prudence is worth all your courage; it may be glorious to overcome a great evil, but the wisest way is to prevent it. You despise the crocodile while he is small and weak; but when he gains his full size and strength you fear him and flee from him. You see I am a poor little feeble creature, and yet I am much more terrible to the crocodile and use to the country than you are. I attack him in the egg; while you are contriving, for months together how to get rid of one crocodile, and all to no purpose, I effectually destroy fifty of them in a day."

This fable, dear child, is intended to show, The danger of suffering ill habits to grow; For the fault of a week may be conquered, 'tis clear, Much easier than if it went on for a year.

Yes children take a lesson from the wise little ichneumon. When you find out a bad habit or evil temper, attack it in the egg; Don't wait till, like the crocodile it grows so strong and fierce you can do nothing with it. And do not do this in your own strength. Pray for help to subdue it.

HOW MOSAICS ARE MADE.

A traveler writing from the Continent, says the Mosaics seem to absorb the most time and money in the last space, unless it be the solid gold decorations. We saw a table last week less than six feet in diameter, said to have cost two hundred thousand dollars, requiring the labor of a large number of men for fifteen years. Upon entering the hall where this kind of work is done, I could not doubt these enormous figures. Suppose, for instance, a thousand of the hardest and most expensive stones which will take on a high polish, to be cut into pieces three-eighths of an inch thick. These pieces are cut the other way into small pieces like shoe pegs, and where the shading from one color to another is sudden, these pegs must not be larger than a needle. Now the artist cuts and puts in these, selected according to their color, so as to give the coloring wanted as distinct as though painted. These pieces or pegs must be fitted so closely that lines of separation will not show, and set upon end side by side like types. They claim that ten thousand different shades of color are necessary; and in order to do this kind of work a man must be skilled in colors and shades as a painter, in order to place the colors properly, and then be the most careful and accurate of mechanics in order to fit the pieces, and then he must have patience enough to work on the cheapest and coarsest pictures one year, and upon a fine one, from ten to twenty years.

An Irishman, having accidentally broken a pane of glass in a window, was making the best of his way to get out of sight; but unfortunately for Pat, the proprietor stole a march on him, and having seized him by the collar, exclaimed: "You broke my window, fellow, did you not?" "To be sure I did," said Pat, "and didn't you see me running home for the money to pay for it?"

ROBIN REDBREAST.

Mr. Robin Redbreast, and Mrs. Robin his little wife, were looking about in good earnest for some sly place where they could build their nest. They perched upon grandpa's wood pile in the first place, and talked the matter over. They first thought of the gooseberry bushes, which were coming out all nice and green; but they were so low they were afraid *pass* would find them. Then they considered the grapevines, but they looked so bare and backward that they feared they would not be well sheltered and protected. They then turned their little eyes up to the martin house, but they knew the martins would be along very soon, and dispute their right to it and perhaps drive them off altogether.

At last they espied an old kettle hanging in the shed. "Here," said Robin Redbreast, "is just the place: could anything be more snug and nice?" Mrs. Robin examined it, and said, "Yes, this is just the place; let us set to work at once." So off they flew, and picked up some straw and coarse hay to begin with; and then brought some long white hair; and Mrs. Robin built a nest that would do credit to any bird. Robin always went with his little wife to select the materials, and helped her bring them, but as to the arrangement of the house and the domestic affairs, I think he did quite right to let her have her own way.

The nest was finished, and Robin, alighting on the side of the kettle, and turning his little brown head one way and another, declared it his opinion that he had the nicest little wife and the sweetest little home in the world. After about a week, there lay four blue eggs there, and then Mrs. Robin began to stay and sit on them almost all day long; Robin flew about to find food for her never staying long away, and often singing to her when he was out of sight, to let her know that he thought of her. Sometimes he would come and sit on the nest himself, while Mrs. Robin took a short flight. At last the eggs disappeared, and four tiny birds came in their place. Then they were very happy, you may depend. They took the best of care of the little birds and they were growing nicely, much to the joy and pride of their parents. But I am sorry to say that one day, when they were both away for a few moments looking for food, a hungry cat found them, and destroyed them all, so that when papa and mamma's birds came back, there was not a baby left. The little empty nest was left, and grandpa brought it in a few days since. We hope another time the birdies will be more fortunate; grandpa has promised to hang it next year so that the cats can't reach it.

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.—The love and admiration which that truly brave and loving man, Sidney Smith, won from every one, rich or poor, with which he came in contact, seems to have arisen from the one fact that, without, perhaps, having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants, and the noblemen, his guests, alike, and alike courteously, considerately, cheerfully, affectionately; so leaving a blessing and reaping a blessing wheresoever he went.

The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without monuments. All other grave-yards, in all other lands show some distinctions between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in the ocean cemetery, the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are like distinguished. The same waves roll over all—the same requiem by the mistrels of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats and the same sun shines, and there, unmarked, the weak and powerful, the plumed and unhonored will sleep on until awoken by the same trump.

In a pool across a road in the county of Tipperary is stuck a pole, having affixed to it a board with this inscription: "Take notice that when the water is over this board, the road is impassible."

Tom Corwin said of Theodore Parker, when, having sworn to thrash him for some abuse, he changed his mind after hearing one of Theodore's sermons: "If a man can talk so about Jesus Christ, it makes little difference what he says about poor Tom Corwin."

KENTUCKY FREEMASON.

EDITORS.

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

FRANKFORT, KY.,.....JULY, 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 upon some one of the Banks in this State.

To those who may wish to subscribe for the "KENTUCKY FREEMASON," and obtain the numbers from its commencement—in January last—we take pleasure in informing them that they can be accommodated.

We hope that we have published such a paper as will be acceptable to the Masons of Kentucky, and that every one of our present patrons will speak of it, to those who have not yet had an opportunity to examine it, as they may think it deserves, in order that we may increase the number of our readers. The low price of *One Dollar and Fifty cents* per annum ought to secure us five thousand subscribers in Kentucky alone. Come, Brethren, give a helping hand, in keeping up a paper in our own State devoted to the principles of our Order, besides giving you a vast amount of other reading which is instructive and interesting.

We have received a letter from Bro. ALEXANDER EVANS, the general agent of the "Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home, of Louisville," dated Mount Washington, July 13, in which he says, that his reception by the Master and Brethren of Salt River Lodge, No. 180, was very kind and fraternal. We are pleased to learn that he obtained one life membership—one hundred dollars—from that Lodge. This Lodge is not large in membership, and one life membership from it is creditable to the Brethren. Let the larger Lodges take from three to five life memberships, and the smaller ones do as well as our Brethren at Mount Washington, and we shall soon have an institution where the Widows and Orphans of indigent, deceased Masons, throughout the whole State, will have a pleasant and delightful Home provided for them. There are hundreds—yea, thousands—of individual Masons in Kentucky who can take a life membership in this Institution, without detracting at all from their own or their family's comforts; and Brethren why not do it—and do it at once? We venture the prediction, that no Brother will ever regret doing so. Then, when Brother EVANS shall come among you, give him a hearty welcome—and give him aid in the laudable cause in which he is engaged.

Our friends are again reminded that THURSTON and HARROW—late of Kentucky—keep the Metropolitan Hotel in Cincinnati. If you want first rate accommodations, with reasonable prices, go to the Metropolitan. See their advertisement on last page of this paper.

The article headed "Death of Ex-President James Buchanan," in June No., should have been credited to the *National and Freemason*.

ST. JOHN'S DAY.

This day was appropriately celebrated in many parts of our country by the Masonic Fraternity. Some few were noticed in our June No. Among those which have been specially noticed by the Press, are the following:

At ANDERSON, Indiana.—The Masonic Fraternity from Pendleton, Richmond, Cambridge City, New Castle, Muncie, Kokomo, and other places, united with the brethren of Anderson in the celebration. The crowd numbered 5,000. The speakers were Hon. *Lon Sexton* and *C. C. Pomeroy*, of Chicago.

At ZANESVILLE, Ohio.—Twenty-five Lodges, Chapters, and Commanderies were present, and fully 10,000 strangers were in the City. The dedication of the Masonic Hall took place at 10 o'clock, A. M., with imposing ceremonies, Past Grand Master *Thomas Sparrow*, of Columbus, officiating. A procession was then formed, with fully two thousand Masons in line, and marched to a beautiful grove, where an oration was delivered by Rev. C. E. Felton, of Cleveland. At the close of the oration, *Brother Stone*, of the American Union Lodge, No. 1, of Marietta, was introduced to the audience as the oldest Mason in Ohio, having been made a Mason in 1801, and being now 88 years of age.

At INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana.—The Masonic picnic at Camp Morton was largely attended by the Fraternity and citizens generally. Hon. E. W. H. *Ellis*, of Goshen, delivered an address.

At TERRE HAUTE, Indiana.—A grand procession was formed and marched to the Fair Grounds, where an eloquent address was delivered by Sir Knight *Tho. K. Lynch*, of Brookville. Hon. *John Law*, of Evansville, was present, and acted as President of the day. Hon. H. P. H. *Bromwell*, M. C. from 7th Illinois District, was also present and spoke briefly but eloquently.

At CAIRO, Illinois.—The steamer Cumberland took a large delegation of Masons, with their families, to Metropolis to celebrate St. John's day. Great preparations had been made for the celebration, and delegations were expected from all parts of Southern Illinois.

At SPRINGFIELD, Massachusetts.—The Grand Masonic celebration to-day was a complete success. Public and private buildings were decorated. The day was a general holiday. The procession of Masons and Knights Templar, was over a mile long, including about two thousand five hundred. The oration was delivered by Rev. *Wm. R. Alger*, of Boston.

At MEMPHIS, Tennessee.—The day was celebrated by the Masonic Fraternity with a grand picnic at James' Park. An address was delivered by Bro. *A. J. Wheeler*.

At RICHMOND, Virginia.—The day was celebrated by a Masonic excursion to Ashland. General *Stoneman* was among the excursionists.

At CINCINNATI, COVINGTON, and NEWPORT.—The chief celebration of the day in the vicinity of those cities was by the Masonic Societies. A large number of the Order started early in the morning, on boats chartered for the purpose, and proceeded down the river to Parlor Grove, where the day was spent in dancing and singing, and other social amusements. At five o'clock in the afternoon, all assembled on the platform, and joined with the Glee Club in singing Burns' farewell Ode,

beginning with the words so dear to every Masonic heart,

"Adieu, a heart warm, fond adieu."

At a late hour the excursionists returned to their homes, pleased with the day, and pledged, each one in his heart, to newer and fuller observance than ever, of the great principles on which the Order is founded.

At PHILADELPHIA, Pennsylvania.—The day was appropriately celebrated by the laying of the corner stone of the New Masonic Temple, corner of Broad and Filbert Streets, in that City. It is said there were between eight and ten thousand Masons in the procession. Doubtless, the ceremonies upon this occasion have never been excelled in the United States. The Masonic Temple in process of erection, it is thought will be the most magnificent building of the kind in the world. We shall, in some future No. give a full description of it. The festivities of the day was closed by a Banquet at the Academy of Music. We give, from the *Key Stone*, of July 4, the following description of the decorations of the Banquet Hall by the Committee on decorations:

"The galleries were festooned in various designs with wreaths and festoons of laurel, and with beautiful rustic hanging baskets suspended in the air. In the South was a magnificent canopy of the symbolic colors, royal purple and blue,—on the blue ground were the several implements of the Craft, the square, compasses, level, plumb, trowel, &c.,—surmounting this canopy was a blazing star, formed of brilliants, which reflected the light from every point. Beneath this canopy were seated the R. W. Grand Master and Officers of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania. In the centre of the building there was suspended from the dome the motto in gas jets, "Let there be light;" back of this were the national colors; immediately below these were hung the square and compass, 7 feet high, and to the right and left the level and plumb, 5 feet each, formed entirely of natural flowers; at the extreme rear end of the stage were two brazen columns each 40 feet high. The tables were twenty-two in number and were decorated in the most magnificent style, with large designs, bouquets, baskets, &c, all of original and symbolic designs, formed of natural flowers, there being over 1100 bouquets in the Pyramids exclusive of the Designs. Interspersed between the Floral display were placed handsome candelabras containing from 6 to 8 candles each. The two designs in front of the Grand Master's throne were the finest ever produced in this city, standing over 10 feet high, formed of the choicest tropical plants and flowers. It would be impossible to describe the effect produced, when the gas-lights and candles were all lighted—it exceeded any fairy scene ever conceived, and impressed one as if he were treading on enchanted ground. The Orchestra and Brass bands were stationed in the balcony, the Orchestra to the North and the Band to the South. In the Orchestra was placed the Piano Forte and the Vocalists. The entrance to the building was arranged with evergreens, and exotic plants, flowers and statues. This added a great deal to the scenic effect."

At AUGUSTA, Kentucky.—For a full account of the celebration at this place, see letter to Cincinnati Chronicle copied in another column of this paper.

We have room on our books for several thousand more subscribers.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DOVER, N. H., July 10th, 1868.

Dear Colonel:

When one has been grinding long at the Gaza-Mill of business, how grateful is the hour of release and the prospect of recreative liberty! Through the kindness of my Church, I have been allowed a holiday, and am now in the enjoyment of it to the highest degree. My trip from Frankfort to New York was marked for nothing beyond the usual incident of travel, and was completed in about forty-eight hours. My quarters in New York were at the Metropolitan Hotel and in the sixth story. I ascended to the floor, on which my room was located, by the means of a vertical railway. All one has to do, is to take his seat in a handsome car and be moved upward, without a jar, by steam. This arrangement of easy ascent and descent makes an upper story about as desirable as a lower one. For the timid and industrious there are steps also, so that any one can elect between the railway or the stair-case. I found New York crowded. It was said that there were more strangers in the City on the 4th of July than were ever known to be there before. The number was estimated at *two hundred and fifty thousand*. The train upon which I traveled numbered twenty seven passenger cars, conveying at least fifteen hundred passengers. Hotels, Boarding Houses, and private houses were full of guests, and many could not find a place to lay their heads. I, in company with a friend, had the pleasure of securing a carriage and taking a ride through Central Park. To say I was delighted would be but a poor expression of the pleasure I realized, in viewing this combined work of nature and of art. Everything has been taken advantage of by the engineer, and the principles of landscape gardening applied to the production of the most pleasing effects. There are lakes, cascades, grottos, arbors, mimic mountains, fountains, monuments, pavilions, bridges, booths, deer, swan, a zoological garden, music, gaily dressed ladies, fine equipages,—in fact almost a numberless combination of things to attract and entertain. Here one can see the representatives of all ranks of society, and of all nations—the rich on horseback or in fine carriages, and the poor equally pleased as they trudge along afoot. Central Park is superior to all other New York attractions. Besides, it is a great benefaction to those who live amid the din and dust of the City. As one of the citizens said to me, "You, being from the country, do not know fully how to appreciate the value of Central Park, but to us it is invaluable. It yields to the poorest mechanic the pleasures of country air and recreation. It has a tendency, too, to create a homogeneous society. Everywhere else the Gothamites meet where there are distinctions. They exist in our Churches by virtue of our pew system; they exist in our Theatres and Concert halls, in the institution of private boxes, dress circle, &c.; but, here, on these nicely swept walks and green swards, all meet upon a common level and have equal privileges and delights."

The Fourth of July in New York was exciting. Several brigades of the National Guard paraded, numerous societies left the City on excursions, the Democratic Convention, and the Convention of the Soldiers and Sailors, the dedication of Tammany Hall, the great German Schutzenfest at Jones' Wood, a magnificent display of fireworks at night—all these things made the Fourth of the present year rather an eventful one for even New York.

Suffering intensely with the extreme heat, I was glad to make my escape from the torrid atmosphere of New York. I went down to the splendid Steamer "Providence," of the Bristol line, and took passage, destined through Long Island Sound to Boston. We were soon sailing. Our vessel moved like "a thing of life." It carried us through scenes of ravishing delight. Soon the cool, fresh breeze of the ocean kissed my burning cheek. Oh, how refreshing after my dusty ride over 900 miles of railroad, and my two days sojourn in fevered New York! As the sun went down, we entered the sound. The moon rose in regal splendor and the water shimmered beneath its silvery rays. Not a cloud obscured the sky. The stars were pale, because of the moon's unusual splendor. The air was balmy and the sea-breeze an arial cordial. The steamers of the Bristol line advertize to carry passengers from New York to Boston for *one dollar*, but when you get aboard you find you must pay two dollars and fifty cents for a state room, and one dollar and fifty cents for your supper. A Western man totally unacquainted with the *manege* of Eastern Steamboats, so different from what he has been accustomed to, both in construction and management, will naturally be compelled to ask questions for information, but if he does ask any of the red-headed, red-faced, disagreeable clerks in the office of the Steamer "Providence," he will certainly have his feelings ruffled, if he will allow a hireling pimp to insult him. I, in company with several fellow-passengers from the west, was amazed to find so surly a character occupying the office of so splendid a vessel as the "Providence." I shall always shun that steamer, because of its Clerk. He is the dead fly in the ointment. This fellow was very different from the Captain of a California ocean steamer, which I visited from mere curiosity. I told him I would like to see his vessel—was from the West, &c. He received our party courteously, and showed us through his ship, answering our multitude of inquiries cheerfully, and taking pleasure in furnishing us with explanations.

I arrived in Boston on Sunday morning and stopped at the Revere House, and here I must stop this letter.

Yours Truly,

H. A. M. H.

AMENITIES OF MASONRY IN WAR.

EDITORIAL REMINISCENCES.

The City of D——, Ala., was thoroughly excited upon its occupation by Federal troops. Stories, were created by panic-makers, which alarmed the citizens to an unwonted extent. In the midst of this troubled state of affairs the Lodge met, and several Officers of the occupying army were present. Among them Col. B——, who was the Commandant of the Post. Fraternal sentiments were exchanged, and the excited state of affairs in the community alluded to, Col. B——, arose and in a mild manner disclosed his purposes and plans as Commandant of the Post. They were merciful, and satisfactory to the citizen Masons.

Within twenty-four hours after this fraternal interview, the little City was as calm as a mountain-lake, locked up from storm by the granite walls of surrounding mountains. A Master Mason's word had spoken peace and all was still.

The Junior Editor of this paper, being in the South during the Rebellion, sent his Royal Arch Regalia, among other things, to Jackson, Miss.,

by Express. While the articles were in the Express Office a Federal raid took possession of the city, and the contents of the Express Office. The aforesaid Regalia happened to fall into the hands of an Officer, who was a Master Mason. Twelve months after the war had closed, the Regalia was returned to him, the officer having discovered his place of residence. Thus was Masonic faith forcibly exhibited.

We are acquainted with an officer, who during the civil strife, was a Commissioner for the exchange of prisoners of war, on behalf of the Confederate States. He once went to Cahawba—a prison post—and a request was made to him, by an old gentleman, confined there, for a personal interview. It was granted. The old gentleman told his story and it was a most affecting one, and well calculated to move the heart and excite the interest of the Exchange Commissioner—but, he was so limited by his orders, as to render it impossible to effect, by any ordinary means, the old gentleman's honorable release. Finally, the old gentleman asked—"Are you a Mason?"—the response was made in the affirmative; an examination ensued and both became satisfied, that each was a Freemason. A Masonic appeal was made. The Officer responded, "Bro. St. J——, as a private individual I am a Freemason and will do anything in that capacity to relieve you as a prisoner, but as a Colonel of the C. S. A. I know no Masonic obligation, that requires me to relax my integrity to the Government, whose Commission I bear, even to aid a brother. However, I will say this to you if occasion offers, promising an exchange, I will bear your case in memory, and give you the advantage of it." A few days afterwards the Officer obtained information of the captivity of an old citizen friend of North Georgia at Camp Chase,—who was, also, a Master-Mason. He determined to endeavor to effect his release. Mr. St. J——, was also a citizen, and was being held as a hostage for a similar class of Confederates in prison.

The Officer went to see Mr. St. J——, and made the following proposition: "Will you accept a parole to go North and endeavor to effect an exchange for yourself of Mr. S——p, confined at Camp Chase? If you fail, you will return and report yourself a prisoner to me? Will you give your Masonic word to me, as a Mason, that you will faithfully fulfill the conditions of the proposed parole of honor?" All these questions were answered in the affirmative. Bro. St. J——, was taken by the Officer to Memphis—where the parole was ratified by Gen'l. W——, Commanding District of Memphis, U. S. A. St. J——, proceeded North, spent a night and day with his family, near Cincinnati, and then went to Camp Chase, saw Mr. S——p, and the Officer in charge of the prison, but could make no arrangement there; nothing daunted, he proceeded to Washington, had interviews with the President, and Secretary of War, and finally after three weeks of persevering effort accomplished his purpose. He returned to Camp Chase, with the glad news of Bro. S——p's release, gave him money, and secured his transportation. Two months had elapsed since the Exchange Commissioner had parted with St. J—— at Memphis, and he began to think that he had been deceived, when lo! one morning, while on his way to Hernando, Miss., to consummate an exchange, Mr. S——p appeared, like an apparition, upon the bank of the Blackwater. His eyes filled with tears of gratitude,

and the released prisoner rushed forward, speechless with emotion, with a Masonic grip expressed what was filling his heart so full.

Since the close of the war the Exchange Officer has received a letter from Bro. St. J.—n, in which he says, "had I failed in securing the release of Bro. S—p in exchange for myself, (which at one time seemed probable,) I would have returned to captivity, according to the conditions of my parole, for I would rather have suffered the pains of imprisonment, than to have violated my Masonic word."

MITCHELL'S HISTORY OF MASONRY AND DIGEST OF MASONIC LAW.

We have received a letter from Bro. J. W. S. MITCHELL, dated Griffin, Georgia, July 4, 1868, introducing to us Bro. B. F. Carter, whom he has appointed General Agent for the State of Kentucky, to receive subscriptions to his great work—"History of Masonry and Digest of Masonic Law"—in two large royal octavo volumes, containing 1450 pages.

We have not had time to examine this work with that care which its merit, doubtless, demands; but the fact that it has passed through its *Sixth Edition*, and the very high commendation of it by the *National and Freemason*, of New York; the *Masonic Trowel*, of Springfield, Ill.; the *Masonic Signal and Journal*, of Marietta, Ga.; the *Freemason*, of St. Louis; the *Missouri Republican*, of St. Louis; and the *New York Day-Book*, is evidence of its intrinsic merit, and we, therefore, cheerfully recommend it to the Masonic Fraternity of Kentucky as worthy a place in the Library of every Lodge and of every Mason in the State.

The following extract from the last Annual Address of the M. W. Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State of Indiana, in commendation of the work, we commend to our Brethren of Kentucky.

In connexion with this subject, I consider it not out of the line of duty to call your attention to Dr. Mitchell's History of Masonry and Digest of Masonic Law, a book which, in past years, I have occasionally seen noticed as the great Masonic work of the age, but as it has never been on sale at any book store, I have not until recently had an opportunity to examine it. When this work first made its appearance, that able statesman, distinguished writer and venerated Grand Master, Governor Brown, of Florida, said of it to his Grand Lodge, "If all the Masonic books ever published were placed in one pile, and Bro. Mitchell's in another, and I were compelled to choose, I would take Bro. Mitchell's. I do wish it could be in the hands of every Mason. It is what we want to show what is Ancient Masonry, and what modern manufacture." The editor of the *Masonic Trowel* justly says: "Brother Mitchell is the only author who has prepared a complete history of the Order. The author assumes that Masonry was instituted by King Solomon, and proves his assertion true, or that our traditions are false and Masonry a cheat. The Doctor is the first author who has taken the Bible as his stand-point, and attempted to prove therefrom that Masonry was instituted by Divine command for the overthrow of the heathen mythology and to bring back the worshippers of idols to the knowledge of the true God." Strong as this language is, I can now, from having examined the work, endorse every word of it as true. Brother Mitchell is not only the first, but the only author who has placed Freemasonry upon its ancient rituals and traditions—established their truth by the language and teachings of the Bible, and then built thereon. And when it is known that this great work contains nearly five hundred pages of Masonic laws, emanating from the pen of that eminent Mason, who has devoted nearly half a century to the study of the principles, objects and ends of the institution, and whose wide-

spread fame as a law giver needs no commendation from us—I say when these facts are known, I shall be sustained in saying that every good Mason ought to be willing, if need be, to make some sacrifice to secure a copy and transmit it to his children. While I am greatly pleased to find brethren familiar with the Rituals and Lectures, it is known that I have long felt earnestly anxious that the brethren of this jurisdiction should also study the principles and teachings of Masonry. This invaluable work not only gives us a reliable history of the Order for a period of near three thousand years, but also unfolds to the mind many important facts that seem to have escaped the observation of all other writers upon the subject. It is a work without which no Masonic library is complete. You now have an opportunity of getting that which may justly be called a Masonic Library of itself. It can be had only by subscription, and as the author is now near three score and ten, I know you will not only excuse but justify me in urging you to supply yourselves with it while it may be had; it is, next to the Bible, the book of books to Masonry.

FRANKFORT, KY., July, 1868.

The undersigned are personally acquainted with Bro. J. W. S. MITCHELL, the author of the work alluded to above. He was, many years ago, a citizen of Kentucky, and was chosen by the people of the county in which he resided to represent them in the Legislature of this State. He then discharged the duties devolved upon him with honor to himself and great acceptance to the people of his county. He is a gentleman of decided ability, and eminently qualified to discharge the arduous duty of writing such a History as he has produced.

P. SWIGERT,
A. G. HODGES.

ON CENSURE.—"For my own part," says Rev. John Newton, "if my pocket was full of stones, I have no right to throw one at the greatest backslider upon earth. I have either done as bad or worse than he, or I certainly should if the Lord had left me a little to myself, for I am made of just the same materials; if there be any difference it is wholly of grace."

LETTER FROM AUGUSTA, KY.

MOST INTERESTING MASONIC CELEBRATION.

[Correspondence of the Cincinnati Chronicle.]

AUGUSTA, KY., June 24.

Wednesday, the 24th inst., being the day set apart by the Masonic fraternity for honoring the memory of St. John the Baptist, was the occasion of one of the most agreeable reunions at Augusta, Ky., of the mystic body that we have ever attended. Added to the interest that always attaches to the ceremonies of this day, the Grand Master of the State of Kentucky had been invited to lay the corner stone of a new Church about to be erected by the people of the M. E. denomination. Invitations having been sent abroad, the members of the Order were present in goodly numbers from all the surrounding cities and towns. Quite strong delegations were present from Mayaville, Germantown, Brookville, Claysville, etc., in Kentucky—Ripley, Higginsport and Felicity, in Ohio, and all the surrounding country contributed its quota, not only in numbers, but in youth and beauty, to deck and honor the festive occasion, and witness the imposing ceremonies.

At 11 o'clock the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, organized under Past Grand Master Hiram Bassett, joined Augusta Lodge, and the procession was formed, under the direction of the Grand Master, all the degrees and orders were represented in handsome attire, and the officers of the Grand Lodge were escorted by a detachment of Knights Templar; the whole accompanied by the Right Em. Grand Commander of Kentucky, accompanied by his staff. The procession was very imposing, both in numbers and in fine appearance of the members of the Order.

At some minutes past 12 o'clock, they reached the place of laying the corner stone. Beautiful

arches of flowers spanned the approach to the platform where the ceremonies were to take place, and a most excellent choir of singers were present with instruments of music, who added much to the interest and solemnity of the services. Grand Master Bassett, surrounded by the following Grand Officers,

R. W. Wm. N. Howe, D. G. M.
R. W. Henry Bostwick, S. G. W.
R. W. James W. Staton, J. G. W.
R. W. Peter Rudd, G. Treasurer.
R. W. Jacob P. Reese, G. Secretary.
M. Rev. James W. Bent, } G. Chaplains.
M. Rev. W. T. Benton, }
W. M. D. Strade, G. S. D.
W. Robert Henry, G. J. D.
W. Wesley Vickroy, G. S. B.
W. W. J. Ross, } G. Stewards.
W. G. W. Wroten, }
W. John Fee, G. Tyler.

then proceeded in a most solemn and impressive manner to perform the ceremonies of laying the corner stone. We have never witnessed the work done in a better style, or felt more the impressiveness of the simple but appropriate services of the Order than as they were performed on this occasion.

After the close of this service, the Order reformed and marched to the beautiful grove that surrounds the M. E. College, where a platform had been erected for the Grand Lodge, chief officers of the day, distinguished guests, and the Grand Orator. Before this, stretching over the green sward, and beneath pleasant shades, seats had been arranged for the accommodation of a large audience. But far beyond these the crowd that attended found comfort and rest on the green grass, and under the shadow of the noble trees that adorn the truly magnificent grounds of this college.

The oration was delivered by Right Em. Sir Knight, Rev. J. M. Worrall, Grand Commander of the K. T's. of Kentucky. This effort was one of the best we have heard from this distinguished member of the Order, and this is to say as much as we can express for its excellence. It was full of historic research, interspersed with classic beauties that show great familiarity with the the best authors on this as well as other subjects. The design of the address was to show the true nature and design of Masonry. Happily illustrating its twofold aspects, its operative nature and its speculative character, from the true objects that called the Order together that day, viz: To-day the corner-stone of a material structure, and thus aid in rearing elegant buildings; then to honor the memory of one of its great patron saints, and thus study and develop the moral lessons of the Order.

Taking up the last view of the subject, the orator showed the design and power of Masonry to form the man, and make him a better member of the family, of society, and of the state. He showed that the Order did this in the most philosophic and efficient manner that could be used by merely human agencies, taking the word of God as the standard of all duty, and leading men to conform the practices of their lives to its high standard. He distinctly disavowed for the Order any claim to the powers of a church, or that it would even answer the place of the religion that Jesus taught and the mighty power which He alone could work, by his spirit in the hearts of men. But while this is true; the speaker claimed for the Order great power to elevate and purify the lives and characters of men; and certainly did show the proof in strong and very attractive form for all that he claimed.

The oration closed with a presentation of the effects of this teaching as manifest in the lives of the men whose names have adorned the pages of Masonic history, and have added lustre to all the departments of social, political and intellectual life. These illustrations were very striking, and seemed to produce a profound effect on the very attentive audience, that listened with unabated interest to the last.

A copy of the address was asked for publication, and we hope the author will consent to give it to the press.

The enjoyments of the day were closed with a most elegant entertainment, spread by the fair ladies of Augusta in the spacious grounds of Mr. Isaac Diltz, to which all seemed anxious to pay the highest compliment by giving it their closest personal devotion. Altogether, this was one of the most agreeable days that we have ever spent in such exercises.

Literary Gems.

BEAUTIES FROM STAR PAPERS.

I look upon the clouds every moment changing forms, upon the hedges or trees, along which, or such like, Shakspear wandered, with his sweet Anne, and marvel what were the imaginations, the strifes of heart, the gushes of tenderness, the sanguine hopes and fore-paintings of this young poet's soul. For, even so early, he had begun to give form to that which God created in him. One cannot help thinking of Olivia, Juliet, Desdemona, Beatrice, Ophelia, Imogen, Isabella, Miranda; and wondering whether any of his first dreams were afterward borrowed to form these. It is not possible but that strokes of his pencil, in these and other women of Shakspear, reproduced some features of his own experience. Well, I imagine that Anne was a little below the medium height, delicately formed and shaped, but not slender, with a clear smooth forehead, not high, but wide and evenly filled out; an eye that chose to look down mostly but filled with sweet confusion every time she looked up, and that was used more than her tongue; a face that smiled oftener than it laughed, but so smiled that one saw a world of brightness within, as of a lamp hidden behind an alabaster shade; a carriage that was deliberate but graceful and elastic. This is my Anne Hathaway. Whether it was Shakspear's I find nothing in this cottage and these trees and verdant hedges to tell me. The birds are singing something about it—descendants doubtless of the very birds that the lovers heard, strolling together; but I doubt their traditional lore.

Few places affected me more than the Libraries, and especially the Bodleian Library, reputed to have half a million printed books and manuscripts. I walked solemnly and reverently among the alcoves and through the halls, as if in the the pyramid of embalmed souls. It was their life, their heart, their mind, that they treasured in these book-urns. Silent as they are, should all the emotions that went to their creation have utterance, could the world itself contain the various sound? They longed for fame? Here it is—to stand silently for ages, moved only to be dusted and estalogueed, valued only as units in the ambitious total, and gazed at, occasionally, by man as ignorant as I am, of their name, their place, their language, and their worth. Indeed, unless a man can link his written thoughts with the everlasting wants of men, so that they shall draw from them as from wells, there is no more immortality to the thoughts and feeling of the soul than to the muscles and the bones. A library is but the soul's burial-ground. It is the land of shadows.

One easily reads the condition of women in the most refined days and nations of antiquity, in the idealization of them in statues. In this respect the French painters are like the ancients;—grace, extreme physical beauty, and an inviting softness of expression, characterize their women. But genius, intelligence, nobleness of purity, and that capacity for loving which wins admiration but awes familiarity—these attributes, in which we conceive of woman, do not belong to the statues, as they probably did not belong to the living women that sculptors knew, in antiquity, or to the ideal conceptions of them. Women are a new race,

recreated since the world received Christianity. I feel, in this gallery, (the Louvre) among these memorials, what it would be to go back to the time before Christianity enlightened the world.

Had it not been for paintings, flowers, trees, and landscapes, I do not know what I should have done with myself. Often, when extremely depressed, I have gone to the parks or out of the city to some quiet ground, where I could find a wooded stream, and the wood filled with birds, and found, almost in a moment, a new spirit coming over me. I was rid of *men*—almost of myself. I seemed to find a sacred sweetness and calmness, not coming *over* me but *into* me. I seemed nearer to Heaven. I felt less sadness about life, for God would take care of it; and my own worthlessness, too, became a source of composure; for, on that very account, it made little difference in the world's history whether I lived or died. God worked, it seemed to me, upon a scale so vast and rich in details, that anything and anybody could be spared, and not affect the results of life. There is such a view of the sufficiency of God as to make your own littleness and feebleness a source of very true and grateful pleasure. What if this or that flower perishes, is the summer bereaved? A single leaf plucked from the oak makes a difference. What if I should die abroad? A shock it would be to many,—but in a month's time only a few would feel it. In a year, and perhaps half-a-dozen only out of the world's crew would have a thought or a sadness about it. The ship would sail merrily on. Yea, my own children, elastic with youth, would, soonest of any, grow past regret; and the two or three who clung to the broken reed, would themselves soon come on and greet me in Heaven! How wisely is this so. There were no end to grief, and no room for joy, if we carried all the accumulated troubles of life with undiminished sensibility from year to year. First we bury friends, then time buries our grief.

How often and often have I blessed God for the treasures and dear comforts of his *natural world*! Shall I ever be grateful enough for TREES! Yet, without doubt, better trees there might be than even the most noble and beautiful now. I suppose God has, in His thoughts, much better ones than he has ever planted on this globe. They are reserved for the glorious land. Beneath them may we walk!

I visited the graves of Wesley, Watson, and Adam Clarke; and opposite to the yard where they lie, in Bunhill fields, the graves of Wesley's mother, of Dr. Owen, Dr. Watts, and, what was more than all to me, John Bunyan! Think of the difference, in their day, of this poor tinker and the notable bishops and lords. But now I feel insulted, or rather I feel worried and annoyed, to see the worthless names of men who were in their life great by the outside only or chiefly;—while I feel inspired and blessed to stand by the spot which bears the names of such men as Bunyan and Wesley! Such as they are the *true* men! Their own day knew them not! The world could not know them until the breadth of their fame was developed by time.

Age and youth look upon life from the opposite ends of the telescope: it is exceedingly long, it is exceedingly short!

Flowers, thank God, the poorest may have. So, put white buds in the hair—and honey-dew, and mignonnette, and half blown roses, on the breast.

How one exhales, and feels his childhood coming back to him, when, emerging from the hard and hateful city streets, he sees orchards and gardens in sheeted bloom,—plum, cheery, pear, peach, and apple, waves and billows of blossoms rolling over the hill sides, and down through the levels! My heart runs riot. This is a kingdom of glory. The bees know it. Are the blossoms singing? or is all this humming sound the music of bees? The frivolous flies, that never seem to be thinking of any thing, are rather sober and solemn here. Such a sight is equal to a sunset, which is but a blossoming of the clouds.

But there is as much of *life* in Autumn as of death, and as much of creation and of growth as of passing away. Every flower has left its house full of seeds. No leaf has dropped until a bud was borne to it. Already, another year is hidden along the boughs; another summer is secure among the declining flowers. Along the banks the green heart-shaped leaves of the violet tell me that it is all well at the root; and in turning the soil I find those spring beauties that died, to be only sleeping. Heart, take courage! What the heart has once owned and had, it shall never lose. There is resurrection-hope not alone in the barden-sepulchre of Christ. Every flower and every tree and every root are annual prophets sent to affirm the future and cheer the way. Thus as birds, to teach their little ones to fly, do fly first themselves and show the way; and as guides, that would bring the timid to venture into the dark-faced ford, do first go back and forth through it, so the year and all its mighty multitudes of growths walk in and out before us, to encourage our faith of life by death; of decaying for the sake of better growth. Every seed and every bud whispers to us to secure, while the leaf is yet green, that germ which shall live when frosts have destroyed leaf and flower.

What does a man think of in one of these mid-day summer hours? He reads a little, but is easily inveigled by the first side suggestion, and is flying off in every capricious fantasy. In full chase, through the door-yard, three children-boys are vociferous. In the next yard a young man lies flat on the grass under the tree. In front of the store stands and always laughing or whistling colored man; just now he is cracking nuts with his teeth. Somebody casts a jest at him from out the store, and he laughs the whole air full. Now he is making all the motions of a fiddler; now he is drumming on his chair, and now he starts off whistling homeward for his dinner. "Well, Mott, whistling again—I always hear you whistling but never saw you cry." Stopping shrill tune and sliding into the freest and cherriest laugh that ever pulsated in the air, he answers, "Why, sir, I never cried in my life." I believe him. Careless, contented, luxuriously at ease when he has a dollar in his pocket, willing to work when that is gone, he is, on all hands, admitted to be the happiest man in town.

When Plato was told that his enemies were making very free use of his name, he quietly replied: "I will endeavor so to live that no one will believe them."

It has been beautifully said that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy."

JERUSALEM AND ITS TEMPLE.

The *Builder* says: The Rev. Professor Porter, D. D., LL. D., who had for fourteen years been a resident of the Holy Land, recently delivered a graphic lecture in the Ulster Hall, Belfast, on "Jerusalem and its Temple; with notices of the remarkable excavations now being made by English Engineers." The lecture was delivered under the auspices of the Masonic body, and the object was to raise funds for carrying out the excavations now being made by the Royal Engineers, under the patronage of her Majesty, with a view to the discovery of the ruins of the Temple. The hall was fairly filled, and the attendance was influential. A great many members of the Brotherhood, who wore the insignia of the Order, were in attendance. Sir Charles Lanyon, M. P., architect, Deputy Provincial Grand Master, was voted to the chair.

In speaking of the enormous substructure of the Temple, Dr. Porter said:—It is, doubtless, to these substructions the sacred writer refers, when he says, "And the foundation were of costly stones, even of great stones, stones of ten cubits, and stones of eight cubits." On the south west and south east the foundations of colossal walls were laid nearly at the bottom of the Tyropean and Kidron. Josephus' account of it is almost startling: "They surrounded Moriah," he says, "from the base with a tripple wall, and accomplished a work which surpassed all conception. The sustaining wall of the lower court was built up from a depth of 300 cubits (450 ft.), and in some places more. There were stones used in this building which measured forty cubits." Perhaps some may be inclined to smile incredulously on hearing such measurements as these: if so, just wait a little till I describe the wonderful discoveries made by recent excavations.

In describing these discoveries, and in reference to the southern wall, the lecturer said:

"We go first to the south east angle. Here is a magnificent fragment of the Temple, and one of the finest specimens of mural architecture in the world. The stones are colossal ranging from 10 ft. to 30 ft. in length, by 5 ft. in height—all noble 'corner stones,' polished after the similitude of a palace." The elevation of the wall above the present surface is 73 ft. The Royal Engineers sank a shaft to the foundation, which they discovered at the depth of 60 ft. This angle must, when perfect, have been 140 ft. high. And this is not all. It stands on the rocky side of Moriah which sinks, almost perpendicularly, 200 ft. to the bottom of the Kidron. And, besides, on the top of the wall stood the royal porch 100 ft. in height. Consequently, the summit of the porch was 240 ft. above the foundation of the wall, and 440 ft. above the Kidron! This was that 'Pinnacle of the Temple, which was the scene of one part of one of our Lord's Temptation. We now go over to inspect the still more extraordinary discoveries at the south west angle. We pass on our way two ancient gates, which opened from the low suburb of Ophel, where the priests dwelt; two long subterranean avenues leading up to the Temple. The masonry of the south west is even finer than that of the south east. At present the angle rises 90 ft. above the ground. Captain Warren, with great labor and at no little risk, sank a shaft, and discovered the foundation laid upon the rock, at the enormous depth of 100 ft. The grandeur of this angle almost surpasses conception. The corner stones are colossal, measuring from 20 ft. to 40 ft. in length, by about 6 ft. in height. One stone, which I myself measured, and which is placed 310 ft. above the foundation, is 34 ft. long, and weighs above 100 tons! I believe I may say that to raise a stone of such dimensions to such a position would try the skill of modern engineers. It was near this angle the bridge stood which spanned the Tyropean, connecting the Temple

with the palace. The remains have been discovered.

"The following measurements will give some idea of its stupendous size and grandeur: The spring stones of one of its arches are 24 ft. long by 6 ft. thick. The breadth of the roadway was 50 ft, corresponding exactly to the central avenue of the Royal porch. The span of each arch was 46 ft. The height above the bottom of the Tyropean was 225 ft. This stupendous bridge would bear favorable comparison with some of the noblest works of the present century. Can we wonder that, when the Queen of Sheba saw it, 'there was no more spirit left in her?'"

A REMINISCENCE.

BY A KENTUCKY LADY.

It was a calm, beautiful morning in the sweet month of October. I retired to the old graveyard, a short distance from my home, and seated myself by the spot that contains the remains of my sweet, gentle, loving Mattie. Nine years ago Death set his seal upon one of my richest treasures. Then it was that I learned to ponder on the mysteries of life, and death, and judgment to come. Mattie was remarkable for the gentleness of her temper, and her undeviating propriety of deportment. She seldom needed reproof, she had an innate sense or right, and firmness of character which enabled her to pursue it. Every one loved her. Death came to her as the messenger of peace. She died triumphantly happy. Why should I mourn for her who was summoned from life, ere one roseleaf had withered in the bright garland which entwined her youthful brow?

The early grave which we weep o'er
May be meant to save.

Yea! I bless God that the loved one whose dream of earthly happiness was so soon exchanged for the perfect and enduring joy of heaven, is spared such pangs as I often feel! When chilled and withered by the falseness and kindness of those I have loved, I feel in my inmost soul that I would not, if I could, recall her blessed spirit, which has departed without one stain of earth upon its silvery wings. I do not weep for thee, my child. No, it is for my own loneliness I mourn.

The flowers with which I have decked thy lowly bed must grow up and wither again and again; the long grass must rustle in the breeze of many a summer, ere I can forget the bitterness of our parting. But the arms of everlasting love enfold thee, and He who said: "Suffer them to come unto me," has given thee a mansion of eternal bliss, where, when my own longer and more painful pilgrimage is ended, I hope to be welcomed by thee.

I commenced writing with the intention of relating a little coincidence. As I walked along I saw a lovely butterfly lying in my path. I picked it up. It was dead. This recalled to my mind a little incident, and carried me back nine years ago, when I had gone to visit the grave of my child. It was the next day after she was buried. I had taken with me a beautiful bouquet of flowers, and placed them on the mound that hid her from my sight, when a splendid butterfly came and settled upon them. I stood there with a heart almost breaking with the anguish of that last farewell, and every nerve quivering with the agony of bereavement. It seemed as if I could not look beyond the cold, dark grave. As I gazed on the beautiful butterfly freed from its unsightly chrysalis, fluttering at my feet, bearing the glory of heaven on its wings, I said, Shall such as these live again and again? Then I felt a deep and solemn conviction of immortality of the soul. Strange that we do not learn more meekly from nature, who goes on ever reproducing her works in beautiful and glorified forms!

I felt that death had indeed been robbed of its sting, since the very stroke that had left me desolate and bereaved on earth, had gained for me a guardian angel in heaven. The hope of heaven is dear to me. I feel that it is not only the abode of love, but the home of the dearest objects of my tenderness, and it has become the haven of my every hope. My affections are fastened there.

There are 50,000 Freemasons in the City of New-York.

[From the Masonic Review.]
MNEMONIC MASONRY.

Who wears the square upon his breast,
Does in the eye of God attest,
And in the face of man;
That all his actions will compare
With the Divine—the unerring square,
That squares great virtue's plan:
That he erects his edifice
By this design, and this, and this,

Who wears the level, says that pride
Does not within his soul abide,
Nor foolish vanity;
That man has but one common doom,
And from his cradle to his tomb
One common destiny:
And he erects his edifice
By this design, and this, and this.

Who wears the plumb, behold how true
His words, his walk, and could we view
The chambers of his soul,
Each thought enshrined, so pure so good,
By the stern line of rectitude
Points truly to the good;
And he erects his edifice
By this design, and this, and this.

Who wears the G, Ah! Type Divine,
Abhors the atmosphere of sin,
And trusts in God alone:
His Father, Maker, Friend he knows;
He vows, and prays to God his vows
Before the Eternal throne.
And he erects his edifice
By this design, and this, and this.

This life and beauty come view
By each design our fathers drew,
So glorious—so sublime:
Each breathes an odor from the bloom
Of gardens bright beyond the tomb—
Beyond the flight of time;
And bids us build on this, and this
The walls of God's own edifice.

DAMASCUS, THE ETERNAL.

Damascus dates back anterior to the days of Abraham and is the oldest city in the world. It was founded by Uz, the grandson of Noah.

"The early history of Damascus is shrouded in the hoary mists of antiquity." Leave the matters written of in the first eleven chapters of the Old Testament out, and no recorded event has occurred in the whole but Damascus was in existence to receive it. Go back as far as you will into the vague Past, there was always a Damascus. In the writing of every century for more than four thousand years, its name has been mentioned and its praises sung. To Damascus, years are only moments, decades are only fitting trifles of time. She measures time not by days and months and years but by the empires she has seen rise and prosper, and crumble to ruin. She is a type of immortality. She saw the foundation of Baalbec, and Thebes, and Ephesus laid; she saw them grow into mighty cities, and amaze the world with their grandeur—and she has lived to see them desolate, deserted and given up to the owls and the bats. She saw the Israelitish empire exalted, and she saw it annihilated. She saw Greece rise and flourish for two thousand years, and die. In her old age she saw Rome built; she saw it overshadow the world with its power; she saw it perish. The few hundred of years of Genoece and Venitian might and splendor were, to grave old Damascus, only a scintillation hardly worth remembering. Damascus has seen all that has occurred on earth and still lives. She has looked upon the dry bones of a thousand empires, and she will see the tomb of a thousand more before she dies. Though another claims the name, old Damascus is by right the Eternal City.

Dean Swift, the severest satirist of his day, was one day dining with a company of gentlemen, one of whom he had made the butt of his ridicule with repeated sallies. At last the Dean poured upon a piece of duck some gravy intended to be eaten with a roasted goose. The unfortunate gentleman seeing this, immediately said: "My good Dean, you surprise me, you eat duck like a goose." The company roared, and the poor Dean was so confused and mortified that he flew into a rage and left the table.

THE FREEST PLACE IS A MASONIC LODGE.

Equal Rights, equal laws and equal privileges constitute true liberty, Masonically understood. Thus defined, a Masonic Lodge is the freest place on earth.

It has ever been so, in all ages and climes—before the Saxon set foot on Britain—before the Franks had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshiped in Mecca; by the inhabitants of the torrid zone, or of the ice bound regions of the world, no matter by what cruel and formidable despots it may have been and may still be surrounded. It is thus that the members of our ancient and honorable Fraternity are pre-eminently entitled to the proud distinction of the Free! For although this distinctive appellation was, according to our legends, originally conferred only upon worthy Craftsmen, among the enslaved multitudes of ancient laborers, when duly initiated into the Councils and taught the science of the master-builders, it has from the beginning implied every privilege, every enjoyment and every security which perfect liberty can confer. Strict equality of individual rights and opportunities of advancement; a perfect liberty of conscience on politics and religion, which is entirely exempt from all inquiry and disparagement, and the exalting consciousness which fills every Mason's heart that his fair fame, whether he be personally or present or separated from us by boundless oceans; that his nearest and most cherished ties in domestic life; that his business interests and most pressing exigencies, together with every lawful secret of his breast, are secure and sacredly safe in the hands of his Brethren, constitute a kind and degree of reciprocal liberty which no state or phase of society, in the vague world of mankind, could possibly afford. And thus it is that our Institution has ever been the purest, the most enduring and the most universal of republics that ever existed within the history of the human family. The Masonic Institution, governed by its own organic laws and codes of mutual obligation, and conscious that no earthly power, not even the greatest, can annul them, since they are deeply engraven and impressed upon every Mason's heart, has flourished amid the deserts of despotism, and desires no new favor from political power in this happy land, so fertile in freedom and prosperity.

The Grand High Priest of Alabama made the following decisions:

"Can a H. P. of a Chapter in a disorganized condition, and, although represented at the last Grand Convocation, yet failed to elect officers, and practically dead, although not so declared by the Grand Chapter, grant himself a dimit, and affiliate with another Chapter?"

Held that he could not, and affirmed decision of H. P.

Clinton Chapter, No. 9, at Athens, asked permission to substitute in exaltations, which I refused, having no power to grant the same, and believing it to be an innovation of an ancient landmark, and in violation of the covenant of every High Priest and Royal Arch Mason. I so informed them.

I have been applied to for permission to confer the degrees upon one who had lost his arm in defence of his country, which I refused. For how could he practice or teach our art? It is his misfortune, but our ancient landmarks must not be violated or infringed in the least.

RELATIVE COST.—The Christian World says: "Some people talk a great deal about ministers, and the cost of keeping them, paying their house rent, table expenses, and other items of salary. Did such croakers ever think that it cost \$35,000,000 to pay the salaries of American lawyers; that \$12,000,000 are paid out annually to keep our criminals, and \$10,000,000 to keep the dogs in the midst of us alive, while only \$6,000,000 are spent annually to keep 6,000 preachers in the United States? These are facts, and statistics will show them to be facts. No other thing exerts such a mighty influence in keeping this Republic from falling to pieces as the Bible and ministers."

The sun shines eighteen hours out of twenty-four in some portions of Alaska.

THE POWER OF THE "GREAT LIGHT."

A Virginia banker who was the chairman of a noted infidel club, was once traveling on horse back through Kentucky, having with him bank-bills of the value of twenty-five thousand dollars. When he came to a lonely forest, where robberies and murders were said to be frequent he was soon "lost" by taking a wrong road. The darkness of the night came quickly over him, and how to escape from the threatened danger he knew not. In his alarm he suddenly espied in the distance a dim light, and urging his horse onward he at length came to a wretched cabin. He knocked and the door was opened by a woman, who said that her husband was out hunting, but would shortly return, and she was sure he would cheerfully give him shelter for the night. The gentleman tied up his horse and entered the cabin, but with feelings which may better be imagined than described. Here he was, with a large sum of money, alone, and perhaps in the house of one of those robbers whose name was a terror to the country.

In a short time the man of the house returned. He had on a deer skin hunting-shirt, a bear-skin cap, seemed much fatigued, and in no talkative mood. All this boded the infidel no good. He felt for his pistols in his pocket, and placed them so as to be ready for instant use. The man asked the stranger to retire to bed, but he declined, saying that he would sit by the fire all night. The man urged, but the infidel was alarmed. He felt assured that it was his last night on earth, but he determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. His infidel principles gave him no comfort. His fears grew into a perfect agony. What was to be done?

At length the backwoodsman rose, and reaching to a wooden shelf, he took down an old book, and said:

"Well, stranger, if you won't go to bed, I will; but it is my custom always to read a chapter of Holy Scriptures before I go to bed."

What a change did these words produce! Alarm was at once removed from the skeptic's mind; though avowing himself an infidel, he had now confidence in the Bible. He felt safe. He felt that a man who kept an old Bible in his house and read it and bent his knee in prayer was no robber or murderer! He listened to the simple prayer of the good man, at once dismissed all his fears and lay down in that rude cabin and slept as calmly as he did under his father's roof. From that night he ceased to revile the old Bible. He became a Christian, and often relates the story of his journey to prove the folly of infidelity.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A speaker at a recent Sabbath-school conference related an incident of a little girl seven years of age, who having been taken sick, was carried to the hospital to die.

"The last night," said the speaker "nothing was heard to break the silence but the ticking of the great clock in the hall, as the pendulum swung backward and forward. Then it would strike the hours—eleven, twelve, one o'clock—when there came from the couch of the little sufferer a voice of sweet melody. It was one verse of a Sunday-school hymn:

'Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.'

"Then all was silent again," and nothing was heard but the ticking of the great clock in the hall, until she broke out, after a while in another verse:

'Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold! behold, the Lamb!'

"The nurse hastened to the bedside of the little sufferer, but she was too late. The angels had been there before her, and carried away that little Sabbath school girl from beholding the Lamb on earth to his bosom in the sanctuary above."—Exchange.

The first lightning rod put up in this country by Dr. Franklin is now to be seen on the old house, No. 52 Daniel street, Portsmouth, N. H.

[From the National and Freemason.]
MASONIC EMBLEMS AS ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Grand Lodge of New York at the annual communication of 1866, adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That every Mason in this jurisdiction is strictly forbidden to use any of the emblems of the Fraternity in connection with a business advertisement, unless such business be of a strictly Masonic character; and the several Lodges are hereby directed to discipline any brother who continues to do so after being duly warned to discontinue the same."

At the Annual Communication of our Grand Lodge in 1859, Grand Master Amos Adams adverted to the species of charlatanism referred to in the above resolution, which was at that time quite common in this State. The committee to whom this portion of the Grand Master's address was referred, endorsed his views, and, after stating that in a minority of cases the persons who made use of such an improper display of the emblems of our Order were either base pretenders, or clandestine, suspended or expelled Masons, who could not be reached Masonically, or if actually members in good standing, such a display of the emblems of Masonry was sufficient evidence that they had sought admission into our Order from improper motives, recommended that if any member of a lodge in this jurisdiction should persist in prostituting our emblems in this manner, after being notified to discontinue the practice and refusing to comply therewith, that charges should be preferred against him.

This report was adopted by the Grand Lodge, and produced a good effect. Unfortunately, however, the committee neglected to append a resolution to their report, and hence the opinion of the Grand Lodge has not in late years, been brought to the notice of the brethren. At present the evil is greater than it was in 1859. Go where you will, you find railroad cars and steamboats strewn with cards of hotels and business houses, emblazoned with Masonic emblems. Such being the case, it is full time for this Grand Lodge to pass such a resolution as will show that she countenances no prostitution of the emblems of our Order.

Akin to this subject, we have noticed with regret a tendency on the part of some of our brethren to display a large assortment of Masonic jewelry upon their persons. At the meetings of the bodies to which they belong, or in procession upon festival occasions, such displays may be proper. We cannot, however, see the propriety of a brother, in his daily walk and conversation, advertising himself as a Mason. Such displays are reprehensible whether they proceed from personal vanity or a desire to make capital out of our institution. Masonry commands her initiates to discipline the passions and cultivate the intellect, and the true Mason will studiously avoid all display, which may render him liable to the imputation of being actuated by unworthy motives, or cause him to be classed with the vain and frivolous.

Since writing the above, we have received the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Maine, and find in the address of Grand Master Murray the following excellent remarks upon this subject:

"I have also to notice the advent to our State of a class of men, who flaunt their Masonic banners upon the outer wall—a class of men who make a large exhibition of Masonic jewelry, so called, ostentatiously displayed upon their persons or dress. In some cases, I have seen the square and compass of sufficiently large dimensions to serve as a part of the furniture of a lodge. These men are generally in search of custom—some of them are engaged in an "unholy traffic," and all of them are ready to trade with you "upon the square." I am also fully persuaded, that to such an extent has this system prevailed, that some who do not belong to our Order have imitated these gentlemen, and endeavored to profit by their example in imposing upon the craft. It may appear to some that this is a matter of trifling importance, but I assure you it is one that is likely to be of sad consequence to the institution, and has already become a burning shame and disgrace to the Order. It is the prostitution of all that is good and noble to vile and mercenary purposes, and will become a lasting stigma upon the Fraternity unless rebuked and discontinued.

"I have seen these men in my various travels in

our State, and noted their walk and conversation, and I earnestly warn you against the whole "brotherhood." If they have not stolen the livery of heaven for the service of the evil one, they have assumed the garb of our ancient institution only for the purpose of more effectually imposing upon the confidence of our brethren, and for unworthy, mercenary motives. I do most earnestly therefore, call your attention to this grave matter; and while the Grand Lodge, I trust, will effectually mark its disapprobation of this vile outrage upon the symbolism of Masonry, I appeal to every brother now present to lend his cordial aid in an earnest effort to discountenance and banish from our midst, all such nefarious exhibitions and use of Masonic emblems. Turn the cold shoulder to all such mercenary invaders of our sacred portals, and teach them that Masonry cannot, and shall not, be prostituted to such vile uses."

PLEDGING MASONIC FAITH IN BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS.

We find the following remarks upon this evil in the report on Foreign Correspondence, presented by R. W. Brother W. F. Sanders, to the Grand Lodge of Montana. Although intended for brethren in that far distant region, they apply with equal force to some nearer home:

"One other subject, too, it may be safely asserted has become the great and growing evil of all our mountain country. Upon all occasions, and in the most insignificant and trifling matters, members are found pledging their words as Masons.

"The word of a Mason is not stock in trade. The confidence it secures from the Craft is not reposed that profit may be made—it is not so much capital on which to do business as often as one can on the principle of, "quick sales and small profits." Not every culprit caught in *flagrante delicto* should be permitted upon his sacred word to assert his innocence.

"The promise of a brother ought not to be the oft taken mortgage for the security of debts or the performance of contracts he has undertaken. There has always seemed something profane in this practice—now so very frequent—of mixing things sacred with "trifles light as air." As a result, we are pained to know that such security has failed; and the word of a Mason to his brother, a promise never to be broken, is esteemed more lightly. Its familiar use necessarily breeds a disregard of its solemnity. A thing so sacred mixed into the trifles of earth exhibits a wonderful confusion of ideas as to the proprieties of life and the character of Masons.

"How is this habit to be remedied? It is too evident that it will never be voluntarily abandoned by those who have become habituated to its use, whose greed overrides their love for the institutions of Masonry, or whose blunted sensibilities do not permit them to view it as a wanton violation of the proprieties of the Fraternity. The better brothers to whom it is thus proffered, before whom it is hawked about by these Masonic hucksters, ought to meet it with the severest condemnation. In no other way may we hope to eradicate the evil."

The National Christian Association Opposed to Secret Societies, was organized in a convention at Pittsburgh, May 5. A sagacious gentleman, Mr. A. Crooks, of New York, said the Masonic Order is Antichrist—to the vexed question, "Who is Antichrist?" is settled. Another sapient individual, Mr. Baird, of Canada, stated that he had taken seventeen degrees of Masonry, and claimed that he was competent to speak in regard to the Order. He asserted that the Order was unchristian in its character and teachings. He gave an explanation of the symbols and emblems of the Order.

A story is told of a New England clergyman, who, desiring to buy some fine strawberries one Monday morning, but suspicious, from their fresh appearance, of Sabbath violation, said to the market man:

"Mr. Smith, were these strawberries picked on Sunday?"

The market man, with a sly twinkle in his eye, replied, "No, Doctor, they were picked this morning, but they grew on Sunday."

What notes interest you most? Those whose early falls the due.

EXTRACTS FROM ADDRESS OF J. H. BRANHAM, OF OWENSBORO,

Grand High Priest, to the Grand Chapter of the State of Kentucky, Delivered October 22, 1867.

I have visited some of our Chapters for the purpose of instructing them in their work. I have also instructed the officers of their Chapters privately on the ritual and lectures appertaining to the several degrees. For the last two or three years my predecessors have urged upon this Grand body the necessity of doing something to improve and perfect the work of our subordinate Chapters, and render it uniform throughout the State. That there is great necessity for some action on this subject is obvious to those who have visited many of our Chapters. I doubt not that some good has been accomplished by the visits of some of the Grand Officers during the year, but as their labors have been confined to small portions of the State, much yet remains to be done. Many errors to be corrected, some excesses to be pruned off, and some omissions to be supplied. The Chapter degrees are long and laborious, and requires some study to properly understand and much time to confer them. For want of time, the officers frequently hurry through the work, and so abridge it until they have only presented a mere skeleton which can not satisfy an intelligent, thinking and educated mind; one which goes into the Order to gain possession of its great truths, the meaning of its sublime symbols and allegories. The Royal Arch Degree, as conferred by some Chapters, resembles more a well performed farce than what it is, one of the highest conceptions of the human mind, aided by the light of inspiration, and an impressive memorial of some of the most important events which ever transpired in the tide of time. It is a truth which has been so often repeated as to become axiomatic, that whatever is worth learning at all is worth learning well. I presume that that there is scarcely a R. A. Mason that does not believe that that degree is the summit and perfection of Ancient Freemasonry—is the capstone of that sublime edifice. That it is every way worthy of the devotion of the highest powers of man, and its great truths and facts worthy of his most assiduous attention.

As several plans to improve the work and render it uniform have been proposed by some of our most enlightened Grand officers, I feel some hesitation in proposing another for the consideration of this body. But my earnest desire to see that object effected induces me to suggest one, and then urge upon this body to select that which is in its judgment most practicable and expedient, and most likely to prove efficient in accomplishing what we all desire—a perfect uniformity of work throughout the entire State. I would recommend that the constitution of the Grand Chapter be so amended that the officers shall correspond with those of the subordinate Chapters in numbers and names as far as practicable, that there may be added to those already enumerated, a Grand Principle Sojourner, Grand masters of the third, second and first veils, and that the title of the officer now designated as Grand Captain of the Guard be changed to that of Grand Royal Arch Captain. That it be made the duty of all the Grand Officers, during the year for which they shall be elected, to improve themselves in the work, and those parts of the ritual and lectures which appertain to their several offices. That at each Grand Annual Communication it shall be the duty of the Grand High Priest, before the Grand Chapter shall be closed, to convene his subordinate officers and the representatives in a chapter-room, and then exemplify the capitular degrees, explain their ritual and tradition, and answer such questions as may be propounded to him by any representative; that this work be declared the work of the Grand Chapter of Kentucky, and all the subordinate Chapters be required to adopt it without material alteration in its essential features. There is one argument in favor of the plan just proposed, and that is: That work thus performed would be clothed with all the authority of the Grand Chapter, would be recognized as the work of that body, and from which no individual High Priest would feel at liberty to dissent or materially deviate. I am inclined, that by this plan a more perfect uniformity of work would be produced and that there would be less expense connected with its execution. I am aware of the fact, that plan just proposed, can not be consummated in less than one year, as it requires a change in the

constitution. But when once adopted, it would probably be permanent, and the Grand Chapter would not only be regarded as our supreme legislature, but also the exponent of the work. There is one other subject to which I wish to call your attention before closing this address. It is relative to the vestments worn by our High Priest. I find that in a large number of our Chapters the High Priests wear a mitre, sometimes surmounted by a cross, and made in imitation of that worn by Roman Catholic prelates, bearing no resemblance whatever to the mitre of a Jewish High Priest, after which they should be modeled.

All will admit there should be, as far as practicable, a harmonious correspondence between the vestments of our principal officers and that of the persons they represent. If our High Priests are expected to wear robes of various colors and a breastplate resembling that worn by the Jewish High Priests, then our mitres should also resemble that worn by the same officer of the Ancient Jewish Polity. I entertain as profound a veneration for the cross, and all it is intended to signify and symbolize, as any man; but the mitre of a Roman Catholic prelate, surmounted by a cross, is entirely out of place on the head of a Jewish High Priest, or any officer representing him in any Chapter or Council of Ancient Freemasonry. As much so as the breastplate would be on a christian bishop, or a sacrificial altar within its sanctuary. As much so as a cross would be suspended around the neck of a Jewish Rabbi, or a Moslem crescent gleaming from the towers of his synagogue.

I hope a change will be made in that part of the vestments of our Chapter officers. In conclusion, my companions, permit me to return to you my sincere thanks for the distinguished honor you have conferred on me—one unexpected on my part, but nevertheless highly appreciated.

Rats, says Josh Billings, originally cum from Norway, and I wish they had originally staid there.

They are about as uncalled for as a pane in the small of the back.

They can be domestikated dreadful easy; that is, as far as getting into cupboards and eating cheese, and knowing pi, is concerned.

The best wa tew domestikate them that I ever saw is to surround them gently with a steel trap; yu kan reason with them tew grate advantage.

Rats are migratorous; they migrate tew where ever they have a mind to go.

Pizen is also good for rats; it softens their whole moral natures.

Cats hate rats, and rats, hate cats, and—who don't?

I suppose there is between fifty and sixty millions of rats in America—I quote now entirely from memory—and I don't suppose there is a single necessary rat in the whole lot. This showz at a glance how menny waste rats there is.

Rats enhance numbers faster than shoe pegs do by machinery. One pair of healthy rats is awl that enny man wants tew start bizness with, and in ninety daze, without enny outlay, he will begin tew have rats—tew turn oph.

Rats, viewed from enny platform yu can build, art unspeakably cussid.

TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.—I rise, Mr. President, to argue the case of the rich man against the poor man, and I believe that before I shall have concluded, you will allow that it admits of no argument. The rich man, Mr. President, declines his emaciated form on a mahogany sofa, cut down hewed out, surveyed and manufactured from the tall cedar of Lebanon, which grew upon the lofty and cloud-capped summit of the ever memorable mountain of Jehosaphat. Then, Mr. President, he lifts up to his candaverous lip the golden china cup, manufactured, as is well known, Mr. President, in Chili, Peru, and other unknown and uninhabitable parts of the universe. While, on the other hand, Mr. President, the poor man declines his expectation in a cottage, from which he retires to the shade of an umbrageous stream, there to contemplate the incomprehensibility of the vast constellation and other fixed and immoveable satellites, that devolve around the celestial axle-tree of this tenequacious firmament on high. Then, Mr. President, after calling his wife, and the rest of his little children, he teaches them to prespire to scenes of immortality beyond the grave.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED,"

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine is given; Lavishing,
utterly, joyfully, give—
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth overglowing,
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;
Give! as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river,
Wasting its waters forever and ever
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
Silent, or songful, then nearest the sea,
Scatter thy life as the summer showers pouring!
What if a bird thro' the pearl-rain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
Look to the Life that was lavished for thee!

So the wild wind strows its perfumed caresses;
Evil and thankless, the desert it blesses,
Bitter the wave that its soft pliancy presses;
Never it ceases to whisper and sing.
What if the hard heart gives thorns for thy roses?
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweetest is music which minor-keyed closes,
Fairest the vines that on ruins will cling,

Almost the day of thy giving is over;
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have finished from friend and from lover!
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?
Give! as the hand gives whose fetters are breaking,
Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking;
Soon heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God and the Gift that He gave.

We take the following extracts from the Address of the M. E. High Priest of Ala.—Comp. George D. Norris:

"*Qui dedit nobis principium, idem dabit prosperos successus.*" Who can doubt the truth of the above sentence? From whence came our beginning but from the Great *Shem Hamphorash*, and will he not give us prosperous success? Is he not now? Our gates are thronged with applicants, and the Hiram sounds in many halls. What is the imperious institution, which spreads her wings over the continents of Europe and America, the isles of the sea, and every habitable part of the earth, and which, without the slightest dependence on any form of government, has preserved its purity amidst every species of political convulsion, the disasters of war, the demolition of empires, kingdoms and States? What is this immense and silent influential association whose origin is lost amid the darkness of antiquity, and whose ramifications branch out amidst the conflicting interests of commercial speculations, diplomatic alliances, religious creeds and all the social establishments of mankind, in every country of the world, in spite of differences in climate, color, language and manners?

"What is the signification of its rites and ceremonies, its usages and its symbols? What service is it able to render to the sacred cause of humanity? It is Freemasonry, and the universe is the temple of the living God, whom Masons serve. Wisdom, Strength and Beauty are about His Throne, as the pillars of his work; for his Wisdom is Infinite, His Strength is Omnipotent, and Beauty shines forth throughout all creation in symmetrical order. He has stretched forth the Heavens as a canopy, and the earth he planted as his footstool. The canopy of his Temple is crowned with stars as with a diadem. The sun and moon are messengers of His will, and all His law is concord.

"Freemasonry is a benevolent institution founded by virtuous men, for the purpose of spreading the blessings of morality and science amongst all ranks and descriptions of men. It is the grand and universal science which include all others; but teach us a knowledge of ourselves and our duty to others. Its purposes are benevolent, and being spread over the whole universe, operates without respect of persons, to make men happy in this world, with the hope of having it increased in the world to come.

"The Masonic system exhibits a stupendous and beautiful fabric, founded on universal piety, unfolding its gates to receive, without prejudice or discrimination, the worthy professors of every genuine religion; concentrating as it were into one body, their just tenets, un-

cumbered by the disputable peculiarities of all sects and persuasions. It soothes the unhappy, it binds up the wounds of the afflicted, it is joy to the widow and orphan. It has its foundations on Truth, and Truth is its great aim and end. It is applicable to all mankind, in all ages and conditions of humanity, and its construction is so perfect, that although it has been strictly scrutinized by enemies as well as friends, yet no material flaw has been found of sufficient importance to endanger its existence. It has outlived the envy of its opponents, and gathered strength from every hostile attack.

"In some countries, Church and State have been arrayed against it without effect; demagogues and adventurers have endeavored to obscure its purity by heaping upon it every kind of absurd innovation; but their respective systems, after an ephemeral existence, have sunk, one after another, into merited oblivion, leaving Freemasonry to enjoy its triumph. Seceders have threatened to betray its secrets, but all their attempts have signally failed. The Order being based on Truth, Brotherly Love and Charity, is imperishable. All that have opposed its progress have shared the same fate, being met by the obloquy and derision of mankind."

"This is the institution that has called us together from far off places, from pleasant homes, kind and affectionate wives, children and parents, to assemble in re-union for the good of the Craft. 'How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.' Once more we have met in Grand Convocation from the mountains, hills, and dales of our loved Alabama, and shall we not return unfeigned thanks to our Supreme Grand High Priest for his mercies, for he has preserved us, has blessed, and made our mother earth, which is constantly engaged in bringing forth for man's use, yield plenteously, under the influence of the early and latter rain. Yet with sadness we look around; many familiar faces are wanting to complete the happy group."

Wit and Humor.

A foreigner who had heard of the Yankee propensity for bragging, thought he would try to beat the natives at their own game. Seeing some very large watermelons on a market woman's stand, he exclaimed: "What! don't you raise larger apples than those in America?"

The quick witted woman replied: "Apples, any body might very easily know that you are a foreigner, them's goos berries!"

An Irishman, addicted to telling queer stories, said he once saw a man beheaded with his hands tied behind him, who directly picked up his head, and put it on his shoulders in the proper place.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said a bystander, "how could he pick up his head when his hands were tied behind him?"

"An' sure what fool you are," said Patrick, "couldn't he pick it up with his teeth?"

A teacher who, in a fit of vexation, called her pupils a set of young adders, on being reproved for her language apologized by saying that she was speaking to those just commencing arithmetic.

An exchange says: "There is something sweet about little girls." The Louisville Journal adds: "And it grows on them as they grow bigger."

One cold day last week a belle stopped and bought a paper of a ragged little newsboy—"Poor fellow," said she, "ain't you very cold?" "I was ma'am before you smiled," was the reply. That was the perfection of flattery.

A Prussian journal relates a singular circumstance. In an Israelite community there exists a rabbi, esteemed and loved by all. To prove their gratitude for services rendered, the community decided upon the suggestion of a rich merchant, to offer the rabbi a present of a tun of wine, and in order that all might contribute to it, it was agreed that each should bring a bottle of wine and pour into the receptacle. The rabbi received with gratitude the offering, and deposited the precious liquor in his cellar. But, O grief! when he wished to taste it, a miracle had operated;

instead of wine he found only water. His honest friends had all individually thought that a bottle of water would pass unperceived in the quantity of wine. Unhappily, each had the same idea.

Nimrod, astray: "I say, my good fellow, I've missed my way; can you tell me where I am?" Agriculturist: "Yes, I kin!" Nimrod: "Thank you; where am I?" Agriculturist: "Whoy, there you be."

"I can't find bread for my family," said a lazy man in company. "Nor I," replied an industrious miller; "I'm obliged to work for it."

The man that forgets a deal that has happened, has a better memory than he who remembers a great deal that never happened.

"See here!" exclaimed a returned Irish soldier to a gaping crowd as he exhibited with some pride his tall hat with a bullet hole in it. "Look at that hole, will you? You see if it had been a low crowned hat I should have been killed outright."

The best capital to begin life with is a capital wife.

The "light of other days" is now supposed to have been a tallow candle.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

An insurance agent, urging a citizen, to get his life insured said, "Get your life insured for ten thousand, and then if you die next week the widder's heart will sing for joy."

"Why don't you wheel that barrow of coals, Ned?" said a learned miner to one of his sons. "It is not a very hard job—there is an inclined plane to relieve you." "Ah," replied Ned, who had more relish for wit than work, "the plane may be inclined, but I am not."

A native of Providence complained to an attorney at Paris that he had been cheated by a monk. "What, sir," said Santeuil, who was present, "a man of your years who does not know the monks? There are four things in this world you should always guard against, the face of a woman, the hind part of a mule, the side of a cart, and a monk on all sides."

Erskine held the Great Seal for the brief space of fourteen months, and though the loss of office was a serious blow to his ambition and his purse, he could afterwards afford to joke about it. At a dinner party Captain Parry was asked what he and his crew lived upon during the Arctic winter. "We lived chiefly on seals." "And very good living too," said Erskine, "if you only keep them long enough."

A Jew, noted for his speculative mind, as well as his fondness for charging as high interest as he could get, was once present while his daughter took a music lesson. Playing a quarter note as a half, the teacher remarked: "You must not keep this note as half note; it is but a quarter note." Hearing such unsound principles from the lips of a teacher, pater familias arose, and patting his daughter fondly on the head said: "Mister Professor, and why should Esther take but a quarter, if she can as well have a half?"

A good place for early birds—The city of Worms.

Tell a man, in a single word, that he took a late breakfast. At-ten-u-ate.

A Connecticut editor, having got into a controversy with a cotemporary, congratulated himself that his head was safe from a "donkey's heels." His cotemporary astutely inferred that he was unable to make both ends meet.

Punch says: "Women are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is evinced in little things. A man is often attached to an old hat; but did you ever know of a woman having an attachment for an old bonnet?" Echo answers, "Never."

They have big trees in Australia. One was lately cut down there, 19 feet in diameter and 330 feet high.

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

No infant lake ever slept more calmly in its cradle of hills or smiled more beautifully in starlight ripples as it dreamed of the kind heavens, watching like a mother its repose, than does the queenly Mediterranean to-night. I have been sitting on deck wrapt in reverie—that delicious "douce far niente" of thought. Imagination and memory have united their magic powers to call up before my mind's eye a scene of yore. And as the galleys and merchantmen of nations, that now exist only in the monumental ruins of their ancient glory, float again upon this classic sea, their pennants fluttering gayly in its holiday winds and proclaiming their errands of conquest or commerce; as the vicissitudes of empire that made the coming of every new century to its shores the introduction of new dynasties, and the forerunner of Him who is steadily advancing to the throne of the whole earth; these and other pictures passed in order like parts of a grand panorama, yet in motion, and to end only with time; I could scarcely persuade myself that I was not in the midst of some wonderful enchantment, the work of some superhuman neoromancer. Surely, there can be few things livelier than this sight. The sea is unruffled, smooth as the brow of saintly death. The sky is unclouded and illuminated with countless lights which cast their rays in long lances of silver upon the water below. Not a breeze wanders even in most innocent flight. Tranquility is the spirit of the entire view, as if all around had been lulled by an Orphean strain, and was now, in the silent pause of the music, waiting with suspended breath for the first note to follow. Hark! now the songs begin. The heart hears it. It awakes the echoes of emotion, sad but not painful. It is "Home, Sweet Home." They obey the fairy summons and gather about me—the spirit of the loved—with the same dear familiar faces I remember so distinctly as they looked when we parted, and tried but could not say farewell.—*Rev. E. A. Holland.*

THE MYSTERY.—Two darkeys had bought a mess of pork in partnership, and Sam having no place to put his portion in, consented to entrust the whole to Julius' keeping.

The next morning they met, when Sam said: "Good mornin', Julius, anything happen strange or mysterious down in your vicinity, lately?"

"Yaas, Sam, most strang thing happen at my house yesterday night. All mystery to me."

"Ah, Julius, what was dat?"

"Well, Sam, I tole you. Dis mornin' I went down in the cellar for to get a piece ob hog for dis darkey's breakfast, and I put my hand down in de brine and felt around, but no pork dare—all gone, couldn't tell what went with it; so I turn up the barl, an' Sam, true as preachen', de rats had eat a hole clear froo de bottom ob de barl and dragged de pork all out."

Sam was petrified with astonishment, but presently said:

"Why didn't de brine run out the same hole?"

"Ah, Sam, dat's de mystery—dat's de mystery!"

IMPATIENT HEARERS.—One Sabbath morning the Rev. Richard Watson, when engaged in preaching, had not proceeded far in his discourse, when he observed an individual in a pew just before him rise from his seat and turn round to look at the clock in front of the gallery, as if the services were a weariness to him. The unseemly act called forth the following rebuke:

"A remarkable change," said the speaker, "has taken place among the people of this country in regard to the public service of religion. Our forefathers put their clocks on the outside of their places of worship, that they might not be too late in their attendance. We have transferred them to the inside of the house of God, lest we should stay too long in the service. A sad and ominous change!"

A little four-year old child in Portland told his father he was a fool. On being reprimanded by his mother and required to say he was sorry, he toddled up to the insulted parent and exclaimed, "Papa, I'm sorry you's a fool."

If the horse says neigh when you offer him oats, he don't mean it.

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CINCINNATI, Feb. 1, 1868. March 6, 1868—1f.

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