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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GRAND CHAPTERS.

PENNSYLVANIA.

In Pennsylvania they hold quarterly Grand Communications. We do not propose to mention these *seriatim*—but we find that in their course the Grand Chapters of the District of Columbia, and of Nebraska were recognized. A resolution was offered to amend the Constitution by striking out the words "Past Master" and inserting "Master" in lieu thereof—which was subsequently rejected. The Grand High Priest was authorized to procure the likeness of each of the Past Grand Officers, so far as possible, imperial size—that is to say, P. G. H. Priests, Grand Treasurers and Grand Secretaries.

The annual Grand Communication was held in Philadelphia, December 27, 1870, Comp. Michael Nesbit G. H. P. in the Oriental Chair, and all the other Grand officers and six Past Grand High Priests present.

The report of the Committee on Correspondence is of unusual interest, reviewing the proceedings of the Grand Chapters in detail, and concluding with a general *resumé* of the province of the reportorial corps of Capitular Masonry. Comp. George Griscom concludes his report with the following cheering paragraph:

"Any slight defects we have noticed in the grand picture of fraternal happiness and unity presented by these proceedings, although they somewhat mar, are not sufficient to seriously injure its harmony and beauty, and may well be passed over and forgotten. They exhibit, without material exception, a condition of universal harmony and prosperity throughout our fraternity in America. They show, in a most striking manner, the benign influence of Royal Arch Masonry upon the tone of public sentiment and morals of the whole community, as well as on the character and destiny of that "favored few" who enjoy the benefits of affiliation in its delightful associations. We have cause for mutual congratulations upon these results, and for hope and confidence that the power which is thus rapidly growing for good will continue unimpaired by the least contamination with profane or unworthy influences."

The G. H. P., in his address, says:

"In all instances where warrants have been

granted for new Chapters, I have declined to constitute them until satisfied the officers could work correctly in the three degrees, and had the proper clothing, and a room suited for the purpose and properly furnished. This rule has worked admirably. The new Chapters, knowing they have all the requisite paraphernalia, and confident of their ability to do the work correctly, take an interest in it which is never taken by incompetents, and in this particular will compare favorably with their elder sisters."

Where a King, in the absence of the High Priest, had taken the Charter, and held a special meeting and conferred degrees upon two candidates, the G. H. P. had declared the proceedings irregular and ordered a re-conferment of the degrees.

They have twelve Grand Chaplains in Pennsylvania. The Companions of that jurisdiction must need a deal of praying for.

OREGON

Convened in Astoria June 17th, 1870. G. H. P. James R. Bayley, presiding. The system of Grand Chapter representation was adopted. It was resolved, "that being suspended or stricken from the rolls by a Symbolical Lodge for any cause, operates as a suspension in their Chapter." Comp. S. F. Chadwick Chairman, presented the report on Foreign Correspondence, in which Kentucky receives no notice.

OHIO.

The fifty-fourth annual Communication was held in Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 13, 1870, Comp. Charles C. Kieffe G. H. P. in the Chair. One hundred Chapters were reported represented and their dues paid.

The G. H. P. would omit the Past Master's degree from Capitular Masonry, for the following reasons:

First. Its original design was not a degree, (nor was it so used), but an *honor* or *distinction* conferred on the incumbent of an office.

Second. It has no elements of a *degree*. It is simply the ceremony of inducting a Master into his office. There is nothing about it necessarily secret, except its covenant and means of recognition. The *latter* are practically useless.

Third. It is of no interest to one passing through the chapter, because there is nothing of importance communicated, either in itself or relatively, to other degrees; besides, it adds to the

expense and labor, while it only cumbers the way to the "Holy Royal Arch." The order of Priesthood can only be conferred on those elected High Priests. It is *their* exclusive privilege. In harmony with that arrangement, the *honor* of "Past Master" should be the exclusive property of Masters or Past Masters of Lodges.

Fourth. The only possible objection to its abrogation, is that the covenant every Royal Arch Mason has taken is in the way; and yet I believe that the power or body, that enacted the law requiring it, can *repeal* the law, and release from the claims created in the past. It is an *enacted*, not an *original*, *necessary* or *inherent* law.

Fifth. So modified, with the "Past Masters Degree" confined to Masters of Lodges, our American system would be simplified—more in harmony with itself. So modified, in a few years no one would be found who would have it restored under any consideration.

It is with sadness that we turn to the report on Foreign Correspondence and miss the familiar imprimatur of Comp. Howard Mathews—the Prince of Grand Chapter reviewers. He has been called from labor to refreshment. He died in Cincinnati March 16th 1870. A memorial page is simply inscribed with the name, birth, and death of this illustrious Mason. What need of pompous epitaph to tell the virtues of one whose life was an epistle of love, and who "being dead yet speaketh!" We would not paint the lily or tie ribbons to the sun. Let the pure character and the lustrous example of Comp. Mathews be his eloquent epitaph. "The workmen die, but God carries on his work." Comp. J. Kelly O'Neal takes the vacated chair at the reportorial table and gives us a report as clear and as clean-cut as a diamond. It is no small distinction to be the successor of Howard Mathews, and yet the new incumbent gives no mean promise of proving himself as successful a reporter.

NEW YORK.

The seventy-fourth annual Convocation convened in Albany, February 7th, 1871. G. H. P. John W. Simons, in the East. One hundred and sixty-one Chapters were represented. Think what a noble body of men and Companions that Grand Chapter is! Large as it is the Grand High Priest says:

"The Angel of Death, which has entered so many households, severed so many relations, and

left so many hearths to mourn, has passed by this Grand Chapter, and we meet with unbroken ranks, to clasp the friendly hand and take pleasant counsel together."

Applications for two new Chapters had been refused.

The method of imparting instruction to the Chapters in the work and lectures, through the Grand Lecturer, has proved in practice to be eminently successful and satisfactory. Thirty Chapters have made application to the G. H. P. for his services, and he has spent over forty weeks in actual instruction. The G. H. P. entertains no doubt whatever that the Chapters in this jurisdiction are now as fully capable of doing good work as any that can be found wherever Royal Arch Masonry is cultivated.

During the year just closed, there was seen in the streets of New York such an exhibition of Masonic power and influence as never before the eyes of men have rested upon. Fifteen thousand Craftsmen left their homes and their business, and in obedience to the expressed wish of the Grand Lodge, defiled before the Grand Master on their way to the inauguration of a great Masonic work. No waving banners, no glittering insignia appealing to their vanity, attracted them to their places in the mighty cortege, but arrayed in the plainest garb, the color and material of which made a lengthy march under a burning sun something more than a discomfort, and with no decoration but the Masonic symbol of labor, they demonstrated that in the great heart of the Craft there is a devotion to principle which will display itself where occasion demands its presence.

The Grand Secretary Christopher G. Fox in his report furnishes the following summary:

Since my last report, I have added to the Grand Chapter Registry the names of 2,393 companions, reported as exalted, affiliated and restored in the returns of the several Chapters, for the year ending with St. John the Evangelist's day, 1869, and have amended the Registry as to those reported dimitted, suspended, expelled and died during the same term, numbering 903, which made the total of registered membership December 27th, 1869, 14,506.

M. E. Comp. M. L. Lewis, representative of the Grand Chapter of Louisiana, addressed the Grand Chapter. We extract the following passage:

I speak as well for my distinguished companions as for myself, when I say, that we do not mean that the character of representative shall be a mere empty distinction. We are here as *ambassadors* from friendly powers; and should in the future any dark cloud spring up, any misunderstanding arise, any difference of opinion occur, which may threaten to disturb our relations of amity and fraternity, we beg that it may be first laid before us for examination and investigation, that we may endeavor to right any wrong which may exist, and forever keep bright and shining every link in the chain of our friendly relations. So may we do, without wavering in our allegiance to our own beloved and honored mother Grand Chapter, acting solely as members of a great and united fraternity, having the peace and welfare of all at heart.

We flatter ourselves that this is the inauguration of a brighter and better day in the annals of the Royal Craft in our country; we feel that the ties of our fraternity are being drawn more closely together; we believe that distrust and doubt will never exist where our kindly offices can remove them; we are persuaded that in the coming time, the Royal Arch Companion wheresoever he shall make his home—whether by the Ocean Lakes of the North, or by the Great Gulf of the South, under the shadow of the rocky peaks of the great mountain chain of the West, or by the tides of the Atlantic, will find shelter and protection in a redoubled sense. We are confident that the omnific word treasured in his secret heart and spoken only as Royal Craftsmen know how to speak it, will be a passport not only to all the kindly offices of life, and to all the blessings of National Union in our own land, but in those far off lands by the shores of the Mediterranean, and the Yellow Sea, and the isles of the ocean, where our Great National Body has planted the standard of Royal Arch Masonry.

M. E. D. O. Ogden, P. G. H. P. presiding, replied. We append an eloquent passage from his graceful response:

Your presence, your character, and your fraternal greetings here to-day, coming from States and Grand Chapters, whose borders are washed by the warm current of the Gulf stream, by the angry billows of the Atlantic, by the pure clear waters of the great Inland Lakes, and by the peaceful waves of the Pacific, reveals to us that there is all over this wide broad land a developed, organized moral power, a fraternal brotherly regard, a welling up to overflowing of the better humanity within us; that throughout all the parts of the Great Republic there is a silken cord of love, binding brother to brother, and uniting heart to heart; that everywhere Royal Arch Masonry is at work, and that in each subdivision the royal craftsmen are doing good work, such as the Master Overseer will accept. The ideal of Masonry is most beautiful; and you will allow me for a moment to hold it before you, for it is german to this meeting and greeting: it is the genius and spirit practically embodied and harnessed for work, of brotherly love and obligation, of universal charity, of manly fraternal sympathy and relief. These graces are unrestricted by arbitrary geographical lines; but, coming whence or where or when they may, they appeal to our common humanity, and seek to bind the faithful and worthy into a common brotherhood—not overlooking nor forgetting that all have wants, common infirmities, and that all alike are subject to common misfortunes; that all need and crave fraternal sympathy, a brother's love and a brother's aid, sometime or somewhere in life's pilgrimage.

Comp. Reeves G. Williams of Utica, was elected G. H. P.

The following was adopted:

Resolved, That our confidence in the usefulness, high character and efficiency for good of the General Grand Chapter remains unabated; that we should regard its dissolution as a severe and irreparable blow to Royal Arch Masonry upon this continent, as well as elsewhere where its fostering care has been felt, and that it would be a rude shock to the bonds of union and fraternal sympathy and intercourse which we are desirous everywhere to cultivate; and we here renew and pledge our undivided allegiance to it.

The report on Foreign Correspondence is voluminous and well prepared. The following extract is suggestive:

Uniformity of work is still harped upon, and is made the basis of objection to the General Grand Chapter for not having accomplished that moral impossibility; ignoring the fact that each jurisdiction claims to have for itself the pure and unadulterated article, and repudiating that of every other. Your committee most fully believe that at the present time there is a much closer approach to uniformity, in all that is essential to the welfare of the Craft, than is generally supposed. The immutable principles of truth and justice, our duty to God and to man, together with the means of recognition which constitute the ancient landmarks—these are preserved and held intact, notwithstanding some diversity both in language and ceremonials. "What makes a man a Mason?"—we presume but one answer would be given to this question throughout the world, among Masons. Have we any difficulty in making ourselves known to our brethren and companions wheresoever we may sojourn? If not, then our work and our ritual is practically uniform now. Our ceremonials are illustrations of the historical incidents or legends upon which the degree is founded.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The twenty-second annual communication was held in Wilmington, November 30th, 1870. Comp. Wm. Murdock, G. H. P. presiding. The G. H. P. indulges in the following searching catechism:

Have we always, before entering upon any great and important undertaking, invoked the blessings of Deity? Has each stone been properly circumscribed and duly gauged, the square of virtue been faithfully applied, and the trowel used with

a liberal hand in spreading the cement of friendship and brotherly love?

Have we been always prompt to aid the distressed, the widow, and the orphan, and to protect chastity? Have we, like our ancient brethren, consecrated the seventh day by resting from our worldly labors, and contemplating the glorious works of creation, and adored their great creator? In fact, has all our work been good, true and square? Have we dispensed light and truth to the ignorant and uninformed; and has holiness to the Lord been inscribed upon all our thoughts, words and actions?

Alas! alas! my Companions, I fear that much of our work will not pass the Master Overseer's square, and will be consigned to the rubbish, and we designated as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." A solemn reflection which should make us stoop low, Companions, and inspire us with gratitude, to the Great I am, for His sparing mercies vouchsafed to us in permitting us once more to assemble around our sacred Altar—"that we may mark well, and behold with our eyes, and hear with our ears, all that is written for us in the book of the law concerning all the ordinances of the house of the Lord, and all the laws thereof, that we may mark well the entering in of the house, with every going forth of the Sanctuary? Let us, Companions, faithfully examine these laws and study the designs laid down on that trestle board by our Supreme Grand Architect, and here again renew our obligations to obey His law, and pledge our fidelity, faithfully to execute His designs, that we may leave here with our fervency and zeal renewed, and our hearts burning with devotion to the Great I am; with love to each other, and with benevolence and charity to all mankind; that from henceforth, holiness to the Lord may be inscribed upon all our thoughts, words and works; that when we shall have passed the outside veils of these earthly courts, and the earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved, we may be admitted into the holy of holies above, where our Supreme High Priest forever presides—forever reigns.

No report on Foreign Correspondence.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Met in Concord, May 17th, 1870. Comp. Danville R. Marshall, G. H. P. in the chair. We append the following chastily expressed sentiment from the address of the G. H. P.:

In my judgment, the principles of Freemasonry underlie all social progress. Back in the dreary centuries, when caste usurped the place of brotherhood, when privilege ruled where equality had ceased to reign, and when brutal power claimed a divine right to govern, without any responsibility to man for the justice and equity of their acts, Freemasonry taught a different doctrine. Within their walls, under their mystic rose, the emblems of justice, equality and fraternity met the sight, and their doctrines found acceptance in the heart. Freemasonry, moving in its modest way on its great moral mission, exhibits the conservative influence of equity, the power of charity, and the cohesion of fraternity, acting to elevate the individual and society alike, to the noblest rules of human conduct.

The action of the Grand Orient of France in acknowledging the existence and approving the acts of a body which has violated Masonic law, receives a vigorous rebuke from the Committee on Jurisprudence. The report on Foreign Correspondence is topical, no mention being made of the separate jurisdictions.

It is to the Lord that we owe any success we have ever achieved. We have been defeated when we have gone in our own strength; but when we have been victorious it has always been because the strength of the Lord was put forth for our deliverance.—*Spurgeon*.

"Are those bells ringing for fire?" inquired Simon of Tiberius.

"No, indeed," answered Tibe; "dey ah got plenty of fire, and de bells are now ringing for water."

THE ANTIQUITY OF MASONRY.

BR S. H. S.

Masons with propriety may boast of the antiquity of their Order; not because they would claim a social standing founded merely upon its ancient reputation and the services of brethren of former ages. They have authentic written history running back at least a thousand years and traditions ranging through a period of nearly three thousand years, indicating the origin of their Order far back in the past, exhibiting a long catalogue of brilliant names emblazoning its escutcheon. Yet they claim not to live upon the reputation of their predecessors.

The eternity of truth is illustrated by the survivorship of Masonry after numerous generations of her votaries have passed away. The long duration of the warfare, which Masonry has waged against superstition, ignorance, atheism and polytheism, adds lustre, (if it is possible to make any such addition) to the grandeur and glory of its mission.

That its poetic symbolism, as a means of impressing truth, has met the approval and won the admiration of cultivated intellects for so long a time, and throughout its varied history, indicates wisdom in its design, and proves the strength of its foundation in the hearts of the good and true.

Its ritual, in our day, is rehearsed by the intelligent and the studious with the same zest and pleasure with which it was repeated by our predecessors of thousands of years ago, and furnishes an example of beauty forever enjoyable, when rightly understood.

Its antiquity is only presumptive evidence of the worth of Masonry, and nothing more. Of its claim to an ancient origin, every student must judge for himself after careful study.

Among initiates as well as profanes, there is much credulity as to the justice of this claim. An earnest study of the subject rarely fails to force the conviction that Ancient Craft or Symbolic Masonry in its essential features as now cultivated, received the impress of King Solomon's wisdom about the time of the completion of the Temple erected by him at Jerusalem.

The enemies of the Order date its origin as late as A. D. 1717, when a convocation of Masons met and organized a Grand Lodge in England. This assertion is simply ridiculous in the face of well authentic facts.

On the other hand some enthusiastic men who have written and spoken on the subject, have loosened the reins of their imagination as to penetrate through the mists of time within the precincts of Eden, where, self-deluded, they profess to discover traces of Masonry among the inhabitants of that delectable garden.

In Preston's, Webb's and other Monitors may be found the following: "Ever since Symetry began and Harmony displayed her colors Our Order has had a being." If the words "Our Order" are used to signify the Masonic organization, in its essential features as it now exists, every thinking man's judgment revolts at the assertion. But if it is the intent of the author of the sentence, by the words quoted, to indicate the eternal principles of moral science, which Masonry professes and promulgates, then he is not in error.

The rational and judicious antiquarian, who has been initiated into Masonry, will not attempt to trace the history of the Masonic organization, as it now exists, to a period prior to the building of Solomon's Temple. The traditions of Ancient Craft Masonry forbids the attempt. That organized bands of workmen existed in Egypt, Greece, Asia Minor, and elsewhere, prior to the time of Solomon, there is no doubt. It however remained for Solomon to organize the Order, as in its essential landmarks, it now exists. With perhaps many modifications and additions, easily discoverable by an intelligent and investigating mind, we have received Masonry unchanged and not materially altered, as it existed "from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

But there are no evidences internal or extraneous to the ritual of the Order to indicate that Noah's Ark was sometimes converted into a Lodge room, or that Masonry existed before the fall of man.

There are many facts in history corroborative

of the theory that the Masonic Order has existed about three thousand years. But of these hereafter.

RENUNCIATION OF MASONRY.

The Rev. Dr. B. T. Kavanaugh, of Galveston, Texas, gives to the Family Visitor the following episode in his pastoral and Masonic life:

When comparatively a young Mason, and young preacher, we met with an old minister, whose prejudices ran very high against our time-honored Order. Being an old and venerable Father in Israel, he took liberties with the younger members of the sacred office, and in a very impetuous manner accosted us as follows:

"Brother K. I understand you belong to the Freemasons, is that possible?"

"Yes sir, I have the honor to be a member of that honorable Order."

"Well, sir, I am opposed to the whole thing, and I require you to renounce it! It is no place for a young minister to be, and I expect you to give it up at once."

"Well, Father M.," we replied, "I would certainly go as far, in a departure from my own sense of right and duty for you, as I would go for any other man or minister I know of, as I have a profound respect for your age and position in the church; but I must act conscientiously, and in accordance with what I believe to be right. Will you assist me in my effort to conform to your wishes? Let us take up the matter understandingly, and renounce one thing at a time. In the first place, I want to know if you would have me to renounce the Mason's God? The Great Creator of the Universe?"

"Oh no, of course you cannot renounce God."

"Well, sir, will you have me to renounce the Holy Scriptures, the great light in Masonry?"

"Certainly not; they are the light of the world."

"Then I would like to know if I must renounce Masonic Charity, and the brotherly kindness it teaches?"

"Oh no; Charity is a great Christian virtue, and you could not be a Christian without it."

"Well, sir, will you please to tell me where I shall begin to renounce, and what I shall renounce?"

"Why, yes: I think you should renounce those secret Lodges, and the keeping company with those wicked men; that is where the danger lies."

"The secret Lodges! Why, sir, we are obliged to have secret Lodges. We have great treasure in store in our Order; and we are bound to keep them under the lock of our secrets, and allow no one to possess the mystic key until we have tried him and found him to be a good man and true."

"Wicked company! If you think a Lodge wicked company where we keep the Bible and open our meetings with prayer, why then I think you had better close the Churches too, for wicked men go there; and indeed, I cannot tell where you will go and not find what you call wicked men. You will certainly have to get out of the world."

"Yes; but what I mean is, that you should not associate as companions."

"Then you mean that I am not to follow the example and teachings of Christ, who was noted for his kindness to sinners—declared that he came to seek no others."

"Oh, well, I do not see how you are to renounce the principles of Masonry; I mean to say I have never joined them. I did not think it right."

"Well, sir, I have joined them, and profess to know a great deal more about them than you can know; and I think it is right."

Here the conversation ended; and here ended any further effort to "require us to renounce Masonry."

After a few months, men who made our acquaintance in the Lodge, who had never visited the Church, owing to prejudice against our old Father M., now followed us to the Church, were converted and became zealous Christians. After this the old Father became zealous for the Order, and thought it a great blessing.

How many of this class, who oppose our Order, are still left we cannot say; but we are certain if they knew more about it, they would find no cause for objection.

THE MAIN SPRING OF MASONRY.—The Blue Lodge, or the first three degrees of Masonry, is the grand foundation stone of the whole Masonic fabric. It is the stepping stone to the higher degrees.—Chapters, Councils, Commanderies, etc., to which none can enter without passing the door of the Blue Lodge. From this point if acceptable, he can travel to his heart's content through the mysteries of the institution, and, as he advances, he may become wiser and better.

The Blue Lodge is the first step, comparatively, and as a Master Mason, the brother receives all the benefits of Ancient Craft Masonry, and as such is admitted to all Lodges the world over. If he wishes to proceed further, the doors are always open to all, although he stands the same test as at the start. It is not necessary to rank higher than a Master Mason to obtain all that is requisite for his recognition. In this body are taught all the duties of his Masonic life. The initiate here learns to regard the whole human species as one family; the high and the low, the rich and the poor, who, as created by one parent, are to aid, support and protect each other. This is Masonry! and on this principle it unites men of every country, sect and opinion, and conciliates true friendship among those who might otherwise have remained at a perpetual distance. This is the main spring and foundation of all. He may advance to higher grades, but on this rock his temple is founded. Cut him off from this and he loses all, even if he has accomplished all that he may have anticipated.

The Master Mason embodies Ancient Craft Masonry, and although the degrees are not perfectly completed, it is all that is necessary, so far as Masonry is concerned, and the brother may be satisfied to remain where he is. There are thousands who never rank higher, and are regarded in the same light as those that have received all that can be given. Then let us all cherish, and guard with unceasing care the foundation of the temple, for upon this rests the whole machinery which moves the Institution.

THE EXHIBITION OF AFFECTION.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg. A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes, than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in Nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave, than entomb parental affection? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Do not fear to indulge in the warm emotions of filial, parental and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love, to love the rose, the robin, to love their parents. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture, to give them warm hearts and ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords; you can not make them too strong. Religion is love,—love to God, love to man.

IS MASONRY A RELIGION?—Is Masonry a religion? Some Masons are frequently heard to say, "Masonry is all the religion I want." We also see, in resolutions adopted by Lodges on the death of a brother, many sentiments that would lead the uninitiated to believe that Masonry is regarded by all as a religion. This, however, is not true. Religion, in its broadest sense, means a system of faith and worship. Its primary object is to teach the duties we owe to God.—Duties to men are not religious unless they are performed with reference to our relations to God. I may, for instance, give money to relieve the wants of the poor. This, in itself, is a charity. If, however, my motive in giving money be primarily to please God, then it becomes a religious act.

Virtue has been described as an awkward habit of doing things differently from other people.—It creates great mirth in fashionable circles.

THE DUTY OF FREEMASONS TO CORRECT THE ERRORS OF THEIR BRETHREN.

BY BRO. CHALMERS I. PAYTON.

We lately heard a Freemason express himself to the effect that it was not right in any member of the Craft to take notice of the faults of a brother, or in any way to direct attention to them. From his attainments and culture, and his position in the Masonic Brotherhood, we would have expected him to possess a knowledge of the laws of Freemasonry such as would have made it impossible for him to utter such an opinion. Nothing is more indisputable than the duty of Masons to watch over the conduct of their brethren, not in an unkindly spirit, but rather in the utmost kindness and brotherly affection, seeking always their good, and endeavoring to promote the general honor and welfare of the Craft. It is difficult to conceive that a well-instructed brother should be unaware of this, or should have utterly forgotten the charge at the third degree, in which the following words occur: "In the character of a Master Mason, you are henceforth authorized to correct the errors and irregularities of brethren, and guard them against a breach of fidelity. To improve the morals and correct the manners of men in society must be your constant care." To this let us add a single sentence from the late Bro. Dr. Oliver's sermon on the Masonic obligations: "Permit me faithfully to enforce the obligated duty of brotherly love, which, for brevity's sake, we will observe consists, first, in gentle reproof of an error; secondly, kind instruction and advice in ignorance and difficulties; and, thirdly, tender commiseration and relief in sorrow and distress." From all this it appears that it is the duty of Freemasons to watch over their brethren in a kind and brotherly manner—one brother addressing another as occasion may appear, or the matter, if necessary, being brought before the Lodge, that the honor of the Brotherhood may be maintained. That no brother has any concern with the conduct of another, is contrary to the very first principles of Freemasonry, and to the idea of brotherhood which pervades all. It is contrary also to scriptural rules, which all Freemasons, professing to be Christians, respect as of the highest authority. They have the Bible open in their Lodges; they carry it in their processions, and professing the greatest brotherly kindness and highest brotherhood amongst each other, they cannot be indifferent to what they acknowledge as Divine instructions concerning the conduct of brethren towards brethren. In one of the Books of Moses, we read this ancient rule given to the children of Israel: "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart; thou shalt not in anywise rebuke thy neighbor, and not suffer sin upon him." There is something extremely beautiful in the preface—as it may be called—"Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart," connected as it is with the precept that follows; and it admirably exhibits the character of that brotherly love which Christians profess, and ought to exhibit—which Freemasons also profess one towards another, and which they claim as an especial characteristic of their Order. In perfect accordance with this rule of brotherly kindness are all the sentences bearing on the same subject which we find in other parts of the sacred scripture—as "He that saith unto the wicked thou art righteous, him shall the people curse, nations shall abhor him. But to them that rebuke him shall be delight, and a good blessing shall come upon them;" and "He that rebuketh a man afterwards shall find more favor than he that flattereth with tongue." The great rule of Christianity, on this point may be said to be that given by our Lord himself: "Moreover, if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone if he shall hear thee, thou has gained thy brother, but if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the Church; but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." The organization of the Christian Church, is, as all Christians believe, of Divine institution; the Masonic Brotherhood is to be regarded only as a human device, but may well claim to be esteemed as the most excellent of all schemes ever devised for promoting the wel-

fare of men, by establishing the bonds of brotherhood amongst men of very various sentiments in religion and politics. The principles, however, which are appointed to regulate the one, must be seen at a glance to be suitable to the other, and the excellence of these principles, and of the rules founded upon them, or in which they are conveyed, no man whatever may be his religious opinion or creed, can for a moment dispute. The Christian acknowledges their supreme authority; the Mohommedan, the Brahmin, or the Parsee, must all acknowledge them as admirably adapted to the requirements of human nature, and calculated to promote true brotherhood amongst men.

From all this it is not difficult to learn how Freemasons ought to conduct themselves towards one another, however difficult it may be in practice to act aright, and to carry out, in a proper manner, the rules and principles of brotherhood. It is difficult for most men, and particularly for those of the most tender disposition, and full of the kindest brotherly feeling, to rebuke or find fault with a brother, to point out to him the errors of his conduct, and to urge upon him the necessity of amendment. Rudeness in speech or manner would almost certainly be of bad effect, and to maintain a perfect gentleness and brotherly love in pointing out the enormity of a gross offense, it is far from being easy. In what cases the matter should be brought under the cognizance of the Lodge, it may be also sometimes difficult to determine. It may, perhaps, be safely assumed that this ought not to be done where there is no scandal affecting the character of the Lodge and the general interests of the Order; but that, where such is the case, no time ought to be lost in doing it. The character of the Lodge ought to be dear to every member of it, and the honor of the Order to every Freemason; and to maintain these it is requisite that no brother shall be allowed to pass uncorrected, who is guilty of scandalous immorality. The ancient rules of the Order very particularly insist upon the duty of chastity, and a member of the Order living in concubinage,—still more, one who lies under the reproach of any worse transgression of the seventh commandment—cannot be too soon subjected to the discipline which these rules enjoin, and debarred from fellowship with the Lodge and from all enjoyment of Masonic privileges, until his evil course of life is relinquished, and he has shown himself worthy of being restored. The same rule must of course be applied to cases of habitual drunkenness, to cases of dishonesty, and the like. Far too little attention has been paid by Freemasons to the duty of watching over one another, and thus maintaining the character of their own Lodge and of the Order, whilst at the same time they render a brotherly service to their brethren in seeking to reclaim them to those paths of honor and virtue in which every true Mason should walk. It is a duty not to be discharged in a spirit of inquisitiveness or censoriousness. We ought not to pry into the affairs of our brethren nor to be ready to take up a reproach against them; but neither ought we resolutely to wink at any case of flagrant immorality, nor to shut our ears against reports which are so current that every one not wilfully deaf must hear them, and of such a nature that a virtuous and really innocent man would be glad of an opportunity of vindicating himself with regard to them.—*London Freemason.*

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

BY DR. B. T. KAVANAUGH.

From an address delivered by Bro. Kavanaugh, at St. Louis, Mo., November 4th, 1853, we make the following extract:

Washington was a man! He was only a man, and possessed just such properties of nature as are common to our race. The God of nature, it is true, gave him a sound and well balanced mind, of unusual strength and vigor—a heart full of sympathy for his country and his kind, with an ardent affection for truth and every moral excellence—a body well and truly developed in every part and power, and so admirably blended and balanced as to develop a perfect man, in all the symmetry and beauty of his nature. Yet, with all this, he was but a man, with like passions with ourselves, and subject to all the errors and evils to

which fallen humanity is heir. We must, therefore, look to some other source than his natural endowments for the development of those powers in the strength we find them to exist in our beloved Washington.

Fortunately for our inquiry, we are not left to grope our way in the dark, in seeking after the true cause of the magnitude of the moral and intellectual proportions of the character of Washington; the light of heaven sheds its beams upon the darkness before us, and we are cheered in our labors by the unerring counsels of Divine wisdom. The light of God's truth imparts a perception and vigor to the mind indispensable to its uniform and correct action, and affords to the heart a responsive sensibility which arouses every pure and virtuous emotion. These form the basis of every great and noble conception, and give energy and moral courage to the whole man, for the active duties of a noble and virtuous life.

Virtue and intelligence united, form the only basis on which human society can be sustained in the enjoyment of civil, social and domestic bliss. They form the basis of every well regulated family, society and government, and it was because Washington possessed them, to a very eminent degree, that he excelled in the wisdom of his counsels, and the integrity of his purposes.

But where shall we find this school of wisdom and virtue? At what shrine or altar shall we seek for the inspiration of heart and soul which elevates the mind to nobler deeds, and guards the heart from the dominion of sordid selfishness? We answer that the history of the life of our illustrious Washington gives us the best solution to this momentous question. The follies of infidelity could find no place in his heart. He came to the lights of Divine Truth as taught by Christianity and ancient Freemasonry.

The former presented the broad platform of pure morality upon which to stand in the discharge of his duties toward his God, and pointed him a way to a blissful immortality beyond the grave. The latter presents the same platform of morality, and upon it establishes an order of social intercourse in the strictest conformity to the Divine Law. Here the general duties of Christianity are in the most strict and special manner enjoined. Here the "good man and true," after being instructed in the rules of the most rigid morality and decorum, takes upon himself the solemn obligation to act towards his fellows by the plumb line of rectitude—to stand upon the level with all good men, and square every thought, word or deed, by the square of virtue. Here, too, the lessons of patriotism and national liberty are taught from first principles. Here, every element that enters into the character of a true American citizen finds a home, and is cultivated to such a degree that every good Mason is taught the happy art of "self government"—to keep his passions in due bounds toward all men—to be true to his government and just to his country—not to countenance disloyalty or rebellion, but to conform with cheerfulness to the government of the country in which he lives. Thus a bond of union of great moral power is formed in the bosom of our country on the purest principles, having for its object the salvation of the human race and the happiness of all men.

Is it strange then, that Washington, whose heart glowed like the "Pot of Incense," with every manly virtue, should seek to unite himself to such a society? It is not, and hence on the 4th of November, 1752, just one hundred years ago this day, when he was just entering upon the active and responsible career that awaited him, in his 21st year, he entered the Lodge at Fredericksburg, Va., No. 4—was passed on the 3d of March, 1753, and raised on the 4th of August of the same year to the sublime degree of a Master Mason, all in the same Lodge.

ILLEGITIMATE.—Even to this day, many leading Masons in Ireland oppose the initiation of persons not born in lawful wedlock; and less than a hundred years ago it was, in the Irish Lodges, often required that the applicant should file, with his petition, evidence that he was not a bastard. Every Master Mason was bound by his covenant not to confer the degree upon an "atheist, libertine, bastard and idiot," or upon a "baliff's process-server, livery servant, traveling tinkler, or on any one of a low or mean occupation."

THE RUSTY MASON.

BY BRO. P. H. TAYLOR.

Once on a time I sought to know
The mysteries of Masonry, and seeking
Knocked, and knocking found the door wide open for me.

And when I looked within
I saw a band of men all clothed in white,
Around an altar, and on the altar
Lay the Word of God with square and compass.

Of that band of men,
I saw one more kingly than the rest,
For on a throne he sat, and gave to each,
And all, lessons of wisdom.

He came and gave to me
A lamb-skin, pure and white, and
Told its meaning.

He told me, too, that kings and princes
Long had worn it, and how free it was
From stain, or spot, or blemish.

He gave me tools to work with,
A gauge, a gavel, level, plumb and square,
And last of all, a trowel that had no spot,
Of rust upon it, for earth's noblest sons
Had used it ages long upon the Mystic Temple.
He told me, too, I stood an upright Mason—
He spoke to me of Temperance, Fortitude,
Of Prudence, and of Justice.

I listened still with wondering ears
To learn a Mason's tenets,
And when they sang of Faith, of Hope,
And Charity, the true steps that lead
From the level of time to the Grand Lodge on high,
I pledged myself then, that the tools to me given,
Should never find rest, till the cap-stone was laid;
And my lamb-skin, if spotted, should know but the stain
Of Masonic cement, while on life's rugged road,
This pledge was freely given.

For I mean to act as Masons act:
And if my memory serves me right,
I started for the work, but found the world
All cold and selfish, and then I feared
To make the effort.

I never used my tools one hour,
And all are lost, save this, this rusty trowel,
It seemed to me it might have kept its brightness,
If never used, but as I laid it by
The rust began to gather, and now
It has no affinity for any save
Untempered mortar.

I hope some Craftsman true has found
My gauge, my gavel, level, plumb and square,
And laid them by for better workmen.

Inactive as I was
My lamb-skin gathered dust,
And with gathering dust,
It lost its whiteness, and now that too is gone.

If I remember rightly, they gave me
Passees, signs and grips, whereby
To know my brethren.

Though they were truly given,
They were not safely lodged,

And now to tell the summing
Of this matter, this much I know,
I once was a Mason.

to prove his superior powers of penetration, and the ease with which he could detect imposition. Here, then, was a case just suited to his mind; and he watched Mrs. Herbert with a cold, scrutinizing, suspicious eye, while she was searching so eagerly for the missing ticket. With still extended hand, he said, "I must have your fare, madam."

"But, sir, I have no money; I cannot pay you."

"How far do you wish to go?" he asked.

"I am on my way to Boston, where I reside.—

I have been visiting relatives in Wisconsin."

"Well, you can go no farther on this train unless you can pay your fare."

A bright thought occurred to Mrs. Herbert. "I will place my watch in your keeping," she said; "when I reach Detroit I will pawn it for money to pursue my journey. My husband will send for and redeem it."

"That will do," said the conductor. "I will take your watch, and give you a check for Detroit. I have no authority to do so from the railroad company, but may, upon my own responsibility."

But Mrs. Herbert's embarrassment was not to be relieved so readily as she hoped. Searching for her watch, that also was not to be found.

"Oh! what shall I do?" she said, her face growing very pale. "My watch is gone too, I must have been robbed in Chicago."

"You can leave the train at the next station," he said, quickly and decidedly; "that's what you can do."

The whistle sounded for "down brakes," and the conductor stepped out on the platform of the car. Mrs. Herbert looked around her. There were but few passengers in the car; some were reading, some were looking out of the windows upon the town they were just entering. No one seemed to have heard the conversation between the conductor and herself, or, at least to have become interested in her behalf.

The train stopped; the conductor appeared, and taking her shawl and traveling basket from the rack above her head, bade her follow him. In ten minutes more the train had gone, and Mrs. Herbert sat alone in the ladies' waiting room of the L— depot, trying to decide upon the course to pursue.

She had no money to defray her expenses at a hotel; she had nothing with which to pay a hackman for taking her to one; but, after a few minutes reflection, she resolved to inquire for the residence of the clergyman of that church of which she was herself a member, and ask him in the name of Christian charity and kindness, to give her a home until she could send a telegram to her husband and he could furnish her with means to pursue her journey.

Inquiring of the ticket agent, the name of the clergyman she hoped to find, and being politely directed to his house, she was soon at his door, and rang the bell. He answered the summons in person, and in a few hurried sentences she made known her misfortune and her request.

The Rev. Mr. Ripley was thin, tall and straight. He was apparently about forty-five years of age; polished, but pompous; no particle of dust could have been found upon his fine black broadcloth, or nicely polished boots; the cravat was faultless; his hair was brushed carefully forward to conceal a coming baldness. Very dignified, very important, very ministerial, appeared the reverend gentleman; but as Mrs. Herbert looked into his cold, grey eyes, she felt that benevolence was by no means as strong an element in his composition as selfishness. Her heart seemed to chill in his presence; she could not help contrasting him mentally, with the good Mr. Weston, who was pastor of her own church at home. Ah! not often had the hand, now thrust into the bosom of the tightly buttoned dress-coat, been prompted by the cold heart beneath it to place a bright coin upon the palm of beggarly childhood; not often had his footsteps found their way to poverty's door! Yet this unworthy representative of the Christian Church preached charity to his rich congregation at least twice every Sabbath; and so far as he himself was concerned, made preaching supply the place of practice.

"Madam," he said, after eyeing her from head to foot, "you have a pretty story, but the streets of L— are full of such stories at the present day. Did I listen to one-half I hear of the kind,

I should have my house filled with poor mendicants all the time, and perhaps few of them would be worthy my respect. I cannot keep you as you request."

Mrs. Herbert turned from the inhospitable door of the Rev. Mr. Ripley. The cool insolence with which he treated her had almost driven courage from her heart; but she determined now to seek a hotel, where, at least, she might rest herself, and decide upon some new course of action. She had eaten nothing since morning, indeed she had not even thought of food, but now she felt faint and weary, and the consciousness that she was alone, in a strange city, friendless and penniless, with the shades of evening already falling, quite unnerved her. As she glanced up and down the street, the first thing that attracted her attention was—not a public house-sign, but in large, gilt letters, the words—"Masonic Hall." Her heart gave a quick, joyous bound. Her husband was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and she knew that any duty a Mason owed to his Brother, he owed equally to that Brother's wife or daughter. She remembered, also, that to that noble Order she was indebted for nearly all of the happiness she had known in life. But, familiar as she had been with its workings in her native city, she had never realized its universality, and never understood how, like some great talismanic belt, it circles the earth, embracing all mankind in its protecting fold; softening the asperities of dissenting religionists, shedding the purple light of love on the fierce rapids of commercial life, enlightening and ennobling politicians, and harmonizing their conflicting sentiments upon a sense of kindred.

Mrs. Herbert paused irresolute. What would she not have given for a knowledge of one mystic sign, by which to call her husband's Masonic brothers to her side.

Men were passing rapidly up and down the street; elegantly dressed ladies were out enjoying the delicious coolness of the evening air, for the day had been sultry, but among all the busy throng, there was not one whom she had felt at liberty to accost.

A gentleman was passing her, leading a little girl by the hand. With a quick gesture she arrested his step. She had observed nothing peculiar in the stranger's face; indeed she had not noticed it at all, but a maltese cross was suspended from his watch-guard, and the moment she had discovered it she had involuntarily lifted her hand to prevent his passing her.

The stranger looked at her inquiringly. She pointed to the cross, and said, "That sir, is why I stopped you; will you excuse me for addressing you, and please to tell me if you are a Mason?"

"I am he replied."

"O, sir, my husband is a Mason, and perhaps you would be kind to your brother's wife."

"Where does your husband live?"
"In Boston. His name is G. W. Herbert; he is of the firm of Herbert, Jackson & Co., L— street. I was on my way to him from Wisconsin, but have been robbed of the means of paying my fare, and the conductor refused to take me farther. I have applied to the Rev. Mr. Ripley, and he turned me insultingly from the door."

"The old hypocrite," muttered the gentleman. "Mrs. Herbert, my house is but one block distant, and is at your service. My wife will make you welcome and comfortable. Will you accept our hospitality?"

"O, sir, how gladly?" And half an hour later, Mrs. Herbert was refreshing herself at the well-spread table of Mr. Henderson, first officer of Eureka Commandery, No. 12.

When supper was over Mr. Henderson said to his wife, "I have a few minutes business down town; will return immediately. Make Mrs. Herbert feel herself at home."

He walked to the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and addressed the following message to his brother in Boston: "Is G. W. Herbert, L— street a worthy member of our Order, and is his wife in the West? Answer immediately."

When Mr. Henderson returned home, he found his wife and Mrs. Herbert engaged in an animated conversation; and he was surprised to note the change in the strange lady's appearance now that she felt herself among friends. Her face wore so genuine an impress of sweetness and purity; her conversation was expressive of such

Selected Miscellany.

WHY MRS. HERBERT LOVED MASONRY.

BY MRS. M. ADELLE HAZLETT.

"Ticket, ma'am," said the conductor.

"Yes, sir, in one moment;" and Mrs. Herbert sought in her pocket for her porte monnaie, in which she had deposited the article in question.— But it had mysteriously disappeared; and the lady cast a rapid, searching glance under and about her seat.

"O, sir, I have lost my ticket, and not only that, my money and my checks for my baggage!"

The conductor was a young man who had been but a few weeks upon the road in his present capacity, and he felt himself greatly elevated in his new position. He prided himself in his ability to detect any person in an attempt to avoid paying the regular fare, and had earnestly wished that an opportunity might offer which would enable him

lofy sentiment, such real goodness of heart, and betrayed so highly cultivated a mind, that Mr. Henderson found himself regretting that he had taken the precaution to send a telegram to Boston, in order to prove the truthfulness of her statements.

Mrs. Henderson seated herself at the elegant piano, and after performing several pieces, invited Mrs. Herbert to play also. She gracefully complied, and after a low, sweet prelude, began to sing.

"A stranger I was, but they kindly received me."

She sang the piece entirely through, her voice quivering with emotion; and when she had finished it, both Mr. and Mrs. Henderson stood at her side, and the gentleman said,

"Mrs. Herbert, it is we who are blessed, in being permitted to form the acquaintance of so entertaining a converser and musician. You are not a stranger, but a dear friend, a sister, my brother's wife; you have a right in our home. A Knight Templar's home is ever open to the unfortunate. But you must not leave the piano yet; play another piece for us, your own favorite."

"I do not know that I have one."

"Your Husband's, then," suggested Mrs. Henderson.

Again Mrs. Herbert's fingers swept the keys, and then her clear, rich, cultivated voice arose in the popular Masonic ode,

"Hail, Masonry, divine!"

As the last sweet echo died away, she arose, saying, "That is my husband's favorite."

Mr. Henderson was standing with his arm about his wife's waist. Tears were in his eyes, and he drew her closer to him, and he said, "O, Jennie, will you not learn to play that piece for me?"

"But I never could make it sound like Mrs. Herbert's," she replied; "for you know I do not like Masonry."

"And why do you not like it?" Mrs. Herbert ventured to ask.

"Because it rises like a mountain between me and my husband; I am jealous of Masonry." And the glance she cast upon him at her side told Mrs. Herbert with what depth of love this true wife regarded her husband, and she could almost pardon her for her dislike of Masonry, upon the ground she had mentioned. But she felt that Mrs. Henderson was in error, and she said,

"Will you allow me to tell you why I love Masonry?"

"O, yes," replied Mrs. Henderson, "I should be glad to feel differently if I could." And she drew a large arm chair for Mrs. Herbert, in front of the sofa, upon which she and her husband seated themselves.

Mrs. Herbert began: "My father was a commission merchant in Boston, and in consequence of causes which I never fully understood—for I was very young at the time—he failed in business. Our beautiful home was taken from us, and father removed my mother and myself to an humble but comfortable cottage in the suburbs, while he procured employment as a clerk in a dry goods establishment.

"He was disheartened by his sudden and heavy losses. It was seldom, indeed, that he was heard to speak cheerfully and hopefully.

"His health declined, and, before we had ever dreamed of the threatening danger, he was a confirmed consumptive. But he was a Mason, and we were not allowed to feel that his inability for labor had deprived us of the comforts of our home. Supplies of provisions, clothing, fuel, came regularly to our door. But one chilly evening in September, we were gathered around the bedside, to take the last farewell. The friends of our prosperous days were not there—they left us with our riches—but a circle of true, manly faces were there, and tears were brushed aside which were the overflow of sympathizing and affectionate hearts. I stood beside my grief-stricken mother, who knelt beside the couch of death, her head bowed helplessly upon the emaciated hand upon which she had ever depended for guidance and protection. My father kissed me tenderly, and turning to his Masonic brothers, said:

"I can but leave my dear ones to your care, and I know that I can trust you. I feel that my poor Alice will not long survive my loss, and then this little one will be a helpless waif on the

great sea of humanity. I give her to you, not as the child of one, but of all—the child of the Lodge."

"A few moments more, and I was fatherless. One of these strong, noble men, lifted me in his arms, and bore me from the room. I had heard what my father had said, and although a child of but seven years, I comprehended it all. I threw my arms about the good man's neck, who held me so tenderly, and sobbed, 'O, sir, will you be my father?'"

"Yes, my dear little girl," he said in a broken voice, "you shall never want."

"My mother was a frail, delicate creature, and her constant watching at my father's bedside, combined with the last terrible shock, threw her into a fever, from which she never recovered. We remained in the little cottage until my sweet mother's death and my father's Masonic brothers anticipated our every want. And when I was at last an orphan, my new protectors took me away. All felt that I was a sacred charge. I was placed under the care of the most reliable instructors, and my health was carefully guarded. I lived in the house of him whom I had asked to be my father, and I believe he loved me as his child.—When I arrived at the age of twenty years, I was married—with the full approbation of my guardian—to Mr. Herbert, then a confidential clerk in a dry goods house. The young man was a Mason; he was honest and attentive to his business. That was not quite ten years ago. Now he is a partner in the same house. We have an elegant home, and a wide circle of friends, but none are so dearly prized as the tried and true; and once every year our parlors are opened to receive, with their families, the few who remain of those who, at the time of my father's death, were members of the Lodge to which he belonged. You understand now my friends, why I love Masonry."

Mrs. Henderson lifted her eyes to those of her husband. He was looking at her so wistfully and pleadingly.

"My dear wife," he said, "Mrs. Herbert's story is but one of thousands. It is the aim of Masonry to relieve the distressed everywhere, and to elevate and ennoble ourselves. Our labors take us often from the loved home circle; but it would not be manly in us to spread a knowledge of the good we do. To many of the recipients of our charity, it would be bitter relief, if trumpeted forth to the world."

Mrs. Henderson placed both her hands in those of her husband, and said, her eyes filling with tears, "I will learn to play that piece for you, and I think I can give it some of Mrs. Herbert's expression—for I think differently of Masonry than I have ever done before."

The next morning when breakfast was over, Mrs. Herbert said, "Now, Mr. Henderson, I must send an immediate telegram to my husband, for I am anxious to meet him, and I must not trespass upon your genuine hospitality longer than is necessary."

"Will you trust me with the message?"

"Yes, sir!" It was soon ready.

"Ah! I was just about sending you the answer to your telegram, to Boston," said the operator to Mr. Henderson, as he entered the office. He took the paper extended toward him, and found the message to be as follows:

"G. W. Herbert is a worthy Knight Templar. He stands well socially and financially. His wife is in Wisconsin."

Mr. Henderson called upon a few of his Masonic friends, and then hastened home. Taking a roll of bills from his side pocket, he laid it beside Mrs. Herbert, saying, "I did not send your message. I have taken the liberty to draw from the Bank of Masonry a deposit made by your husband for your benefit."

"The Bank of Masonry? A deposit for my benefit? I do not understand you."

"Well, I will explain. Every dollar a man contributes toward the support of the Masonic institution, is a deposit to be drawn upon at any time he or his family may require it. I know, positively, that your husband is a worthy Mason, and this money—one hundred dollars—is as really and truly yours as if he handed it to you himself. If you wish to continue your journey to-day, I will see you safely on the one o'clock train."

"Mrs. Herbert's lip quivered, but she only said, 'O, I shall be glad to go.'"

"Now; I have only to say, beware of pickpockets," said Mr. Henderson, smiling, as the train began to move.

A week later, the Secretary of Eureka Commandery announced to his brothers in regular conclave assembled, the receipt of a letter which he proceeded to read:

To M. L. Henderson, E. C., and Sir Knights: Eureka Commandery:

"I enclose you a check for one hundred dollars the amount so kindly furnished by you to my wife, who arrived at home in safety yesterday.—My gratitude to you for your kindly sympathy and care is only equalled by her own who says that her experience in your city has added a new chapter to her 'Reasons for loving Masonry.'

"Should any of you visit Boston, do not fail to call upon us, that we may return our thanks in person, and invite you to the hospitalities of our home."—*Mystic Star.*

MASONIC ANECDOTES.

At a banquet held at Newport, Eng., on the occasion of the installation of the Prov. Grand Master for Monmouthshire, Bro. Bushell, D. P. G. M. of Bristol, being called up by a toast to his health, said:

"In returning thanks, he could not indulge in such language as his heart desired, but they would allow him to address a few words to the Provincial Grand Officers installed that day. Brethren, he continued, you have undertaken the most serious and important duties. It is not the mere dress of a Mason—it is not the mere ornaments that adorn your person, that constitutes Masonry; but there are practical principles taught in your Lodges, which must be carried out in the common duties of active life. As an illustration of these principles, I will tell you an incident which occurred in 1813. During the late war, letters of marque were granted to merchants, by which they were allowed to seize on property belonging to the enemy. It happened that a vessel, in sailing from the Mediterranean to Bristol, was seized by a French privateer. The captains of both vessels were Masons. The result was most satisfactory. The captain of the privateer released the vessel, the cargo of which was valued at 8,000, and bade his Brother go his way, and reach, if he could, his native shore in safety. That Brother arrived safely at Bristol, and, at the first opportunity, he repaired to the Grand Lodge, and there, in the presence of the Brethren assembled, he stated the facts I have just told to you. And more—he produced a written agreement into which he had entered with the captain of the privateer. And these were the conditions: He gave up the vessel and cargo on condition that the master of the prize, on his return to Bristol, should endeavor to communicate with the Grand Lodge of England, and obtain the release of three Frenchmen. The Grand Lodge took a course suggested to them by his late Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex. The Frenchmen were discovered, and they, with two others, left the British shores free men. (Cheers.) This, Brethren, is what I call Masonry.

"But, again, let me come to a more recent example; one with which, probably, some of you are acquainted. There lived in the county of Essex, a clergyman named Hewlett. He died of malaria. His troubles had been of no common kind. His wife died of consumption, about three months previously, and nine orphan children were left without a shilling in the world to provide for them. There was a Lodge in Rochfort, Essex: they met, took the case into consideration, and, before they separated, nine Brethren agreed each to take a child to his home. (Loud cheering.) Now, Brethren, this is what I mean by practical duties of Masonry. (Cheers.) If I were to preach to you for an hour; if I were attempting to urge any consideration whatever, I could not impress your minds better than by the recital of these two naked facts. I say, then, the Provincial Grand Lodge has duties to perform."

It is perhaps not generally known that Napoleon was a Freemason, and caused, while Emperor, his brother Joseph to be elected Grand Master of the Freemasons of France, and the chancellor, Cambaceres, and Murat, his Deputies.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

The work-day week has cast its yoke
Of troubles, toil and careful quest;
The lingering twilight's saffron cloak
Trails o'er the dusky west,
And cerfew clocks with measured stroke
Chime in the hour of rest.

From fallow fields and wooded dells
The crickets chirp their pleasant lays;
The kine comes up with tinkling bells,
Through all the loomy ways;
And buckets drip by busy wells,
And ruddy ingles blaze.

His whirling wheel the miller stops,
The smith the silent anvil leaves,
His ringing axe the joiner drops,
No more the weaver weaves:
His loaded wain the peddler props,
Beneath the tavern caves.

A happy hush, a tranquil balm,
As if the week-day work and care
Were lifted off, and left us calm,
Pervade the quiet air—
A sense as of a silent psalm,
A feeling as of prayer.

For now the night, with soft delay
Seems brooding like a tender dove.
While the last hours of Saturday
Shut in the hours of love,
And the sweet Sabbath spans the way
To holier homes above.

God help us all! since here below
Few Saturdays are ours, at best,
And out of toil and pain and woe
Few days of Sabbath rest;
God grant us that we yet may know
The Sabbath of the blest.

Literary Driftwood.

A LITTLE GEM.

Take the bright shell
From its home on the lee,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea.

So, take the fond heart
From its home and its hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved
To the ends of the earth.

There is a sphere in which every one may act and be useful to his fellow-beings. No matter how limited his abilities may be, there is a work for him, and by doing it he may render essential service to the church. If the one talent is not improved, what a sorrowful account many will have to give at the last day!

An evangelical clergyman of Boston is reported as saying that, having recently read the works of Dickens, he was so impressed with the sentiments running through all of them, and the love of humanity pervading them, that he believed if their author had been condemned to the place to which some had assigned him, the devil would find him a very troublesome person to have about.

When a literary man's library was burned, he said: "I should have profited but little by my books, if they had not taught me how to bear the loss of them." During an invasion of France, the splendid library of Fenelon was committed to the flames. He said: "I would much rather they were burned, than the cottage of a poor peasant." How many of us have been made thus wise by our religious book?

There is something higher in an unsuccessful

ministry carried out faithfully to the end than there is in a very brilliant and successful ministry. Any man can work when every stroke of his hand brings down the fruit rattling from the tree to the ground; but to labor in season and out of season, under every discouragement, by the power of faith, through years and years and years, and to die as Moses did, without the sight of the promised land—that requires a heroism that is transcendent.

A woman says what she chooses without being knocked down for it. She can take a snooze after dinner, while her husband goes to work. She can go out on the street without being asked to stand treat at the saloon. She can stay at home in time of war, and get married again if her husband gets killed. She can wear corsets if too thick, and other fixings if too thin. She can get her husband in debt all over, until he warns the public not to trust her on his account. But all these advantages are balanced by the great facts that she cannot sing bass, go sparking, or climb a tree with any degree of propriety.

There are two kinds of girls; one is the kind that appears best when abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining room, sickroom, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home—the other a blessing; one is a moth, consuming everything about her, the other is a sunbeam inspiring light and gladness all around her pathway. The right kind of education will modify both, and unite the good qualities of both.

He who thinks better of his neighbors than they deserve cannot be a bad man, for the standard by which his judgment is formed is the goodness of his own heart. It is the base only who believe all men base, or in other words, like themselves. Few, however, are all evil. Even Nero did a good turn to somebody—for when Rome was rejoicing over his death, some loving hand covered his grave with flowers. Public men are seldom or never fairly judged, at least while living. However pure, they cannot escape calumny; however incorrect, they are sure to find eulogists. History may do them justice but they rarely get it while they are alive, either from friend or foe.

When some child of promise, the prince of his house, perishes suddenly, and you take up your life from that hour, a dull, unfinished work, bereft of all motive—when the life which counts itself a failure comes to an end—when the man of thought departs with life at sunset, and genius at the zenith, what does it mean? Why, to be continued—that the sequel of this thrilling drama is to be found in another world. In the peculiar eloquence of Wilkinson, "Our introduction to the mineral, vegetable, and animal worlds, to the air and the sun, is a friendship never to be dissolved. Stone and bird, wood and animal, are acquaintances which we meet with in the spiritual sphere, in our latest manhood or angelhood, equally as in the dawn of the senses, before the grave is gained." The child is a child still, and his education progresses.

LEVITY IN THE LODGE.—It was not our intention ever to discuss any of that part of Masonry which transpires in the closed and solemn Lodge room, or offer any opinion, advice or stricture upon its secret, impressive and lasting ceremonies in the columns of this or any other public journal. At the solicitation of a highly esteemed brother, we are compelled to violate this rule and say a word upon the subject which is the caption of this article, with the modest and sincere hope that a great and grave evil may be abolished for all time. We are not one of those who believe that harsh and austere conduct should mark any part of our ceremonies or freeze the warm ties of brotherly affection into repellant coldness or immobility. We do believe that brothers, bound by the awful tie of Masonry, should never fail in the interchange of gracious words and acts of reciprocal love and duty. In truth, if brothers of the mystic tie, united as they are, can not feel the warmest respect, a deep confidence, a most abiding faith and the fullest continuity of love for each other in the Lodge room as well as in the by-way, then their bonds are as ropes of sand and should be whistled down the wind. This respect, this affection, this confidence, should be so overwhelmingly great and irresistible that passion, insult, levity should be lost in the higher and better emotions of a full and perfect love. We do not deny that the entirety of our faith, the force of our mutual duties toward each other may not beget an innocent and a playful familiarity. We should as soon think of expelling from the nursery the sweet and glad-some mockeries of the violet-eyed babies, as to drive from the Lodge room the affectionate caress of a brother, or his merry *badinage*. And it is here, of all places, but at proper times, that the Mason feels in the warm pressure of a brother's hand, in the melting gleam of his eye, or perchance the laughing quip and quick of a mad yet innocuous tongue, that affectionate equality and familiarity characteristic only of brothers. Here we have little to do with the snivelling and puritanical hypocrisy of the Rev. Aminidab Sleek, but much to do with the joyous sincerity and lively love of our consecrated brothers.

CHOICE TREASURES.—Those who live quiet, retired lives suffer least. In the changes of a bustling, roving life—the heart which clings to loved friends must often suffer the pangs of separation, and nothing can dispel the sad longings to be with them again, until new friends cluster around to partially dispel old memories, and just as the heart is rejoicing in new friendships, there comes again the shaking of the hands, parting kiss and tearful farewell.

They are happiest who have few treasures, and those always with them.—*Elm Orton*.

THE OLDEST MASON.—The *Masonic Jewel* says: Bro. David Stiles, P. M., living at Prescott, Wisconsin, is now 105 years old. He was made a Mason on St. John's day, June, 1792, and consequently, has been a Mason seventy-nine years, less two months, and is probably the oldest Mason in the world. He was made a Royal Arch Mason in 1807, and is no doubt the oldest R. A. M. in the United States. He is in good health and sound mind, and lives with his son-in-law, who is 83 years old. The Grand Lodge of Wisconsin attends to his bodily wants.

Henry Clay was the Grand Master of Kentucky, in 1820, and afterwards Grand Orator for twelve years. In 1854 John C. Breckinridge was elected to the office and held it for three years, when it was abolished.

The Grand Lodge of New York is the largest legislative body in the world. It numbers two thousand members.

In the Louisiana State prison prisoners are always washed before they are ironed. Of course.

Why should young ladies set good examples? Because young men are so apt to follow them.

KENTUCKY FREEMASON.

EDITORS.

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

LOUISVILLE, KY..... AUGUST, 1871.

HOW TO REMIT.

Subscribers to this paper will remit by a "Post Office Order," if practicable. If they remit money, let it be done in a "Registered Letter," as all Postmasters are required to remit in Registered Envelopes. We will not be responsible for loss unless money be sent us as directed.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisements of the following named gentlemen:

Gen. W. Wicks & Co., Cotton Factors and General Commission Merchants.

C. R. Woodruff, Distiller and wholesale dealer in Pure Copper Distilled Whisky.

C. Henry Finek & Co., importers and dealers in Wines and Liquors.

Henry Wehmhoff, House and Steamboat Upholsterer, Curtain Goods, &c.

John Homire, Cigar Manufacturer, and dealer in Tobaccos and Smokers' Articles.

W. A. Stivers, Agent, Stockton's Patent Swinging Safe.

Kentucky Library Association, Grand Gift Concert.

We (the Junior) have been honored by receiving a commission from the Grand Chapter of Tennessee, to represent them at the Grand Chapter of Kentucky. Such a mark of Masonic confidence we very highly appreciate.

Active preparations are being made by many Knight Templars in Louisville, Covington and Lexington for the excursion to Baltimore, in September.

We have received an invitation from Sir Knight Corson, of New Jersey, to be present at a convention of the reporters of the Grand Masonic Bodies, in Baltimore, September 18th, and we regret that other engagements will prevent us enjoying the pleasure of this delightful reunion. It would afford us especial delight to meet the genial Knight who extends the invitation.

John W. Lell, a brother Mason, was one of the victims of the recent great fire in Lexington. The brethren went to his aid and succeeded in saving the greater part of his stock. The injunction "in honor preferring one another," was beautifully illustrated. The flames as they shot angrily upward, telegraphed the grand hailing sign of distress, and were responded to by generous hearts and busy hands.

Walter Scott, whose centennial anniversary was celebrated so grandly throughout the World, wherever lovers of English literature reside, was a Freemason. When he first appeared as a writer it was under the sobriquet of "Waverly," and the authorship of the brilliant category of novel-bearing that name, was for sometime a matter of fruitless conjecture. The Grand Secretary of Texas, whose father was a printer in the publishing house of John Ballantyne, Esq., of Edinburgh, states, that none but Masons, pledged to keep the secret, were employed in setting up the copy. His father read the proof and communicated the above fact to his son, who gives it to the public.

THE FREEMASON'S HYMNAL.—A collection of original and selected Hymns, Odes and Songs for the use of Lodges, Chapters and Commanderies by W. Malmene, to which is added the Master Mason and Knight Templar Funeral Services; St. Louis, Southwestern Book and Publishing Company.

The Hymnal has been compiled as a labor of love to supply an existing want, and not as a source of pecuniary profit. Every Lodge should supply itself with this little manual. Nothing contributes more to the impressiveness of our ceremonies than appropriate music.

All Masonic meetings should be opened with singing before prayer. When a good choir can be organized, all the quotations from the Bible should be chanted. In all the degrees appropriate Odes should be sung.

Gov. P. H. Leslie will be inaugurated Tuesday, September 5th. He has the honor of having received the largest number of votes ever polled for any candidate in Kentucky.

The Illustrated Christian Weekly for August 26th, is promptly at hand, with a varied table of contents, and an unusual number of fine engravings. The great Central Park, of New York, is depicted in a series of illustrations, and the editor promises to illustrate Prospect Park, of Brooklyn, in a few weeks. We notice that the publishers offer to send the first three months of the paper stitched in paper covers, postpaid, to any address, for only fifty cents. This affords an excellent opportunity to all to examine this beautifully illustrated weekly. Address, "Illustrated Christian Weekly," New York.

The place for the meeting of the State Teacher's Association has been permanently fixed at Frankfort. The recent session in Paris was the most entertaining and profitable ever held in the State. Paris City Council did itself credit by making an appropriation to pay the expenses of the convention.

The Family Visitor is the name of a new candidate for Masonic favor. It is published in Galveston, Texas, and is ably edited by Dr. B. T. Kavanaugh, a brother of Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh, of this State.

The American Knights Templar now visiting Europe, are meeting with pleasant receptions in every city they visit in the British Empire. At Belfast, Glasgow, Perth and Alton Towers, the meetings held in their honor were especially gratifying. At the latter place they were graciously received and handsomely entertained, by the R. W. Brother the Earl of Shrewsbury. Sir Knight Tudor, of New Orleans, replied to the welcoming speech in graceful terms.

Upon their arrival (July 4th) at Alton depot they were met by the Earl's private band, and in procession, they moved to the Towers. The American flag floated from one of the towers. The Earl of Shrewsbury met the American Knights at the Grand entrance to the Hall, and conducted them to the Grand dining room, the English Freemasons giving them a hearty cheer as they marched along.

The Earl delivered his speech, Sir Kt., Tudor responded, Lady Shrewsbury was presented, and a handsome collation was enjoyed.

In another column will be found the names of the officers elect for Louisville Commandery, No. 1, for the ensuing year. After the election of the officers were completed, the very interesting ceremony of presenting, by the members of the Commandery, a Past Grand Commander's Jewel to R. E. Sir Charles R. Woodruff, Past Grand Commander of Kentucky. The address by Sir Knight Perrin, in presenting the Jewel, is in admirable taste, and the response of R. E. Sir Knight Woodruff was in equally good taste. Our Senior being present upon this joyous occasion, can testify to the good and fraternal cheer manifested by every Sir Knight who participated in the presentation ceremonies.

A periodical publication has been often said to resemble a mail coach. It must set out at a particular day and hour, it must travel the road, whether full or empty, and whether it conveys bullion to the banker or cheese to the grocer. In such case, the prudent owner of the vehicle purveys such horses as are fittest for this regular, fatiguing, and, in some points of view, derogating duty. He buys no "fine framed steeds" that are fitted for a chariot or phaeton, nor yet brutes that by their clumsy make and bulk of bone, are qualified only to tug in a drayman's cart; but he labors to secure, of "spare-fed prancers many a rawboned pair;" such as have, perhaps, seen their best days, and acquired discretion to submit to their necessary task, while they retain vigor and animation sufficient to tug through it speedily and hardily. The bare-worn common of literature has always afforded but too numerous a supply of authors, who hold a similar description, and who, by misfortune or providence, or merely from being unable to force themselves forward to public notice, are compelled to subject talents worthy of a better employment, to whatever task a publisher shall be pleased to dictate.

THE QUALITY OF MASONIC MEMBERSHIP.

No greater mistake can be made by a Lodge than to be ambitious of numbers regardless of the character of the material. As a single false stone worked into a foundation may result in toppling the whole building down, so some unprincipled libertine may destroy the whole credit of a Masonic edifice.

The principle need of to-day, is a strict scrutiny of the quality of the applicants for admission to our fraternity. Masonry has increased its adherents until it has become a popular institution. As long as the Church of God was persecuted it was pure. No man sought its sacred communion unless actuated by a principle ready to stand the test of martyrdom. But, when it began to receive the patronage of Crowns and the revenues of Empires, when there were high places to be awarded, and fat salaries to be dispensed, then the time-serving and self-seeking came within its pales and introduced the corrupt leaven which well nigh worked its ruin.

So long as Masonry was too limited in numbers to afford a temptation for corrupt and designing men to ally their fortunes with its destinies, just so long was it relatively pure.

Now we are strong and those who have lost character come to us and desire to be propped up in society by our influence. Men who wish to traffic on the good will engendered of our fraternity are seeking our recognition, and may in the end turn our Lodge-rooms into a den of thieves.

It is not even sufficient that a candidate be a

man of pure and uncorruptible principle. In addition to being under the tongue of good report, in this respect, he should be possessed of sufficient intelligence, and refined sensibility to appreciate our sublime teachings and the appositeness of the didactic symbols of Freemasonry.

Let it be borne in mind that we do not propose Masonry as an imbecile school, or as a hospital. Our work is not to light the mind of fools, or to cleanse the moral leprosy of the corrupt in heart and life. It is a mockery for a man to be sporting the symbolry of our Order in the jewels he wears, who cannot give you an intelligent interpretation of the significance of our emblems. It is profane for a man to wear the sacred G on his breast whose mouth is foul with blasphemous oaths.

Men of wisdom and of worth seek the associations of Masonry upon grounds of congeniality. They only in our altar-oath's confirm the principles and practices of a virtuous life followed before they found their way to our altars. A man seeking the fraternization of Masons should be as pure in heart when he kneels to assume our vows as when he rises up from their imposition.

We commit an error, gross in its nature, when we regard Masonry as a reformatory institution and admit to our association the ignorant and profligate.

We want quality of membership more than quantity. Tile the outer door. Look well to the ballot.

MASONIC SECRECY.

Masonry in laying its foundations in secrecy follows the Divine order of Nature, where all that is grand and beautiful is born of night and mystery. The mighty labors which clothe the Earth with foliage, flowers and fruits, are wrought in darkness. The bosom of nature is a vast laboratory where the mysterious work of transmutation of substances is perpetually going forward.—There is not a point in the universe, the edges of which do not touch the realms of night and silence. God himself is environed with shadows and "clouds and darkness are about his throne." Yet His beneficence is felt, and His loving spirit makes itself visible through all worlds. So Masonry works in secrecy, but its benignant fruits are visible all around us, and in every land where it has been established. Besides, this principle of secrecy furnishes a mysterious bond of union and of strength, which is one of the great bulwarks of our perpetuity and success. By secrecy we keep the garrulous world in awe and throw around our principles the charm of reverence, such as the Jewish High Priest felt as he stood before the veil that shut in the dazzling Shekinah.

The objection so often urged against Masonry on account of secrecy, is too puerile to receive serious attention.

INTOLERANCE.

A distinguished Brother has sent us the annexed document with the request that we publish it. The opposition of Romanism to Freemasonry is founded upon the idea that it is inimical to the Catholic Church. There is not a sentiment in Ancient York Masonry that can be so construed. It had its birth prior to the rise of Roman Catholicism, and all its teachings are based upon the broad platform of Ancient Judaism. While there is nothing distinctively Christian in its ritual

there is nothing opposed to Christianity as it manifests itself in any of its forms. The hypothesis of the Roman Church is, however, that all eleemosynary work must be done by the Church. Although all its monastic orders are distinct societies, it is claimed that they are organized within and under the direction of the Church. Nothing could be more secret than the deliberations and operations of the Jesuits.

It has been abundantly proven that Pio Nino, the present Pope, was, prior to his being raised to the Pontifical Chair, a Freemason. He has, however, "gone back" on the Fraternity and issued a "bull" against the Order.

But here is the document:

FRONT SIDE.

INTENTION FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE.

THE DESTRUCTION OF ANTI-CHRISTIAN FREEMASONRY.

Divine Heart of Jesus, I offer to Thee, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, all my prayers, actions and sufferings of this day, for the same intentions for which Thou dost daily offer Thyself a Victim on our Altars.

I offer them in particular for the destruction of the impious sect of Freemasonry, which is laboring to overthrow Thy Divine Kingdom upon earth. Arise, O King of Heaven; chastise the enemies of Thy love; enlighten the blindness of their unfortunate victims, and deliver the nations now captive to their yoke. Amen.

Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Offer for the intentions of the Sacred Heart of Jesus:

- 1. Days
- 2. Holy Communions.....
- 3. Masses.....
- 4. Stations.....
- 5. Beads.....
- 6. Angelus.....
- 7. Exercise of piety.....
- 8. Works of charity.....
- 9. Mortifications.....
- 10. Sufferings.....
- 11. Afflictions;.....
- 12. Labors.....

Total.....

REVERSE.

SECOND SORROWFUL MYSTERY.

[Cut representing the scourging of Christ.]

THE SCOURGING AT THE PILLAR.

Fruit of Mystery—Mortification of the Senses.

Meditate on this mystery while reciting the decade, and at the end say:

Lord Jesus, grant the protection of Thy divine Heart to our Holy Father, the Pope.

Protectors: The Choir of Powers.

St. James the Less, Apostle.

"Our Father," Ten "Hail Marys," &c.

With the Approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding.

Murphy & Co., Publishers, Baltimore.

CIRCULAR.

We call especial attention of the Masonic Lodges in Kentucky to the following Circular of the Committee of Widows' and Orphans' Home, and hope the several Lodges will respond to the same forthwith:

To the Worshipful Master, Wardens and Brethren of the Subordinate Lodges in Kentucky:

In consequence of the delay on the part of the Lodges in appointing the District Advisory Committees, as heretofore requested, applications for

admission into the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home are coming in slowly.

The Home being now open and fully ready for the reception of the indigent widows and orphans of the Order, the Board of Directors have instructed the undersigned, their Committee on Reception and Discharge, to notify the Lodges of the State that applications for admission to the Home will, for the present, be received directly from the Lodges. It is hoped by the Board that all proper applications may be promptly received and cared for.

Will your Lodge please inform us, without delay, as to how many widows and orphans you have under your charge, that you would like us to receive at the Home, being careful in all cases to give particulars as to name, age, etc., as also the nature of their claims upon the Order.

Upon receipt of this information our Board will, with as little delay as possible, inform you whether all those for whom you apply can be received.

Fraternally yours,
CHAS. TILDEN,
JOHN L. WHEAT,
C. HENRY FINCK,
Committee.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 15, 1871.

ANNUAL CONCLAVE OF LOUISVILLE COMMANDERY, NO. 1.—PRESENTATION AND SPEECHES.

At the Annual Conclave of Louisville Commandery, No. 1, Knights Templar, held at their Asylum, Masonic Temple, on Tuesday evening, the 25th July, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

- Sir H. H. Neal, Commander.
- Sir H. C. Courtney, Generalissimo.
- Sir Charles F. Billingsly, Captain General.
- Sir Robert A. Bell, Prelate.
- Sir J. Moss Terry, Senior Warden.
- Sir H. S. Barkhardt, Junior Warden.
- Sir George W. Wicks, Treasurer.
- Sir W. Henry Perrin, Recorder.
- Sir S. W. Cloyd, Standard Bearer.
- Sir E. K. Miller, Sword Bearer.
- Sir Charles H. Munger, Warder.
- Sir R. C. Matthews, Captain of Guard.

After the regular business of the evening had been disposed of, an interesting little affair took place, which left a pleasant impression upon all present. A magnificent Past Grand Commander's Jewel was presented to R. E. Sir Chas. R. Woodruff, Past Grand Commander of Kentucky. The Jewel, which was gotten up in the establishment of Messrs. Cook & Sloss, was of solid gold, and the designs a beautiful Templar Cross within a wreath. Upon the other surface was handsomely set a passion cross surmounted by a crown, and the whole linked to the cross-plate and pin. Sir Knight Perrin, on behalf of the Commandery, made the presentation as follows:

Eminent Commander: Before closing this Commandery I have a matter I wish to bring before it. As the hour is late I will be as brief as possible. Had I known this—that this duty would devolve upon me—I should have prepared a speech for the occasion. All who know me are well aware of the fact that speech-making is not my forte; hence must not expect anything very brilliant or they may be disappointed. Sir, to a valiant Knight, to whose energy and industry this Commandery is in a measure indebted for what it now is, and whose influence will be felt in it long after his "year of penance is ended," we, the members of Louisville Commandery, No. 1, desire to offer a slight testimonial of regard and esteem. I hold in my hand, sir, the jewel of a Past Grand Commander, and know of no better way of coming to the point than by reading the inscription upon it: "Testimonial from Louisville Commandery, No. 1, K. T., to R. E. Sir Charles R. Woodruff, Past Grand Commander of Kentucky." Right Eminent Sir (to Sir Knight Woodruff), accept it as a token of the esteem in which you are held by the members of this Commandery, and may the crown emblazoned upon its surface be but typical of the

crown of righteousness promised to all the finally faithful when "life's fitful dream is o'er."

The following was the response of Sir Knight Woodruff:

Eminent Commander and Sir Knights: I must confess myself overwhelmed with surprise at this renewed manifestation of fraternal regard. While I cannot deny that for number of years I have earnestly striven for the success of our glorious Order, and have devoted my energies to the best interests of the same, I do not realize that my services have exceeded those of others who have been equally zealous and faithful. However, my dear Sir Knights, I must sincerely thank you from my heart for this beautiful and elegant testimonial, and gratefully acknowledge it in that same spirit of brotherly love which prompted the generous gift. Again, Sir Knights, I thank you.

IN ROME.—Rome the capital of Italy! Rome the seat of a Masonic Grand Lodge! Such are the events of the day, and they may well arrest the attention of Europe—and especially of the Craft—even in this age of startling changes.—Not a twelvemonth has elapsed since the dogma of Papal infallibility was launched from the Vatican; and now we find the champions of reason installed under the shadow of St. Peter's dome. But a few years ago, by a solemn curse, which ought to have swept Freemasonry away for ever, every member of the Brotherhood was consigned to perdition. And now the Grand Master of Italy dates his decrees from the city of the Caesars, in sublime forgetfulness of the ill-advised and impotent malediction.

Truly, Time has reversed the verdict of the past, and many bitter memories of grief, of pain, and persecution are blotted out in the radiant hopes of the present. It is simply a matter of history that ever since the promulgation of the bull of Pope Clement XII, in 1738, against the Masonic Society, the Court of Rome has denounced the Fraternity in every land to which its influence extended, or where its voice could be heard; and not content with denunciation and proscription, there are well-authenticated instances that it has often, by means of the detestable tribunals of the Inquisition, satiated its vengeance in the blood of Masonic victims. If the prison walls of the Castle of St. Angelo could speak, many a hideous tale would be told, and many a scene of horror revealed. But the day of light has more than dawned, and the sun of Freedom and Fraternity rides high over the walls of the Eternal City.—*London Freemason.*

SELECTING MEMBERS.—We have heard Masons say they could not sit in the Lodge if such an individual was admitted. If asked why not, what indication of moral obliquity they have discovered, what disqualification they have unearthed? the answer has been that he was repugnant to them—that they did not believe he would make a good Mason. When further pressed for the particular act or principle that ought to keep him out of the Lodge, too frequently it has appeared to be a personal dislike without foundation.

It was a good rule which an old, zealous, and exemplary Mason adopted, and on which he practiced during a long life devoted to the Craft: "If I cannot by a fair statement of my objections to a candidate, make any other brother believe that he ought to be rejected, I will never cast a black ball against him; for I should be convinced that if I had good reasons for rejecting him, I could show it so clearly that others would see it, and failing to do so, I conclude that it is my prejudices, and not my judgment, that sways me against him." And we have known that man to vote for a candidate with whom he had a personal difficulty.—"That difficulty did not involve any laxity of principle, or immoral act, and he may have been as conscientious as myself; and hence I have no right to close the door against him," he said to us at one time when he had thus voted for a person with whom he was at variance. The policy of such a course of conduct may be indicated by the fact that when the candidate becomes a Mason, he also becomes a warm friend of the man who would not vote against his admission, though he was an enemy.—*Masonic Mirror.*

Sheet music—The cry of children in bed.

[From the latest English Translation.
A CHORUS FROM FAUST.

THE GARDEN SCENE, ACT I.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

When around the green-girt meadow
Balm the tepid winds exhale,
Then in fragrance and in shadow
Twilight spreads her misty veil:
Whispers peace in accents cheery,
Rocks the heart in childhood's play,
And upon these eyelids weary
Shuts the golden gates of Day.

Now the Night already darkles,
Holy star succeeds to star;
Dazzling lights and fainter sparkles
Glimmer near and gleam afar:
Glimmer here; the lake reflecting,
Gleam in cloudless dark above;
While, the bliss of rest protecting,
Reigns in pomp the perfect moon.

Now the Hours are canceled for thee.
Pain and bliss have fled away:
Thou art whole: let faith restore thee;
Trust the new, the rising Day!
Vales grow green, and hills are lifting
Through the shadow-rest of morn;
And in waves of silver drifting
On to harvest, rolls the corn.

Wouldst thou win desires unbounded,
Yonder see thy glory burn!
Lightly is thy life surrounded—
Sleep's a shell, to break and burn!
When the crowd sways, unbelieving,
Show the daring will that warms!
He is crowned with all achieving,
Who perceives and then performs.

Spice Island.

John Wesley said: "I dare no more fret than curse and swear."

Youthful rashness skips like a hair over the meshes of good counsel.—*Shakespeare.*

Coleridge said that the atrocities of the French revolution were fit to make a "holiday in hell."

Adam Smith was right when he said, "I believe the chief part of human happiness arises from the consciousness of being beloved."

Southey said that a man's character may be judged of even more surely by the letters which his friends addressed to him, than by those which he wrote himself.

Don't shiver for last year's snow," a saying of Archbishop Whatley's, is peculiarly applicable to those who make themselves miserable over troubles that are past.

Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly, for this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and are not born to the morrow.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Dean Stanley well defines orthodoxy: "It is a term which implies, to a certain extent, narrowness, fixedness, perhaps even hardness of intellect, and deadness of feeling; at times rancorous animosity."

Men who, to support a creed, would shake our trust in the calm, deliberate and distinct decisions of our rational and moral powers, endanger

religion more than its open foes, and forge the deadliest weapon for the infidel.—*Channing.*

Hooker used to say, "If I had no other motive for being religious, I would most earnestly strive to be so for the sake of my mother, that I might requite her care of me, and cause her widow's heart to sing for joy."

Charles Lamb's reverie during an attack of spring fever: "Hang work! I wish all the year were a holiday; I am sure that indolence is the true state of man, and business the invention of the old teaser, whose interference doomed Adam to an apron and set him hoeing."

Some one has beautifully said that "an interrogation point symbolizes the life of childhood. 'Why?' and 'What?' are the keys with which it unlocks the treasury of the world." If this be so, how careful should parents be in making sure that their lives, as well as their words, give back right answers.—*Advance.*

Masonry teaches us to practice charity; protect chastity; respect the ties of blood and friendship; face the proud in defence of the humble; kindly assist the feeble; guide the blind; feed the hungry; clothe the naked; raise up the down trodden; be a father to the orphan; guard the altar; protect the government; love man; adore God.—*Holloway.*

This is Celia Burleigh's idea of womanhood demanded by the present age: All the best attributes of humanity—tenderness without weakness, trust without credulity, modesty without prudery, dignity without haughtiness, self-respect without conceit, confidence without boldness, courage without coarseness, goodness without pietism, and reverent worship without superstition.

Just as the eye seeks to refresh itself by resting on neutral tints after looking at brilliant colors, the mind turns from the glare of intellectual brilliancy to the solace of gentle dullness, the tranquilizing green of the sweet human qualities, which do not make us shade our eyes like the spangles of conversational gymnasts and figurantes.—*O. W. Holmes.*

It is essential to our growth, as individuals and as society, that we should not have certainty—that faith should be elective, and not the inevitable result of evidence acting with mechanical compulsion on the mind. It is the liability to error, and the experience of error that makes us human, that furnish to human nature the topics of discipline, and the means of growth.—*Hedge.*

"What the thing is," said Mr. Froude, "which we call ourselves we know not. It may be true—I for one care not if it be—that the descent of our mortal bodies may be traced through an ascending series to some glutinous jelly formed on the rocks of the primeval ocean. It is nothing to me how the Maker of me has been pleased to construct the organized substance which I call my body. It is mine, but it is not me. The intellectual spirit, being an essence, we believe to be an imperishable something which has been engendered in us from another source."

Be always kind and true, spurn every sort of affection or disguise. Have the courage to confess your ignorance and awkwardness. Confide your faults and follies to but few.

BROTHERLY LOVE, AN IDEAL OF FREEMASONRY.

Every institution of man must have an ideal in order to give it direction and power. The question is naturally propounded by the world. What are the ideals of Freemasonry? While we hold that every individual has a right to follow out his own ideals of life as seemeth to him best, most convenient, and most agreeable, yet the public have a right to know the general aim and intent of organizations of men, whether they be good or bad. In reply to that inquiry, we say emphatically that Freemasonry has its ideals, all of them beautiful, pure and true, and that brotherly love stands in the most prominent niche of her mystical temple.

Love between man and man is with her an incarnated principle—it is the embodiment of her life and gives tone to the active principle of her entire system. Freemasonry rests upon the grand, bottomless and boundless foundation of universal brotherhood. It recognizes the self-existent fact that there is a bond of unity permeating the human race, and that that bond is the strongest where intelligence and cultivation has the fullest exercise and influence. The brotherhood of our institution is founded upon the basis of heart and brains, for without these, all fraternity must necessarily partake of the selfish and mercenary nature. It goes far beyond all fraternities or societies in the world, in this, that it expects every candidate to be willing to give all he can, even to depriving himself of comforts for other's wants, and that he shall never expect to receive or ask anything for himself. We know of no other institution formed upon such a broad basis of charity, either civil, religious or political. Taking this as a basis, it is easily comprehended how such men should be at least friends, if not brothers. But the result has proven that when Masons meet each other away from home, there at once arises a community of sentiment and exchange of heart-feelings. If two men who are beneficiaries of the same institution, say a life insurance company, or of any other sort, they naturally meet each other with indifference or rivalry, but where both are contributors to the common cause of humanity and both are educated on the same broad basis of philosophy, they meet with the magnetism of mutual respect and esteem. They know that they are placed above the common level of dependency and that they are or should be, gentlemen, meeting upon a perfect equality, although they may move in different spheres of life. There is a heart love inspired and warmed by the baptismal fire of heaven, which speaks through the eye and magnetizes the hand in its introductory grip, worth more than all the words or tokens ever invented. The patent right for that grip is held by God Almighty alone, and is only given to those who first sought the truth in their hearts. A mean and contemptible man can never look an honest one full in the face, especially if he has wronged him; nor can the culprit take his benefactor by the hand with that full, warm and earnest grip which belongs to the true man and Mason; hence Freemasonry has brotherly love for an ideal; a love which bespeaks honesty, truth and fraternity. Charitable donations are a part of the daily routine of Masonic duties, but if that were all, the institution would be no more than the thousand and one others of a similar character, but its principles of friendship, fellowship, kindness, mutual affection, forbearance and forgiveness, rises above all this and incarnates the institution with the sacred character of "Brotherhood."

It is well that the world should understand this ideal of masonry, for we fear that too many candidates come to our doors with the idea that charitable donations constitute our great aim and purpose. Mercenary calculations based upon personal advantages look out from the eyes of too many of them. It is a glowing sight to see a full-hearted, disinterested, generous, and magnanimous man come to the Masonic door, and when admitted, feel that we are in the presence of a being whom God has made for the high and noble purposes of our institution—one who asks nothing and expects nothing but a full fellowship and unselfish fraternity, and who shows his willingness to contribute liberally according to his means, for the benefit of those in less fortunate circumstances.

"Love" is a word that has puzzled philosophers

of all ages to fully define, and "Brotherly Love" is a term still more difficult of comprehension, because it ignores the influence of the opposite sex, (which all men acknowledge has much to do with the heart's development) but yet there is a purity of love between men as sacred and firm as ever existed between the sexes themselves—it is a love which is, however, more fully developed by the peculiar associations of mystic ceremonies, purposes and ideals, than in ordinary life, hence it has been classed as the first tenet of Freemasonry.

A New Haven paper tells a story of a young woman in Wallingford, in feeble health, who lately gave a mortgage on death to a young doctor of the Elm city, her husband endorsing the note—or, in other words, for certain dollars duly paid by the physician, she agreed to give up her body at death to his dissecting knife. The doctor expected to foreclose early, but after the transaction the woman began to recover, and the doctor refused a second advance demanded by the husband of the feeble fair, which, we are told, "called forth from the heart-broken husband an indignant and awful protest." The woman is now well, and the doctor has an idea that he has been swindled, but hopes to live long enough to get his money out of her pelt or bones.

ARE YOU A MASON?

BY JAS. L. ENOS.

This question, so often asked and answered, is of more than ritualistic importance. In it are involved the structure and purpose of our institution, and from those who give the affirmative answer, the world forms its opinions as to the efficacy of the institution in making men wiser, better and happier.

To be a Mason is to be a good man. Nor is this all, the doctrines of Masonry require something more than goodness as understood in its popular signification. It demands intelligence, progress, love.

A knowledge of the science is earnestly recommended, as well as of the origin and use of the various Masonic symbolism. Can a brother who persistently neglects all these manifest requirements truly say, I am a Mason? It is true many Lodges are devoting much time to perfect their members in the work and lectures, and when they have accomplished what they desire in this department they seek to be recognized as bright Masons.

If to repeat words and sentences, as a parrot might be taught to repeat them, constitute what is to be understood by a bright Mason, then it is but the work of a few days to become so; but if to this we add a requirement to unveil the meaning of all this—it becomes the work of years.

In support of the belief sometimes expressed, that Masons generally do not investigate the philosophy and hidden beauty of the institution, I have tested the justness of the opinion by a few of the veriest elementary questions like the following:

What made your Lodge just? What is the Great Lesson taught in the First Degree? What in the Second and Third? &c., and I have found a very small number indeed who could give me any answer whatever. Again, what are Master's wages? and as before, few answer, or do so wildly.

The spirit of charity has been nourished as about all the Masonic work required. This is important, but by no means all. Have we nothing to do in arousing the world to a true mental development? Can we do nothing to bring our own members up to a higher appreciation of an elevating and ennobling literature—to stimulate self-culture—to bring up and systemize a liberal policy of training beyond the mere floor work and esoteric lectures of the Lodge? In this way Masonry can be made to occupy a much more dignified position, and command from the outside world, as well as from its members, the eminence its merits entitle it to occupy.

It is asked why so little intellectual growth results from Masonic teachings? I answer, because so many are satisfied in possessing the rough ashlar, without taking pains to find the concealed jewel—the spirit is lost in the form. Being able to prove to others that he has passed over the checkered pavement—through the Middle Cham-

ber, and been raised to a view of the U. S. S., he rests satisfied. How can we wonder that such a Mason reflects no credit on the Order?

Freemasonry is planted in Charity, and watered by a noble sympathy in the wants and desires of those around us. It also teaches us that all scientific investigations are within the Mason's legitimate province for examination. It is a high code of morals, and encourages the most thorough intellectual research. Through nature's work it adorningly points to nature's God.

It stamps the seal of prohibition on vice, and encourages a true manly virtue. Its spirit travels the whole globe wherever intellect searches for the secret of nature. It goes hand in hand with the searchers in the quarries, and speaks the language of the rocks; it demonstrates the infinitude of space with the Astronomer, and whispers of the Lord's universal goodness through the modest lily. The antiquarian, the historian, and the philosopher, all acknowledge its influence. From the burning tropics to the high raised mountains of eternal ice and snow, the monuments of Masonry have been reared, and its banner have fluttered to the wind.

It recognizes a ladder reaching from the earth to the heavens, on which its votaries may ascend by regular steps of increasing wisdom, even to the entrance of that House not made with hands. If true Masonic charity is broad, it is not more so than her intelligence is expansive.

Masons then should be true to the trust reposed in them. Sustain by liberal subscriptions Masonic publications—be social one with another—encourage literary and scientific lectures in the name of Masonry, and thus give to the institution we claim to revere the rights belonging to it.

If it requires this to be a Mason, then may we not hesitate to answer the question, "Are you a Mason?" Yet, we need not hesitate. If we will but do our duty, we may answer, and find our manhood elevated, when we can say in honesty of heart—"I AM."—*Voice of Masonry.*

"RUSTY" MASONS.—How many who take up this Journal that will not apply the caption of this article to themselves. It is a fact, and we sincerely regret that it is so, that not three in every ten members admitted to all of the benefits and privileges of a Master Mason can work themselves successfully through the first three degrees. One great fault has been the haste manifested by some, if not nearly all, of the Lodges in the State to advance candidates before they are even familiar, not to say proficient, with the work in either of the E. A. or F. C. degrees. Let Masters of Lodges require candidates to be more acquainted with the work in these degrees, and the fraternity and Lodges will be the gainers thereby. How often do we hear members say that they are so "rusty" that they could not pass an ordinary examination. Let us have more study, more thorough appreciation of the work; and where chairs are to be filled there will be a much larger and better class to select from than has been the custom for the past ten or twelve years. Make every Master Mason perfect in his work, and there will be less hasty action on matters that demand more than a passing thought.

A SAD BUT BEAUTIFUL SCENE.—At the funeral of a brother at the West, a delegation of ladies from the order of the Eastern Star were present, each bearing a bouquet of choice flowers. The grave was completely covered with these beautiful gems of earth's purity; and it was not alone to the dead their tribute was paid, for these loving sisters gathered around the weeping widow, and consoled her grief, and wiped the tears from her eyes, and instilled hope into her heart until she looked beyond the river, and saw the glory of the farther shore. Here was one of the fruits of the Order which is the handmaid of Masonry, and which deserves our encouragement. The ties that bind society together are few and weak, and easily broken. If those ties can be strengthened and multiplied, and made more and more close, who is there that can say nay?

Some men will pump you to any extent if you will only give them a handle.

The "Pacific mails"—Quiet husbands.

THE INVOLUNTARY SAM. PATCH.

It happened one day that a discussion arose in the natural philosophy class of Williams College, Berkshire, Massachusetts, on the question, "Why is it that, of the various victims carried over Niagara Falls, no trace of the bodies have ever been found, either in Niagara River or Lake Ontario?"

One student suggested that the fall itself was sufficient to dash to atoms any body whatever; another thought that the weight of water could not but keep the body effectually down in crannies of the abyss below the precipice; and the idea of a third was, that the numerous fishes tenanted the deep pool, when favored with a stray corpse now and then, would leave slender chance for "contingent remainders."

The genial professor, after hearing the various theories of his young philosophers, said that he would not advance one of his own, but that, in humble imitation of a greater man, he would tell them a "little story," which might possibly throw a ray of light upon the subject:

"In my early days," he continued, "I was one of the teachers in an academy of Berkshire. A pleasant stream flowed past the village, and, on Saturday afternoons, it was an agreeable recreation to walk along its banks for a few miles, until I could see its head-waters issue from the side of a steep hill which bounded the prospect.—Crossing the stream, by a bridge opposite the school-house, I wandered one hot July afternoon up the left bank for nearly two miles, where it takes a sudden turn, bringing the wayfarer by its circuitous windings within easy reach of my starting point.

"Feeling tired, and the stream being here very narrow, I resolved to ford it and save my distance. There is a waterfall at this spot, and below it a broad expanse of water, clear and shallow, except immediately underneath the shoot, where the depth is about twelve or fourteen feet.—Marching up the bank about two rods, I divested myself of shoes and stockings, which I took in my hand and prepared to cross. Four steps would land me on the other side. The run was scarcely a foot deep, and a slippery green moss, somewhat smothered by the current, lined its bed invitingly. I threw out a good stout leg, and planted one foot on the silky verdure.

"Did I say planted? I received instanter a lesson in dynamics on which I had not calculated, and which may save the dignity and the equilibrium of future topographical engineers.

"In the twinkling of an eye the force of the current had swept me off, and I was whirled down, helpless as an infant, to the falls below. Even in the moment of toppling, I kept perfectly cool, and never during the accident lost my presence of mind. Fear I had none. I was a powerful swimmer; there were no rocks, as I well knew, and, before I reached the verge so rapid are the operations of the mind, my course was clearly marked out. As soon as I plumped into the pool, I would float to the surface, make for the shore, have a hearty laugh at my mishap, and enliven my fellow-teachers with a gay recital of it on my return.

"Over I went very comfortably; and, that I reached the pebbly bottom, you may pretty safely assume.

"But to my exceeding surprise, I found that floating up, though I was several yards out of the torrent's reach, was quite another affair. I abandoned my stockings and shoes, to which I had clung in my headlong descent, and struck out with might and main, but to no purpose—I could not rise! I knew that I was sound in wind and limb, and felt no superincumbent weight pressing me down. I struck out and kicked vigorously in the approved way, but no sooner did I progress three or four inches upward, than a sort of magnetic attraction, gentle but irresistible, drew my toes down to their old resting place.

"It was an incomprehensible 'fix.' I redoubled my efforts, and again, and again, with a similar result. The case was becoming desperate. Was I really doomed to die in this wretched hole, about as pitiful a finale for a sophomore as Clarence's in the malmsey-butt? Ophelia's slip, Sheller's diver in the 'innermost main,' and Sam. Patch's unlucky jump, all crowded upon my imagination, now preternally alert. I would have sighed, but for lack of oxygen, that no friends

were to stand sorrowing around my dying bed, stepping with decorous woe behind my remains, and shedding tears by wholesale.

"Worst of all, I fancied my chum's unsophisticated lament in the rear of my hearse:

"Ah, poor Sam! our best swimmer, to be drowned at last like a blind puppy!"

"Visions, moreover, of muskrats gnawing my flesh, and ravenous pikes darting their long noses into the sockets of my eyes, certainly did not tend to raise my spirits.

"By this time I was nearly paralyzed through sheer exhaustion, and felt but too surely that endurance had reached its limit. One more terrible struggle, and alas! my plight was worse than ever. Noises as of a thousand cannon were ringing in my ears, and I fancied that blood was beginning to start from my mouth and nostrils.—Will you believe me when I say that I was literally in a cold sweat?

"At this crisis, when I had made up my mind for the worst, it occurred to me that, if I could not rise, I might be able to walk or creep below water, and thus manage to reach the brink, which was at no great distance. It was a heaven-sent inspiration, and acted on without an instant's delay. I found to my joy that there was no hindrance whatever to this mode of progression, and, crawling along the bottom like a crab, in less than twenty seconds my dripping head emerged from the treacherous bath, and I was once more respiring the warm summer air. I was saved!

"Throwing myself on the grass with unutterable thankfulness, I rested for a few minutes, and then deliberately waded in again to recover the shoes and stockings I had left behind, which was easily accomplished; so you see my friends that, with perseverance, 'some things may be done as well as others!'

"Now gentlemen, why was it that I could not rise or swim in that water?

"The dashing of the torrent had raised so many foam-bells, and so infiltrated a denser element with air, that the specific gravity of the water was totally changed, and I might as soon have attempted to float on oil or champagne as on that sparkling current.

"The strongest fish that ever swam the ocean would be powerless to rise from the abyss of the Niagara!"

IS THE BRAIN THE ORIGIN OF THOUGHT?

This is a most interesting question, well worthy the study of the psychologist. There is, indeed, much to prove that it is the origin of the mind, or as some psychologists put it, the brain secretes thought somewhat in the same manner as any gland in the body performs its functions of secretion, regarding the grey cells of the brain in the light of secreting gland cells, their functions being to secrete thought. But here a difficulty at once presents itself, namely: whence do they gather or from what elements do they eliminate the constituents of thought, so as to produce mind or intellect? For if the analogy hold good, there must be some element from which these cells gather the constituents of thought. We know, says the London Medical Press and Circular, the kidneys eliminate urea from the blood, and the liver bile; the salivary glands their peculiar secretion, and so of all the glands of the body.—But we see that these several secretions and excretions pre-existed in the living blood; it may be in a different form, but nevertheless, their constituents were there, and were only brought together and eliminated thence by these glands.—So, when we say the liver forms bile, the kidneys, urea, etc., we do not mean that they eliminate them from the blood. So, following out the analogy that the brain cells secrete thought, we again put the question: "Whence do they gather the elements of that thought?" Some will at once reply, from the immaterial principle of the mind. This brings us to what we believe is the generally received opinion, namely: that mind is an immaterial principle; but if it be an immaterial principle, how is it that you cannot destroy the brain without destroying the intellect as well? Thus, in apoplexy, or any case where there is an effusion of blood, or other fluid, to any great extent, the individual becomes unconscious. You may object that this is owing to the shock to the animal life, and not specially referable to the brain. Well, we

have stronger proofs. Look at a man intoxicated with alcohol. The first effects are to quicken the imagination, and induce a freer flow of thought. As the man takes more he becomes dull and heavy, and if he takes more still, he becomes entirely unconscious. He appears to have lost all power of thought and intellect. Does this not show that the alcohol acting on the material brain affects the mind—in the end seeming to destroy it? And that it is the alcohol acting on the brain is proved beyond a doubt, by examining the brain of those poisoned with whisky and brandy, or in the experiments performed on dogs by giving them a couple of drachms of pure alcohol, which kills them instantaneously, and immediately opening the head and examining the brain. The pure alcohol can be distilled therefrom, showing what an affinity it has for the brain, and how quickly it is absorbed by the stomach. We have a still stronger proof of the brain being the originator of thought, in the pathological condition of softening of that organ, and which, at the same time, also proves the exact part of the brain which is the seat of intellect, confirming other proofs deduced from experiments made on animals, birds, and reptiles, which it would be quite superfluous to go into.

From these experiments it is clearly shown that the cortical or grey structure of the outside of the brain is the seat of thought. We say, is "the seat of thought," assuming the brain to be so for the present. Well, now pursuing this thread of the subject, we find where softening commences in the central white substance of the cerebrum that the intellect is in no way disturbed at first; but we may have, and if the disease progresses to any considerable extent, will have, paralysis—hemiplegia most likely. If the softening proceed downward, and attack the cerebellum and medulla oblongata, the patient may die without his intellect being at all affected; but if the disease proceed upward, and extend to the cortical or grey structure, the intellect becomes very soon engaged. On the other hand, if the disease commence in the cortical portion, the intellect becomes affected at once, prior to any symptoms of paralysis.

If the mind be an immaterial principle, then we may look upon the brain as the medium or instrument through which it is rendered manifest to the external world. This is the view Watson and many others take of it. People also generally regard the mind and soul as identical. If they were, then of course that would settle the question as the brain being the origin of mind. It could not be, for then it must be the origin of the soul. But that is impossible, as the brain is destroyed at death, but the soul lives on forever. That which is mortal could not be the origin of that which is immortal.—*Scientific American.*

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.—The Coming Woman for May has just greeted us in our sanctum. The editor Mrs. M. E. DeGeer, gives an account of having been robbed at one time, on the cars and finding Masons and Odd Fellows who assisted her. In behalf of manhood outside these Orders (although we believe there is a great deal inside) let us present a case. A lady had been spending her vacation at the coast. On returning to her home in the West, she found herself on a train out of money. What should she do? she could stop off and send a dispatch home, but school would begin before she would arrive—what would her classes think? She never thought that she could claim protection from the "ancient and sublime" Order, and had a good Masons diploma in her pocket. None of these things occurred to her, neither did Rebecca, even come to her mind. The Conductor approached, she trembled a very little perhaps but said in a womanly voice, "Sir, I am on this train without money, my home is in ——. I desire to reach it in such a time. Now I will give you a ring worth \$15, my watch and chain \$150, or the honor of a lady." The Conductor smiled and said, "I'll accept the honor of a lady." When the train stopped at — where the lady resided, she stepped into the depot procured the necessary amount, handed it to the Conductor with the thanks of a lady, and it would be difficult to tell which were the happiest of the two, the giver or the receiver—the trusting or trusted. It always does us good to take stock in the race. We don't know to this day whether that Conductor was a Mason or no, but he's a man for a' that.

REST.

There comes a time in a man's life when he looks out for pauses and periods of rest. There is a time when a man is overflowing with energy. He both finds work and makes work. He cuts down trees in the forest of difficulty. He fights with wind-mills. He sketches out a programme which it would take several lifetimes to encompass. He puts no limits to his energies or his range of possibilities. By-and-by a man finds that his sphere is strictly limited and defined. He seeks to cartail rather than extend his engagements. He no longer thinks that he can know everybody and go everywhere, but recognizes that in fact he can, comparatively, only know few persons and go to a few places. He understands small economies of time and circumstances. He appreciates the *laissez faire*. He has a growing opinion in favor of holidays. Instead of being always busy, he appreciates pauses from business. He studies to be quiet. He begins to think that speech is silver and silence is golden. He appreciates rest.

He appreciates rest if it is only for the sake of work according to the laws of action and reaction. Hence, if you can economise seasons of rest you really secure opportunities of work. In New York every man seems in a hurry, and every man has his programme too full. You note the New Yorker's short, quick and somewhat impatient walk. If he goes out to dinner he has been working up to the last minute; at a place of amusement he is too thoroughly tired to enjoy himself; even on a holiday he is busy with his schemes of work. A man can do no justice to dinner, holiday, or concert when his most pressing need is that he should lie upon a sofa or go to bed. Hence comes nervousness, indigestion, bad nights, fatty degeneration, and all kinds of horrors. It is here that the smokers have a great pull over the non-smoking part of the community. They understand how to take things quietly. They may like the aroma of the weed, but the indirect result is chiefly valuable to them.

The taste for rest grows with our growth in wisdom. A child can not understand it. When a child is told that his father or mother wants to be quiet, the sentence is a wonderment to him. The taste for quiet and thoughtfulness ought to be developed as much as any other taste. Rest is an investment for action. All mere friction, friction and nothing more, is waste and loss. The wasted sparkle and glitter might have been consolidated into the diamond. There is a balance and equipoise in nature, and any caloric that is uselessly given off is a deduction from the sum of vital heat. If you watch agricultural life, you may see, on a large scale, how rest effects labor. In the winter the laborer's day is very short. He gets up at a very late hour, and goes to bed at an extraordinary early hour. His object is to economise light and fuel. He often takes in winter nearly twice as much sleep as he takes in summer. In summer, he will get up at four in the morning, and work at night while the latest gleam of sunset lasts. It would be utterly impossible for a laborer to do his summer work unless he had stored up force during his winter rest. In the old days when warfare was chronic, winter quarters were necessary to the summer campaign. In rest you recuperate from fatigue, and you also store up forces for action. The prophet is sent into the wilderness before he begins his mission amid cities. In the lives of various great men, you will find periods in which they seemed condemned to inactivity. But they were merely enchanted for a spring.

There are all kinds of ways for economizing rest. And just in proportion as a man realizes the preciousness of effort and of work, as she would desire not to lead a feeble life of intellectual aims, so far will he be jealous of useless effort, and desire to spare himself all friction and controversy. Life is too short for quarrelling, and for a lot of other things as well. As far as possible let there be no waste in life, as there is none in nature.

"Freemasonry is an establishment founded on the benevolent intention of extending and conferring mutual happiness upon the best and truest principles of moral life and social virtue."—*Calcott.*

THE BUTTERFLY.

BY ANNA WILMOT.

It came floating along like a blossom moved by a gentle breeze.

Lilian held up her hand, and the lovely creature came down upon it softly, fanning its yellow wings with a slow and easy motion. Then it drew its wings together and was still, resting as fearlessly as if the fair hand of Lilian had been a flower.

For a little while Lilian stood motionless, looking at the delicate insect so beautifully and so wonderfully made.

"There! it is gone!" she said, taking a deep breath as the butterfly went floating off on the air. "I wouldn't have hurt it for the world."

"Nor I," said Netty, who was standing by her side. "Wasn't it lovely? And just to think that it came out of an ugly worm that was crawling over and eating up the leaves in our garden only a few days ago!"

"One can hardly believe that," answered Lilian. "And yet it is true. Don't you remember the black, horny worm we put in a box and the butterfly we found in its place a few days afterward?"

"Oh yes! It seemed so wonderful. And when we opened the box it flew away out through the window."

"Mother told us," said Netty, "that while we live in this world our souls are like the butterflies imprisoned in worms, which at death unfold their wings and rise into heaven."

Lilian looked down at her fair hand and then into her sister's lovely face. Netty knew what she was thinking.

"God has made for our souls beautiful earthly bodies," she added, "but mother says that our new bodies, when we go up into heaven, will far exceed these in beauty as the butterfly exceeds the worm."

"Then I won't be afraid of dying," answered Lilian.

They were walking near the house, and their mother heard what Lilian said.

She spoke to them in her gentle, serious way: "To die, my children, is only going to sleep in this world and waking up in the next. The soul, like an imprisoned butterfly, as I have many times said to you, will rise out of this poor earthly body beautiful as an angel. No, darlings, you need not be afraid of dying. All you have to fear is doing wrong. Be pure and good in all your thoughts and actions, and death will come to you, when it does come, as a sweet sleep, from which the waking will be in heaven."

A CURIOUS CASE.—AN INDIANAPOLIS WOMAN TAKES DEGREES IN MASONRY AND ODD FELLOWSHIP.—A special correspondent writing to the Cincinnati Commercial from Indianapolis, gives the following:

An old man, sixty-five years of age, named George Staats, who was the janitor of Odd Fellows' Hall, and has had charge of the private books and works, as well as keys, for some time past, has been under the domination of a woman named Pillborn, who acquired a fearful influence over him, and prevailed upon him to let her witness three initiations in Odd Fellowship while she was concealed from view. There is a room adjoining the main hall of the Odd Fellows' building designed for the reception of an organ, pending which it was curtained, having been in this condition for some time. Entrance to this room can only be obtained from the outside, and thence Mrs. P. was admitted by the janitor upon several different nights, and witnessed three, if not five, initiations.

She was supplied with the private books and work of the Order, keys to the rooms, and one of the stools of the Encampment. These articles were taken from her a few days since by the Chief of Police. It is said the janitor instructed the woman in three degrees of Masonry. She makes her boast that she is an Odd Fellow and a Freemason, and has given evidence that she knows more than she ought to about Odd Fellowship.

Now for the reason for her seeking that which heretofore to women has been a sealed book. For some time past the janitor has paid \$12 per month for the rent of the woman's house. She wanted more money, and demanded one thousand dollars.

This was refused, when she asked for five hundred dollars and a mortgage on one of the janitor's houses. This was also refused, when she told what she had seen and heard.

The janitor was tried before a committee of Odd Fellows and expelled from the Order. He was defended by the Hon. Wm. Wallace. He is now reported as keeping closely to his house.

THE BIBLE.—The Bible is read of a Sunday in all the thirty thousand pulpits in the land. In all the temples of Christendom is its voice lifted up week by week. The sun never sets on its gleaming page. It goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king. It is woven into the literature of the scholar and colors the talk of the street. The bark of the merchant cannot sail the seas without it—no ship of war goes to the conflict, but the Bible is there. It enters men's closets, mingles in all the grief and cheerfulness of life. The affianced maiden prays God in Scripture for strength in her new duties; men are married by Scripture. The Bible attends them in their sickness, when the fever of the world is on them, the aching head finds a softer pillow if its leaves lie underneath. The mariner, escaping from shipwreck, clutches this first of his treasures and keeps it sacred to God. It goes with the peddler in his crowded pack, cheers him at eventide when he sits down dusty and fatigued, and brightens the freshness of his morning face. It blesses us when we are born, gives names to half Christendom, rejoices with us, has sympathy with our mourning, tempers our grief to finer issues. It is the better part of our sermons. It lifts man above himself; our best of uttered prayers are in its storied speech, wherewith our fathers and the patriarchs prayed. The timid man, about awakening from this dream of life, looks through the glass of Scripture, and his eyes grow bright; he does not fear to stand alone, to tread the way, unknown and distant, to take the Death Angel by the hand and bid farewell to wife, and babes and home. Men rest on this their dearest hopes.—*Theodore Parker.*

SOMETHING ABOUT THE NEGRO.—R. W. Brother F. A. Von Mensch, the able representative of the Grand Lodge of New York, near the Grand Lodge of Saxony, in the synopsis which he prepared for the latter of the doings of American Grand Lodges, quotes extensively the views expressed by the different Grand Masters of the Grand Lodges of the United States, as to the legality of the negro Masons in this country, and their admission into the Lodges of the white man, and closes with the following remarks:

With these views—as to negro Masons—on the part of the Grand Lodges quoted above, which no doubt are shared by all other Grand Lodges in the United States, the general and insuperable repugnance on the part of the white Masons of the country against the initiation of negroes, will be understood and reasonably judged. It is not with them, as it is in Germany, a merely theoretical question, which in the nature of things on this side of the Atlantic finds neither realization nor application; the notorious mental incapacity of the negro race, and to a very large extent its immense social and material inferiority, is decisive. Neither must the repugnance to meet with negroes in closed rooms be undervalued, because the physical defect of that race is offensive to one of the senses.

The Committee on Foreign Correspondence of the Grand Lodge of New York, in quoting the same, adds:

It is unnecessary to point out to which of the five senses Bro. Von Mensch alludes.

That's what's the matter, exactly. Bro. Von Mensch, who lived among us here, knew exactly what he was writing about.

A GRACEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—The Marquis of Ripon, when addressing the Grand Lodge of the Freemasons of England, in London, on the 7th ult., said he felt that the reception he had received as the representative of English Freemasons would insure for any American Masons who might visit them, a cordial and hearty greeting from the Grand Lodge of England. A vote of thanks to the Grand Lodge of District of Columbia, and the Masons of the United States generally, "for the fraternal esteem and affection they had shown to the Grand Master of England," was unanimously agreed to.

(From the Riverside Echo.)
SPRING MEDICINE.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUS HEADACHE, DEPRESSION, ETC.

Hidden away in woodland dells
 Blooms the fairest flower that grows.
 Sweet May-blossom, your pearly bells
 Are dearer far than any rose.
 Whosoever shall search for you
 Over the rocks and pastures bare,
 Under the skies grown soft and blue,
 Out in the clear and healthy air,
 Will need no drugs for an appetite,
 Nor an opiate for rest at night.

Thou of the throbbing nerve and brain,
 Shut in close and tiresome rooms,
 Trust in Nature to cure thy pain,
 Ask for balm of her early blooms.
 Bathe in the sunshine where they grow,
 Breathe their delicate perfumes in,
 Study the tinted cups that blow,
 And their beautiful color win.
 The cup of wine shall tempt in vain,
 There is better cure for a weary brain.

Tune the spirit to thrill anew
 With the melody of the woods,
 Nature's influence pure and true
 Wakes the heart to happier moods.
 Sunnier thoughts the sunshine gives,
 Doubt will die among the flowers,
 And one who well and truly lives
 Sees promise in the springtide hours.
 For every leaf and bud that springs
 Is but a type of heavenly things.

Wit and Humor.

The woman that makes a good pudding in life is better than one that maketh a tart reply.

An Irish schoolmaster recently informed his pupils that the feminine gender should be applied to all vessels and ships afloat, except mail steamers and men-of-war.

A young man, in a recitation in geography, informed the astonished teacher that "the Mammoth caravan in Kentucky is the greatest living curiosity, and has been exploded ten miles from its mouth."

John Billings says in his "Lecter:" Rats originally came from Norway, and nobody will have cared if they had staid there." A lady friend remarks that they still show their gnaw-away origin.

Mr. Collins of Hartford bought a ferocious watch-dog. Mr. Collins came home late that night. His wife says that his trousers can't be mended. The dog's skin is for sale cheap. Mr. Collins hopes to be able to sit down in a few weeks.

"I fear," said a country clergyman to his flock, "when I explained to you, in my last charity sermon, that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have misunderstood me to say 'specie,' which may account for the smallness of the collection."

A short time since a Mr. Knott was tried in an interior county of Georgia for a violation of law. The verdict of the jury was, "We find the defendant Knott guilty." The Judge was at a loss whether to sentence Knott or not to sentence. He took time to consider.

A Boston gentleman who could not waltz offered a young lady a hundred dollars if she would let him hug her as much as the man who had just waltzed with her. It was a good offer, and showed that money was no object with him, but they put him out of the house so bad that his eye was quite black.

Bonaparte once said to Madame de Condoreet, widow of the philosopher, and a noted politician of her time: "I do not like women who meddle

with politics." To which she instantly replied: "Ah, General, as long as you men take a fancy to cut off our heads now and then, we are interested in knowing why you do it."

The Examiner and Chronicle says that some preachers get into a foolish habit of interjecting a syllable now and then, not exactly necessary to the sense of the phrase to which it is tacked—as in the case of the good brother who exclaimed, in his most fervid manner, "My friends, you are standing with one foot in the grave, and the other all but-er"—the effect of which, as may be imagined, was not just what he intended.

Said our genial professor of natural history to a college class-mate: "Sometimes, when stones and trees are split open, lizards and other reptiles are found in them, with no manifest way by which they entered; it is thought, by the common people, that those animals were created where they are found; is that your opinion, Mr. X?"—"No, sir," "Why not, Mr. X?" "Because, sir, I am not one of the common people."

A city miss, newly installed as the wife of a farmer, was one day called upon by a neighbor of the same profession, who, in the absence of her husband, asked her for the loan of his plow for a short time. "I am sure you would be accommodated," was the reply, "if Mr. Stone was only at home—I do not know, though, where he keeps his plow; but," she added, evidently anxious to serve, "there is the cart in the yard; couldn't you plow with that till Mr. Stone gets back?"

That was a very happy unconscious pun which Prof. G——, of Rochester University, perpetrated in his class-room, the other day. He had been dilating to some extent on the character and career of Lylwarch Hen, the Norwegian poet, and, wishing to illustrate the author's style, he remarked: "I will read you one of his lays." A slight smile came over the face of a few students at this, which gradually spread, until the whole class was in a tumult of laughter before the Professor saw his joke.

The true shoddy wealth is that which has been acquired by dishonest practices and reckless speculations, and which, though it has transferred money from one individual to another, and generally from the honest man to the trickster, has not added a dollar to the wealth of the nation. The actors in some of these so-called "enterprises" bring to mind the anecdote of a man who professed his intention to go West and open a jeweler's shop. "What is your capital?" he was asked. "A crowbar," was his reply; "can't I open a jeweler's shop with that?" The last ten years have been fertile in examples of this bargain calling itself business.

Hawthorne, in his diary, makes record of a day wherein he resolved to speak to no human being. He went to his village postoffice, then returned, and triumphantly records the fact that he spoke to no one. Is it any wonder, that with all his genius, Hawthorne was melancholy and unhappy? How much better and wiser the opposite course. Think of the happiness you can convey to others by a kindly notice and cheerful conversation. Think how much sunshine such sociability lets back into your own soul. Who does not feel more cheerful and contented for receiving a polite bow, a genial good morning, a hearty pressure of the hand? Who does not make himself the happier by these little expressions of fellow-feeling and good will? Silence, and stiff unbending reserve are essentially selfish and even vulgar. The generous and polite have pleasant recognitions and cheerful words for all. They scatter sunbeams wherever they go. They pave the pathway of others with smiles. They make society genial, and the world delightful to those who else might find it cold, selfish, and forbidding. And what they give is but a tithe of what they receive. Be sociable then wherever you go, and let your lightest words be clothed in words that are sweet, and a spirit that is genial.

We often omit the good we might do in consequence of thinking about that which is out of our power to do.

HISTORY OF THE WAR IN EUROPE.

The recent War between Germany and France aroused so much interest on the part of our people, that it was generally supposed at the time, that the earliest and best history of that great struggle would be from the pen of an American author. The National Publishing Co., of Cincinnati, has just issued a very complete and valuable history, bearing the above title. It is from the pen of Mr. James D. McCabe, Jr., and is a handsomely bound volume of 800 octavo pages, illustrated with 150 maps, portraits, battle scenes, views of prominent localities, etc. It is written in a bold, vigorous style, and will, unquestionably take rank as the standard history of the struggle by an American writer.

Mr. McCabe has evidently studied his subject deeply, for he writes as an historian, and not as a politician, as one who places facts on record for the verdict of future ages, and not as one who seeks to win the favor of either the Germans or the French of to-day. The great charm of the work is its impartiality, its absolute fidelity to truth. His book fascinates while it instructs, for it tells in graphic and eloquent language, the most wonderful story of modern times. He traces the causes of the war from their origin down to the beginning of hostilities; sets forth the diplomatic history of the prelude to the war, with clearness; and states forcibly, and in detail the causes of the triumph of Germany and the failure of France. The narrative of the great battles which opened the campaign, and hurled the French back upon the interior of their own country; the effect of these reverses upon the French Nation; the frantic efforts to rescue the beaten army, and the terrible disaster of Sedan; the capture of the Emperor Napoleon and an entire army; the Revolution in Paris; the rise and formation of the Republic; the flight of the Empress from Paris; the siege and surrender of Strasburg and the frontier fortresses of France; the triumphal advance of the German armies to Paris; the Sieges of Metz and Paris in detail; a full diary of events in Paris during the Siege; the campaign on the Loire and in other parts of France; the peace negotiations; the surrender of Paris and the treaty; the naval history of the war; the history of the formation of the great German Empire; the proclaiming of King William Emperor, and the realization of German unity; the civil war and a second siege of Paris, with its terrible scenes of bloodshed and vandalism;—all these and other events of the war are related with a graphicness and brilliancy which render this a work of unusual value. The author goes deep into the philosophy of the war, and impresses his readers profoundly with the great lessons of the conflict.

The low price at which the book is issued, brings it within the reach of all, and no one wishing to keep abreast of the times should fail to read it. It is published in both English and German, sold by subscription only, and agents are wanted in every county.

The Hartford Courant points out some ludicrous typographical errors which occurred in a leading religious paper. Some time ago Mr. W. R. Wilkins published three sermons, and the Christian Union gave them a cordial approval.—They had in that paper the wonderful title of "God's Rescues, or the Lost Sheep, the Lost Cow, and the Lost Sow." A more compact title, says the Courant, would have been, "The Farm Yard Astray." The Union said of them that "they touch those spiritual instincts which it is the business of religion at once to evoke and to satisfy." Curious to see what "spiritual instincts" the "Lost Sow" had gone about to "evoke," and wondering if "evoke" was not a misprint for "roast," some one procured the book and found that the sermons were entitled "The Lost Sheep, The Lost Cow, and The Lost Son."

A TRUE MASON.—If Masonry is in your heart you will be a moral, temperate, and prudent man, keeping a guard over lips and actions. You will abhor profanity and intemperance, and reprove those thoughts in Masons who may be guilty of them. You will be affable and courteous, treating all good Masons as your equals, paying due respect to those in office, regarding the opinions and making allowances for the prejudices of every place you visit.

OBITUARY RECORD.

OUR LOVED ONES WHO ARE AT REST.

McKEE LODGE, NO. 144,
LONDON, Ky., August 7, 1871.

At a regular communication of McKee Lodge, No. 144, of Free and Accepted Masons, on Monday, August 7, 1871, on motion, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, In the providence of God our well beloved Brother, John V. L. McKee, one of the founders of this Lodge, and its first Master, has been removed from our midst by death, and we deeply deploring the loss of one, who was ever true and faithful to the principles of our Order; Therefore,

Resolved, That we the Brethren of McKee Lodge, do hereby express our deep and heartfelt sorrow at the mournful bereavement which has taken from us one of our noblest and best members.

Resolved, That while we mourn the loss of a worthy Brother, we deeply sympathize with the widow and children in the irreparable loss they have sustained, and devoutly pray our Heavenly Father that as His wisdom hath dealt the blow, his grace may enable them to bear it with uncomplaining submission, abating trust and inspiring hope—and bidding them remember that he died, as only the upright man can die, without a murmur, humbly leaving the feeble tenement that bound him to earth to be at rest forever.

Resolved, That we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That we will attend the funeral of our deceased Brother, this afternoon at four o'clock, and pay his remains the last sad rites of the Order.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered of record on the books of the Lodge, a copy thereof, duly certified with the seal of the Lodge attached, presented to our sister Louisa McKee, and a copy furnished the KENTUCKY FREEMASON for publication.

W. T. MORAN, W. M.

J. R. BROWN, Secretary.

GEO. W. WICKS.

N. FUREY.

Geo. W. Wicks & Co.,
Cotton & Tobacco Factors,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

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—AND—

COTTON YARNS;

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

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Gin-House Cotton Press,
102, Main Street, Louisville, Ky.

August, 1871-tf.

C. R. WOODRUFF,

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Pure Copper Distilled Whisky,

WINES AND BRANDIES,

No. 69, Sixth Street, bet. Main and Market,

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August, 1871-tf.

C. HENRY FINCK,
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XAVIER SCHIMPELER,
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C. Henry Finck & Co.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

WINES & LIQUORS,

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE OF

OLD BOURBON WHISKY.

NO. 97, WEST MARKET STREET,

North Side, bet. 3d & 4th. Louisville, Ky.

August, 1871-tf.

A LOUISVILLE INVENTION.

STOCKTON'S PATENT

SWINGING SAFE

—FOR THE—

Protection of Pantry Stores, &c., from the
Pest to all Housekeepers, ANTS.

It needs but an examination to convince the most fastidious as to its usefulness and economy, to say nothing of its power to prevent vexation in the good lady of the house.

W. A. STIVERS, Agent,
Louisville, Ky.

No. 137, West Chestnut St., bet. 4th & 5th.
August, 1871 tf.

HENRY WEHMHOFF,
HOUSE & STEAMBOAT UPHOLSTERER,
CURTAIN GOODS,
WINDOW SHADES, &C.,

No. 60, South Side Main, bet. 2d & 3d Sts.,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

August, 1871-tf.

LOUIS TRIPP,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Piano-Fortes, Cabinet Organs,

Sheet Music and Instruction Books,

BEST ITALIAN STRINGS.

And all kinds of Musical Merchandise,

Nos. 92 and 94 Jefferson Street, South Side, between Third and Fourth.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

August 1868-tf.

JOHN HOMIRE,
CIGAR MANUFACTURER,

AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Cigars, Leaf, Chewing

—AND—

Smoking Tobaccos.

—ALSO—

Meerschaum and Briar Goods, and Smokers' Articles,

No. 158, West Main Street, bet. Fourth & Fifth,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

August, 1871-tf.

TO SUBORDINATE LODGES.

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

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

Attached to these By-Laws is the Funeral Service, entire Address,
A. G. HODGES,
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

MASONIC SUPPLY STORE,

CINCINNATI, OHIO,

JOHN D. CALDWELL,

No. 10--Second Floor, Masonic Temple.

Send for Price List. All the articles of Furniture, Clothing, and Outfit, for Lodges, Chapters and Councils. Full sets of Robes, Crowns and Turbans for Chapters, from \$275 to \$500 the set. Jewels of solid silver. Also, plated Jewels, at the lowest rates to suit. Masonic Books, Blanks, Diplomas, &c. Costumes complete for Knights Templars, \$45. Seals furnished complete for all Masonic Bodies. Best of Aprons and Sashes, for Chapters and Lodges, for St. John's Day celebrations. Goods can be forwarded C. O. D.
April, 1868-ly.

BRADSHAW, VOGDES & CO.,

ARCHITECTS,

Office Corner of Main and Bullitt,

Louisville, Ky.

H. P. BRADSHAW. F. W. VOGDES. JOHN TEHAN, JR.

November, 1868-tf.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY
Life Insurance Company

LATE OF COVINGTON, KY.,

NOW OF

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Assets Jan., 1870, nearly \$500,000 00

Losses paid to date - - - 37,000 00

PRINCIPAL OFFICERS:

JOHN W. FINNELL, President.

GEORGE PHILIPS, Vice President.

CHAS. F. FECHTER, Secretary.

T. N. WISE, M. D., Medical Adviser.

The Home Office is now removed to Louisville, Ky. All communications should hereafter be addressed as follows: Mississippi Valley Life Insurance Co., Third street, one door North of Main, Louisville, Kentucky.

A. G. HODGES,

Agent for Franklin County, Frankfort, Ky.

February, 1870-tf.

P. U. MAJOR.

W. L. JETT.

MAJOR & JETT,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY,

Will practice in the Federal Courts in Kentucky, in the Court of Appeals, Franklin Circuit Court, and in all other Courts held in the county of Franklin and city of Frankfort.

Office over John M. Helm's Old Stand, Main Street.

February, 1871-tf.

BOOK AND JOB WORK!

Neatly executed at the Office of the

KENTUCKY FREEMASON

\$1,000,000!!!

By authority of a special act of the Leg. of Ky., March 13, 1871, the Trustees of the Pub. Library of Ky. will give a

GRAND GIFT CONCERT!

AT LOUISVILLE, KY., ON TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31st, 1871.

Under the direction of the best MUSICAL TALENT.

100,000 Tickets of Admission \$10.00 each in Currency; Half Tickets \$5.00; Quarter Tickets \$2.50.

Each Ticket will consist of four quarters, value: \$2.50 each. The holder is entitled to admission to the Concert and to the amount of gift awarded to it or its fraction. Tickets number from 1 to 100,000.

THE CITIZENS' BANK OF KENTUCKY IS TREASURER.

All monies arising from the sale of Tickets will be deposited with the Citizens' Bank, subject only to the order of the President and Treasurer of the Library, countersigned by the Business Manager.

During the Concert, the sum of

\$550,000 IN GREENBACKS!

Will be distributed, by lot, to the holders of tickets, in the following Gifts, viz:

ONE GRAND GIFT OF \$100,000	One Gift of.....	6,000
ONE GRAND GIFT OF 50,000	One Gift of.....	\$ 5,000
One Gift of..... \$25,000	One Gift of.....	4,000
One Gift of..... 20,000	One Gift of.....	3,000
One Gift of..... 19,000	One Gift of.....	2,000
One Gift of..... 18,000	Ten Gifts of \$1,000 each.....	10,000
One Gift of..... 17,000	Fifteen Gifts of \$900 each.....	13,500
One Gift of..... 16,000	Eighteen Gifts of \$800 each.....	14,400
One Gift of..... 15,000	Twenty Gifts of \$700 each.....	14,000
One Gift of..... 14,000	Twenty-five Gifts of \$600 each...	15,000
One Gift of..... 13,000	Thirty Gifts of \$500 each.....	15,000
One Gift of..... 12,000	Forty Gifts of \$400 each.....	16,000
One Gift of..... 11,000	Forty-five Gifts of \$300 each.....	13,500
One Gift of..... 10,000	Fifty Gifts of \$200 each.....	10,000
One Gift of..... 9,000	446 Gifts of \$100 each.....	44,600
One Gift of..... 8,000		
One Gift of..... 7,000	721 Gifts in all.....	\$550,000

After paying the expenses of the enterprise and making the distribution of the Gifts, the balance of the proceeds arising from the sale of tickets will be appropriated to the establishment of a

FREE LIBRARY IN LOUISVILLE, TO BE CALLED THE

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY.

The Concert and distribution will take place under the immediate supervision of the Trustees mentioned in the act of incorporation.

The Trustees will be assisted by well known and eminent citizens of Kentucky, who have consented to be present at the Concert and to superintend the drawing and distribution of the gifts.

The holders of tickets to which gifts are awarded will be paid on presentation of them or their fraction, at the office in Louisville, the second day after drawing and every business day for six months thereafter, and may be sent direct or through any Bank or Express Co. for collection. All orders accompanied by Drafts, Post Office Money Orders, or Greenbacks, will be promptly attended to and tickets returned by mail, registered or expressed, as desired.

Tickets are like Greenbacks—good only to the holder.

Buyers will note that there are only One Hundred Thousand Tickets, instead of Two Hundred Thousand, as in the San Francisco Gift Concert, and that there is \$50,000 more distributed. I sold that and made the awards in four months and paid \$488,000 to ticket holders from November 2d to 15th, 1870, and turned over \$12,000 to the Secretary due tickets not presented.

It will be particularly noticed that it is a matter of impossibility for any one to know what numbers draw gifts, as it is not known what the gift of any number drawn from the first wheel will be, until the sealed box, with amount of gift plainly printed, is taken from the other wheel and opened in full view of the audience, therefore the larger gifts may not come out until the last, or in the middle of the drawing. The \$100,000 gift in the San Francisco Gift Concert under the management of C. R. PETERS, was the 200th number drawn, and was awarded and paid to a gentleman in New Orleans.

The Numbers and Gifts are drawn by blind children from 8 to 14 years of age.

The Drawing will be extensively published, and parties ordering Tickets will have printed lists sent them. Parties forming Clubs and desiring information will please address this office.

11 Tickets for \$100; 28 Tickets, \$255; 56 Tickets, \$500; 113 Tickets, \$1000.

The undersigned, late principal business manager of the very successful Merchantile Library Gift Concert at San Francisco, California, has been appointed agent and manager of the Gift Concert in aid of the Public Library of Kentucky.

The drawing will take place in public, and everything will be done to satisfy buyers of tickets that their interests will be as well protected as if they personally superintended the entire affair.

MANNER OF DRAWING.—There will be two glass wheels. One wheel will contain 100,000 numbers, plainly printed on leather tags. The other wheel will contain 721 boxes, each containing a gift. One tag or number will be drawn from the 100,000 wheel, and the first box drawn from the second or 721 box wheel will contain a gift, neatly printed and sealed up, and the gifts so draw from the second wheel will be the gift of the tag first drawn, whether \$100, \$1,000, or \$100,000, as announced.

14,364 TICKETS DISPOSED OF IN JULY.

To insure ticket holders, the public are assured that if only 25,000 tickets are sold only 25,000 numbers go in the large wheel, the 721 gifts awarded, but diminished pro rata. In case 50,000 tickets only are sold, only numbers from 1 to 50,000 go in the large wheel, and the 721 gifts diminished one half; and in case only 85,000 tickets are sold the entire 721 gifts will be paid in full—it being intended that no unsold tickets shall participate.

The Manager has already paid into the Citizens' Bank \$32,500 towards defraying the expenses, and does not depend on sales of tickets to pay his expenses of Printing, Advertising, &c. The public are invited to the utmost scrutiny as to the reliability of the entire affair.

Persons desirous of acting as agents for the sale of our tickets in any city in the United States or Canada, address

CHARLES R. PETERS, Manager Louisville, Ky.

OFFICE, 120 Main Street, Johnson Block.

OFFICERS.—R. T. Durrett, President; W. N. Haldeman, Vice President; M. W. Clusky, Secretary; Citizens' Bank, Treasurer.

Tickets and information can be had from M. A. French, Virginia City, Nevada; N. H. Hempsted, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Thos. Whitney, Astor House, N. Y., Agents. Aug. 11, 1871-4t.

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