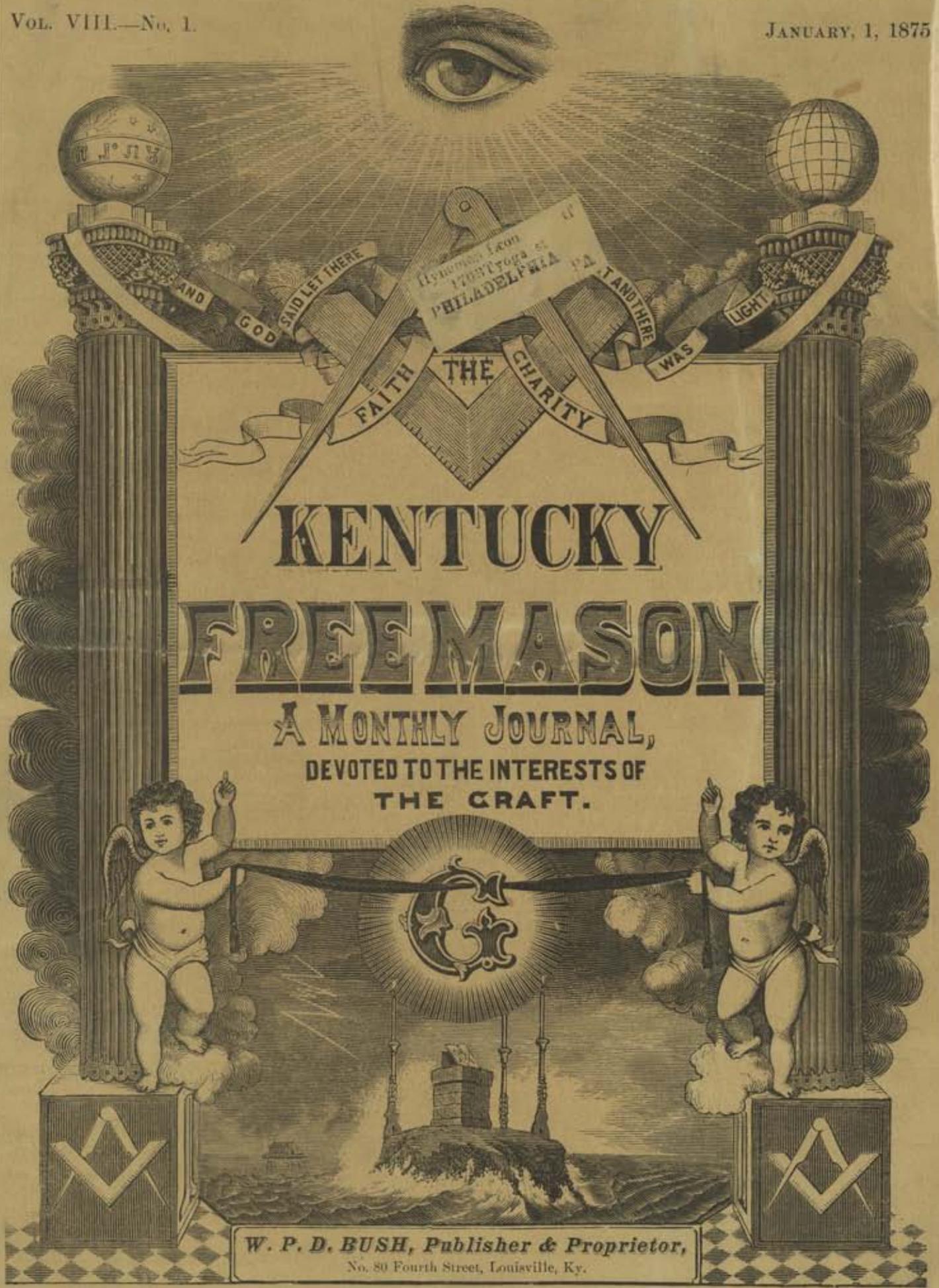


No 12 wanting ✓

Vol. VIII.—No. 1.

JANUARY, 1, 1875



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

VOL. VIII.

LOUISVILLE, KY., JANUARY 1875.

No. 1.

The Angel Ministers.

BY JEFFERSON.

"That was a painful sight we saw to-day," said my friend, Dr. Herbert, as we passed down the steps of the Louisville Hotel, just after dinner on a hot day in June.

"Indeed it was," we responded with the deepest feeling, for the scene had impressed us with a sorrow of heart such as we had not felt for years.

We had been that morning at the St. Joseph's Hospital, where among many cases we had looked in upon, we had been led to the room of a lady whose wan cheeks and sad spirits had stricken us both with the deepest feelings of pity and sympathy. By her bedside sat continually a sweet fair-haired little daughter of some nine summers, who seemed unwilling to leave her for a moment. Like an angel eliminating from the ethereal life, she held her position on the side of the bed, and looked out of her clear blue eyes at the almost dying one, affectionately smoothing her hair and kissing her, and speaking cheerful words, as angel child only can to its mother.

The sick woman was her own dear mother, and for several long weeks had she been confined to her bed in that Hospital, the victim of a cruel typhoid fever. The mystic death-cloud had almost gathered over her, and the dreary monotony of the long, dismal days and nights, which she had spent in that gloomy room, had well nigh crazed her brain, and in her weak and helpless condition she felt, if it was not for her little angel, Nettie, she would have taken it as a pleasure-dream to have passed on to the land of death, whatever that mysterious land might inflict upon her

"I am so tired of this life," said she to Dr. Herbert, "that I have scarcely wished you to be successful in raising me from this sick bed. I have almost hoped it would be my last earthly illness."

"I know you've been desponding, Madam," responded the doctor, "and this has been my greatest difficulty in treating your case—which has been a very stubborn one at best. But I hope, Madam," he added, "you will now cheer up, for your disease has at last given way, and the present indications promise you a speedy restoration to life and health again."

"But, ah, Dr. Herbert," said the almost forlorn patient, "you know I've nothing now to encourage me back to life, save this poor, dear child," placing her white bony hand on the head of the little darling, who was leaning affectionately over her pillow, with her eyes full of tears, catching the desponding words of her much loved mother. "She is all that is left me," she added, "of my once happy family." The good woman evidently wished to say more, but she had not the strength, and closing her eyes she looked as one really already dead. Her life vigor was indeed evidently well-nigh spent, and when she opened her eyes again, the big tears that swelled up in them told of the depth of the struggle within. The night of her darkness was now only lit up by a single star, and the raven wings of despair, which for so many weeks had been so threateningly flapping over her, made the whole world seem to her as if life itself was but an idle mockery.

It is, indeed, sorrowful enough to be sick, and hovering near death's door, even in the midst of kindred and friends, but when these evils come upon us intermingled with life's saddest bereavements, in a land of strangers, where we have

been thrown by the mysterious and relentless hand of deep sorrow and dark adversity, without a friend and without a dollar, and with only the promiscuous and personal attentions of hospital kindness, sensitive minds often sink under such vicissitudes of adverse fortunes, as the cast off stone to its native bottom. They feel as if they were deserted by Providence, and as if no mortal relations held them any longer in earthly guardianship.

This was the sad condition of Mrs. Fitzgibbon. She had never known before what it was to want a friend. The sun of her life had always been bright and promising, and the horizon around her had ever been gilded with its golden tinsels. But within the last two short months she had lost her father, husband, and only son, and the painful excitement had well-nigh broken her life-spirit, and had thrown her into a fever, which had assumed the very worst type, and to still add to the darkness of her captivity, a gloomy hospital was the only receptacle of her sufferings and sorrow. Until within the last few days, even the doctor himself had not learned Mrs. Fitzgibbon's history, for she had only been his patient, and where he had so many he but seldom ever learned anything of their antecedents or peculiar relations, unless it was forced upon him. It was his business to administer medicine, and he did not often stop to ask the life story of those he attended.

In the hospital more especially, he left this to the Sisters of Charity, who were the angel ministers of the institution. They had, in this case, more than done their duty to Mrs. Fitzgibbon, and though it was the first time in her life that she had ever received services at the hands of these Church recluses, she was full of admiration and gratitude for their constant devo-

tion and watch-care over her and her little daughter through all her long illness.

During much of the time, it is true, she had been unconscious of all her surroundings, and she only lived in a sort of wild dream-life of buffetings and mishaps. Her mind-wanderings had indeed been terrible; and weary and bed-worn, she had for weeks hovered along the banks of the mysterious river, like some lost one who was only seeking entrance to the other shore. But the past few days had lifted her soul out from the dark mists, and placed her feet on the nearer shore again. She began to realize at last that this was not her time to go on this long journey, and she submitted to the mysterious decision with grace and thankfulness, chiefly for her dear little Nettie's sake.

Beautiful and sprightly, this only remaining jewel of a once blissful family now clung to her mother with a tenderness which knew no bounds. Her touching simplicity of spirit and action had been sympathizingly noticed by everyone, and she had been tenderly cared for as an only child plucked from the fire.

The entirely destitute condition in which Mrs. Fitzgibbon had been carried to this hospital, together with the fact of her being in a raging fever at the time, precluded the possibility of knowing anything of her circumstances, save what was gleaned from little Nettie. She, of course like all children was ready to tell what she knew, and she told the Nuns that "Pa and Ma, with Grandpa and Robbie and herself, made their family and that they were all burnt up in that terrible boat, save Ma and me."

Many will call to mind that fearful collision of the America and United States on the Ohio River. It was the most shocking and dreadful sight ever witnessed on our western waters.

It was a little after midnight when the two boats came together. The passengers of which there were many, were all asleep in their state rooms at that time, dreaming nothing of their horrible impending fates. The descending boat being heavily laden with coal oil, in an instant was enwrapt in flames, and the two mammoth steamboats, thus locked together, were soon one grand sheet of devouring fire. Even the river itself took fire, for the crash of the terrible collision had dashed the coal oil barrels to pieces, and the liquid ran out over the water in burning

streams, making a most frightful sea of death and lapping flames. The screams of perishing passengers and the confused noises of the frightened crew, together with the involuntary workings of the struggling engines, made the entire scene one of unmitigated horror.

On the upward bound steamer, the Fitzgibbon family had taken passage the evening before, hoping to reach Cincinnati in time for the morning train East. At ten o'clock they retired to their state rooms for their night slumbers, and when the crash came they were with the exception of Mrs. Fitzgibbon, all asleep. Of course she did not know what had happened, yet she knew it was something terrible, for she felt as if the boat was slipping from under her. She sprang to her feet and seized her little Nettie in her arms, and holding her with a death-grip, she endeavored to arouse her husband and Robbie. Her father, old Mr. Rothfield, was in another state room, and Mr. Fitzgibbon with Robbie went to look after him, which was the last Mrs. Fitzgibbon saw of her husband or son.

In the excitement of the wild and fearful moment she was seized by the arm by some one who fairly forced her to the stern of the boat, where she was told to jump to the deck of the other, which she did without thought of consequences; yet, lighting fairly on her feet, she still held her child in her arms, and in a few minutes more of frightful struggle she was across the boat and on the Kentucky shore, out of reach of the oncoming flames.

The sudden and terrible reality of so fearful a collision had seemingly deprived even the stoutest of their self-possession, and many perished in the flames, or found a watery grave, who with the smallest guidance might have safely escaped.

What was the fate of her husband, son and father. Mrs. Fitzgibbon, in the dire confusion could not learn a word, and frantic with grief, and almost dead with the horrible excitement of the hour, she was compelled to lie down on the bare ground in her night clothes, where she remained until she fainted away with the overwhelming and surging grief which consumed her spirit.

When she awoke she found she was on a steamer bound for Louisville, with only her little Nettie by her side. But before she reached the destination of the boat

she was wild with a raging fever and wholly unconscious of all her misfortunes. Fitful and spasmodic emotions of disturbed grief were her only manifestations. But diligent and affectionate, and wonderfully self-possessed far beyond her years, little Nettie sat fanning her mother, while the big tears which stood in her heavenly eyes told of her deep realization of the sweeping bereavement, until the boat reached the wharf at Louisville. In a very brief period a close carriage conveyed them to the Hospital, where for so many long weeks the door of the world seemed to be shut against them.

Yet how true it is, that the silver lining of life and hope often skirts the darkest clouds which come over us. The weight of darkness is not, after all, so heavy as imaginary dreams often make them.

The hand of Providence, indeed, is ever merciful, and it is only when we get out of that hand that misfortune overtakes us. Life itself is always a season of trial, of educational subordination, where the *true light* shows that we are always cared for, always watched over and dealt with, ultimately, according to our worth and merit. To trust in the Higher Power is therefore the duty of all men, in adversity as well as in prosperity.

"Your wife and daughter were both lost, you tell me, Mr. Fitzgibbon, in that terrible collision," remarked one of the merchants of Boston, to the deeply bereaved and afflicted husband.

"O yes, yes, both were snatched from me in a moment by the devouring flames." Mr. Fitzgibbon exclaimed, with a deep sigh, which seemed to come from the bottom of his heart.

"Why how was it? where did you see your wife last?"

"I was sound asleep, Mr. Benton when the collision occurred, and when I opened my eyes the first person I saw was my wife, with our little Nettie in her arms. I jumped out from my berth and seized my boy who was lying at the foot of the berth, and we all left the state-room together, and entered the cabin, when I thought of my dear father-in-law, who had retired to a state room by himself, in the gentlemen's cabin. Still holding my little Robbie by the hand I went to look after him. I was gone but a moment, but that terrible moment snatched my dear wife and daughter from me forever, for when I got back to the spot where I

had left them, with the old gentleman, Mr. Rothfield, they were gone, and the flames were bursting all around us. I looked, I searched, I cried for them, but they were gone, the maddening fires were consuming everything, and amidst screams and groans, and the direst confusion I ever saw, my dear father-in-law fell in the flames with suffocation, and in an instant was hid from my sight. I heard him cry 'O Lord! My God!' and I heard him no more. With my little boy in my arms I ran I know not how, to the stern of the boat, from which I sprang directly into the river. Of course we both went under the water, but when we rose to the surface again I placed the little fellow on my back and struck out first to get away from the burning boats and out of harm's way. I swam to the right and quartered down stream, and after a long and exhaustive struggle we landed safely about one mile and a half below the burning vessels on the Indiana shore. I crawled up through the bushes, carrying my dear little manly boy in my arms, and when I sat down almost wholly exhausted, he crouched down by my side and asked:

"Papa, do you think God has taken care of Mamma and Nettie?"

"I hope so, my son," I answered consolingly, to his sore little heart, for I felt that it would kill him to lose both of these dear idols of his life in a single hour.

After resting a little while I started again to make my way up the banks of the river, leading and sometimes carrying my little Robbie in my arms, when I came to a cabin, the family of which seemed all gone. I passed on and in a short space met them returning.

They insisted that I should return with them and they would do the best they could for us. Of course I could not do better, and we all started back for their cabin, where they kindled up a nice, big fire for us to dry ourselves by. They were poor, and had no dry clothes to give us a change and we had to do the best we could in drying ourselves by the fire.

When daylight came, which was not long, the man got a canoe and rowed us over the river to the Kentucky shore, where the wrecks of our sad misfortunes lay burnt and sunk to the water's edge.

Hundreds of people were gathered all along the shore, and I made every possible inquiry to obtain some light in regard

to the sad fate of my loved ones, but not a ray of hope was given me. Nothing was left me but the cold and dismal conviction that their poor bodies were burnt to ashes, or else, having found a watery grave, their lifeless remains would be food for the fish in the river."

"So you left the sad scene, Mr. Fitzgibbon, and came on here?" asked the patient and interested listener.

"Yes after stopping several weeks in Cincinnati and making every effort I possibly could to learn something more of the sad fate of my poor wife and child, I came here, partly on business, but chiefly, if possible, to find some relief from the dismal death-sorrow which so oppressively preys upon me."

"I deeply sympathize with you, Mr. Fitzgibbon," said Mr. Benton, his merchant friend, "and now if you will accept of my hospitality, I think you and your little son will find some relief, if not pleasure, in going with me, this evening, out to my sea-shore home and spend a few days with us. It is only twenty-four miles out from the city by rail, and we will try and make you as pleasant a stay as may be in our power."

This generous offer of his mystic friend, Benton, Mr. Fitzgibbon thankfully accepted, and that evening a short hour's ride brought them to the princely home and family of the Boston merchant. Here Mr. Fitzgibbon was received and treated with all the kind attention and tenderness which could have been bestowed upon a Brother. The scenes at every point of this rural palace home were grand and beautiful, and had it been under any other circumstances he would have felt that this grand locality with its magnificent surroundings and social hospitalities, would have been an Eden home of the highest and purest earthly happiness. But as it was, his very heart was dead to all enjoyment, and nothing but death and the grave seemed to have any allurements for him, or even to feed the thoughts of his mind for a moment. Still he tarried there because it shut him out from the world, and to some extent appeared to bury the deep, deadly grief of his soul.

"Papa, did God take care of Mamma and Nettie?" asked little Robbie again the fifth evening of their sojourn at this lovely sea-shore home, as he and his papa were taking a walk over the extensive

lawn, just as the whistle of the locomotive announced the return of Mr. Benton from his day's business in the city. "I hope so, my dear child," was the only response the deeply afflicted father could make.

But the train had scarcely stopped, when he saw Mr. Benton on the run and jump toward him, as if he was wild. He stopped to meet him. Mr. Benton leaped, threw up his arms, and when he came up to where Mr. Fitzgibbon and his little boy were standing he cried out, shouted:

"They live! they live! your wife and daughter both live! Thank God! thank God, forever, my dear Brother."

Mr. Fitzgibbon thought the man was wild, stark mad. He could give no other explanation to his conduct.

Mr. Benton seeing that his glad tidings of great joy were not credited, broke out again:

"Why my dear man you don't believe me, but I am telling you the happiest news of your life. Your dear wife and daughter both still live. It is true, it is true."

"Yes, I know," said Fitzgibbon, solemnly "but it is in Heaven."

"No, no, sir, it is here on this earth; in Louisville, Ky."

Then seizing Mr. Fitzgibbon by the arm and turning him in the direction of the residence he led him almost as a child. As they walked along the greatly excited and big-hearted merchant said:

"To-day an old customer, a shoe merchant from Louisville, Ky., came into the store, and I began telling him all about you, when he at once asked your name, and just as soon as I said Fitzgibbon—

"By Jove," said he 'I'll bet a hundred dollars he's the husband of that Mrs. Fitzgibbon who has been sick so long in our St. Joseph Hospital. She and her little daughter were saved off the United States when she collided with the America.'

"Is that so? Is that so? I asked in wonderful astonishment.

"It is," said he 'for I have seen her and her daughter, too, for we learned she was the widow of a Masonic Brother and we had her removed from the hospital to the best hotel in the city.'

By this time they had entered the parlor, where Mr. Fitzgibbon threw himself down upon the lounge in delirious doubts of what he was hearing, and yet he could but hope, in the name and mercy of God, that it was all true.

"But this is not all, my dear Brother Fitzgibbon," continued the generous hearted Benton, "Brother Morris, the gentleman from Louisville, and I went at once to the telegraph office and sent this dispatch :

"Tell us the names of Mrs. Fitzgibbon and daughter sick at the Louisville, Hotel."

The answer came in perhaps a half hour.

"Eliza Fitzgibbon and Nettie, of Mobile."

"That convinces me, satisfies me, Benton," said Fitzgibbon, "that God has actually saved them." He could say no more. His heart was full, and pressing his little Robbie to his bosom again and again he wept great tears of unspeakable joy.

"I was satisfied, too," said Benton, "that it was all right, and I wanted your wife to be as happy to night as you are, and I sent a dispatch stating that :

"Major Henry K. Fitzgibbon, of Mobile was in this city, in good health, with his little son Robbie, and will be pleased to death to know that his wife and daughter still live. He will meet them as soon as the locomotive will permit him."

"How soon can I leave?" asked Fitzgibbon, as he raised his head.

"At ten o'clock to night," answered Benton, and though I know you ought to join them as soon as possible, if it was under other circumstances you shouldn't leave yet for a week."

"Thank God! thank God! they live; the dead's alive, the lost are found," was Fitzgibbon's only response.

Taking a solemn and thankful leave of his noble hearted mystic Brother, Benton, he took the earliest train, and two days after Louisville witnessed the re-union of as happy a family as that famous and hospitable city ever entertained.

The dead still lived, and the angel throng
Sing anthems of joy, as they passed along.

—*Masonic Advocate.*

People may deny as they will that there is any appreciation of the humorous in animal, but the Altoona man swears he saw a broad grin ripple over the visage of a hog at which he had thrown a huge boulder, only to have it graze the brute and smash a \$140 plate glass beyond.

The Mason's Orphan Daughter.

In the last visitation which we made to one of the Orphan Homes of this State, we found among the interesting groups of fatherless inmates of the institution, a sweet-faced little girl of eleven summers, whose mild blue eyes and simple, womanly manners at once attracted our attention, and kindled within our hearts, as is somewhat natural in such cases, an inquisitive desire to know something of her history.

The wonderfully attractive power which some persons possess, and which is often found in the eye, contour and manners of the young, seems to wear the mystic blandishment of some weird land.

There is an unearthly beauty in the personnel, and a wand-power of immediate influence of the individual spirit which but few can resist. It comes over us like a divinity, and fastens our admiration as with the tethers of an irresistible affinity.

It was this sort of a soul-subjugation which came over us when we looked into the eyes and apparant angel character of this little orphan girl, as she sat among the rest, as if she were but a common lamb of the fold, with the helpless and innocent consciousness that she was only an orphan child, homeless and friendless, and without a single bright star to illuminate her unknown future.

To us this condition seemed a sad one—without father or mother, brother or sister, and alone in the world, with no guardian power over her save that of the sympathy of public charity.

When the songs and prayers of the evening were over, and the orphan family had retired to their respective chambers for the night, we began our questioning with the kind-hearted matron, who herself is the relic of a Masonic brother whom we once knew, and who, in her present position is doubtless the right woman in the right place.

"What is the history," we asked, "of that little blue eyed girl who sat here to our right this evening during devotional exercises?"

"O, that is Annie Torrey, one of my favorite pets. Isn't she an interesting child?" the matron said.

"Indeed she is but where is she from?" we inquired.

"Her little short life-story," responded the good woman, "is full of interest, and I might add even of romance, too, for

she is an English born child, and here in this city lost both her father and mother within a year. She had two little brothers, but they are since dead, and Annie is now the only one left of the entire family."

"She is indeed a fair and beautiful child," we replied, "and her very soul seems to speak through the soft and mild beamings of her eyes.

"Does she seem happy here? we enquired.

"Why, yes, this is her native disposition, it seems to be natural with her to be pleased, no matter what turns up."

"Do you know anything of her parentage, farther than she is of English birth?" we asked.

"Why, yes," she replied; "I have heard that her father was a Master Mason, and came to this country to better his fortune as a machinist, and for some time worked in this city. But, poor man, he and his wife both died within a year after coming to this country. Their possessions were small, and by the time they had passed through their sickness and death, there was nothing but their three children left behind."

With a sympathy of soul for the poor little orphan daughter that was even painful, we bade the good matron adieu for the evening, with a promise of attending the Sabbath services next Sunday in the institution.

We could but think when lying down for the night how melancholy and hopeless is the prospective destiny of the tens of thousands of orphan children which are to be found scattered over our country. We thought devoutly, too, of the "All seeing eye," and wondered if there was not an especial assurance given to all such in that old Jewish inspiration, "When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up." Surely if God pities the poor, there must be some special hope for the hopeless orphan in the divine compassion. Life's relationships are often sad at the best, for men and women are weak and frail, and too frequently are wanting in education and intelligence, as well as in self-government, and even with their children around them they are far from being happy. They fail to recognize the highest gifts of heaven, and draw closer upon themselves the sorrows of life, when they should only be drinking of its most pleasurable realities.

The next day in the Chapel of the Or-

phans' Home we again met the Mason's orphan daughter. She was dressed in her plain Sunday suit of buff calico, with a neat little ruffle of the same color round her neck, which was partially hid by the beautiful cluster of auburn curls which hung down her back.

The children all looked well and appeared to be happy, and we joined with them in their Sabbath school services with much more than the ordinary interest. Little Anna sat near us, and we had a good opportunity of noticing her intelligent readiness in answering questions, and when the school closed, by permission of the matron, we had a long and interesting conversation with her in regard to what she knew of her history.

"Do you remember, Anna," we asked her, "your father and mother?"

"O, yes, sir," said she, "as well as if they only died yesterday."

"What do you remember of England, your native country?" we inquired.

"Why, sir, I remember Manchester, the place where I was born. My grandfather and grandmother and Uncle James live there, and I often think," she said with an air of observable sadness, "if my dear parents had remained there we might all have been living yet."

"You have no relatives in this country, Annie?" we asked.

"Not one," she answered promptly.

"Would you like to go back to England?" we inquired.

"Indeed I would," she affirmed.

"Well then why don't you write to your relatives to send for you? Wouldn't they do it?"

"Yes, sir, I think they would?" she quickly responded.

"Do you know Annie," we asked her with some delicacy, "whether your father was a Mason?"

"No, sir," she responded, "he was a machinist."

We could but smile at her simplicity, and explained by asking, "if he was what they called a Freemason?"

"I think he was something of that sort," she responded with a laugh, "for I have in my little trunk up stairs a purple apron which has a good many things on it which I don't know anything about. I found it in one of our drawers after mother died, and as I thought it was very pretty I have kept it ever since."

I asked her if she would please go and get it, and let me look at it.

She flew up stairs at once, like a little bird, and in a few minutes returned and spread out on my lap a very well preserved Master Mason's apron.

"Was this your father's, Annie," we inquired.

"I presume it was," said she, "though I don't know what he did with it. I have often taken it out and looked at it, and thought that it was something that belonged to the machinists."

"No, Annie," we assured her, "this is what we term the apron of a Master Mason, and we presume your father held this relation to the craft in England."

"It may be, but I don't know," said she, "for I was only eight years old when we left England and I never saw it until after my mother's death, when I was nine years old."

"And you have kept it ever since?"

"Yes, sir, for since Joseph and Fleming died, this is nearly all I have left of anything that belonged to our family."

The Masonic apron was a relic worthy of her tenderest regards, for it gave to others whom she knew not, an interest in her, which, perhaps, nothing else in her possession would or could have done, for she was soon made known to several as the Mason's orphan daughter, and with the little light which she could give, a correspondence was opened up by Brother Gentry, of Terre Haute, with Annie's friends in Manchester, England, and the probabilities now are, that ere the new year of 1875 dawns upon us she will be under the genial roof of her grandparents in the land of her birth, where it is fondly hoped that the loneliness of her orphanage will be forgotten in the loving smiles and tender caresses of her own blood kin.

"Thus found alone on a bleak and foreign shore,

An orphan child is carried home once more."

—*Masonic Advocate.*

In a restaurant not long ago a gentleman, while devouring a plate of hash, came across a pearl sleeve-button in it. He very justly complained to the big, brawny waiter, the latter replying in an astounding manner, "Well, what d'yer expect to get—a hull shirt?"

Who are the Happy.

Undoubtedly, every person who possesses intelligence sufficient to enable him to appreciate one single idea of happiness, imagines that the occupation or pursuit in which he is engaged affords him most of it, and contributes most largely to its increase. It is this, in no small degree, that exhibits the peculiar character of different individuals. We judge of the bent of a man's genius from his employment, and the capability or facility with which he prosecutes it. The inclination for any one in the various pursuits in life is developed earlier with some than others—whether it be of the mind or body, earthly or eternal; but, generally, it may be directed by parents or guardians to the noblest purposes, though efficient maturity ultimately remains with each responsible agent himself. This inclination, if it be within the bounds of moral legitimacy, when judiciously pursued, is, in all probability, most productive of comfort. But it does not follow that all persons are so constituted or situated as to enjoy happiness, even in the smallest degree. The business habits of some, the ill-advised education of others, and the unhappy dispositions of many more, render social, intellectual or religious enjoyment utterly impossible; and if it be possible, it is very evident that they realize not what is admitted to be within their reach. They may conform to the usages of the convivial circle with becoming skill and attention, gracefully performing every act in the drama; they may meet where the many meet for mental improvement, giving ears and eyes to the speaker, and pronouncing it good in the extreme; they may join in the rites and ceremonies of the church with guarded formality, acknowledging their submission and dependence, and giving liberally to the support of these divine institutions; but yet there is wanting that congenial vitality which gives a healthy glow to the countenance and bespeaks the appreciation of solid enjoyment within the breast. The latter class, perhaps, are few, but they are by far too numerous. That there are many of the first and second classes, no well-discerning person will deny. His eye is upon them in the crowded ranks of civilization, in the most quiet retreat, and in the commercial throng. They are to be met with every-

where, in the country as well as in the town.

And since it is conceded that the pleasure-loving masses taste not of the real and lasting enjoyments of life, how vast a multitude are we compelled to prescribe when we would inquire who are the happy? All who attend on routes, balls, and at most places of theatrical entertainments (with few exceptions) as well as the great majority to be met with at the fashionable summer resorts throughout the country, are only treasuring up unto themselves discontent, unhappiness and oftentimes bitter remorse.

A healthy trip to Saratoga, Niagara, or Newport, not only offers fit opportunity for recreation and resuscitation, but also for the most disastrous dissipation. With the wreck of fortune, every moral principle is at once and forever lost. To spend the hard earnings of their indulgent parents or deceased relatives in extravagance and wild flirtation, from one circle to another, we would apprehend to be the climax of their hopes and the end of their existence in their own estimation. The testimony of all those who have come to years of reflection, or to reverse of fortune, confirms the belief that unhappiness necessarily and almost inevitably follows in the wake of fashionable pleasure. They generally admit that they had altogether mistaken the path, whose pleasantness is peace. With one voice they denounce their errors, and exhort all to heed their warnings, lest premature ill-health and a miserable decrepitude await them to the grave. And yet to the half scrutinizing observer, how large is the number who run after folly with delight and chase after worldly pleasure as day chases night. In this never-ending whirl they long for happiness, and with languid and livid countenances sigh for it; and at last, in the despair of an irreclaimable disappointment, they die without attaining thereunto. The key to the treasure of time, which reveals blessings to the diligent and faithful alone, is never found by them, because they sought not after it. The golden sands lay concealed beneath their feet; but they labor not for the prize, being guided only by that which allures by its distance, never permitting an embrace. Fortunes spent, health destroyed, mind diseased, and friends, once professing sincerity, deserted; mental prostration blackening

the consciousness of their guilt, and revolving in their minds the doleful recollections of their past folly, they wither and decay, like the worm-eaten plant or transplanted exotic, without tasting of the sweets of perennial happiness.

Passing by the anxiety and toil of the merchant, with his whole fortune involved in one speculation, which the winds of heaven may turn against him; the perplexity and doubt harassing the mind of the lawyer, when the most serious interests are dependent on his skill, integrity, and knowledge; and the disquietude and slavish employment of the physician, when his prescription may kill or cure; let us consider them affirmatively and see if there are not those walks in life, if not the most famous and honorable, in which the sunshine and shade are beautifully blended, without the sting of winter's cold or dread of summer's heat, affording pleasure unmixed with grief, and contentment unalloyed with remorse. Who are the happy? If happiness consists in feelings of independence, in serenity of mind, and in purity of conscience, we can only find it extensively enjoyed by the unambitious farmer, the healthy day laborer, and the industrious mechanic—ungoaded by the miser's love of gain, or the petty politician's anxiety to rule. Cheerfully toiling while the sun shines, rest is sought at night as a refreshment; repose is peaceful and invigorating; exciting dreams do not agitate the mind, nor destroy the restoring efficacy of slumber. The active air and busy tread proclaims how is the rosy dawn of coming day, and how salutary is the early morning breeze in revivifying and sustaining the vigor and elasticity of the body, in elevating the spirits, and increasing the energy of the mind. With a renewed willingness and strength, each day's labor is continued with delight, and the reward of the earnest laborer is sufficient satisfaction to enable him to eat his bread with joyfulness and gratitude. He stands not upon the stormy sea of politics, ever ready to become agitated, with the possibility of overwhelming him. The waves of faction buffet him not, until his eye becomes dim with care and turmoil; and he is thereby better calculated to participate in all the blessings a beneficent Providence has thrown around him.

The industrious laborer has it within

his power, though poor, to enjoy a greater degree of happiness than the idle and dissipated, however opulent. Whilst the one class of persons are eminently fitted to enjoy the pleasures which most persons in high life affect to be in pursuit of, the other is so constituted as forever to be deprived of that for which he is most solicitous. Happiness attends the industrious in the pursuit of his accustomed employment. The one is intimately and inseparably allied to the other. They hold sweet communion together, and he who sincerely pursues the one will always find the other cheerfully and unhesitatingly accompanying it. The one has long since been baptized into fellowship with the other by the sweat of man's brow, and whoever is unwilling to forego the sacrifice to obtain the delightful reward, must abide by the divine injunction consequent upon his own negligence or folly. Our spiritual or temporal comfort, unaccompanied with toil of body or mind, is no more promoted than are the growth of plants without the heavy dew or copious shower. We might as well expect to see our garden laden with the richest variety of fruit without cultivation or pruning, as to think of reaping lasting enjoyments in this life without discipline and labor.

They say.

They say—Ah! well suppose they do,
But can they prove the story true?
Suspicion may arise from naught;
But malice, envy, want of thought;
Why count yourself among the "they,"
Who whisper what they dare not say?

They say—But why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a noble plan
To speak of all the best you can?

They say—Well, if it shou'd be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to go and sin no more?

They say—O pause and look within,
See how thy heart's inclined to sin;
Watch lest in dark temptation's hour
Thou too shou'd'st sink beneath its power.
Pity the frail, weep over the fall,
But speak of good, or not at all.

[From the St. Louis Freemason.]
Wearing Masonic Jewelry.

IS IT RIGHT, OR IS IT WRONG?

This is a question which has engaged the reflecting minds of the craft for several years, and they are somewhat divided in opinion, as all find it difficult to draw the line of demarkation between the proper and improper use of our symbols; and it is in fact on that very issue which makes it a difficult question to discuss. For ourself, we approach it with diffidence, having doubts as to our ability to shed any new light, or to offer a practical solution of the question. The custom is not a very old one, except when jewels were worn as charms on the chain or watch-guard; and even in olden days, they were generally carried in the pocket, or used as signets on rings. The habit of adorning the clothing with our symbols is of very modern date, and has grown so rapidly as to attract the attention of Grand Lodge legislation, as an evil which should be discouraged when carried to excess.

The first introduction of jewels on clothing arose in the Orders of Knighthood where the symbol of the cross was enjoined to be worn as an emblem of faith, and in fact, since the days of recognized christianity the cross has been worn as much by women as men, and it can scarcely be considered as a jewel of any particular Order either in or out of Masonic Knighthood.

Next came the keystone with its mark, which each Mark Master is expected to be possessed of, although without any injunction as to its being publicly worn. It however followed, that as Templars were Royal Arch Masons also, they blended the two into one jewel to be worn as the cross. Royal Arch Masons (not also Templars) seeing their emblem thus displayed by those possessing no better right, adopted the custom of publicity, although they generally confined their use to the watchguard as a charm, and not for the purpose of apparent advertisement, and even to this day but few keystones are worn on shirt bosoms or outer clothing.

We are of the opinion that, had it not been for the Knights Templar, Masonic symbols would be almost unknown to the public eye, especially those of Ancient Craft Masonry, which always shrank

from public notoriety. We track the public use of lodge jewels first to prominent Masons who were also Templars, and when the young members saw those in authority wearing them, they naturally imitated the custom, deeming it perfectly proper, and in fact a duty, especially if they had a particular friend who dealt in such jewelry, or had been hinted to by some traveling agent, that such emblems were good things to have about them. Step by step the custom increased, until now it has become so common and has been so prolifically abused by impostors, that experienced Masons have begun rapidly to abandon it, and to look with suspicion upon any stranger having a lodge jewel particularly exposed on the person.

From what we have said it will be seen that Templars are expected to wear their emblems, but even some of them show wretched taste, not only in the size of the cross, but the improper places they expose it.

As to Royal Arch Masons, they all know they are expected to have a mark of a certain value, but they should exercise great taste in telling the world of it by conspicuous exposure, and it looks better when very small and only worn as a charm.

Relative to Master Masons, we know of no law on the subject, except in all things let secrecy and silence be the two chief public jewels. In no part of the ritual or work are our symbols exposed to the public, except in the regulation clothing and furniture of the lodge in procession and under proper authority. It is natural for any one to wear and be proud of a present, and it is a common thing to receive presents of a Masonic character, and this has helped to spread the use of them. Again, they have not been instructed, when initiated, as to the proper use of such things, for we believe more young Masons have been outrageously swindled by impostors and dead-beats through the use of Masonic jewelry than any other cause. They should wait awhile and learn by experience and observation that all is not gold that glitters, and that all are not Masons who profess to be, although as yet not suspended or expelled. When very young as a Mason (like all such) we were very enthusiastic, and a good brother gave us a breast-pin (a square and compass) which we wore

for six months with all the pride and satisfaction incident to such an occasion. That pin, though a present, cost us just one hundred and ninety dollars before it was lost in a crowd, and that is the last we ever had. Now-a-days, if anybody wants to find out whether we are a Mason, and if he has any right to know it, he knows how to find it out, and if he don't know, then he is not worth wasting time on. We do not propose to set up our own opinion or experience for others to be governed by, or dictate to the many good men who wear lodge jewelry, for as we started out, we repeat, that there are differences of opinion on the subject. We will, however, suggest that greater care and better taste be exercised than is witnessed too often in the public streets, and in promiscuous crowds. The first thing a traveling impostor or anti-Mason does in a car or on a boat is to look around and pick out some young looking Mason with a large square and compass on his clothing, and then begin the "pumping" operation, and should our young brother be taken sick on the road, to stop over and sit up with him, and if possible, steal his jewelry, certificate and diploma. If we were to suggest any law at all on the subject, it would be to prohibit any Master Mason from wearing a lodge emblem until he has been an affiliated member for at least five years, and who could prove that he knew what Masonry is. This would in some cases seem arbitrary, for some learn quicker than others, but on the whole we believe it to be a safe rule. As Ancient Craft Masonry is the mother and foundation, and in fact all there is of Freemasonry proper, her members can afford to be silent and circumspect, and pay no attention to those who ridicule her seeming humility and sterling modesty resting upon true merit and strength.

To our Templar friends we have one more word in conclusion as a suggestion. In every-day life do not wear a cross on the coat, heavy enough to make you walk lopsided, and in procession be satisfied with the simple emblems of rank and office, and not like a little fellow we once saw in a neighboring city on parade, so covered with ribbons, crosses, etc., that he reminded us of a little premium bull in a Babylonish triumphal procession, loaded down with the holy vessels taken from King Solomon's Temple.

The old Tyler.

BY JEFFERSON

At the outer door, well-armed he long ha'h stood,

The faithful sen inel of mystic hours.
None pass or repass but the favored few—
So truly hath he kept the outer gate.

When winds have swept the skies in fearful gale,

When winter's cold congealed the night y air,

When Summer's heat poured down its burn- ing rays—

He still for duty cared, and held his trust,
Like one commissioned by the higher pow- ers.

His jurisdiction ne'er was intervened—
So conscientious was he—that none should
Pass the sacred threshold which he guarded
With such Masonic care.

We have met this good old Tyler—of- ten met him—and often stopped at his outer gate to have a passing word. He is now gray in years, and his form is bent with the weakness of age. Long years ago he first saw the *light* of the Temple in a distant State. Then the craft was a small band in Israel, and the obscurity of the Order made it seem little and insigni- ficant in the eyes of the world.

To join the Fraternity then was largely adventure in the dark compared with the present day, for the simplicity of its an- cient prestige held the institution in modest reserve, while the crowds held themselves aloof from it, because it was far from being popular. The Churches even looked upon it with suspicion and jealousy as a semi-infidel association, and in most instances protested against their ministers and members joining it; and in many parts of the country it was no easy matter for outsiders to find out who were Masons, for there was then no display of jewelry such as we have in these days. Even the fact of being a Mason was ordi- narily concealed from the world. It was none of their business. It never is any of their concern; and, therefore, as all know, it is not necessary to carry an emblem of any sort to convince any Master Mason that we are one. There used to be, and there is yet, a sort of private way of giving this in- formation, which, after all, is much to be preferred to any other.

This much of Masonry the old Tyler could teach us, as he had had long years of experience, and though most of the

time he was outside of the Lodge-room, he had, by critical attention, gathered more knowledge of the history of the Lodge, and of the character and standing of the members than perhaps any other officer in it. Many a long yarn has he told us while we smoked our cigar at his stove.

"Brother Tyler," we asked him, one night, did you ever have any one come up here who was not a Mason, who wan- ted admission to the Lodge-room?"

"Why, yes," said he, with a laugh, "I once had a woman to knock at the door, and I opened it, and asked her to walk in and take a seat, which she did, for she knew me, as I had once done some paint- ing for her."

"Mr. Tyler," said she, "I'm in hunt of my husband, and he told me he was com- ing to the Lodge to-night, but to tell you the truth, I am very much afraid he has gone somewhere else."

"Your husband, madam," said I, "is sitting in the Lodge-room; he is our Senior Warden."

"Was he here last Saturday night?" she asked.

"He was," I responded.

"Was he here two weeks before that?" she enquired.

"Yes, madam, he was," said I.

"Well, I guess I'm a fool," said she, with rather a serious laugh.

"Why, what's the matter, Madam?" I asked.

"Why, to tell you the truth," she an- swered, "I've been jealous of my husband, and I didn't believe he was attending the lodge. I thought he was going some- where else."

"He never misses a Lodge-meeting, Madam," I replied.

"Will you let me look into that room?" she asked.

"Why, Madam," said I, "I could not, without the permission of the Worshipful Master."

"Ask him," said she, "for I feel that my happiness depends in seeing in that room."

Knowing they were about to close, I rapped at the door and informed the Junior that Mrs. ——— was in the outer-court and wished to look into that room. The door was closed, and the Lodge in due form adjourned; when I was informed that I could conduct Mrs. ——— into the room and introduce her to each one of the leading officers of the Lodge, I under-

stood the joke at once, and I said to her, "Madam, I have been Tyler of this Lodge for many years, and I believe I have never seen a woman in that room when the Lodge was in session, but the Worshipful Master, on this occasion, in view of your high character and the fact that your hus- band is the Senior Warden of this Lodge, has given me permission to conduct you to the sanctum sanctorum and to introduce you to each one of our principal officers. Are you willing to proceed?" I asked her.

"I am," said she, with a great deal of firmness.

I then offered her my arm, which she took, and I rapped at the door, which was opened. I saw all the officers were in their places, minus their aprons and jewels, and I led her first to the sacred altar, and I said to her "here is where we say our prayers, Madam, and that Holy Bible con- tains every moral principle of Masonry." I then led her to the East and introduced her to the Worshipful Master; then I led her to the Junior Warden and introduced her as the wife of our Senior Warden, after which I led her to the West, where I said: "This gentleman, Madam, you know; he is our Senior Warden, and we esteem him as one of the very best members of this Lodge. We claim him as our brother, but you claim him by a still higher and stronger tie, and therefore I cheerfully sur- render you into his hands." The Senior Warden took her by the hand kindly and affectionately, and kissed her before us all. The whole Lodge then came up and shook hands with the good lady, and I reckon, Sir, you never saw a much better pleased woman than she was. She never gave her husband any more trouble on Masonry.—*Masonic Advocate.*

AN IRISH glazier was putting a pane of glass in a window, when a groom, who was standing by, began joking him, telling him to mind, and put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some- time, but at last silenced his tormentor with, "Arrah, now, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pain in your head widout any putty."

A LITTLE girl who was watching the balloon ascension at Lewiston, Maine, suddenly exclaimed: "Mamma, I shouldn't think God would like to have that man go up to heaven alive."

Who is the greatest terrifier? Fire.

The Feminine Hat.

The average female is just now crazy over hats. If she hasn't got a soft felt, with a rakish crown and a thievish-looking brim, she is crazy to get one; and if she has got one, she is mad because she didn't get the other pattern. Not that the present style, if it is a style, is unbecoming, or foolish or idiotic, or anything of that kind. On the contrary, we have no doubt it is immensely pretty, and economical, and sensible. But then it is so unsatisfactory! The charmed and delighted woman who has just got her new hat, puts it on at the glass, observes the effect in front, surveys both sides, and endangers her neck by trying to get a peep at the rear. She smiles complacently, takes one more glance sideways as she leaves the room and sallies out. She wears an air of triumph, as much as to say: "Bring on your hats! Here's one that rather takes the shine off of anything on the street!" Leave that triumphant female now, and meet her an hour afterward down town. You will see a tolerably unhappy woman. Her hat is no longer an object of pride. The rim is a mockery, and the feather droops in humiliation. Another, and to her eyes a tastier, hat has been seen, and that very night the milliner rips the tucks out of the discomfited piece of head-gear, and turns it up, and puckers it in another direction. Yesterday it looked like an ancient war vessel, with the prow turning gradually over and coming down on the deck. To-day it resembles a modern ferry-boat, with passengers and vehicles all on one end, and the bow tipped up to effect a landing. That the latter style should please the lady better than the former is mysterious; but it does, and she is well satisfied until she sees another turned up on the side, as if the owner feared her chignon would tumble off in that direction unless this barrier was interposed, and then forthwith the milliner has another job. No woman wears a hat twice of the same style. Deluded husbands may think they do, and be pleased when they are assured that hats are cheap this fall; but when they come to look at the bills of the milliners they will be sadder and wiser men. And yet the ladies tell the truth. Hats are cheap. In fact, hats, as hats, cost a mere bagatelle. As they have no tripping to amount to anything, the unhappy husband is puzzled as

well as aggrieved when the bill comes in. Whence does all this expense arise? Ah, innocent Benedict. It is not the hat, nor the feather, nor yet the bugles, nor the other innumerable flumadiddles. It is the extra work. It is the daily labor of turning the rim of that inoffensive-looking hat up on one side and down on the other; of smashing in the crown on Monday and puffing it out on Tuesday; of gathering up the brim Wednesday till it looks like a smoking cap, and letting it out on Thursday till it looks like an umbrella. And, without attempting to apologize for this fickleness, or in any manner defend it, what a change this molding, bunching and flattening does make! Upon the shape of that hat depends the impression which the wearer creates on the beholder. You meet a remarkably modest and timid-appearing young lady to-day, and you notice that her hat has a meek and shrinking indentation in the crown. It looks as if it wanted to shun the wicked world and hang up in a nunnery. To-morrow you meet the same lady, and what a change! She appears as daring as Joan of Arc and as independent as the president of a woman's congress. And her whole appearance is thus altered by pinning up the front of that hat. Next day she appears like a brigand. The brim is flattened out, and her eyes gleam furiously from underneath, as if watching an opportunity to order you to stand and deliver. You see her again and the rim is turned up behind, while it is very flat in front, giving her an appearance of a female Solon Shingle trying to find a customer for that "bar'l of apple sass." Again, and it is pitched on the extreme back of the head, reminding you of Toodles in his cups, when he is assuring the "sailor man" that when his father heard of the sailor man's death "he went broken hearted to his grave and died there."

With all these advantages it is no wonder that the reigning hat is popular. It is comfortable to the head—so they say—and it is an ornament or a disguise as required. It is demure, jaunty, meek, saucy, bold, sly, obstinate, conciliating, tender—whatever you please—everything by turns and nothing long. It is the hat of the period, cunning and deceitful, but above all things desperately wicked.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Kossuth was made a Mason in Covenant Lodge, No. 113, of Cincinnati, O.

Who Are Your Aristocrats.

Twenty years ago this one made candles, this one sold cheese and butter, another one butchered, and a fourth thrived on a distillery, another was a contractor on canals, others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquainted with both ends of society, as their children will be after them—though it will not do to say it too loud! for often you shall find that these toiling worms hatch butterflies—and they live about a year. Death brings a division of property, and it brings new financiers; the old gent is discharged, the young gent takes his revenues, and begins to travel toward poverty, which he reaches before death or his children do if he does not. So that, in fact, though there is a sort of monied race, it is not hereditary; it is accessible to all. Three good seasons of cotton will send a generation up—a score of years will bring them all down, and send their children to labor. The father grubs and grows rich, the children strut and spend the money. The children in turn inherit the pride, and go to shiftless poverty; next their children, reinvigorated by fresh plebian blood, and by the smell of the clod, come up again.

Thus society, like a tree, draws its sap from earth, changes it into leaves, and spreads them abroad in great glory, sheds them to fall back to earth, again to mingle with the soil, and at length to reappear in new dress and fresh garniture.

Affection.

The same sweet sensations that glow through the closer ties of society, which pant in the bosom of the father and the husband, pervade likewise, the mass of being, and though weak in proportion to the distance of propinquity, yet he cannot be wretched who receives or communicates the smallest portion of their influence. From the impassioned feelings of the mother, to him who stands joyless on the verge of apathy, the tide of affection flows in a long and devious course. Clear, full and vehement, it descends into the vale of life, where, after a short time, becoming tranquil and serene, it separates into many branches, and these, again dividing, wander in a thousand streams, dispensing as they move along, the sweets of health and happiness.

The Lessons of our Preparation.

How beautiful are the first lessons taught in the first steps of our initiation! Even before the candidate is admitted into the Lodge, how significant the preparatory forms and ceremonies; in teaching him that Masonry regards no man for his worldly wealth or honors; that it is the internal rather than the external qualifications of every candidate that command attention; in impressing upon him that we are here all brethren, requiring nothing to defend ourselves from each other; in showing him how important it is that his heart should *conceive* and properly estimate before he suffers his eyes to look upon the beauties of Masonry; in representing the necessity of extreme caution in taking a professed brother by the hand; and by that part of the preparation which refers to the beautiful ancient custom, whereof we read in the Book of Ruth, exhorting the candidate to *sincerity* in the business in which he is about to engage.—*The Square.*

THE BRIGHT MASON.—The day is past when the ignorant Mason can shine. The time is come when more is demanded of a "bright" Mason than the knowledge of the "Ritual." The Mason who claims to-day to be "well posted" must read; he must inform himself of the origin, the history, the philosophy, the laws and the literature of art, or he is a drone in our hive, and only valued for the dollars and cents he pays into the treasury of his Lodge. Knowledge makes prosperity, and prosperity freedom; and he who has not these three qualifications is not a fit Craftsman, and cannot be used on the building of that Temple, Masonry of our time intends to erect. It therefore behooves us, and, in my opinion, is a part of the duty of a Grand Lodge, to furnish the brethren in its jurisdiction with the necessary implements to enable them to pass from the Middle Chamber into the Sanctum Sanctorum, radiant with that Light which ought to characterize every true and skillful Mason. "No one who has not studied the literature of Masonry can ever dream of its beauty and extent; no one who has studied it can have failed to receive the reward that it bestows."

Chicanery—To palm off an old hen as fireseed chicken.

"Naked Truth."

The late eccentric John Holmes used frequently, in his addresses to different juries, to explain the meaning of the phrase "naked truth," by relating the following fable:

Truth and Falsehood, traveling one warm day, met at a river, and both went in to bathe at the same place. Falsehood, coming first out of the water, took his companion's clothes and left his own vile raiment, and then went on his way. Truth, coming out of the water, sought in vain for his own proper dress—disdaining to wear the garb of Falsehood. Truth started, all naked, in pursuit of the thief, but not being so swift of foot, has never overtaken the fugitive. Ever since he has been known as "Naked Truth."

The Masonic Alms Chest.

Ours is a charitable institution. Like other benevolent societies, it has a treasury and a treasurer, but its deeds of charity are by no means to be measured by the amount paid out of the treasury. Far from it. When it makes a man a Mason, it makes an alms chest of his bosom and it gives to every other brother throughout the world a key to it. When a brother dies, he leaves this golden key to his widow and orphans.

Silently are these alms chests unlocked. The world hears not the lid creaking upon its hinges. Here are found not gold and silver alone, but what is sometimes a great deal more valuable—a smile of sympathy, a note of timely warning, and a word of cheering encouragement—the aid of a friend when such is needed and deserved.

There is no other alms chest of human construction, fastened with one lock to which there are ten thousand keys in every part of the world. This is the grand distinguishing characteristic of this Fraternity, wherein it differs from all other societies.—*Bishop Randall.*

THE Masonic Mutual Benefit Society of Indiana now numbers 4,918 members, and has paid to widows and orphans \$249,820.85 during the past year and over \$738,000 in the past five years. Bro. Wm. W. Woollen is President, and Bro. Martin H. Rice, P. G. M., Vice President, and Bro. Joel O. Martin, Secretary.

A place in the Lodge for me.

A place in the Lodge for me;
A home with the free and bright:
Where jarring chords agree,
And the darkest soul is light.
Not here, not here is bliss:
There's turmoil and there's gloom;
My heart it yearns for peace—
Say, Brothers, say, is there room?
A place in the Lodge for me, etc.

My feet are weary worn,
And my eyes are dim with tears
This world is all forlorn,
A wilderness of fears;
But there's one green spot below,
The e's a resting place, a home—
My heart it yearns to know.
Say, Brothers, say, is there room?
A place in the Lodge for me, etc.

I hear the orphan's cry,
And I see the widow's tear:
I weep when mortals die,
And none but God is near,
From sorrow and despair,
I seek the Mason's home
My heart still yearns to share.
Say, Brothers, say, is there room?
A place in the Lodge for me, etc.

With God's own eye above,
With Brother hands below,
With friendship and with love,
My pilgrimage I'll go:
And when in death's embrace,
My summons it shall come,
Within your heart's best place,
O! Brothers give me room.
A place in the Lodge for me, etc.
—*Masonic Review.*

A **PRIEST** who was examining a confirmation class in the south of Ireland, asked:

"What is the sacrament of matrimony?"

A bright little girl at the head of the class answered:

"A state of torment into which souls enter to prepare for a better wurruld."

"That's the answer for purgatory," said the priest.

"Put her down fut of the class," said the sub-deacon.

"Lave her alone," retorted the priest; "for anything you or I know to the contrary she may be perfectly right."

A **WELL KNOWN** divine, in his wise old age, once took a newly married pair aside, "I want to give you this advice, my children—don't try to be happy. Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her; but just go quietly on, and do your duty, and she will come to you."

Spiritual Frauds.

Under this head the Nashville *Banner*—which does good service in exposing and denouncing charlatanry—says:

The Fox girls had their day, but managed to impose on the credulous for years; the Davenports for quite a time made a soft thing by gulling the public and filling their own pockets; Foster, who was with us last winter and bamboozled plenty of our people as to his supernatural powers, did a rushing business here as well as elsewhere, and ought to be worth forty or fifty thousand, besides a few corner lots; and now, even the Eddys, whose performances were supposed to pass all human comprehension, are pronounced, on very strong authority, to be both failures and frauds. Their performances, which they palm off as being effected by spiritual agency, are pronounced by Dr. Geo. M. Beard, of New York, to be very bald impostures. Dr. Beard, we may remark, stands high in the medical and scientific world, but has a mania for "exposing" all sorts of psychological and spiritualistic frauds. Dr. Saudek, of this city, who is now in New York familiarizing himself with the practical bearings of electricity on medical practice, is mainly assisted in his researches by Dr. Beard. The peculiar operations of young Brown, the "mind-reader," having been exposed by Dr. Beard, he has now "tackled" the mysteries of Spirit Vale. It seems that he got into the house of the brothers by leaving his hair uncombed, his boots unblackened, and his beard unshaved, and otherwise managing his natural advantages so as to pass for a feeble-minded spiritualist. Then he "diplomatized," let us say, profusely, making believe that he saw and recognized spirits when he didn't, and finally got admitted to a dark seance and a light seance. Very little was seen at the former, only the apparition "Honto," and one other, which did not speak, exhibited, and both, Dr. Beard pronounces, were personated by William Eddy, as he believes all others are, with the help of the spectator's imagination. In the light seance he assisted Horatio Eddy, and detected that individual in officiating as the spiritual guitar player. Col. Olcott, who has been for several weeks investigating, and whose illustrated papers have been published in the *Graphic*, Dr. Beard declares to be as "credulous as a baby," and incapable of

telling the truth in regard to anything that takes place in the Eddy seances. The Doctor gives a summary of the ring and rope, and other feats, all of which are too familiar bits of jugglery to deserve serious attention.

A Masonic Goat.

In a small village, not a thousand miles from this place, says the *Sonoma Democrat*, a certain divine, whose church is strongly opposed to secret societies, announced a few weeks ago, that he would deliver a discourse against Freemasonry. The appointment was for Saturday night, and a large audience came out to hear him. Just as the speaker began to warm up with his subject, a lot of boys went up to the door, and opening it, shoved in an old billy goat, and locked the door on the outside. Now this old goat was a notorious fellow. The boys about town had teased and "fooled" with him so much that he was always on the fight. When thrust into the large company that composed the audience of the reverend speaker, he was not at all abashed, but began looking about for a foeman worthy of his horns. Soon he discovered the speaker gesticulating in the further end of the room, and, with a few preliminary nods to assure himself that his neck was in good working order, he made for him on the double-quick. It was as if the ghost of the traditional Masonic goat was after him. Dodging around the pulpit he managed to elude Billy's well-aimed butts. Down among the audience they came, the pursued and the pursuer. Women and children mounted the benches and such a scene of confusion and such an uproar is not often seen in a solemn assembly. In the meantime the boys were firing a volley of stones at the end of the building. By a strategic movement the goat was caught and tied to a bench, and the congregation quieted down. The speaker resumed his subject. Billy stood quietly for a while, but when one of the boys who knew his tricks, made a motion at him, he began to plunge and rear to get at him, creating about as much confusion as before. When the door was opened all were glad to get out, except Billy, who felt that he had not had half a show.

The latest Masonic report in "high life" is that Tom Thumb has become a Templar.

A Widow's Witness.

It was told of old that the cackle of a goose once saved Rome. It is now related that a swallow won a suit in court away down in Texas. A poor widow and her daughter had suit for damages before a court in Houston. The counsel for the plaintiff introduced into his pleading the fable of the swallow that built her nest and reared her young under the eaves of the temple of justice. The lawyer enlarged upon the swallow's trust in the protection of her home the place afforded, and very aptly made the application to the case before the court. When the counsel was about finishing his illustration a swallow actually flew into the room and alighted upon the Judge's desk. It then hopped away and found rest for the sole of its foot on the railing of the jury box. In its circuit of the court room it halted awhile on a pile of law books, then hovered a moment over the heads of the plaintiffs, and flew out of the window and away. The counsel concluded by saying:

"Behold the witness," and as the witness could not be called back by the opposing counsel, the case was given to the jury pretty much as the swallow left it.

The jury could not ignore the bird's evidence, and gave a verdict for the widow. The story is a little birdy, but not in the least fishy. If it was a preconcerted plan of the lawyer, it was very happily arranged and nicely carried out, and deserves a place among court reports and curious pleadings.

THE *Denver News* records this incident for the benefit of those who doubt woman's constancy: "A man was about dying in this city, and an acquaintance sent the following telegram to his wife, who was in Chicago: 'Your husband is dying. Come quick.' She coolly replied: 'Can't go now. If he dies hand him over to the Masons; he's one of them.' The man died. The wife hasn't been heard from since."

"THAT dog of yours flew at me this morning, and bit me on the leg, and I now notify you that I intend to shoot it the first time I see it." "The dog is not mad." "Mad! I know he is not mad. What's he got to be mad about? It's me that's mad."

Christian Association Denounces Free-Masonry.

The Illinois Christian Association, at its late meeting in Chicago, uttered some severe denunciations of the institution of Freemasonry, as well as declaring war upon all secret societies. That our readers may understand the spirit of the Illinois Christian Association, and be able to judge for themselves the terrible fulminations uttered by it, we give a few extracts:

"Appeals should especially be made to the Christian ministry, who should be warned and exhorted that Freemasonry would destroy our religion and the power of the State.

Mr. Walker said he "denounced Masonry as a despotism which ought not to exist in a free country like the United States."

Mr. Bain said he "considered many of the details of Freemasonry as blasphemous."

Mr. Graham said: "It became a Christian people to challenge the spirit of Freemasonry, and exhibit to the people the false doctrines of that order."

Prof. Blanchard said: "That because Masonry was at war with civil government, at war with Christianity, and with manhood, it would go down, and might God speed its downfall."

These brief extracts are a fair representation of the *animus* of the Association, as to Masonry, and none of our readers will complain of their brevity.

Ever, and anon, a few persons take it into their heads to do the world a special service by abusing Masonry. This *Christian Association*, of Illinois, having no widows and orphans, in that State, to feed and clothe, can afford to spend their time in coarse and scandalous misrepresentation of one of the oldest moral institutions in the world. We will not condescend to formally deny the bare calumnies uttered by them, any more than we would stoop to defend the Savior of the world against the maudlin blasphemies of a drunken wretch. For ages, Freemasonry has existed under every form of human government, and amid almost every degree of civilization, and everywhere it has shown itself the friend of liberty and man. Its pages of history are adorned with the purest and greatest names among American statesmen and patriots, from that of

George Washington down to men still living among us. None of these great and good men ever felt that there was the slightest opposition between the principles of Masonry and civil government, or of Christianity. Thousands of the best men now living, members of Masonic lodges, are morally conscious of the same truth, and we hold that this splendid array of evidence is far more convincing than the immoderate and unchristian assertions of these Illinois reformers. We deeply regret to see men, who profess the Christian religion, so far abandon its spirit and precepts as to slander and defamation.—*Lexington Dispatch.*

The Happy man.

I noticed a mechanic among a number of others, at work in a house erected but a little way from my office who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who always had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced a sunbeam upon his countenance. Meeting him one morning I asked him to tell me the secret of his ever-happy flow of spirits. He replied, "No secret doctor. I have one of the best wives and when I go to work she always has a word of encouragement for me; when I go home she always meets me with a tender kiss; she is sure to be ready with my meals; and she has done so many things during the day to please me that I cannot find it in my heart to speak unkindly to anybody." What influences, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it and to make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making a home happy and peaceful.

ANY ONE who is much talked of, must be much maligned. This seems to be a harsh conclusion; but when you consider how much more given men are to depreciate than to appreciate, you will acknowledge that there is some truth in the saying.—*Helps.*

THE worthiest people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.—*Swift.*

Misplaced Confidence.

Jones is in general a good husband and a domestic man. Occasionally, however, his convivial tastes betray him into excesses which have subjected him more than once to the discipline of Mrs. Jones. A few nights since he was invited to "participate" with a few friends at Florence's, by way of celebrating a piece of good luck which had befallen one of his neighbors. He did "participate," and to his utter astonishment, when he rose to take his leave, at the "we short hour ayont the twal," he found the largest brick in his hat he ever saw. Indeed, he was heard to remark soliloquently, "I think, Mr. Jones, you were never quite so tight before." He reached his home, finally, but by a route which was anything but the shortest distance between the two points, not however, without having experienced very considerable anxiety about the reception which awaited him from Mrs. Jones. He was in luck that night, was Mr. Jones, barring always his primal transgression. He got into his house, found his way into his chamber without "waking a creature, not even a mouse." After closing his door, he cautiously paused, to give thanks for the "conscience undefiled" which secured to Mrs. Jones the sound and refreshing slumbers which had prevented her taking notice of his arrival. Being satisfied that all was right, he proceeded to remove his integuments with as much despatch and quiet as circumstances would permit, and in the course of time sought the vacant place beside his slumbering consort. After resting a moment and congratulating himself that he was in bed, and that his wife did not know how long he had been there, it occurred to him that if he did not change his position Mrs. Jones might detect from his breath that he had been indulging. To prevent such a catastrophe he resolved to turn over. He had about half accomplished his purpose—we are now obliged to use the idiomatic language of Mr. Jones himself, from whom we receive this chapter of his domestic trials—"When Mrs. Jones riz right up in the bed and, said she, in tones that scraped the marrow all out of my bones, said she, '*Jones you needn't turn over, you are drunk clean through.*'"—*N. Y. Post.*

It takes a live man to pull up stream although a dead man can drift down.

The Narrow Escape.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

Upon one of the lovely farms that lie along the Delaware, dwelt Israil Israel and his fair young wife, Althea. The blasts of war which was desolating the land, long delayed to reach their border, and as yet each true-hearted American, their neighbor, dwelt unmolested under his own vine and fig-tree. It is true that many of the young men, the forward, the enterprising, the crossed-in-love, and the bowed down in debt, had enlisted; and in their communications, blood-stained from the various battle-fields, awakened sympathy and gladness, by turns, among their friends at home. But Mr. Israel felt no call to leave the blooming wife, and the merry twins, whose voice was his home music, for the stern music of war. He served his country in a more quiet, but perhaps equally efficient way, by working sedulously in his vocation, paying the large taxes incumbent on the war drafts, making an occasional loan to the Government from his thriving treasury, and nursing up the promising twain whom Providence had vouchsafed as the fruits of wedded love. But the sounds of strife began to come nearer his district. The defeats upon Long Island, and the dark season that followed, sent many a poor fellow back to his neighborhood, maimed, or ragged, or starving, to tell how the heart of the great Washington was nigh despairing at the gloomy prospect ahead, and to ask an alms of the full-handed farmer for God Almighty's sake!

Such appeals were not suffered to fall unheeded. There was bread to spare in the buttery; there was raiment and to spare in the old clothes-press; there was shelter and to spare in the big gable roofed house; these were bountifully dispensed to suffering patriots at the hands of the kind hearted Israel or his affectionate spouse; for Israil Israel was a Freemason. It is with such as he that our pen is most pleased. There is a freer flow at its point when it glides upon this topic. Brother Israel was a Freemason. He was what a writer styles "a born Mason; a Mason in the bud and flower; a Mason in the milk and grain; a Mason in the lint and thread, in the cloth, dye and garment; thoroughly a Mason!"

Therefore the man was liberal—it is one of the virtues of Masonry to be liberal—and patriotic; the world-wide attachments of the craft do not, in the least, blunt the delicate home sympathies which are natural to us all.

The Masonic Lodge in his vicinity acknowledged the superior ability of Mr. Israel, and placed him at the head of the various finance boards, relief boards, and emergency boards, which that emergent season demanded. This position necessarily made him the medium of payment for the various Masonic charities of the district. It must be confessed, however—and the circumstance is related not to disparage brethren, but to show the general state of poverty and distress prevailing—that the drafts drawn upon the lodge treasurer, for the aid of the poor at home, and the prisoners in the prison-ship at New York, were usually cashed from the pocket of Mr. Israel himself. Quarterly dues could not be collected to keep pace with the demand; there was too much pressure from without, to justify a resort to harsh measures for collection; so Mr. Israel trusted to the future consideration of his brethren, and favored the orders from his private funds. At the close of the war, when a general statement of the finances of the Lodge was made, there was found to be due this noble-hearted Mason more than two thousand dollars in gold and silver. When the suffering patriots passed near his door, on their disastrous retreat from Long Island, an opportunity was afforded for a liberal display of his disinterestedness; for though provisions were scarce, and commanded a high price in the markets of the country, yet on the personal application of General Washington, Mr. Israel supplied the American forces with fifty large beeves contenting himself with a plain commissary's receipt, instead of the hard money. The war drew further and further south. Philadelphia was occupied by the British. The surrounding country was daily ravaged for their sustenance. Although the English officers were noted for their prompt payments, and even generosity where their own friends were concerned, yet where the slightest suspicion of a disposition favorable to the patriots existed, woe to that farmer's possessions! He was well escaped if the foraging parties contented themselves by stripping him of his grain and beeves. An empty roost, a

vacant stock yard, untenanted stalls, were but a light infliction. It was oftener the case that the stalls were fired, the dwelling consumed and the poor farmer, whose only crime was to love his country better than his country's foes, was left far-off to commence the world anew. While the dark cloud yet rested over the patriot's prospects, the Roebuck, frigate, anchored in the Delaware, not far from Mr. Israel's house, and a detachment was sent ashore to secure that gentleman, and appropriate his cattle. Mr. Israel was easily taken, for he rather put himself in the way of the party, thinking no further evil than that his property would be subject to a heavy draft. Much to his surprise, the soldiers seized him, bound his hands, and sent him on board the frigate, to be tried by court-martial that very day! All this happened in plain sight of his wife, who stood in the doorway; and no sooner did it pass, than she instantly divined that mischief was brewing. To prevent the capture of the stock, she hurried to the yard, turned all the cattle out, and set the dog after them. He soon ran them out deep into the woods. The horses in the stable were liberated in the same manner. By this time the detachment came up, and seeing her purpose, they fired their muskets at her, but without effect.

Some harsh language was used, but the English officer soon came up and ordered his men away, having received no instructions to damage the property, and the strong-hearted woman was left to rock her babies and ponder upon the fate of her husband, then in so dangerous a condition. Mr. Israel was taken on board the frigate, and while the officers busied about the final disposition to be made of him, one of the sailors approached him, and in a low tone inquired: "Harkee, friend, ain't ye a Freemason?" What prompted the question in the man's mouth cannot be known; but the reader will presently perceive that Mr. Israel's life was involved in the answer. Startled by the inquiry, but feeling new heart at the very word Mason, Mr. Israel whispered in reply that he was. "Then," pursued the sailor, hastily, for an officer was approaching to order the prisoner below, "you had better tell it, for the officers will hold a Lodge in the cabin to-night."

A very few hours sufficed to prepare an indictment, summon officers enough for a court-martial, and commence proceed-

ings. Mr Israel was led across from the fore-castle to the cabin, where a speedy trial and a short shrift were in store for the rebel. And the rebel took a glance across the still water to his pretty homestead, which he felt was not long to claim him as its proprietor. The trial was a mere formality. Witnesses testified to anything that was desired of them. The Judge-Advocate evidently felt that the whole matter was beneath him; he asked but few questions, and those in a careless manner. One witness, as a crowing point to his testimony, averred that when Lord Howe sent to purchase his cattle with specie, that rebellious individual returned for answer, "that he would rather give his cattle to Washington, than to receive thousands of British gold!"

"What have you to say, in plea, prisoner?" inquired the senior officer, in the same breath giving a low order to the sergeant which hurried him on deck, where the rattling of a block, fixed to a yard-arm, could be distinctly heard. The rattling ceased. A file of marines marched across the deck. Something there was, awful, in all this, and Mr. Israel's lips paled as he answered. He made a manly defence averring his devotion to his country's cause, and maintaining his entire innocence of ever having committed any crime which could merit such hard treatment. He was a plain man; loved his country; loved his home; thought no harm to any one; and hoped the court would not deprive an innocent man of his life in the very presence of his family and home.

At the conclusion of his last remark, he gave the sign of the brotherhood. A hasty whisper passed among the judges; an evident interest took the place of their former listlessness. Their haughty bearing was changed; the senior officer ordered the Judge-Advocate to recall the witnesses. This being done, the members of the court cross-examined them searchingly. It was not difficult now to sift out of their evidence so much malice and envy, that the senior officer dismissed them with a stern rebuke, "for seeking to hurt so honorable a man as Mr. Israel!" The verdict was a unanimous *not guilty*. The court being dismissed, Mr. Israel was sent on shore in the captain's barge, and a handsome present sent to his heroic wife, whose coolness in defending her husband's property had been reported to the officers.

So long as the frigate kept her anchorage, there were numerous exhibitions of friendship on the part of her officers, and Mr. Israel made frequent visits to the ship where he had been so lately a prisoner, but where he was now hailed as a brother. It is needless to add, no evil of any description was ever inflicted on the fortunate man. The records of Pennsylvania show that Israil Israel was for many years Grand Master of the State.

Lodges and Masonry.

An increase of Lodges or an increase of members does not indicate that Masonry is prosperous or healthy. A superficial observer would say that Masonry was never more prosperous than now. The whole country is friendly to the institution, and all classes of citizens speak of the order with respect, if not with reverence. Even the Roman Catholic Church, who, by order of their sovereign master, the Pope, is arrayed against us, feels that Masonry is a power that it cannot cope with, and most of its communicants feel a reverence for the institution that they dare not express. None revile the fraternity but a small handful of bigoted zealots, or a few that have been rejected from the order as unworthy, or who have been taught in ignorance to speak ill of it because they could not approach or understand it. The anti-Masonic journals of the country magnify our power and wealth, and fire their paper bullets with a vim and earnestness, like boys at a master, knowing full well that the teacher will take no notice of their playfulness until such time as correction is necessary for the good of scholar or school. The publications that they make are but an aid to the fraternity, and their exposes are but so much bosh that they have not the temerity to believe themselves. Even taking them as true, and the thoughtful and educated mind will gather from them some ideas that make or create a desire to learn our mysteries and practice our arts. These publications, by their excess and abuse, and by garbled extracts perhaps from our ritual, make occasionally Masons at heart of men that never enter our order, and they finally love and respect Masonry, and make its teachings the silent guide of their conduct. A church or community blindly taught to condemn, our order must, of course, expect no consideration from that

church or people; and, unfortunately, they resort to make converts to their faith—to "save lost souls"—that, if resorted to by other communities or churches to win from them, would create very properly within their breasts feelings of perfect contempt and detestation. As Masons, we like to see the church making converts, but might question the propriety, sense, manliness and honesty of a clergy that resorts to the weakness and imbecility of a dying man, prostrated, unnerved, and weakened by disease, to gain the renunciation of Masonry. When a man, in his manhood and strength, will be reasoned into a renunciation of Masonry, it is a legitimate conquest—no Mason can object; but when the mind is beclouded and heavy—when no proposition, however preposterous, proposed by a physician or a clergyman to a weak, feeble, dying man, but what he would embrace, our respect sinks into contempt for the means used, and godliness assumes a garb at once questionable and forbidding to a consistent christian and an honest man.

Masonry, however, cares nothing for this; whether this or that one renounces it, it matters but little to the great whole. Masonry actually needs a diminution of its ranks. Popularity and prosperity has too long been with us, and the rank and file of our army has become too numerous and undisciplined. The officers have become too lax and inefficient, and most of the duties have been assigned to the commissary, and his department alone has been onerous and burdensome. The physical wants of Masons have been fully attended to, to the detriment, we must say, in many cases, of the moral wants. Masonry is becoming too easy—its moral standard too irregular and fluctuating, and it requires men of nerve, strength, character and stamina to use a black ball with consideration and discretion. Lodges have become too numerous, and every little cross-road tells of its popularity. Every Mason must have a Lodge-room within a mile or two of his domicile, and the Grand Lodge lends a willing ear to every petition that promises to add a few more recruits to our faith. The hardy yeoman has become lethargic and weak, and ceases to travel his many miles, as in days of yore, to seek Lodge privileges. Thus our strength is divided—useless Lodges are scattered all over our State, the work of our order is abridged, the morals and beauties of the

ritual and ethics of Masonry are left unrecited through ignorance and incompetency, Lodges half work the degrees, Masters cease to read and learn, and fortunate is the "son of light" that receives information enough to work his way into a strange Lodge. Could half the Lodges be wiped out of existence, or could the members be induced to read or learn the ritual and teachings of our order, Masonry would strengthen, the morals of the community would improve, intelligence would increase, and true benevolence and charity would soon be at her legitimate work. A Lodge that spends but one or two dollars a year per member to support her Lodge, inform her members, and sustain her charities, is living to but very little purpose. Masonry requires active, earnest efforts to become a living reality. Dead Masons and dead Christians will make any organization a nullity—a tree, even without a leaf to show its vitality. We have but little patience with Lodges that do nothing, that act nothing, that learn nothing, that save or give nothing. If any such there are, and some member has life enough to read these remarks, or hears of them, we wish he would go to work and induce his Lodge to surrender its charter. If he will do so, this last act of his Masonic life will be the best one, and at least one Grand Master will pronounce a blessing, and the fraternity will, in time to come, recognize the good work, and perhaps give him honorable mention, to be handed down as history.—*Masonic Jewel*.

Intellectual Benefits of Masonry.

Masonry has two aspects—moral and intellectual. Of course, the moral is the greater, since it determines the duty of one brother to another, and the duty of all brethren to the Grand Architect of the Universe. It is to enforce these that we have all of our expressive symbols—which are the images of the ideas that Freemasonry endeavors to implant in the breasts of its initiates, wherewith to stir them up to correct thinking and heroic doing and suffering. Symbols personify ideas, and give them life; but these have altogether to do with the moral side of Masonry.

The intellectual side of Freemasonry is one which is seldom separately considered; but it is distinct from the moral side, and merits recognition and cultivation from

every lover of the Ancient and Royal Fraternity. The two sides are distinct, and yet the same, just as the mind and soul are distinct and yet one, there being a co-relation between the two, so that whatever elevates one elevates the other. Every man whose mind is cultivated is so much the nearer to Heaven and God; hence whatever benefits the intellect of a Freemason, benefits also, in some degree, his higher or spiritual nature. But the direct effect of mental improvement is the one we have now especially in view.

Freemasonry develops a brother's individuality—that is, leads him to consider himself not merely as one of a mass of men, and probably lost in the mass, but as "one by himself," possessing a mind of his own, and powers of his own, and abilities with which to distinguish himself. The majority of mankind go like sheep, in a flock. One intellectual benefit of Masonry is to develop the qualities which result in leadership, and raise those who have been at all gifted by nature, from place in the ranks to stations of honor and responsibility.

Most men have little or no confidence in themselves. Those who actively engage in the labors of the Masonic Craft soon come to lose this feeling, which is owing simply to lack of self-knowledge. The ancient precept of the philosopher—"man, know thyself," will never grow out of date; it is a medicine for the mind and the life that we cannot take an overdose of. Masonry helps to give this all important self-knowledge, or proper estimate of one's own powers. By these powers we mean not merely the surface abilities, but the hidden faculties which development discloses. We all know men who have succeeded in life, whose outset was the reverse of promising, but whose contact with the world has divested them of the rough edges of their character, and made them keen business men. Masonry does an analogous work for its brethren, who are willing to labor in the Lodge. It builds up their individuality, implants self-confidence, and makes them different men, while they are yet the same.

The active Freemason is a far happier man than his slothful brother. There is a theory which asserts that it is worth going through college merely to acquire the satisfaction of knowing that you have had advantages over your fellows, whether you have improved those advantages or

not. This is a very selfish and partial view of the benefit of education, but there is some truth in it. And, analogously, he who has performed work of any description of happiness, in the consciousness that he has well-done what many others have ill-done, or not done at all.

Practical Masonry diligently cultivates the memory of its working craftsmen. Now, memory is no mean faculty. It is a feeder of thought, the parent of reasoning, the foundation of the whole intellectual superstructure; which, when elegantly erected, is pronounced to be genius. Memory is an attribute to divinity—the book of remembrance is the one out of which we shall hereafter be examined and judged, before we can gain admittance to the Grand Lodge above. It becomes us, therefore, to educate it to its highest point; to impress upon it lessons of sublime morality, which, when exemplified in the life, shall stand the test of that last great examination when the builders of time shall meet the Architect of eternity. The memory is a blank page upon which we may write what we will. There may be inscribed upon it the fair writing of morality or the blotted lines of sensual thoughts, wrought out into misguided lives. It may indicate the work of a clear head, a sensitive conscience and an honest heart, or of a muddled brain, an immoral purpose and a depraved will.

We submit that the intellectual benefits of Masonry are well entitled to be classed with its moral benefits. The head and the heart are both ministered to by it, for, its direct object is to make every brother a full-grown man, mentally and morally. In the Masonic as in the physical world, there are dwarfs and malformed men, but this is because Masonry takes them with their deformities often covered or disguised and knows not until too late for absolute remedy that these ought to have been rejected. Freemasonry never seeks to do other than to develop in its craftsmen the best faculties of their minds and the purest purposes of their hearts.—*Key-stone*.

"Fellow travelers," said a colored preacher, "ef I had been eatin' dried apples for a week, and then took to drinkin' for a monf, I could feel no mo' sweet'd up dan I am dis minit wid pride an' vanity, at seein' such a full 'tendance har dis evenin'."

Secret of True Happiness.

There are few truer things said touching earthly happiness than the following by Ruskin :

Gradually, thinking on from point to point, we shall come to perceive that all true happiness and nobleness are near us, and yet neglected by us ; and that till we have learned how to be happy and noble, we have not much to tell, even to red Indians. The delights of horse-racing and hunting, of assemblies in the night instead of the day, of costly and wearisome music, of costly and burdensome dress, of chagrined contention for place or power or wealth, or the eyes of the multitude ; and all the endless occupation without purpose, and idleness without rest, of our vulgar world, are not, it seems to me, enjoyments we need be ambitious to communicate.

And all real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man have been just as possible to him, since he was first made of the earth, as they are now ; and they are possible to him chiefly in peace. To watch the corn grow and the blossoms set ; to draw hard breath over plowshare or spade ; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things that make men happy ; they have always had the power of doing these ; they never will have power to do more. The world's prosperity depends upon our knowing and teaching these few things ; but upon iron or glass, or electricity, or steam, in no wise. And I am utopian and enthusiastic enough to believe that the time will come when the world will believe this. It has now made its experiments in every direction but the right one, and it seems that it must at last try the right one in a mathematical necessity.

If only the right for a single day was awarded to women to tear off the hideous masks that hide their tear-stained faces, there would be betrayed to psychological and physiological students more deep and damning domestic tragedies than all the laws of justice and equity could ever set even.

More than half the lives of women who are wed shine in the face of society with rainbow brightness, only because they have a back ground of black and eternal, starless and sunless gloom.—*Nellie Marshall McAfee.*

I Watch for Thee.

I watch for Thee!—when parting day
Sheds on the earth a lingering ray ;
With his last blush o'er the rose
A richer tint of crimson throws ;
And ev'ry flow'ret's leaves are curled
Like Beauty's, shrinking from the world ;
When silence reigns o'er lawn and lea,
Then, dearest love!—I watch for Thee!

I watch for Thee!—when eve's first star
Shines dimly in the heavens afar,
And twilight's mists and shadows grey,
Upon the lake's broad waters play ;
When not a breeze or sound is heard,
To startle evening's lonely bird ;
But hushed is e'en the humming bird—
Then, dearest love!—I watch for Thee!

I watch for Thee!—when, on the eyes
Of childhood, slumber gently lies ;
When sleep has stilled the noisy mirrour
Of playful voices, round our hearth,
And each young cherub's fancy glows,
With dreams that childhood only knows
Of pleasures past—or yet to be—
Then, dearest love!—I think of Thee!

I watch for Thee!—Hope of my heart!
Returning from the crowded mart
Of worldly toil, and worldly strife,
And all the busy scene of life ;
Then, if thy brow of brightness wear,
A moment's space, the shade of care,
My smile, amid that gloom, shall be
The rainbow of the storm to Thee!

The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of Indiana recently dedicated their new hall at Indianapolis. The Hon. Schuyler Colfax was the orator of the occasion. Alluding to the growth of the order in this country he said : "Founded by five humble men, richer in zeal and unselfish endeavor than in basket and store, it now numbers its membership by the half-million, and its revenues and relief by the million. With no obligation stronger than pledge of honor, and with the key-note of its ritual to visit the sick, to relieve the distressed, to protect the widow, and to educate the orphan, it stands to-day in the forefront among the humanitarian organizations of our times." The ceremonies were of a very imposing character, and the affair in all respects a success.

A little girl was told to spell ferment, and give a meaning with a sentence in which it was used. The following was literally her answer : "F-e-r-m-e-n-t, a verb, signifying to work ; I love to ferment in the garden."

IMPOSTER.—From the Secretary of Center Lodge, No. 401, at Lebanon, Mo., we are advised of a traveler who calls himself Col. Young, Gen. Herbert, etc., imposing on the Craft. He generally hails from some Lodge in Louisiana, but has been denounced by the Grand Secretary. He is about five feet seven inches high, rather heavy set, and has a brogue which he says results from being shot. Black hair inclined to curl, quickspoken and restless. He claims a lot of distinguished acquaintances in Missouri and elsewhere—look out for him.

A Masonic bust of Washington has been executed by Edward V. Valentine, the sculptor, of Richmond, Va. Washington appears as W. M. of Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, of which Lodge he was W. M. in 1788. Bro. John Dove, the venerable Grand Secretary of Virginia, speaks of it very highly as a work of Masonic art. The only Masonic portrait of Washington was executed in 1794, by order of Alexandria Washington Lodge, and now hangs in its Lodge-room.

Chicago had an anti-Masonic celebration the other day, which adjourned to meet at Peoria next November. That the fool-killer doesn't avail himself of such opportunities convinces us that he is either dead or that he is not the man for the business.—*Courier-Journal.*

"Don't cry, my little fellow, don't cry," said a kind-hearted man to a ten-year-old, who was busy churning his tears with both fists as hard as he could. "I ain't a cryin'," snappishly retorted the urchin, "I'm only washin' the dirt out of my eyes"

To be guided by temperance in our personal habits ; to have fortitude to resist temptations and to check improper desires ; to let prudence be the ruler of our actions and justice instruct us to render to every one his due—is one of the moral lessons of Freemasonry.

An improvident Danbury youth entertains a high appreciation for the State prison, which he regards as "the only place where a fellow is not duoned for his board and washing every Saturday night."

Bro. Robert Burns is shortly to have a Bronze Statue erected to his memory in Central Park, New York.

Wisdom and Strength.

The great Masonic proverbialist said. "Wisdom is better than strength," and the modern arts and sciences are furnishing the demonstration of the aphorism. Lord Bacon affirmed that "knowledge is power." It was wisdom that gave us the inventions of Arkwright, and Watt and Wedgwood, and Bessemer. In England to-day machinery—the product of human wisdom—is doing the work of five hundred millions of men, or ten times the population of the British Empire. These spindles, looms, and mills will spin, weave and grind as much warp and woof and web and meal as the adult population of the whole earth would do by hand, working night and day. Now a few tons of coal and a few casks of water will do the work that was formerly done by all the muscle and brain of the united world. Man has put his thought into machines and made them hammer, saw, spin, weave, and grind, thus wiping the sweat from his brow, relieving the strain on his arm, and making conquest of the curse of labor.

Archimides, with his engines on the wall, sent to the bottom the Armada of Marcellus in the harbor of Syracuse, and Carnot by educated skill delivered Antwerp from the horrors of siege. Thus wisdom is the defense of nations and a great conservator of human suffering. The wider the wisdom of the world the greater the economy of human strength. The bee that next summer is to build its hive will toil as long and hard in the construction of its cell as the bee that sipped nectar from the flowers in the garden of Eden. The swallow that next season is to build its nest beneath our eaves will pursue the same method as that employed by the sparrows and swallows who build over the altars of King Solomon's Temple; but if the Temple of King Solomon were to be erected anew, nineteenth-century wisdom and skill could erect it much faster than Hiram's masonry. And there are few residences in Louisville which do not contain luxuries and conveniences which were wanting in "the house of the cedars of the woods of Lebanon." God at the outset gives the insect the supreme architectural talent, which is a constructive instinct from which it can no more vary than a planet from its prescribed orbit. But the pre-

rogative of man is the capacity to improve—to progress. Hence, from the elements of manual toil he has gone forward until a gallon of water and a few pounds of coal will supplant a man in a good day's work. With the saving of a single week's wages an American mechanic can procure a more embracing library than gladdened the studious hours of Cicero—can marshal a grander array of authors than the affluence of Solomon could command. "If the axe be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put forth more strength." A grindstone is a great economist when trees are to be felled and saw-logs cut. A dull axe laid on the gnarled trunk of a sturdy oak will blister the palms, rack the sinews, tax the patience, and try the courage of the hewer of wood.

A timely delay employed in a few revolutions of the emory wheel or the grindstone would put an edge upon the implement which will make the chips fly with a gratifying rapidity. A blunt axe implies many unresponsive blows and an Iliad of pains in him who labors with its unground edge. We have seen a man sit down to write a letter on business and groan over it as if he were engaged upon the problem of perpetual motion, or of squaring the circle. It is just the easiest matter for other men we know to dash off fifty letters a day, every word of which will be vascular with life and magnetic with power, and just along here people do not understand. "I carry a hod, burdened with bricks, up the scaffold to your fifth-story window. I sink under my burden, I sweat; why have I not the same wages of that professional man who gets twenty dollars to my one?" The question is a hard one to answer to the mortar-bearer; but it all lies in the fact that he whom you challenge has ground his axe—on the grindstone. He has studied the foundations and friezes, the buttresses and battlements, the pediments and pinnacles, the cornices and capitals, the corners and columns, of that building, and his thought thereon is the keen edged instrument of wisdom, while the mere bearing of bricks up the scaffold steps is the groaning of physical power under its weight.

We have no doubt but that there are multitudes of men who are performing merely physical offices who are conscious of wider powers. We know a period in

our own history when we did not half estimate ourself. Every man conscious of power should assert himself. Let him demand of the public an endorsement of his merited power. Talent has its price in the market and will always demand its value—if held. People who won't grind will have in emergency, to employ substitutes, sharp instruments to do their purposes. To certain minds God has given ascendancy, as that of the power of the snake-charmers over a brood of reptiles.

The day of stone hatchets and blunt axes is returnless, and from the lowliest craft to the most intellectual pursuit, as a condition of success, it is necessary to be well-informed and skillful—to know how to handle the implements of power, whether the tools be of iron, of rhetoric, or of logic. Whatever you purpose to do, study and labor until no one can excel you in the excellence of your work, and then you will discover that your talent and skill will be in active demand. There are no glutted markets for first-class men. The supply has never been equal to the demand in any of the trades or professions. There is plenty of room for all skillful craftsmen.

The Meek Man.

Meekness, when a genuine virtue, is certainly to be commended. It suggests humility of spirit—the absence of egotism—the negation of selfishness; but the affected meek man is the last analysis of creation's meanness—the fellow who is willing to be elbowed off the sidewalk, and who is ready to apologize to anybody who challenges his right to existence for the accident for which he was born and thus innocently come in the way of anybody—the *humble*, pious chap who pipes in nasal discord.

"Let me be little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone,"

is a miserable chimney-corner fraud—"creation's blank, creation's blot," whom none can love or honor. We like a man who holds up his head on the path of life, keeps to the "right as the law directs," and never runs over anybody unless he is in his way.

"A good, easy fellow" is about as trifling a mistletoe as ever sapped the bough of society. A man who is so negative in opinion and action that everybody speaks well of him is about as near nothing as

zero in mathematics, and a thousand times colder than this degree on the thermometric scale for all productive purposes—more arid than the ice-plains of Greenland. We like a fellow of warm, quick impulses, prompt in thought and execution, and counting little the costs so long as honest conviction rowels the soul to endeavor. We have seen the Pharisee countenance in society. With the undiscerning it passes for piety; but (from our experience) "Good Lord, deliver us if that man owes us money!" He will pay in promises, and praises, and prayers. We like greenbacks better. We trust the man who, if embarrassed, will promptly come forward and explain his straightened condition and explicitly state the grounds of dependence. But the man who will lead on, from one obligation to another, banking on the brains or patronage of another by a methodical deceit, is a dominoed hypocrite, who will be all the more hateful when the masque is torn from his swindling countenance. Of all the things that best express honesty of purpose we regard a sensitiveness to debt as the leading virtue. The world lives primarily by money. Without cash nothing can go. People starve, mills stop, railroads are cashiered, banks break, everything "goes up." The capacity to pay is not always the measure of honesty, but the willingness to pay always is.

We have done much brain-work, heart-work, and hand-work in our time upon fruitless promises to pay. We have mostly worked for good, pious, honest people—as the world goes; but we have this to say, that nine times out of ten we have either been cheated, or our claim has been discounted, or some excuse or another has defrauded us of our compensation. We have been sometimes tempted to adopt the moan of the cynic who, when kidney-diseased, exclaimed: "Mankind is a damned rascal." Now, we are almost daily in receipt of demands for public services. "Come and deliver us this lecture, and we will pay your expenses," and poor, innocent, vain fool that we are, we go and sweat, and declaim, and wear our ribbons of rhetoric, and toss our nightless sleep and go away minus stage-fare, railroad-fare, hotel-fare, and feeling that we have been sold, and sold cheap, and yet dare not express our value in any public price current. We are just exactly done with this self-same

cheat. If the public want us, it must at least pay our expenses. The other night, as a matter of curious inquiry, we sat down and counted the costs since 1865, of our service to the Masonic fraternity. We found we had expended in travelling and hotel expenses about eight hundred dollars and received in return two hundred and sixty-eight dollars, leaving us actually out of pocket in nine years of more than five hundred dollars, and all our speeches thrown in.

We have about as much honor as at the age of forty we can stand. Anybody that wants our services, entailing expense, must hereafter say what he or they are willing to pay. We have done nearly twenty years of honest, hard work and are to-day poor.

We have by our lectures put thousands of dollars into the treasury of various benevolent associations in Kentucky, while by the expense of our gratuitous labors we have been the most generous, and yet most unrecognized contributor.

We have been editing this paper for glory, benevolence—whatever anybody may choose to regard it—but, henceforth, we are disposed to demand a *quid pro quo*. We have been a martyr to public demands, but we have risen out of our ashes and ask that we be not again hurried to the stake. We have gotten over our meekness. We are going to do no more benevolent slaving, but going to say if you ride us you must pay the livery bill—at least you must put a blanket under the saddle, for our back is sore. We have the bit in our teeth and a brand new pair of steel shoes on our hoofs; but we promise to go steady and keep our feet on the ground if those who ride us will only pay toll at the turn-pike gates.

Masonic Toleration.

Bro. Leon Hyneman, of Philadelphia, has written several articles to the Masonic Jewel against what he calls the sectarian innovations of Masonry—the spawn of credal bigotry—the absurdities of Jesuitical credulity. He objects to the dedication of lodges to the holy St. John and to the employment of passages from the New Testament scriptures in the lectures and work, and to the use of the name of the Lord Jesus Christ in prayers offered in the lodge. He founds his ob-

jections to these peculiarities of American Masonry on the ground that harmony, is the basis of all well-regulated institutions, and more especially this of ours, and because the novitiate is assured that there is nothing in the teachings of Masonry that will interfere with his duties to God, to his country, or to his family; that those things mentioned above are offensive to the Jewish conscience and should be eliminated from the Masonic system. He predicts great revolution in the order if these obnoxious factors are not thrown out. We think the brother is unduly nervous, and not a little dyspeptic over this matter. Toleration is two-sided as between Jews and Christians. Lodges were anciently dedicated to King Solomon, and if in this age they were dedicated to George Washington we do not suppose the matter of Masonry would be greatly disturbed thereby. Living as we do in an age of the world designated the "Christian Era," being compelled, notwithstanding our creed may be that of Pagan, Musselman, or Jew, to recognize the birth of Christ in our laws, titles, history, etc., it is a matter of no astonishment that *Masons*—ninety-nine hundredths of whom are Christians—should dedicate their Lodges to two distinguished patrons of their faith. There is nothing in this that can offend, or, at least, ought to offend our Jewish brethren. Were we in Turkey we should not object to belonging to a Lodge because it was dedicated to Mahomet, or in China to Confucius, or in India to Brahme. The United States is a land of civil and religious liberty. Will the Jew, Pagan, Musselman, Infidel, demand of us that our Senates shall not be opened with prayers offered in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ? That our corner-stones shall not be dated Anno Domini? That our deeds shall date from the creation of the world? That our State proclamations shall have no reference to Christ? Is it not enough that the Jew shall be permitted to worship the God of his fathers in his own way and be not abridged in any respect, civil or religious, in the exercise of freedom? Must he impose the views of an inconsiderable minority of religionists upon the great masses that make up the population of this country? Surely this would be intolerance of the darkest type. Why should the name of the Lord Jesus Christ offend the Jew?

He was born in Judea and came of a long line of Jewish ancestry; he was a man of pure life and went about doing good; he was a great teacher and has become the central figures in the fact and philosophy of the race. If he was not divine, if his disciples mistook his mission, if the world is deceived with reference to his place in history or religion, why should the Jew despise Jesus of Nazareth?

It seems to us that even in their view of the case, that they should be proud of their illustrious countryman. Jesus Christ was as much a Jew as Solomon, and could it be made apparent that he was a Mason we could see no more impropriety in dedicating a Lodge to the one or the other. An objection founded on the dedication of Masonic Lodges to the Saints John, is not very affecting to our reason; for it appears to us to relate to the overthrow of card baby-houses and the shattering of cheap crockery. Why should the sound of a name, too, shoot a spark of shocking lightning through the nerves? Why cloy of the honey of a peculiar greatness? Maybe Voltaire was not bad-hearted, when he said of Jesus, "I pray you, let me never hear that man's name again." Perhaps every hero becomes a bore at last, as Emerson remarks. Americans shout the name of George Washington as patriot, warrior, statesman,—“Damn George Washington!” is the fierce Jacobin's profane speech and his argument of refutation. In the great counterweights and checks of society there is, possibly, compensation in all this. “The centripetence augments the centrifugence. We balance one man with his opposite, and the health of the State depends on the see-saw.” The law of individuality collects its secret strength. Brother Jew, you are, *you* and we are *we*—that is, if you will excuse the grammar, “we” am “I.”

But there is nothing so thin but that it has two faces. Perhaps we had better not fight over the one side or the other. We remember the two knights that met at the crossing of the roads where was set up the sign of the shield. The one said it is golden—the other it is silvern, and on this issue they joined lances and fought until covered with gore. Along came a foot-pad and said each is right and each is wrong—one side is gold and the other is silver.

Some Christians believe that no prayer is acceptable to God unless they offer it in the

name of Christ. They base their faith upon express texts of Scripture. They think it sacrilidge to approach the mercy seat in any other name. If called upon to pray at all they *must* pray in the name of Jesus if they would keep their conscience intact. To refuse them the name of Christ, and yet to demand of them a prayer, is to interfere with their religion. The Jew has no occasion for offense. In his opinion it does not invalidate the prayer. According to his judgement it has no more significance than to say Selah or Amen. The Christian does not get offended when the Rabbi omits the name of Jesus. He allows him freedom of conscience. For several years we belonged to a Lodge presided over by a Jewish Master, who omitted many of the peculiarities of which Bro. Hyneman complains; but his brethren of Christian faith and order did not howl heretic at him. Individually we have been accustomed to accommodate ourselves to the prejudices of our Jewish brethren in the matter of offering prayer. But there are many among us who cannot conscientiously omit the name of Jesus in prayer, and Jew Pagan, Musselman and *we* should respect their consciences. It is indeed one of the beauties of Masonry that it is so Catholic in spirit that the Christian will engage in devotions led by a Jewish brother, and the Jew will lift up his heart to God where prayer is offered by the Christian. What other order ever united such diverse elements? It grandly protests the one-sidedness of these men of the street. Its strength is not in extremes, but in avoiding extremes. Why should any of us think to shut up all things in our narrow coop when we know there are not one or two only, but ten, twenty, a thousand things, and unlike? Masonry is cosmopolitan. An omnipresent humanity co-ordinates all its faculties. Said Napoleon: “When soldiers have been baptized in the fire of a battle-field they have all one rank in my eyes.” So when men have travelled the road and encountered the dangers of Masonic progress, they are one brotherhood in our eyes, all of them—whether Jew, Musselman, Boodhist, or Christian—raised to the same level. Let neither Jew nor Christian seek to build any fences. As long as our civilization is essentially one of property, of hedges, of exclusiveness, it will be marked by de-
 clension. We are willing for the Jew to

dedicate to Solomon and append “Selah” to his prayers. We are willing for Christians to dedicate to the Saints John and say Amen when their petitions are closed. “It is the last lesson of modern science that the highest simplicity of structure is produced, not by few elements, but by the highest complexity. Man is the most composite of all creatures; the wheel-insect *volox globator* is at the other extreme.” As Masons, let us seek to have that faith which

“Has centre everywhere,
 Nor cares to fix itself a form.”

A Personal Card.

I am a candidate for renomination to the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction. An effort is being made by interested parties to create the impression that I am unfitted for this position by reason of not having been a teacher. The fact is that I have been a teacher for several years in my life, and was at one period of my history a professor in the Kentucky Military Institute. Since I have been in office I have diligently studied the most approved methods of teaching the branches included in the common-school cause, besides the subjects of school organization and discipline. I have attended during my term more than forty Teachers' Institutes, and in my life nine State Teachers' Associations, in which I have engaged in the practical exercises. I claim an experience in the whole range of school work that will render my incumbency a second time of much more value to the State than was possible to that which is drawing to a close. I wish my friends to see to it that the unwary are not deceived by those special misrepresentations which are being made by office-seeking persons. Since I have been in office, though not required to do so by the law, I have spent annually one-sixth of my salary in visiting the counties in the interest of popular education. I have a *real* ambition to prosecute the work in which I am engaged, and ask a generous public to endorse me if, indeed, I have been faithful to the trust it confided to me.

H. A. M. HENDERSON.

The first Masonic Temple in China was erected in 1853. It was projected by Bro. S. Rowson, P. G. M. for China.

circumscribe my passions and desires within due bounds, that by so following the teachings of our order, I may ever honor it as I love it. I again thank you, my brethren, for this beautiful souvenir.

Bro. Johnson then called Bro. Fulton upon the stand, and with a few appropriate remarks, presented to him the ring he then wore.

The officers elect were then presented and installed into their respective places, according to the usage of the fraternity, which closed the exercises of one of the most pleasant evenings it has ever been my good fortune to enjoy. And I must say that if such interchanges of brotherly love were more general among the fraternity that a far greater degree of zeal for the institution would exist and a new era would dawn upon Masonry in our midst.

Bro. C. H. Johnson is now Grand Junior Warden, and it is the desire of his brethren here to see him soon in the chair of the Grand Master. Although a young man, he has by his energy and love of the institution made himself fully capable to fill any position the craft may see fit to honor him with.

Notwithstanding the extreme cold and rough roads, he visited Corydon Lodge, No. 447, on last Wednesday evening, when he installed the officers elect, and delivered a public lecture upon the subject, "Why are there Anti-Masons?" The Lodge requested a copy of the address for publication, believing that it will be beneficial to the craft, and as brother J. is always inclined to be obliging, you may ere long see it in print.

Bro. J. did not neglect his opportunity to speak a good word for the Home, pointing to it, as he said, with pride as a monument to Masonic charity, and as an assurance that the order was doing good.

I also learn that he urged the brethren privately to subscribe for the FREEMASON, with the assurance that much light was to be found therein.

With the hope that these few lines may prove of interest to the craft, I remain, fraternally, &c., VERITAS.

H. R. H. Prince Leopold, was passed to the degree of F. C., last month, in University Lodge, Oxford, England, Bro. F. P. Morrell, W. M.

Masonic Library for Sale.

We call attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. Spencer & Co., which appears in this number of the FREE MASON, for the sale of the richest Masonic Library in the world. We cannot give our readers a better idea of the collection than by quoting from the letter of Bro. Walter C. Spencer, F. R. G. S. &c., accompanying the advertisement. "He says:

"I may add for your information that the description will prove by no means overdrawn: it is by far the finest collection of the kind in existence; 160 lots of constitutions of various periods and countries; then the scarce Lodge lists of Cole & Pine, from 1736; our G. L. Calendars from 1776; the *only extant* copy of the *first* constitutions printed 1722; our G. L., proceedings from 1795; the unique Caricatures of 1741 and 1742, (the latter a fine engraving four feet long); early manuscript constitutions; early manuscript Rituals (of the "Antients" and others); curious unpublished manuscripts of the late Dr. Oliver; numerous autographs of Grand Masters and eminent Masons; early summonses, certificates, &c. &c."

Yours Truly and Fraternally,

WALTER SPENCER F. R. G. L.

Member of the International Congress of Orientalists, &c.

That opposition to our institution is but a stimulus to growth, is proved by the Masonic history of Italy for the last few years. There are now about eighty Lodges in that Kingdom, and their number is rapidly increasing, not so much in spite of the Papal opposition, as *because* of it. And so it will everywhere, among an enlightened and intelligent people, who can distinguish between the dogmas and functions of a church and the fraternizing philanthropy of the Craft.

Churches and Priests, to a great extent, have yet to learn that we are not and do not assume to be, a substitute for spiritual organizations; and many Masons, too, have yet to learn that Masonry is not a religion or a substitute for it. When those lessons have been learned by both parties, we shall get along very quietly and comfortably, each working in its own sphere for the good of our fellowmen and for the glory of God.—*Michigan Freemason.*

MASONIC ELECTION.

A Worthy Testimonial to C. H. Johnson.

The annual election of officers for the ensuing Masonic year was held by Jerusalem Lodge No. 9, A. Y. M., on Monday night, December 28th, with the following result:

R. C. Witt, W. M.

J. G. Staples, S. W.

T. M. Jenkins, J. W.

J. F. Mayer, Treas.

P. A. King, Sec'y.

D. P. Lockett, S. & T.

H. W. Fulton was appointed S. D.

Peter Geibel appointed J. D.

Immediately after the election Hon. E. L. Starling arose, and in a few well-timed remarks, presented to the retiring W. M., G. H. Johnson, on behalf of the members of the Lodge, a beautiful gold ring, as a testimonial of their high regard for him as a man and Mason, and as an acknowledgment of his services in behalf of Masonry. It was a pleasant surprise to the retiring Master, but in returning thanks to the members who had made him the elegant present he acquitted himself in a happy manner.

The ring was made especially for the occasion by Duhme & Co., of Cincinnati. It is set with a large amethyst, inlaid with gold representing the square and compass, and beautifully set with diamonds. On the inside are engraved these words, "The members of Jerusalem Lodge No. 9, A. Y. M., to C. H. Johnson. December 27th, 1874."

At the conclusion of Mr. Johnson's remarks, thanking the brethren for their handsome present, H. W. Fulton was called to the Master's stand and presented with the ring which Mr. Johnson then wore, as a token for his kindly feelings for his co-labor in the cause they both so much love. Mr. Fulton acknowledged the present in his usual polite and fluent style.

After the ring presentations were through with, the officers elect were regularly installed.—*Henderson Reporter.*

The Duke of Wellington was made a Mason in Lodge No. 494, at Trim, Ireland, in 1790. His signature, "A. Wellesley," is still extant.

Our Saturday Night.

BABY AND HER KISSES.

Several miles out from the city, just in the edge of a village, stands a white house with green blinds. A pretty cottage home. Many a time have we opened the gate, passed into the yard where the young wife had trained roses to climb and pinks to spread as they gave beauty and fragrance to a place which had become a workingman's paradise. Of a Saturday night there was indeed no place like home. No more happy place than this home, at least. It was like basking in the mellow sunshine of God's smile to visit here and behold what love, affection, industry and confidence could do towards making life beautiful beyond words.

The owner of this cottage home was not rich, but no man had greater wealth. He was an honest man. His eyes were like the cushions on which angels bear infants to heaven, so soft, gentle and full of tenderness were they. His heart ever seemed more like some beautiful thought budding into flower than the arena wherein struggled human passions, so well had he controlled himself as did our Brother the waves when they obeyed His command to be still. He lived to concentrate his life—to make home the dearest and sweetest place on earth, and the rectitude of his life spread sunshine all over and about the dear ones who awaited his coming. What God the great Chemist had joined together, no silent yet powerful influence had put asunder, for our friend and the pure woman from whom he drew so much inspiration lived in the doorway of that beautiful belief that Home is Heaven when Home holds none but loving hearts.

Day after day our friend labored at his trade. Like the father of Jesus, he was a carpenter. He built houses for others and used the reward of his skill and labor to beautify his home. Thus he put his money to greater interest than any miser ever yet received or Shylock could demand. He studied and worked. He built himself into a magnificent manhood. He trained his intelligence, which is immortal, toward heaven, and frittered not himself away in fretfulness, dissipation or fault finding with his station or condition in life. He turned his strength to profit—

his life to success—his vines to beautify his life and home. He planted contentment, and bounteous was the harvest of happiness he reaped, for he was dearly beloved by a loving wife and three beautiful children. His wife was loving because she could not help being so. Mated as well as married, their lives went sweetly on like wedded rivulets singing their way to the sea.

Their children were beautiful. They were conceived in love and born in the garden of complete confidence. While the weaver was at work in his mysterious chamber, there were no storms, no fits of ugly passions, no lowering skies, no crossing of purposes and filling of hearts with agony to the tangling and twisting and warping of life threads in the unborn, so the little ones who came into the world were beautiful and dearly loved blessings. Would that we knew words in which to convey ideas. Oh! that we could sit with all who are waiting to be parents and tell them how love beautifies, and unkindness to her who is to be a mother, mars, scars and distorts the innocent till they come into the world laden with the seeds of misery for their after lives on earth. When men know what men should know, and women live as women should live, every child born to earth will be born to happiness. But not of this now.

Our friend was an honest man. He dared be true to himself. He dared to be true to his manhood. He dared to be true to the woman he loved. Few are the men so brave as he. His home held him by night as did his duty by day. He lived, not to add to that insane throng which mistakes excitement for happiness, but to aid his wife and his children to develop and grow in that strength of heart and soul which gives us positions in the ranks of those who are God's companions in the Gardens of the Golden Eternal.

When the labors of the day were over, he hastened to his cottage home. He was welcomed on the way by those whose little feet ran to meet, whose little lips did sweetly greet him. He was not too proud to play with his little ones. He was not too dignified to love his wife. He was not so great as to make his home once unhappy in the shadow of his selfish ambition. He was a workingman, untitled on earth, but wearing on his heart the garter of the knighthood of God. He loved his children and they loved him,

because he was good and his presence was the balmy air wafting them on to lasting and everlasting happiness.

* * * * *

The heart-broken wife was kneeling by the bedside as we entered the room. The two eldest children were sobbing as if their hearts were broken. The father and husband has crossed the river and moved out from the mortal temple in which he had dwelt for years. He had crossed the river by whose earth bank his loved ones were kneeling in tears as the waves of bitterness dashed in great breakers over their hearts. He had gone with his patterns to build for those he loved a home in that Land of the Leal where there is no sorrow—where hearts are at rest and the strings of earthly circumstances do not reach to wound the studious soul.

It was a death-bed scene. The hour of trial for the living—of grief for those left in the desert while the faithful guide is journeying to the oasis and finding the camping ground and shady groves wherein will come those whose grief-wrapt hearts are now lifeless in their sorrow.

A lady friend of the afflicted ones entered the room, bearing in her arms the two-year old child of him who slept never before so quietly. She bore the babe to the bedside. The little darling looked at him who slept, and from her little lips came in enquiring tones—

"Pa-pa!"

His face was as one asleep. So quiet and full of rest. The good friend held the child down so it could kiss the cheek of him but for whom she had not been. At once she sprang from the arms of the good friend, nestled close to the face of the dead, and with her little hands on his face, repeated in her baby voice—

"Pa-pa! Baby wake pa-pa!"

Then she bent over, printed a sweet little kiss on one of the eyes of him who slept, quickly raised her head and laughed in glee. But papa did not waken. At once she bent over, kissed the other closed eye, threw back her head and said:

"Papa, wake for baby!"

This had been her early morning play. Oft and oft had she climbed up to his face and kissed his eyes till they opened to smile on baby, as he held her to his heart and wakened for the morning romp which flavored with love the labor of the day. The little orphan knew not that

his sleep was eternal. But she saw that papa would not waken to her kisses, as the sobs came from breaking hearts, and tears ran like rain down cheeks unused thereto. Her little lips were put up in grief, the tears of disappointment came to her eyes as she cuddled down by the face of him whose life-love had been to her food for the heart and sunshine for her infant soul. Her sobs and tears came free and fast. Her faith was broken. There was a mystery she could not fathom—something her young intelligence could not comprehend.

Yet, who dare say that the angels who went with her father to prepare a home for his loved ones in the golden gardens had not returned, and whispered to her soul a knowledge hitherto unknown.

Papa was dead. His spirit had gone on to its real work. Well might that little innocent know that papa was dead when her sweet, warm kisses could not open his eyes to see her eager smiles, as she waited at the threshold of slumber for his return.

* * * * *

The world is all too full of dead fathers and of dead mothers. Of those who have closed their eyes to love, innocence, and that affection which marks the God-like of human nature. If men knew the happiness there is in heart-warmed homes, they would never close their eyes to true love nor depart on selfish missions as do those who die moral deaths.

The heart of the child was broken when she realized that no longer could her little kiss open the eyes of the papa she loved. The world is full of men and of women, children of larger growth, whose hearts are breaking because of their inability to open with tokens from the heart the eyes of those they have idolized.

To such mourners time brings scars oftener than men know of. God pity all such. Their grief is greater and with reason, than is those who live for each other—who walk hand in hand, as heart in heart, through life to accomplish good and who are left only for a time, certain of soon meeting in the Land of the Leal, where those who were the best, the truest, the noblest and most devoted to home and to humanity in this life, will wear crowns and be blessed with the angels in that beautiful home wherein all the good actions and kind thoughts here are preserved to our credit, to the glory and re-

ward there is for all who are deserving, in that beautiful life beyond our final Saturday Night.—“*Brick*” Pomeroy.

Royal Masonic Pedigree Wheat.

We clip the following from the *London Freemason*: “On the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of the New Grammar School at Reading, with Masonic honors, by his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, in 1870, a single grain of wheat which fell from his hands was picked up by Bro. Thomas Deller, P. M., of Newbury, who was the bearer of the cornucopia. This he planted. In 1871 the result was 157 grains, which was increased again in 1872, to about one-and-a-half pints. This sown in 1873, yielded seven-and-a-half gallons.

“In October of that year, Bro. Deller wrote, placing this at the disposal of the Prince, and in reply received a letter from Sir William Knollys, conveying his Royal Highness’ gracious acceptance, and a request that it be forwarded to Marlborough House. In November he received a further communication to the effect that it had been taken down to Sandringham and sown in a favorable spot, and that his Royal Highness’ agent at Sandringham should, at the proper time, inform him (Bro. Deller) of the result. Several communications passed as to the progress the wheat was making, and before its being cut an invitation, of which he availed himself, was received to go over and see the crop. It was about an acre of really very fine grain, the probable yield being some five quarters (or forty bushels), the intention being to sow this next year, in which case we shall see about forty acres of wheat from a single grain in five years. It is highly gratifying to see the interest taken in the matter by his Royal Highness, which alone is sufficient reward to Bro. Deller for his trouble and care in the matter, at the same time his thoughtfulness has supplied what has hitherto been wanting, viz: a pedigree wheat for use for all Masonic purposes.”

The *Freemason* adds: “Any Brother wishing to keep up the ‘breed,’ may have a few grains on application.”

The Duke of Abercorn, on November 4th inst., was elected Grand Master of Masons of Ireland.

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EDITED BY

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

FRANKFORT, KY.