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Dedication of Temples.

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

Sublime Princes, the world is filled with the ruins of temples, erected by the ancients to their imaginary deities. In Egypt, India, Ethiopia, and Chaldea, the lover of antiquity and the eager student gaze enraptured on the huge remains of mighty edifices sorely stricken by the relentless hand of time, in which, when they stood in all their splendor and glory in that East, teeming with the hosts of its mighty population, Athemis and Amon, Brahna and Buddha, Toth and Bael were worshipped. The great cavern-temples of Elephants, Salsette, Carnac, and Thebes, still remain to astound us with their vastness. The sculptured columns of an hundred fànes, adorned with all that was rare and wondrous in architecture, painting, and statuary, still remain, somé standing and some fallen and broken on the classic soil of Greece. The artist is familiar with the great temples reared to the gods in Rome; and the ruins of Etruscan sanctuaries still tempt the antiquarian. While Hiram worshipped in the temple of Belus, builded by his ancestors in his royal city of Tyre, Solomon, whom Masonry claims for its Grand Master, erected the first Temple at Jerusalem, believing that the infinite and omnipotent God would come down and dwell therein, and utter his oracles from between the extended wings of the cherubim on the mercy-seat; whither the priests repaired to consult the Shekina or omens of God.

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

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

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

Sublime Princes, you propose to erect here a Masonic Temple, and dedicate it to the God of Beneficence and Love. The cardinal principles of Freemasonry are Charity and Toleration. According to its principles, ambition, rivalry, ill-will, and the jealousies and disputes of sects, cannot cross the threshold of its sanctuaries and enter within their sacred walls; and yet, such are the frailties and imperfections of man, that they do find entrance there; seat denominations, sect, and even borrow of an intolerant church its weapons to smite down heroes within.

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

My brethren, as the world is darkened with ignorance and error, and lies in the twilight of superstition and routine, so in this Temple the dim light struggles with the darkness, and does not prevail. Let us kneel here, before our Father who is in heaven, and acknowledge our faults and errors; implore Him to give us light, a spark of that divine fire, which in His exhaustless munificence ever flows from the sun to bless the grateful earth, and which our ancient brethren imagined to be the substance of Deity; that we may therewith illumine this Temple, accepting it as an omen and assurance that the light of wisdom and knowledge will some day illumine the whole world, and make it a fit Temple for a God of infinite love.
When he rises to address the Brethren you may hear a pin drop, and he concludes his pithy orations amid general regrets that he has said so little. Yet he possesses the rare art of saying much in a few words, and has thoroughly learned how to influence the minds of thoughtful men. He never deals in flights of oratory, or that species of homœopathy which passes for eloquence, but carries his point by the aid of well arranged facts and cogent reasoning. A man of this stamp is always a pillar of the Lodge which is so fortunate as to claim him as a member. He would, probably, shine in any station in life, and is as highly respected in the city for his probity and good judgement as he is in the Order for his stolidus regard for the true interests of Masonry.

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

—Precorder's Chronicle.

TWADDLE.

An eminently pious (?) reformer, one of those holy men whose office it is to “travel” for the “National Association of Bystanders” — official organ, the Cynosure — and who tacks a “D.D.” to the tail of his name, gives us a long dissertation on the evils of Masonry, and then curiously recites one of the advantages as an evidence of his assertion. This exponent of piety relates an incident which occurred during the troubles in Kansas and Arkansas, and says: “That Senator Pomeroy was told that the laws would not protect him if he wished to go up the Mississippi, but that if he was a Mason, he could travel with entire safety;” and then goes on to talk about the great misfortunes (?) of such a state of affairs! Truly lamentable, is it not, that when the laws of man fail to protect, the laws of God should? This is a specimen of “Cynosure wisdom;” that wisdom which purports to turn the world up-side down, and revolutionizes society. These are the wise men (?) who are “travelling” about the country, and filling an imbecile organ with maons because intelligent men won’t come to their lectures, to hear such burlesques of common sense as the supposed murder of Morgan; every public officer denounced as villain; and servants of God, Christian ministers, humiliated and insulted, because they, too, will not join themselves to a pack of fools. These prophets prance around the country looking for a martyr’s crown, but more likely to meet with a “cap and bells.” The next time this saint (?) favors the public with an evidence of the exit of Masonry, we hope for his own sake, that he won’t make another such blunder. The craft ought to engage him to preach upon the benefits of the institution; and he might take that incident as an ample illustration of the true greatness of Freemasonry.

Freemasonry inculcates a love of man for his fellow; and though man in hatred and anger over sectional differences, may violate every law of the land; still in the midst of all that strife, when creeds are overturned and the teachings of religion openly outraged, there is a language which, though the lisp are motionless and the tongue tied, speaks to the heart. When man hates his fellow because of his political or religious creed, and still dare not refuse him aid, protection, and comfort, because he is his brother. Because they were both children depending upon the same heavenly Father; and this system, by which a man is guaranteed a friend in every clime under the sun, is the one this wiseacre paints so black. Not content with this gorgeous outburst of wisdom, this smart fellow recites another instance of Masonic enmity; and says that Masons are bad because they are pledged to conduct themselves virtuously toward the ladies; this is almost too much, and if we ever want a man for our coming almshouse, we will most assuredly secure this paragon. This innocent says that he finds many people unwilling to believe his “tales of woe,” which fact speaks well for the intelligence of the community, and before long we may learn of this lunatic being securely placed in bedlam, where he should have been years ago.

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

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

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

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

A Frenchman intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb, said, “She is one mutton as is small.”
The Installation of the Prince of Wales.

The installation of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, as Grand Master of English Freemasons, has been looked forward to with so much eagerness by the whole Craft, as performed at the Royal Albert Hall. The event must ever be marked as the most noteworthy that has taken place in Freemasonry. Nothing in the whole annals of the Order, certainly nothing within the memory of living Masons will bear comparison with the gorgeousness or the magnitude of the scene that presented itself; and we doubt whether any Freemason, in the wildest dreams of his imagination, was prepared for what was witnessed on that occasion.

From an early hour in the morning, great activity was perceptible about the Albert Hall, and it was not to Masons alone that this was confined. The outer world took great interest also in the event, and assembled in great numbers to watch the arrival and departure of the Brethren.—But it was more especially the departure which drew great crowds together, for when the ceremony was over, and the Brethren departed, the scene was much like that which was daily witnessed at the same spot just about twenty-four years ago, when the great exhibition was held at the site of the Albert Memorial. Thousands of people were massed together, and hundreds of vehicles were moving about.

The Stewards, numbering several hundreds, arrived at eleven o'clock, but Sir Albert Woods, Mr. Fenn, Mr. Munro, and Mr. Long, the Committee for carrying out the arrangements, were there very much earlier, some as soon as six o'clock. The workmen in the building were mustered from the scene at ten o'clock, and the edifice was left in sole possession of Freemasons. The Stewards received the final instructions on their arrival, and their places pointed out to them. Punctually at one the doors were opened to the Brethren in the following form:


The formal salutes having been given;

The Earl of Carnarvon—Your Royal Highness and Most Worshipful Grand Master. It has been from time immemorial the custom when any Master of the Grand Lodge was placed in this chair to remind
him of the duties that he then undertook and although it is unnecessary that I should remind your royal highness, who is so conversant with all the affairs of the Craft, of those duties, it is right that that old and time-honored custom should not absolutely disappear, and therefore it is my duty to address to you a few words on this occasion. Sir, your royal highness knows well that Freemasonry possesses many titles to respect, even in the eyes of the outer world. It has, first of all, a great antiquity—an antiquity ascending into the sphere, I may say, of immemorial tradition. Secondly, it is known and practiced in every country, in every clime, and in every race of civilized men, and lastly, in this country, above all, it has associated itself with human sympathies and charitable institutions. (Cheers.)

Let me say further, that while in these modern times it has changed its character in some respects, it has lost nothing which can claim the respect of men.

Formerly, through the dim periods of the middle ages, it carved its records upon the public buildings of Europe, upon the treasuries of the cathedral windows and the ornamentation of palaces. Now, as I have said, it is content to devote itself to works of sympathy and charity, and in them it finds its highest praise and reward. Now, as I have said, it is content to devote itself to works of sympathy and charity, and in them it finds its highest praise and reward.

Brethren, I am deeply grateful to the Most Worshipful Pro Grand Master for the excessively kind words which he has just spoken, and to you, Brethren, for the cordial reception which you have given to me. It has been your unanimous wish, Brethren, that I should occupy the chair in which you have this day installed me as your Grand Master. It is difficult for me to find words adequately to express my deep thanks for the honor which has already been bestowed upon me—an honor which has already been bestowed upon several members of my family, my predecessors—and, Brethren, in whose footsteps it will always be my most ardent and sincere wish to walk; and by God’s help to fulfill the duties of that high office which has been measured to its furthest boundary and never cease to regret that he died ere a day, and especially those who have come such immense distances to welcome me on this occasion. I assure you, I shall never forget today.

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

General John C. Breckinridge.

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

"There’s a language that’s mute."

Breckinridge in the calm dignity of retirement spoke as eloquently as when his majec­tory periods thrilled a listening Senate. Misfortune did not impoverish him nor the disabilities of a proscrip­tive government crush his proud spirit, or turn his language into complaint. He lived in ease and honor; though not in peace of prerogement to
which admiring Kentuckians would gladly have again lifted him. He lived in the affections of those whose love he most coveted and he extorted admiration from those who vainly sought to despise him of his honor and fortune. His death spread a public grief throughout the south. Cities and towns repeated his funeral honors. His grave will be sought by those who will gratefully treasure his memory for ages to come and the grass that unfolds his throbless breast will be kept green by the tears of bereaved and comfortless people. Gen. Breckinridge was one of the highest Masons in the world. He was a member of the thirty-third degree of which there are but few in the United States. He was buried with the rites of the Knights Templar.

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

The Knights Templar, that peculiar degree of Masonry said to exemplify the beauties of our holy Christian religion more fully than any other organization, took charge of the body, and in the most solemn and impressive manner spoke the words, “Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” which carried with them the body of our beloved and honored statesman, patriot, soldier and gentleman. Upon his coffin lay the sombre trappings which had been worn by those who had borne, with loving hands, the corpse to the grave; and above all else came the offering of angelic woman, where the corporeal beauty of the man was exchanged for the beauties of our holy Christian religion which shou ld and does esteem it Tribute of respect to the memory of the worthy works of creation. 

Resolved, That the life, character and deeds of Wm. S. Hickman: naturally must be, of the whole of our transactions unless they have been reduced into our society themselves, utter their unholy anathemas and excommunications against us, thereby making their daring insolence to condemn their fellow-creatures for imaginary sins against God and religion, which must ultimately be laid to the charge of those trifles with whose neighbors’ consciences.

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

At a meeting of the Anderson Lodge, No. 90, of Free and Accepted Masons, held at the Lodge room in Lawrenceburg Ky, on the 6th day of May, 1875, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

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

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

Resolved, That we tender to the widow and family of our deceased Brother our heartfelt condolences in their deep affliction, and point them to Him that can heal all sorrow for that consolation no earthly power can give.

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

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

JOHN F. WILLS, Secretary.

E. OTTENHEIMER, W. M.
Indifferent Masons

[From the Masonic World of France.]

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

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

Nothing that interests our fellows, nothing that can in any way contribute to the advancement of their lot and the development of their intellectual and moral faculties, should be indifferent to men of feeling, and more especially to Masons, whose obligations are greater, and who, having entered our order freely and unconstrainedly, have duties devolving upon them, all the more important that they have been contracted freely. In the meantime, the number of indifferent brethren appears from some time past to be continually increasing. Whence arises this abnormal state of things? Clearly from several and various causes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

To these three classes of indifferent brethren we might have added a fourth, more numerous still, which comprises those Masons who are always ready to be guided by the influence of those who surround them; but we have thought it better not to insist too strongly on the weakness of such brethren, but to encourage them by good example to renew their zeal, and become once again really useful and active members of the Craft.

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

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

In 1861, a Golden Urn, containing a lock of Washington's hair, was presented to Grand Master Dunn, of Massachusetts, at his installation; and at every succeeding installation since it has been confided to the care and custody of the incoming Grand Master, with solemn and impertinent injunctions to carefully preserve it, and at the expiration of his term of office, to transmit it to his successor, with the like charge. In December last the Urn was delivered to Grand Master Everett.

It is simply absurd to talk about a woman being qualified to fill every position in life that a man fills. For instance, what woman could lounge around the stove in a country grocery and lie about the number of fishes she caught last summer.
Beneath a way of waving ferns
And still shall freshest garlands fall
And still, with knots and crates of bloom,
Beyond an iron knellling.

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

What fraught Kentucky starts for one,
Of all her dead the newest;
For Breckinridge—her peerless son,
Whose going left a golden rift
To God, and Fame, and Story.

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

It may not be in our day
You lighted to see that the old lady had a big grees in Masonry. Then they also say, "Mother Kemp? we ventured to turn back, but the hope was in our heart that the good old dame had 'something sweet to tell us,'" and we pushed on with more than our common ambition until we reached her door. We were delighted to see that the old lady had a big blazing fire, and sat there "as snug as a bug in a rug."

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

"Jeems, I'm mighty glad you've come over this evenin'," said the good old saint, "for this equinoxal storm has been so incelement that I was afraied you'd forgit me."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You know you men folks, Jeems, tell us that a woman can make herself a bigger fool, or a devil, either, when she tries,
than any man can, and maybe it is so, Jeems. I know I've bin fooled by a good many of my own sex, but I never once was fooled by a man. My revered husband used to say of me, that I could read a man's blisseyneas quicker than our old Tower could catch a 'possum; and I believe, Jeems, that I most always could, for my experience has given me the information that, in the general way, men are not most always as smart and knowin' as they think they are. I know, Jeems," she went on to say, with remarkable discernment, "that women folks are called "the weaker sex," but I tell you, my son, that in my experience, that is not always true, but that women are more dexterous and more cautious than men. Men often think that women are asleep, but there's little further from the truth, Jeems. They are only jest a thinkin' how they'll conquer next time.

"Now, Jeems, my son," said the good old mother, "I learned all this when I was a girl. You see," said she, "I was a livin' at home with father, and some of the time I was a goin' to school, and I used to often go up to Mrs. Simpkin's to help her out with a quilt, and the like, and so she took a great likin' to me, and often while we was a sittin' and a quiltin' away, she would tell me all about Masontry." "Said she one day, 'Polly, don't you ever marry a Mason, unless you want to be made the biggest fool of in the world.'" "Why? said I.

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

"Why, no, said I, Mrs. Simpkins, I know nothin' about Masontry." "Well, child, said she, 'I'll tell you all about them. They are a low, deceitful and wicked set, which, I've heard my father say many a time, and I hope you'll never marry one of the scamps, for if you do you'll have to stay alone half the nights in the year.'"

"I remembered all this, Jeems, when I did get married, and I used to tell my revered husband, Obadiah, who you know was an ironman circuit rider, that he was a great deal worse than the Masontry men in stayin' away of nights. Poor man he'd only jest laugh and tell me that he'd no doubt that a good many women would like for their husbands to be Masons, if it would only keep them away about half the year.

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

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

"Poor dear man! I didn't know then, Jeems, that he was a member of your society, for if I had I wouldn't of said a word about it. It makes a great deal of difference, you know, Jeems, with many people in this world, what horse the saddle is on. Some people are mighty good in persecutin' societies that they don't belong to; and for my part, Jeems, I most always despised a persecutin' spirit, no matter where it came from; and it is this, my son, that has led me, in my old days, to be so taken up with Masontry. In readin' of its history, I find that it has never persecuted any other society.

"Why, Jeems, it is less combative, as it was when my revered husband used to say, than even the Quakers. They do not like you, and in their way they make war on you, when they hadn't ought to do it. But I say, Jeems, to you, and to all of your Masontry brethren, never mind any such errors, jest go right on; never look to blind guides, for they will only heave you into the ditch.

"Now do start to suppr, Jeems, and the good old lady, 'I've a nice corn pone in the skillet.' We said."

The Last Degree.

Startling, indeed, are the rapid knells that daily announce to us the speedy and unordered transition of the souls of our brethren from time to eternity. In rapid succession, one after the other is being carried from our side, on this sublunary sphere, to the imperishable edifice of our God.

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

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

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

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

'For there, with hands-key hanging at his breast, silence appeared, and his lips his finger pressed.'

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

Who has returned to relate the vicissitudes of the voyage? Any? God hath said to man: "I have many things to tell you, but you cannot hear them now," therefore wait. So says Masonry, as one by one, from grade to grade, we are taught its beautiful mysteries, and at the end we comprehend, indeed, that all Masonry is devoted to the glory of the deity. Its precepts are Faith, Hope and Charity. Faith in God, Hope of a peaceful hereafter, and charity for all mankind. These precepts, well observed, will entitle us to a peaceful death and initiation into that mysterious degree of silence.—Hebrew Leader.  

MARTINETs.  

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ancient Initiation.

In Egypt the ceremonies of initiation into the mysteries, took place in a pyramid erected over a cavern; the present pyramids of Egypt are nothing more or less than Masonic Temples, and these were so constructed as to defy the ravages of time.

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

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

How Robert Stephenson Came to be a Mason.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Having made his arrangements accordingly, Stephenson said farewell to the captain in whose ship he had made the first unfortunate passage from Cartagena, and on parting with him, asked if he could account for the mate's conduct when the passengers were leaving the vessel.

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

Crushing out Freemasonry.

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

"MacMahon, it is said, has instructed the Governor of the French colony in New South Wales to crush out Freemasonry; and, accordingly, several merchants have been arrested and sent to France, as 'suspects' of being either Freemasons or communistic friends of Rochefort. "He can gain no benefit or credit by efforts to crush Freemasonry. It is not a political institution and need not be feared by any Government. Wherever and wherever a ruler becomes jealous of it and declares war against it, there is the certainty that his motives will not bear righteous inspection. Knowing himself in some respect in the wrong, he seeks to hide his fault by casting suspicion on others. Time always exposes the objects of such men and pays them for their injustice. Unfortunately, it does not compensate the injured persons for the persecutions they suffer in behalf of their cherished institution. This is the lamentable part of attempts to crush Freemasonry. Otherwise it has nothing to fear from, nor can it be injured by any of its enemies.

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

The first Masonic Lodge of Jerusalem is a beautiful illustration of the cosmopolitan nature of the principles of brotherly love in practical operation. The Master of that Lodge, who is now lecturing in this country, says: "The Master is an American, the Past Master an Englishman, the Senior Warden a German, the Junior Warden a native, the Treasurer a Turk, the Secretary a Frenchman, the Senior Deacon a Persian, and the Junior Deacon a Turk. There are Christians, Mohammedans and Jews in the Lodge."
If Masonry would retain its hold upon the regard of philanthropic men, it must engage in practical labors of love. We may boost our antiquity, and prate about the sublimity of our legends and ritual, but all this will pass for nothing, in this age, unless we can point to monuments of mercy. Our fine architecture and glittering regals and imposing parades may serve to impress the profane with the dignity of our institution, by suggesting that there must be good in an Order that thus can enlist the means, time and tastes of true men; but there is an ever-recurring demand upon us to show that we actually contribute to the relief of human suffering. One well endowed Masonic Home for orphans in each State will be the most potent argument that we can address to the curious or the incredulous. We can point to it and say: "This is what we are doing," and feel satisfied that what is done in each locality, or by each individual, may be so small as to promise but little, yet, when all is concentrated at Louisville, it may prove simply adequate.

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

The Danville Advocate says: "The promotion of our young friend, Sir Knight W. L. Thomas, to the office of Grand Generalissimo, in the Grand Commandery, is gratifying to the fraternity of true men; but there is an ever-recurring demand upon us to show that we actually contribute to the relief of human suffering. One well endowed Masonic Home for orphans in each State will be the most potent argument that we can address to the curious or the incredulous. We can point to it and say: "This is what we are doing," and feel satisfied that what is done in each locality, or by each individual, may be so small as to promise but little, yet, when all is concentrated at Louisville, it may prove simply adequate.

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The Calamity to the Home.

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

Those who are familiar with the history of this institution know that some years since the north wing of the building was erected, furnished and occupied, there being now over one hundred inmates enjoying the benefits of the institution. Last year the Board determined to complete the building, in order to make room for the hundreds of widows and orphans appealing for admission. Accordingly the main building and south wing were put up and covered in, at a cost of about $80,000, when the work was suspended temporarily, to await funds to meet the expense of completing and furnishing. The building is of brick, four stories high, and facing to the West. The openings for windows and doors were boarded up—the boards being nailed on the Inside; and when the terrific force of wind struck the main front these boards gave way, and the atmospheric pressure was so great as to lift the roof and let it down upon the walls of the center or main building with such force as to tumble them to the ground with a terrific crash. The north wing, which is occupied, as above stated, and the south wing, in its unfinished state, were left intact, with comparatively little damage. It is estimated that $36,000 will be required to replace that portion destroyed, and repair the injury to the wings; which will but nerve the arms and stimulate the liberality of the craft throughout the State, who have resolved upon the early completion of this, the grandest monument of Masonic charity ever undertaken. In order that our readers may clearly understand the nature of the damage to the building, we reprint at the head of this article our admirable electrotype of the article our admirable electrotype of the building, which presents the structure as it stood; while the following diagram will show that portion which to-day is a mass of ruin. All that portion of the building between the towers is totally destroyed; the towers are standing, as well as the wings to the north and south of them.

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

"Our doubts are traitors And make us lose the good we oft might win By fearing to attempt."

Those who have given must give again, and those who have not yet contributed must come promptly to the aid of our Home. It would not be amiss for those of other jurisdictions to assist in the retrieval of this calamity. When the fire swept Chicago, and the pestilence Memphis, Kentucky Masons heard the cry of distress and opened their relieving hands. The voice of Kentucky orphans and widows now send out a call that leaps geographical boundaries and reaches the hearts of those who, though foreign to us while prosperous, should be near to us in want and woe. We shall now have an opportunity to see how much of sympathy there is for us abroad in this, the hour of calamity.

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

The "Masonic Advocate" has a story in its last issue entitled "Masonic Chivalry," the gist of which is that a Southern prison officer, who was a Knight Templar, found among the captives a fronter—went to Richmond and tried to get him exchanged—failed—but got permission to take the officers from Galena, N. C., to Libby, and on the way connived at their escape. The relation of such incidents as these do Masonry great damage. The Knight who performed this unpatriotic act did no deed of Masonic Chivalry. He violated the trust his Government reposed in him. If he were known at this day he would deserve to be stripped of his spurs. His duty was to have kept strict guard over those prisoners and delivered them at the point of destination.

The Kentucky Masons, hearing the cry of distress, will at once distribute its benevolences to the distance of ages. Every Mason do something, and let all unite to complete a benevolence which will distribute its benefits to distant ages.
The Life of Charity.

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

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

So call upon our Masonic brethren to review their past history with the questions in view—What have I done to add to the light of benevolence? What despairsing fellow have I helped to cheer on his way? What widow whose grief I have aided to suavize? What everlasting man can rise up and call me blessed? What invalid that can thank me for watches by his pillow of suffering? What wayward companion have I faithfully warned of impending danger? What good in thought, feeling, faith and hope have I gathered from myself, as a reaper or a gleaner, in the harvest fields of opportunity?

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

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

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

God of the Fatherless! Come to me now. In spirit descend from the mansion above, Come with the glory that beams 'round the brow, And teach us new lessons of Heavenly love.

God of the Motherless! Come from Thy throne, Before which the bright angels ever adore. Oh! come with the censer that's ever Thine own, And bless with Thy presence once more.

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

HENDERSON, KY., June 1st, 1875.

I see mentioned in the Freemason that we made a nice sum at the little concert we gave. The sum raised there was $36, and then when I returned home from Paducah I found my wife had arranged to have a saleable at our residence, and notwithstanding we had a stormy night, yet we made clear $90. Although both these sums are small, yet they are both worthy of the effect made to raise them. And then either of the amounts will clothe one of the orphans for a year, and a person who feels they have contributed a sum sufficient for that purpose should feel well repaid for the efforts it requires to raise it. And then again, as good Brother Hodges says, "Great streams from little foundations grow," so I believe the impetus given the fraternity here by the two little entertainments will be the means of raising a large amount (weather permitting) on the 21st.

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

Fraternally, etc.,

C. H. JOHNSON.

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

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

An honest enquirer has asked us, “What has Freemasonry done to establish its claim to the distinguished honor and position which Masons assign to it in the world?” We answer, it has, in a very credible extent, promoted the work of civilization. The pages of history supply power at work upon that class and portion of society most likely, under ordinary circumstances, to sink deepest in corruption, in times of prevalent licentiousness and irreligion in high places. It was a light shining in a dark place. The value of Freemasonry cannot be over-estimated at any other organ of society most likely, under ordinary circumstances, to sink deepest in corruption, in times of almost universal degeneracy. We do not claim too much for it when we say that, in the Fourteenth Century, more especially in Germany, and in Northern Europe generally, when corruption and licentiousness had invaded the Church of God; when vice in its grossest form, and immorality in its most revolting aspects, were sanctioned by those who ministered at its sacred altar, Freemasonry entered its solemn and unostentatious protest against the corruptions and pernicious tenets of its time.

The sturdy operative Masons, moved by these strong and vigorous words, engraved with their own honest hands upon the solid rock which they wrought for building purposes, figures, words, and sentences, that stood out in mute rebuke of the unbridled licentiousness of the very priests themselves, who were the moral and religious instructors of the people! And many of those silent but stern rebukes remain till the present time, in attestation of the high and healthful tone maintained by the Craft in mediæval times. In the meantime, the lives and examples of the fraternity were in exemplification of a higher and purer morality than was found, at the time referred to, in the Church itself.

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

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

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

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

Freemasonry has administered an unending and incalculable amount of relief and comfort to widowed and orphaned, and to distressed Masonic brethren. These deeds have been done in secret. Darkened homes, where the shadow of death has been left brooding, have been visited by Masonic charity. Tears have been dried up, bleeding hearts have been soothed, bread has been dispensed by the noiseless hand; guardian angels have been seen less silent and unostentatious in their visits to the homes of poverty and want, and scarcely less lavish and unselfish in their offices of love and mercy, than the Masonic fraternity, in dispensing charity and scattering its rich benedictions upon the destitute and suffering poor.

As the wildest storms spring up under the refreshing influences of the dew, gently distilled in the silence of the night, so many a withered and broken heart, pining in poverty and want, has been refreshed and invigorated by the noteless visitation of Masonic benevolence.

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

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

The Masonic Babe.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In the course of time, one after the other in quick succession, Uncle and Aunt Savits, were called away by the great Master, and Lillian was their chief mourner. She went as if her last friend was gone.

The two trials seemed more than she could well bear. But she still has friends left who have for the last three years had her away as a pupil in one of the best female colleges, and she is still known in the Lodge as the Masonic Babe.

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

This is about the way the majority of sensible people look at the matter; and the way they will vote, too, if the question involved is ever squarely presented to them. Common schools, more especially under popular form of government, are not a luxury, or a convenience merely, but an absolute and indispensable necessity. Being such they should be stripped of all embarrassments and incumbrances, and made as efficient as possible. In order to do this the religious element should be rigidly excluded, for whenever and wherever it is introduced sectarianism in one shape or another is sure to follow. Genuine, unadulterated education is simply the suitable conveyance of great and valuable truths to the human mind, and no such education can be called "godless."

By keeping our common schools purely secular, we avoid the only danger which threatens their permanent and beneficent existence. Whenever we break down, or seriously weaken that barrier, their ultimate demoralization and final destruction are inevitable. And when the schools fail, public liberty and personal freedom must certainly fall with them. If history does not teach that tyranny in government is the natural outgrowth of popular ignorance, then it teaches nothing.

An Appeal to Kentucky Masons.

The effect of the tornado that swept over the city Wednesday night was even more disastrous than at first conjectured. The reporters of the COURIER-JOURNAL yesterday carefully reviewed the storm-track and found that the damage as revealed by the sunlight approximates one hundred thousand dollars. The force of the storm was felt south of Broadway to a greater extent than elsewhere, comparatively little destruction of property occurring between that and the river. New Albany and Jeffersonville, being sheltered by the knobs, were unsathed.

AT THE MASONIC HOME.

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

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

The Board of Directors,
of the Home met there yesterday fore­
noon to take action on what is best to be
done under the circumstances. There
were present Messrs. C. Henry Finck,
John L. Wheat, Charles Tilden, Geo. W.
Wicks, E. Richardson, L. B. Poech, W.
B. Hoke, W. H. Meffert, Harry Whom­
hoff, George C. Buchanan and the presi­
dent, T. L. Jefferson, Esq. The secreta­
yre being absent, Mr. Wheat was chosen
in his stead. The Building Committee
was instructed to get all possible informa­
tion and plans for rebuilding. The sub­
joined resolution, submitted by Mr. Geo.
C. Buchanan, was adopted:

Widows and Orphans Home, the calamity of last night, by which a
large portion of the Home was destroyed, and a loss of from $20,000 to $30,000
caused, imperils the success, yes, the exis­
tence of the institution unless the frag­
ility of the State comes forward to the
rescue (as one man) in this hour of dan­
ger and distress; therefore,

Resolved, That this board invite the
Masonic Fraternity of Louisville and Jeff­
erson county to assemble in mass meet­
ing at Masonic Temple, on next Monday
night, to devise means to save our Home.

Mr. Jefferson suggested the advisabil­
ity of issuing an appeal to the Masons of
Kentucky, reviewing the calamity and the
appeal. A determination to rebuild the damag­
er part of the building has
been filled for several months, and the
prospects just brightening to complete the
entire building this year, thereby relieving
the more than fifty orphaned ones who are
now seeking refuge in this asylum.

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

In the present state of affairs, the active
efforts of the friends of the institution are
greatly needed; it will cost considerable
in the name of the widow and orphan,
needs of the board to rebuild the damaged
the Home without delay was manifested
In the present state of affairs, the active
efforts of the friends of the institution are
needed; it will cost considerable

To the Masonic Fraternity of Kentucky:

Respectfully,

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

What Wears Your Eyes Out.

Clean your eye glasses or spectacles
carefully with soft cloth or paper, and
then hold them up between your eyes
and the light, and notice if the glass is
scratched. If they have been worn a
year or so, they will appear cloudy and
badly scratched. Your eyes pain you,
and if you look through them a long time
your head aches. Did you ever ask your­
self why? Confin your foot in a tight
boot continually and see if it does not
scratch. This will save your eyes

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

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

See their advertisement in another col­

The Allegory in the Third Degree.


We were the exemplification in the third
degree no more than what our late Rev.
Brother George Oliver styles it, "the leg­
dend of the third degree," it would cer­
tainly not be in harmony with the enlight­
enment of the present century, nor in
consequence with the real spirit of Free­
masony to continue the same, far less to
style that degree the sublime degree of a
Master Mason. For what is a legend?
The dictionary informs us: a chronicle or
register of the lives of saints; an idle or
incredible unauthentic narrative, and so on.
Is there in reality anything contained in that
register of the lives of saints; an idle or
incredible narrative, and so on, or
as that which it really is,

al­
KENTUCKY FREEMASON.

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

There are few inquiries more interesting in their nature than those institutions, which have occupied much of the consideration of mankind, or which could expect much influence over their happiness. Nor can we, in any way more readily effect the object of our research, than by an examination of the principles by which their actions have been directed. For though the consequences of our actions may be frequently unknown to us, and are generally beyond our control, a scrutiny of the causes, which have operated to produce them, and of the rules by which they have been directed, will supply us with some idea of the general result. Fortunately, in the present instance, the object of our attention is not of difficult attainment. The principles of Masonry are as widely diffused as the extent of creation. They are drawn from the operations of nature, and the injunctions of nature's God. Formed at first by that reason, which so peculiarly distinguishes man above all other creatures, and perfected by the successive revolutions, which the Almighty has pleased to make us of his will, they constitute a system of the purest and most perfect morality. The hollowed volume of inspiration is the repository of our faith, our principles, and our hopes. By its light we hope to be directed through the gloomiest dispensation of life to be cheered by its influence in "the dark valley of the shadow of death," and covered with it, as with a mantle at the judgment bar of God!

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

Masonry, the depository of virtue, of arts, philosophy, and freedom, enlightened our continent in the days of its barbarity, and now sheds its benignant influence around the rising glory of another. Every part of created nature is the subject of its contemplation and its influence. From the minutest ingredient of an atom, up through the gradations of beauty and of being, to the spangled myriad of glories which surround and light us; it traces and reveals the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator. Its principles, commensurate as we may say, with the existence of man, have survived the shock of time,
and the decay of empires. Nations have arisen, and have triumphed, and have passed away, leaving scarce a fragment on which the eye of philanthropy might rest, or whence history could trace the story of their fame. The land of Mars, and Tacitus, and Tully, exists only in the decaying name of those at whose frown the nations trembled, in unblushing corruption bug their gilded chains, and smile over their infamy! The canvass glowed beneath the pencil of Appollos, and the marble breathed under the chisel of Phidias: Athens was mute at the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the waves of his rocky Chios were still at the sound of Homer's harp. Yet the land of Aristotle is now the abode of ignorance, and the descendants of those who fell at Marathon and Salamis live—and are slaves! The shade of Hercules no longer dwells on the top of Mount Etna. The heights of Olympus, the banks of the Peneus, and the vale of Tempe no longer resound to the Muse's song, or Appollos's lyre. The glory of Achilleus has departed from Larissa; Thessal has forgotten the martial summons of Cadmus, Mycenae no longer dwells on the fame of Agamemnon, and Philippos could not learn from Brutus to be free! The altars of Ida, and Delos, and Ephesus, are crumbling into dust; Plato has forgotten the triumphs of Pantheon, and the sea of Marmara that the wreck of an invader once rotted on its waves! Thus has it been not only with man, but with all those subjects, which seemed from their nature, less liable to change or decay. Learning, arts, and accomplishments, have changed with successive generations, or perished beneath the weight of remorseless barbarism.

Not so with Masonry. Race has followed race, as wave chances wave upon the lea of the deep until it dashes against the shore and is seen no more. Thus our Order has withstood the concomitances of a thousand generations. The billores of every sea have lashed its sides, and the storms of every age have poured their fury round its head. Perfect at its creation, sublime amid all the changes which have convulsed the world, its adamantine column will stand unbroken throughout all the revolutions of the ages which are to come; or, if it should fall crushed beneath the weight of its own inherent magnificence, it will carry with it its ruin, half the happiness, and half the wisdom of mankind. When the Eternal shall gather in his grasp the splendid retinue of worlds, which constitute his train, and call into judgment all the souls, which have peopled them, then will the principles we profess survive the general desolation, and be consantrated in the glories of measureless eternity. Such is the brief outline of our Institution, which from remote antiquity—its unknown origin—its mysterious preservation, and its vast extent, forms the most remarkable phenomenon in the history of mankind. As far back as the human vision can penetrate, we behold her moving in quiet majesty along the stream of time, apparently unconcerned in the events which were transpiring, but really exerting an influence over the concerns of men—mute, indeed, but extensive as the countries over which her votaries were dispersed.

The sketch which we have given is but a distant external view of the Temple of the Order. A superficial view of the Cartoons of Raphael will not budge the observer acquainted with the style of the great master. Much time must be devoted to each to feel its individual force and grandeur of outline and expression; for although they are all the productions of the same matchless pen, and have all therefore corresponding style, they cannot be judged of, one by another; but must be diligently studied apart. Thus it is with this stupendous fabric. Every attitude from which it can be viewed is striking and magnifying; but every change of situation produces a corresponding change of appearance. To those who are not Masons, the Order, in a tone of triumph, as though it were already answered in the negative. A single fact was detailed to us the other day, which though comparatively trivial, is a full response to the question. May your hearts be pure as the altar, and your conduct acceptable as the offering. May the benefits of your charity be as constant as the returning waves of the distressed widow and helpless orphan. May your lives become beautiful as the Temple, peaceful as the ark, and sacred as the most holy place. May your obligations of piety and praise be grateful as the incense; your love warm as its flame, and your charity diffusive as its fragrance. May your hearts be pure as the altar, and your conduct acceptable as the offering. May your charity be as constant as the returning waves of the distressed widow and helpless orphan. May your lives become beautiful as the Temple, peaceful as the ark, and sacred as the most holy place. May your obligations of piety and praise be grateful as the incense; your love warm as its flame, and your charity diffusive as its fragrance.
Incident at a Funeral.

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

Recent experiments tend to show that forests increase atmospheric humidity by the action of their roots rather than by any attraction exerted on rain clouds. The moisture, in other words, comes from the leaves and passes thence into the atmosphere. An oak tree, experimented upon by Prof. Puttkemeyer, was estimated to have between seven and eight hundred thousand leaves, and the total amount of evaporation in a year was computed to be eight and one-third times more than that of the rainfall on an area equal to that covered by the tree, the moisture exhaled by the leaves being equal to some two hundred and eleven inches, while that from the rainfall was but twenty five inches.
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June 6, 1875.

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SOUTHERN MUTUAL LIFE /INSURANCE CO. OF KY.,
LOUISVILLE.
COMMANDED BUSINESS, JULY, 1866.
With moderate death losses the Company had paid to the families of Deceased Policy Holders over
$200,000.

"The Company is in good condition, and its affairs are well administered.—From a 2d Annual Report of Geo. G. W. Smith, Insurance Commissioner of Ky., page 152.

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Samuel T. Wilson, General Agent.
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Dr. E. D. Powers, Medical Director.

OTHER DIRECTORS.

Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.
Grand Loddy, 60 degrees, meets quarterly in March, June, September, and December, and its annual Communication under 20th January in the year of our Lord 1866. John W. Clark, Grand Commander-in-Chief.

The Monthly Concern Knights of Wisdom, 75th Degree; Henry H. Scott, 60th Degree, Commander.
Pilgrim Chapter of Rose Croix, 13rd M. S. McKee, K. C. C. M. Most Wise Master.

Each Grand Lodge of Masons in their own country will be informed of this communication, and an Address to the Grand Secretary.

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Are run between
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Louisville and New Orleans, Via Nashville.
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CAPITAL STOCK, — $1,200,000.

$200,000,000 worth of property burned yearly in the United States; 90 of every 100 fires are discovered early, and may easily be put out; $20,000,000 saved by Chemical Fire Extinguishers in 1874; little fires are quickly put out, which, suffered, rivers cannot quench; $2,000,000 are invested in the manufacture of Chemical Fire Extinguishers; a few gallons of water in time, are better than oceans too late; 20,000 people thrown out of employment yearly by fires; the time taken to send for steam engines and to get up steam is often fatal; 20,000 Chemical Fire Extinguishers sold in three years; Steam and Hand Engines require water cities—Extinguishers do not; 2,000 fires put out by Fire Extinguishers since 1871; if you are burned out these times, it is your own fault; 200 railroads and steamboats use Chemical Fire Extinguishers; fire cannot exist in carbonic acid gas required—water cisterns—Extinguishers do not; 200,000 Chemical Fire Extinguishers sold in three years; steam and hand engines—water cisterns—fire cannot exist in carbonic acid gas; $200,000,000 worth of property burned yearly in the United States; 90 of every 100 fires are discovered early, and may easily be put out; $20,000,000 saved by Chemical Fire Extinguishers in 1874; little fires are quickly put out, which, suffered, rivers cannot quench; $2,000,000 are invested in the manufacture of Chemical Fire Extinguishers; a few gallons of water in time, are better than oceans too late; 20,000 people thrown out of employment yearly by fires; the time taken to send for steam engines and to get up steam is often fatal; 20,000 Chemical Fire Extinguishers sold in three years; Steam and Hand Engines require water cities—Extinguishers do not; 2,000 fires put out by Fire Extinguishers since 1871; if you are burned out these times, it is your own fault; 200 railroads and steamboats use Chemical Fire Extinguishers; fire cannot exist in carbonic acid gas required—water cisterns—Extinguishers do not; 200,000 Chemical Fire Extinguishers sold in three years; steam and hand engines—water cisterns—fire cannot exist in carbonic acid gas.

A WOEFUL WAY.

PRESSES OPINIONS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN:

It is simple, and of priceless value; saved New Orleans Academy.

—Galveston, Texas, Mercury, Nov. 20, 1874.

They are indispensable to a community like ours.

—Perryville Commercial, June 2, 1874.

It is simple, and of priceless value; saved New Orleans Academy.

—Galveston, Texas, Mercury, Nov. 20, 1874.

They are indispensable to a community like ours.

—Perryville Commercial, June 2, 1874.

Invincible for the prevention of fire. —Madison, Indiana, Courier, July 10, 1874.

Has merit over all competitors; ought to be in every house. —Galveston, Texas, Age, August 12, 1874.

Syracuse, saving, and most reliable Extinguisher; always ready when needed. —Texas State Fair Reporter, May 24, 1874.

Convinced of the perfectness of this Extinguisher. —Cincinnati Volksblatt, July 23, 1874.

We witness quite a satisfactory test of this new Chemical Engine, our next Biennial, July 17, 1874.

Every residence or place of business should have one. —Waxahachie, Tex., Examiner, May 24, 1874.

Worthy of every confidence, the patronage of the Grange in particular. —Waxahachie, Tex., Farmer, May 30, 1874.

Is much cheaper, and more convenient than any other machine, and just as effective. —Lancaster, Ky., News, July 16, 1874.

Proved by practical men to be the most efficient and reliable in existence. —Courier-Journal, January 24, 1874.

 Seems to be about perfect, combining certainty, security, and simplicity. —Louisville Commercial, June 2, 1874.

One of these Extinguishers should be in every family; they have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. —Houston, Texas, Age, May 29, 1874.

Laid out to eclipse all competitors in Texas. —Enoch Breeding’s Texas Letter, May 25, 1874.

Everybody voted the Great American a success. —Corydon, Ind., Republican, September 10, 1874.

The best is the Great American. —Detroit, Michigan, Evening News, September 16, 1874.

Of the Chemical Engine, it can only be said it performed wonders. —Bellefonte, Canada, Daily Intelligencer, March 30, 1874.

A certainty of action and a marvelous power over flame unattainable by any other known method. —Scientific American, March 8th 1873.

Always reliable. Acknowledged superior to all other Extinguisher. —Ames, Iowa, April 30, 1875.

All present seemed satisfied with the test, the work of extinguishing the fire was virtually accomplished in about two minutes. —Cincinnati Commercial, July 17, 1874.

It gave perfect satisfaction to all who witnessed its extra-ordinary power of controlling the fire’s flames. —Owenton bought an engine. —Owenton, Ky., News, August 12, 1874.

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