

# KENTUCKY FREEMASON.

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## HISTORY OF KENTUCKY MASONRY.

### NUMBER IV.

The Sixth Communication of the Grand Lodge was held at Lexington April 4th and 5th, 1803, S. G. W. Simon Adams acting as G. M.

Only two officers were in their proper places. Four Chartered Lodges and one Under Dispensation were represented. David Rousseau, a visiting Brother, was present. A Grand Lodge was organized at Fredericksburgh, No. 63, Virginia, in which George Washington was made a Mason.

Abraham's Lodge, No. 8, located at Middletown, twelve miles from Louisville, was ordered to be removed to Louisville for the benefit of the Craft, upon complying with the terms prescribed, regulating removals, in the Ahiman Rezon. At this meeting the majority-rule was rescinded and the representatives of three declared to constitute a quorum.

The Grand Steward (Reid) was allowed £2 9s. 9d. for refreshments, etc., furnished the Grand Lodge. This year the Entered Apprentices reported by Washington Lodge, were Robert Wickliffe and Felix Grundy. Lodge No. 8 describes by physical marks a rejected candidate. This practice was discontinued by the Grand Lodge in 1857. It is a little singular that the custom should have been permitted so long. Certainly a candidate has all the rights to the secrecy of the ballot, that any member can claim. We have no right to publish a man as reprobate of Masonry to the world, and thus contribute to the destruction of his character in society; we have known as good men as we were ever acquainted with black-balled, and it would have been cruel injustice to have advertised them as unworthy of the honors of Masonry. The Sun has spots, and so Masonry has unworthy members, who cannot rise above private pique to consider the lofty principles upon which our order operates. No Mason has a right to vote his prejudices. He must know something utterly disqualifying a candidate for the reception of the sacred rites of Masonry, or else he must decline to vote or cast a white ballot. But, certainly a candidate ought not to be made respon-

sible before the public for the misunderstandings of weak brethren.

The Seventh Grand Communication was held at Lexington, Oct. 11 to 13, 1803. G. M. James Morrison, presiding. Lodges 1, 4, 5 and 8 were represented. The times of meeting of the G. L. which were established Feb. 10, 1801, to be the Tuesday after the second Monday in October and April, were changed to the third Tuesday in March and September.

A Grand Lodge was organized by levying a tax of one dollar on every initiation into a Subordinate Lodge, and for each one in the G. L. five dollars.

Complaints of irregularities committed by Georgetown Lodge, No. 3, having been preferred, and no representative having appeared to refute them, that Lodge by order of the G. L. was dissolved the March following.

The form of the Charter or Warrant used by the Grand Lodge of Kentucky in those days, is given below. It is a literal transcript of that still in possession of Hiram Lodge, No. 4, at Frankfort, and is the oldest lodge Charter extant in the Mississippi valley. That of Lexington Lodge, No. 1, was burned in the destruction of their Hall. Those of Nos. 2 and 3, surrendered to the Grand Lodge in the years 1802 and 1804, respectively, have likewise perished by fire. None of the Charters of Ohio, Tennessee, etc., are older than their respective Grand Lodge organizations (1809 and 1818).

SEAL.

WILLIAM MURRAY,  
GRAND MASTER.

To all whom these presents may concern, greeting:  
Whereas, It hath been duly represented, that in Frankfort, in the county of Franklin, in the State of Kentucky, there reside a number of the Brethren of the Most Ancient and Honorable Society of Free and Accepted Masons, who are desirous of being formed into a regular Lodge; and it appearing to be for the good increase of our Ancient and Honorable Craft that the said Brethren should be encouraged in their honorable endeavors and designs: therefore,

Know Ye, That we, William Murray, Grand Master of Masons in the State of Kentucky, do hereby constitute and appoint our trusty and well-beloved Brethren, the Worshipful William Murray, Master, Thomas Love, Senior Warden, and Isaac E. Gano, Junior Warden, together with all such other true and lawful Brethren as may be

admitted to assemble with them, to assemble and work as a regularly constituted Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, in the county of Franklin, and State of Kentucky aforesaid, by the name, title, and designation of Hiram Lodge, No. 4, requiring and enjoining all regular Lodges to respect them as such; and we do hereby grant and empower the Master, Wardens, and Brethren aforesaid, full power and authority to receive and enter Apprentices, to pass Fellow Crafts and raise Master Masons, and to perform all the works of the Craft agreeably to the Ancient Constitutions and not otherwise; and to choose a Master, Warden, and other officers annually, at such time as to them shall seem convenient; and to exact from their members such dues as they shall think necessary for the support of their said Lodge, the relief of their Brethren in distress, and the regular payment of their annual contributions to the Grand Charity Fund; and we do hereby require and command the said Master, Wardens and Brethren, and their successors, to record in their books, along with this present Charter, their own regulations, by-laws, and their transactions, from time to time, as they occur; and also to correspond with our Grand Lodge whenever occasion may offer, and to attend the meetings thereof regularly by their representatives or deputies; and also to pay due respect and obedience to all such decrees and directions as they may, from time to time, receive from the Grand Lodge, or from the Grand Master, for the time being; and, lastly, the Master, Wardens and Brethren, in behalf of themselves and their successors, do, by accepting hereof, solemnly engage strictly to conform to all, and every, the foregoing requisitions and commands, and at all times to acknowledge and recognize the Grand Lodge and the Grand Master of Kentucky as their superiors, and as such, to obey them, or either of them, in all things appertaining to the Craft.

Done in Grand Lodge at Lexington, this seventeenth day of October, Anno Lucis five thousand eight hundred, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred.

MAGREBORN, D. G. M.

Attest, J. RUSSELL, Grand Secretary.

The following indorsement upon this Charter explains itself:

In Grand Lodge,

OCTOBER the 12th, 1803, A. L. 5802.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary do affix the seal of the Grand Lodge to such transcripts of Original Charter, heretofore held from this Grand Lodge, as shall be presented to him, and shall certify the same to be truly transcribed, and that the originals are filed away with the Archives of the Grand Lodge, and that the same be counter-

signed by the Most Worshipful Grand Master and the Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master.

In conformity with the foregoing resolution, I, Daniel Bradford, Grand Secretary to the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, do certify that the above Charter is truly transcribed from the original, which is filed away with Archives of the Grand Lodge.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the Grand Lodge, this 13th day of October, A. L. 5803, A. D. 1803.

DANIEL BRADFORD, Grand Secretary.

JOHN JORDAN, JR., G. M.  
THOS. TUNSTALL, D. G. M.

We have examined this Charter as it is preserved in Hiram Lodge. The material upon which the warrant is inscribed is a coarse piece of parchment. This is the oldest existing Lodge Charter in the Mississippi Valley.

The inscription is very dim and after a few years more cannot be read. The Master of Hiram Lodge this year was John Rowan.

The Eighth Grand Communication was held March 29th and 31st, 1804. Let it be understood henceforth until otherwise mentioned that all the assemblies of the G. L. were at Lexington, the Masonic metropolis. Nothing of general interest transpired worthy of record. The ninth Communication was held September 18th and 19th, 1804, John Jordan G. M., in the chair. Lodges Nos. 1, 4, 5, 6, and 8 were represented. A charter was issued to Jerusalem Lodge, No. 9, at Henderson, Ky. Innes B. Brent, Master; John Posey, S. W., and Nathan D. Anderson, J. W.

The Legislation of October, 1803, relative to Past Masters was essentially enlarged by the adoption of a rule that Past Masters who have been regularly elected as Masters of Lodges, or received the degree of Past Master as a preparatory step to some higher degree in Masonry, which shall have been conferred upon them, shall be entitled to

degrees as those who had regularly presided. It was about this period that Webb and others were actively engaged in establishing their new system of Royal Arch Chapters through the United States, and to this fact we think the legislation above mentioned is referable.

The tenth Grand Communication was held March 19th and 20th, 1805. George M. Bibb G. M. presiding. Lodges 1, 4 and 5 were represented. A note is appended to the minutes of Harmony Lodge, No. 7, that one of the individuals elected for initiation, had, since his election, so conducted himself toward a member of that Lodge, as would, were he "admitted," interrupt that harmony so essential to Masonry. They had therefore declined to initiate him for the present.

#### CHEERFUL WOMEN.

Oh, if "gloomy" women did but know what comfort there is in a cheerful spirit! How the heart leaps to meet a sunny face, a merry tongue and even temper, and a heart which, either naturally, or what is better, from conscientious principle, has learned to take all things on the bright side, believing that the giver of life being all-perfect love, the best offering we can make to him is to enjoy to the full what he sends of good and what he allows of evil; like a child who, when once it believes in all his doings in it, whether it understands them or not.

Among the secondary influences which can be employed, either by or upon a naturally anxious or morbid temperament, there is none so ready to hand, or so wholesome, as that so often referred to—constant employment. A very large number of women, particularly young women, are by nature constituted so exceedingly restless of mind, or with such a strong physical tendency to depression, that they can by no possibility keep themselves in a state of even tolerable cheerfulness, except by becoming continually occupied.

Miss Muloch

#### PROCEEDINGS OF FOREIGN GRAND LODGES.

BY J. M. S. W'CORLE.

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

#### MARYLAND.

This Grand Lodge held an Annual Communication at Baltimore, on the 18th day of November, 1867, Bro. John Coates, Grand Master, presided, Bro. Jacob H. Medairy being the Grand Secretary, with a representation from 55 Subordinate Lodges in attendance.

The Grand Master had granted dispensations for the establishment of two new Lodges, since the last Semi-Annual meeting.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That any man within the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge who resides nearer a Subordinate Lodge of this State than a Subordinate Lodge of another jurisdiction, and who has received or may receive the degrees of Masonry in a sister jurisdiction during such residence, shall be debarred all the rights and privileges of Freemasonry in this jurisdiction until the disability shall be removed by this Grand Lodge.

Bro. W. J. Worth, the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, reviewed the proceedings of fifteen Grand Lodges, in a brief and fraternal manner.

The proceedings were otherwise of a local character.

The Grand Master and Grand Secretary were re-elected.

We have in these proceedings the record of the Semi-Annual and Annual meetings of this Grand Lodge, the latter at Providence May 20th, 1867, at which Grand Master Thomas A. Doyle presided, Bro. Charles D. Greene being Grand Secretary, with representatives from 22 Subordinate Lodges attending.

The Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia was recognized as a regularly constituted Grand Lodge and cordially welcomed.

Dispensations for the establishment of two new Lodges had been granted by the Grand Master.

The proceedings were wholly local, and there is no report on Foreign Correspondence.

The Grand Master and Grand Secretary were re-elected.

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The Annual meeting was held at Concord, June 12th, 1867, Bro. John H. Rowell, Grand Master, Bro. Horace Chase, Grand Secretary, and 60 Lodges represented.

The Grand Master had granted dispensations for the establishment of three new Lodges during the past year. He says the "Order," [we dislike the term exceedingly, preferring the more appropriate one of *Fraternity*], has been, for several years past, steadily increasing in numbers and strength in that jurisdiction; and that it becomes us to throw around us all the safe-guards and securities we can, that none but the worthy may cross the threshold of our doors, and that a man should have something more to recommend him than that there is nothing against him.

A committee to whom the subject was referred, reported the following resolution:

Resolved, That the practice of suffering a can-

didate to withdraw his application before a ballot, to avoid being rejected, is wrong and un-Masonic and ought not to be tolerated by this Grand Lodge.

The record however does not show whether it was adopted.

The following report, which was concurred in, takes, as we think, the true ground as to the proper mode of treating the troublesome question of the status of Army Masons; and such is, in substance, the decision of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky.

The Committee appointed at the last Annual session, to consider the standing and condition of Masons made such in Army Lodges and report thereon, would submit the following:

The Committee can see but one way to answer the question, and it can perhaps as well be done by quoting the language of a former Committee of this Grand Lodge upon a similar subject under a different name.

"As we understand it, they are Masons, and no earthly power can fix any other status upon them, except for a punishment for some Masonic crime of which they have been duly convicted."

It may be said, and perhaps truly, that the granting of dispensations for Army Lodges, with power to make Masons, was of doubtful expediency, and that many were in those Lodges who were unworthy, who never could have received the degrees at home; that they have received all the degrees in a single week, or single day, without the use of the usual dispensation. (This is strictly true, in many cases, as some of your Committee have been informed and believe.) But all these things do not make them any the less Masons. They are not, in any way, responsible for the irregularities of the Lodge in which they were made Masons.

The dispensations under which Army Lodges worked were granted by Grand Lodges, or Grand Masters having lawful authority to grant them; therefore, all Master Masons made by said Lodges, notwithstanding the irregularities mentioned, have been practiced by the Lodge doing the work; and those among them who have not become members of some of our Lodges must stand upon the same footing and be treated in all respects the same as non-affiliating Masons.

Five hundred dollars were appropriated for the benefit of necessitous Lodges in Southern States.

The Committee on Foreign Correspondence, through its Chairman, Bro. John J. Bell, made a report in which the proceedings of 37 Grand Lodges, among them those of Kentucky for 1866, are reviewed. Under the head of California he remarks as follows upon the subject of negro Masons:

Our brother of California in his criticism upon the decision of G. M. Preble, of Maine, that a colored man made a Mason in a regular and duly constituted Lodge should be recognized as a brother and admitted to Lodges in Maine, would seem not, perhaps, to doubt the legality of making Masons of negroes, but that it has ever been done. We are entirely unable to see any legal objection to negroes being made Masons, and although the instances are rare, still we have heard of such instances. There are regular colored Masons, but most of the colored men who profess to be Masons, no doubt belong to the clandestine associations which exist in several of the Northern States.

And under the head of Missouri, on the same subject, he says:

He [Bro. Goulay, as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence,] indignantly inquires what regular Lodge in the United States makes Masons of negroes? Probably the political prejudices, which the long contest between the two sections of the country have engendered, may make it difficult to find many Lodges where such prejudices against color or race, would not at this day stop such candidate; but it was not always so, and many excellent and estimable brethren who are not white, can be found in the country, and to stop a candidate for that cause

alone, if otherwise qualified, would be in opposition to all the teachings of the Craft.

From the tenor of these remarks, viewed in the light afforded by the next following extract from the same report, we are induced to believe that the Craft in Maine are gradually being educated up to the point of introducing the negro element into their Lodges—a policy we think that will be more fearful in its consequences to Masonry in the United States, than all the persecutions of a dozen anti-Masonic parties, aided by papal bulls, could effect. To say the very least of it, the policy of such a measure could be only injurious to the Craft.

We however can heartily endorse the following sentiments of Bro. Bell, in regard to the utility of reports of Committees on Foreign Correspondence:

We think in the absence of any general authority over Grand Lodges, the great safe-guard we have against systems purely local growing up in each Grand Lodge, lies in the practice of mutual and kindly criticism established in the report on Foreign Correspondence. That such reports are not always what they should be is but another mode of asserting that they are drawn up by men. That they are but individual opinions, is, but in a certain sense, true; they will generally be found to embody the Masonic sentiment of their Grand Lodge.

He does not agree to the doctrine advanced by Bro. Drummond, of Maine, that where charges were filed against a brother, and the witnesses failed to appear, and the case was dismissed for want of evidence, then new charges might be again filed and the accused tried thereon. But if the accused had insisted on a decision by the Lodge of the question of guilty or not guilty, and he had been formally acquitted, then, Bro. D. was of opinion that no further action should be taken. To this conclusion Bro. Bell demurs, with good reason we think, as follows:

We can hardly agree that the accused should be allowed to have that advantage. If he had been once tried upon the merits, that should be conclusive; but if, for any reason, the question of guilt or innocence was not really passed upon, he should be liable to trial. He should not be able to compel the Lodge to decide the question of guilt simply because there is no evidence produced.

His views on the subject of non-affiliated Masons are as follows:

Non-affiliation has occupied much of the attention of the Craft. That is a great and increasing evil is apparent to all. How shall it be remedied? Without attempting to answer this question, we would like to call attention to one or two phases of the subject. Un-affiliated Masons are not all alike guilty. Some are mere drones in the hive. They remain outside of Lodge-membership because they grudge the money or the labor required of members. Of such we have no good to say. Others have become dissatisfied, with or without reason, with the work of their Lodges, and therefore they have left them. Not equally guilty with the first, they are wrong in their course of action, and neglectful of their duty as Masons. Others have left their Lodges because they have been driven out, permitted to dimitt rather than suffer punishment, or permitted to leave, not because it was their own wish, but because such was the wish of the Lodge. In this case the Lodge is alike guilty with the brother, perhaps more so. If his character, and we know such cases, is such, that the Lodge does not desire him for a member, he should be tried and expelled, and it is a criminal weakness that permits him to dimitt. Sometimes this is mere incompatibility of temper. Others, again, reside at such distances from the nearest Lodges that they cannot attend the meetings. We have known Masons, earnest and heart-warm Masons, who lived more than one hundred miles from any Lodge, and who deeply felt the deprivation of Lodge privileges. Others, again, are

still more unfortunate: desirous of doing their share of the work, they have been rejected in their applications for affiliation. There is and can be no way of compelling a Lodge to receive a memento, who is distasteful to them, or even to one of the members. To punish in any way either of the last two classes would be contrary to every principle of justice or fair dealing. Again, Lodges are modern Masonry. In old times there were Masons long before there were Lodges, and now, without a radical change in the frame and ground work of Masonry, a brother can be compelled to affiliate with any Lodge, it is not easy to see. But the benefits that arise from the Lodge organization, the unaffiliated brother has no claim upon. If he receives any such, it is from the free grace of his brethren, the members of the Lodges. Any participation in Lodge funds, meetings, processions, or other advantages, arising from such organization, he may be denied. Yet even then we would ask that the last classes we have named, might not be uncharitably treated.

The Grand Master and Grand Secretary were both re-elected.

#### ARKANSAS.

This Grand Lodge held an Annual meeting at Little Rock, on the 4th day of November, 1867, Bro. E. H. English, the Grand Master, president, Bro. W. D. Blocher, being Grand Secretary, and 81 Lodges were represented. The address of the Grand Master is a very interesting document, and there are some portions of it we would gladly insert here if we could do so without consuming too much space, and curtailed extracts from it are impossible. He had granted dispensations for the formation of 14 new Lodges; and we notice that another was granted by the Grand Lodge.

A resolution was adopted recognizing the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia as a sister Lodge. A case was reported from Huey Lodge, No. 78, in which it appeared there was a difficulty between two of the brethren, and, they failing to become reconciled, the Master of the Lodge, on his own alleged authority, without any trial, or even charges preferred, suspended both of them. This action of the Master was decided, and very correctly too, to be illegal and void.

The Committee on Foreign Correspondence, through the Chairman, Bro. Samuel W. Williams, made a voluminous report, (123 pages,) in which he reviews the proceedings of 40 Grand Lodges, and among them Kentucky for 1866. It is very well written and discusses questions in a kind and fraternal manner.

Alluding to a recent decision of the Grand Master of Nevada, that a man that can neither read nor write cannot [ought not?] be made a Mason, he says:

As we see this doctrine announced in several Grand Lodges and by several Grand Masters, as Masonic law, we here take occasion to put ourselves on the record on this subject. We unhesitatingly pronounce it an innovation on the old rules. The intelligent mass has but to reflect a moment to remember that at the period of the revival and re-organization of Masonry in England, and for three and four hundred years thereafter, the greatest nobles could not write or read, and but few could write except the clergy. And so great was the merit of possessing this accomplishment, that persons convicted of capital crime who could write, were entitled to commutation of punishment to burning in the hand, or other less punishment, which was called benefit of clergy. That was benefit from being a clerk, or benefit of a clerk, and even an English King received the sobriquet of Beneficler, simply because he could write his name. And Dr. Mackey's (whom the Grand Master quotes,) admission that the written law is silent on this subject, is because there never was any such law; and his (Dr. Mackey's) "perhaps because it is deemed so evident, and so un-

formly observed, a regulation unnecessary to be written," is very far-fetched, and is in violation of history and common sense. If a man's inability to read and write grows out of want of opportunity, it does not prove that he may not make a good Mason. And his inability to read and write will not prevent him from learning and understanding the esoteric ceremonies of our order, and becoming even an efficient worker in the Lodge, and understanding the morals of our symbolisms. While this is true as a question of law, yet we think, practically, a Lodge should be very cautious in receiving material of this kind, and a brother in recommending the petition of such. For in this land of opportunity, such ignorance bespeaks either stupidity or indifference, and either is not an inviting subject for initiation. We think the dicta of Dr. Mackey are running many of our Grand Lodges, Grand Masters and Committees wild on this subject. Dr. Mackey is entitled to great respect, but he is but a man at last, and we would be glad to see our brethren think a little for themselves. It is a bad plan to tie the faith implicitly to any man's tail, or sneeze when he takes snuff.

And again under the head of South Carolina, in answer to Dr. Mackey, on the same subject, he says:

He agrees with California that reading and writing should be made a qualification for Masonry, and argues that while it was not so originally, it is so now. When opportunities are so abundant, it is evidence of imbecile intellect not to be able to read and write. Not so fast, my brother. In this western country, in early times, when our nearest neighbor was forty miles, the schoolmaster's visits were rare, and some as shrewd men as we have ever known in Arkansas could neither read nor write. The celebrated Jack Musset, who was long a member of the Arkansas Legislature, and was distinguished for his wit and practical business sense, could not write his name; yet he was a country merchant, sold goods and kept accounts in hieroglyphics of his own device; and was in a settlement with a customer. Among other articles he called out a cheese. Upon the customer protesting that he had bought none, but remarked that a griddle-stone had been omitted, Jack replied, "O, that's a fact; I forgot to put a hole in it," and shifting the action to the word, made a hole in his round hieroglyphic. We think this is a question that should be left to the discretion of the brethren in each Lodge.

The Committee on Charters of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina decided that a Lodge, U. D., can do nothing more than make Masons, and cannot affiliate any one, and say they are sustained in this position by every writer on Masonry in this country—Brown, Morris, Pike, Mackey, Chase, Simons, Mitchell and others, Bro. Williams responds:

We have not examined what these writers may say on the subject, but it would take very strong reasons and authority to shake our convictions heretofore expressed; and if he alludes to our Bro. Albert Pike, we doubt exceedingly whether he ever expressed such an opinion in any of his Masonic writings. At least none such have fallen under our observation, and he was long an influential member here where the opposite practice has always obtained. This, however is a matter of constitutional regulation, to be decided by each jurisdiction for itself; and cannot, we conceive, be so much of a landmark, as to render the opinions or dicta of any writers, law upon the subject.

And under the head of Oregon, on the same subject, he remarks:

Our Lodges U. D., have members and affiliates, and are for many purposes, yes, most purposes, a Lodge, and not a mere delegation of brethren, of the power of the Grand Master to make Masons. Such a Lodge with us cannot elect or install their officers, and cannot vote in Grand Lodges; and with perhaps these exceptions only, they have the same power as a chartered Lodge. This other rule of Oregon seems to proceed upon the idea that a Lodge U. D., has no members.

Then it is not a Lodge; and if not a Lodge, what power have they to make Masons? The Grand Master cannot delegate his power to make Masons at sight. These however are matters for each one for himself, herself, or itself.

In this opinion Bro. Williams in the main we heartily concur. In Kentucky a Lodge U. D., possesses all the rights, powers and privileges, whilst in existence, that a chartered Lodge does, except it cannot elect its officers.

The Grand Master and Grand Secretary were re-elected.

#### ALABAMA.

The Grand Lodge of Alabama held an Annual meeting at Montgomery on the 2d day of December, 1867, with Grand Master Wilson Williams, presiding, Bro. Daniel Sayre, Grand Secretary, and representatives from 140 Lodges in attendance.

The Grand Master had granted Dispensations for the formation of 9 new Lodges. The proceedings were almost wholly local.

Communication was opened with the Grand Orient of Italy.

Among the donations acknowledged to have been received for the relief of destitute Masons, widows and orphans within the jurisdictions of this Grand Lodge, we notice the sum of \$506, received through Bro. I. T. Martin, the then Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky.

The report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, prepared by the Chairman, P. G. M. William C. Peniek, reviews the proceedings of 38 Grand Lodges, among them Kentucky for 1866. It is written in the kindest manner, and is replete with sound criticism and fraternal sentiments. We have read it with great pleasure, did our limits permit us to do so. We will content ourselves with his views upon the introduction of the negro element into Lodges, of which he sees evidence of a growing disposition on the part of some of the Northern Grand Lodges. They are as follow:

And just here let us utter a prophecy. "Ere aut nos erit!" and our saying this will not make it come, but may God in his favor make it instrumental in preventing it. And it is this, that however great and surprising the evils of anti-Masonry of the period above named may have been, the evils to arise out of the negro question to both the Government and Masonry will be still greater. Masonry, we know, can stand persecution, war and fanaticism, because we have seen her do it, and history is replete with illustration; but she has not yet had to be specially guarded against an overbearing popularity united to these. Hannibal perhaps the greatest general that this world has ever seen, was able to withstand his enemies in front and in the rear, in Rome and in Carthage, although unsupported by reinforcements or with money, until after the battle of Cannæ, when popularity and fullness, united with idleness, wrought his overthrow, or that which was equivalent to it. Brethren, these are dangerous times. Let Masonry "stand from under."

Bro. Geo. D. Norris was elected Grand Master; the Grand Secretary was re-elected.

#### KANSAS.

This Grand Lodge met at Leavenworth, October 15th, 1867, Bro. M. S. Adams, the Grand Master, presided, Bro. E. T. Carr, Grand Secretary, with a representation from 39 Lodges attending.

The Grand Master had granted dispensations for the formation of 17 new Lodges, during the past year. He recommends that the different Lodges throughout the state should establish

Lodge libraries for the use of the brethren of each Lodge. We like the suggestion very much, and think the members of every Lodge should pursue the course indicated. Masons generally are very deficient in Masonic knowledge, and in the interior of our State where access cannot be readily had to Masonic publications, they are too apt to think that the mere practice of our rites and ceremonies is all that there is in Masonry. The elegant and instructive symbolism of Masonry is almost wholly unknown to them; they stand literally in the outer court of the Gentiles, being wholly unable to lift the veil that hides from them the bright effulgence that shines in the *sanctum sanctorum*. Notwithstanding the many Masonic publications of the day, there is still a woeful ignorance in the fraternity of Masonic literature.

In regard to the complaints made in several jurisdictions in the West of alleged invasions of their rights in the making of Masons of persons, residents of said jurisdiction, visiting the Atlantic States, and receiving the degrees there, many of whom would have been rejected at home, Grand Master Adams suggests as a remedy for all difficulties of this kind "that every Grand Lodge in the United States adopt a regulation, making it incompetent for any Subordinate Lodge in its jurisdiction, knowingly to receive and act upon the petition, or confer the degrees of Masonry, upon any candidate who had been previously rejected by any Lodge in the United States, without first receiving the consent of the Lodge so rejecting the candidate. This rule, if universal, would have a most salutary effect upon the Craft, and would go very far towards excluding improper persons from our order."

The death of Past Grand Master Jacob Saqui, and the Grand Lodge adopted a resolution appropriate to the occasion, and directed a mourning page in the printed proceedings to be set apart in honor of his memory.

The Custodians of the Work, appointed by the Grand Master, made a report and exemplified the three degrees before the Grand Lodge; their work was adopted, and the Lodges directed to conform thereto.

The report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, prepared by the Chairman, Bro. E. T. Carr, reviews the proceedings of 33 Grand Lodges, those of Kentucky for 1866 included; but we find nothing in it that calls for our particular notice.

The Grand Master and Grand Secretary were re-elected.

#### MONTANA.

This Grand Lodge held its third annual session at Virginia City, October 7th, 1867, Bro. John J. Hull, Grand Master, presiding, with representatives from 7 Lodges attending.

Dispensations for the formation of 4 new Lodges had been granted by the Grand Master since the last meeting, and one was granted by the Grand Lodge at this session.

A very interesting address was delivered by the Grand Historian, Bro. N. P. Langford, from which we extract the following:

"I esteem myself fortunate in having been one of the early settlers of Montana—more fortunate in having, before I left the abodes of civilization, been raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason. When the company, of which I was one, entered what is now Montana—then Dakota—a single settlement, known by the name of Grasshopper (now Bannack) was the only abode of the white man in the Southern part of the Territory.

Our journey from Minnesota, of fourteen hundred miles, by a route never before traveled, and with the long conveyance of ox-trains, was of long duration and tedious. It was a clear September twilight when we camped on the western side of the range of the Rocky Mountains, where they are crossed by the Mullan road. The labors of the day over, three of our number, a brother named Charlton, another whose name I have forgotten, and myself, the only three Master Masons in the company, impressed with the grandeur of the mountain scenery and the mild beauty of the evening, ascended the mountain to its summit, and there, in imitation of our ancient brethren, opened and closed an informal Lodge of Master Masons. I had listened to the solemn ritual of Masonry an hundred times, but never when it impressed me so seriously as upon this occasion; just also was the experience of my companions. Our long journey, and its undulating round of daily employments, had, until this occasion, been wholly unalleviated by any circumstance calculated to soften or mellow the feelings subjected to such discipline. We felt it a relief to know each other in the light of Masonry. Never was the fraternal grasp more cordial than when in the glory of that beautiful autumnal evening, we opened and closed the first Lodge ever assembled in Montana.

"I might dilate upon the beauty of the evening upon which we met; the calm radiance of the moon and stars; the grandeur of the surrounding scenery. We exchanged fraternal greetings, spoke kind words one to another, and gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of that elevation of spirit which Masonry, under such circumstances, alone could evoke; and when we left the summit of that glorious range of mountains to descend to our camp, each felt that he had been made better and happier for this confidential interchange of Masonic sentiment."

"Men, when separated by distance from their homes, and all that is dear to them upon earth, and uncertain as to the exposures and perils that lie before them, are apt to reflect upon those events in their past experience which afford the greatest promise or feeling of security and happiness. Every true Mason who has made the journey across the plains can attest to the effect of this influence upon the Masons who came early to this Territory. I mention here a little incident which occurred while our train was working its weary way over the mountains lying between Deer Lodge and Bannack. I happened at that time to be the only Mason in a company consisting of ten or twelve men. We had stopped at noon for refreshment near the bank of what is now known as Silver Bow Creek, and were preparing to resume our journey, when three or four horsemen descended from the mountains into the valley where we had halted. They were dressed in the coarse but picturesque costume of mountaineers, and presented to our inexperienced eyes the appearance of a troop of brigands. We regarded their movements with suspicion, and were ready at a moment's warning to engage them in hostile combat. All but one of them rode on without deigning to notice us. He stopped and engaged in conversation with those of our own men who were occupied in yoking our oxen. I was at a little distance, and at the moment was engaged in adjusting the cinch of my saddle, when I heard him make the enquiry: "Whose train is this?"

"To which he received the reply, "Nobody's"; we own the wagons among ourselves."

"Where are you from?"

"From Minnesota."

"How many men are there in your train?"

"About one hundred and thirty."

"Was there a man named H. A. Biff in your train?"

"No, sir! no such man."

"Did you ever hear of such a man?"

"I never did," replied one. "I know of no one of that name," said another.

Now, as fortune would have it, I had, a short time before, traveled the same road that had been traveled by the missing man, (who, as I afterwards learned, was a Mason), and I had been informed by those who at that time accompanied me, had been killed by three ruffians. The particulars of his assassination are familiar to you all. This was the first murder of a brother of which we have any knowledge or record.

From the information thus received, I was enabled to answer his anxious inquiries; and as I rode along in company with him during the rest of the day, I was greatly pleased to find in him an intelligent and warm-hearted brother Mason. It was his first meeting with a brother in the Territory, and we employed the same time together in relating each to the other his Masonic experience, and bearing mutual testimony to the satisfaction we have derived from the order, and to its peculiar adaptability to our condition in this new country. A friendship was thus formed, through the instrumentality of Masonry, which could not otherwise have found existence."

We could copy much more from this interesting address, but our limits forbid us to do so.

In 1866 the Grand Master of Nevada granted a Dispensation to fourteen Master Masons to establish a new Lodge at Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, by the name of Mount Moriah Lodge, U. D. Soon after the Lodge was organized, a question arose in it how Mormons, claiming to be Masons, should be treated. The matter was submitted to Bro. Joseph DeBoll, the Grand Master of Nevada, who issued an order that the Lodge should neither admit as visitors or affiliate Mormons, claiming to be Masons, nor receive petitions for the degrees from Mormons; and this order of the Grand Master was afterwards confirmed by the Grand Lodge. At the same meeting the Lodge applied for a charter which was refused, but the dispensation was continued. At the ensuing meeting of the Grand Lodge the application of Mount Moriah Lodge for a charter was again refused, and the dispensation called in. So matters remained until the present meeting of the Grand Lodge of Montana, when a petition from 24 of the former members of Mount Moriah Lodge was presented praying for a charter from that Grand Lodge; stating the facts that had occurred, complaining of the action of the Grand Lodge of Nevada in undertaking to dictate to them who they should or should not initiate and receive as members, and alleging that the Lodge was the proper judge who they should admit or reject. The Grand Lodge of Montana rejected their application, and ordered that the papers be returned to the petitioners, and referred them to the Grand Lodge of Nevada, under whose supervision they had been working for two years, for redress of their alleged grievances.

An able report from Bro. W. F. Sanders, (Grand Secretary) as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, reviews the proceedings of 15 Grand Lodges, ours not being of the number. It fully displays the more than usual abilities of the writer.

Bro. Leonard W. Fary, was elected Grand Master, and Bro. W. F. Sanders was re-elected Grand Secretary.

#### MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

BY J. M. S. M'COCKE.

[Under this head we intend publishing such decisions, made in other jurisdictions, as we deem in accordance with sound Masonic principles, and conform to the general tenor of the decisions made in this jurisdiction.]

#### RHODE ISLAND.

An affirmation can be administered instead of an oath to any person who refuses on conscientious grounds to take the latter.

A brother, declaring his intention to stop the work of his Lodge can be punished therefor.

A petition must be presented to the Lodge within whose jurisdiction the applicant resides.

#### ARKANSAS.

The old rule is that a Lodge cannot voluntarily

surrender its charter while seven members vote to retain it, that being the number to whom the original warrant to work was granted.

A Lodge should not surrender its charter for the purpose of avoiding payment of its debts. That would not be just to creditors, and Masons should be just.

Where a Mason is made in a Lodge U. D., and the Dispensation expires or is withdrawn, and no charter granted, he stands *quasi* non-affiliated, and may apply for affiliation with another Lodge, furnishing the proper evidence that the Lodge in which he was made is *de'facto*, and that he was a member of it.

A Master of a Lodge, after the expiration of his term of office, cannot be tried by the Lodge for any offense committed by him while Master, that has any connection with his official duties.

Any member of a Lodge may object to the initiation of a candidate, at any time before the degree is conferred, after election; and in such case it is the duty of the Master to suspend further action.

#### KANSAS.

A Lodge cannot reconsider the vote by which a brother was expelled, and thus restore him to the privileges of Masonry; but may, at a special meeting, called for the purpose, of which all the members have notice, by a unanimous vote, restore the expelled brother.

Public installations of the officers of a Lodge are sanctioned by Masonic usage, but the Lodge should assemble at the lodge-room, open in due form, then proceed to the place of installation without calling off. There should be nothing like the ceremony of opening or closing, or calling off or calling on, of a Lodge in public.

A Master Mason in good standing has a right to claim a limit of the Lodge at any time, and the Lodge has no right to withhold it, unless there be sufficient cause to prefer charges; and in that event, the charges should be filed at once. And if, on trial, the brother is acquitted, he is ~~restored to his rank~~ restored to such thing in Masonic usage as "simply a card of dismissal from membership."

#### RETURN OF HIRAM POWERS.

Hiram Powers, the famous sculptor, will visit his native country the coming summer, it is stated, and spend some months with his relatives in Cincinnati. He is a native of that city, and lived there for many years, having first shown his genius by first making some excellent wax figures for Dorfeuille's Museum, a well known place of amusement in the West at that time. Among other figures he made one of Alexander Drake, a popular comedian in that section thirty years ago. Some of Powers' friends were so much pleased with this work that they invited the Queen City Journalists to look at it—among them one notorious for his hypercriticism, and believed to be something of a pretender withal. The particular critic came in the evening when the Museum was dimly lighted, and took his position before the glass case. After gazing at the figure very intently for five minutes, he said to Powers, who was at his elbow: "There are some good points about this, Hiram; but it has some extraordinary defects. The nose is too long entirely; and the mouth has a queer twist. One arm is longer than the other. The position, too, is unnatural. No man could stand that way if he tried. It would be impossible. I don't see, Hiram, how you could have made such a blunder. Powers, laughed, and inquired of the figure: "What do you think about it, Drake?" The figure indignantly stepped out of the case, and bursting into a loud laugh, said: "I think the position pretty natural myself. The critic did not hear the last of the jest to his dying day, and never afterward spoke to the facetious sculptor.

ANUS.—Plutarch, in his biographies, tells us that Cato, the Censor, being scurrilously treated by a fellow who led a dissolute life, said to him quietly: "A contest between thee and me is very unequal; for thou canst bear ill language with ease, and return it with pleasure; but for my part, 'tis unusual for me to hear it, and disagreeable to speak it."

#### THE POOR MAN'S JEWELS.

My home it is a poor one,  
To all who pass it by;  
They cannot see its beauty,  
And neither, faith, can I—  
That is, in paint or tinker,  
In doorway or in roof—  
But that it has its beauties,  
I'll quickly give ye proof.  
Come hither, young ones, hither,  
Your father's steps are near—  
That's set with hair so yellow,  
That's blue with eyes so clear;  
That's Will with tawny trousers  
Tucked in his stocking leg;  
And yonder two were darlings  
Are beauty Jean and Meg.

A cluster of fair jewels,  
Five in the rugged set;  
If any man has brighter,  
I have to learn it yet;  
And, Tom, when I am swinging  
These arms with weary strain,  
Their blessed face cheer me,  
And make me strong again.  
I some times sit and wonder  
'What will their future be,  
If they must delve and pastor  
A treadmill round like me,  
And scowry, at the year's end,  
Have half a groat to spare—  
And see bad men put over them,  
'Twill be too hard to bear.

But then, I think, as nations  
Rise in the scale of might,  
God puts the poor man forward,  
And gives him power and light,  
And learning, Tom, will do it—  
And Christian truth will show  
That Heaven makes no distinction,  
Between the high and low.

To all who pass it by,  
And none can see its beauty  
Save mother, God, and I,  
The future may be grander  
For some great glory won—  
Some gem set in the ages  
By even a poor man's son.

From the New York Ledger.

#### THAT SOUL-LIFE OF ETERNITY.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Another? Yes, another's gone,  
Yet I'll not breathe a note of wo,  
Because so many have withdrawn—  
Their bodies only rest below:  
The real men and women are  
Still living for grand use above,  
Pure dwellers of a sinless star,  
Imparaded in perfect love.

Oh, I should rather now rejoice:

Are they not richer than when here?  
Will I not hear full many a voice  
When led into that cloudless sphere  
Of love and friendship all divine?  
O, souls released and crowned above,  
'Twere madness now to wish your shrine,  
So seduced in a perfect love,  
Changed for the fetters burst by Death—  
Changed for the pits of earth-desire:  
O, Brothers, sisters, pray our breath  
May also mingle in your choir  
Of glorious uses—pray that we,  
With you, may have, from our ALL-SIB,   
That soul-life of Eternity.

A certain clerk in a Western village recently made the following comment on Pochontas. Said he: "Pochontas was a great man—Pochontas was a noble, kind-hearted, and true man." "Hold on," cried his companion, "Pochontas was a seaman." "She was, eh?" said he: "well, that's just my luck; how am I expected to know? I never read the Bible!"

## Miscellany.

## RECOMPENSE.

"Is that Oldtown church yonder, if you please, sir?"

A girl spoke to me. I turned and looked at her. There were women of sixteen and children of sixteen. This one was a child. She wore the scantiest of cotton dresses belted at the waste, a pair of leather boots, and a white apron. In her hand she carried a sun bonnet, and her hair cropped close like a boy's, curled in black ringlets about her head. The face was a baby's face in sweetness and in innocence. The little brown hands the hands of toil. No young lady this, yet there was nothing coarse and vulgar about her unless it were those hands.

"That is Oldtown church, my dear," I said. "Are you going there?"

"Yes, sir, to see the wedding. Are you?"

I was, more fool I, though I did not say so to this child. The bride for whom the bells were ringing was to be mine once, would have been but for the accident which had crippled me and changed her heart. She had done nothing openly to teachers, but I saw the truth and set her free. She took her freedom gladly, and we were two. She had quite forgotten me, no doubt. I believed then I never could forget her.

I knew exactly how she would look in snowy silk and lace, and coronet of pearls. I had dreamed of her in bridal robes so often.

I nodded to the little thing beside me trudging over the meadow path with the tall grass almost to her waist, and looking at me wistfully.

"I never saw a wedding," she said.

"No?"

"No, sir. Grandfather said I might come. He didn't care himself. It's a long walk too, from the tavern, and he's very old."

"Does your grandfather keep the tavern?" I asked.

"No, sir—I wish he did!" said the child. "He has only my mother's care for tenses. What else can he do though? Tonight there's a dance, and he's to play for them. That's why we stopped."

A poor fiddler's untalented grandchild—so poor as decent poverty could be—yet her presence somewhat cheered me. Half child, half woman, and a child at heart. Innocent and beautiful and kind. I encouraged her to linger at my side. I said to her:

"I will show you a place where you can see the bride well. It is in the gallery. Will you like that?"

"I don't know," she said. "I haven't often been to church. We pray in lonely places, grandfather and I. Will you be there, sir?"

"Yes."

"I know I should like it."

"Come with me then," I said, and she followed me.

I had meant to hide myself in the gallery, and see my lost love married quite unseen. This companionship had not been in my note at all. But I liked it. No friend no relation, not my own sister would I have had beside me; but this selfish thing was too innocent to fear. I led the way up the dark old staircase and toward a spot quite sheltered from general view. Then I sat down and she stood leaning over the balustrade.

The church was full of bonnets. Here and there only a masseline head. The minister was in his seat reading, in a position taken for effect. He was a handsome man, and knew it perfectly well.

Girls whispered and giggled, matrons fanned themselves, and men yawned. Soon the soft roll of carriage on the gravel path was heard, and the bridal party entered. I saw her at last. Aletta.

"Is that the bride?" Half-sobbed the girl's voice at my side. "Is it a real lady? She looks like wax. Oh, how pretty, how beautiful! Look! Look!"

She touched me with her little brown hand, and looked at me, her eyes sparkling.

"Did you ever see her before?" she asked. "Is she like that in every-day clothes? Oh, how pretty! How pretty!"

Men have no right to weep. I put my head down upon the cushion of the pew and hid my eyes. I felt the child creep close beside me.

"Poor thing, he's tired!" I heard her whisper, and put her little hand out and patted me softly by stealth.

Soon I looked down into the church again, and saw King Stanton kiss his bride.

"Is it over?" asked the girl.

"Yes, child," I said, "all over."

"Then I must go," she said. "Thank you for being so kind to me, sir. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," I said, and her little leather shoes pattered over the aisle and down stairs, and I had seen, as I thought, the last of her. When she had gone I missed her strangely.

I went home when the church was quite empty. It had not been as hard to bear as I had feared, and oddly enough I found myself thinking of that child's little piqued head, and those beautiful long-fringed eyes. I wondered at myself, but it was so.

"I should like to see the child again," I said, and as I spoke I spied a crowd about a tavern door upon the road.

It was a poor place, and poor rough people made up the group. But it was plainly no common quarrel, or drinking bout which had brought them there, for their faces were all grave and their voices suppressed.

"What has happened, friend?" I asked of a tinker near by.

"Only a blind fiddler dropped dead," he said.

"But there's a gal widd about it."

And then I passed him and went in. An old man lay upon the floor, and across his body a girl had flung herself. I knew the gipsy hair and brown neck, the scant cotton dress and the sun bonnet flung with a handful of wild flowers upon the floor, and I bent over her touching her little despairing head.

"My child," I said, "he is happier than we are."

And she looked up.

"He was all I had," she said; "all, all!"

So had I thought when Aletta gave me back our betrothal ring. My heart ached for her. I said no other word, but led her to an inner room, while two men bore the dead man up stairs. She wept wildly, but my presence seemed to comfort her.

As she sat on the floor, and across her body a girl had flung herself. I knew the gipsy hair and brown neck, the scant cotton dress and the sun bonnet flung with a handful of wild flowers upon the floor, and I bent over her touching her little despairing head.

I said a few words to the landlady, when I arose to leave; and she promised to attend to my orders, enforced by the contents of my pocket book.

"The girl shan't go until I hear from you, sir," she said. "Indeed, I don't know where she would go. She seems friendless, and such a child for her age. Thank you, sir."

And I went on my way again, thinking not of Aletta, but of the dead fiddler's grandchild. This sun-browned wail, so simple and so ignorant, so friendless and alone.

I was young yet—not five-and-twenty—a bachelor, and likely to be one all my life long. I had no proper home to take her to; and no friend to aid me. At last, in my extremity, I thought of Betty—old Betty, who had once been my nurse, and who loved me as she might her own son—and in the gloaming I made my way to her poor home. I found her trimming her vines in the bit of garden ground, and had my usual kiss across the fence even before the gate was opened.

"I have been thinking of you," she said. "I know it was you as soon as I heard some one coming. 'Tisn't every young gentleman would weary himself to see an old body like me. Sit down, honey and rest."

"I came to ask a favor, Betty," I said.

"Just name it, Master Bertie."

"Will you take a boarder, Betty?"

"Bless me! In my two rooms?"

"Only a child, Betty."

"A child—Master Albert?"

I told her of the fiddler's death and of the girl.

"I have money enough," I said "but no female relatives. I can only come to you."

"You always were kind hearted from a boy," she said. "I'll take the little girl, Master Bertie."

Then she put both hands on my shoulders.

"You haven't fretted, have you?" she asked.

"Fretted!" I asked. "Why?"

"Nay, why indeed!" said old Betty. "Better fish in the sea than ever were caught yet." Then in a moment more she added: "I've been to see the wedding."

I felt my face flush. "Shall I bring the girl tomorrow after her grandfather's funeral?" I asked.

"When you please," said Betty. "But, Master Albert, what do you mean to do with her? You are doing all this in a hurry. Just think a bit."

"I mean to adopt the child," I said. "It will make me happy to have a young thing to care for."

Betty laughed. "You'll have young things of your own, please God, some day," she said. "Why your age life is before you."

"I shall never marry, Betty," I said.

She caught my fingers in a close clasp with her horny hard-working hand.

"I wish you was back again a baby on my knee, Master Bertie," she said. "I'd like to sing you to sleep as I did them. Ah! It's a grief to us old women to see the young we've nursed grow up so tall and old, with their trouble so shut up in their own hearts that we can't comfort them. Going? Well, then, good night! I'm ready for the child when you like. I'm ready for anything that will cheer you, Master Bertie. I ought to say Master Albert always now, I suppose; but the old times do come back so!"

I left her leaning over her gate looking wistfully after me, knowing as I rather might the grief which I had buried in my heart. And if her words had given me a pang, it was like some ointment which makes the wound smart in its very healing. It was something to be loved so even by my old nurse.

Later the next day, I led my young charge from her grandfather's grave to Betty's cottage. She kept my hand upon the road as a little child might. I had not thought but that she was one, until old Betty's cry "goodness, Master Bertie. I thought you said a young child! Why, this is a grown girl!" started me into consciousness.

"It doesn't matter, does it, Betty?" I asked. She turned to the girl.

"Take off your bonnet," she said, a little grimly.

"I want to look at you. What is your name?"

The girl obeyed. "It's only Nelly Hay," she said, and stood to be looked at. Betty looked sternly at first, then pityingly.

"Lay no! Master Bertie, it don't matter," she said. "You'll see my name on the door. There's a peg behind the door, child. You can hang your bonnet on that." And I left them together.

Not long, though; every day found some new errand to take me to the cottage. I put an elderly maid, and gave advice. I had her sent to school, and went through grave examinations on Saturday afternoons.

I told old Betty that when a man of middle age I should take my little daughter home, and she should keep house for us. And I began to fancy, very soon, that there could be no such happiness as that a parent felt. The girl was growing tall; it is true, and I was only ten years older than she was; but when she checked her light tread to keep pace with me, when the childish laugh bubbled and rippled at something which could only make me smile, I felt that years are not the only things which age us.

I was working hard at my profession, too. I had heart and hands full. In a year I found that I could pass Aletta on her husband's arm without a pang. In a year more I wondered whether she had really changed, or whether I had fancied black curls more than I did golden bands, for I found myself thinking my little daughter much the prettiest.

In the sultry evenings I used to leave red tape and parchment, and go out to Betty's cottage to breathe with her and my youngest child. Then, while she polished up the cups, Nellie Hay and I used to walk down to the river side. Tall as she was growing, I had a way of holding her hand still; and we had such pleasant talks! such odd, unworthy chatter! Those walks and simple tea-drinkings rested the brain, wearied with law business, quarrels, and quibbles, and stratagems, more than I can tell.

The rough hand had grown softer now, the waist taper, the bust full. The sweep of woman's robes, the thread of a woman's lightly-shod feet had taken the place of clumping leather boots and scant cotton skirts.

I knew this, but Nellie was a child to me all the same. Was I not by adoption her father? Of course she always would be young to me; and why I felt so angry if by chance some gay young farmer chatted with her over the fence, or some neighbor saw her home from church, I could not tell.

"An old man's temper, I suppose," I said, and sighed like a young one.

So three years passed. At the end of that time Aletta's husband died. They had quarrelled, and she made him woe-ful jealous, it was said; and all his property, save a mere pittance, was willed to strangers.

One day a lady in black walked into my office, when she lifted her veil I saw Aletta Stanton's face, closer to me than it had been since my par-tied. My heart gave no wild throbs; I felt as though I were a mere stranger.

Courteously and quite calmly I heard her business. She intended to contest the will and needed advice. I gave her what I could. I referred her to a brother lawyer as the one who could best espouse her case. As for myself I told her truly that my time was too completely occupied to undertake anything more, and I wished her success.

She looked at me wistfully, with her great blue eyes full of tears, as she arose to go.

"It was cruel of him," she said, "very cruel to leave me so poor; but he was never kind, never—"  
"I regret to hear it," I said.

"I could expect nothing more," she said; "I did not love him—I never loved but one, and that one—"

She paused and looked at me.

"That one I love still," she said.

And Heaven knows no feeling of revenge or petty triumph was in my heart when I looked in Aletta Stanton's eyes as if I did not understand her and courteously bowed her out.

"Did I ever care for that woman?" I thought, "or is it all a dream?"

I took my adopted child to the theatre that night and we saw the Lady of Lyons together. It was her first play-going experience, and she enjoyed it immensely. She wore a white dress and the coral drops I had fastened a few days before in her little ears. I was very proud of her. I could not help looking into her eyes, touching her hand with mine. When I left her I kissed her.

"Good night, my child," I said.

And she answered "good-night," with a cheek dyed on the instant deeper scarlet, and ran away as Betty came out to chat with me.

From that night I dated an odd change. My adopted child seemed shy of letting me keep her hand—shy even of chatting as she did. She was graver, more womanly. I fancied she did not care for me as she did. Perhaps some of the farmers who leaned over the gate at sunset, some of those young fellows who so often escorted her home from church had won her from me. I grew a little moody. I found myself in brown studies when I should have been at work. At last I was determined to discover whether I was really to lose my child, and went down to the cottage. I found her there sitting at work with Betty.

After all, it was no easy task. I could not do it as I had hoped. I tried jesting, and spoke of one and of the other of the young fellows near.

"We shall have Nellie stolen from us I suppose?" I said. "There is nothing so easily lost from a family as a pretty daughter. But who is to have you, Nellie?"

She looked at me as children look before they burst into tears—her chin quivering, her throat swelling—then she dropped her work, and stole from the room without answering me.

"What ails the child, Betty?" I asked. "Have I offended her?"

Old Betty stood before me sturdy and stern—a look in her face I had never yet seen there.

"Master Albert," she said, "whatever she was when she came here, Nellie is no child now. Oh, Master Albert, I can't believe you've done it on purpose? You could not—such a sweet, innocent thing—but it's done. All I can say is, go away, or let her go, and maybe the wound will heal. I ought to have spoken in time. I was an old fool. Oh, how could you, Master Albert?—how could you?"

"What have I done?" I cried. "I would rather die than harm her."

"And yet you've made her love you," said Betty, sternly. "You who know you never would love her. You've been very selfish, Master Albert."

A new light dawned upon me, a radiance brilliant beyond my hopes.

"Betty," said I, "you are dreaming. She must think me old enough to be a grandfather, with my

long face and bald crown and this crutch. I've had one dream broken; don't set me dreaming again; for Heaven's sake!"

Old Betty looked at me, then caught my face in both hands and kissed me.

"Master Bertie," said she, "I shan't tell you a word more. The child is under the grape-vine out yonder; go and find out what you want to know for yourself. You silly, handsome, good-for-nothing fellow!"

I found my child under the grape-vine, her face wet with tears. I sat down by her and put my arm around her waist.

"Nellie," said I, "don't shrink from me, I am your true friend. Your friend, whatever answer you may give me now. I am older than you. I am not vain enough to think myself a young girl's beau-ideal. But I love you dearly, Nellie. Can you love me enough to be my wife? If you can, let, if another claims your heart, do not say 'Yes' from gratitude. Tell me the truth and still remain a father's, brother's, friend's affection. Nellie?"

I bent over her, and my life seemed in her keeping. Until that moment I had not known I loved her madly. I felt it new better, far better, than in my youth I had loved Aletta Stanton.

She spoke no words.

"Nellie," said I, "Nellie!" and a brown hand was laid of its own accord in mine, and beneath my gaze those dark eyes dare not lift themselves, but hid their sweetness on my breast. Nellie was mine.

I sat with her beating heart so near my own, and thought it all over. I remembered the child in her coffin given standing in the gallery of the church on that wedding morn. I remembered the child whom I had taught, the girl with whom I had passed such happy hours. And I felt that this living love, sprung phoenix-like from the ashes of the dead one, was the purest feeling of my heart.

So my old fancy of keeping house with my child came true at last; only when she crossed the threshold of my home with me, I called her wife. And still the touch of her brown hand brings comfort with it; still her sweet voice is better to me than all the music in the world. And, as in youth I fancied myself old, surely in my age I shall believe myself young, for while we love and are beloved, youth can never die, and while we live I, and Nellie must love each other.

#### LOST ARTS.

In regard to colors we are far behind the ancients. None of the colors in the Egyptian paintings of thousands of years ago are in the least faded except the green. The Tyrian purple of the entombed city of Pompeii is as fresh to-day as it was those thousand years ago. Some of the stucco, painted ages before the Christian era, broken up and mixed, reverted to its original lustre. And yet we pity the ignorance of the dark-skinned children of the ancient Egypt. The colors upon the walls of Nero's festal vault are as fresh as if painted yesterday. So is the cheek of the Egyptian prince who was cotemporaneous with Solomon, and Cleopatra, at whose feet Caesar laid the riches of his Empire. And in regard to metals. The edges of the statues of the obelisk of Egypt, and of the ancient walls of Rome, are as sharp as if but hewn yesterday. And the stones still remain so closely fitted that their seams, laid with mortar, cannot be penetrated with the edge of a pen-knife. And their surface is exceedingly hard, so that when the French artist engraved two lines upon the obelisk brought from Egypt, they destroyed, in the tedious task many of the best tools which can be manufactured. And yet these ancient monuments are traced all over with inscriptions placed upon them in olden time. This, with other facts of a striking character, prove that they were far more skilled in metals than we are. When a vessel was on the shores of Africa a son of that benighted region made from an iron hoop a knife superior to any on board of the vessel, and another made a sword of Damascus excellence from a piece of iron.

However many friends you have, do not neglect yourself; though you have a thousand not one of them loves you so much as you ought to love yourself.

#### THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

Poor Billy blotted his writing-book. His clumsy little fingers couldn't make the marks he wanted them to. The straight lines were crooked, and the crooked ones were so very crooked that they all seemed to be falling down and crawling away; but he tried over so hard, and began to think he was doing wonders, when, just at the last, down fell a big drop of ink. He tried to wipe it off, and that made it spread. Then he tried his tongue as he had seen the bigger boys do. Then he sat, feeling almost sick, and waited for something. What was it? A whipping? His sharp-nosed and sharp-toothed teacher had very little patience or judgment. Billy had blotted two pages just before, and she had promised him a whipping if he blotted this one. Soon he heard her walking up behind him.

His little heart thumped so hard that he could hear it. He placed his hand over the blot and began writing very diligently underneath, and was very glad when Miss Searley walked by without seeing it, although she had looked right over his shoulder. Billy was very small, and had not yet learned how much greater it would be to take his whipping and have it over with, even if he did not feel that he deserved it. He might have known that Miss Searley's sharp eyes would see everything he didn't want them to sooner or later. When the books were gathered up, she opened Billy's. He thought she was hunting an excuse to whip him, and he thought her eyes really twinkled when she saw such a fine one. Perhaps he thought so because he was so badly scared.

As he walked home he kept asking himself if he really was such a great "good-for-nothing" as his teacher said. She had called him so four times that day. First he was late; but he would not have been if he had not drawn poor little lame Bertie Green to his school on his sled. Miss Searley scolded him without asking any questions. The teacher didn't know his father made him work all the time he was out of school. Then the poor little tired boy fell asleep in school, and got scolding number three; and lastly, his writing-book got him into trouble. Now, while he was going home, tagging the sled with the same lame boy upon it, he thought of all these things. "I wonder if there are any other good-for-nothings?" he said. He looked all around him. There were old fences, but they were good to keep cattle out of mischief. There was a dog, but he watched for thieves in the night. There were some old maple trees, but even these made good maple sugar. "Yes," he cried, "there are some 'good-for-nothings,' and I'm like them. I'm like weeds. I'm growing up fast, as they do, and I shall always be in somebody's way. I'll never try to do anything or be anybody again until weeds grow useful." And poor little discouraged Billy began to cry.

Just then a chickadee lighted on the fence and began to sing. "Poor little winter bird!" thought Billy, "I wonder how you get anything to eat when the ground is so snowy? The leaves and berries are all gone, the butterfies dead, and the worms are all frozen in the ground."

"Peep, peep, chickadee, dee dee dee-a-a," cried the bird. "I'll show you!" Whirr-r-r-r went his wings, and then he lighted on one of the good-for-nothing weeds. How he clung and pecked out the little dry seeds, twittering and peeping at a great rate.

"Ah," thought Billy, "weeds are useful then! They are the little bird's corn-crisps! I won't give up yet! If I'm a weed there's a lame chickadee on my sled to look after. I won't believe. I'm a good-for-nothing, even if Miss Searley does say so. I'm going to keep trying!" This was a good resolution, and Billy kept it until Miss Searley left and a better teacher came; and, at the end of a year, when Billy found himself at the head of his class, how grateful he did feel towards the chickadee and the weeds for teaching him such a good lesson.

Steadiness of purpose is the helm of each man who would accomplish anything useful in Masonry. A purpose rightly conceived, a plan rightly laid, a design rightly drawn, a beginning divinely blessed; then a preserving effort that acknowledges no obstacle, and submits to no difficulty. This is what is understood by the Masonic expression, "time, patience and perseverance accomplish all things."

## KENTUCKY FREEMASON.

EDITORS.

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

FRANKFORT, KY., ..... APRIL, 1868.

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

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

JOSEPH T. DAVIDSON, Superintendent of the Masonic Temple, at Louisville, is our regularly authorized Agent to receive subscriptions for the Kentucky Freemason. Masons, and others, in that City, or visiting the same, who may wish to subscribe, can obtain all the Nos. from the commencement from him. Bro. Davidson is also authorized to receive advertisements for the Kentucky Freemason.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

We call the special attention of *Masons and Masonic Bodies*, throughout Kentucky, to the advertisement, on last page, of Bro. John D. Caldwell, of Cincinnati, the present Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter and Grand Lodge of the State of Ohio. We have gone through the rooms of Bro. Caldwell, and examined his goods. Everything in his establishment is of the best material, and looks bright and refreshing. Call and see him when you visit Cincinnati, and you will receive a kind and hearty welcome whether you purchase his goods or not.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL,—Cincinnati, Ohio. It will be seen from a Card in this paper, that Bro. H. P. BRANSHAW, Architect, of Louisville, has taken into partnership Messrs. John Egan and C. J. Clarke. With the united ability of these three gentlemen, we doubt not every variety of taste can be accommodated, from a cottage to a palace. Call and see them at the N. E. Corner of Main and Bullitt streets, Louisville, Ky.

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Masons and Odd-Fellows—indeed, every body who are fond of fine Jewelry—by calling on J. B. BARNES, at Louisville—in the Louisville Hotel Block—can be supplied with Pins, Rings, Charms and Marks, of every description. Mr. Barnes is a gentleman of high character, and every article sold by him will be precisely what he represents it to be—and no mistake. See his advertisement in another column.

What is the *son de guerre* of the Editor of the "American Freemason?" He is a valiant knight. He fights with his vizor down. Poor Stowe! Poor "we!"

## WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' HOME.

From a large poster handed us a few days ago, we were much gratified to learn that the Young Ladies and Gentlemen of Springfield, Kentucky, gave a series of Grand Tableaux, for the benefit of the Widows' and Orphans' Home and Infirmary, at Louisville.

This is a move in the right direction. The Ladies of Louisville are doing much for this noble Charity. Their work of love is being imitated in other parts of the State. Why may not the wives and daughters of Masons, in every city, town, village, and neighborhood, where a Masonic Lodge is located, lend a helping hand to further this great object? What say you Ladies of Frankfort? Can you not imitate the example of the Springfield Ladies? Think over the matter. Then talk about it, one to another. Then act.

## REPARTEE.

The celebrated Dr. Murray, (Kirwan) Elizabethtown, N. J., was a close reader of sermons. He rarely preached without manuscript. The distinguished Dr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, has always been a fluent extemporaneous speaker, and somewhat prejudiced against written sermons. These two eminent divines once met at dinner in Baltimore, at a party where several notable ministers and laymen were guests, when, during the conversation, the subject of reading sermons in the pulpit came up for a share of the remarks. Said Dr. Breckinridge to Dr. Murray:

"Doctor, do you always ask for the help of God in the pulpit?"

"Strange," continued the Kentucky extemporizer, "that you should ask for divine assistance after your sermon is already prepared, in word, from beginning to end. What do you expect the Spirit to do?"

Of course there was considerable merriment at Dr. Murray's expense; but when the laugh had subsided, the New Jersey reader propounded a question to Dr. Breckinridge:

"Doctor, do you always ask for divine assistance in the pulpit?"

"Most certainly and most emphatically," replied Dr. B.; "for I depend upon such aid, and expect it when I preach."

"Then," added Dr. M., "all I have to say is that the Lord sends very strange answers to your prayers!"

The subject was dropped.

## THE VIRTUE OF FRUGALITY.

The Creator of the world is infinitely rich and infinitely beautiful; and yet in all his provisions he allows no waste. "He weighed the dust, and measured the waters" when he made the world; and calculated to a nicety so much earth, so much air, so much fire, so much water went to make up such a world as this. The first quantity is still here; and though man can gather and scatter, move, mix, and unmix, yet he can destroy nothing. The putrefaction of one thing is a preparation for the being and bloom of another. Thus a tree gathers nourishment from its own fallen leaves when they are decayed, and something gathers up the fragments that nothing is lost. And when the son of God was on earth, and went about scattering blessings—when, with a word, he multiplied five barley loaves and two small fishes to feed many thousand persons, he could in the same manner have provided another meal whenever the need of his followers required it; but instead of that he commanded them to gather up the fragments, that nothing might be lost—thus teaching us to regard frugality as a Christian virtue.

Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

## THE GOLDEN AUTUMN.

"A green old age" is a thing to be desired. To obtain it a man must "bear the yoke" in his youth. It should be the study and the business of the spring and summer time of life to lay up a stock of comfort and happiness for the consolation and enjoyment of old age. That our last days may be cheered with pleasing reflections, and enlivened with joyful hopes;—that we may behold the tinting of the leaf for its autumn burial, and view the grave as the hot-bed of a new existence, and the coffin as the cradle of immortality, are ends of the highest importance, as they respect both temporal and eternal happiness.

Let us consider what sources of happiness we may carry with us into old age which will make us cheerful in the autumn of life; which will cause our society to be sought by the young, our gray hairs to be revered by the gay; which will occasion our deaths to be mourned, as if at the age of three-score-years-and-ten, they were unexpected and premature. One source is, conjugal love, that has become chastened as the passions have burned out, and is, in the autumn of life, a sublime and generous affection of the heart that exists entirely void of selfishness, and is ever seeking to communicate to all others, the warm and genuine felicity which itself experiences.

We cannot conceive of a more interesting spectacle, in this world, than a loving old couple, such as we have in our mind at this instant, sitting in the old Arm Chairs amid a group of dotting offspring, receiving and administering blessings and discharging kindest offices, and enjoying the hush of a Golden Autumn after the stir of Spring and the torrid tumult of Summer is ended.

And if all the dear children have been gathered, John Anderson and his precious old dame, are not the most pitiful of spectacles, as they review the past by their "ain fireside," or look forward with Christian hope and see how short is the path their tottering steps are to travel, ere the wrinkles will away, and the rose come back to the cheek, and the old fire light the eye, and the sweet hair come again to their arms, and the heart warms up at the fireside of the Heavenly Father.

Oh, 'tis a most pleasing picture to see the old happy when the frost is falling, and looking through the Winter of the grave to the blessed Spring-time that shall bring them perennial youth!

Ah, who so cruel as to dash their cup with aloest Sons, daughters, profligates, libertines, seducers! What punishment may you expect who bring your parents' gray hairs in sorrow to the grave! Tremble ye, who insult those venerable persons whom ye foolishly consider as tottering on the verge of the grave!

We should accustom our hearts to the habit of love, for hell is where affection is stagnant. Then, when we grow old, we shall experience no misanthropy, but live the Autumn through joyously, and go to our graves with something like that triumphal pomp with which nature performs its funeral offices in her burying season. Endow a man richly with love and what catastrophe can utterly overwhelm him? What makes the old sour, crabbed, and querulous, but a long-continued habitude of fret and hate?

If we would have a Golden Autumn we must spend a frugal Spring and provident Summer. Let young men remember that dissipation is the

drain of existence. A profligate and wanton youth may expect a peniless, haggard and painful old age. "Live fast," and our word for it, you will not fail of a fretful, weary and hateful old age.

As one has touchingly written: "Nothing, I am sure, strikes such a pure, high key-note in a home, as an old age which has a genial smile for earth, and a home-longing look to heaven. And forms of dear and honored patriarchs come up into my memory as I write these words, grand and good old men, to live under the shadow of whose lives was a benediction, and who have left households rich in reverence, concord and hope. God send to us old age so full of tender, child-like interest in all human things, that infants may prattle their tales into its ear; so full of ripe wisdom and celestial love, that angels might find in it fit audience for the histories and the hymns of heaven! The beautiful link of the two worlds! Strong, brave father! Wise, true mother! The frame is bowed a little, and the step grows tremulous. There are wrinkles on the broad, calm brow, and the clear pallor of healthy age tones the once ruddy cheek. The enemy has his touch on you, but a smile steals up as you recognize the form which brings your summons to your home, your rest. The last legacy, I think, which you will leave to your children and your children's children, when you part from them, will be the smile of immortal life, playing around the stiffening lips of death."

**PRUSSIA.**—It is known that the Prussian Lodges at the bidding of the Grand Master, the present King, have for years excluded Jews. The protests of the English, and we believe also the French and American Lodges, against this arbitrariness have hitherto proved abortive. But as this exclusion does not exist in the newly acquired provinces, the question has arisen, Are these to follow the practice of the old provinces, or the latter adopt that prevailing in the annexed territories? A Masonic congress has been convened; and it is hoped that the question will receive a solution on the liberal side.—*Jerusalem.*

The prejudices against Jews entering Masonic Lodges is very irrational. It is admitted on all hands that Ancient Lodges were dedicated to King Solomon, that our first Grand Master, Hiram, was a Jew, that all our ceremonial of a traditional character is taken from Ancient Jewish facts and customs, and yet there are those whose bigotry is so great, even in this country, that they deem it necessary to exclude, by the black ball of the ballot, a Jew, from the privileges of our Order. There is no propriety in such a course. In fact, it is very un-Masonic. We have known several Jewish Masons, and never knew one yet, but what was true to the Order, bright in the work, and worthy of all Masonic trust. Masonry is not Judaism,—nor is it Christianity. It is something closely related to both and yet different from each. It recognizes the existence of a God, and the moral law, and thus far it is common to both religions. Masonry is not religion. It inculcates morality, which is part of religion. No one will contend that the morals of Judaism and of Christianity are essentially different. To do so would be to allege, inasmuch as both systems are admitted by Christians to be of Divine Origin, that God had one standard of morals for the earlier generations of our race, and an amended code for the government of those who live under the Christian regime. Now, God's standard of right never changes. He has no mistakes to rectify, and no defective work to perfect. Morality is the

same ever. Morality relates to a man's duties to himself, family, country, neighbour. Circumstances may change the methods of applying moral principles in conduct, but they never affect the essential ethics.

Religion, as a system related to the future, which it must include, is something more than morality. It includes man's round of obligations to his God. Now whether divinity is to be propitiated by the Jewish paschal lamb, or by the one oblation of Christ on the Cross, is a question with which Masonry has nothing to do. A novitiate can never learn from Masonry whether it is his duty to worship God in a Synagogue or a Church. Masonry teaches reverence for the Divine Being and so does Judaism, and so does Christianity, and so does Mahomedanism. Faith in the moral government of God is an essential prerequisite to a legitimate entry upon Masonry, but beyond this we have no right to inquire concerning a man's religion.

The Jew scourged by the bigotry of the nations can find a retreat at the altars of insular and American Freemasonry. By the strong grip of the paw of the Lion of the tribe of Judah, we are all raised to a common level.

#### THE EXCELLENCE OF CHARITY.

In studying the history of words it is interesting to notice the change in meaning which many of them have undergone. As they have grown old many scarcely retain a shade of their former character; their true significance is utterly lost. Some retain a partial likeness to the features of their youth, but have lost its vigor and beauty and charm. Among these, in its common acceptation, "Charity" may be classed.

Charity is the brightest, purest gem in the casket of the graces. Of all the gifts of a beneficent Creator it is the most excellent. Its possession and exercise raises man above his fellows and likens him to his Maker. Its meaning is Love. Yet not mere love abstractly considered, the attribute common to both Deity and Humanity. Charity is love revealing itself in, and recommending itself by the act. It is love giving birth to holy desires and purposes—constraining to works for the happiness and good of others; to the practise of every virtue, to the defense of man against the assaults and seduction of vice; and to the softening of its certain penalties, the alleviating of its attendant miseries. It is the working out of the Golden Rule, not by the compulsion of command, but by love for the race.

Thus does Charity go abroad upon her glorious mission to encourage the struggling, to cheer the faint, to raise the fallen, to make glad the path of life for those in trouble, and to enlighten with bright, heavenly rays the darkness settling down upon so many hearts and homes. She rejoices with those that do rejoice, and weeps with those that weep. She turns not coldly away, nor passes by on the other side, because the needy one worships not her God, or does not accept her faith, or is of a different nation. And in bestowing her blessings she imposes no conditions and asks for no return. Love is lavish in her gifts, as she would see all around rejoicing in this bright world of God's.

Such is the character and mission of Charity—heaven-born and heaven-loved Charity. Yet man shrinks from her approach. He shuns and scorns her kindly offices. The cheek glows with shame at the mere thought of becoming the recip-

ient of her favors. The suffering and distressed hug their miseries in silence, and drag out a living death, rather than become "an object of charity." Why is all this? Something of it is due to selfishness and pride. But the real cause is found in the fact that the term has lost its true significance and so changed its true character.

The term, Charity, has become so far degraded as to mean merely the relief of pauperism. Almsgiving is its synonym. It is associated with the loathsome beggar. Heartlessness and worldliness; giving for form's sake, to rid oneself of a pest, or to save a reputation for generosity—these are its popular characteristics. It works only to hush conscience or to be seen of men, and demands a return from the recipient of its gifts in adulation, or self-sacrifice, or a surrender of independence of will and faith and service.

Charity is love earnestly desirous of doing good in every possible way and on every opportunity, and carrying this desire into action. In the changed meaning of the term only the act remains; its impelling motive is forgotten. Self-abnegation ministering to the happiness of others, is the true idea of this exalted virtue; selfishness has bent it to its groveling will. Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; selfishness uses it to gain applause. Charity seeketh not her own; its counterfeit seeks only ease, or gain, or fame.

The practice of this noble virtue is inculcated upon every Mason from the first step he takes in Masonry till his pilgrimage is over. By word, by example, by allegory, and by symbol, it is enforced upon all. And they learn its true meaning. How can it be otherwise when the Great Light upon the altar, always shining, is continually revealing Him, in his words and acts, whose name is Charity! It remains for Masons then so to live in the practice of this virtue as to commend it to the hearts of all men. It is for them to restore Charity to her true position; to reveal her in all her loveliness and grace that so she may win to her refuge of peace and joy all the suffering in body, mind, heart and estate. Thus has she been ever accepted and revered in the Masonic household; so let the world receive and cherish her.

"Hail, balm-bestowing Charity!

First of the heaven-born:

Sanctity and Sincerity

Thy temple still adorn;

Communing with Mortality,

The humble but thou dost not scorn.

Thou art, in bright reality,

Friend of the friendless and forlorn,

With joy-induced alacrity,

Supplying want, alleviating woe,

To every home of misery

Thy sister-spirits smiling go;

Dispelling all despondency,

Their blessings they bestow—

Like angels in the ministry

Of holiness below." T.

Once in a happy home, a sweet, bright baby died. On the evening of the day, when the children gathered round their mother, all sitting very sorrowfully, Alice, the eldest, said:

"Mother, you took care of the baby white she was here, and you carried and held her in your arms all the while she was ill; now mother, who took her on the other side?"

"On the other side of what?"

"On the other side of death; who took the little baby on the other side, mother; she was so little, she could not go alone?"

"Jeus met her there," answered the mother. "It is he who took little children in his arms to bless them, and said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

## Freebooter.

April! The singing month. Many voices of many birds call for resurrection over the graves of flowers and they come forth. Go, see what they have lost. What have ice and snow, and storm done unto them? How did they fall into the earth, stripped and bare? How do they come forth opening and glorified? Is it, then, so fearful a thing to lie in the grave?

In its wild career, shaking and scourged of storms through its orbit, the Earth has scattered away no treasures. The Hand that governs in April governed in January. You have not lost what God has only hidden. You lose nothing in struggle, in trial, in bitter distress. If called to shed thy joys as trees their leaves; if the affections be driven back into the heart, as the life of flowers to their roots, yet be patient. Thou shalt lift up thy leaf-covered bough again. Thou shalt shoot forth from thy roots new flowers. Be patient. Wait. When it is February, April is not far off. Secretly the plants love each other.

First, the birthdays seem like triumphal columns, trophies of a conquered year. Then like mile-stones, marking rather sadly the way we have come. But now I think they look like grave-stones, so much is buried for ever beneath this terrible year that is gone. Not lives only, but love, and trust, and hope.

"I said so to my mother, to-night, as I wished her good-night. It was selfish. For I ought to comfort her. But she comforted me. She said: 'The birthdays will look like mile-stones again, by-and-by, sweetheart. They will be marked on the other side, "so much nearer home," and perhaps at last like trophies again, marking the conquered years.'"

One watch set right will do to try many by; but, on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood. And the same may be said of the example we individually set those around us.

It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat; it is not what we make, but what we save that makes us rich; it is not what we read, but what we remember that makes us wise.

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your cold dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware. There's no deception in a bull-dog; it is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

Those who respect themselves will be honorable; but he who thinks lightly of himself will be held cheap by all the world.

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

The cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind in light, mousing for vermin and never seeing noble game. The cynic puts all human actions in two classes, openly bad and secretly bad. All virtue and generosity and disinterestedness are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them, to send you away sour and morose. His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon flowers. If a man is said to be pure and chaste, he answers: Yes, in the daytime. If a woman is pronounced virtuous, he will reply: Yes, as yet. Mr. A. is religious: Yes, on Sundays. Mr. B. has just joined the church: Certainly, the elections are coming on. The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence: It is his trade. Such a man is generous: Of other men's money. That man is obliging: To lull suspicion and cheat you. This man is upright: Because he is green. Thus his eye strains out every good quality, and takes in only the bad—as the vulture, when in the highest heaven, will sail by living flocks and herds, but comes like an arrow down upon the smallest carcass. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only a want of opportunity, and undeniable piety, asceticism. The five-long day he will coolly sit with sneering lip, uttering sharp speeches in the quietest manner, and in polished phrase transfixing every character which is presented. "His words are softer than oil, yet they are drawn swords." Ps. 5: 21. All this to the young seems a wonderful knowledge of human nature; they honor a man who appears to have found out mankind. They begin to indulge themselves in sippant sneers; and with supercilious brow, and impudent tongue wagging to an empty brain, call to naught the wise, the long tried, and the venerable.

To see the Sun go down over those hills is a sight to make one's soul cry out to God! What else on earth is done as the Sun performs his work? His highway is without an obstruction. Where grow the vines, O Vintner, from which stars hang and from whence light is pressed? He fills the whole heavens with light from his clusters as if it were a goblet. He casts forth his brightness upon the Earth as if he were sowing it with seed, and spreading it double-handed, profuse, inexhaustible. In the morning he sent shaves of light, as first fruits of his coming, long before the Sun-rising, and on retiring he leaves his way full of fruits for the evening to glean. Stars that come timidly out to see what he does, catch the inspiration, and themselves grow good and kind, sending forth a blessing to all that look for their coming.

He was one of those who could never think of Christianity as the subject of defence? Could sunshine, could light, could the glories of the dawn call for defence? Not as a thing to be defended, but as a thing to be interpreted, as a thing to be illuminated, did Christianity exist for him.

"Ægeop statuum ingentium posuere Attici;  
Suumque Collocarunt æterna in busti."

"A colossal statue did the Athenians raise to Ægeop; and a poor parish slave they planted upon an everlasting pedestal."

Beauty devoid of grace is a mere hook without the bait.

She who loves show is unqualified to show love. We should therefore avoid contracting an intimate acquaintance with a female whose love of the gay and frivolous has closed her heart to the influence of heroic virtues.

It is not known where he who invented the plough was born; or where he died; yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world than the whole race of heroes and conquerors who have drenched it with tears and manured it with blood.

He that is good may hope to become better; he that is bad may fear that he will become worse; for vice, virtue and time never stand still.

"Three things," "appeared to have been injured by the Fall—the song of birds, the beauty of flowers, and the smile of infancy, for it is difficult to conceive how either of these could have been more perfect had man remained holy; as if God would leave us something pure to remind us of the Paradise we have lost, and to point us to that which we shall regain."

Men are to be estimated, by the mass of character. A block of tin may have a grain of silver, but still it is tin; and a block of silver may have an alloy of tin, but still it is silver. The mass of Elijah's character was excellence; yet he was not without alloy. The mass of Jehu's character was base; yet he had a portion of zeal which was directed by God's great ends. Bad men are made the same use of as scaffolds, they are employed as means to erect a building, and then taken down and destroyed.

The disciples found angels at the grave of him they loved, and we should find them too, but that our eyes are too full of tears for seeing.

Calumny and slander are detestable crimes against society. Nothing can be viler than to traduce a man behind his back; it is like the villainy of an assassin, who has not virtue enough to give his adversary the means of self-defence; but lurking in darkness, stabs him whilst he is unarmed, and unsuspecting of an enemy.

Firtation, whether seriously or lightly considered, is injurious to a woman as well as unbecoming in her. It is a broad unblushing confession which the individual makes, of her desire to attract the notice of men. No girl ever made a happy union by flirtation, because no man capable of making a woman permanently happy was ever attracted by that which is disgusting to persons of intelligence and refinement.

How desirable is the presence of one who has ever hanging on his lips, ready for utterance, a word of love! His entrance into any place is like a bright, dancing sunbeam, warming the hearts and reviving the spirits of all. Eyes sparkle with joy when he approaches, and shadows flee away. When death snatches one from our household, and when we gaze upon the rigid features of our departed dear one, then we will never regret the gentle words spoken and the kind acts done, but we will regret every unkind sentence that has ever issued from our lips.

Do but the half of what you can, and you will be surprised at the result of your diligence.

"There is nothing—no, nothing—beautiful and good, that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part, though its body be burned to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those who loved it here. Dead! Oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear? for how much charity, mercy, and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!"

Most of the shadows that cross our paths in life are caused by our standing in our own light.

It is a degree of justice which every man has a right to, from his brother, that his virtues be not concealed.

Sincerity is—speaking as we think; believing as we pretend; acting as we profess; performing as we promise; and really being as we pretend to be.

Friendship has the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother.

The purest metal is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt from the darkest storm.

Be pure, but not stern; have moral excellencies, but don't bristle with them.

Language was given to us that we might say pleasant things to each other.

## Literary Gems.

### BEAUTIES FROM RUSKIN.

Whatever you really and seriously want in architecture, Gothic will do for you; but it must be an earnest want. It is the glory of Gothic architecture that it can do anything. It is its pride to accommodate itself to your needs; and the one general law under which it acts is simply this,—find out what will make you comfortable, build that in the strongest and boldest way, and then set your fancy free in the decoration of it. Don't do anything to imitate. Do what is convenient; and if the form be a new one, so much the better then set your mason's wit to work, to find out some new way of treating it.

Ornamentation should be thoughtful. That is to say, whenever you put a chisel or a pencil into a man's hand for the purpose of enabling him to produce beauty, you are to expect of him that he will think about what he is doing, and feel something about it, and that the expression of this thought or feeling will be the most noble quality in what he produces with his chisel or bush, inasmuch as the power of thinking and feeling is the most noble thing in man. It will hence follow that as men do not commonly think the same thoughts twice, you are not to require of them that they shall do the same thing twice. You are to expect another and different thought of them, as soon as one thought has been well expressed.

### DEATH!

There is no object for which Freemasonry labors harder and toils more earnestly than to prepare its members for death—a triumphant and happy death. To accomplish this object, her most important lectures are given, and impressive emblems and symbols are used. The broken column—the virgin's weeping—time with its scythe—the hour-glass—the grave and coffin all tend to remind us that our life is drawing to a close; and should teach us to prepare for it. To him who is ready, death has no terrors. It matters not whether he falls at the South, West or East gate, yet the important work of life is done, and he falls with his face to the East waiting to catch the first ray, streaming from the rising sun of righteousness, in the eternal morn.

We cannot meditate too much upon this eventful crisis in human existence—of all other events which attend human nature, it is the most trying, especially to him who is not ready. The principles of our Order, if correctly understood and strictly observed, will disarm the King of Terrors—change him from an enemy to a friend, who will safely conduct us through the veil and vista, right up to the throne of the great Eternal. The practice of every real christian virtue is most impressively inculcated and enjoined, both by precept and example, by those who truly love our institution and have her interest at heart. And in thus living, we become prepared, not only for the important duties of life, but for happy exit—a joyful reception into the Grand Lodge above.—*Square and Compass.*

We think Masonry loses the esteem of men, when it is claimed to be a system of religion. The Jew and the Christian have their sacrifices—by which atonement is made for sin. Masonry has no paschal lamb, no "Christ-crucified." Will the practice of the moralities of Masonry secure exemption from the fear of death? We trow not. The Apostle says—"The sting of death is sin, the strength of sin is the law."

Will we claim to substitute Hiram for Jesus Christ? Can faith in him, as a master workman, inspire "the perfect love which casteth out all fear?"

"The principles of our order, correctly understood and strictly observed" cannot, as the above writer assumes, "disarm the King of Terrors." We do not understand Masonry to teach other lessons than those contained in the moral law, and these all have a temporal reward. The "Christian virtue" of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the condition of human salvation, is not "inculcated and enjoined" by Masonry. Heaven is no "Grand Lodge" and God is no "Grand Master" in the sense in which the term is often applied.

Masonic writers do harm by overleaping the boundary lines of our order, and invading the province of Religion. Our compasses do not describe the entire circle of man's duties and relations. The Square of Masonry cannot measure "the stone which the builders rejected." Let the Editor of the "Square and Compass," and all brethren who think loosely on the sphere of Masonry, give the designs on the trestle-board another reading.

### THE ROMAN CATHOLIC COUNCIL AT ROME.

TEN EIGHTEENTH CENTENARY OF THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.

The eighteenth centenary anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul was the occasion of calling together at Rome a grand council of the bishops and clergy. The ostensible object was to celebrate the ceremonies in honor of the Holy Apostles, and to assist in the canonization of several saints. Five hundred and eighty-seven Cardinals and Bishops, as follows: Cardinal

Bishops 5, Cardinal Priests 32, Cardinal Deacons 9, Patriarchs 6, Archbishops 95, Bishops 420, and about 300 clergy men and members of the religious orders, were in attendance.

On Tuesday, the 26th of June, the Pope received the American clergy. The archbishops of Baltimore, St. Louis, New Orleans, Cincinnati, and the bishop of Philadelphia, twenty-two other American bishops and many clergymen were present at this interview, during which the Pope took occasion to speak very warmly and kindly of the American Minister, General King, and to especially compliment the American prelates upon the result of their recent convention at Baltimore.

An offering of \$200,000 in gold was presented, of which \$60,000 was offered by Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, on behalf of the Province of Cincinnati, and a part of this in a gold model of a yacht. A noteworthy fact in the composition of the convention was that America sent more prelates than even Catholic Austria.

On Thursday, June 27th, the Pope delivered an allocution to the assembled prelates, in the course of which he praised their great zeal in coming to Rome from such distances; and thus evincing their attachment and devotional obedience to the Holy See. He said that the example shown to the world by the union of the church at large in its celebration of the canonization of several new saints and the eighteenth centenary anniversary of St. Peter's martyrdom, would show forth to the enemies of the chair of Peter the immense power which the Church wields on earth.

The Pope confirmed the condemnation of the errors of the act of December 5th, 1864. He also expressed his desire to convoke at an early day an oecumenical council, with a view to deliberate on the best means of repairing the evils which oppress the Church.

The observances of the celebration proper commenced on the evening of the 28th, with a general illumination of the city of Rome. At seven o'clock the next morning there was a grand procession of prelates, priests, monks, and soldiers from the Vatican, to St. Peter's. The Pope was carried on his throne. There was an immense crowd assembled in the interior of the church before his arrival. St. Peter's was most magnificently decorated with cloths of gold, silver tapestries, paintings, and two hundred thousand yards of crimson silk. The building was lighted with many millions of wax candles. There were one hundred thousand people inside its walls, including the ex-King of Naples, the foreign Ministry, five hundred cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, and many thousands of clergymen, priests, friars, and monks. There were even nuns and soldiers from almost every country in the world present, and the assembled multitude made up a most brilliant congregation. Pope Pius the Ninth celebrated the Gregorian mass in Latin and Greek. There were two interruptions to the ceremony. The curtains of one of the windows of the church caught fire at one moment, but they were speedily torn down by the guard, and no damage occurred. After this, a man who had become crazy from excitement, produced by the pomp, and glitter, and lights, cut his throat, and died just under the bronze statue of St. Peter. There was no confusion in consequence. His body was quickly removed outside. The Pope at once proceeded to reconsecrate the church stained by the blood of the suicide, and then proceeded with the service of the altar. List composed extra music for the Grand Mass, and a chord placed on the dome of St. Peter's made the angelical responses, the cannon of the Castle San Angelo thundering forth the accompaniment.

The following saints were canonized: Blessed Johansaphat Kuncovich, Archbishop; Blessed Peter De Arbauc, and Nicholas Vich, with 18 companions; martyrs; Blessed Paul of the Cross, passionist; blessed Leonard of Port Maurice, Franciscan confessor; Blessed Mary Francis of the Wounds of our Lord; and Blessed Germana Cousin, a poor shepherdess virgin.

The place of honor at the Pope's right hand, on occasion of the canonization, was occupied by Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati.

The New York Evening Post says it is a curious fact that the demand for children for adoption is in advance of the supply. The number of persons without children of their own, who wish to have children to bring up, is large and increasing.

## Wit and Humor.

It was customary in some parish churches for men to be placed on one side, and women on the other. A clergyman, in the midst of his sermon, found himself interrupted by the talking of some of the congregation, of which he was obliged to take notice. A woman immediately rose, and wishing to clear her own sex from the aspersion, said: "Observe at least, your reverence, it is not on our side." "So much the better, good woman; so much the better," said the clergyman, "it will be the sooner over."

Coleridge was decanting, in the presence of Charles Lamb, upon the repulsive appearance of the oyster. "It isn't handsome," said Lamb; "but it has the advantage of you in one thing." "What is that?" said Coleridge, who was an exhaustless talker. "It knows when to shut its mouth," was the reply.

Sir Walter Scott, meeting an Irish beggar in the street, who importuned him for sixpence, the great unknown not having one gave him a shilling, adding, with a laugh, "Mind, now, sir, you owe me sixpence." "Och, sure enough," said the beggar, "and God grant you life till I pay you!"

During the last bathing season, a pompous individual walked up to the office of the Stetson House at Long Branch, and with a considerable flourish signed the book, and in a loud voice exclaimed: "I'm Lieutenant-Governor of ———." "That doesn't make any difference," says the urbane Charles Stetson, Jr., "You'll be treated just as well as the others."

Stopping at a village inn, there came a thunder-storm, and Captain Hall, surprised that a new country should have reached such a perfection in these meteorologic manufactures, said to a bystander, "Why, you have very heavy thunder here." "Well, yes," replied the man, "we do, considering the number of inhabitants."

The people of one of the out parishes of Virginia wrote to Dr. Rice, who was then at the head of the Theological Seminary in Prince Edward, for a minister. They said they wanted a man of first-rate talents, for they had run down considerably, and needed building up. They wanted one who could write well, for some of the young people were very nice about that matter. They wanted one who could visit a good deal, for their former minister had neglected that and they wanted to bring that up. They wanted a man of very gentlemanly deportment, for some thought a great deal of that. And so they went on describing a perfect minister. The last thing they mentioned was—they gave their last minister \$350; but if the Doctor would send them such a man as they had described, they would raise another \$50, making it \$400. The Doctor sat right down and wrote them a reply, telling them that they had better forthwith make out a call for old Dr. Dwight, in heaven, for he did not know any one in this world who answered this description. And as Dr. D. had been living so long on spiritual food, he might not need so much for the body, and possibly he might be able to live on \$400 a year.

A juror's name was called by the Clerk. The man advanced to the judge's desk, and said: "Judge, I should like to be excused."

"It is impossible," said the judge decidedly. "But judge if you knew my reasons."

"Well, sir, what are they?"

"Sir, the fact is ———," and the man hesitated.

"Proceed," continued the judge.

"Well, judge, if I must say it, I've got the itch."

The judge being a sedate one turned to the clerk and said: "Mr. Clerk, for justice sake scratch that man's name out sooner than immediately, and let him go and use sulphur until next term."

Which is worth the most, five pounds in gold, or a five-pound bank-note? The bank-note; because you always double it when you put it in your pocket, and you will find it always increases (in creases) when you take it out.

The height of patience—A deaf man waiting to hear the ticking of a sundial.

The worst sides of humanity are suicides, and infanticides.

To keep your wife in constant check—Make her dress in gingham.

The bow of a ship is not evidence of its politeness.

The imaginations of men do more than nature to make women beautiful.

A celebrated artist painted an imitation of a bottle of spruce beer so naturally, that the cork flew out before he could paint the string to fasten it.

For several weeks an exchange kept the following conspicuously at the head of its local column: Boy wanted at this office.

A few days since, the editor's wife presented him with "a boy," which, in a highly significant way, shows the value of advertising.

What nose is more brilliant than the toper's nose? Why, volca-no's to be sure. Pat remarks that the chief glow of each comes from the "crater."

"Woman—the fairest work in all creation. The edition is large, and no man should be without a copy."

A great aid to the temperance cause—lemonade.

Some men keep cross dogs around their houses, so that the hungry poor who stop to "get a bite," may get it outside the door.

The largest room in the world—room for improvement.

A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

LEAP YEAR DIALOGUE.—"Miss, will you take me home?"

"Yes, sir, and you too."

"Can't spare but the arm," replied the old bachelor.

"Then, replied she, "I shan't take it, as my motto is, give the whole hog or nothing."

"Gen. Custer neither drinks, swears, nor uses tobacco." This is remarkable—all three being quite Custer-mary in the army.

Which is better—to be sick with cholera or the small-pox? The latter of course, for then you are sure to be pitted.

What the musical mouse says to its mother: "Hear me Nor(gnaw)ma."

The most beautiful bonds for wedlock—Fivewenties.

Why are old maids the most charming of people? Because they are matchless.

"Shall I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle, as the dance was about to commence.

"With all my heart," was the soft response.

Proof of the antiquity of Penianism—Herodias' daughter had a head-sent-her.

"Excuse me, madam, but I would like to ask you how you look at me so savagely?" "Oh! I beg pardon, sir! I took you for my husband."

It is well known that the genius and eloquence of that popular clergyman, Dr. Chalmers, during his stay at Glasgow, attracted immense crowds to his church, and the feeling of disappointment when a stranger entered his pulpit, was too visible for any divine to mistake it.

On one occasion, the Rev. Dr. J. —, of A —, having made an exchange with Dr. Chalmers, was so struck and irritated on entering the pulpit, with the reluctant advance of the assembling auditory, and the quiet retreat of many from the pews, that he stood up, and addressing the congregation, said:

"We will not begin the public worship of God, until the chief blow is off."

We need not say that these words had the desired effect, and that the audience became stationary under this withering rebuke.

Translated from the German.

## BELLINI'S ROMANCE.

I was a guest at a pleasant country festival at Risenberg, a few hours ride at Dresden, at the close of September, 1855. The post-boy brought me a letter that caused me to order my horse saddled immediately. It was a brief note from my friend, J. P. Pixis, informing me that *Les Sommeilants* was to be performed that evening; my favorite songstress, Francilla ———, in the part of Aminia. I was more than half in love with that enchantress, and trembled with delight at the prospect of seeing her, while I took a hasty leave of my rural entertainers.

I arrived in time, but would not call upon Francilla until after the opera; not until the next morning for I wished to see her alone. I was early at the door of her lodgings in Castle street. When she came into the drawing room and advanced to greet me, I was startled to see her pale, with eyes red with weeping. I gazed anxiously on her face, pressing the hand she held out to me in silence, for I was then too great for speech. She asked quietly if I had witnessed the last evening's representation. I assured her I had, and endeavored to impress my rapturous appreciation of her singing. But my praises were dashed with gloom as I saw her so sadly altered.

"It is no wonder I am dejected," she replied to my questioning looks. "We have all cause to mourn."

"What has happened?"

"Alas!" she faltered, weeping afresh, "Bellini is dead!"

I had not heard the fatal news. Bellini! the glorious composer of the noble work that had so delighted me a few hours before! So admirable an artist—so young—so much honored and beloved!

I could have wept with Francilla.

After a few moments' silence, she wiped her eyes, then rose and took a volume from the table. It was her album, for which I had sent her a drawing—a sketch of her fair self as Romeo, at the moment when Juliet calls on his name in the tomb, while he thinks it the voice of an angel from the skies.

We turned over the leaves of the album lingering as we came to the different autographs. Francilla's soft, languishing eyes kindled with haughty fire as we noticed the bold, rude characters traced by the hand of Judith Pasta; and when we came to the signature of Countess Rossi, her expressive features were lighted with a tender smile.

One letter was written by her uncle Pixis, in Prague. She stopped to give me an account of his family. Turning the leaves and talking rapidly, she paused of a sudden, and I saw two names recorded opposite each other—those of Vicenzo Bellini and Maria Milibran. Bellini had written a passage from the *Capuletti*.

Francilla signed for me to give her my pencil—it was one she had given me—and drew a large cross under Bellini's signature. Her look was intensely significant. Her silence was strangely prolonged. At last I asked, merely to say something: "Why is it, Francilla, that in the last act of the *Capuletti*, you use Vaceci's music instead of Bellini's? Bellini's composition, as a whole, is superior, and the close far more touching." "Never could understand why a celebrated vocalist like yourself should prefer the tamer colors of Vaceci."

Francilla looked earnestly in my face, but did not answer for some time. At length, fixing her eyes on the cross she had penciled, she said, in a tone of the deepest solemnity: "I will tell you a story, my friend, and you will see then how much our poor friend suffered. Neither Maria nor I could sing this last act; you shall know why."

"Madame Milibran, too?" I exclaimed.

"She interrupted me with a gesture expressing silence. "You know," she said, "though of fair complexion and blue eyes, Bellini was born at the foot of Etna. You have yourself described him to me as effeminate and a little poppish; but he was a genuine son of Sicily, and he glowed with the warmth of the south, notwithstanding his gentleness and weakness. That was a wonderful nature of his! It was not, like Sicily's volcano, spread over luxuriant meadows, through woods and snow fields, across a lava wall to the brink of the fiery abyss; nor was it like the Hecla of your own land, where eternal fire burns under eternal ice. He re-

mined me of an English garden tastefully laid out, with smooth walks and quiet streams, delicate flowers and quaint shrubbery, fountains and fluted shafts; beneath which glowed an abyss of fire! That was Bellini! and his sentimental culture burned a quondam flame—the love of art, fed by another love—for Milibran!"

"You amaze me, Francilla," I exclaimed. "His passion for art was one for Maria, too. How could he help it? Was it not she that inspired his wonderful creations with that irresistible charm? Was she not his soul of all other performers in the opera? 'What will Milibran say to it?' was Bellini's question to everything he composed. She was his queen of art, his muse, his ideal! Life without her was gloom. How can Milibran survive him? Your own imagination, Francilla," I said, "weaves this pretty romance. You know Milibran married M. Beriot."

"Do not I know how the news of that marriage affected Vicenzo?" she retorted. "How pale he grew, how he trembled, and left the company in silence! Yet he could not have hoped to win Milibran; for she always treated him as a boy, though he was a year older than herself. But he could not have dreamed she would marry M. Beriot, who was at one time distracted for Madame Sontag."

With a pause she went on: "Bellini avoided both Maria and her husband after the marriage. If he saw M. Beriot, he went out of the way—very wisely; for in case of an encounter he might have been tempted—after the Sicilian fashion—you understand?" And with flashing eyes she swung her arm as one who gives a dagger thrust.

"I understand the pantomime, my pretty Romeo! But your fancy carries the thing too far." "No one knows what might have happened," she said, "in spite of Vicenzo's soft heart. It will Milibran left Paris and went to Italy. Bellini never confided his secret to any one; but it became suspected among his friends. And Milibran must have heard of it; for she suddenly became reluctant to sing in any of Bellini's pieces. She continued, however, to represent Romeo; she could not give up that part. When the last representation of the *Copuletti* was given in Milan, it happened that, in the final act, when Romeo takes the poison, such a death-like shuddering seized upon Maria's frame, it was with great difficulty she could go through with the part. After the performance was over she was greatly exhausted; and with emotion she declared that no power on earth should compel her to sing again the Romeo of Bellini. She adopted the part as composed by Vacca. But she was not satisfied with that; and afterwards she returned to poor Bellini's music so far as to retain the first acts of the opera. The last act she always sang as Vacca wrote it."

"What said Vicenzo to this?" "When he heard of it he felt into the deepest despondency. He would neither write nor think anything more; he seemed at times to forget himself, and smiled and talked like a man that had lost his reason. All his friends noticed and lamented the change."

"One day Lablache came to see him. He found Bellini lying listless on the sofa, pale, depressed, miserable, his eyes half-closed, indifferent to every one. The giant singer went up to him, opened his big mouth, and roared out: 'Hallo, Bellini! what are you lying there for, like an idle lout of a lazzaroni on the Molo, weary of doing nothing! Get up and go to work! Paris, France, all Europe is full of expectation as to what you are to give the world after your *Norma*, which your adversaries silenced. Up, I say! Deu you hear me, Bellini?'"

"Indeed I do hear you, my dear Lablache," replied the composer in a lachrymose voice. "I have good ears, and if I had not, your brazen base pieces like a trumpet! Leave me, *cara*; leave me to myself. I am good for nothing, unless it be the *dolce far niente*! I have lost interest in everything."

"The mischief you have!" exclaimed Lablache, striking his hands together with a tone that caused the walls to vibrate. "And you—Bellini—talk thus? You, who have ever pressed on to the goal, and reached it in spite of obstacles! Are you an artist! Are you a man? *Amico mio!* will you be checked midway in your glorious career? Will you lose the prize fame holds out? Will you spend your life winning out love-like complaints, like some silly Demon of his cruel Doris or Phillis? Shame on

you! Such womanish pinings are unworthy of you!"

"Bellini interrupted him very gently. 'My good Lablache,' he said, 'you do me injustice! I make no complaints; I am not pining—'

"Silence!" roared Lablache. "You are a fool! Do you think I do not know where the shoe pinches?"

"Bellini colored deeply and cast down his eyes. 'Have you nothing to say, Bellini?' continued Lablache. 'Don't look so stupidly like an apprehended school-boy!'"

"Vicenzo sighed piteously. 'If you know all,' he replied, 'you know that she will sing nothing of my music!'"

"Lablache came closer, grasped the shoulders of the young composer in his powerful hands, lifted him from the cushions of the sofa to his feet, and gave him a good shaking! Then, as he released him, he said with flashing eyes:

"You shall hear me sing something of yours." He began the *adagio* to the duet from *Partheni*, "Suoni la tromba e intrepido." His stentorian voice rang like a clarion or a martial shout. The flush of enthusiasm rushed to Bellini's pale face; the tears sprang into his eyes; at length he threw himself into Lablache's arms, and joined his voice in the splendid song. When it was ended, he thanked his friend, and pledged his word that he would finish the composition of the entire opera in a few weeks.

"The promise was kept. Bellini worked diligently, and in the stipulated time put the opera into the hands of Lablache, who undertook to see that it should be lovably represented.

"All Paris was delighted at the announcement of the representation. The opera was splendidly cast, and the rehearsal commenced. Bellini was present at the first rehearsal; at the second he was absent, and word came that he was ill at his country-seat at Porteau, near the capital. They hoped he would recover in time to attend the first performance of the opera.

"All went on successfully; and a large audience attended the opening representation. The famous duet Lablache had sung was repeated and encored amid thunders of applause. Just then a murmur went round the theater, and the applause was silenced. The news was:

"Bellini died an hour ago at his country-seat." Francilla ceased. She closed the album, rose hastily, and went to the window. I was deeply affected, and was leaving the room quietly. But she turned round, and bidding me stay, went and seated herself at the piano. The song was a melancholy one, sung with wonderful expression and feeling. It was a farewell to the dead.

"My friend Pizis came into the room at this close, and asked what it was we were so mournful about. I replied, "Francilla has been telling me of Bellini's unhappy love for Milibran."

"Do not believe a word of it," cried Pizis, laughing. She will get you up a fine romance on that chapter."

I had my doubts of its truth; yet the fact is indisputable that Bellini was always in love. Here the pretty artist, Maschinka Schneider, came in, and the conversation was of the representation of the *Copuletti*, already announced. I gave advice as to improvements in the arrangement of scenes.

I could not help remembering the sad tale my little friend had told me. I thought of it again when a year afterwards, I read in the newspapers that Milibran had died at Manchester, on the 23d of September the same day on which Bellini had expired a year before.

A short time ago, at school in Newark, during a lesson on the animal kingdom, the teacher put the following question:

"Can any boy name to me an animal of the order *dentata*—a front tooth toothless animal?" A boy, whose face beamed with pleasure at the prospect of a good mark, replied, "I can."

"Well, what is the animal?" "My grandmother," replied the boy.

Why women are sinners—Because they sew so many tares.

Ladies at the present time have more lives than a cat, for each night they "shuffle off the mortal coil."

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

An Irishman, a short time in this country, was eating boiled green corn. After eating off all the corn, he passed the cob back to the lady who sat at the head of the table, saying: "Would ye please be so kind as to put some more banes on the shlik?"

A Welsh girl once applied to a clergyman to be married. The clergyman asked what property her husband possessed. The answer was: "Nothing." "And are you any better off?" he asked. The reply was in the negative. "Then why, in the name of common sense, do you dare to marry?" "Your reverence," said the girl, "I have a blanket, and Jack has a blanket; by putting them together, we shall both be gainers." The clergyman had nothing more to say.

What will help weak singers? The tonic. What is a slur? Almost any remark one singer makes about another.

What is a rest? Going out of the choir for refreshments during sermon time.

What is singing with an "understanding?" Making time on the floor with your feet.

What is a symphony? Flirting with the soprano singer behind the organ.

What is staccato movement? Leaving the choir in a huff because you are dissatisfied.

How do you cause a discord? By praising a lady singer at the expense of a rival, who overhears you.

How is a shake produced? By catching the bellows-boy asleep when the choir is ready to sing.

What is a flat? A singer who supposes herself or himself indispensable to the success of the choir.

What plan is in greatest favor with orchestral conductors? Thyme.

What vegetable do the members of orchestras care for the most? The best.

What is a swell? A professor of music who pretends to know everything about the science, while he cannot conceal his ignorance.

We may joke when we please, if we are always careful to please when we joke.

"Hip!"—When I kept store in Syracuse, said Toby, the old man came in one day and said: "Boys, the one that sells the most 'twixt now and Christmas, gets a vest pattern for a present." Maybe we didn't work for that vest. I tell you there were some tall stories told in praise of our goods about that time. But the tallest talker, and the one who had more cheek than any of us, was a certain Jonah Squires, who roomed with me. He could take a dollar out of a man's pocket when the man only intended to spend a six-pence. And the women—bless you! they just handed over their pocket books and let him take out what he wanted.

One night Jonah woke me up with "I tell you, old fellow, if you think that's good cotton in it, I'll bring down the sheep it was cut from and make it wear to its own wool." 'Twas worn out, either. I wore a pair of pants of that stuff for five years, and they're as just as good now as when I put 'em on. Take it at thirty cents and I'll say you owe me nothing. Eh! Too dear? Well, call it twenty-eight. What d'ye say? Shall I tear it? All right, it's a bargain."

Jonah was talking in his sleep. I could hear his hand playing about the bedclothes and then—rip—went something, and I had my head under the blankets, perfectly convulsed with laughter, and sure that Jonah had torn the sheet from top to bottom. When I woke up in the morning—~~snst~~ unkindest of all—I found that the back of my nightshirt was split from the tail to the collar-band.

A passenger on the train between Lewiston and Portland, Me., was put off the other day because he refused to pay his fare, and plodded along on foot. When the train reached Portland, the conductor found the passenger sitting on the platform at the depot, waiting for his baggage.

The Cleveland (O.) *Leader* thus comments upon the action of the *Oberlin Church* on Masonry:

"The report it will be seen, excludes all active Masons from admission to the Church. We have already condemned the action of the church as illiberal and unjust, as making no allowance for individual freedom of opinion, as uncharitably declaring a very large portion of the best men in the church unworthy of Christian fellowship, and as compelling members of an institution which is in its nature secret and who must therefore possess vastly better means of knowledge of its nature, objects and workings, than any outsiders can, to accept the judgment of outsiders upon it as final. We do not see why logical consistency does not require the first church to expel its Masonic members—including two of its deacons and other leading church officers. If Masonry is so obvious a crime that no Mason is worthy of Christian fellowship, then Masons should not only be refused admission to the church but should be expelled from it.

The action of this church was by no means unanimous. A large minority—the *Oberlin News* says "a larger number than the aggregate of those who voted on both sides of the question in the second Church"—voted against it, and after its passage united in a protest so moderately yet forcibly put that, though we have already given more space to this subject than its relative importance justifies, we make room for it:

"We, the undersigned, members of the First Congregational Church of Oberlin, having voted with a minority against the adoption of a resolution excluding all acting Freemasons from Church fellowship, wish to express our conviction:

1. That any action of the Church which will inevitably be interpreted as teaching that all connected with the system of Freemasonry are for that reason sinners before God, is not effective testimony, because not true.

2. That the dignity and force of the testimony of the Church is impaired, not strengthened, after our declaration of views, by a statement of what we shall do or shall not do, in each varying case which may come before us.

3. That the true Christian progress of the present day does not consist in the increase of barriers to church fellowship, but in growing readiness among all evangelical Christians to tolerate honest differences of opinion, and to usher in the day when Christ's children shall be one, even as he is one.

This protest is signed by two members of the College Faculty—most of the other members belonging to the Second Church—and by a large number of leading citizens and church members. On the other hand, the majority by which the resolutions of the First Church were adopted was swelled by the votes of young children, members of the church but quite incapable of comprehending the issues involved in the question, who were brought to the church-meeting by too zealous parents, in order to make up an anti-Masonic majority.

The result has shown that a majority of the Oberlin community, including three-fourths of the College Faculty, a majority of more than two to one in the Second Church, and a very large minority in the First Church, set opposed to the policy of shutting out Masons from Christian fellowship. While the First Church excludes them, the Second will welcome them to its membership, if they give satisfactory evidence of possessing a Christian spirit. We hope that the excitement in that somewhat excitable village may now be somewhat allayed. The *Oberlin News* informs us that the question is now to be dropped in order "that the gospel may receive some attention, at least on the Sabbath." Certainly a praiseworthy determination.

A workman was prevented from passing through the Garden of the Luxembourg, because the regulations forbid persons without cravats from entering the grounds. "I suppose it's all right," he said, "but it is hard to exclude me because I don't wear a cravat, when you let twenty states in who haven't a pair of pants among them."

M. Coulon, a tenor opera singer excommunicated by the Pope, enrolled himself as a zouave, and was blessed by his Holiness unwittingly in the wholesale benediction of the army.

#### FOREIGN ITEMS.

Lodges have recently been introduced into Austria, though not allowed by the State. In Saxony they are only tolerated, not authorized. The minutes of the Lodge meetings are required to be submitted to the ministry, for examination. It is highly probable that the condition of the Order in both these countries will be materially improved by the recent political changes which have taken place.

There are some ten or fifteen lodges at work in Constantinople, under the Grand Lodge of Turkey; and several at Athens and Smyrna, under the Grand Orient of France and Italy.

In Bayrut, the Palestine Lodge is actively at work under the Grand Lodge of Scotland.

The Grand Lodge of Italy has a subordinate at Suez, and one or more at Cairo, and another at Alexandria. In Egypt. The Grand Orient of France has one at the latter place, Les Pyramides, in which the Emir Abd-el-Kader was initiated.

The Grand Lodge of England has a Lodge at Corfu, to which a Chapter and Encampment are attached. It also has Lodges at Suez, Cairo and Alexandria.

The consecration of the new English Masonic Hall, in the Casinos at Smyrna, took place on the 3d day of October last, in the presence of a hundred and eighteen brethren. The three Lodges under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of England, the English, Armenian and Greek, were fully represented, and the ceremonial was impressively performed by the officers of the Grand Lodge of Turkey.—*Freemasons' Magazine*.

It may not be generally known that the Order of Freemasonry is very popular among the Chinese. Members of the craft muster in great force in the Braidwood district (Australia), and we have referred by some gentlemen who were present at one of their Lodge meetings the other night, and who were initiated into the mysteries of the Chinese Order, that they carry out all the mystic rites and ceremonies with which Freemasonry is endowed to a far greater extent than the European Order. On the occasion of the visit of the English gentlemen to whom we allude to the Chinese Lodge at Jembaucumbene, there were no less than four hundred members present, all Chinese. These gentlemen were made members that night, with about fifty Chinese. The proceedings commenced at high 12 at night, and it was 6 o'clock in the morning before the English visitors' turn came.—*Masonic Record of Western India*.

#### THE REJECTED STONE.

[The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, thus appropriates a well known Masonic tradition.]

I have heard a story—I cannot tell whether it is true or not—of some of the Jewish rabbis; it is a tale concerning the text: "The stone which the builders refused, the same is become the headstone of the corner." It is said that when Solomon's temple was building, all the stones were brought from the quarry, ready cut and fashioned, and there were marked on all the blocks the places where they were to be put. Amongst the stones was a very curious one: it seemed of no describable shape, it appeared unfit for any portion of the building. They tried it at this wall, but it would not fit; they tried it in another, but it could not be accommodated; so, vexed and angry, they threw it away. The temple was so many years building that this stone became covered with moss, and grass grew around it. Everybody passing by laughed at the stone; they said Solomon was wise, and doubtless all the other stones were right; but for that block, they might as well send it back to the quarry, for they were quite sure it was meant for nothing. Year after year rolled on, and the poor stone was still despised; the builders constantly refused it. The eventful day came when the temple was to be finished and opened, and the multitude was assembled to see the grand sight. The builders said, "Where is the top-stone? Where is pinnacle?" They little thought where the crowning marble was, until some one said, "Perhaps that

stone which the builders refused is meant to be the top-stone." They then took it, and hoisted it to the top of the house; and as it reached the summit they found it well adapted to the place. Loud hosannas made the welkin ring, as the stone which the builders refused thus became the headstone of the corner. So it is with Christ Jesus. The builders cast him away. He was a plebeian; he was a man of poor extraction; he was a man acquainted with sinners, who walked in poverty and meanness; hence the worldly-wise despised him. But when God shall gather together, in one, all things that are in heaven and that are in earth, then Christ shall be the glorious consummation of all things.

"Christ reigns in heaven the top-most stone,  
And well deserves the praise."

He shall be exalted; he shall be honored; his name shall endure as long as the sun, and all nations shall be blessed in him, yea, all generations shall call him blessed.

#### THE BEAUTIES OF BIBLE LANGUAGE.

If we need higher illustration not only of the power of natural objects to adorn language and gratify taste, but proof that here we find the highest conceivable beauty, we would appeal at once to the Bible. Those most opposed to its teachings, have acknowledged the beauty of its language, and this is mainly due to the exquisite use of natural objects for illustration. It does, indeed, draw from every field. But when the emotional nature was to be appealed to, the reference was at once to natural objects, and throughout all its books, the stars and flowers, and gems are prominent as illustrations of the beauties of religion, and the glories of the church.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as a rose."

"The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you in singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree."

The power and beauty of the same objects appear in the Saviour's teachings. The fig and the olive, the sparrow and the lily of the field, give peculiar force and beauty to the great truths they were used to illustrate. The Bible throughout is remarkable in this respect. It is a collection of books written by authors far removed from each other in time, and place, and mental culture, but throughout the whole nature is exalted, as a revelation of God. Its beauty and sublimity are appealed to, to arouse the emotions to reach the moral and religious nature. This element of unity runs through all the books where reference to nature can be made. One of the adaptations of the Bible to the nature of man is found in the sublime and perfect representation of the natural world, by which nature is ever made to proclaim the character and perfection of God. No language can be written that so perfectly sets forth the grand and terrible in nature and its forces as we hear when God answers Job out of the whirlwind. No higher appreciation of the beautiful, and of God as the author of beauty, was ever expressed, then when our Saviour said of the lilies of the field, "I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these;" and then adds, "If God so clothe the grass of the field"—describing the element of beauty in every leaf and opening bud to the Creator's skill and power.—*Professor Chadbourne*.

An American artist in Italy had made a design for a monument on a scale grand enough to satisfy the most unrestrained aspirations. It is proposed that the structure shall be raised to mark the completion of the first century of the existence of the Republic. The site on which it is to be placed is even selected, and it is Mount Pleasant, in the Central Park. The general idea is that of a pedestal of octagonal form, at least one hundred feet in diameter and two hundred feet high. Upon this pedestal is to rise a symbolical figure of the Republic three hundred feet in height. In the face it is proposed to idealize the features of Washington, the image of calm benevolence which all the world has learned to revere.

While the Rev. B. A. Holland was in Egypt he wrote the following as his impression of the Sphinx:

At last we are there. We dismount and wade through the sand right up to the Sphinx. The same Sphinx that was hewn from a single rock childlike of years ago, that has, without changing its attitude of earnest study, knelt undisturbed by the crash of empire and the upsurge of wars, which in the long interval have strewn one world with their wrecks, and frightened others with their groans of torture; here it is to-day, its serene countenance disfigured, but still unwrinkled—its large, passionless, thoughtful eyes gazing as ever into the mysterious Beyond, reading the secrets of Eternity. As I stand before it I think of the setting sun, of which it was formerly worshipped as the image, and I cannot find a fault in the analogy. The huge lion's body joined to the benign face of a woman, is a representation of the radiant power of the orb which governs the solar system, and warms the earth into richest luxuriance; and likewise of its matchless beauty, as retiring from its throne for the night, it lingers a moment on the horizon, and bids its happy domain adieu, with a genial smile of twilight and a brief poem of many-tinted clouds.

LITERARY PSEUDONYMS.—Ik Marvel—Donald G. Mitchell. Timothy Titcomb—Dr. J. G. Hall. Edmund Kirke—J. R. Gilmore. Gail Hamilton—Miss M. A. Dodge. Christopher Crowfield—Mrs. H. B. Stowe. Florence Percy—Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen. Fanny Fern—Mrs. James Parton. Mary Claven—Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. Mrs. Partington—B. P. Shillaber. Orpheus C. Keer—Robert H. Newell. Artemus Ward—Charles F. Brown. Mace Sloper—Charles G. Leland. Josh Billings—Henry G. Shaw. Do-sticks—Mortimer Thompson. Jesse Pipes—Stephen Massett. K. N. Pepper—James M. Morris. Major Jack Downing—Saba Smith. Ethan Spike—Matthew F. Whittier. Petroleum V. Nasby—D. R. Locke. Jennie June—Mrs. Jennie Croly. Cousin May Carlton—Miss M. A. Earle. Kate Putnam—Miss Kate P. Osgood. Lilley Lovette—Mr. M. W. Torrey. Howard Glyden—Miss Laura C. Readen. Cora May—Mrs. Jennie Curtis. Helen Forest Graves—Miss Lucy A. Randall. W. Savage North—Wm. S. Newell. Ned Buntline—E. Z. G. Jackson. Col. Walter D. Dunlap—Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. The Village Schoolmaster—C. M. Dickinson. McArone—George Arnold. Paul Vane—Frank W. Potter. Mercutio—William Winter. Carlton—Charles C. Coffin. Straws, Jr.—Miss Kate Field. Carl Benson—Charles A. Bristol. Marion Harland—Mrs. Virginia Terhune. Country Parson—Rev. A. K. H. Boyd. Mr. Sparrowgrass—F. S. Cozzens.

In any society, when a difference of opinion arises on matters of little or no consequence it is wise to give in although you may have incontestable proofs to support the correctness of your opinion—this flatters the other's vanity, and cannot injure yourself.

A New England gentleman on a visit to Paris says: "The first night I wanted hot water, and the maid could not understand my French, until, in humorous despair, I exclaimed, 'Oh, pahave when she at once laughed and said, 'Eau chaud, monsieur.' 'Oui, oui,' I replied, and in a minute had my hot water."

Two physicians attending a rheumatic patient in Bloomington, Indiana, and the local paper asserts that Dr. Miller's side of the man is getting along very well, but the other side, in charge of Dr. Turner, has not been heard from.

KENTUCKY FREEMASON.—We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the Kentucky Freemason, an elegantly printed sixteen page quarto, admirably sustained in its editorial department, with good selected matter. It cannot but prove an acceptable visitor among the Masonic brotherhood. A. G. Hodges and Rev. H. A. M. Henderson are its editors. Terms \$1 50 per annum.—W&G, Knoxville, Tenn.

THE EXACT TRUTH.—Two young masons were building a brick wall—the front wall of a high house. One of them, in placing a brick, discovered that it was a little thicker on one side than on the other.

His companion advised him to throw it out. "It will make your wall untrue, Ben," said he.

"Pooh!" answered Ben, "what difference will such a trifle as that make? You're too particular."

"My mother," replied his companion, "taught me that 'truth,' and ever so little an untrue is a lie, and a lie is no trifle."

"Oh," said Ben, "that's all very well; but I am not lying, and have no intention of doing so." "Very true; but you make your wall tell a lie; and I have somewhere read that a lie in one's work, like a lie in his character, will show itself sooner or later, and bring harm, if not ruin."

"I'll risk it, in this case," answered Ben; and he worked away, laying more bricks and carrying the wall up higher, still the close of the day, when they quit work and went home.

The next morning they went to resume their work, when, behold, the line had wrought out the result of all lies! The wall, getting a little slant from the untrue brick, had become more and more untrue as it got higher, and at last, in the night, had toppled over, obliging the masons to do all their work over again. Just so with ever so little an untrue in your character—it grows more and more untrue, if you permit it to remain, till it brings sorrow and ruin.

Tell, act and live the exact truth always.

From the Milwaukee Wisconsin.

This morning a young gentleman from the country stepped into a store on East Water street, and informed the proprietor that his occupation was that of carpenter, and he desired to get a bosom pin emblematic of that profession. The obliging jeweler looked over his stock, and finding nothing else, showed him a very fine Masonic pin. The young man looked at it carefully.

"Yes," said he, "that is it. There's a compass and square, I use both of them—but why didn't they put a saw in it? Its first rate as far as it goes. Hullo!—there's G there—what does that stand for?"

The jeweler didn't know. The man studied it carefully for a moment, and a bright idea struck him. His face flushed as if he had made a discovery.

"I have it," he said; "its all right. G stands for gimlet. Compass square and gimlet. That will do—I will take it."

There was a little touch of sadness in his voice as he pinned the emblem on his coat and went away muttering:

"Compass square and gimlet. I do wish there was a saw, though."

LITTLE THINGS.

The preciousness of little things was never more beautifully expressed than in the following morceau by B. F. Taylor:

Little martin boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cozy; little villages are nearer to being squares of a shattered paradise than anything we know of; and little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointments.

Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest, little hearts the fullest, and little farms best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little, little pearls, little diamonds, little dews.

Everybody calls that little that they love best on earth. We once heard a good sort of a man speak of his little wife, and we fancied that she must be a perfect little bijou of a wife. We saw her, and she weighed 210; we were surprised that there was no joke; the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart and have room for other things beside; and what was she but precious, and what was she but little?

Multum in Parvo—much in little—is the great beauty of all we love best, hope for most, and remember the longest.

COMMENTATORY NOTICES.

KENTUCKY FREEMASON.—We have received the first three issues of this Journal, and have taken some pains to examine into its merits. There are so many worthless candidates for public favor thrust before us, so many plausible empties demanding their share of public patronage, that we hesitate long and study closely before we feel at liberty to express an opinion that may possibly influence any to invest their name in an enterprise of the nature indicated by the title bearing this article. As we said before, we have read the "Freemason" carefully, and are compelled to say that it pleases us. Its publisher, Col. A. G. Hodges, has grown gray in the publication of periodicals, &c., in this State, and his very name is a guarantee that every man who invests with him a dollar, will have its value returned in whatever he promises. As the paper's name indicates, it more particularly province is the teaching and expounding of the peculiar and laudible principles of Freemasonry. But aside from all this it is an excellent family journal. Its literary selections are chaste, eloquent and interesting, more generally taken from the higher and purer class of our writers than we discover in other journals of its class. There is not a periodical within our knowledge that has heretofore filled the place this occupies, and we are heartily rejoiced that Col. Hodges has displayed his forecast in issuing this sheet. Every Masonic family should be supplied with it, and no gentleman, not connected with the fraternity, need hesitate to introduce it to his home circle. A pure, elevated and moral current of literature is needed to sweep away the corrupting influences of the numerous and depraved publications of the day.—Kentucky Sentinel, Mt. Sterling.

THE KENTUCKY FREEMASON.—We are indebted to Col. A. G. HODGES, of Frankfort, Ky., for the book numbers of this truly worthy and profitable publication. It is a 16 page monthly, gotten up in the neatest manner of any paper we receive. The Col. is a gentleman of the largest experience in the newspaper business of any in Kentucky, and his Masonic connections of this he credits to his place in the United States. The editorial and selections are unusually good, and breathe that spirit typical of the Order. The contents are classed in good style and embraces matter for all readers. The Masons of this State, and indeed of the country at large, should take an earnest interest in this paper and advance its circulation to an extent commensurate with what it deserves. Send for a specimen number. Terms, \$1 50 per year. For a club of ten subscribers and an extra copy to gether up of same, \$15.—Herald, Big Sandy.

KENTUCKY FREEMASON.—We have received from the publisher A. G. Hodges, Frankfort Ky., the first three numbers of this handsome Masonic Monthly devoted to the interest of the Craft in Kentucky. It is a quarto of sixteen pages artistically gotten up, on fine paper and beside containing everything of interest to the noble order whose name it bears, its pages are enriched with contributions from eminent living writers and choice selections of the current literature of the day. It is furnished at the low price of \$1.50 per annum.—Times, Glasgow, Kentucky.

KENTUCKY FREEMASON.—It is not only an able and useful and needed organ of that time-honored institution, the Masonic Order, but it is also an excellent home journal, containing a variety of interesting matter for the home circle. Its editorials and selections exhibit rare ability and judgment, and its contributions are unusually well written. Among the many literary journals which come to our table, there is none we read with greater pleasure than the Kentucky Freemason. Terms only \$1 50 per annum; address, "A. G. Hodges, Frankfort, Ky."—True Connection.

THE KENTUCKY FREEMASON.—We have received the first, second and third numbers of this new monthly published at Frankfort, Ky., by A. G. Hodges and devoted to the interests of Masonry. It is a sixteen page sheet of forty-eight columns,

filled with the most choice Masonic matter, interspersed with items of general literature and news. Its typographical appearance is very fine. We have no doubt it will rank high among the Masonic journals of the United States; price \$1.50 per annum.—*Bulletin*, Maysville, Kentucky.

**KENTUCKY FREEMASON.**—The March number of this excellent monthly has been received, and we find it filled with original and selected articles of the highest order, interesting to the general reader and possessing special value to members of the universal brotherhood. Published for \$1.50 per year by A. G. Hodges, Frankfort.—*Farmers Home Journal*.

**THE KENTUCKY FREEMASON.**—We have received several numbers of this paper, published at Frankfort, by Col. A. G. Hodges. It is devoted to the interests of the Order in Kentucky, and is well managed and ably conducted. We recommend it to the patronage of all members of the ancient and honorable Order.—*Maysville Eagle*.

**THE KENTUCKY FREEMASON.**—The first three numbers of the Kentucky Freemason, an excellent Masonic monthly journal in quarto form, devoted to the exclusive interests of the Craft, and published by Col. A. G. Hodges at Frankfort, are received. It is a credit to the west, and is one of the handsomest and most valuable periodicals published anywhere. Price \$1.50 per annum.—*Time*, Vincennes, Indiana.

**KENTUCKY FREEMASON.**—Is the title of a neat and well conducted Masonic paper, published in Frankfort, Kentucky, edited by A. G. Hodges, and Rev. H. A. M. Henderson.

From its high toned columns of information, we think Masons of Kentucky especially should patronize this Journal liberally.—*Signal*, Harrodsburg, Kentucky.

**KENTUCKY FREEMASON.**—We have received the first two numbers of the Kentucky Freemason (for January and February, 1868,) a Masonic monthly journal, devoted to the interests of the Craft, and published by Col. A. G. Hodges, at Frankfort. It is one of the handsomest and most valuable periodicals extant. Long may it prosper.—*Lou. Jour.*

**THE KENTUCKY FREEMASON.**—The Kentucky Freemason is a handsome monthly published at Frankfort, Kentucky, by A. G. Hodges, devoted to the interests of the Order. The first number was issued January, 1868.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

## OBITUARY RECORD.

### OUR LOVED ONES WHO ARE AT REST.

The funeral obsequies of Capt. CHAS. E. MARSHALL, of Henry county, of Marshall Lodge, were performed by the Masons of "Hiram Lodge, No. 4,"—Frankfort, on Sunday, April 19th. The procession was a very large one and the services were solemn and impressive. The Bible carried in the procession was one presented to Marshall Lodge, by Mrs. Marshall, the wife of the deceased—an estimable lady, not only void of prejudice against our Order but its firm and active friend.

We tender her a Masonic condolence, in this very sad affliction.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Grand Architect of the Universe suddenly to remove from our midst our highly esteemed and much loved Brother, THOMAS MERREWEATHER, in the prime of manhood, and in the midst of a useful and honorable career. Therefore, it is Resolved, That by his death the community have sustained an irreparable loss, society one of its brightest ornaments, and the Fraternity one of its most devoted supporters.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved widow and afflicted family our sincere and heartfelt condolence.

Resolved, That as a token of respect for our deceased Brother we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, and that a copy of the same be furnished to the widow by the Secretary of this Lodge, and a copy to the Kentucky Freemason, and Shelby Scintilla, for publication.

JAS. P. FOREE, } Committee.  
ROY. K. MOORE, }  
WM. F. BEARD, }

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T. A. HARROW, Superintendent.  
CINCINNATI, Feb. 1, 1868. March 6, 1868—17.

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