

THE
MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

MASONIC AND HOME LITERATURE.

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THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. II.—JULY, A. L. 5870.—NO. 1.

THE DEGREE OF MARK MASTER.

BY JOHN P. LITTLE.

This is one of the most beautiful of all the Masonic Degrees, and in the hands of a competent master can be made most instructive and interesting.

It applies Masonic truth and brings it home to the daily life and practice of every true Mason. Having its origin at the building of the First Temple, when it was connected with, if it has not really been a part of the Fellow Craft Degree, its application and use may be met with in every part of our Masonic life.

It is necessary to the Craft, for it was instituted in order that imperfect work might never be received, and unfaithful Craftsmen never be rewarded.

It prevents or at once remedies confusion among the Craft, and inculcates order, regularity and discipline. Upon the efficiency of this order at the First Temple depended entirely the prosperity of the mighty work, and to their skill and faithfulness was due its completion.

Mark Lodges at first consisted of the overseers of the Craft, yet in the course of time, as the Craft became more skillful, one and another were selected from the body of the workmen, who, from their skill and faithfulness, were thought worthy to be advanced to this degree. Of course, all were Fellow-crafts. Josephus informs us very plainly that there were two classes of workmen employed. The apprentices were the common laborers—the quarrymen—whose duty it was to separate the

rough ashlar from the mass of stone, and place it before the Fellow-crafts, that by their skill it might be rendered into the perfect ashlar, fitted for its place in the Temple.

An entered apprentice might, by diligence, qualify himself to become a Fellow-craft, and of these there were two classes. One performed the work of beginning to square the rough stone; the other finished it. The first class were the most numerous, and assembled in their proper place to receive wages of corn, wine and oil, as the reward of their daily labor. The other class was entitled to place a mark upon their work, were called "mark masters," assembled in their respective Mark Lodges, and at a proper time, and in a peculiar manner, claimed and received such wages as were their due.

Then there were the finishers of the work that had already passed through the hands of others, and each one was entitled and required to mark his own work, and by the mark both the man and his work were known.

We see here the beauty and the result of division of labor. The skilled workman did not raise up a stone from the quarry and with infinite labor reduce the rough mass into the perfect ashlar. It passed through many hands, and was partly shaped into form before it came under the chisel and mallet of the finisher. He completed and perfected the work which others had begun, and finally placed his mark upon the perfect stone, so that if any defect was afterward found, the careless or faulty workman could be at once detected. Thus every skilled workman was made directly responsible for all that passed through his hands.

During the seven years of labor on the Temple, there were gathered in and about Jerusalem 80,000 Fellow-crafts, men collected from every portion of the land of the Hebrews, and doubtless from other lands also. Now, among so many strangers congregated together there would have been great disorder but for the wise provision and forethought of our Grand Masters. These 80,000 were divided into Lodges of thirty each, under the command of skillful workmen; all their wants provided for, food, clothing, lodging, work and wages, and the most strict Masonic discipline kept up, both during the hours of labor and refreshment, just as in a police force, or in an army divided into companies. Over these Lodges the Mark Masters

presided, and ruled the other Craftsmen when at work, and controlled them at all times, and all, of course, were under the special control of him who was the chief architect of the Temple. Each Mark Master had under his special orders a set of inferior workmen whose labors he was to superintend, whose morals, examined, he was to direct, whose ignorance he was to instruct, and whose work he was to finish.

They were only assembled in Lodges of Mark Masters for the purpose of advancing worthy Craftsmen to this degree, or for receiving wages. They were called *Harrodim*, that is, Prince Rulers, or Masters; and *Meratzchim*, that is, overseers and comforters of the people. Their subordinates were the *Ghillim*, stone squarers, polishers and sculptors; the *Ish Gotzeb*, men of hewing, and the *Benai*, setters or builders—all able and ingenious Fellow-crafts. Below these were the *Ish Sabbal*, or men of burdens.

Whenever a Craftsman had made suitable proficiency, and could furnish a piece of work that stood every test, he was advanced to this honorable degree, and became master of a mark. This was like a diploma in a modern university; it was a passport or proof of skill when traveling in foreign countries, and entitled its holder to an honorable position and to profitable employment wherever he might go to work.

A graduate of the Temple, after seven years of work and study, was sure to be everywhere received, and gladly welcomed.

“By the use of this degree, every operative Mason, at the building of the Temple, was known and distinguished by the Grand Senior Warden.

“By its effects the disorder and confusion that might otherwise have attended so immense an undertaking were completely prevented; not only the Craftsmen themselves, but every portion of their workmanship was discriminated with the greatest nicety and the utmost facility. If defects were found in the work, the overseers were enabled, without any difficulty, by the help of this degree, to ascertain the faulty workman; so that deficiencies might be remedied at once, without injuring the credit, or diminishing the reward of the industrious and faithful of the Craft.”

The clothing, that is, the color of this degree, is purple,

and the same color belongs to all the degrees intermediate between the Master Masons' Lodge and the Royal Arch Chapter. As the one is blue and the other scarlet, and as purple is made by a due admixture of these two colors, so do we have purple as the color of all the degrees intermediate between these two. All the Temple work was necessarily good in material, so that no imperfect stone was ever allowed to be presented. It had also to be true in every proportion, and perfect in its polish; and it must also be square, every angle and every side finished with exact nicety, in order that all the stones of the building might meet and stand in perfect harmony. A single defective or badly wrought stone might mar the symmetry of the whole building.

Hence the care our brethren exercised in operative Masonry, and hence, also, the lesson taught us in speculative Masonry. Every Mark Master should ever bear in mind that more is expected of him than of a common workman, whether in the Lodge or out of it. Other Masons may present imperfect work, nothing less than perfection will do from him. He must remember the high standard put before him, how he has been tested, and what is his reward.

His duty is continually to deserve his mark, to put it to a good and proper use, to instruct and comfort the weaker brethren, to help a needy Mark Master, and to let his charity be as universal as the light of the sun.

He should remember always to discharge every duty of every station in life in which he may be placed with precision and punctuality.

Thus, my brethren, should the thought of our hearts and the work of our hands be good, true and square, not unfinished and imperfect, not sinful and defective, but such as the Grand Overseer of the heavens and the earth will see fit to approve of as a worthy oblation from his creatures.—*St. Louis Freemason.*



DEDICATION.—The *Trowel* says: The corner-stone of a new hall at Swan, Ohio, was laid with impressive ceremonies by Sir Knight Oakly Case, June 24, in the presence of a thousand spectators. The hall is to be 30 by 40, with suitable rooms, and will be the property of the Lodge.

THE MASONIC TEMPLE, NEW YORK.

Long will the memory of the 8th of June be cherished by the Craftsmen of the city and State of New York, and we may add also, by the thousands of visiting brethren from contiguous cities and jurisdictions, who were present on that memorable occasion to witness the ceremony of laying the corner stone of what will be, when completed, one of the most imposing Masonic edifices in the world. The Grand Lodge of that jurisdiction was in session, and nearly seven hundred Lodges were represented by about two thousand delegates. This immense assemblage was swelled by large delegations from different cities of New York and other contiguous States, and it was estimated by those best qualified to judge, to have been by far the largest assemblage of Craftsmen ever congregated on our continent, if not the largest since the dedication of the Temple at Jerusalem by King Solomon.

We have not space to give all the details, but make up the following from the ample report of the *New York Dispatch* :

There were present in the procession all the officers of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, including the Most Worshipful Past Grand Master Richard Vaux ; the officers of the Grand Lodge of New Jersey, including M. W. Grand Master Rusling and Deputy Grand Master Price ; the M. W. Grand and Deputy Grand Masters of the Grand Lodges of Canada, New Brunswick, Maine, Florida, and Missouri.

There were also present large delegations representing Eureka Lodge, No. 39 ; Copestone Lodge, No. 641 ; Oriental Lodge, No. 51, and St. Albans Lodge, No. 68, of Newark, N. J. ; Lodge No. 2, Lodge No. 156, Vaux Lodge, and Mozart Lodge, No. 436, of Philadelphia, Pa. ; Apollo Lodge, No. 13, of Troy, N. Y. ; Wappinger's Lodge, No. 671, of Wappinger's Falls, and many others from suburban towns and cities. The arrangement included a line of march which should allow all the assembled Lodges to be reviewed by the Grand Lodge, which should then join in the rear of the procession, and on arriving at the proper point, pass again to the front, through open ranks, which should salute the Grand Body as it passed.

The day opened fine, with a few white clouds just flecking the sky, and the slightest possible apology for a breeze. As

early as seven o'clock A. M., the different bodies began to assemble in their Lodge rooms, and promptly at half-past eight, the different divisions, carrying guidons numbered from one to ten, were posted in the positions assigned to them along Fifth avenue. Each division, with its right resting on the avenue, occupied one of the streets Fourteenth to Twenty-second streets inclusive, and at nine o'clock they moved up Fifth avenue.

The men marched twelve abreast, in excellent order. On either side of the avenue, the walks were packed with people, while in the windows were perched the inmates of the dwellings.

At Madison Square the procession filed right and marched up Madison avenue. When opposite the Union League Club House and Dr. Adam's church, the members of the Grand Lodge of the State took a position on the sidewalk, and the main body saluted them in passing, by removing their hats. The crowd became enormous, and in all directions one could see only a dense mass of human beings. No teams excepting the United States mail-wagons were allowed to pass. The police were unusually strict, and this was the only cause of complaint. The procession was so vast that nearly fifty minutes were occupied in passing a given point.

At Forty-second street the line of march was down Fifth avenue. At the monument in Madison Square, the Marshals in advance ordered a halt. The line extended back a distance of nearly two miles. The order to "open ranks" was given, and while the Masons fell back on either side, swift horsemen rode up and down the lines to clear the centre of the street. The Grand Lodge then marched through the centre of the procession and reviewed the hosts. It was estimated that there were fully 15,000 Free and Accepted Masons wearing the uniform of the day. About eleven and a half o'clock the order to "march" was again given, and the multitude moved toward the stand where the ceremonies were about to be performed.

The spacious site of the new temple, directly north of Booth's Theatre, was covered with a plank floor on a level with the ground, 100 by 150 feet in size. The outer corner portion was raised about a foot, while the inner corner, enclosed by a board rail, served as a "lodge-room." Upon the north side, a

roofed platform, 60 by 15 feet, and about two feet high, was provided for the 200 singers of St. Cecile and Mozart Lodges, and a similar platform, 40 feet long, was erected on the east side for the Grand officers and guests. The Grand Master's chair was duly placed "in the east," and Senior and Junior Wardens' chairs occupied their regular positions in the south and west, upon small, square platforms.

The corner-stone was of light Concord granite, 68 inches long, 40 inches wide, and 28 inches thick, and weighs about five tons. The cavity in the centre to receive the box was 15 by 12 by 7 inches. The capstone weighed about three tons, and was 52 inches long, 16 inches thick, and the same width as the under stone, which rested on a massive foundation of masonry and concrete, twenty-two feet deep. Next to the stone on the south side, was placed the corner-stone which was laid in 1826 under the old Broadway Masonic Hall, near Pearl street, and which is scarcely one-fourth as large as the new stone.

At an early hour a strong body of police, under Capt. Burden, of the Twenty-ninth Precinct, took possession of the ground and formed a cordon which no one could pass without authority. As the morning slipped away, the sidewalks began to fill with curious spectators, windows and balconies were crowded with intent gazers, and not a few adventurous spirits stationed themselves on the adjoining roofs. The weather was perfect June, and the summer sun poured down its remorseless rays with scarce the chance relief of a cooling cloud. The Builder, Mr. John T. Conover, of Holland Lodge, No. 8, his assistants, and the restless reporters, were first to make their appearance. These were soon followed by St. Cecile Lodge and a few other privileged Masons, who were excused from the grand parade.

About 11½ o'clock the music from the bands announced the near approach of the procession. Presently the Grand Lodge appeared—the column having halted and opened to permit the Grand officers to pass through—and assumed position upon the platform in the East. Then one after another the divisions filed in and took their places, mingling together and filling the entire area as well as a portion of the street. When order was restored—which was at just "high twelve,"—Grand Chaplain Schoonmaker offered prayer, after which an anthem was sung by St. Cecile Lodge, No. 568.

Words and Music by Bro. Harrison Millard, of St. Cecile Lodge, and
 sung by St. Cecile Lodge, 568—W. Bro. D. L. Downing, Master.
 Bro. W. F. Sherwin, Chorus Conductor.

Here we meet to lay the Stone,
 Here our *Temple* shall be found ;
 Here our hearts, not hands alone,
 By the Mystic tie are bound.
 Here the *Craft* will meet again
 On the *Level* tried and known ;
 Meet as brothers, part as men
 Bound by ties now sacred grown.

Here for ages may it stand,
 Like a beacon, light to give ;
 While Life's waves shall wash the strand,
 Here *Masonic Truth* shall live ;
 Here our *Jewels* shall be stored—
 Peace and Love—Masonic gems,
 Hung like pearls on Virtue's cord—
 Truths more bright than diadems.

When the Architect of all—
 Heaven's Grand Master, full of love—
 From our labor us shall call
 To the Lodge preparad above,
 We will gather once again]
 Round our Great Commander's throne,
 And degrees of bliss attain,
 Higher than on Earth are known.

Right Worshipful John H. Anthon, Deputy Grand Master,
 then addressed the Most Worshipful James Gibson, Grand
 Master, as follows :

MOST WORSHIPFUL : The Trustees of the Hall and Asylum
 Fund, after many years of labor, have at last arrived at that
 point of the undertaking when they are justified in putting into
 execution so much of the original plan as requires that a hall
 should be built in the City of New York. In discharge of
 their trust, they have purchased the grounds whereon we now
 stand ; and under resolution of the Grand Lodge, adopted at
 the Annual Communication of 1869, have made suitable prepa-
 rations for commencing the work at this time. I now have the
 pleasure of presenting to you the Chairman of the Committee
 of Arrangements.

Most Worshipful John W. Simons, Past Grand Master, and Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, here came forward and addressed the Grand Master as follows :

MOST WORSHIPFUL : The Committee charged with making arrangements for laying the corner-stone, have completed their labors. I now have the pleasure to announce to you that all things are in readiness for the solemn ceremonies of placing the foundation stone of our temple.

The Grand Master then commanded silence, while Grand Chaplain John G. Webster delivered the invocation.

The brethren fervently responded, and another anthem was sung by Mozart Lodge, of Philadelphia.

Grand Master—The Grand Treasurer will place in the corner-stone the articles prepared for that purpose.

The leaden chest prepared for the reception of the articles to be placed under the corner-stone, was then brought forward, and the various coins, &c., deposited therein. The Grand Secretary then read the list, as follows :

Constitution of the Grand Lodge, transactions of Grand Lodge, 1869 ; the various orders and programmes of the occasion, photographs of Grand Officers, Masonic and daily papers, specimen set of United States coins, 1870 ; silver dollar, 1870 ; two silver medallions, copy of seal of Empire Chapter, No. 170 ; collection of coins, anniversary medallion from St. John's Commandery, No. 4, Philadelphia ; Japanese coin, medallion of Board of Relief, Williamsburgh ; Washington cent, Maximilian dollar, silver medallion, Hiram Lodge, No. 449 ; silver medallion, Scotia Lodge, No. 634 ; silver medallion, Templar Lodge, No. 203 ; a committee badge, Masonic Fair, John W. Simons ; collection of coins, a pine-tree shilling ; collection of coins, silver medallion, Tabernacle Lodge, No. 598 ; collection silver coin, M. Cantlon, No. 216 ; silver medallion, Knickerbocker Lodge, No. 643 ; medallion portrait of John W. Simons ; an electrotype copy of the Declaration of Independence ; ancient silver coin ; a dollar of 1870 ; two silver medallions and two silver coins ; a coin of 1747 ; gold scroll, with names of officers of Atlantic Lodge, No. 178 ; Washington medal ; copy of real Independent Royal Arch Lodge, No. 2 ; Jewish coins ; a coin from Past Grand Master Waring.

The Grand Master and principle Grand Officers then proceeded to the corner-stone, bearing the leaded chest, which was then placed in the hands of artists to be sealed. This process occupied just fifteen minutes, after which the corner-stone was raised from its place, the leaden chest deposited in the cavity, and over it was placed a copper plate, bearing on the obverse the following inscription:

T. T. G. O. T. G. A. O. T. U. On the 8th day of June: 1870, the M. W. and Hon. James Gibson, Grand Master of Masons in the State of New York, attended by the R. W. John H. Anthon, D. G. M.; R. W. Christopher G. Fox, S. G. W.; R. W. Edmund L. Judson, J. G. W.; M. W. J. W. Simons, G. Treas.; R. W. J. M. Austin, M. D., G. Sec.; R. W. and Rev. R. L. Schoonmaker, R. W. and Rev. Fred. C. Ewer, and R. W. and Rev. John C. Webster, Chaplains; R. W. C. B. Foster, Grand Marshal; R. W. Cornelius Esseltyne, G. S. B.; R. W. R. H. Huntingdon, G. S. B.; R. W. John Boyd, R. W. Philip Merkle, C. W. William Sinclair, R. W. James M. Fuller, Grand Stewards; R. W. C. A. Marvin, G. S. D.; R. W. Charles E. Young, G. J. D.; W. Grand Tyler, and a very large assemblage of Craftsmen, do lay the first stone of this Masonic Hall.

On the reverse was the following:

This Masonic Hall, for the accommodation of the Craft of the State of New York, and tributary to an asylum to be hereafter established, was founded on the 8th of June, 1870, U. S. Grant being President of the United States; John T. Hoffman, Governor of the State of New York; A. Oakey Hall, Major of the city of New York; James Gibson, Charles E. Fox, John Hamilton, Edmund S. Judson, James M. Austin, M. D., Trustees of the Hall and Asylum Fund; J. J. Crane, M. D., Charles Roome, George R. Jackson,, Advisory Committee, M. L. Brunn. Architect; John W. Simons, Chairman Committee of Arrangements; H. Clay Preston, Grand Marshal of the day.

Here followed another appropriate anthem. after which the working tools of the Craft were applied to the stone in the usual manner, by the Grand Officers, at the command of the Grand Master, followed by an overture by the Seventy-first Regiment band, when Grand Marshal F. W. Herring by direction of the Grand Master made the following proclamation, from the West, South and East, repeating it thrice:

In the name of the Most Worshiptul James Gibson, Grand Master of Masons in the State of New York, I do declare this stone to be plumb, level, and square; to be well formed, true, and trusty, and duly laid according to the ancient customs, usages and forms of our Craft.

Here followed another anthem rendered by St. Cecile Lodge.

The Grand Stewards then bore to the stone the elements of consecration, and the Deputy Grand Master, Senior and Junior Grand Wardens proceeded to consecrate it. The former scattered corn on the stone, saying :

May the blessings of the Supreme Architect be upon the people of this State, and the Craft be nourished with the Corn of Peace.

A vessel of wine was presented to the Senior Grand Warden, who, pouring a portion on the stone, said :

May the health of the Craftsmen employed in erecting this edifice be preserved, and may the Giver of all good keep them from accident, and bless and prosper their labors.

The vessel of oil was then presented to the Junior Grand Warden, who, pouring a small quantity on the stone, said :

May the Creator and Ruler of the world vouchsafe His blessing upon our Craft, whenever dispersed; bless our country, preserve our Union, give peace and prosperity to the people of New York, and to all the nations of the earth.

After Music by the orchestra of Mozart Lodge, the Deputy Grand Master presented the architect, saying :

MOST WORSHIPFUL: I present to you Bro. N. Le Brun, who has been chosen Architect of the Temple. He is ready with Craftsmen to proceed with the work assigned him, and desires to be invested with the insignia of his task.

The Grand Master handed the Architect the plumb, level and square, and a plan of the work, and directed him to proceed with his labors.

The Grand Master then addressed the Craft as follows;

MEN AND BRETHREN: We are assembled here to-day as regular Masons, bound by solemn engagements to be good citizens, faithful to the brethren and to fear God. We have commenced the building of a house which we pray may be a

place of concourse for zealous Craftsmen in ages to come; that by it harmony and unity may be promoted among the brethren, and the fame and usefulness of our ancient and honorable institution promoted. The Grand Marshal will now make proclamation of the completion of our ceremony.

The Grand Marshal then made proclamation from the West, South and East, as before, in the following terms:

Know ye, that the Most Worshipful James Gibson, Grand Master of Masons in the State of New York, has this day, at this place, laid the corner-stone of the Masonic Temple, in accordance with the forms and ceremonies of our ancient Craft.

The Grand Master then directed that the assemblage should close up around the Grand East, in order that all might hear the oration. Rev. Dr. Elbert S. Porter, pastor of the First Reformed Church, then delivered the following oration:

BROTHERS: Long desire is this day gratified. The august ceremonies we have just witnessed, reward past hopes and quicken new expectations. On these foundations shall rise, in massive beauty, that structure within whose ample courts the great work of operative, moral Masonry, shall be carried on from generation to generation.

It is with just and honorable pride that we celebrate the promise of this corner-stone. Through years of generous and patient labor, preparations have been made to secure the advent of this hour, wherein the Masonic fraternity of the Empire State plants in this imperial city of the great Republic, that fruitful stone whose successive harvest of beneficence shall be multiplied long after our hands shall have been folded in death. Well may we rejoice and give thanks that we have been permitted to behold this goodly work auspiciously begun! Well may all who find their happiness in the service of mankind share in our joy!

Brothers: As an orthodox minister of the blessed Gospel, I desire to take permission from this occasion to say a few things touching the character and objects of our venerable and world-wide fraternity. I shall speak only what I know, and testify only of what I have seen, in the workings of our beneficent institution. Masonry is neither political, sectarian, nor national. It is not subject to any party in the State, to any denomination in the church, nor to any civil community—and

yet it is both patriotic and religious, and dedicated to the interests of political freedom. The centre of Masonic unity is faith in God, the Father and Preserver of mankind. Its chief manual is the Holy Bible. Its symbolism through all degrees, is intended to teach self-restraint, as essential to personal edification. Its Constitution and laws organize charity, and compel the cultivation of brotherly love. Nor does this fraternity confine its care to its own members. For the widow and the orphan it husband its resources, while to the poor and needy it imparts systematic relief. I am not here to defend Masonry. Yet we cannot forget that it has been wontonly assailed. For the most part, however, its enemies are its eulogists.

It has to-day the honor of bearing the anathema of the proclaimed enemy of popular intelligence and civil liberty. That the priest of the Roman Vatican should be at enmity with our venerable fraternity, is most natural, for in every Lodge of Masons there is an open Bible, and all the duties of Masonry are enforced by lessons from its sacred pages. In the impending controversy through which our country is to pass, it may be taken for certain that a declaration will ring along the Masonic ranks, "We won't give up the Bible." Were Masonry to abandon that Book divine, its Lodges would be closed, its work cease, and as an organization it would perish from the earth. Certain Protestants also, finding imperfection in the lives of Masons, have hastily pronounced against the Brotherhood. But the logic of prejudice sooner or later commits suicide, and honors itself most in the moment of its death. The prejudice raised against our fraternity has fed itself chiefly, however, from a mistaken notion concerning the character of its mysteries. This prejudice is fast disappearing; for all may know that nothing takes place behind the veil of Masonry, inconsistent with the published and widely-circulated declarations of the institution. Its signs of discovery and recognition are indeed its own. Yet these are no more than a human alphabet, by which the words of human duty are quickly composed. So that, in truth, beyond the technical matters required for its preservation, Masonry, as an institution, shines in the open day, and demands that it shall be known by its fruits. Our fraternity does not claim to be a Church, nor in any way the rival or opponent of the Church of truth and love. Its

membership is intermixed with all religious communions, and thus forms an alliance which molifies sectarian animosities, in the interest of human brotherhood. Masonry is fraternity, for mutual help, guardianship, and improvement. It prosecutes its work with malice toward none and with charity toward all. It respects the religious conscience, the social attitude, and the personal immortality of each one of its vast membership, and by a simple ritual aims to realize on the earth a brotherhood without caste, and a humanity without cant. For the advancement of this sublime object this Temple shall rise. But grander than it, more resplendent than its walls, more capacious than its courts, let the spirit of our generous fraternity ascend, to behold the pathway of its sublime procession, as it advances under its banners, inscribed with the motto, "Friendship, Love, and Peace." This vast concourse, when it shall have sung its final anthems, will separate to meet no more on earth forever. Let it be our case so to conquer mortality that we may join the throng of the immortals in the Temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Another anthem was then sung, the bands, choir and Craft joining in the performance :

The benediction was then pronounced, and the assemblage dismissed.

FREEMASONRY AND TEMPERANCE.

BY A. MASON.

"Temperance is that due restraint upon our affections and passions, which renders the body tame and governable, and frees the mind from the allurements of vice. This virtue should be the constant practice of every Mason, as he is thereby taught to avoid excess, or contracting any licentious or vicious habit.

"There are three great duties, which as a Mason, you are charged to inculcate—to God, your neighbor, and yourself. To God in never mentioning his name, but with that reverential awe which is due from a creature to his Creator; to implore His aid in all your laudable undertakings, and to esteem Him

as the Chief Good; to your neighbor, in acting upon the square, and doing unto him as you wish he would do unto you; and to yourself, in avoiding all irregularity and intemperance, which may impair your faculties, or debase the dignity of your profession ”

The foregoing, from the lectures and charge to the initiate into the ancient and honorable Order of Freemasonry, needs no explanation—he that runs may read; and the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.’

These sentiments prevade the whole system, and are intended for the ordering of the Mason’s life.

The faults of individual Masons are not to be charged to Masonry, any more than the devilish acts of professed Christians are to be charged to Christianity.

The mission of Freemasonry is akin to that of the broad religion taught in the great ‘Book of Life,’ to save Masons from sin, to counteract their natural selfishness, to relieve their necessities, and sympathize with and alleviate their sufferings.

It was founded by him, who is known as the ‘wise man of olden time,’ the better to diffuse light and truth in regard to the duties of man, and of all to God.

These truths are acknowledged by all Masons, and, in proportion as they are appreciated, regulate the lives of individual members of the Craft. And in the same ratio is demonstrated their fitness to be Masons.

The author of the immortal declaration of American Independence has well said that ‘a frequent recurrence to first principles is essential for the preservation of our liberties.’ This is based upon the supposition that the foundation was sound. It is so with Masonry. Masons should ever keep in view the grand design of the Order, and in their lives exemplify the four ‘cardinal virtues,’ Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence, and Justice, which are so forcibly enjoined in the lectures. In appealing to Masons to consider the subject of Temperance, it should be only necessary to point them to the truths inculcated in the lectures and charges.

These do not in express terms demand total abstinence, yet they are to be construed as all the great truths communicated to man for his government during all time, must be; that is, according to the time and circumstances of those for

whose benefit they were intended. It is undeniable true that the temperate use of wines was not only not prohibited at the time of the promulgation of these lectures, but was considered a part of the social system, and was the universal custom. But the condition of things has changed—wines are corrupted, and excess has become almost the rule, instead of the exception. A radical reform is required, and Masons are called upon by every principle they hold sacred, to aid in the great work so much needed, and so interpret the teachings of the fathers as to meet the exigencies of the times.

It is not assuming anything to say that in so far as the term *temperance*, used in the lectures and charges, applies to the use of stimulating beverages, the term *abstinence* expresses the meaning of the author under the altered condition of mankind and their surroundings.

This fact is patent to everybody, that the social habits of the Fraternity have degenerated, and very many of its members become convivalists, and others, too numerous to mention, have gone the broad road to ruin, in consequence of attempting to imitate the social pastimes of the ancients, and common use of wines and other stimulants at their assemblies and private meetings, and as a pledge of their individual hospitality. And all these things have brought the Order into disrepute, as well as exerting a demoralizing influence in community. What then is the duty of Masons as 'good men and true,' which they claim to be?

There can be but one answer to this.

And, how are they to accomplish a reformation? this is also easily answered.

Let every individual Mason, who has the good of the Order at heart, and is equal to the task of asserting his manhood, and governing his passions, take the initiative and not only abstain from the use of intoxicating substances as a matter of *principle*—not a 'military necessity,' and exert his influence upon any and every brother who needs the moral support of his fellows to sustain him in the path of rectitude and virtue.

And here let me say to every one, that all the precepts in the world are not worth a straw, without example. The Mason, who imagines that fine words, or a faith without works, will save him, will discover himself among the '*mistaken* souls, that

dream of heaven, and make their empty boast of inward joys, and sins forgiven."

A breath tainted with the fumes of liquor is a stench that gives the lie to the sincerity of the good advice its possessor may give in regard to *temperance*, and brands him hypocrite, as does the stolen sheep on the back of the parent, who undertakes to lecture his son on the terrible immorality of robbing a neighboring melon patch.

Masons must obey the injunction of "Him, who spake as never man spake," and remove the beam from their own eyes before they attempt to pluck the mote from their brother's eye. Let the motto of *temperance* be inscribed on their banners, and be the *sine qua non* of fitness either to get into the Order, or to stay there.

How often has the blush of shame mantled the cheek of the upright and conscientious Mason, to see his brethren, in utter disregard of all the Order, indulge to excess in the use of intoxicating liquors and ribald conversation—making fools of themselves, and "disgracing the cloth."

If Masonry is to accomplish its mission, as an instrument under God, for the salvation of mankind from their vices and irregularities, Masons must get above all narrow conceptions of its design and end; must make it of more consequence than a mere social club, or an abstract school of ethics, and rising to the just conception of the vast powers of their organization, when acting under the great inspirations of the truths revealed to Masons, in the "Great Light" of the Institution, become a power for good second to none which the Heavenly Parent vouchsafes to his children.

Masonry has a glorious prestige, and its having survived the shocks of time, which have overthrown so many of the most powerful of human institutions, is an incontestible evidence of its foundation being upon "the Rock." But like all human institutions, its perpetuity depends upon the virtues of its constituents. That it has survived thus far is proof that virtue has been in the ascendent. If it remains thus, all will be well. But to keep it so, Masons must be *alive* to the inspiration of the great truths they profess to venerate, and to keep time and step in the great march of human progress toward the study of those great problems, whose solution lies beyond this life. If however, the Order enfolds itself in its *traditions*, like a snail in

its shell, its existence will be as ephemeral, the body will wither, the soul having gone out, and naught will remain but the empty shell, to be kicked about for a brief season and then crushed under the heels of the *advancing* host; and all enlightened institutions will condemn it, as the *Master* condemned the unfaithful servant, who "hid his talent in the earth."

The present is an auspicious moment for Masons to demonstrate the sincerity of their professions, and place the Order in its true light before the world, right with respect to itself, and *upright* in the sight of God.

But, Masons! there is work to do to "restore the sacred vessels to their proper use;"—it will never be accomplished by learned dissertations on Masonic *jurisprudence*, or settling upon this or that form of ritual—"taking tithes of mint, anise and cummin, and omitting the weightier matters or the law." A practical application of the lessons taught in the Lodge room to the regulation of the daily life of the individual members, and as an organization, keeping pace with the requirements of the most enlightened civilization and culture, only can preserve it from decay and death.

The jurisprudence and ritual are necessary in their place; and as a *means*, but *not as an end*.

Shall the future historian mention Freemasonry as a living institution, and record its goodly influences in the world, or write its epitaph?

On Masons, themselves, depends the answer.

Fraternally submitted,

C.

—*Advance, of Milwaukee.*

MASONRY IN THE COURTS.

BY M. W. ALFRFD.

It has been stated a thousand times, that Freemasonry exercises the effect, in our Courts, and among the Executives of the law to subvert the ends of justice, wrong and oppress the innocent, and shield and protect the guilty.

This allegation is made either by those who do not know

the grounds of our fellowship as Masons, or by those who do know, and seek to fasten reproach upon us, by falsehood.

Whether this charge is made through ignorance or spite, it is evident that Masons are regarded by those making it, as a band of marauders, and knaves, who are bound to keep each other's secrets, only from a sense of mutual depravity and guilt.

In this attitude of ignominy, and perfidy, do these our accusers seek to place thousands of Ministers of Religion, who sustain unimpeachable characters for truth and uprightness; as well as a vast array of layman and honorable gentlemen throughout society.

Are Masons men so set on injustice? Look at them. Do they appear like a gang of thieves, and robbers? What an insult to common sense.

How perfectly ignominious, and cruel is it for a few narrow-brained, self-conceited fanatics thus to villify the noblest men of the age. Many profess to have witnessed these effects of Masonry in the courts. How eagle-eyed, and sagacious.

How many have heard *that* old Calvinistic preacher avow in the desk, "that there are thousands of infants in hell not a span long." He never said so, and this charge is probably made on the ground that a lie often told is as good as the truth.

The charge against Masonry which we are considering, is contrary to all reason and logic; as false as the LV chapter of the Koran; and as incomprehensible as the case of the angry Irishman who, in a passion bit off his own nose.

Masons have but one bond of union and affiance, and that is the mutual pledge of moral uprightness and integrity, prompted by unwavering faith, or "Trust in God." By these hallowed principles, and no others, we stand or fall. To render implicit obedience to the laws of all countries where Masons live, or work, and to obey the civil magistrates, are among the first duties enjoined by the Order. All our strength lies in the high moral attitude imposed by the Institution upon its members. "*Justice*, is that standard or boundary of right, which enables us to render to every man his just due without distinction. This virtue is not only consistent with Divine and human laws, but is the very cement and support of civil society, and as justice in a great measure constitutes the really good man, so should it be the invariable practice of every Mason, never to

deviate from the *minutest principles thereof*." (Lecture in the first degree.)

Masons establish their friendships on this basis, and mutually pledge that which high-minded men hold most sacred—their honor never to be guilty of any dishonorable act. This is the *specie* deposited in the vault of the Institution, upon which are drawn all drafts of a lasting friendship. No Mason expects the friendship of his Brothers, except while sustaining this pledge. Now is it not most clear that a friendship founded on the basis of confidence in the moral integrity of another, if betrayed, must necessarily destroy that friendship? We repose confidence, which he betrays; to our injury as well as his own. The man who pledges his honor at our Altar "to walk uprightly before God and man" by forfeiting that pledge brings shame upon us, and disgrace upon himself. Can he expect his much injured and agrieved Brethren to sustain him in his villainy? No, verily, those are the last men from whom he would anticipate such conduct.

Two men form a partnership in the legal profession on the ground of mutual regard for the honor and aggrandizement of their profession and business. But one becomes an inebriate, and abuses their patrons, and brings disaster to the business of the firm. Now will his patrons naturally sustain him in his drunkenness and perfidy? No. Yet no one can regret him more. Every true Mason holds the interests of the Institution more sacred than his own. How can they sustain that Brother whose conduct fastens odium upon it? Now it requires no extraordinary amount of intelligence to perceive the truthfulness of this charge against the institution of Freemasonry.

In court or out of court, the allegation is equally false. Masons cannot, and will not sustain a vile wretch and thus commit suicide.

There are many suits which are decided adverse to the opinion of Mr Daffodil, and he casts about to find the reason of the great injustice. The court has decided wrong, and there is something mysterious about the matter.—It must be Masonic interference. A case was decided some two years since in one of the circuit courts of this State between two men, somewhat "set" in their own way, much to the advantage of one party thereunto. It was asserted over and over, that he was a Mason, and that was the reason why matters turned as they did. The

truth is, the man who lost his cause is a Mason, the other is not and never was. We might cite cases of this kind world without end.

A member of a Lodge with which we were formerly connected, committed theft, was arrested, and a committee from the Lodge attended the examination. The committee reported him guilty, and he was expelled from the Lodge at once. The court condemned him, and sent him to the Penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, for two years. Within a few months a petition was circulated for his reprieve by his relations. They were told by the anti-masons that all the Lodge would sign it. Of this we knew nothing at the time. The petition was passed from house to house, and not a single member of the Lodge, could be induced to sign it. Every one seemed to reject it instinctively, and without any concert, or understanding with each other.

Were we a band of outlaws as our enemies represent, and pledged to deeds of guilt and blood, then this charge against us might gain common belief, but as the truth is far otherwise, very few believe it.

Masons are not such a class of men, hence with them such a course of conduct involves a moral impossibility.

All reasons, and all analogy unite in declaring that Masonry never can operate as a passport to villainy, or a protection in guilt.

Suppose the guilty man belonged to the church, would not his christian brethren feel more deeply aggrieved by his conduct, than others? If satisfied of his guilt, they can no more sustain him therein, than they can abolish every sentiment of moral and religious responsibility. They would be the first to deprecate his guilt, and the last to shoulder his crimes.

We have remarked as above, for the consideration of candid men, and candid women. We never propose to address any arguments to fanatical fire-brands, whose only element is defamation and calumny, whose congested eyes, and shriveled, forked tongues proclaim them the moral cannibals of the race, and more properly the subjects of the straight jacket, and insane asylum, than to be hoisted into the "Sacred Desk," to officiate as peace-destroyers, mob-inflamers, and slander-bearers, doing the works of the Devil generally. *Ce monde est plein de fous.*

8

"THEY REST FROM THEIR LABORS."

[The following beautiful tribute to the departed Craftsmen of all jurisdictions, we transfer to our pages from the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Georgia.—Ed.]

THEY REST FROM THEIR LABORS.—How sweet their repose,
How gently they sleep after life's peaceful close ;
No cares to molest them—to mar the delight
Of their slumbers ; their dreams are all joyous and bright
Ah ! laborer ne'er from the toils of the day,
Yet rested as calmly, as sweetly as they.

THEY REST FROM THEIR LABORS.—Well skilled in our art,
Each true to his duties, performed well his part ;
In the quarries without, or our sacred retreat,
No design left unfinished, no stone incomplete.
Their toils are now ended—from earth they have passed,
Yet bright were their working tools kept to the last

THEY REST FROM THEIR LABORS.—Their wages are due,
Their work by the Grand Master's test is found true—
True to the Plumb-line of justice and right,
To the Level, on which all good Masons unite,
To the Square of morality, virtue and love,
And their wages are paid in the Temple above.

THEY REST FROM THEIR LABORS.—Farewell for a time !
Through the last ceremonials, solemn, sublime,
Of that HIGHER DEGREE, ye have now passed before ;
We too must soon follow—must pass through the door
Of Death, into scenes most enchantingly bright,
To the throne of Jehovah, whose presence is Light.

Oh then may we all be permitted at last,
When prepared, we the Grand Tyler Death shall have past,
To join in the rites of the Grand Lodge above,
Whose Degrees are the essence, perfection of Love ;
With archangel to unite in thanksgiving and praise,
To the Holiest of Holies—the Ancient of Days.

THE ROCK UNMOVED—THE WEATHERCOCK REVERSED.

EDITORS MICHIGAN FREEMASON :

Brother Jacob Norton, in his second article upon the 'sound limb doctrine' published in your May number, has completely shifted his position, contradicted his own argument, begged the whole question, and wound up by backing, nay, *crawling* out of a dilemma of his own creation. After attempting by false assertion to bolster up a false position, he acts upon the maxim,

"He who fights and runs away
May live to fight some other day."

Permit me to quote from each of his articles. In your December number, 1869, he says :

"I have been lately favored with complimentary notices from some of the landmarkers, because *I ridiculed the notion that sound limb was a Masonic landmark.*"

And further :

"As I have already treated on the *fallacy of constitutional landmarks*, and mean to revert to it again, I will just show that the oldest Grand Lodges in the world have long since *repudiated the sound limb doctrine.*"

But not one syllable of law does he quote from the "oldest Grand Lodges" in proof of this assertion. Again, in the same article he says :

"It may astonish some of our landmark sticklers to learn that some of the oldest and most conservative Grand Lodges on this continent long since *discarded the sound limb doctrine.*"

Here is as strong an affirmation as can be expressed in language, that the sound limb doctrine *is not the law*. In support of this proposition he cites but one single passage of law, viz., from the *Constitution of Massachusetts*! The remainder of his article consists of naked assertion, varied by impious slurs against the Christian religion. Of course he is to be pardoned for not quoting more law, for he had no more to quote.

Seeing the evil tendency of such notions, and more especially of the outrageous counsel which he gave to his brethren to defy and disobey the existing law, I replied to his December article by citing the Constitution and statutes, the *positive and existing enactments*, of the Grand Lodges of England, Scotland, Canada, Penn-

sylvania, Alabama, Indiana, Ohio, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Maine, Kentucky, Mississippi, Vermont, New York, Georgia, Louisiana, California, Illinois, Iowa, Texas, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Michigan, Missouri, Tennessee, D. C., the Gen. Gr'd. Chapter of the U. S., as well as the Ancient Constitutions and Charges of Freemasonry; thus proving in the most unanswerable manner, *by the very letter of the law itself*, that the sound limb doctrine is the present and binding law in England, Scotland, Canada, and throughout the United States, *with the exception of Massachusetts*. (See Mich. FREEMASON, Vol. I, No. IX, page 387 to 393.)

Of course there could be no further argument as to the law upon the subject. Brother Norton's position was utterly demolished. He asserts that the sound limb doctrine *is not the law*, and at once the statute books of thirty Grand Lodges open before him, upon the very pages of which the law which he denies and ridicules is written in terms so plain that "the wayfaring man though a fool, need not err therein." And so he comes out in your May number with the following language:

"My opponent mistook the nature of the question under discussion. Instead of argument, he brought authorities. The question raised was not whether the doctrine of sound limb was a law, or is a law. * * * *It may be the law.*"

That is all I ask, Brother Norton. By your own admission and your self-contradiction you concede my position as correct. You at first say that the sound limb doctrine was long since discarded, and utterly deny its binding obligation. You distinctly affirm that it *is not the law*. I show you the very language of the law, and prove its present application throughout the Masonic world, *except Massachusetts*. You quibble and squirm, and end by acknowledging that after all "*it may be the law.*" Your first article speaks for itself. I took your proposition precisely as you stated it, quoting your own terms, and every reader can see for himself that your position was fairly met and overthrown, not by *me*, but *by the law itself*. You complain that I brought authority instead of argument. It was not a question of argument, but purely a question of authority. You said a certain law did not exist. I showed you the law, more than you wanted of it. That settles the issue. The law and the facts are worth a volume of opinions and arguments. And mark you further, it was not the mere opinions of this and that writer that I gave you;

it was the *positive enactments* of the several supreme Masonic legislatures—statutes, express action, laws deliberately passed in regular grand communication, settled constitutions.

As the case now stands, it is Massachusetts against the world. The Masonic world is not prepared to forsake all the teachings of the fathers, and upset the statutes of the Order, to follow any such erratic, uncertain, wandering luminary. The Mountain will not go to Mahomet. This fussy old woman, even with Brother Norton's help, cannot sweep back the ocean with her broom. Brother Norton gratuitously and insultingly flings at western Masons such epithets as "hypocrisy," "superstition," etc. This contemptible but harmless method of attack is of course unworthy of any formal reply. It is only to be hoped that when he shall have acquired a respectable knowledge of the law, his manners will be improved.

H. M. L.

PORTRAIT GALLERY OF LIVING MASONS.

BENJAMIN BROWN FRENCH.

Benjamin Brown French, Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the District of Columbia, Past Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States, and Lieut. Grand Commander of the Supreme Council 33^o A. A. Scottish Rite, for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States, was born at Chester, New Hampshire, September 4th, 1800, and at the end of his academical studies at North Yarmouth Maine, preferring to pursue the study of the law without passing through college, he, at the age of nineteen, entered the office of his father, Hon. Daniel M. French, for several years Attorney General of the State, and was admitted to practice at the Rockingham bar, in New Hampshire, in February, 1825.

Our Brother commenced the practice of his profession at Hookset, Merrimack county, N. H. Remaining there but a short time, he removed to Sutton, in the same county, where he settled down for three years, when he received the appointment

of Clerk of the Judicial Courts, in Sullivan County, and removed to Newport in the autumn of 1827. While at Sutton, our Brother was elected Assistant Clerk of the New Hampshire Senate, which office he held until 1830. He was one of the proprietors and editor of the *New Hampshire Spectator* during most of the time he was at Newport, which town he represented in the State Legislature for the years of 1831-32 and '33. In December, 1833, Brother F. was appointed an Assistant Clerk of the House of Representatives U. S., when he removed to Washington. D. C., which has since been his home. After being Clerk for some time, he was elected Chief Clerk of the House in January, 1845, and re-elected at the commencement of the succeeding Congress, holding the office, until December, 1847.

Brother French has been President of the Magnetic Telegraph Company, holding that office for three years, when he resumed the practice of his profession. Since then he has been at two periods Commissioner of Public Buildings, and was for eleven years a member of one or the other Boards of the City Council over which he presided.

Brother French was initiated, passed, and raised in King Solomon's Lodge, No. 14, of New London, N. H., in the year 1826, and giving the utmost attention to the work and lectures in a very short time became a proficient. In September, 1827, he removed to Newport, (as before stated,) when he dimitted from his mother Lodge and affiliated with Corinthian Lodge, No. 28. In 1828, he was elected Senior Warden, and in 1830, Master of the Lodge. In 1830 he was appointed by the Grand Lodge, D. D. G. Master, and in 1832, G. Marshal, holding that office, as well as the Mastership of his Lodge, until his removal to Washington in December, 1833.

Masonry then was at a low ebb in consequence of the Morgan excitement, and it was not until the formation of National Lodge No. 12, in 1846, that he affiliated, when he became a member of that Lodge, and in November of that year was elected one of its representatives to the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, at the first meeting of which afterward (Nov 3d), he was elected Grand Master, and was annually re-elected until 1852, when he declined a re-election. He has since been re-elected (Nov. 5, 1867,) to that exalted station, his last term of office expiring last year.

In Capitular Masonry, Companion French was exalted in Columbia Chapter, No. 15, of Washington, on November 5th, 1846. In 1847, being then High Priest of his Chapter, he was elected G. King of the Grand Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia. In November, 1848, he was elected D. G. H. Priest, and in 1850, Grand High Priest, to which he was annually re-elected until November, 1855, when he declined a re-election. A few years since, the Chapters in the District of Columbia withdrew from their connection with the Grand Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia, and formed the Grand Chapter of Disirict of Columbia. In 1869, Companion French was re-elected G. H. Priest of the latter body, and still presides in the Orient.

In the Chivalric Order, Sir Knight French was created a Knight Templar in Clinton Commandery, of Brooklyn, N. Y., April 8th, 1847, there being then no Commandery nearer Washington than New York. Immediately afterward, he, with other Sir Knights, revived Washington Commandery which had for many years been dormant, and was unanimously elected its Commander, holding that responsible station, with the exception of a single year, for twelve years. In September, 1850, he was elected Grand Recorder of the Grand Encampment of the United States, and held the same until the Triennial Conclave of 1859, when he was elected Grand Master, to which, (the highest station in the Order) he was re-elected in New York, in 1862.

In Ineffable Masonry, our Illustrious Brother received the degrees of the A. A. Scottish Rite, up to and including the 32^o, somewhere about the year 1851, from Illustrious Brother Giles Fonda Yates 33^o, under the authority of the Supreme Council for the Northern Jurisdiction of the United States; and he was soon after elected by the same Council to receive the 33^o. A question of jurisdiction, however arising, our Illustrious Brother declined to receive the *ultima gradus*, until the same was settled. That question being determined, and Washington being declared Southern territory, Brother French received at the hands of Illustrious Brother Albert Pike. S. G. Com, the 33^o and last degree, was made an *active* member and S. G. I. G. for the District of Columbia. On the 26th of April, 1866, he was elected G. Chancellor, and in May last, at the Biennial Session, held in the city of Baltimore, was elected Lieut G. Commander, to fill

the vacancy caused by the death of the lamented Wm. S. Rockwell, of Georgia.

In address-making, Brother French is peculiarly happy, and in this peculiar faculty, or gift, it has been said "he is unequalled since the time of Thaddeus Mason Harris." Anti-Masonic writers have found in him a stumbling block, and have been more than confused by the substantial evidences he drew forth of George Washington's connection with the society. His addresses at the tomb of Washington, at Portland, Me., Richmond, Va., Boston, Mass., and others, not including those delivered in Washington, have redounded to his fame.

At the banquet and in the social circle, where only Masons are found, few are more pleasing; while in debate he is logical and has a perfect control of his voice to suit the size of the room.

But it is not only as a prose writer that Brother French has made his mark. Many of his poetical productions are particularly happy and much sought after. The specimen which we select appeared in the first number of the *American Quarterly Review*, and must suffice, our space admonishing us to call off:

List to the strokes of the bell—

High Twelve!

Sweet on the air they swell

To those who have labored well—

And the Warden's voice is heard—

From the South comes the cheering word:

"In the quarries no longer delve."

Again 'tis the Warden's call—

"High Twelve."

"Lay aside gavel, hammer, and maul,

Refreshment to Craftsmen all

By the generous Master is given.

To those who have cheerfully striven

Like men in the quarries to delve."

There is, to each mortal's life,

High Twelve!

In the *midst* of his earthly strife—

With earth's groveling luxuries rife—

The voice of the Warden comes,

Like the roll of a thousand drums,

"In earth's quarries no longer delve."

List to the tones of the bell—
 High Twelve—
 As if from on high they fell,
 Their silvery echoes swelt:
 And again the voice we hear,
 As if from an upper sphere,
 "Hence for heavenly treasures delve."

There shall ring in the world of bliss
 High Twelve!
 When relieved from our work in this—
 If we've not lived our lives amiss—
 The Master shall call us there,
 Our immortal crown to wear,
 No more in earth's quarries to delve.

POLITENESS TOWARDS STRANGERS

One of the strongest ties which unites Masons is that of fraternity or brotherhood. "By the exercise of brotherly love, we are taught to regard the whole human species as one family; the high and the low, the rich and the poor; who, as created by one Almighty Parent, and inhabitants of the same planet, are bound to aid, support, and protect each other. On this broad platform, Masonry unites people of every country, sect and opinion, and conciliates true friendship among those who might otherwise have remained at a perpetual distance." See Fenton's Webb's Monitor, pp. 40, 41. The legitimate effect of so broad a view of brotherhood is to make the true Mason charitable and courteous toward the "people of every country, sect and opinion." Hence it is that Masons are a courteous, polite people, and especially should they be courteous and polite to strangers. Nor does this courtesy manifest itself toward Craftsmen only, it is far-reaching, going out toward all people, of all conditions, countries, languages and opinions.

It is not affirmed that every individual member of the Fraternity is courteous and polite. In a community numbering a half million, it would hardly be expected by anyone much acquainted with the frailty of human nature, and knowing the great diversity to be found in human character, that all would

live up to so high a standard as the one presented by our Order. But we affirm that the influence of our principles is in favor of courtesy and politeness toward all mankind, even the stranger and sojourner.

Such being the characteristics of the Order, Masons have reason to expect more than a cool, formal civility from the members of the Craft. When one Mason meets another, even as a stranger, he expects to meet one who entertains and acts upon the principles of the Craft. He has reason to expect an affable politeness, and a courtesy which shall manifest itself in kind words and deeds. He has reason to expect this *from principle*—not a narrow selfishness.

If Masonry teaches us to regard the whole human species as one family, created by one Almighty Parent, it teaches us to regard every human being as a *brother man*, and of course we should be considerate of the welfare and happiness of our own brethren.

And what is there which stamps us with so much true manhood, as courtesy manifested towards strangers? What seems to shock us so much, as to see strangers treated uncivilly and uncourteously. We always feel that the churl, who cannot answer a stranger's questions with civility, ought to be kicked out of good society as a person void of principle and good breeding.

But *do* Masons always act toward strangers with that politeness and consideration that they have reason to expect from Craftsmen? I fear not. Indeed, I know that they do not. I have sometimes seen men who advertise their Masonry to the world by wearing a *badge*, act uncourteously towards Brothers who approached them, desirous of acquiring some needed information, and *supposing they were Masons because they wore the badge*. They perhaps selected them out of the crowd on that account, but found out by sad experience that all are not what they appear to be!

Had they been interrogated as to why they were discourteous and impolite to a stranger, perhaps they would have excused themselves by saying, "Business before pleasure or ceremony." But business should not be permitted to so far engross our time that we cannot practice the common courtesies of life. They who have too much business on hand to practice the principles of the Order, had best withdraw; or at

least, they had best remove the badges they are wont to sport upon their persons.

One word more. Now that Masonry is very popular, there are more or less impostors traveling about the country, seeking aid which they do not merit, from members of the Craft. This may have a tendency to induce a want of confidence in all strangers and sojourners. I have heard Masons say, recently, after having been imposed upon, that they intended to look upon everybody as a "*scamp*," until he proved himself to be an honest man. This would certainly place such brothers in a very unmasonic attitude toward strangers. We should not too readily take strangers into our confidence; when they approach us with requests for aid we should put them to the strictest tests; but we should ever treat them with genuine politeness and courtesy, which are characteristics of the Masons.



MASONIC ITEMS.

A WISE ORDER.—General Order No. 1, for the government of the celebration of laying the corner-stone at New York read, "The procession will be composed of Master Masons only, who will wear dark clothing, high black hats, white linen aprons, and white gloves. Officers of Lodges will wear their jewels attached to their coat lapels. No scarf, collar, or banner will be allowed in the procession."

This is what the editor of *The Masonic Record* thinks was, "*cutting off a chance to splurge*," and yet he objects to the absence of colors for officers and dignitaries, and also to excluding the "lambskin." We think the Grand Officers officiating should have been clothed in the regalia belonging to their several offices, and all others should have appeared in plain "lambskins." On such occasions Masons should lay all splurging aside, and meet upon the level. The *Indiana Home Advocate* found fault because brethren were required to dress in dark clothing, and that Sir Knights did not appear as such. We are of opinion that the affair was wisely ordered, and that New York proved herself fully competent to manage her Grand Celebrations, and we hope that other jurisdictions will take due notice and govern themselves on like occasions with as much wisdom.

IN answer to a query of the *Masonic Tidings* the London *Freemason* gives the following in reference to the number of Lodges and Craftsmen of England :

The *Masonic Tidings* asks us to state the approximate numbers of the English Craft. In reply, we say, 1240 Lodges actually working, and 120,000 members. Of these two-thirds are located in England and the rest in our colonies and possessions. In our article in No. 37 on Lord Zetland's career, we gave an approximate estimate. The statements put forward by some of our contemporaries—viz., 150,000 Masons in England, 100,000 in Scotland, and 50,000 in Ireland are absurd. There are not 150,000 in the three Kingdoms.

WE see by our exchanges that Brother B. B. French, a sketch of whose life we transfer from *Pomroy's Democrat*, delivered an able Fourth of July oration at Washington, D. C., on the recent Fourth.

WE understand that the Illustrious Brother Earnest Frolich, Chevalier de l'Ordre de Wasa, has been again entrusted with a Masonic mission to this country by H. M. the King of Sweden; and that one of the first results of his negotiations is that Captain N. G. Phillips, Grand Treasurer-General, and other members of the Supreme Grand Council 33^o, are about to proceed to Stockholm on a visit to King Charles John, by whom they will be lodged and entertained in the Royal Palace during their stay in the Swedish capital.—*London Freemason*.

THE Masonic celebration in Bangor, Maine, was a fine affair, six Commanderies of Knights Templar and thirty subordinate Lodges being present. A procession under the chief marshalship of General H. M. Pliaster, marched to the City Common, where a collation was provided for 2,500 of Brotherhood. M. W. John H. Linde, Grand Master, delivered the address of welcome, and M. W. Josiah H. Drummond, Past Grand Master of Maine, the oration. The report of the Building Committee, on the progress of the new hall, was read. The dedicatory services took place at the hall.—*Figaro*.

At the invitation of the General Assembly of Rhode Island, the corner-stone of the "Rhode Island Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument" was laid at Providence, by the Grand Lodge on the afternoon of the 24th ultimo.

TABLE TALK.—NO. VIII.

BY GOTTFRIED.

"That is a beautiful thing," said I, taking into my hands the cane that Barney Hagerman laid across the center table as he drew his tobacco pouch from his pocket and commenced filling his pipe with "Yacht Club."

I examined the cane. It was an exquisite piece of workmanship. It was a hickory stick with a natural turn at the hand. On the end of this crook was carved, in the most skillful manner, the head of a grey hound. Such carving, and such a head, so perfect and so life-like, I never saw before. It was beautiful. The eyes, the ears, the delicate muzzle, the finely cut mouth, in fact the whole head was impressive with intelligent vitality. That peculiarly earnest and active expression between pleasure and anxiety, which is to be found in the countenance of the faithful canine, had a meaning. It brought to my mind the remarks of the great Goethe while he and his friends were examining a picture of some horses by Landseer, that wonderful painter of animals.

"Why," said one of the company, "are there not more such artists as Landseer?" Goethe replied:

"Any person can paint a horse; any person can paint fifty horses, but the forty-nine after the first of the fifty, is but a repetition of the first one; so, after all, when he has made fifty paintings he has made but the one horse over and over again. Not so with Landseer; each animal that he paints is different from every other one."

"Why is it, then," inquired his friend, "that others do not do the same as Landseer?"

"Because," returned Goethe, "no one but Landseer can catch the *mencheit* (humanity) of the animal and paint it in a picture. The only thing in which the master-pieces of Landseer differ from the works of other artists is, that each of his animals has a distinctive characteristic expression, which, to a greater or less degree resembles the human countenance, and this gives a character to each individual in his group of animals."

How I found this *mencheit* in the hand-piece of Barney Hagerman's cane! After studying the details of the fine carving for

some considerable time, I laid it carefully back upon the table, as Barney seated himself opposite to me, and, leaning back in his chair, puffed thick masses of aromatic smoke from his lips.

"Where did you get that stick?" I enquired.

"I found it," returned Barney Hagerman.

"What a misfortune to the one that lost!" Said I.

"Did I not tell you that I found it?" said Barney. "No one lost it I presume. I found it growing in the woods."

"O, yes," said I, "I understand you now, you found the stick and made the head on it yourself."

"No sir, you do not understand me," rejoined Barney. "I made no head on it. The head was on it when I found it."

"You do not pretend to tell me that that exquisite head grew in that shape, on that stick?" said I in astonishment. Barney replied:

"I have pretended to tell you that very thing, and, to avoid a mistake, or misunderstanding of my meaning, I repeat to you, that I found that stick in the woods with that identical dog's head on it, and that same dog's head grew on that stick precisely in the shape and form you now see it. Now I think we understand each other."

"You surprise me," I continued, "I am loth to believe that you mean to convey the idea your statement implies."

Barney Hagerman slowly, and without a word in reply refilled his pipe, crossed the room, took a match from the safe, and, striking it, applied it to his pipe. He stood several minutes looking out of the window. Finally he returned to the table and resumed his seat. He took up the stick, and holding the head of the cane on a level with his eyes, he scanned it earnestly for a minute, when, laying it back upon the table he said:

"I found that stick with the head on it, in the woods. That head grew there, just as you see it. I had to cut away a good deal of wood to get at the head though, for I could not see the head at all inside the bark and wood that was around it when I found it; but, I knew that I would find the head in there when I had cut away the superincumbent wood that surrounded it. So, I kept whittling away until I at last succeeded in getting off every particle except that beautiful head which was left after the redundant wood was cut away.

"In such an undertaking a person must be very particular,

or he will spoil the head by cutting some of it away with the wood that adheres to it. He must know just where to put the knife each time. In fact, he must see the head inside of the wood, before he begins, (although others cannot see it,) or he will surely spoil it in cutting away the wood."

"Sold!" cried I, and, leaning back in my chair, I contemplated the firm countenance of Barney Hagerman which was touched with the slightest expression of waggery that can be conceived. Barney slowly continued.

"There is a picture in every cloud, in every dash of sunlight, and in every expanse of shadow. There is a statue in every rock, a form in every clod, and an expression in every granite boulder. But it is only the eye of genius that can perceive them, and only the skillful hand, guided by that genius, that can develop them by removing the superabundance of material that conceals them. In truth, these beautiful forms abound in the store-house of genius, and the marble and the clay are only the plaster media chosen by the artist through which to manifest these ideals of his mind—these shadowy forms that people the realms of his genius."

"The glowing fancies we see elaborated in art, first exist in the soul of the artist in burning and consuming thought, where they struggle and conflict for an external expression, until he wrecks them upon the marble or canvass, and, not until others stand face to face with his creations, the ideals of genius, do they see what he saw, and feel what he felt."

"Barney," said I, still contemplating his quiet, yet deeply intellectual features, "Barney, you are out of your sphere. You ought to be in one of our largest cities, where your genius could be appreciated, and where you could meet with men nearer your own intellectual measure."

"You take me for a fool?" turning around and staring full in my face. "Surely you must think me a great fool. Do you suppose I would choose to imprison myself in a paltry city when there is a whole world to live in? Now I am a cosmopolite. I claim the wide world as my residence. The metropolitan is limited to a miserable city of a few hundred thousand people as his home. The cosmopolitan is the center of a universe."

"You would have me exchange the pure air and the bright sunshine of the country for the filthy and pestilential atmosphere

of a city. A large city breathes like a living being. Its breath is poisonous to the human constitution, both physically and morally. The massive lungs of a large city are momentarily pumping its foetid breath along its streets, alleys and avenues, for human beings to live upon. With the physical stench that is generated in large cities, there is also generated a moral carbonic acid gas, which is just as poisonous to the human mind, as the other is to the human body. Men cannot think purely when they are plunged up to their eyes in bad air and bad morals."

"I do not comprehend what you mean by the breathings of a city," said I.

"I will tell you," replied Barney Hagerman, and continued. "Take the city of New York at sun-rise, in July, or August, as an illustration. A comparative rest, for a few minutes prevails. A cool air arises from the cleanly swept and freshly sprinkled paving stones of the upper portion of Broadway. But soon the city, like a huge monster, awakes, and begins to chafe and growl. One hundred and twenty-five thousand draft-horses, burdened to their utmost strength, pour their fiery breath, through heated nostrils, along the streets. This, in a few minutes, mingles with the effluvia arising from the droppings of the same number of horses. These emanations arise in rank undulations, and, mingling with the breath of half a million human beings, form a distinctive element in the common air that you and I must breathe. The whirl of business, the great rise and fall of every day human action and motion, the conflict and turmoil of animal action, the din and struggle of mechanical motion, are all started, and the lungs of the city are fairly in play. They inspire and expire like the lungs of a leviathan. We inhale the expirations, composed of the fumes from incubating oil, of rotten fish, of escaping gas, of smoke stacks, of tar, pitch and oakum, of meat-markets and fish-markets, of chandries and refineries, of cooking, stewing, roasting and baking, of the garbage and sewerage, of the sweat and droppings of all the horses, mingled, bring the out-gush of the great lungs of the city. That is what I mean by the breathings of a large city."

"But this is in the morning," continued Barney Hagerman. "Wait until evening,—until after these disgusting and sickening out-door pestilences have been multiplied for fourteen

hours,—until the cursing, swearing and drinking commences,—until indecent revels are at their acme,—until debauchery, vice and crime open their obscene orgies, when want and misery send up their piteous prayer to mingle with the wail of disease and the shouts of fiends. The lungs of the great city are then playing fearfully, under the impulses of a raging fever.

“It must be very interesting to a man of good taste to live in a great city, and to inhale this infectious breath, rank from its diseased lungs, day after day. It must be beautiful to live—nay, to mock life in a large city.

“Here we live in one of the most beautiful villages in the world. It has its little lungs, too, and its gentle breath, as pure as an infant's. Look out of the window there, where the crystal waters of the St. Joseph reflect the white cottages on the thither shore. See the boys playing with the great, shaggy Newfoundlander. Carlo enjoys the fun; the boys their pants rolled above their knees, their little limbs as red as lobster's from wading in the cool water, also enjoy the sport. Hear that merry burst of cheerful laughter, mingling with the morning song of the robin, the thrush and the oriole. There is nothing chronic in that shout. There is no morbid odor, no fetid breath, no sudden and alarming palpitations in that morning revelry of the barefoot village boys. Feel that puff of pure fresh air, as it steals with its balmy odors through the meadow. Do you catch the aroma of the oak and the hickory, mingled with the perfume of the wild anemone, and the meadow sweet? They come fluttering along on the wings of the zephyr, from yonder grove across the meadow. And yonder stretches the broad prairie, with its blue gauzy atmosphere, and its carpet of springing wheat fields. Oh! how beautiful everything is, and how it makes one wish to live forever. Even the human countenance, in the midst of this world of peace, and quiet, and unpretending purity, is more beautiful, and the unaffected smile more cheerful.

“There goes the mechanic to his daily toil, whistling merrily. He carries no brick in his hat from last night's debauchery. Yonder comes the farmer with his broad and honest smile, bringing his tributary butter-pail in the cool of the morning. Seen in this point of view, life is beautiful. Honest industry and contentment hallow life in the country. Speculation and vice desecrate it in the city. The metropolitan lives in a city.

To him the city is the world. The cosmopolitan lives in the world. To him the world is home. I am a cosmopolitan.

"You would advise me to exchange all this sweet peace, this pure life, this reality of being, for the feverish pulsations, the dust and noise, the filth and vice of a city, would you? No, no, I am not such a fool as you take me for. Here I know every body; in a city I know nobody. I almost lose my own individuality, and scarcely know myself. No sir, I am not such a fool."

"Yes, but my dear fellow," said I, "you forget to put in the balance against this dark picture of the city which you have drawn, and of metropolitan life, its brighter and more cheerful aspect. You forget the great and eminent men who illumine our large cities with the moral light that emanates from their wonderful intellects. There is the great Henry Ward Beecher and his great moral reform."—

"His great what?" inquired Barney.

"His moral reform and work of humanity," I returned.

"Work for himself, rather," said Barney.

"Do you mean to say that Henry Ward Beecher is not the foremost man of the age?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Barney, "I mean that very thing, that Henry Ward Beecher is not the greatest man of the age. There are many better novelists. Take any ten pages that Auerbach or Victor Hugo ever wrote, and the said ten pages contain more thought, more morality, more life, more *geist*, (spirit), than all Beecher ever wrote. Hugo and Auerbach are cosmopolitans; they have lost sight of, and have outgrown country and nationality, and write for humanity. Beecher is a New Englander, and to him New England is the world, and all humanity dwell in New England. He knows no world beyond New England. Therefore, he writes for New Englanders. Consequently, Norwood, what the New Englanders are pleased to call his great work, is simply twaddle—a re-hash of New England puritan life, which has been served up just as well by Holmes and a half dozen other New England writers before. I would recommend to Henry Ward Beecher, to purchase "On the Heights," by Berthold Auerbach, and to read it once a month for five years; not only read it, but study it as he would a complex science, (for it is a most wonderful ethical work, although a novel,) and, if he

studies it faithfully five years, let him write another novel if he will. Norwood is twaddle, the merest twaddle."

"Yes, but I allude to Beecher as a Minister of the gospel," said I.

"Yes, but he is not a minister of the gospel," rejoined Barney Hagerman. "He is an editor, a lecturer, a politician, a serio-comical actor, a novelist, and, we may hear next, that he is a competitor for acrobatic honors in the hipodrom."

"Barney Hagerman, why are you so provokingly perverse?" said I, not a little vexed at the manner in which he was treating the great favorite, "you very well know that Mr. Beecher is one of the most eminent of living clergymen."

"Of what faith, denomination, or persuasion?" enquired Barney.

"I cannot say," replied I, "that he belongs to any particular creed or church, but he preaches morality and humanity from his own independent stand point."

"Because he is well paid for it," quickly replied Barney "Stop his pay and his humanity stops. Pay him a larger salary for doing it, and he will proclaim the old, intolerant, puritan orthodoxy, or advocate the dogmas the Holy Mother church. He is a metropolitan, and pleases a metropolitan congregation, because he is well paid for it. He would undertake any other business that he could perform indifferently well at the same price, on speculation. He is a money maker. He would have succeeded well as a peddler, for his manner of doing things is interesting. He does not deal in codfish, dry goods, boots and shoes, silks, or straw goods, because there is more risk in that trade than in his present Jack-of-all-trades employment; besides they would require a heavier investment and would not pay as well."

"I perceive you have not a very high opinion of Mr. Beecher," said I, ready to drop the subject.

"Well," said Barney, slowly, and drawing his words into prolonged tones, "well, that depends upon circumstances; I think he is a good judge of a horse, and would have made a splendid horse jockey, or hack driver; my opinion of him in that respect is high; but, as a novelist, it is low,—very low—as a preacher, low—as a moral reformer, very low—as a politician very low—very low indeed,—as a financier, very high—he

would make money out of meal. As a stump speaker, fair—as a dancing master he would have excelled.

“O don’t make a fool of yourself, Barney,” said I, impatiently.

“Come now, my dear fellow,” said Barney, refilling his pipe, “I beg you to remember what we were talking about, to wit, the great moral light emanating from the eminent intellects of large cities. Now the truth is the very man you have seen proper to introduce as an illustration, proves how completely the social tone of a large city becomes imbued with the sickening and moral infection which must ever arise in its crowded limits. Mr. Beecher does not even profess Christianity. As you say, he preaches morality and humanity from his own stand point; his congregation *call* it preaching and pay a princely salary for it. Abner Kneeland did the same thing in Boston, and was imprisoned for it, and finally driven from the city. Yes, Beecher preaches—he preaches anything to please his congregation. He labors to make the path to heaven easy for them in return for their dimes. He gets off an expensive weekly entertainment for them, because they can afford it. That humble preacher who proclaimed the words of divine truth to the multitude, on the shores of Gallilee, eighteen hundred years ago, would cut a pretty figure in Henry Ward Beecher’s church in Brooklyn. He would be hissed and scouted out of the pulpit, or rather rostrum. Beecher is an indifferent actor on a high salary. Lew Osborn would get up a much better entertainment, say as many pointed and funny things, on a much lower salary, if the congregation could only manage to keep him sober on Sundays.”

“Sermons in stones * * *
Books in the running brooks,
And good in everything,”

are not to be found in large cities,” said Barney Hagerman, igniting a match and applying it to his pipe. These only pertain to the country, and to the quiet and peaceful villages of the county, where malicious conventionalities are ignored, and where pure air, pure morals, and pure life promote human happiness.”

A MASONIC NOVELTY.

HOW A WOMAN CAN BE MADE A MASON.

A wedding, always interesting, recently transpired at Kalamazoo, under circumstances so entirely novel as to create a very unusual flutter in the gentle bosoms of our "Burr Oak City." The following notice tells the story:

MARRIED—Sir Knight John H. Hoffman and Miss Lizzie Rollins—on Monday eve. June 27th, at the Asylum of "Peninsular Commandery No. 8," by Rev. Dr. Foster, Rector of St. John's Church and Prelate of the Commandery, assisted by Rev. Mr. Watts of St. Luke's.

The occasion was so pleasant, as well as so entirely unique, and the arrangements were so graceful, tasteful and *recherche*, that we feel justified in occupying a little space with a delineation of its Masonic features.

Sir Knight Hugh Rollins, the father of the bride, has been for fifteen years the faithful Tyler of Kalamazoo Lodge, and the vigilant sentinel of the Commandery. Sir Knight Hoffman, the groom, has been for some years the attentive and obliging steward of the Order. The groom, the bride and her father are all much respected and beloved by troops of friends in and out of the Fraternity.

When it was whispered around that the silken "cable" was to bind the two in a marriage tie, the Sir Knights (under a happy inspiration) decided to testify their brotherly regard for their old and young officer, as well as for her who is the daughter of one, and soon to be the bride of the other, by proposing to give their wedding, reception and banquet at the Asylum of the Order. The compliment was accepted as kindly as it was offered.

Wedding cards were accordingly issued to the one hundred and fifty Sir Knights of this jurisdiction, their wives and sweethearts, and to many of the family and personal friends of the parties. The cards were in the usual form, except that "Peninsular Commandery No. 8," appeared, *in loco parentis*, as the giver of the entertainment.

The ceremony was appointed for 8 o'clock P. M. At 7:30 a detachment of Knights, in full regalia, welcomed the arriving guests at the foot of the stairway leading to the brilliantly illuminated rooms of the Order, in the third story of Masonic

Hall. Another detachment, at the head of the stairway, assigned the guests their allotted positions in the Asylum.

Upon entering the splendid and spacious Hall, the arrangement of its furniture was the first thing to strike the eye of the Mason. The altar stood upon the back part of the dais in the extreme east. Upon the purple velvet cushion of the altar rested the Bible, bearing upon its open pages the Square and Compass, properly displayed, all surrounded and illuminated by three wax tapers in silver candlesticks. High above the altar, and from a brilliantly illuminated transparency, there looked down upon us the "All Seeing Eye" encircled by the letter "G," beneath which, a golden "Royal Arch," springing from Corinthian columns of gold and spanning the altar, bore aloft the inscription, "Holiness to the Lord." Suspended beneath the arch, and from its "Key Stone" of mysterious meaning, hung a large and beautiful boquet in the shape of a marriage bell—an amalgam of roses and lillies whose chimes were the sweetest of perfume. On either side of the dais, in the N. E. and S. E. corners of the Asylum, were suspended the banners of the Red Cross and the Templar Knight. Beneath and flanking these were the four Royal Arch banners (red, white, blue and purple) of beautiful material and embroidery. The other furniture of the Lodge Room was in its usual position. The whole was brilliantly illuminated.

When all was ready for the ceremony—at 8 o'clock sharp—the two officiating clergymen, in clerical robes, took their position on the dais, in the east, one on either side of the altar and under the "Royal Arch." The guests had been arranged on either side of the Asylum so as to leave an unobstructed open space in the center, from west to east, which included the tessellated pavement of woods inlaid in the floor.

As the clergy took their position by the altar, the organ struck up the "Wedding March" with emphatic cadence; and the Sir Knights, emerging from their Armory in full regalia, entered the Asylum at the west, and marched, in two ranks and in open order, keeping step to the music, up the open span in the center nearly to the dais in the east. Here the lines halted, faced inwards and come to a "present arms,"—thus forming, down the entire length of the Asylum, an avenue all overreached with glittering steel. Along this avenue and under this arch, now passed the bridal party, led by M. W. A. T. Metcalf, Grand Mas-

ter of Michigan, and M. E. C. H. Brown, Grand High Priest of Michigan, followed by the bride, leaning on the arm of Frank Henderson, E. C., and the groom, supported by H. J. Brownell, G. In this order they moved slowly up to the dais, where, kneeling on the altar cushions at the feet of the Prelate, the affianced pair took upon themselves those other "vows" that made them man and wife. During the ceremony the Prelate stood immediately under the center of the Royal Arch—the Sir Knights, in line, stood at "parade rest" with sword points on the floor, their doffed helmets, held in the left hand, rested against the right shoulder. The Lord's Prayer of the ceremony was repeated by all the Sir Knights in unison with the officiating Prelate, and all the responses to the petitions were also given in the usual Masonic manner; and when, at the conclusion of the ceremony, the Prelate, with uplifted hands, had pronounced the holy benediction upon the kneeling pair, the "*so mote it be,*" of Masonic assent, was uttered with a unanimity and a fervor that betokened a sincere and hearty interest in the future welfare and happiness of the brother and his bride.

Upon the completion of the marriage ceremony, the Sir Knights immediately removed helmets and arms and again came to a "present." As the organ took up the lively movement of Mendelsohn's Wedding Hymn, the happy pair, preceded by the E. C., retired from the altar, and as they passed back between the ranks of Knights and beneath their "arch of steel," its blades rang out a merry clangor telling them in Masonic symbol of that cherishing and protecting spirit that will hover over and guard them on their "journey" not only "up," but "down the hill," and when, at last, they "shall sleep together at the foot," will also be there to breathe another and a parting benediction.

The bridal pair were now conducted by the E. C. to the reception room of the Fraternity, where they received the congratulations of the assembled friends and guests. Regalia was now doffed by the Knights. After an hour or more had passed in happy wishes and merry chat, refreshments were announced, and the party were conducted up to the banquet hall of the Commandery, where, within walls gaily bedecked with wreaths of flowers, evergreens and Masonic emblems, tables had been elegantly spread with everything attractive to the eye and the taste.

The Eminent Commander took the head of the cruciform tables, placing the bride and groom at his right and their relatives at his left. The Prelate, at the foot of the same table, reverently invoked God's blessing on the feast. At this and at other tables around the sides of the room, the guests, to the number of two hundred and fifty, were seated, and partook of the tempting viands and refreshments with which the tables were loaded.

Every Knight Templar can readily imagine the fun such a novel banquet would naturally suggest.

The "pilgrim warrior," having done necessary penance at Cupid's shrine had been admitted to the mysteries that "sealed his fate." "Silver and gold we had none," but such as we had we freely gave. "God speed" them on their way, was smilingly but earnestly on every lip. A crusty *bachelor* Knight suggested "it was better to sit in the chamber of reflection *before* than *after* some ceremonies." The same amiable gentleman also remarked that Cupid's devotees were always led blindfold into trouble. Notwithstanding our crusty friend however. toward the close of the feast, it was unanimously and vociferously voted by the Knights, amid peals of laughter, that the customary questions need not be proposed at the table. The discussion was manifestly useless. It was also agreed that the great Masonic puzzle—"Can a woman be made a Mason?" which, like perpetual motion, and squaring the circle, had caused much speculation and some difficulty, had at last found a successful and pleasant solution.

A DIALOGUE.

Bro. A.—"Good morning, *Bro. B.* They tell me you were at Detroit recently, to attend the the session of the Grand Commandery. You had a good time I have no doubt? And did you see all the sights, join in the processions and the boat-ride? Dear me! how I should have enjoyed all those things? Do tell me how it is that you can find time to attend the sessions of all the Grand Bodies, while I am chained to my business like a galley slave, and can rarely if ever go from home."

Bro. B.—"I will assure you, my worthy Brother A., that we did have a glorious time at the recent session of our Command-

ery, and I do pity the Sir Knights whose hearts were with us, but whose circumstances really prevented their attendance of the Grand Commandery. But in all kindness, my Brother, let me say *that you do not share my pity!* You are in easy circumstances, and might have attended this session, if you had only had the will. You are abundantly able to incur the trifling expense, and could have either hired a little extra help, or, for a few days, done less business. Do you ever consider that *others* have to make sacrifices in order to be present at the sessions of the Grand Bodies? They have to let business go, for a time, and *I* am of opinion that *it pays*; if not in dollars and cents, it does in enjoyment; and I esteem a dollar's worth of enjoyment as quite equivalent to a dollar in money."

Bro. A.—"You are quite right, Bro. B., but though I would willingly make some sacrifices, yet you know how *I* am situated. It would not do for me to shut up my store for a whole week, or even for half that time; and when *I* go, my clerks are at a loss, half the time, to know what to do. But it sets me into raptures when I hear the Sir Knights tell the good times they had, and I sometimes wish my store was in Tophet, or some other quiet place, so that I could have a little time I could call my own!"

Bro. B.—"Pardon me, my friend, and I will inform you where I think you err: you try to do too much; and shut yourself off from much of the most useful and happy part of life's enjoyments. I rarely see you present at the Lodge, of late; or at the Chapter meetings. Once in a while I see you at the Commandery. Why is this? You seem to *love* Masonry as much as ever."

Bro. A.—"You need make no apology for your freedom of speech, my worthy Companion and Sir Knight, for I know you mean well, and what is more, I know that there is truth in what you say. I am trying to do too much. The cares of my business take up all my time. I rise at an early hour, eat in haste, and without a moment for family pastime, I am off to my store room. And late at night I return, weary, to my family. I hardly know what it is to have an hour for social enjoyment, at home, or with my friends."

Bro. B.—"And yet you have as much time as I, or any other man. You have all the time there is, while your life holds out,

and it is your duty to *rightly divide your time*. I fear you have not yet learned the Masonic use of the 24 inch gage. *Do you rightly divide your time?* If we give all our time to any one object or pursuit, we shall of course have to neglect all others. We have no moral right to so apply ourselves to business that we must needs have to neglect our domestic or social interests. But you get a report of our doings in the *Michigan Freemason*. Of course you take that journal?"

Bro. A.—"No, I confess I have not subscribed yet I have often thought I would, but I have so managed that I have not had time to read the publications I now have on my hands. But you make me see how blind to my highest interest I have been! I am convinced, and will make a radical change."

Bro. B.—"Hope you will, and to begin, let me report your name, accompanied with \$2,00, to those good Brothers who are working so hard to give us a home journal, devoted to the interests of the Craft in Michigan."

Bro. A.—"Agreed, my worthy Sir Knight, and from this time you will find me at my post of duty. My business shall not be neglected, but I will remember to use my Masonic working tools, and keep business within due bounds."

MEETING OF THE SUPREME COUNCIL FOR THE NORTHERN JURISDICTION.

The Supreme Council of Sov. Gd. Ins. Gen., 33° for the Northern Jurisdiction U. S. A., convened in annual session on the 15th ult. at Masonic Hall, Cincinnati.

Michigan was represented by Ill. Bro. D. B. Tracy, Dist. Dep'y. Insp. Gen. for this State, and Ill. Bro's Rev. F. A. Blades, of Adrian; M. E., C. H. Brown, Gd. P. H., and M. W. A. T. Metcalf, Gd. M., of Kalamazoo, and R. W. Landon, Gd. Treas., of Niles.

Among the pleasant incidents that transpired during the session was the reception of Ill. Bro. Albert Pike, Sov. Gr. Commander of the Southern Jurisdiction, and Ill. Bro. Giles M. Hillyer, Gd. Min. of State, of the Southern Supreme Council.

As an item of particular interest to the members of the A. and A. Rite in this State, we print the following resolution offered by Ill. Bro. Woodbury, and which was adopted:

Resolved, That all limitations in the number of active members in the Subordinate bodies of this Rite, be, and the same are hereby abolished, whether the same are in the Constitution or By-Laws of said Bodies or not.

In relation to the Grand Orient of France, the following decrees were unanimously adopted :

1st.—For its unlawful aggression upon the jurisdictional right of the Supreme Council for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States, all relations of amity and alliance between us and the Grand Orient of France are severed, and all communication between each of us and it will cease.

2d.—For its recognition of an unlawful, illegitimate and spurious body of expelled Masons, as a lawful Supreme Council of the 33d degree, its Peer and Equal, we do no longer recognize the Grand Orient of France as within the pale of Masonry, but hold it, and all bodies and individual Masons under its jurisdiction, as infected by the same taint of illegality, and as unlawfully communicating with clandestine and irregular Masons.

3d.—We do henceforward recognize the Supreme Council of the 33d degree, for France and its dependencies, over which the Ill. Bro. Cremieux presides, and of which the Ill. Bro. Vicompte de la Fonquirere is Secretary-General, as the sole legitimate Supreme Power of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite in France and for its Dependencies.

4th.—All our Lodges of Perfection, Councils, Chapters and Consistories, and our Sanctuaries of every degree, are inexorably closed against all Masons of the obedience of the Grand Orient of France; and all Masons of our obedience are forbidden to visit any bodies of that obedience, or to recognize as Masons any who acknowledge the supremacy of the Grand Orient of France.

5th.—This suspension of amicable relations will continue until all claim of right on the part of the Grand Orient of France to consider the pretences to legality of bodies of the Ancient and Accepted Rite within our respective jurisdictions are disavowed, and sufficient guarantees are obtained against the disturbance by it of the Masonic peace of the United States.

6th.—In respect to the qualifications of profanes seeking initiation, no other Masonic Power will be permitted to dictate to us what laws we shall enact or what customs and usages follow.

THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL R. R.

The season of heat and dust has come again, and travel by most of our Rail Roads is well nigh intolerable. The Michigan Central alone affords comfort, yea, pleasure, to the traveler. Its cars are spacious, and well ventilated with an abundance of fresh air, and almost entirely free from dust. Its conductors are gentlemanly, most of whom have knelt at the altar of Masonry. The country and cities through which it passes cannot be surpassed for beauty; and the tourist over this route has an opportunity of passing over the Suspension Bridge, and visiting the Falls of Niagara without incurring extra expense, or loss of time. In a word we can truthfully commend the Michigan Central as the most pleasant and attractive route connecting the great West with the East.

A MAN MISSING.—On the 6th of June, S. A. Covell, son of Companion L. Covell, Esq., left his home in Ligonier, Noble Co., Ind., intending to visit the horse shows of Michigan, and sell his black mare, noted for her speed, which he drove before a sulky of wood color, varnished. He has not been heard from, and foul play is feared by his anxious parents. Said S. A. C., is a man 27 years old, 5 feet tall, brown hair and blue eyes. Information is asked. Brothers and Companions, make inquiry and report as above, and request your editors to copy this notice.

THE SECOND VOLUME.—With this issue we enter upon our second volume. We intend to make it much more attractive than our first, as we expect to have a better patronage to yield the means of making it better. We shall insist upon the twenty subscribers from each Lodge. How many will report in the next? Give us this average, and we will give you a magazine equal to the best published.

Will the officers of Lodges take hold of the matter at once and with vigor? Who will respond?

We bind the volumes of the Michigan Freemason in the best style of Magazine binding at one dollar per copy. When convenient, several Brothers can unite, and send their copies in the same package, and thus save considerable in the way of expressage. But the price will be a dollar for binding whether received in packages, or single copies.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. II.—AUGUST, A. L. 5870.—NO. II.

MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

Having lately had the pleasure of conferring with a brother who, were we to mention his name, would be recognized as one of the foremost leaders of modern thought, we are induced to place before our readers some of the reflections to which our conversation has given birth. One of the first inquiries to which we may give expression is this: To what extent is Freemasonry identified with modern progress, and what influence does it really wield in the development of the true and beautiful in life?

Our learned brother contends that Freemasonry is no longer the *summum bonum*—the consummation of excellence—the perfection of spirituality and truth. He contends that its inner sanctuaries are desecrated, and its radiant revelations darkened and defaced by the touch of ignorant and unclean hands. He avers that intellect is ignored, philosophy forgotten, and science voted a dead letter, in our modern assemblies. He holds that rank without learning, wealth without wisdom, geniality without wit, are mighty powers in Freemasonry, and that we have constantly ceased to exert any appreciable influence upon the age in which we live, or upon mankind in general. The charge is the more serious because it emanates from one who avows his belief in the good which Freemasonry has hitherto achieved, and who further considers it capable of reassuming its place as the *dux populi*. We instanced to our eminent friend, as proofs of the beneficent works of the Order, the noble charities to which English Freemasons so liberally contribute, but we were met by the reply that the "Licensed Victualers" whom no one

could accuse of being a scientific body, were equal, if not superior, to the Masonic Fraternity in the support of their own charitable institutions. We spoke of the fraternal feelings which Freemasonry evokes between man and man; and, while granting their importance and utility, our friend replied that in the present era such were merely sentimental ties, and powerless to restrain the evil disposed from acts of enmity or malevolence. He further intimated that we had carefully preserved the shell, and forgotten the kernel—we had unswathed the body of Masonry, and hung up the grave-clothes as mysterious relics—utterly oblivious of the history of the past, and blind to the possibilities of the future. "What have we lost?" was our natural ejaculation, and the reply was significant: "Knowledge and Power!" nor could we at that sitting elicit further explanation from our brother, although we confess that we should be glad to have his opinion on the subject for the enlightenment of our readers. As the case stands, let us grope our way to a meaning.

All students of the inner life of Humanity—all aspirants after the Infinite and the Eternal—all those whom we may term priests of Nature and worshipers of the true God, feel an ineffable craving for knowledge, light, and perfection. This element, which in some is an invincible instinct, induces the individual man to frame unattainable ideals—eidolons, so to speak, of the imagination—Olympian glimpses of skies beaming with supernatural glory. It is hard to be obliged to pass from this elysium of thought into the dark, stern realities of existence; it is doubly hard to find that the panacea for human ills, which we are anxious to impart, is rejected and disdained. A Brotherhood of Man—how noble is the conception, how divine the truth! but how far from realization let the records of all time bear witness. We, as Freemasons, cannot pretend to change the aspect of the world—we cannot banish grief and pain from the cot or the palace—we cannot kill the giants, Want, and Disease, who wrestle forever with mankind in this "amphitheatre of strife, ever dark with tragedy and woe;" but we can smoothe with the gentle hend of charity the pillow of the weary and forlorn; we can point to the source of all comfort, and bid the mourners dry their tears at the feet of Him who never turns away from His sad, though erring children. We can raise the figure of Hope, like the serpent in the wilderness, and bid them

gaze and live; and we can impress upon all our votaries that such are duties which they are bound to perform, if they desire to act in conformity with the principles of Freemasonry. We ask our learned friend, and with him all our thoughtful readers, whether it is not better to educate the heart of man to feel for his fellow-creatures than to fill his mind with theological subtleties or metaphysical enigmas. We do not undervalue learning; on the contrary we are anxious that all its professors and exemplars, who are also *true and good Masons*, should be clothed in purple and fine raiment, as men whom the Craft ought to honor and respect. But we protest against ideal standards of perfection. Freemasonry is not an organization to be tampered with by politicians or philosophers.

Let each sphere of action possess its own laborers; the day has forever gone by when Freemasonry could presume upon exclusive knowledge. The saloons of science are crowded with capable men who are neither our rivals nor our foes. Modern philosophy, like Prometheus, would fain pluck down fire from heaven, and consume all that has been revered or venerated from the days of old. We have no ambition to enter, like an antique gladiator, into so fatal an arena, or to struggle against dogmas the acceptance of which would reduce all our faith in the Creator and love for his creatures to a chaos of doubt and darkness. If not the pioneers of thought in this boasted age, let Freemasons be, at least, found amongst the supporters of truth, and let our actions evince to the world that we are something more than a benefit society or an association of *gourmands* and wine-bibbers.

The precepts we inculcate are indelible virtues, the goal for which we strive is a kingdom imperishable, immortal, eternal; the haven of the just and true—an Elysium which is scarcely dreamed of within the rationalistic circle of modern philosophy.
—*London Freemason.*

FREEMASONRY.—No candidate can be admitted into Freemasonry or share in its occult mysteries unless he be a free man, of mature age, sound judgment, and strict morality.

THE NEOPHYTE: A TALE OF THE SECRET ORDER OF PYTHAGORAS.

The first rays of the rising sun were gilding the marble palaces and temples of Crotona, when Heros and his companions, fresh from the wine-house and the stews, frightened the silence of the blushing morn' by their loud jests and bacchanalian songs. The careful citizen, starting from his slumber, prayed Minerva that his sons might not resemble Heros; the virgin, who had gazed upon him with enamored eyes, vowed a wreath to Juno to incline the libertine to marriage; while the aged augur, employed at that early hour in decorating the temples for the morning sacrifice, scowled after him, and prophesied evil. Reckless alike of censure or esteem, the mad troop bounded on, appearing, in their flowing garments and flower-crowned brows, more like a band of specters than children of the earth. At length they reached the building where Pythagoras, who had fled from his native Samos, disgusted with the tyranny of Polycrates, taught that system of philosophy which has rendered his name immortal. Even at that early hour his school was thronged with pupils, who formed a circle round their inspired master, so wrapped in his discourse, so mute and breathless, that they more resembled a group of statuary from the chisel of the divine Praxiteles than an assembly of living men. The subject of his discourse was the then mysterious science of *Geometry*, the knowledge of which he had acquired in his travels through Egypt and Judea, and which *veiled in allegory and symbols*, he taught to his more favored disciples. In the midst of his lecture, the propriety of the assembly was disturbed by the unceremonious entrance of Heros and his companions who, reckless and eager for sport, thought to confound the philosopher, and turn his doctrine into mirth. Pythagoras received them with an undismayed countenance, and, perceiving their design, resolved, by changing the subject of his lecture, to shame them, if possible, from the vice to which they were the slaves.

"Drunkenness," he exclaimed, "ye men of Crotona, is alike the grave of manhood and virtue; the homicide of reason—of that noble faculty which the gods have given to mankind to distinguish them from the creatures of the field: but, alas! how often is their benevolence wronged by its perversion! How often is society outraged by the folly and madness of the wine-

cup, and man, the nearest to the gods, in *wisdom*, *strength*, and *beauty*, by his own act, by the indulgence of the worst of vices, degraded to the level of the brute! We see them in our streets, the scoff of childhood, the scorn of the wise, the inferior of the slave. While such men exist in Crotona, the altars of Bacchus need no hecatomb; garlanded for the sacrifice, the herd of voluntary beasts are waiting at his temple."

The clear voice and dignified manner of the sage gave strength to his words. Heros hung his head in shame, and silently removed the garland from his brow.

"What," hiccupped Theon, one of his dissolute companions, who had observed the action, "shamed by the scolding of a man, who rails against the pleasures of the world, because he is past their enjoyment, or has found them sour? Still silent? Art thou a man, and suffer a torrent of epithets to overwhelm thee, drowned in expletives? Well, be it so. Let us leave him, friends, to turn sophist; in thy present mood, I'll have no more of him or thee; the fit will soon pass, and thou wilt find us at the house of the courtesan, *Lais*; her smiles will dispel the fumes of the wine, and soon unphilosophise thee."

With these words, the drunken Theon and his friends departed from the hall, leaving Heros alone with the moralist and his disciples. For hours the abashed youth sat, with his face veiled in his robe, listening to the wisdom of Pythagoras with attentive care, and reflecting with bitterness upon the folly of his past life; his name stained with excess, his means impaired; the noble aim, the purpose of his being, defeated and destroyed. The instruction for the morning being ended, one by one the disciples bowed to their master, and left his presence in reverential silence. The sage was at last about to depart, when Heros, falling on his knee, caught him by the garment.

"What wouldst thou?" demanded the surprised philosopher: "this house is not a vintner's, nor are those who are its inmates thy companions. The residence of *Lais* is in the street where stands the Hospital; if thou art incapable of reaching it, a porter for hire will convey thee to her door."

"Father," exclaimed the youth, wounded by the severity of his manner, "I abjure such pleasure! I would learn truth; teach me thy wisdom."

"It is the wine-cup speaketh," sternly rejoined Pythagoras; "truth is an element too pure for thy vitiated taste. Wisdom

to thee!—wisdom to the drunkard!—as well might you offer grim Pluto's sacrifice upon the altar of Olympian Jove, and deem the rites accepted. Farewell."

"Stay yet one moment," replied the suppliant. "Is the folly of youth to render of effect the resolve of age; even the gods relent if wooed with penitence. Wilt thou be less pitiful, father? Friend, reject me not; lead me from ignorance to wisdom; from vice to virtue."

The sage, attracted by the apparent earnestness of the youth, gazed upon him for a few moments, as if to read his very soul. "I remember," he at last exclaimed, "during the Trojan war, thou wert shield-bearer to the valiant and royal Agamemnon, and wert slain by an arrow from the walls; evil and good were mingled in thee—thou art still the same, I find. Dost thou not remember me? I then was Euphorbus."

Heros listened in astonishment, never having heard before of the sage's doctrine of the transmigration of the soul.

"Thou art strangely surprised, I see," continued Pythagoras. "Alas! for the unrestrained indulgence of thy passions, wert thy soul chastened by temperance, thy mind fortified by wisdom, the past, which now appears to the page, blank and unlettered, would be as clear as the bright sun; but now the earthly particles of thy name prevail, and vice and intemperance obscure it."

"Tell me," exclaimed the bewildered youth, "how may I hope to obtain such wondrous knowledge?"

"By silence and patience," replied the philosopher. "No words," he continued, laying his finger upon his lip; "obey me—await my hour, and depart."

Silent and thoughtful, Heros sought his home; a few hours had changed him. The intoxicating pleasure that hitherto had held his soul in chains, debasing its action, crushing its nobler energies, he determined should be cast off for ever.

"The cup, the midnight revel," he exclaimed, "shall be exchanged for wisdom; like an unseemly garb, I cast aside the vices of youth, and clothe myself anew."

Months passed away, and Heros still adhered to his resolution. Night found him at his studies, and morning stimulated him but to fresh exertion: still the expected summons from the sage came not; and, with the impatience of youth, he deemed himself forgotten, or held unworthy of his instruction. The re-

port of his altered mode of life soon spread through the city ; but when they heard it, old men shook their heads, and exclaimed, that he would break out again more furious than the untamed colt ; more drunk than ever.

His companions, angry at being denied admittance at his door, sneered, and declared he had a fever ; but all joined in the opinion, that his present change of life was but the mask for some fresh folly.

The day of the city festival at last arrived, and Heros once more mingled with his fellow-citizens ; it being an occasion on which he could not be absent without dishonor. Instead of the loose, festive garments he had hitherto worn, he appeared in a robe of unbleached wool, carefully girded round his person ; while with an ivory staff he guided his steps with decent gravity. On his entrance into the assembly, the old men scoffed at him, and refused him his seat amongst them, exclaiming : " Who is this in the garb of a sage ?—the drunkard Heros !—back, your place is not here."

Instead of resenting this marked insult with the intemperance that had formerly characterized him, he meekly bowed his head, saying, that youth was honored in the reproof of age. The young men of his own standing, emboldened by the example of their elders, refused to receive him, reviling him as a hypocrite ; even the maidens, who had formerly courted his smile, thinking to gratify their parents by a display of modesty, drew their veils closely as he passed them. Heros looked around, no one smiled upon him ; none moved for him ; shamed, at length, with being the object of public gaze, he quietly seated himself at the foot of the assembly.

Pythagoras, who with his disciples, had been honored with a public seat, beheld the conduct of Heros with secret satisfaction, and, advancing in the center of the assembly, exclaimed aloud, " Know, O ye men of Crotona, that humility is the first step to wisdom ;" and giving his hand to the overwhelmed but delighted youth, he led him to a seat amongst his pupils. The citizens loudly applauded the judgment of the sage, exclaiming, " Hail to Pythagoras ! honor to the victor of the Olympic games !" The ceremonies of the day passed on, and Heros had the satisfaction of twice laying the prize of his skill at the feet of his distinguished master.

Pythagoras demanded from his disciples a *noviate of five*

years, before he admitted them to a participation of the *higher mysteries* of his science. The reformed Heros had, for as long a period, been one of the most zealous of his pupils; the first to await his instruction, the last to depart. As the favored of the philosopher, the good no longer shunned him, men's tongues were loud in his praise; and he waited impatiently for the hour that was to admit him to a participation of that knowledge his soul thirsted to attain.

Returning from the contemplation of the heavenly system, whose many worlds proclaim the existence of the Eternal, he encountered a party of his former dissolute companions, with Theon at their head. The wine-cup had been drained, and the madness of its strength was manifest in their actions.

"What," exclaimed Theon, scornfully, "virtue and philosophy at this late hour. A convert, friends, a convert—Minerva is deserted, and Venus is now the ascendant star."

With shouts of obscene laughter, the drunkards surrounded the object of their sport, taunting him with their jests.

"Let me pass," said Heros; "our paths are different; why should there be strife between us?"

"One cup—one strain, and you are free."

"And so forfeit all I have labored to attain?—never! You may persecute, insult, destroy me, but ne'er again reduce me to a level with yourselves. The drunkard's vice is——"

"Listen to the sage," interrupted Theon, "or rather to the hypocrite—he blasphemes the rites of Bacchus; let him beware of the god's revenge."

Unmoved by his patience, the drunken Crotonians danced round him in frantic revel; striking him with their garlands, and even inflicting more serious injuries with their feruled staves. Tired of the exercise, they at last paused.

"Wilt thou yet drink?" exclaimed the chief of his tormentors, presenting a cup of wine. "One libation in honor of the insulted god, and you may depart."

Heros rejected the insidious offer.

"This scorn is well," sneered the vindictive Theon; "since you reject the pledge of friendship, receive the effect of hate." And falling upon him with their weapons, they left him bruised and bleeding upon the earth.

The wounds Heros received bore testimony to his virtue,

and Pythagoras resolved no longer to delay his initiation, but prepared to celebrate the event with becoming splendor. The report soon spread through the city, and the people prepared for the event as for a festival.

* * * * *

“What!” exclaimed Theon, who, with his friends, were assembled at the house of Lais, “Heros received into the order of philosophers—public honors to him—the pattern of debauchery—the promoter of every mischief?”

“Ay, but he is changed,” replied one: “hath grown studious; for these five years past, held himself aloof from all such vices; condemns them, as we can witness.”

“No matter,” said Theon, “I will not do him reverence, or give place to him in the assembly of the citizens—never. Lais,” he continued, “he was once thy slave; exert thy spells; out of thy woman’s wit invent some plan to change his purpose—to cover him with shame instead of honor; and a hundred golden pieces shall requite the task.”

Lais accepted the glittering reward; and it was resolved that a last attempt should be made to shake the constancy of the neophyte. Lais was young, and to the voluptuous beauty of a matured person added the dangerous fascination of wit and grace. Her pride had been piqued by the desertion of Heros, and she prepared for the attempt with a strong desire of success, the confidence of her powers.

“Let him but gaze upon my form, drink the dark luster of my eyes, or listen to my passion-breathing lay, and he is my slave for ever.”

The confederates applauded her resolution, and, as they gazed upon the animated temptress, exulted in the confidence of success. Heros kept the vigil of his initiation in the temple of Minerva, robed in white, and crowned with the acanthus-flower—he knelt before the awful shrine of the goddess, whose statue frowned in stately majesty upon her suppliants. Half the night had passed in solitude and prayer, yet the neophyte still knelt, motionless as the statues around him; the dim light from the perfumed lamps faintly showing the slender marble columns, and gilding, with a silvery tint, their delicately carved capitals; before an arch, which led to the secret recesses of the temple hung a richly embroidered veil of the prismatic colors, having in its center a *golden triangle*. The meditations of Heros were

disturbed by the faint tone of a lute, struck with a master hand so soft and sweet, that nought could live between its sound and silence.

"Do I dream?" he exclaimed; "or have my senses indeed become refined to that which is not earthly? Nearer and nearer comes the sound. I am lost in melody."

As he spoke, the strain increased in power, and a voice of sweetness accompanied the instrument to the following words:

"Drink of my cup—the am'ranth flower,
That in its golden bosom lies,
I pluck'd in that eternal bower
Where love ne'er fades and hope ne'er dies.

"Drink of my cup—the gift I bring,
Is light thy life—eternal gain;
'Twas drawn at that immortal spring,
Whose waters time can never drain."

As the strain concluded, a cloud of rich perfume filled the temple, and a female figure, bearing a golden cup, advanced toward the astonished Heros; a silver veil floated over her form, sufficiently transparent to display the most perfect symmetry; gems of value hung upon her naked arms and feet; with bewitching grace, she presented to the trembling neophyte her insidious gift.

"Immortality!" he exclaimed; "Can it be?—Am I deemed worthy the eternal boon?—Spirit—goddess!" whate'er thou art, in mercy to my bewildered senses, repeat thy promise!—tell me!"

"Drink of my cup," exclaimed the figure, "and pleasure—immortality is thine! The lip of beauty and the praise of men; the juice of earth, the honors of the world—all that men prize and seek."

"Thou meanest not virtue," replied the doubting Heros.

"Virtue!" said the disguised courtesan. "What is virtue? The prejudice of age—the dream of the philosopher—the scorn of the really wise. The only good is pleasure; that thou mayest prove."

"Never, if it must be purchased at such a price! Take back that gift."

"Cold, unfeeling man!" exclaimed *Lais*, casting aside her veil; "princes have sued for my favors, yet I seek thee!—poets, philosophers, have owned my charms, yet have I cast aside my sex's pride to woo thee, cold one! to my arms. Heros, am I rejected?"

The melting look which accompanied these words, touched the heart of Heros; he feared to gaze upon her beauties, yet his resolution changed not.

"Leave me," he said, firmly, and with averted glance; "I am devoted to a better choice—*virtue*. I can have nought with thee."

Lais, determined to try the blandishment of her person, caught him by the robe, and casting her ivory arms around his neck, turned her gemmed eyes on his.

"Now, then, leave me if thou canst! for thee I will resign all other love!—Thy heart shall be my home—thy bread my life!—Leave this dull temple and the coming rites; and let this kiss be the foud seal of our eternal union."

Heros felt his resolution wavering, but with one strong effort, he cast her from him; and calling on Minerva for aid, rushed to the possession of her altar. At the same instant the veil fell to the earth, and Pythagoras, attended by the initiated, entered the temple. Lais fled to her disappointed confederates.

"Well, my son," exclaimed the philosopher, "thou hast proved thy claim to be admitted into our Order. Thy trials are past—thy virtue shall be rewarded. A bride immortal awaits thee, to whom thy happiness—thy life shall now be consecrated; within whose arms treachery can never lie,—disappointment never reach the—her name is *Purity*, the daughter of Love and TRUTH."—*F. M. Quarterly*.

MASONIC PROGRESS.

It has always been to us a source of pride and pleasure to chronicle the continued progress of the Masonic Order throughout its various branches, more especially when that progress may be fairly attributed to the genuine spread of Masonic principles, and not merely to the transient popularity of the institution among the thoughtless many.

There can be no doubt that of late years a much higher standard of excellence has been attained in the ceremonial work of English Freemasonry. Capable Masters are now the rule, and not the exception, and the consequence is that a deep and vital interest in the Order has been evoked within the more intellectual circles of society, an interest which promises to bear in the future abundant fruit for good.

In Royal Arch Masonry this is specially observable, and we could easily indicate several young Masons of but a few years' standing, who are not only competent to render the somewhat difficult and dramatic ritual of the degree with correctness and propriety, but with an elocutionary power and solemnity which put to shame the mumbling, inarticulate utterances of "auld lang syne."

Instead of the Master Mason reposing quietly within the precincts of the third degree, we now find him at the close of his twelve months' probation, not only willing, but eager to advance in the speculative science, and to devote his time and attention to the elucidation of those more abstract ideas and philosophical truths which abound in capitular Masonry. It is true that we have even now too many drones in the Masonic hive, and some even, who like the Sanballets of old, profane the good work with scoff and sneer; men whose evil words and deeds are a perpetual weakness to the craft. But the earnest workers, the true Masons, will but strive the more zealously to maintain the Masonic system in all its pristine purity, and to realise that vision of perfect brotherhood, which has haunted the souls of all lovers of their kind, since the dawn of civilization. A careful attention to the ceremonial duties of Freemasonry is in itself by no means a trivial element in Masonic progress; and therefore, in order to impress the minds of educated candidates, the officers of a Lodge or Chapter should be adepts in the work.

More than this is, however, not only desirable, but absolutely essential in every Mason who believes in the exalted mission of the Craft. An acquaintance with its history, its philosophy, and its symbolism, before a brother can claim the title of an expert Craftsman.

But above all, he must practice those principles of morality, which at once underlie and crown the Masonic structure; he must cultivate the arts of peace, he must cherish the principles of charity and good will, and by acts, as well as words, prove that Freemasonry is the guiding spirit of his conduct and life. That there are few who fulfill all these conditions is an additional proof of that human frailty which nullifies our best intentions, still it would be unjust to reproach the Masonic Institution with the errors and shortcomings of its members.

THE LEGEND OF JOSHUA.

“The following article from the *London Freemason* upon the SOLAR AND LUNAR MIRACLES, referred to in the book of Joshua, tend to remove the great stumbling block which has in all ages obstructed the paths of the Bible reader, who has been gifted with fair reasoning abilities. Many other stumbling blocks can be as readily removed without violence to the sacred volume.—*Masonic Mirror*.

The legend of the solar and lunar phenomena mentioned in the tenth chapter of the book of Joshua, has a place in the Ritual of Masonry, though it is very unsatisfactory, because an equivocal one. It is referred to in different Lodges in two or three different ways, but in no one correctly. In the ceremonial of the second degree, the allusion is by some made to the position in which Moses prayed to the Almighty to prolong the light of day until he had overcome his enemies. By others, it is said to be the position in which Joshua prayed, etc. in the Valley of Jehoshaphat; while I have heard Moses and Joshua combined, each being said to have been in a certain position when they prayed, etc. There is a sad want of “uniformity” here; and what is worse, a sad want of accuracy, each reference being alike unwarranted by the sacred text. It is quite clear to my mind, that in some cases, there is confounding of Joshua's victory over the Amalekites, in the Valley of Raphidim, as recorded in Exodus xvii., with his victory over the Amorites in the Valley of Gibeon, forty years afterwards, as recorded in Joshua x. That, in Joshua's battle with the Amalekites, recorded in Exodus xvii., Moses held his hands up, and had them so supported, is beyond doubt, for it is said that when he held up his hands Israel prevailed,” but “that when he let down his hands Amalek prevailed,” (verse 2.) But there is no mention of his praying that the light of day might be prolonged until he had vanquished his enemies. When Joshua fought with the five kings of the Amorites, (Joshua x.,) he is said to have prayed that the light of day might be prolonged, but nothing is said of his hands being held up. How came the confusion introduced, making, as I have shown, both narratives inaccurate? I cannot answer that question, though it exists I know; and it would certainly be well to get rid of it. In one sense, it would be accurate enough to say that Joshua prayed

for a prolongation of the light of day, until he had vanquished his enemies; but that would not meet the case, if he did not hold up his hands. It would be accurate enough to say, that Moses held up his hands when he prayed for Joshua's victory over his enemies; omitting all reference to the solar and lunar miracle; and there surely can be no objection to such a revision of the working, to which I have referred. There is this in its favor also, that no cognizance would be taken of the solar and lunar phenomena, so that we should get rid of an allusion that has in it what can not fail to cause some perplexity in the mind of any thinking and conscientious man. If we were to ask a hundred persons, who reverence the Bible, and believe in its historical verity, what they think of the story of the sun and the moon standing still at the command of Joshua, as we read in the tenth chapter of the book of Joshua, the answer of ninety-nine out of them would be, that they could not accept it literally, although they would be greatly puzzled if they attempted to interpret it metaphorically; and if it were attempted to press upon them an acceptance of its truth, alleging it is recorded as a *miracle*, and that as such, it involves no difficulty, the answer would be like that of Colenso: "I cannot believe it, any how; for if the earth's motion was suddenly stopped, a man's *feet* would be arrested, when his *body* was moving at the rate (on the equator,) of one thousand miles a minute, since not only must the earth's diurnal rotation on its axis be stopped, but its annual motion also through space; so that every human being and animal would be dashed to pieces in a moment, and a mighty deluge overwhelm the earth; unless all this were prevented by a profusion of miraculous interferences."

It is very desirable to have such impediments to a reception of the biblical narratives removed, if they be susceptible of removal, for if we permit ourselves to reject one passage merely because we find some difficulty in it which we do not at once see how to remove, the probability is, that we shall acquire the habit of doing so, and thus reduce all the scripture narratives to the level of our own understanding, rejecting what we cannot reconcile with our notions of things, although they may be quite compatible with the real nature of things. If we make "the trumpet thus give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for battle!" Besides, to a conscientious man, it is very painful to be obliged to express a formal assent, in a solemn

ceremonial especially, to that which he disbelieves, and he will, therefore, be glad to be relieved from such a dilemma.

Let us look at the narrative as it stands in the Bible, and which presents such difficulties that long before the time of Colenso it had exercised the critical ingenuity of many great scholars. Le Clerk, Dathe, Whiston, and others treat it as an optical delusion. Rosenmuller, following Ilgen, supposes it to have been a mistake of the time of day! Winner, and other German critics, who are followed by Davidson (*Introd. in loco*), refer the idea of a miracle to a mistake of meaning. Jahn explains it as a sublime poetical trope; while Maimonides supposes that Joshua only asked the Almighty to grant that he might defeat his enemies before the going down of the sun, and that He heard his prayer, inasmuch as before the close of the day the five kings, with their armies, were defeated. Other critics, following Josephus and the early Fathers, do not attach any weight to the difficulties alleged against the miracles, believing that "a profusion of miraculous interferences" being necessary, furnishes no argument against it; and I quite agree with them. For, as Keil observes, wherever a certain meaning is obtained from a literal interpretation of the words, or when it can be exegetically proved to be the only admissible and necessary one, then it must be accepted, whatever the supposed consequence may be.

But did this miracle appear to be necessary; or does a critical examination of the passage (*Josh. x: 11-16*) demand, upon fair critical grounds, that we should admit the verity of what is recorded in verse 13? I think not. As to the necessity of a miracle of such a description, as must arrest the whole course of nature, and, but for "a profusion of miraculous interferences," destroy, not only the great globe itself "with all that there-in is," but throw out of its orbit its satellite—the moon. I may, without presumption, say it does not appear, since it is certain that God could have brought about the victory over the Amorites in one of many ways without such an expenditure of divine power in the multiplication of miracles, as this interference would call for. But I need not pause upon this, as a critical examination of the passage will, I believe, get rid of the whole difficulty.

The first thing that strikes us in the narrative is, that the description of the solar and lunar phenomena is said to be

something taken from another book: "Is not this written in the book of Jasher" (verse 13. This book of Jasher is mentioned only twice in the Bible—here, and in 2 Samuel i: 18. What was this book? We are here left to conjecture; but the opinion that it was a selection of sacred poems, made at an early period, seems a probable one. The Peschito-Syriac, in Joshua, has "The book of praises or hymns." That it was a poetical composition may be inferred from the specimens of it that are preserved. Lowth, who adopts this opinion, and supposes that its title was taken from its opening words, *az jasher*, "then sang," observes, that "in a bold use of the common resources of his art, the poet had probably represented the victory as so glorious that the heavenly luminaries had seemed to pause in their course to look down upon it; or the slaughter of one day being so terrible that it might have been thought it was protracted to the length of two, to give the conquerors time to complete their terrible work."

May we not, then, reasonably, and without doing violence to the sacred text, regard the passage as a parenthetical reference by Joshua to the poetical and contemporary book, in confirmation of his own narrative of the defeat of the Amorites. That the whole passage (verses 12-15 inclusive) is parenthetical has certainly been demonstrated by J. D. Michaelis, Havernich, and others, and it is evident from the connection between verses 11 and 16, showing that all the intervening sentences are closely associated, and form a small paragraph themselves. In addition to this, it may be observed that both the opening and the close of the paragraph prove that it is not the production of the author of the book of Joshua either wholly or in part, but is, word for word, an extract, without alteration, from the book of Jasher. The opening words, "When the Lord delivered up the Amorites," etc., show that a different writer is speaking; and the concluding sentence (verse 15) cannot be by the author of the book of Joshua, inasmuch as he did not return to the camp at Gilgal then, but followed up his victory by collecting his army together in a camp at Makedah as soon as the enemy was thoroughly dispersed. (See verse 21.) After staying there for some time, and putting to death the five kings who had been taken prisoners, he besieged and captured, one by one, the fortified cities; and then, when the whole of the south had been conquered, returned to Gilgal. The fifteenth

verse : " Then Joshua returned, and all the camp with him, to the camp at Gilgal," is unintelligible, unless we suppose it to form part of the quotation from the book of Jasher.

Now, if the passage was an extract from some old document, as we suppose it was, and not written by Joshua himself, there is an end of the matter, for the most extraordinary incident in the war he describes, and the most extraordinary thing that could be conceived of, would never have been ignored by him, who was employed by the Lord in achieving miraculous events, and who appealed to them, as Moses had done, in proof that the Lord was with him. As little can we imagine that he would have introduced it in a parenthesis, and by the way, as it were, and not as the chief and notable event in the history, which it was, but as something which, in the composition of the narrative, was of only subordinate interest. The idea is quite incompatible with the fact of such a miracle in the succession of miracles which accompanied the mission of Moses and Joshua during their sojourn in the wilderness.

It is difficult, too, to account for the silence of the other books of the Old Testament on so wonderful an occurrence, supposing that it really took place. The passages referred to in the margin of English Bibles (Job ix : 7, and Hab. iii ; 2,) are nothing to the purpose, for they occur in poetical compositions like the Book of Jasher, though probably of a much higher and sublimer character, in which metaphors and hyperboles of the boldest kind, are heaped one upon the other. In those compositions the sun is spoken of as standing still, (in Job it is the sun and the stars and the moon,) in like manner as the mountains are said to be removed and overturned, the earth to be shaken from her place, while the pillars thereof tremble ; the everlasting mountains to be scattered, and the perpetual hills to bow ; the depths to utter his voice, and to lift up his hands on high—bold and sublime figures of speech, which no one could think of understanding literally, and insisting that all these extraordinary phenomena occurred. But a very noticeable thing is, that there is a passage in Isaiah (chapter xxviii.) which certainly refers to this defeat of the Amorites by Joshua, as well as to the destruction of Canaanites by Moses, but in which the prophet makes no mention of the miracle of the sun and moon. He mentions only one wonderful work or act indicative of God's wrath or vengeance upon the people in the Valley of

Gibeon, which was conspicuously displayed in the miraculous shower of destructive hail stones, assuring those whom he was commanded to menace, that the scourge ordained to destroy them should overtake them both by day and by night, (verse 18, 19.) He seems to have known nothing of the arresting of the course of nature, and had no idea of the necessity of daylight for the destruction of any people whom Divine Providence had doomed.

Everything seems to concur then in leading to the conclusion that such a miracle did not take place; but that Joshua, when he wrote this section of the book, paused at the close of that part wherein he describes the termination of the great battle, to introduce, as any author might do, a poetical description of the great event, familiar to the people to whom his book was first given, and in which many of the grand events of their history were worthily celebrated.

WE have received the following, "communicated by way of the South," (in *proof sheet*), sent us by the editor of the *Kentucky Freemason*. The article will explain itself, especially when read in connection with the following which is placed in our hands by our M. E. Grand High Priest for publication. If the work of decapitation goes on in the future as it has commenced in this jurisdiction, the tampering with *keys* will certainly cease. At the last session of the Grand Lodge this Masonic offence was summarily punished by expulsion; in this instance with indefinite suspension.

The following is the *official* notice sent out to other Grand Chapters.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY OF THE
GRAND CHAPTER OF MICHIGAN.

CENTREVILLE, Mich., July 16th, 1870.

To _____

G. H. P. of the Grand Chapter of _____

M. E. Sir:

I am directed by the M. E. G. H. P. of the G. Chapter of Mich., to inform you that Ezra Jones, P. G. H. P. of the G. Chapter of Mich., was on the 6th inst., by Peninsular Chapter, No. 16, Indefinitely Suspended from the rights and privileges of R. A. Masonry.

Such suspension was founded on a charge of violating an Edict of the G. Ch. of Mich., passed Jan. 13th, A. D. 1864, against the circulation of Keys. By order of

M. E. CHARLES H. BROWN,
G. H. P. of the G. Chapter of Mich.

J. EASTMAN JOHNSON, Grand Secretary.

From the "Kentucky Freemason" (July.)

A PROPOSED OUTRAGE ON THE ROYAL ARCH.

The communication which we give below was sent to a Royal Arch Chapter in this State, and by resolution was sent "without note or comment" to Grand Secretary, Comp. Philip Swigert, and by him placed in our hands, with instructions to give the author a thrashing, which, after having stripped him before our readers, we propose to do:

DETROIT, MICH., April 12, 1870.

Companions:

I am informed that many of you are seeking diligently to discover and bring to light the true old work and lectures which our fathers have set up for our guide. No good Mason will doubt the necessity of a perfect knowledge of the ancient work and of uniformity not only in State jurisdictions but throughout the great family of American Royal Arch Masons. When all shall have obtained the *true work*, then and not till then, shall we attain uniformity, and all speak that universal language, so much desired. It is through the medium of our work and lectures, that the rich jewels of the Order are exemplified, in its sublime teachings. Our language would have been one and the same, had it not been for the caprice, love of change and variety, and vanity of individuals. "Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set up.—Solomon." Much mischief has been done by officers reducing the ritual to a level with their *own genius*. It will be admitted that the work and lectures of Webb, Hanmar, Ames, Fairman, Van Rensseler, Fowle, and Snow, and by them transmitted to Gleason, Cushman, Cross, Wadsworth, Barney and Enos, is the *true old work*. I am the associate of the latter, and am in possession of the same work, which upon examination will be found to have the ring of the true metal. My *sun* being far in the *west*, and having been frequently solicited to leave this work behind me, I have consented. The work is very full containing twenty-five thousand words in a *Mnemonic* cipher key, including the opening work and lectures in the Mark, Past, Most Excellent Masters, and Royal Arch degrees, with instructions. On receipt of two dollars, and two P. O. stamps, the work will be sent by mail or express. I would be glad to send it free, but it has been of some expense and am unable to do so. In conclusion let me say, stick to the

ancient landmarks, as the shipwrecked mariner sticks to the last plank, when night, and storm, and darkness closes around about him. May I hear from you.

Fraternally yours,

A. SMITH.

Address A. SMITH, P. O. Drawer 580, Detroit, Mich.

In this letter there is nothing less than a proposition to print the secret work of Capitular Masonry, and in doing that to violate the landmarks of the Order, and its solemn altar oath. Not only will the author of this cipher work be guilty of Masonic perjury if he *writes* in any character, known or unknown, any of the rites of our Institution, but every Mason who encourages by purchase, or uses said publication will be *particeps criminis*.

The Grand High Priest of Michigan should arrest the publication of this Mnemonic work, at once, and severely reprimand the Companion, so lost to all sense of his obligation as to openly propose so gross an innovation upon Masonic propriety, honor, and usage. We take this occasion to warn any Chapter, or Companion that may have received this incendiary communication, not to encourage by sympathy, use, or money the dangerous document which A. Smith proposes to publish.

"Remove not the *ancient landmarks* which thy fathers have set up." Now, one of the landmarks is that no Mason shall write, engrave, stain, paint, or print anything pertaining to the traditional work, upon anything moveable or immoveable. Here, A. Smith proposes to write and print and sell "*twenty-five thousand words* in a Mnemonical cipher key, including the opening work, and lectures on the Mark, Past, Most Excellent Masters, and Royal Arch degrees, *with instructions*." And this exposure, (for it amounts to nothing less,) he proposes for the consideration of two dollars and P. O. stamps "to send by mail or express." If a copy of said work should be stolen from the mail, or express, what would prevent a profane from getting possession of the work. The proposed method of transmitting the work endangers it to a thousand contingencies that might lead to its public exposure.

A. Smith has no right to [send this work to anyone writing to him, and assuring him by letter, certificate, or seal, that he is a Royal Arch Companion. This is not legal information. He must see the man and by due trial and strict examination assure himself that he is a Companion, or he must obtain the information from some one who has made this rigid scrutiny of his Ma-

sonic pretensions, or who has met him in open Royal Arch Chapter.

But even if A. Smith could meet each Royal Arch Mason desiring the work and secure the legal information requisite to the passage of any Masonic knowledge, and place the Mnemonic work in the hands of such a Companion—he would not have anymore right to furnish his cypher ritual than he has to send it in the manner proposed. He had no right to write it. All letters are arbitrary signs of ideas—the Arabic characters as much as the more symmetrical letters of the Roman alphabet. Phonographic characters are as certainly signs of ideas as English words. Telegraphic ciphers in times of war, or for special secret business transactions, and the signs of naval signal corps have all been subject to exposure, and enemies have frequently profited by getting possession of *the key*. This work is laid open to like contingencies, and should be “nipped in the bud,” by the strong hand of authority.

It is one of the ancient landmark glories that our work is transmitted from lip to ear, and some of it under a living Arch. Every Companion who has any just conception of the majesty in the thought of ages dead yet speaking through this faithful medium, will feel indignant at this proposed outrage upon the charm of antiquity and the grandest peculiarity of Masonry. Uniformity can be no fit compensation for the loss of this pleasing and preservative feature. The setting sun yields no photograph to the artist's polished plate. It never prints. It sinks grandly and silently to rest. Let A. Smith, whose “sun is far in the west,” imitate the King of Day.

We have sent advance proof-sheets of this protest to the Grand High Priest and Grand Secretary of Michigan, and to Bro. Langridge, and we hope that they will take instantaneous measures to defeat this proposed publication, which to us seems to be so flagrant a blow at ancient usage as to suggest that it must either be the conceit of an old man in his dotage, or the monomania of a lunatic, or the trick of an impostor. Certainly no sane, true Mason could write or publish such a book, and none could buy and employ it.

We have given a clear bugle-blast from the watch-tower upon which we are placed to apprise the Craft of danger. “If the trumpet give an uncertain sound who shall prepare for the battle?”

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

The following is an extract from a Report on Foreign Communications made by a Committee consisting of Bros. Thomas Sparrow, L. G. Ambrose, O. H. Hoover, John A. Rettig and Mills Gardner, to the Grand Lodge of Ohio, and given to the readers of that old and able journal, *The Masonic Review*. These decisions are important, some of them conflicting, but they will be read with interest, and will serve to show how different jurisdictions view the points decided upon.

MARYLAND.—When a ballot is taken for any degree, or for membership, the result alone may be made known.

A separate ballot must be had for each degree, and the application should be made for them separately.

MISSISSIPPI.—A lodge has not the power to assess a special tax on its members other than annual dues, which the lodge may fix and change as the exigencies of the times and circumstances require.

A Fellow Craft is not a member of a lodge, and none but members are entitled to a dimit.

A ballot must be had upon the petition of every applicant, whether the report of the committee of investigation be favorable or unfavorable. The ballot must be spread in all cases. If an unfavorable report rejects, a favorable vote elects. All applications can therefore be decided by secret ballot only.

NEW YORK.—A lodge having given its consent to the foundation of a new lodge, can not revoke that consent at pleasure.

The petitioners for a new lodge become permanently affiliated with it when it is constituted, and can only withdraw from it by dimission.

A member has a right to object to a candidate at any stage of his progress, and he can not, in any manner, be called in question for the exercise of his right.

The territorial jurisdiction of a lodge extends to a point equidistant between it and the nearest lodge in this jurisdiction.

There is no such thing as the carrying of material for inspection from one symbolic lodge to another.

The subsequent removal of a rejected candidate to the jurisdiction of another lodge makes no difference with his Masonic condition. He can carry himself where he pleases, but he can

not change his Masonic status without the consent of the lodge which originally rejected his application.

If by falsehood or fraud he subsequently obtains the degrees, he obtains them unlawfully, and he should for such offence be tried and expelled from all the rights and benefits of a Fraternity whose laws he has violated.

A lodge may waive its rights over its rejected or accepted material, and transfer its jurisdiction to another lodge, and give its consent that such other lodge may act upon the same.

This consent once given and acted upon by another lodge transfers jurisdictions, and the latter once lost, is lost forever.

Objection may be made to the initiation of a candidate or the advancement of a brother any time before O. B.

If the objector is unable from any cause to attend and make his objection in person, he may make it in writing over his signature and cause it to be presented to the lodge, and it shall be a bar to such initiation or advancement.

A member in good standing has a right to dimit from his lodge and the lodge can not lawfully, without cause and arbitrarily, refuse to grant it.

Entered Apprentices and Fellow Crafts have no right to dimit.

One who removes into this jurisdiction from another State must reside here one year before he can be made a Mason in a lodge here, unless consent thereto is given by the proper authority of the jurisdiction from whence he removed.

IOWA.—The dimit, deposited by an applicant for affiliation, should be returned to him, if he is rejected.

There is no law, custom or usage authorizing a change of venue in Masonic trials. If the accused is aggrieved by the action of his lodge, the remedy is an appeal to the Grand Lodge.

The vote granting a dimit severs a brother's connection with his lodge, and he can be restored to membership only by petition, reference and unanimous ballot.

The Secretary's certificate, commonly called a dimit, is but the evidence of the action of the lodge.

The stationed officer of a lodge, who, by the laws of Masonry, is a legal representative in the Grand Lodge, can not lay aside his representative character and become the proxy of an officer of another lodge.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The right of appeal is an inalienable right

which belongs to every Mason. It is, however, controlled by circumstances and relations. An accused brother who claims that wrong has been done him on his trial, has the right of appeal. The accuser, in Masonry, however, occupies a similar position to the prosecutors in the civil courts. The principle of the civil law is, that when the defendant is acquitted, the prosecutor or State, can never appeal, for the effect would be to try a man twice for the same offence.

TEXAS.—It is irregular for a lodge to elect or appoint an officer who is not a member of such lodge.

A member in good standing who applies for a dimit at a stated meeting of his lodge, and pays all dues, is entitled to such dimit, and the lodge must grant it.

LOUISIANA.—It is improper to perform public ceremonies peculiar to the Fraternity in connection with other secret associations, and especially so in regard to the funeral services.

There is no propriety in burying a brother Masonically, unless he or his family have expressed a desire that it should be done.

When, however, it is done, the Masonic ceremonies should not be encroached upon, after the religious rites are ended and the body taken charge of by the brethren, by the ceremonies of any association, or of any kind whatever.

KANSAS.—Before a candidate can be initiated into the mysteries of Masonry, he must declare, on his honor as a man, that he has never made application to a lodge and been rejected.

A lodge under dispensation has no authority to try a brother whether affiliated or not.

A candidate must be in full possession of the ordinary physical and mental faculties of manhood.

CONFLICT OF DECISIONS.

A want of uniformity in the laws of the different jurisdictions, is quite as apparent as the want of uniformity in work. We give examples:

In some jurisdictions, among others our own, it is held that a member of a lodge may dimit at pleasure, on the payment of dues; in others it is held that he can not dimit unless he intends to remove from the jurisdiction, or for the purpose of joining another lodge.

In some, a brother becomes a member of a lodge in which

he receives the third degree; in others, he can become a member only by signing the by-laws.

In some, a brother maimed after his initiation may be advanced; in others, he can not be advanced.

In some, a lodge can not be opened in the absence of the Master and Wardens; in others, in their absence, the oldest Past Master of the lodge present succeeds to all the rights, powers and privileges of the Master.



PLAIN WORDS FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

One of the most charming phases in which a woman can be presented to the eyes of man, is in her position as the neat, tidy, cheerful and orderly mistress of a well regulated household. Under such circumstances only, save in a few exceptional cases, so rare as not to materially interfere with the general rule, does man behold woman in the true sphere which, in the words of the Divine Creator, she was destined to occupy—that of “an help-meet for him.” It is true that woman may, and often does, in other situations and other callings, display qualities which excite the admiration or even challenge the envy of lookers-on; but, after all, even while admiring the shining coruscations which flash in luminous brilliancy around her, none can help feeling, down deep in their inmost souls, the secret consciousness that such a woman is not a being to be loved in the sense in which men of pure and upright moral sentiments desire to love the gentler sex. The world may admire and applaud such women, may even court and flatter them; but they do not, and will not, love them as women desire to be loved, and as it is meet they should be.

I have often thought that men and women, especially after their marriage, do not keep sufficiently in view the cultivation of that divine principle which permeates all nature in its pristine state of purity, and which the inspired writer has told us is the essence of the Great Head of all things. “God is love,” saith the apostle; and just in proportion as we cultivate, and strengthen, and develop pure, holy, and undefiled love for all around us, so do we approximate the light of the divine atmosphere, and increase our own happiness.

But how often, nay, we might almost say how generally, is it the case that husband and wife, insensibly as it were, lose sight of this great principle, apparently forgetting that the very trifles, once deemed so essential to the winning of affection, are tenfold more essential to its preservation. This fatal mistake finds expression in the apparently meaningless, but really pregnant remark, so often carelessly made and as thoughtlessly heard, "No difference, my market is made," in excuse for some carelessness in dress, demeanor or deportment. There is no one of the many careless expressions of the day which, insensibly to the utterer perhaps, indicates the existence of feelings and thoughts more at war with the true happiness of married life than this hackneyed phrase. I never hear it used without feeling a strong inclination to ask the utterer if that is the whole end and aim of existence—to make a market, or, in other words to marry? And the affirmative answer, which even the careless use of the phrase would seem to imply, never fails to indicate, to my mind, the possession of ideas which sooner or later, will produce shipwreck of all the happiness which Providence designed should accompany the marriage relation. And too often, alas! is it the case, that when the wreck has been accomplished, the poor victims fail to perceive or realize the causes by which it was produced. If I shall succeed, in this little article, in calling attention to, and awakening reflection upon, the causes which bear so large a part in rendering unhappy so many marriages which, in the outset, promised such different results, then I shall not have written in vain.

When a young lady receives the serious attentions of a gentleman who is deemed "eligible," or who has succeeded in awakening some degree of interest in her heart, if she have one, with what scrupulous care does she strive to avoid any and every thing which might have the least tendency to drive him from her side. What nice attention to the minutest trifles of dress does she pay. With what cautious precision does she arrange her shining tresses when her suitor is expected to make a call or spend the evening with her. If, perchance, she permits her lover to see her in anything short of full dress, it is only in that delightful *negligee* which, by its charming appearance of elegant carelessness, but too surely indicates the nicest attention. Her countenance, too, wreathed in smiles, and the tone of her voice modulated to the gentle pitch of love, lend their

aid to the attractions of dress, to ensnare and captivate the heart of the comer.

We have no fault to find with this, so long as the artifice, or, as it may with equal or greater propriety be called, falsehood, is resorted to. To love and be loved, and thereby to promote her own and the happiness of all with whom she comes in contact, is the true end which every woman should keep in view. By this means, too, her power for good in the world is immeasurably increased. And anything which tends to make her more lovable, so long as it does not offend against the innate purity and refinement of her character, is in the highest degree commendable.

But what I do find fault with is this: The maiden who, during her courtship, has been naught but smiles and neatness, too often subsides after marriage into the fretful, complaining, slipshod wife, utterly forgetting and ignoring the importance of that attention to trifles which, perhaps, first attracted the notice and won the love of him whom she now calls husband. Depend upon it, when this is the case, the end of your dream of happiness is not far distant. Love and confidence are easy to win, but hard to keep; and if you would retain, in all its fervor and freshness, the love of your husband—accorded to you when he was your lover—you must relax no one of the efforts by which you first enchanted him.

If, instead of the cheerful, neatly-dressed, even-tempered woman whom he courted, he finds that he has married a fretful, repining, soulless slattern, how long think you his love will be proof against the repulsiveness of character which your altered demeanor presents. He may not utter any complaints—perhaps it would be not only bootless, but unmanly, to do so—but, depend upon it, he will not fail to contrast your present slovenly appearance with that of the neat, tidy girl whom he courted, and the contrast too often repeated, can not fail, in the end, to tell with fearful effect upon his respect and affection for you, and, consequently, upon your own happiness.

Nor is this the only mode in which the affection he once felt for you will be sapped and undermined by a course of conduct so pernicious. When he finds his wife so sadly different from what his fancy painted her before marriage, he feels that he has been imposed upon and deceived; his self-love is wounded, and that feeling naturally and necessarily produces something very

much akin to antipathy toward the one by whom he has been thus, as it were, outwitted; and, in a conflict between that love which alone can insure the happiness of a truly virtuous and right-minded wife, and such a feeling thus engendered, the result can not be long doubtful.

No, no, my sisters, it will not do, with the close of the season of courtship, to relax any of the means by which you have rendered yourselves attractive during that season. What though your mansion be not as elegant, or furnished with as costly and convenient appliances, as those of your more fortunate neighbors; you can at least arrange what furniture you have with a regard to neatness, order and comfort, which will present an appearance of home, and, to the eye of your husband, an attractiveness for which he would seek in vain in the magnificent though ill-arranged parlors of the wealthy. What though no magnificent tapestry of Brussels cover your floors; you can make the naked boards, or the humble rag carpet, so conspicuous for cleanness and neatness that the absence of the other will not be noticed. What matters it that the best dress in your limited wardrobe is a calico or a simple muslin; by making it up and putting it on in a becoming manner, and dressing your hair with the taste you were wont to display before your marriage, you have it in your power to render yourself more attractive to him than if you wore, in a careless and slovenly manner, robes of the richest satin.

Again, when your husband comes home wearied and worn with the toils and vexations of business, do you meet him with the smiling, cheerful countenance with which you were wont to greet him before the wedding day, and which is a sure antidote to weariness of either body or mind? Are your tones as sweetly modulated and attuned to the harmonies of love as when you stood in your father's door to bid the lover "good evening?" Or, weakly—yielding, perchance, to the cares and vexations which your position as mistress of the household necessarily impose upon you—do you meet him with either a frowning or indifferent countenance, while your voice is pitched to the sharp key of fretful complaining at your hard lot?

It you fail in any or all of these things, be assured that his home will cease to present to him those attractions with which the word "home" is naturally associated in the human mind; he will go abroad in search of those pleasures which are denied

him beside his own hearth-stone; other voices will sound more sweetly in his ear than yours, and when this point has been reached, then has sounded the knell of all your happiness.

What if your limbs are at times wearied with toil, or your mind vexed and annoyed by the necessary cares of your household, or the nurture and education of your children—remember that yours is by no means an exceptional case, but that toil and weariness, and vexation, have been the common lot of mortals ever since the expulsion of our first parents from Eden; and that, by your fretfulness and repining, you are but adding to your own burdens, instead of detracting from them, and at the same time destroying the happiness which might otherwise be yours.

Then banish care and vexation from your countenance; meet your husband as you did in the days before marriage; if necessary that any faulty arrangement of household matters be corrected, or any additional comfort procured, speak of it candidly, freely, but cheerfully, not complainingly; and, my word for it, you will be a thousand times repaid, in the increased love of your husband and his more active efforts to promote your happiness.

These matters may seem like trifles, but, believe me, it is of just such trifles that the sum total of human happiness is made up. I am well aware of the self-denial and mental control which the proper discharge of the duties of a wife demands at her hands; I have been a wife myself, and I know full well that the position is by no means devoid of responsibility, and care, and vexation; but after all, what is life but one constant scene of toil, and care, and vexation—calling at all times for the exercise of the most unwearied patience and self-denial? And how foolish it seems to sacrifice all the happiness one has a right to anticipate in this world, for want of the exercise of these virtues!

On the other hand, how often is it the case that husbands are equally responsible with their wives, for the failure to enjoy the happiness which Providence designed to bestow on His creatures, by the establishment of the marriage relation. It were vain and unjust to say that either party is alone to blame for the pitiable discords so unhappily and painfully prevalent in the family circles, not only of our own; but of every civilized land beneath the sun.

If your wife sometimes fails to pursue that course best calculated to promote your happiness and hers, are you sure that you make less fatal mistakes than she? If she, by the want of a cheerful and sunny disposition, fails to make home pleasant and attractive, is it not just possible that you tend to increase the gloom there prevailing, by bringing into it, in your lowering face, the history of the toils and conflicts of the day's business? Can you expect her to meet you with a cheerful, smiling countenance, when your own is gloomy and forbidding?

Again, is your voice always pitched to the same tender key which pervaded its notes before the character of lover had been merged in that of husband? Or has it assumed a harsher, more mandatory and dictatorial tone, as though the promise on her part to obey were all there was of the marriage covenant? Do you at all times look upon and treat your wife as your peer, as in the economy of God's providence she is? or have you been wont to consider her, as she is defined by human laws to be, as your servant, and yourself as her lord and master?

When she has made some unusual or extra effort to please you—has prepared some dish of which she knows you to be more than usually fond—have you acknowledged her kindness, and her efforts to promote your happiness, in a suitable manner? or have you accepted such courtesies with ungracious silence, as though they were due to the superior position you occupy in the world? Are you in the habit of suitably commending, by word, look or action, any effort on her part to increase the cheerfulness or attractive character of home?

Have you fallen into the mistake—alas! too common with men hardened by the rougher and sterner conflicts of life, and sharpened by mingling with the bustle and turmoil of the commercial world—of thinking that the position of a wife is innocent of care and labor; and frowned and fretted in impatient complaining because some trifle, which the multiplicity of her duties has driven from her mind, or has not allowed her to reach in its order, has been left undone? Have you failed to realize and appreciate the fact that her life, like your own, is one of never-ending, ever-recurring toil, and care, and anxiety, differing from yours, perchance, in kind and degree, but none the less constant, trying and absorbing? Have you made her happiness, ease and comfort, your care and study equally with your own? or have you sunk into a sort of apathetic, unthink-

ing selfishness, which consults only your own convenience, leaving her lot to adopt what hue or complexion it may ?

If you have done these or any of these things, you need not be surprised if they have produced in your wife the precise effects we have deprecated in the former part of this article; and rendered her; instead of the cheerful, sunny being, diffusing light and warmth throughout every part of your abode, whether magnificent or humble, a morose and sullen recluse, whose gloom banishes any and everything like happiness from your threshold.

Indeed, it would be almost miraculous were it otherwise. The lives of husband and wife are so closely interwoven, linked and blended together, that neither can, without the most disastrous consequences to the happiness of both, do, or say, or think anything calculated to disturb the harmony which should exist between them, and which accords with the Divine plan. "They twain shall be one flesh," is the language of Holy Writ; and, as any disorder, however small, in any portion of the physical body, produces more or less suffering in every other part, so in the spiritual body of the life of husband and wife, any discord must necessarily produce more or less pain.

True it is that, in one sense, their lives are diverse from each other—each has a separate work to do amid the toils of life—each has their allotted path to pursue; but it is when the labors of the day are ended, and they meet upon the same plane within the sacred confines of the home circle, that their lives converge into one channel; and then, if their minds, their souls, are attuned to proper melodies, they flow on in unbroken harmony, into the boundless sea of happiness which the Creator has placed within the reach of all. This should be the hour of relaxation, of the true happiness of married life. See to it, then, husband and wife, that by the proper exercise of a spirit of self-denial and forbearance, and by judicious watchfulness, you suffer no disturbing element to be brought from either of your separate walks into the common channel, but sternly leave all such behind. So shall the current of your lives flow on in serene and peaceful joy, and you possess the full measure of happiness with which the wisdom and beneficence of the Almighty designed to invest the married state.

MASONIC ITEMS.

It is reported in some of our exchanges that of thirty Masons imprisoned in the Moro Castle in Havana, charged with having held secret Masonic meetings, twenty were admitted to bail on the 22d of June. Those released were Spaniards. The remaining ten, who are Cubans, still remain incarcerated in noisome dungeons. And it is said that one was recently taken from his prison and severely scourged to oblige him to reveal what he knew about the revolution. This he refused to do, and is now put on a scanty allowance of bread and water. After starving the poor sufferer till he appeared a mere skeleton, he was again brought forth and severely whipped. When again asked to reveal what had passed at the meetings aforesaid, he replied, "I would sooner be dead than speak of what my brothers told me, or what I may have heard at our meetings; for it was done under an oath that no true Mason can disregard while living."

Such is the material out of which our Cuban brothers are made—and they have the sympathy of all true men and Masons; and if our arms are helpless to redress their wrongs, we have a lively faith that the All-Seeing Eye pervades everywhere, and justice will sooner or later overtake the guilty. It is not the first time that Spanish despotism has crushed innocence beneath its iron heel. May another hand inscribe its sentence on the wall, "MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN."

A correspondent of the *Voice of Masonry* reports the doings of a certain renegade by name of B——, who is lecturing to the people of Illinois against our Order. He seems to belong to the ferocious beasts, and delights in the havoc he makes of the character and good intents of his superiors. He has much to say against Mrs. DeGeer, who is widely known as a temperance advocate, and who on a few occasions has nobly defended the principles of our ancient and honorable Institution. Mr. B—— compares this amiable lady to the animal that Baalam rode, and her chaste and elegant language to the slang of "street-walkers and common prostitutes" this reverend says he "could go to Chicago and pick up!" This would indicate that this miserable scalawag is familiar with the ribaldry of such low characters, and knows their place of abode! With sensible people his prating will have no other effect than to commend what he essays to denounce. So mote it be.

ELIHU MATHER.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND MASONIC CHARACTER, BY HON. S. C. COFFINBURY.

The health of our co-laborer in the editorial department of this journal being such that he cannot appear with his usual ably written articles, we give the following very interesting contribution from him, which we extract from a Eulogy pronounced at Coldwater, March 15, 1866. In future numbers we hope to give our readers biographical sketches of Michigan Masons, both living and dead. Such sketches will not only be read with interest, but serve to hand down to coming ages the knowledge of the workers of the present. W. J. C.

Elihu Mather, was born in Marlboro, Vermont, on the 26th day of July, 1782. He was of the Puritan blood, and a lineal descendant of the Rev. Cotton Mather, so renowned in the history of New England. His maternal line, the family of the Taylors, traces back through honorable ancestors to the original founders of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. Early in life he was deeply imbued with a respect for the Order of Freemasons which, in after years, as its beautiful mysteries were unfolded to his comprehension, and its genial influences penetrated his heart, grew into an earnest veneration. Before he had attained his majority his petition was presented, praying for initiation into its mystic rites. In August, 1803, less than a month after he had attained his majority, he was admitted to the sacred light of our time-honored Order, in a Lodge in his native State. A pure and well-directed conduct, an open, earnest and upright walk, and a lofty and well-tryed integrity, are the only offerings that a youth so young can lay upon the Masonic altar to commend him to the brotherhood, and to admit him to a full participation in their rites and benefits, and to an affectionate affiliation in the sacred bond. These he must have possessed in an eminent degree, to secure the confidence of an Order, which has been ever jealous of its sacred trust. Soon after he became a member of the Masonic Order, he made a profession of the Christian religion, and connected himself with the Presbyterian Church. Whatever opinion the uninformed may entertain of Freemasonry, this good man always held that it guided him, by its pure light, to the sacred source of divine truth.

Soon after the close of the war of 1812, Mr. Mather removed to the State of New York and settled at Sackett's Harbor, where he entered actively into business. During his residence at this place he was exalted to the degree of Royal Arch Mason. The sublime light of this degree shone on our departed companion on the 20th day of May, 1820. In the State of New York, in different locations, for many years he continued in useful activity among his fellow-men, and faithfully and zealously laboring in our mystic art. He filled many places of honor and trust as a member of society and the civil government, and always acquitted himself with credit. As a Mason he was ever ready to discharge any duty assigned him by the Order, or imposed upon him by the demands of humanity. Wherever the wail of human suffering was heard, there he was seen, like the good Samaritan, pouring in the oil and wine of consolation. As a husband, a father, and lord of the domestic household, he was kind, amiable, and lenient; as a Christian he was meek, devout, trustful, and hopeful; as a member of the Order of Freemasons he was diligent, benevolent, and charitable; as a citizen he was patriotic, conservative, and ever ready to sacrifice personal benefits to the common weal of his country; as a member of society he was kind and affable to all, while his manners were marked by an affectionate amenity which elicited for him a response of homage and profound veneration. What a beautiful example for our imitation is presented in the life of this good, old man! In Masonry he saw more than the mere symbols; his vision penetrated beyond these to those sacred fountains of divine truth which they represent. These he struggled to attain; after he had entered the symbolic, outer portals of its temple, he penetrated to the Holy of Holies, and there, from sacred vessels, drank deeply of the sweet waters of moral truth—there he solemnly bowed his head and worshipped—there in his pure devotion he felt his manhood, and in it recognized his brotherhood to angels; and there, in that relation, we love to contemplate him and honor his memory—the pure Mason, the true friend, the noble citizen, the good man.

As a rule, in the history of human life, the best of men are subjected to afflictions, harassing vexations, and consuming anxieties, and sometimes to premeditated and vindictive persecutions. Our departed friend and brother was not an exception

to this rule of history. At the time that that fanatical madness known as the Anti-Masonic Excitement swept, like a parching blight, from New England to the Gulf of Mexico—withering friendships by its virulent breath—breaking domestic bonds and severing the most sacred ties by its poisonous influence—dissolving the most intimate political relations, and arousing the most discordant partizan animosities,—our departed friend, on account of his attachment to Masonry, was regarded as an obstacle in the way of the successful progress of the designing, political fanatics and madmen who were urging their hypothetical assumptions into a political mania. He fell a victim to their persecutions. He was charged with having participated in the abduction of the notorious William Morgan. A suit was instituted against him; this suit, attended with great expense, agitating anxieties, and deep mortifications, hung like a dark cloud over his head, through several courts, until it was finally determined in his favor and to his honor in a tribunal of the last resort in the State of New York. A report of this trial and its decision, may be found in 3d, Wendel's New York Reports. This was but one of the ordeals by which the pure gold was tried. How deep and profound must have been the mortifying sensations of that noble heart when arraigned as a criminal at the bar of Justice, still thrilling with the consciousness of its own innocence! And how that heart leaped with joy when the blessed words were pronounced which absolved him from all reproach, and restored to him his well-earned good name, we may never know. We may fancy, and we may speculate, however. We may fancy that the currents of life sprang along his veins like a long-pent-up fountain at once released, thrilling to the very innermost recesses of his soul, as his eyes dimmed, with tears of thankfulness, his head bowed in gratitude, and his heart whispered, "Man is still just to man, for the justice of heaven still inspires humanity!"

In the spring of 1851, Mr. Mather became a resident of this city, where, united with the family of his step-son, Dr. Beech, (whose mother he had formerly married, being his third wife,) he continued to reside until the day of his decease. His venerable lady still survives to mourn his loss, to honor his memory, and to claim alone that meed of homage which, but a few days ago, she shared with her lamented companion, and our honored friend.

In August, 1851, our departed companion became a member of Tyre Lodge, No. 18, of Free and Accepted Masons. To his zeal in its humanitarian labors, his assiduous care in all that tended to promote and further its philanthropic engagements with mankind, to its carrying into active practice its pure principles, and to his own lofty moral example, Masonry, in this region of our State, is much indebted for that peaceful and harmonizing influence which it has and still is exerting upon the conflicting elements of society. He was one of the Charter Members of Temple Chapter No. 21, of Royal Arch Masons, which was established here in 1858. He filled several offices in this Chapter with satisfaction to the Lodge. He received the Council degrees in Mount Moriah Council No. 6 in December, 1859, and was Knighted in Jacob's Commandery No. 10 of Knights Templars, on the 25th day of May, 1860. He was constant in his attendance upon the conventions and communications of these several Masonic Orders, even after he was dependent upon younger members to aid his tottering footsteps from their walls to his own domicile. He was ever ready to labor in the good cause of the Order, in any capacity, be it ever so humble. But, alas! the true, the trusty, the valiant Knight has sheathed his sword forever! the cunning workman has lain aside his gavel, and its sound is heard no more within our Masonic walls. He has been summoned to the presence of the Grand Council above, there to be given to eat of the hidden manna, to receive a crown of glory, and to receive the white stone with a new name written thereon which, no man knoweth save him that receiveth it. To these he has entitled himself as a reward for his fidelity, skill and ability, as a humble laborer on that moral superstructure, that celestial Temple whose corner-stone is laid on Earth, and whose sacred dome is bathed in the light of eternal morn. For twenty years our departed brother was a Deacon and Ruling Elder in his Church, and in his religious and Masonic professions he found no incongruities, no antagonisms.

On the 29th day of January, 1866, Sir Knight Elihu Mather rested forever from his labor—the ripened sheaf was gathered and borne away up to the garner of his Heavenly Father. His remains were deposited by the Sir Knights of Jacob's Commandery with the appropriate funeral honors of the Order, the Chapter and Lodge of which he was a member, attending, and

participating, as far as practicable, in this solemn duty. "Peace to his ashes!"

What, it may be asked, do we find in the character of this man, whose memory we love to honor, that ought to command our admiration? What reminiscences of his life can claim the honor of an eulogy? He has won no victories on the battle-field—he has achieved no military conquests—he has added nothing to the military glory of his country. While, turn your eyes where you will, they are dazzled by the glory of military chieftains and heroes fresh from the field where Law and Order grappled with Treason and Rebellion

It is not deeds of war, bravery on the field, cool courage in the hour of danger, nor yet patriotism and wounds, that claim the highest honor and most distinguished admiration. Men are entitled to a higher meed of praise, for that which they make themselves, than what circumstances of life and conditions of fortune make of them. There is a greater glory to achieve than ever blazed amid the heat of a battle-field,—a higher honor than that which glitters in the emblematic laurel that encircles the conqueror's brow,—a purer homage than that which is won by glittering steel and deeds of blood,—a nobler greatness than that which attends the cannon's roar and human slaughter. There is a wreath of fame, a crown of glory, compared with which the insignia of war, the gifts of monarchs, and imperial stars, are but vain glittering baubles.

Turn to the pure and spotless life and the unsullied integrity of our departed brother; see him by his own conduct rise superior to the circumstances of his condition of life, and ask, What was that higher honor? See him without pretension mingle with his neighbors and earnestly take part in the humblest duties of every day life, cordially and cheerfully discharging every great and every minute social obligation, and ask, What was that purer homage? See him wending his way to the church of which he was so long a member, greeting his brethren with an affectionate smile,—kneeling at its altar, meekly yet trustfully raising his eyes above, as he sued for that blessing which his life of purity might almost authorize him to command, and ask, What was that nobler greatness? See the tear-drops trace his time-worn cheek as his heart benevolently expanded, and his soul responded to the call of want, the moan of distress, or the wail of human suffering, and ask, What is that unfading wreath,

that crown of eternal glory, which shames the diadems of kings and beclouds the trophies of war? It was here, in the capacity of an unpretending citizen, a quiet and peace loving neighbor, a true and devoted friend, a sincere and devout Christian, that he won a moral conquest which secured to him this higher honor, this purer homage, this brighter glory, and this unfading crown.

There was a time when heroic deeds, when military feats of human slaughter, when the victorious conqueror, crowned with laurels and attended by the trumpet's clangor, commanded the highest admiration and the greatest glory of mankind. But this was a misdirection of the human mind. It was this misdirection which awarded the highest honors to Jephtha, Joshua, and Judas Maccabeus; Achilles, Titus and Alexander. Mankind for ages, in contemplating the brilliancy of these military chieftains, overlooked the merits of unpretending worth and virtue which were gently breathed in the glowing numbers of Isaiah, Ezekiel and Hosea. But the time is passed when the highest honors wait upon military deeds, and the greatest glory is awarded to the heroic conqueror. Mankind can fully comprehend that beautiful message from heaven by the lips of an angel, "On earth peace, good will among men."

It was his appreciation of the philosophy contained in this divine message that induced our departed brother to seek those flowers of peace which bloom along the quiet walks of private life—which adorn the crown of man's true glory. These cannot flourish in the blood-stained path of war. This induced him to seek, by a life of rectitude, self-abnegation, and doing good to others, that heart-felt consolation to which military and public honors are a vain mockery. Here, in your midst, he sought peace, he sought true honor, he sought true greatness; and here he found them. Here he struggled for that great fame which is won without arms, earned without blood, and awarded without the trumpet's clang or military display; and here it was awarded to him, written in tears of gratitude on the diploma of the hearts of his neighbors and friends. Here, then, on the scene of his glory, the field of his moral trophies, may his dust forever rest in peace!

It was to promote this divine message to man, and to effectively carry into practice its pure and genial influence, that he penetrated the profoundest mysteries and the most secret arcana of our mystic Order. In the Lodge, the Chapter, the Council,

and the Orders of Christian Knighthood, he found those efficient auxiliaries in doing good unto all, which elsewhere he sought in vain. Here he was constantly reminded of man's dependance on man in all the relations of life, and this important truth he treasured away in his heart as a sacred trust. Here he was taught the vanity of riches and the fallacy of worldly wealth and honors, and he bowed his head in humble submission as this universal truth sunk deep into his bosom. Here he was taught that moral truth which places the high and the low, the rich and the poor, upon one common level of equality. Here he discerned that it is the qualities of the heart which constitute the true standard of moral worth and of human elevation. Here it was that he supported the Entered Apprentice by words of encouragement and his own high example, in his researches after those precious gems of moral truth which give dignity to the man and character to the Mason, while he encouraged the Templar in supporting his cross, by pointing to the glorious crown which awaits the valiant defender of virtue and innocence. Here he found an unerring channel through which to dispense his charities; to whisper words of consolation in the ear of the mourner, and to lift up the heart stricken, and wipe away their tears, without letting the "left hand know what the right doeth." It is not strange that the philanthropist finding such aids to his mission of mercy to man, feels his heart swell and enlarge with thankfulness to that mysterious Order which affords them. This was the secret of his patient labors as a Mason, and his veneration of the Order to the day of his summons to the Grand Lodge above.

We do not claim perfection for the subject of our eulogy. No man was ever perfect, and he was but a man. But we do claim for him a sincerity and a candor that elevated his soul above the concealment of his greatest faults. He carried his foibles in his hand, as some men do their virtues, and hid away his most excellent attributes in the deep recesses of his heart. It was not every one that was permitted to scan the secrets of that good man's bosom, which concealed the richest treasures and the brightest gems of virtue and benevolence.

But we have laid the frail form which tabernacled so many excellencies, away out of our sight forever. It was time he should go. He had done all he could for mankind, and he had done all well. It was meet that he should ascend to the enjoy-

ment of a higher and a better world, a purer and a holier life, and there reap the reward of his many virtues. He had labored long, and it was time that he should rest. He had waited long and patiently for his crown of glory, and it was time that he should be taken triumphantly to his celestial coronation. Let us not, then, lament our friend and brother stricken down, but rejoice with the conqueror crowned and glorified. Bid the grave to send forth shouts of victory; bid Death to inscribe upon his urn a song of rejoicing, and to trace there a conqueror's diadem.

Sir Knights, Companions, and Brethren!—You, who knew our departed friend the best—who were the best acquainted with the secret workings of his heart—the many models of excellence which lay there concealed, which, when discovered and brought to light, shone so resplendently in his character as a man and a Mason,—feel the most deeply of any others, perhaps the loss which we have sustained in the call of our companion and brother from labor on Earth to refreshment in Heaven. No more will he kneel with us around our sacred altar, and mingle his voice with ours in that beautiful petition, which was taught to man by Divine lips, which commanded the whole family of man, from the youngest Entered Apprentice to the High Priest in the Centre of the Grand Council, to say, “Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name.”

Our companion has ceased to labor among us in our earthly temple, and has gone to exhibit specimens of his work in the Grand Council above, and to be accepted in that temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Full well we know that he carried with him to the tomb, that first veil which separates Earth from Heaven, the passport of friendship which endeared him to his companions here and will work his entrance above. That we may there, through fervency and zeal in doing good unto others, and through our rectitude of life and conduct, again unite with our friend, companion, and brother, in Hosannahs to the Omnic Being who there forever presides, forever reigns, is my earnest prayer. Amen.

BROTHER COFFINBURY's health still remains feeble, though he is slowly improving. He will not be able to finish *True Wealth* for the present, but will resume it as soon as his health will permit.

A REPRIMAND.

Our faceceous, but loyal friend Tisdall, the Masonic editor of an ably conducted department in *Pomroy's Democrat*, thus reprimands us for the notice we recently took of J. Fletcher Brennan, and his Ishmaelitish sheet. Ours was in large part a sin of ignorance. We were not fully aware of all the facts in the case, or we should not have so nearly imitated Dr. Lyman Beecher when he said he expended a folio volume on a skunk. The Doctor was returning home in the dusk of the evening, when seeing what he thought to be a white rabbit, he attempted to capture it by spreading open his book, and hastily clapping it over the unsuspecting animal. Judge of the grave Doctor's dismay, when, too late, he discovered his mistake. We acknowledge our mistake, and waste of paper and time. But why should our good Bro. Tisdall so justly rebuke us, and then so nearly imitate our short-coming? Well, after all, it requires time to right the wrongs of erring humanity. We commend the following to our verdant friend in Leslie, and advise him to try his hand again:—Ed.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON, AND THE ANTI-MASON, BRENNAN.

There is an old and very true saying, "if you touch filth you will be defiled." We were, therefore, surprised to find that a magazine of such real respectability as the *Michigan Freemason*, should waste three and a half of its pages, in noticing anything which could emanate from so polluted a source as that of that anti-Mason, John Fletcher Brennan, the conductor of that poisonous periodical, misnamed the *American Freemason*.

What the tomahawk or the scalping knife is to the redskin Indian, the pen seems to be in the hands of the red-headed Brennan. His delight seems to be to inflict as far as his ability goes—and every decent man is thankful it is not greater—as much torture by his pen, dipped in highly concentrated essence of gall, not only to the feeling of those who conduct journals devoted to the best interests of Freemasonry, but also of those engaged in the dissemination of the beauties of the science and philosophy of Masonry as contained beyond the *primary school* of the Society—the Master's Lodge, as the wild Indian would upon his deadliest foe, by tomahawk or scalping-knife.

Whether the feelings thus evidenced are "native and to the manor born" with him, or are caused by jealousy at the pros-

perity of his more deserving cotemporaries and publishers, or from lack of support judiciously withheld by a loyal and discriminating Fraternity, or by all combined, we can not say. But this much we do know, that unless he derives support from others than *Anti-Masons* of the Oberlin fanatic school—and but few of these, thank God, are to be found—he will apply himself to the study of those lessons to be gleaned from intercourse with persons possessed of hearts and consciences; from the examples of those who follow the precepts taught by Him who reigns in heaven, rather than of that devil who rules in hell, and thus exhibits more of Charity, more of Love, and of that Truth, which he appears to be ignorant of in his columns.

Says our cotemporary, the *Michigan Freemason*, in speaking of this wretch, “This John Baptist comes to usher in a better state of things, by proclaiming liberty to all Masons whose necks have been galled by the oppressive yoke of the Grand Lodge oligarchy. Every sorehead among us is counseled insubordination to authority, if not in plain language, by implication.”

Our Michigan friend dignifies this anti-Masonic scalawag when he calls *him* a “John Baptist.” Had he called him Tom Fool, he would have been nearer the mark, for, to our certain knowledge, he has for over fifteen years been fooling away to his own eternal disgrace and damnation the few talents with which an all-wise Creator intrusted him. During all that time, with the exception of those periods when his failures in business compelled him to be idle, he has been engaged in endeavoring to overthrow the Masonic structure, and damaging its good name and fame by getting up, among other schemes, what he termed Masonic lotteries, to wheedle the loose dollars out of the pockets of a too-confiding brotherhood. How many thousands of dollars he received in these gambling speculations we do not know exactly, but this we can safely say. we never heard of any one getting a prize. Brennan's instincts are such that if he desired to kill a mosquito, he would prefer, if he could, to tear the blood-sucker joint by joint assunder, so as to inflict the most torture.

Our Michigan friend and co-laborer, finds something pleasurable in this anti-Masonic sheet. He says, “We are a little pleased to find ourselves not alone, under the ban of the reformer's denunciation. Our worthy Brother, H. G. Reynolds, Grand Master of the jurisdiction of Illinois, and editor of *The*

Masonic Trowel, is denominated a 'reel-dancer,' acting 'with the agility of a dray horse.' The Grand Master of Canada is regarded as a despot, &c., &c. Bros. 'Macoy and Sickles and their *strikers*,' are soundly berated also in the number of the *Freemason* before us. Indeed, every article in this miserable sheet * * * is full of gall."

Well, misery loves company, but the editor of the *Michigan Freemason* would have done the Masonic Fraternity a greater service, and himself more credit, had he refrained from noticing this wretched publication in any form or manner. Such, or any kind of notice, is just what the red-headed slanderer and vilifier desires—it gives him and his bantling notoriety. In November last he desired an exchange with *Pomerooy's Democrat* but it was instantly declined. We have no room for infidel, atheistical, or anti-Masonic publications.

DECISIONS AND ANSWERS OF THE GRAND MASTER.

1st. If a Brother is rejected on his application to join a Lodge by Demit, ought not the ones voting in the negative to prefer charges?

Ans. You cannot oblige a Brother to prefer charges, because he casts a black ball.

That the ballot is sometimes improperly used there is no doubt, but I know of no remedy. It is secret, and no one can go behind it.

2d. Can a W. M. of a Lodge U. D. appoint a visiting Brother to do his work in the E., while he and the S. W. are absent?

Ans. The office of the W. M. is despotic. In his rulings he is supposed to be governed by the interests of the Craft in general, and of his own Lodge in particular; and to act in accordance with the Constitution, Edicts and Regulations of the Grand Lodge and the special Regulations of his own Lodge

Should a W. M. transcend his authority, he is amenable to his Grand Lodge, to whom any Brother feeling grieved at his decisions, may appeal.

Having thus briefly referred to the *power* of the W. Master, I will now say that it is not his province to appoint any one, not even a Past Master, to preside in his absence.

The Instalment Ceremony makes it the duty of the Senior Warden, in the absence of the Master to govern the Lodge, &c., &c.

In the absence of the W. M. and S. W., the J. W. succeeds to the chair.

8d. Is it, or is it not, the duty of the J. W. to prefer charges, &c., &c.

Ans. The Junior Warden is the Prosecuting Attorney of the Lodge. See Look's Digest, Chapt. IV.

4th. A. is initiated and passed in Lodge No. 1; No. 2 obtains permission to raise him; ballots for and rejects him; subsequently Lodge No. 3 asks and obtains of Lodge No. 2 permission to raise A.; has Lodge No. 3 obtained legal jurisdiction?

Ans. No! Lodge No. 2 obtained permission to do a *particular thing*, which it refused to do and consequently did not accept jurisdiction in the case. Lodge No. 1 still holds jurisdiction over A.

5th. A ballot having been passed on the petition of a candidate for initiation, and one black ball appearing, can the petition be withdrawn?

Ans. No. After a candidate gets into the ballot box, he cannot be got out except by the declaration of the W. M. He is either elected or rejected.

6th. Can a Lodge lawfully subject its W. M. to trial, and expel him should it find him guilty of Masonic misdemeanor?

Ans. It is not competent for a Lodge to try its W. M. in the manner it would a member on the floor. The usual, and I believe the only way that a W. M. can be tried, (aside from trial in Grand Lodge,) is, for a certain number of members to sign charges and forward the same to the Grand Master, who can appoint three or more Prast Masters to take the evidence, upon which the Grand Master may suspend the W. M. until the meeting of the Grand Lodge. Masonic law is unmistakable in its protection of the Brother who occupies the position of W. M. and though such Brother may be suspended from performing the functions of the office of W. M., yet he still remains the Worshiptul Master of his Lodge, and must continue such until set aside in a legal manner. The suspended Master may sit in the Lodge though not entitled to occupy the Master's chair.

No vacancy can be made in the office of W. M. except by removal into another Grand Jurisdiction, expulsion by the Grand Lodge, or by death.

7th. What are the Masonic requirements for the formation of a Lodge?

Ans. The requirements pre-requisite for the formation of a new Lodge are the following:

1st. A petition signed by at least seven Master Masons.

2d. Recommendation of the Lodge nearest the contemplated new one.

3d. The Dimits of the petitioners must accompany the petition.

4th. A certificate from a Present or Past Master, guaranteeing the safety of the proposed Lodge-room.

5th. A certificate a from Present or Past Master as to the proper qualifications of the proposed officers.

6th. A fee of fifty dollars must accompany the petition.

7th. When the dispensation is granted the Lodg-efurniture, such as regalia, jewels, lights, &c., &c., are also indispensable.

ST. JOHN'S DAY.

Masonic Lodges in ancient times were dedicated to King Solomon. Tradition informs us that they were thus dedicated from the building of the first temple of Jerusalem to the Babylonish captivity. From that time till the coming of the Messiah, they were dedicated to Zerubbabel, the building of the second temple; and from that to the final destruction of the temple by Titus, in the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, they were dedicated to St. John the Baptist.

Owing to the massacres and disorders which attended that memorable event, Freemasonry fell very much into decay. Many of the Lodges were broken up, and few could meet with sufficient members to constitute their legality. Under these circumstances, a general meeting of the Craft was held in the city of Benjamin, when it was observed that the principal decline of Masonry was the want of a Grand Master to direct its affairs. They therefore deputed seven of the most eminent of their members to wait upon St. John the Evangelist, who was at that time Bishop of Ephesus, to request him to take the

office of Grand Master. He returned for answer that, though well stricken in years (being upwards of ninety,) yet having been, in the early part of his life, initiated into Masonry, he would take upon himself that office. He did so, and completed by his learning what St. John the Baptist had accomplished by his zeal. After his decease, the Christian Lodges were dedicated to him and St. John the Baptist, both of them being regarded as eminent Christian patrons of Masonry. Since then Masons have ever celebrated the 24th of June in commemoration of St. John the Baptist, and the 27th of December in commemoration of St. John the Evangelist.—*Trowel.*

LETTER FROM COMP. J. EASTMAN JOHNSON.

We give place to the following line from the Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter of Michigan. We hope to have the cheerful co-operation and sympathies of our worthy Companions, while we labor to establish a home journal in behalf of the Craft in Michigan. Now is the time to help us. The long, cool evenings are coming, and we have just entered upon a new volume. Solicit subscribers and forward to us, and we shall long remember the kindness.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY OF THE GRAND CHAPTER OF MICHIGAN.

CENTREVILLE, June 21st, A. D. 1870.

Companion W. J. CHAPLIN,

Dear Sir and Brother:—As you are about entering upon the second volume of the MICHIGAN FREEMASON, please allow me a word. I beg to remind our Brothers and Companions, of this jurisdiction, that to sustain a Masonic journal we may call, in a strong sense, our own, requires our hearty sympathy and “material aid.” Encourage this effort, my brethren; cheer the hearts, and hold up the hands of those who are toiling for us, and we may have, at our own door, a journal *true, earnest, varied, practical and instructive.*

I remain Fraternaly Yours,

J. EASTMAN JOHNSON.

CHIPS.

OUR Most Worshipful Grand Master, A. T. Metcalf, who has for some time past, been out of health, in company with Frank Henderson, Eminent Commander of Peninsular Commandery, and Companion C. W. Cobb, of Kalamazoo Chapter, recently made a tour round the Lakes, and returned home looking cheerful, and apparently much benefitted by their trip.

THE editor recently made a flying visit to the flourishing village of Three Oaks, where he found the Craft in a prosperous condition, and growing rapidly under the efficient labors of Hon. H. Chamberlain, the W. M., aided by the zealous co-operation of the Brothers. Our list was considerably enlarged, and many words of cheer spoken for our encouragement.

WE give a communication in this number from a new correspondent, Mrs. Nelles, of Laporte, Ind. She is the author of several books, some of which have run through four or five editions in as many years. In our next we shall commence a new story from her pen, entitled, "LIGHT AND SHADOW," or *The Story of A Ruined Life*,—in four chapters. We have engaged Mrs. Nelles as a regular correspondent.

A COMMITTEE consisting of the W. M., Brother Green, and others, from Three Rivers, recently visited this city to examine the Masonic Hall, and consult in reference to expenses, &c. preparatory to the erection of a new Hall in Three Rivers. We can but hope the Masonic Bodies in that place may be successful in providing themselves with a suit of rooms as well appointed and elegant as those of Kalamazoo.

ON the 6th of July a Dispensation was granted for the formation of a new Lodge to be located at Crystal, Mountcalm County.

Also on the 21st, a Dispensation was issued for another new Lodge in Iona, which starts with good prospects.

A DISPENSATION has recently been issued by M. E. Grand High Priest, Charles Brown, for a new Chapter to be located at Alpena. Companion Henry Bolton High Priest.

OUR MASONIC EXCHANGES.—We are in receipt of most of the Masonic publications of the country, and have once or twice given the usual Editorial notice of them. Taken as a whole, we think the Craft has reason to be proud of its literature. We sometimes hear Brothers complain, and allege that it is dry, and less interesting than it should be, but nothing is so perfect as to be beyond the reach of the complaints of the hypercritical.

THE MASONIC REVIEW, Cincinnati, Ohio, is now in its *thirty-seventh* volume. It is a monthly of 64 pages, at \$3.00 per annum, and is conducted with much ability by Brother Cornelius Moore, who is familiarly known to the Craft throughout the country.

THE FREEMASON'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, now in its 29th volume, hails from Boston, Mass., and remains what it has been, the champion of the Masonic press. Brother Cha's. W. Moore is one of the most loyal defenders of genuine Masonry, and his gifted pen seems quite as vigorous in its productions as in days of *uld lang sine*. It is a 32 page monthly at \$2.50 per year.

THE MASONIC MONTHLY, is in its seventh volume, is also published in Boston by Brother Theoph. G. Wadman, at \$2.00 per year, 32 page. It is well gotten up, and bating its tendency to go off on tangents, and quarrel with Grand Officers, it is an excellent Journal. We note a great improvement in its style and manners of late. Its *Stale Hash* is no longer served.

THE MASONIC TROWEL, of Springfield, Ill., is a monthly Masonic paper now in its *ninth* volume, conducted with marked ability by H. G. Reynolds, Grand Master of Illinois. Its contents are varied and spicy, always interesting and instructive. \$1.25 per year.

PREMIUMS.—To the Brother who will send us two new subscribers for THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON, pay in advance, we will send, post paid, WEBB'S FREEMASON'S MONITOR—Fenton's Edition—Price \$1 00.

For three new subscribers, as above, LOOK'S DIGEST, price \$1 50.

For four new subscribers, MOORE'S MASONIC CHART, price \$2 00.

For twenty new subscribers, WEBSTER'S UNABBRIDGED PICTORIAL DICTIONARY, price \$12 00, or a P. M.'s Regalia beautifully trimmed and embroidered, worth \$12 00. This offer will remain good till January, 1871.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. II.—SEPTEMBER, A. L. 5870.—NO. III.

DISCOVERIES UNDER JERUSALEM.

Lieutenant Warren, as is well known, has been industriously uncovering the very roots of the ancient city in the service of the Palestine Exploring Society. His subterranean labors have revealed what may be called stratified Jewish history. He has gone down ninety feet in one spot; and, at the corner of the Haram especially, at the depth of eighty feet, he has disclosed the foundation stones of the old Temple, standing upon the living rock, besides chambers, walls, aqueducts, cisterns and arches, which begin, after incredible toil, to range themselves into an intelligible plan, revealing to us the real Jerusalem of the past. Those excavations have carried back research, indeed, to the days preceding Solomon; for in one spot a water-course of masonry has been found passing under the Temple wall itself, and there are relics in this exhibition which come from that very place. The bottom of the Birket Israel, or Pool of Bethesda, also contributes to the collection, as well as the wall of Ophel and the Tyropœum Valley; and at the foot of the southeast angle of the Great Rampart, which now sustains the mosques of Omar and Aska, have been unveiled stones bearing letters incised with a chisel or painted in red. These have been studied by Mr. Deutsch, and declared to be construction marks of the Phœnician masons who built the Temple. The *fac similes* of them thus far brought home are very much like the first attempt of a small boy to make figures upon his slate; but they are assuredly of immense antiquity, and no doubt they represent, as is stated, the actual memoranda of the stone layers of Tyre and Sidon, "who took the contract" from King

Solomon to build his Temple. From similar mines of arcæological wealth, Lieutenant Warren sends us in this exhibition the various kinds hitherto exhumed.

The treasure-trove is, of course, of different epochs and varying importance. There is square brick from beneath the hill of Ophel which is kiln-baked, and comes from the city as it existed at and before the time of Christ. By the side of that relic are deposited three or four balista balls, roughly chipped out of stone, and weighing from five to fifteen pounds, which were found in the debris of the Tyropœum, and most probably were flung into the city by the besieging army of Titus. Readers of Josephus will recollect how watchmen on the walls of Jerusalem used to look out for those stone shots, and cry, "the white bolt cometh." Here they are, just as the *balistarii* discharged them; and although nothing when compared with an Armstrong shell, they must have been awkward things to encounter.

A fragment of mortar and concrete from the bottom of the Pool of Bethesda shows that the water was artificially contained in that receptacle, if, indeed the *Birket Israil* be the same. A specimen of pottery from the Cave of Addulam takes us away from Jerusalem, and suggests thoughts at once modern and political; yet in truth, Saul may himself have used the broken pipkin.

Lieut. Warren and his party send us from the vaults below the arena of the Great Mosque some fragments of pitchers and cups which are thought to be true Phœnician. They are singularly like the ceramic ware of the Kaybles in Algeria as regards color and ornamentation, but the reds and yellows upon them are the natural earth dies of all potters, and the lozenge patterns those also which are easiest to make. None of the articles are perfect enough to allow of a judgment from their shape, which is a surer guide than patterns in ancient earthen ware. Along with these, however, are some very pretty and neatly finished *lecythi* of an unique form, which, although very simple, are perfectly true in design, and are rendered positively elegant by their correct shape.

There is an especially striking round-bellied vessel from "Robinson's Arch," discovered at seventy-two feet below the surface, of dark red clay, and almost as thin as biscuit china.

It may have held the "fine flour mingled with oil," or the "drink offering of wine, the fourth part of a hin," presented when Kore, the son of Imnah, the Levite, was porter toward the East, over the precious offerings, in the reign of Hezekiah. with these are mingled some curious little jars of a more primitive type believed to be Sidonian, though as they are of exactly the same shade of color, and made apparently of the same clay, they may as likely as not have been Jewish vessels to contain oil or essences in religious or domestic use.

Under Mount Sion have been found spindle-shaped vessels, small, and possessing the character of "lachrymatories." These remains are very puzzling. Among the most ancient of the number may be noticed a saucer-shaped piece, of good manufacture and perfect glaze, which exactly resembles the articles made in Punjaub to hold camel's milk cheese, though it may very well be, for aught we know, the identical "lordly dish" in which Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, brought butter to Sisera, preserved in the Temple, or one of the "empties" not returned to the Queen of Sheba after her celebrated visit with so many presents to the spot which is here for the first time laid bare after four thousand years.

These objects, at once so old and new, are to be supplemented by-and-by, with a collection of specimens from Mount Sinai, and some additional articles of interest from the same sources contributed by Sir Henry James.—*London Telegraph*.

WHAT DOES H. M. I. WANT ?

My Dear Brother Chaplin :

I always write what I mean, and endeavor to communicate my ideas as intelligibly as I can. In my article published in your December No.—"MASONIC SUPERSTITION"—(the title itself is significant that I do not attempt to deceive,) I attacked particularly an old and useless law requiring "sound limb" as a condition of initiation into Masonry. But as there are in our midst certain self-inflated individuals, who pretend to have penetrated into the "arcana of Masonry," and who oppose every effort at reform, or ingress of common sense into our Grand

Lodges, with the cry of "ancient landmark." I endeavored to prove that the term "landmark" can only be applied to *principles*, but in regard to laws and regulations—no matter how old they are—whenever such laws become a drag or hindrance to the prosperity of our society, or even when they become useless, *then*, every jurisdiction always possessed and now possesses, and must always continue to possess, the power of modifying, changing, or of abolishing those laws. In that letter I nowhere denied that "sound limb" *was now* the law in Michigan and twenty or more other jurisdictions. Indeed, if such was not the case, there would have been no more need to write against and ridicule it, than there is to write against the worship of Jupiter, or any other obsolete notion. The fact that I stated that a certain self-appointed "*Landmark constabulary*" oppose the repeal of the law simply because it is a "landmark," or it is a "law," must convince the most superficial reader that I knew of the existence of the law, and did nowhere deny or ignore it. With regard to the antiquity of the law, I frankly admitted it, without any *if* or *but*. At the bottom of page 243, I distinctly said: "*The old builders adopted the sound limb law.*" What necessity there was for my opponent to fill pages with quotations to prove that sound limb *was formerly* a law, or that *it is now* the law of Michigan or twenty other States besides, I cannot tell, nor can I see his reason for crowing and self-adulation, such as, "By your admission and your self-contradiction you concede my position as correct." A man must be bereft of common understanding, or must be outrageously bold-faced to set up such a claim. I repeat, that I nowhere disguised my knowledge that sound limb was formerly a law, and is now the law in a majority of the States. My whole aim was, first, to convince my reader that the law is not only unnecessary, but may also prove unjust, both to the society and to individuals; that the cry of "landmark" ever set up in our Grand Lodges by our *jurisprudence dandies* is inapplicable to that or any other law, and cited England, Scotland and Massachusetts as having long since discarded the so-called "landmark" of "sound limb." H. M. L. did not deny that Massachusetts had repealed the said law, and even admitted that Maine and North Carolina had altered the law to the same purport. He, however, disputed my statement that "there is not a word in the English constitu-

tion or ritual, either about sound or maimed limb," and also denied my assertion about Sir Walter Scott's lameness. The first he pretends to disprove by quotations from constitutions and regulations of 926, 1663, 1685-8, 1720 and 1756. Now can a man of ordinary sense suppose that because the law was so and so, one hundred or more years ago, that it must necessarily be so to day. Why did he not also cite from the Massachusetts constitution of 1792? He doubtless could have proved from that constitution that such was the law in 1792 in Massachusetts, but Massachusetts has repealed the law since then. Has he proved that England did not repeal it? Can he find the phrase "sound" or "maimed limb" in any English constitution printed during the last thirty years? Was he justified in his braggadocio, of proving, "*in the most unanswerable manner, by the very letter of the law itself, that sound limb doctrine is the present and binding law in England and Scotland?*" Probably H. M. L. may also prove, from those old laws, that the law of England *now* is that a man must be "free born" before he can become a Mason, or that he must "be born in wedlock," or that an Entered Apprentice must serve "not less than seven years." Such were undoubtedly the regulations of some of the old building societies, or even of the G. L. of England at one period of her history; but she has discarded the "free born" law, and I doubt very much whether even Michigan requires to be "born in wedlock," or demands *no less* than seven years of apprenticeship. Now, as well as England could discard those laws, and Michigan could dispense with seven-year apprenticeship, why could not the "sound limb" law also be dispensed with? I hope the reader will now agree with me, that I neither quibbled nor squirmed. But, my dear opponent, after having admitted that "Maine" and "North Carolina" had adopted the same law as Massachusetts, how came you to place "*Maine*" among the orthodox lodges? and how came you to charge Massachusetts as being the *only* jurisdiction which placed itself against the world? Nor are Massachusetts, Maine and North Carolina the only jurisdictions in the United States who discarded the "sound limb doctrine," "law," or "landmark." Oregon has gone the same way. The publisher of the *Monthly* informed me that New Hampshire is gone over, too; and, if I mistake not, I think that in the last published

proceedings of South Carolina, the G. M. alluded to the said "sound limb" law, and admitted that authorities preponderate in its favor, but intimated that common sense was against it, and therefore called attention to it.

There is another question for my opponent to answer: He quoted from Constitutions and Regulations of 926, 1163 and 1685-8; but did he ever see such a constitution as 926, etc? and if he did, (which I doubt,) how does he know that it was genuine? Does not his unnecessary quotations smack of pedantic Buncombe?

I hope the reader will be satisfied that the only "evil" that can result from my "outrageous notion" will be, the dethronement of a few jurisprudence mongers, who give themselves great airs about their knowledge of "ancient landmarks," and who are seen strutting about, *peacock fashion*, in our Lodges and Grand Lodges. My reader must be satisfied that if Masonry can exist and flourish in England, Scotland, etc, without the sound limb law, it can do the same in Michigan or anywhere else. And, in conclusion, I must request H. M. L., the would-be "Defender of the Faith," that should he ever have anything more to say to me, or about me, that he would be pleased to let me know by what name he is called.

Fraternally yours,

JACOB NORTON.

LET every Mason ask himself if he be of the esoteric or of the exoteric school of Masonry? Has he studied its hidden beauties and excellences? Has he explained its history and traced out the origin and the erudite meaning of its symbols? Or has he supinely rested content with the knowledge he has received at the pedestal, nor sought to pass beyond the porch of the temple? If so, he is not prepared to find in our ritual those lessons which adorn the path of life and cheer the bed of death; and for all purposes, save those of social meeting and friendly recognition, Masonry to him is a sealed book.—*Dr. Mackey.*

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THE STORY OF A RUINED LIFE.

BY MRS. ANNIE NELLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MURDERER.

Mrs. Dick sat quietly sewing, only glancing occasionally at the little clock on the mantel whose hands almost pointed to the hour when she might expect the coming of her husband, for though nearly a quarter of a century had passed since their marriage, she still looked with the same eagerness for his return from business as in the days when they were first united, and upon his part the Doctor always experienced the same feeling upon turning his footsteps homeward, as when he was a bridegroom of but a few days standing. Theirs was one of the few households in which over twenty years of conflict, in the great battle of life, had neither dimmed nor in any degree obliterated the feelings which had first induced them to link their fortunes together.

The room in which Mrs. Dick was seated afforded ample evidence that the Doctor had been, in the language of the world, "successful." The elegant furniture and luxurious carpets, the rich paintings which adorned the walls, and the extensive collection of rare and costly books could have been the property only of a man of intelligence and correct taste, with ample means to gratify it.

But while the practice of his profession had brought him wealth and honor, no part of his ample fortune had been accumulated by oppression or grinding the faces of the poor. His well-earned reputation for generosity towards the unfortunate who crossed his pathway, was as widely extended as his probity and professional skill were recognized and admitted. Many a poor patient, without the means to pay the most insignificant fee, was indebted to him not only for gratuitous restoration to health, but for the very food which kept him from the pangs of hunger.

On this occasion Mrs. Dick was startled by a footfall upon the doorstep so unlike the usual tread of her husband—so hasty and apparently excited—that she sprang to her feet. The next moment the door of the room was violently thrown open, and

the Doctor rushed in with an infant in his arms. His manner betokened the most intense excitement, and for an instant she was considerably alarmed.

"Here," said he, holding the babe towards his wife as she advanced to meet him, "is a child whose life I saved from the fury of its unnatural and brutal father."

"What do you mean, Robert?"

"I have not time to explain now—will tell you all when I return," he replied, and again rushed out into the street.

Mrs. Dick, though naturally very much terrified, turned her attention to the little innocent which had been so strangely placed in her charge, and which had begun to manifest its want of something in the only mode known to the infantile world—by crying. Summoning a good-natured domestic she caused some nourishment to be prepared for it, and when its hunger had been appeased, and its wailing consequently stopped, she contemplated it with almost maternal interest.

It was a girl about five months of age, with beautiful features, so far as the features of an infant of that age can be called beautiful, and had "the most wonderful blue eyes," as Mary, the cook, expressed it, "that she had ever seen in all her born days."

It needed not the mystery which surrounded the little stranger to interest her. She had borne children—a daughter and a son, the first of whom was already married, and the last absent at college—and her mother's heart throbbed with true womanly sympathy and pity for the helpless innocent which now lay in her arms, and over whose young life she well realized that a cloud of some sort had been cast. But little time was allowed her for speculation as to who or what the little one might be, for her husband again entered the room.

But in what a condition! His hat was crushed and battered, his coat was torn, and he was covered with blood from head to foot. She had never seen him in such a plight, and though by no means a person of weak nerves, the suddenness of this ghostly apparition gave her such a shock that she fell fainting to the floor. Mary, though scarcely less terrified than her mistress, yet retained sufficient presence of mind to catch the babe as Mrs. Dick fell, and so saved it from injury.

"Now, my dear," said the doctor, when Mrs. Dick had been

restored to consciousness, and he had made the necessary changes in his appearance, "I will tell you the story of our little foundling. It is a sad one."

"Whose child is she?"

"She is the child of Joseph Davis, the lawyer who lately came here from —, and who lives, as you know, in the next street," replied her husband.

"But whence came the blood upon your clothes and person, my dear husband?" inquired the lady, her thoughts recurring to the appearances which had so much alarmed her.

"Listen and I will tell you. A most horrible crime has been perpetrated. As I was passing Davis' house, on my way home, I was startled by a terrific scream from within, and rushing into the house, I beheld a sight which curdled the blood in my veins. Davis, in a frenzy of drunkenness, had this innocent babe in his hands, and was in the act of dashing out its brains. His wife was on the floor gasping in the agonies of death, her throat cut from ear to ear, while the bloody knife with which the fiend had done his murderous work, lay in the pool which flowed from the fearful, gaping wound in her neck."

"How horrible," said Mrs. Dick.

"It is, indeed," returned her husband. "I snatched the babe," he continued, "brought her to you, and then went with some officers to arrest him. We found him in the house, singing some Bacchanalian song, and as soon as we entered he rushed upon me and threw me upon the floor, in the blood of the murdered woman, while he strove to get hold of the knife, evidently with the intention of taking my life. However, he was secured before he could do any further mischief."

"Why, husband," said Mrs. Dick, shuddering, "I tremble to think of the danger you were in. But what cause of enmity had he against you?"

"None whatever. We never met before, and indeed I do not think he knows me at all. He merely attacked me because I was the first to enter the room."

"Such are the awful effects of intemperance," said Mrs. Dick, solemnly. "God forbid that our son should ever fall a victim to its demoralizing influences! Do you know how long this wretched creature has been addicted to the terrible vice?"

"I was told by a man who professed to know something of

his antecedents that he was at one time a prominent lawyer of —. Though but a young man, he had already won a position which many an old practitioner might envy, was a member of the church, and one of the leaders of the temperance society there. But he violated his pledge, went from bad to worse, and finally became a confirmed inebriate. He lost his business, spent all his property, as well as a very handsome dower received with his wife, and finally came here to commit the horrid deed which has this evening so shocked our whole community. This is briefly what I learn of his past history from one who knows."

"It is almost too horrible for comprehension," replied his wife. "But what has been done with the poor murdered lady?"

"Her corpse was being prepared for interment when I left the house," said the doctor. "She will be buried to-morrow or the day after. But what shall we do with the little one?"

"Had Mrs. Davis no friends who would be glad to adopt and care for her?"

"None, I believe," said Dr. Dick. "She was an only child; her mother was a widow at the time of her marriage, and has since died."

"Then let us keep and adopt her as our own," said Mrs. Dick. "Sweet little creature," she continued, turning toward the sofa on which the infant was quietly sleeping, "is she not a beauty?"

"Certainly," replied the doctor, good-humoredly. "All children of that age are perfection in the eyes of women, I believe, and this can not be an exception to the general rule."

It would be difficult to interpret the grimace with which Mrs. Dick replied to this sally of the Doctor's. It might have expressed either disgust at his apparent want of feeling, or contempt for his implied slur upon the female sex in general, or almost any other feeling which one should choose to imagine. Certain it is that she made no reply in words, but that the expression of her face was significant of any thing which any one saw fit to suppose it might mean. However, the Doctor made no quarrel about it, having said his say he appeared entirely contented to allow his good wife to indulge any feeling she chose in the matter.

And in good sooth, the little girl who had come so, almost providentially as it seemed, into their care and custody, appeared to justify Mrs. Dick's encomium upon her. She was remarkably sprightly and attractive for a child of her age, while her deep, blue, transparent eyes seemed indeed the "windows of her soul." Hard must have been the heart which would not be moved by the beauty and angel innocence depicted upon that countenance.

Turn we for a moment to the guilty murderer in his cell, as he watches the slowly passing moments, every one of which brings him nearer and nearer to the hour of doom which he had prepared for himself. At first he appeared totally unconscious of the damning guilt which his own act had fastened upon his soul. When sufficiently sobered, after being taken into custody, he asked for what he was arrested. Upon being informed that it was for the murder of his wife, he evinced no recollection of the matter, but when confronted with her lifeless and pallid corpse, the firmness which he had manifested gave way, and with loud cries and lamentations he besought them to inflict upon him the vengeance which his conduct had merited.

"Hang me, hang me," he cried, as he smote upon his breast in an availing remorse; "God knows I have deserved no less."

So violent appeared the stings of his conscience that it was deemed necessary to watch him constantly lest he should inflict personal violence upon himself. The utmost care was exercised to prevent him from committing suicide; his food was carefully examined to see that no friend from outside had supplied him with poison; and an attendant always remained with him at meal time to prevent him from making any improper use of the utensils furnished him with which to eat his food; and yet, as will appear farther in the progress of our tale, these precautions were entirely unnecessary. Self-destruction was the farthest thing from his thoughts, consummate hypocrite that he was.

Time passed, and the court in which Joseph Davis was to be put upon his trial for the crime of willful murder, convened. Despite his apparent poverty, and the strong current of public opinion which was setting against him, he had succeeded in retaining the ablest counsel of the circuit for his defense.

Never, perhaps, had a case of such surpassing interest to

the public been called in the court over which Judge Worthington presided with so much dignity and ability. Mrs. Davis was a woman of remarkable sweetness and amiability of disposition, and even in the short time that she had resided in ———, she had won numerous friends to whom the intelligence of her terrible death came like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, and awakened at once the most unappeasable demand for vengeance upon her murderer. And to those who knew her not, the atrocious crime of which she had been the victim, appealed in thunder tones for the stern retribution of the law.

His counsel went into his defense with the most tremendous pressure against them, but with a zeal and assiduity which were at once their highest commendation. Not that they made use of any improper or undue influences to secure his acquittal; they were far too high-minded and honorable to resort to any unworthy means to obtain a verdict in his favor; but they fully realized the truth of the proposition that any man, however guilty, was entitled to have a fair trial, and to have his case presented in the most favorable light of which it would admit, and this and no more they set out to do.

The defence was the somewhat hackneyed one of insanity; but in this case there seemed more foundation for such a defence than is usual. He had been so long under the influence of alcoholic stimulants that it hardly seemed strange that his brain should have been influenced by it, and his counsel made the most that could be made of that fact. But their ingenuity, and the brilliant and persuasive eloquence in which they indulged before the jury, were alike unavailing. At the close of a protracted trial, every step of which was watched with the most intense eagerness by the excited crowd who filled the court house from first to last, the jury returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, and Joseph Davis was sentenced to atone for his hideous crime upon the scaffold.

There was but one sentiment throughout the vast audience, or indeed in the entire community, in regard to the justice of his conviction. No one entertained the slightest doubt of his guilt, and though in this community, as elsewhere all over our free land, there was a class of philanthropists who conscientiously denied the right of frail humanity to take life even as a punishment for the most atrocious crimes, these would not

have reversed his conviction if they had possessed the power. The utmost that even their tender consideration for the lives and rights of others would have asked, was, that his sentence might have been mitigated from hanging to imprisonment for life. And we are by no means sure that they are in error in their views. It is certainly a most fearful responsibility to take away the life of a fellow-creature under any circumstances, and so long as humanity remains the finite, imperfect thing it is, so long will the liability to mistakes continue. And what can atone for the wrong done to an innocent person, and to those whose hearts have indissolubly linked themselves together with his, when his life is taken away by judicial sentence? That, despite the machinery provided by the tender care of the law for eliciting truth, hundreds of innocent persons have been convicted of heinous crimes, and have perished upon the scaffold, is not, and can not, be doubted by any one at all familiar with the history of criminal jurisprudence in this and every other country, and it may be that it would be better if the punishment awarded to supposed crime were such as to admit of at least a partial reparation if the innocence of the supposed criminal should in time become manifest, as has often been the case. But pardon this digression, dear reader.

From the time that sentence was pronounced upon him, Joseph Davis seemed to be a changed man. The air of reckless abandon which had characterized him before, disappeared; he passed hours in reading the Scriptures, and in apparently solemn meditation upon his awful situation; he sought eagerly for the society of ministers of the gospel and other pious persons, to whom he spoke freely of his sense of sin, his earnest penitence, and his hope that the Omnipotent would show him the mercy he had denied to others, and not unfrequently the jailer, as he went his rounds, was arrested by the voice of the condemned prisoner as he plead earnestly with the Almighty for pardon and forgiveness.

The jailer was a very humane and kindly man, of sincere piety, and a devout Christian, and to him these evidences of repentance and contrition for his great crime, on the part of his prisoner, were in the highest degree gratifying. He spoke freely to his friends of the change which had taken place in the culprit, repeatedly expressed his belief in the genuineness of

his conversion, and treated the prisoner with a degree of kindness and consideration which he humbly hoped and trusted would have the effect of leading him still nearer to the One who alone can atone for human sin and give peace to the troubled conscience. Poor man! he little suspected that he for whom he was so willing to do anything in his power, was merely acting a part, the better to carry out a scheme which had been matured in his corrupt bosom, and which involved still another crime shocking to the sense of the entire community.

As the day fixed for his execution drew near, the apparent piety and penitence of Davis became more and more intense; his requests for the society and religious conversation of his jailer more frequent, until it almost seemed that he was unwilling to have him out of his sight for a moment. And the kind official, willing and anxious by all means in his power to deepen and confirm the good impression which he was sure had been made, never turned a deaf ear to these requests. Every moment of time which could be spared from his duties was spent in the cell of the condemned man, and every ministration which his experience could suggest, and which would have a tendency to relieve the apparently sorrowing spirit, was freely carried into effect.

So time passed, and the night preceding the day of execution at last arrived. All necessary preparations for the sad event of the morrow had been made. At this time, the absurd idea that executions must be in public, for the sake of their example, had not been eradicated from the minds of our legislators, and hence the gallows upon which Davis was to pay the penalty of violated law had been erected upon a gentle eminence in the outskirts of the village, and some distance from the jail.

On this evening, when the jailer came to the cell of Davis with his supper, the latter said:

"To-morrow, I believe, is—is—the day—on—which—I—am—to die, is it not, Mr. Bradley?"

"Yes," said the kind-hearted man, in a low and feeling tone, "to-morrow is the last day of your life. Is there anything I can do for you, in addition to what I have done?"

"I do not know that there is," returned the prisoner, with

well affected emotion. "You have been so kind to me that I dislike to tax you further. And yet," he continued, hesitatingly, "I hate to pass this, the last night of my life, alone."

"There is not the least necessity of your doing so," Bradley hastened to reply. "I will get whomever you wish to spend the night with you. Who shall it be?"

"If it is not asking too much," said Davis, in a tone of humility, "I should prefer your company to that of any one else. If you can come in after you have locked up for the night, and stay with me till the morning, I feel that it will enable me to meet my awful fate with more Christian courage."

"I will do so with pleasure," returned Mr. Bradley, while down deep in his heart glowed a little feeling very much like self-congratulation that he had been selected for this office in preference to so many others of more pretentious ability, who had from time to time administered consolation to the condemned man.

"And then," continued Davis, in the same humble manner, "I would like to have you in the morning send for Rev. Mr. Whitney to pray with and accompany me to—the gal-lows."

"It shall be as you wish," said the jailer. "And now is there anything else?"

"No, I thank you. Good-bye, for the present."

Under the pretext that the noise and revelry of the other prisoners jarred harshly upon his pious meditations, Davis had induced the jailer to give him a cell in a remote part of the building, and now, as the official walked down a long corridor which led to the cells of the other prisoners, the murderer looked after him with a smile of such fiendish glee that had he chanced to look back and catch the Satanic gleam through the grated door of the cell he had just left, he would have been very far from returning to it that night, notwithstanding his promise. But he saw it not, and with his heart lightened at the thought of cheering, to some extent, the last hours of a man whom he believed to be sincerely contrite, he went about his usual evening duties.

About eleven o'clock, according to his usual custom, Mr. Bradley went the round of all the cells to see that everything

was safe for the night, after which he bent his steps in the direction of Davis' cell, carrying with him two or three tracts of a religious character. The prisoner, who was standing in a corner of the cell near the door, greeted him kindly as he entered, and then, as Bradley turned to secure the door, the prisoner struck him a tremendous blow from behind, with a post he had torn from one of the two chairs with which the cell was furnished.

The stroke was sufficient to fell him senseless to the floor, and the next moment, and before he had in the least degree recovered, the murderer had torn off the fallen man's coat, after which, feeling in the pockets of his still insensible victim, he drew forth a common pocket knife, with which he cut his throat from ear to ear, then arose and gazed with an unmoved countenance upon the rapidly-flowing life-blood of the man from whom he had never received aught but kindness. Watching the rapidly-paling countenance of this, his second victim, he said, in mocking accents which might well befit the lips of the arch-fiend himself :

"Well, Bradley, you will stay with me to-night and then send for Whitney in the morning, will you? How very kind of you. But I have no idea of staying with you, or of seeing Whitney, or dancing at the end of a rope for the amusement of a crowd of fools, Ha! ha! Won't there be an excitement when they find that the delectable little show is not to come off, as advertised? Unavoidably postponed on account of the absence of the principal actor. Pretty good, isn't it? But I've no time to waste, apostrophising here."

So saying, he proceeded to remove the murdered man's pants, and in a short time had replaced his own with them. He then put on the coat and hat which Bradley had worn, and as they were just about the same size and form, with hair and whiskers very much alike, he anticipated no difficulty in personating his victim sufficiently to make his escape. Possessing himself of the keys of the prison, and the jailors lamp, he walked quietly out, passing in full view of one of the turnkeys, who supposed it to be Mr. Bradley on his way home, and hence offered no opposition to his exit, carefully locked the outer door, and deliberately walked away. Two or three persons passed him while engaged in fastening the door, but recogniz-

ing, as they supposed, the well-known figure of the jailor, they merely gave him a passing salute and hurried on their way.

The flight of the double murderer was not discovered until morning. As Mr. Bradley had communicated to his family his intention of passing the night with the condemned man, of course they felt no uneasiness at his absence, and it was not until one of the turnkeys in his morning rounds came to the cell of the murderer that the horrid tragedy which had been there enacted, and the escape of the prisoner were discovered. Of course the alarm was immediately given, men were sent out to scour the surrounding country in all directions; large rewards were offered for the apprehension of the double murderer, and every effort that could be devised to compass his arrest was at once put in force.

But the seven or eight hours start which he had gained, and the absence of anything peculiar in his appearance which could serve to guide his pursuers, and which rendered a minute description of his person somewhat difficult, enabled him to elude those who were in search of him, at least for the present. He was never seen in —— again. For weeks the search was prosecuted with unabated eagerness, but he had too effectually concealed his course; the unavailing ardor of his pursuers at last began to abate; other incidents effaced the recollection of these double tragedies from the minds of the good people of ——, to a certain extent; people ceased to talk about them, and life flowed on as though its surface had never been rippled and stained by so much crime and bloodshed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUGHT A MASON TO SHIELD A BROTHER WHO HAS COMMITTED A CRIME?

DEAR BROTHER, — There is some diversity of opinion as to the duties and responsibilities assumed by gentlemen on becoming members of the Masonic Fraternity. It is true that there are very many branches emanating from the main stem of Masonry, important in themselves as leading to a knowledge of its principles and theories, and of special interest to the brethren

ren in defining the true character of their relationship to the Institution and to their fellow-members, yet there are really but few of the principal attributes of Freemasonry necessary to be understood in giving direction to a Mason's course of action in the absence of any applicable regulation. Very many persons associating themselves with the Institution, pass its threshold without comprehending fully its privileges, and do not see how safely they are guarded from any act of over-strained or misapplied philanthropy. Indeed, many, partially indifferent to the study of its science, pass from the theatre of life ignorant of its characteristics, and without having acquired any practical knowledge of its countless virtues. The Constitutions of Freemasonry have their sources in principles resting in the bosom of Deity himself; an existence without origin, incapable of modification or restraint. Love, virtue, and beneficence, find there an abiding home; an incentive to every motive, and vitality to every moral suggestion of the heart. Love is Masonry; virtue is Masonry; that which is right, proper, and noble, is Masonry. Follow any path in benevolence and honor and you are within the circle which circumscribes the Mason's sentiments and governs his course of action.

Persons stimulated in their conduct by impulses from a source so pure and potent, knitted together by the strongest ties of brotherhood, and feeling that by the mystic tie there is a common interest of identification in pain, suffering and pleasure, imagine a difficulty in answering the question heading this article, viz.: "Ought a Mason to shield a brother who has committed a crime?" But this is no intricate inquiry. Taking the above-mentioned characteristics as a guide, the response of virtue, honor, and justice, will be promptly and emphatically given in the negative. Treason, murder, robbery, theft, and arson, are offences against the criminal laws, punishable by imprisonment or death. Should a Mason offend in either of these, or any other of like character, he, by the act, severs the tie which imposes the duty upon his fellows to succor him in cases requiring personal intervention. So far from its being the duty of a Mason to divert the ends of justice by screening a brother from the consequences of his guilt, and thus become a *particeps criminis* to the act, subject to the same punishment under the law, and exclusion from the privileges and sympathies of the Institution, it is his duty to suffer the law to take its

course, untrammelled by his interference, be the consequences what they may.

As treason is enumerated among the penal offences, and possesses elements of various modifications, we may properly pause here a moment to dwell upon its differant phases in this connection. Treason may be fostered in a conspiracy against the life of a monarch, simply to transfer the ruling power from one individual to another, without intending thereby to effect any change in the principles of the government itself, or by betraying the State into the hands of a foreign power. In either case, should such a conspiracy be participated in to favor a party or friend, with no political end in view, it may properly be classed as criminal treason, and as such, subjects the perpetrators to capital punishment. On the contrary, should such a design be executed to rid the people of a despotic oppression, and to effect a modification in the principles of government, it may be safely placed under the political head, and as such, afford a brother the right of extending to another the benefits of the Institution. Indeed, the latter phase of the subject bears so close an identity to rebellion that it is scarcely possible to distinguish between them. This being the case, the subject is rendered still more difficult of solution. Political revolutions are held as justifiable by the enlightened portion of the world, and rebellion held as admissible by the fraternity of Masons. They seem to be one and the same thing in kingly and imperial governments, and differ only in terms, in popular government, where the sovereign power rests in the people. Strictly speaking, the term rebellion can scarcely be appropriately used when applied to a revolution in a federal or confederate government. If there is a difference between revolution and rebellion, an athetical student may possibly discover the line separating the two political positions; but a benevolent heart would scarcely pause to thread the labyrinth of such an investigation, were a hunted brother, accused of either offence, to approach him, seeking protection. He would at once, with open arms, take him to his bosom, and shelter him from heartless pursuers. In this act a Mason would be perfectly justifiable under the following old regulation: "That if a brother should be a rebel against the state, he is not to be countenanced in his rebellion, however he may be pitied as an unhappy man; and if convicted of no other crime, though the loyal brotherhood must and ought to

disown his rebellion, and give no umbrage or ground of political jealousy to the government for the time being, they cannot expel him from the Lodge, and his relations to it remain infeasible." So, likewise, should a Mason shield a brother fleeing to him for refuge from the fanatical persecutions of any religious sect or society, whether such persecutions be sustained by a popular cry or state laws, or not.

The above paragraph is introduced to show that Freemasonry guards so very carefully the principles of its universality, ignoring entirely every feature of political partisanship, and religious sectarianism, that it is willing to allow the most liberal construction of its general regulations, in securing to its adherents a full exercise of their individual opinions, predilections, and natural inherent rights, while in Lodge fellowship. Freemasonry, therefore, stands committed to freedom of political sentiment and action, and to religious tolerance, without regard to country or sect. At the same time it emphatically discourages the violation of any law, and reprobates criminal offences of every hue and character. In abhorring personal crime, it can justify no act by which the law may be deprived of its power to administer its just award. To construe the fraternal relationship which the brotherhood hold to each other as warranting a member to intervene between an offender of the law and its operation, would be to prostitute its most sacred principles of virtue and justice. The evil effects need not be reverted to here, but are allowable to show the criminal enormity of such a course. Its tendency would be to reduce the Institution to a band of outlaws,—criminal confederates, ready, under certain circumstances, either by stratagem or intimidation, if need be, to defend their fellows from a punishment deserved, and the safety and common weal of a community demand. If any principle or landmark in Freemasonry could be so distorted as to give credence to a doctrine so repugnant to the instincts of our nature and our conceptions of morality and virtue, the good repute now adorning its honored frontal, and revered by the pure, the noble, and intellectual of the land, would soon become a "by-word and a reproach."

There is scarcely a Mason who may or not habitually attend the meeting of the Lodge, but is aware of the tenacity with which any principle of honor and morality is guarded by the Brotherhood. The sensitiveness of the brethren in protecting

these delicate points, and in giving their advantage to their fellow-craftsmen, and the fastidious care with which they adhere to the spirit of those virtues, is well calculated to mislead them while seeking their duty to their erring brother. There are not a few of the brethren who believe that in fulfilling their obligations to the Institution, they are expected to shield a brother, guilty of any crime, if called upon by him, under the signals of distress, to do so. This is evidently an error, a fallacy, an infatuation, growing out of a morbid idea of Masonic duty. A Mason who by his own willful act places himself beyond the pale of the Institution, can claim none of its privileges, nor flee to the horns of its altars for protection. This fact, however, is not to be construed as extending beyond this Masonic limit. A gentleman becoming a member of the Order is not thereby shorn of his attributes as a man. He may, in the premises, exercise his own pleasure in that direction, as an individual, but he is not required to do so by any obligation under the mystic tie. On the contrary, such a course would be viewed with disfavor.

It is proper to assist a brother in distress; to remember him in prayer; to admonish him of his error; to aid a reformation; to give him good counsel, and to warn him of approaching danger. But these duties are only expected of a Mason towards a brother in good standing. The Institution exacts no duty from its votaries towards a brother, which is not morally right and lawful. There are instances on record in which the brethren refused to give a brother a Masonic burial who had been killed in a duel, simply on the ground that in fighting a duel he violated the law. These are strong cases, illustrating very clearly the position which Masonry occupies on this question.

While a Mason deports himself with circumspection, and keeps himself within the bonds of fraternal propriety, he justly claims the respect and love of his fellow-craftsmen. All that is lawful and right may and will be done which can contribute to his happiness and prosperity. No slanderous report can be indulged or propagated to his prejudice or injury, particularly if the effect is to deprive him of a situation or impair his business. On the contrary, the brethren are to cherish his good name and guard his reputation, and, *all things being equal*, are to give him the preference over a profane, in appointments to office

of honor and emolument. On this latter point there may be some difficulty in the minds of brethren who are members of a church which inculcates the principle of "preferring one another" in secular pursuits. Many hold their membership to the church as more binding upon them in this regard, than they do the duties imposed upon them by the fraternal admonitions of Freemasonry. Every one, more or less, concedes the superiority of the church of God, in all matters connected with the eternal interests of the human race, over all other institutions, it matters not how pure and elevated the moral precepts of such societies may be. The spiritual ties which knit together the hearts of its members, where true religion exists, can never be severed by time, nor weakened in the countless ages of eternity. The love of God, which cements the soul to beatified bliss, can not be circumscribed in its eternal comprehensiveness by a limit surrounding the most favorable system of ethics, however perfect they may be. Masonry, however, in its moral teachings, differing materially in many essential particulars from other institutions, can scarcely be classed as among the ordinary societies of the day. Although Masonry cannot claim a divine origin, it nevertheless propagates every principle of the church militant, except that it is not the media of spiritual life. But in every other respect it is what the church is. Hence there should be no surprise felt when its devotees hesitate as to which of these two great engines of benevolence, devoted as they are to the moral advancement of mankind, possesses a preponderating influence in considering the claims of their respective memberships.

Therefore, between these two institutions "let every one be persuaded in his own mind," influenced entirely by the conscientious impulses of his own heart; but between all other institutions, Masonry can justly claim the preference. It is a happy reflection that in either case there is no restraint upon benevolent action. The sacred admonitions of one of our patron saints should stimulate all to love one another, whether in the Church or in Masonry. It is with the greatest veneration we behold that honored old man, bowed down with age, his snow-white locks floating in the breeze as he stands with his hands stretched in benediction, animated now with the same spirit of love which led him to a life of peril and sacrifice in his youth, with his physical energies fast declining, counselling the

brethren from the warmth of his benevolent heart,—“ My little children, let us not love in word, neither in thought, but in deed and in truth.”

Yours in fraternal love.

D.

—*Freemasons' Monthly Magazine.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER OF THE FREEMASON.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I call on Thee,
 For whom a myriad suns are burning,
 To whom a thousand hearts are turning,
 I call on Thee !
 Behold in awe all wonders of Thy hand,
 I view Thy Beauty, Wisdom, Strength,
 Thyself I cannot see.
 I hear the melody of Thy eternal voice,—
 With thunder tones it doth in heaven rejoice ;
 Thyself I cannot see.
 O Thou Eternal Spirit ! who hast e'er divined ?
 But yet I know that I can find Thee ; Father,
 In loftiest sanctuary, or by night or day ;
 There I will seek Thee and Thy child will pray,
 “ Our Father who art in heaven.”

I praise Thee.
 Where is the name pronounced the Godhead's own ?
 Since Thou on earth by many names art known,
 And they call Thee Isis, Allah, Bramah,
 Seraphim praise Thee in Jehovah Jireh,
 A name embraces not Thy glory ;
 And while in pious zeal the pagan's idols burn,
 And Greeks in ardor for their Demyrgos yearn,
 So I, great Builder of the firmament, would call on Thee,
 While on my knees lie bent, and pray,
 “ Hallowed be Thy name.”

Lord, I implore Thee !
 Thou hast conferred the grace to see the right
 By granting me the favor of Thy light,
 Oh ! list to me !
 Let all the brothers feel Thy glory and Thy might,
 That stronger grow the links that us unite
 To one great chain that death cannot destroy ;
 And if forlorn we walk on life's lone strand,
 If on the icepole or in desert sand,

They all bow down before the living God,
 And all the scattered brothers will at length
 Devote their lives to Beauty, Wisdom, Strength,
 Oh ! let me pray, " Thy kingdom come ! "

I trust in Thee !

Show me the lights endowed by Thy grace ;
 Within Thy compass let my foot take pace,
 My guide be Thy omniscience ;
 If selfish pride the heart yet holds in chain,
 Then let me soon an humbler one regain.
 Humility's the Mason's noblest duty,
 Its holy breath may lend us Strength and Beauty :
 Therefore, " Thy will be done in heaven and earth."

What Thine is, mine should be.

I do not pray for earthly power and gold ;
 They are but dust that leaves the heart so cold.
 Thou gav'st me much ; but where
 Distress and poverty their voice would raise,
 And pity pleads from wan and suffering face,
 Where I the wants of needy creatures see,
 And hear the cries of those in agony,
 Then to my arms the needful powers lend,
 That with the Mason's trowel I spread cement ;
 Oh ! let me give with open brother's hand,
 Whatever in my apron gathered be ;
 And for the sake of charity I pray,
 " Our daily bread, dear Lord, give us this day ! "

Forgive us, Lord.

The paths of sin lie thick on every hand,
 But give, that in Thy strength we may withstand,
 That nevermore my heart a bitter wrath may fill ;
 Against a brother never let me bear ill-will,
 Let me his faults with a white lamb-skin cover,
 Let guardian angels ever round him hover ;
 Whose heart is pure, whose life without alloy.
 Thou hast with gracious love embraced us,
 Now we call on Thee in prayer,
 " Forgive us all our trespasses
 As we forgive those who against us sin ; "
 So let our hearts be purified within.

Guide us, O Lord !

The Mason's step, if life be dark or fair,
 Must be within the compass and the square ;
 Oft in our temple, with a hand profane,
 The light we crave,—nor let this be in vain—
 Lead us from sin and from temptation far,

To fairer climes where all blessed brethren are.
 O Thou who art, who wert, who e'er will be,
 Protect, we pray, our pure Freemasonry.

So mote it be !

Great Master ! Thy eternal pillars stand,
 Though the great temple is not built with hand ;
 The structure reaches far beyond the land,
 And million pulses beat beneath the firmament ;
 Onward by Thy guide Thou tak'st us to the far-off Orient,
 Where a J. . shall ope the gates to all,
 Who worship evermore in our celestial hall ;
 Thine is the wisdom infinite, Thine the power, Thine the glory,
 And through eternity all creatures will adore Thee !

Amen ! Amen !

FRANCE.

Never in the history of nations has there been a precedent to the downfall of Imperial France. Less than two short months ago she stood forth among the nations of the earth, proud, haughty, arrogant, with the Emperor Napoleon at her head, attempting to dictate a sovereign for Spain, and so impatient of opposition, that when Prussia imposed an objection, a war of conquest was immediately declared, and with the Emperor and the most experienced Generals to lead, the grand army of the French nation, which had been twenty years in equipping and drilling, was marched forth for the Prussian border to lay her land desolate, and annex to the French Empire the rich valley of the Rhine. Never did a prouder army go forth to battle. Never did more hearty cheers ascend from an approving people well nigh frantic with excitement. Knowing the former history of the French nation, the valor of her generals, and the undaunted courage of her soldiers, the people of other nations anticipated grand achievements by the French army. Some even prophesied that Napoleon III. would prove himself on the battlefield an equal to his illustrious predecessor. But alas, alas ; the high hopes of the French are blighted, and the prophecies of multitudes of people are proved to have been vain illusions. In every battle, however hotly contested, victory perched upon the Prussian standard. The grand army of France was turned back, and had to seek safety in the strongest fortresses, where they were held

inactive till starvation should do its work. Whichever way Napoleon cast his bewildered gaze, the Prussian legions met his vision. At his continual disasters, the proud, restless people of his vast empire grew impatient and threatened mutiny. Every day brought new dangers, and before one short month elapsed, the fate of the French Empire was sealed. The army of Napoleon was divided, and rendered almost useless. Thousands on thousands had fallen in battle, and quite as many more had gone to Prussia, not to devastate and lay it waste, but as prisoners of war. Victorious legions confront Napoleon on every hand, till terrified, disheartened, and bereft of both courage and judgment, he seeks opportunity to surrender up his sword, his army, and himself, into the hands of his conqueror! Thus haughty, imperial France is left without an Emperor, and the citizens of Paris, who but a few days ago were shouting the applause of Napoleon and his grand army, now declare themselves free, and France a Republic!

But the bloody war ends not here. At his surrender, Napoleon admits that he no longer represents the French nation, hence the victorious Prussians can make no treaty of peace with him. The Prussian army is ordered on to Paris, and devastation and ruin mark its train. The beautiful fields and vine-clad hills which were but yesterday robed in their fairest summer garb, are to-day stripped of their verdure and beauty. Cities are being sacked, rail roads torn up, bridges, noted as among the finest specimens of art, and also for their great expense, are being burned or otherwise destroyed, and Paris, the far-famed city of French pride, the centre of fashion and modern refinement, is now a beleaguered city, cut off from France, and from intercourse with other nations. She who has dictated the modes and styles to the fashion mongers, and impoverished nations whose silly people might have grown rich, had it not been that they must don every mode and style, however uncouth and ridiculous which should emanate from Paris—she who has dictated the fashions for so many peoples, especially the American, is now at the mercy of her Prussian foe, and ere another week shall pass, may be a heap of smouldering ashes! Then what will our fancy-merchants do? What will become of our fashionables? They may join in the sorrows of their prototypes among the ancients whose sad lamentations at the fall of Tyrus may be read in the

27th and 28th Chapters of Ezekiel. "The merchants of Sheba and Raamah, they were thy merchants; occupied in thy fairs with chief of all spices, and with all precious stones, and gold. Haran, and Canneh, and Eden, the merchants of Sheba, Asshur, and Chilmad, were they merchants. These were thy merchants in all sorts of things, in blue clothes, and broided work, and in chests of rich apparel, bound with cords, and made of cedar, among thy merchandise. * * * * *

"They shall bring thee down to the pit, and thou shalt die.

* * * * *

"By the multitude of thy merchandise they have filled the midst of thee with violence, and thou hast sinned; therefore I will cast thee as profane out of the mountain of God; and I will destroy thee.

"And they shall make themselves utterly bald for thee, and gird them with sackcloth: and they shall weep for thee with bitterness of heart and bitter wailing. And in their wailing they shall take up a lamentation for thee, and lament over thee, saying, What city is like Tyrus, like the destroyed in the midst of the sea?"

Thus did God remove an ancient, proud city, whose influence upon the nations was evil only, and that continually; and thus may Paris go, together with its pride, its pomp, its infidelity and its sensuality, to merited ruin.

This war has proved that the apparent strength of France was a delusion. While she was rich and populous, and to all appearance would prove a full match for Prussia, her refined and proud people were comparatively weak when put to the test of mortal combat with the sturdy, stalwart German races.

And herein is a lesson which should be studied, especially by our American people, for have we not been almost servile in our imitation of the manners and habits of the Parisians. And has not this imitation of that people had a tendency to make our people, especially our women, effeminate not to say dissolute and unchaste? And have we not already copied as a nation not only the styles of dress emanating from the proud city of the French, but have we not copied her dissolute, sensual habits also. until in a large way we are partakers of her sins? And were matters to continue for a century to come as they have been going for twenty-five years past, where would America find her strength? Shall I not say among her foreign population—among those who had

not the ability nor inclination to ape the fashions of Paris? Thence would come our soldiers, our farmers, our mechanics, the very bone and sinew of a nation. Those who have eyes and use them, cannot be blind to these apparent results. And much as we lament war and its devastations, it is our solemn conviction that the downfall of Paris would prove a blessing to America. Greatly would we prefer another result. We would rather hope that the shock of war would arouse the people of Paris and of France to their real condition, and stimulate them with the courage and action of our revolutionary fathers, so that they would achieve their national liberties at the same time that they would expel their dreaded foe. We still have some faint hope that the arrogant claims of King William may so exasperate the French, that they may yet show by their valor, that they have a right to the blessings of national freedom. And should this distressing, bloody, devastating war end with such results, no nation will have as much cause to thank God for it as the French.

But we intended when we commenced writing, to speak of the arrogance of France in regard to the action of the Grand Orient in invading American Jurisdictions, and recognizing Clandestine Lodges. That action was in keeping with the dictatorial arrogance of modern France. She had become so imperial, that she had, in her own estimation, a kind of right divine to dictate for the outside world. Now it may be said of her, truthfully,

"Her pomp is in the grave, her glory laid,
Low in the pit her arrogance hath made."

But we desist. Time will soon tell what is to be the future of proud, vaunting, imperial France. At this time a cloud darker than Egyptian night gathers over her, and would seem to portend her utter overthrow.

The Craft in Indiana recently had a glorious time on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the New Court House at Plymouth. The Commmanderies of Fort Wayne, Laporte, South Bend, and a few other places, were present. An eloquent Address was delivered by Hon. A. L. Osborn, Judge of the 9th Judicial Circuit of Indiana. Grand Master Rice is said to have performed the imposing ceremonies with great ability.

MASONIC STATISTICS.

We give the following carefully prepared statistical table, presenting the present condition and strength of the Craft, which we make up from such reports as we are able to consult. As New Lodges are being constantly organized, and new members daily added to the institution, of course it is impossible to report the actual number of members; but the following will approximate the truth. This table will be valuable for future reference. It has cost us considerable labor, and is worth, to the student of Masonry, the subscription price of our Journal for a year.

We present the States in their alphabetical order.

ALABAMA.—Number of Lodges, 278; Initiations during the past year, 880; Deaths, 166; Number of Master Masons, 10,729.

ARKANSAS.—No. of Lodges, 240; Initiations, 1,086; Master Masons, 8,187.

CALIFORNIA.—No. of Lodges, 208; Initiations, 1,395; Deaths, 95; Master Masons, 8,797.

COLORADO.—No. of Lodges, 15; Initiations, 112; Master Masons, 717.

CONNECTICUT.—No. of Lodges, 93; Initiations, 943; Deaths, 148; Master Masons, 12,784.

DELAWARE.—No. of Lodges, 18; Initiations, 100; Deaths, 10; Master Masons, 930.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—No. of Lodges, 19; Initiations, 175; Deaths, 20; Master Masons, 2,469.

FLORIDA.—No. of Lodges, 50; Initiations, 164; Deaths, 44; Master Masons, 1,902.

GEORGIA.—No. of Lodges, 268; Initiations, 1,271; Deaths, 168; Master Masons, 16,469.

IDAHO.—No. of Lodges, 6; Initiations, 44; Deaths, 2; Membership, 279.

ILLINOIS.—No. of Lodges, 606; Initiations, 4,042; Deaths, 278; Master Masons, 33,996.

INDIANA.—No. of Lodges, 380; Initiations, 2,801; Deaths, 189; Master Masons, 21,205.

IOWA.—No. of Lodges, 261; Initiations, 1,594; Deaths, 78; Master Masons, 11,468.

KENTUCKY.—No. of Lodges, 890; Initiations, 2,070; Deaths, 168; Master Masons, 18,972.

LOUISIANA.—No. of Lodges, 187; Initiations, 757; Deaths, 109; Master Masons, 7,131.

MAINE.—No. of Lodges, 150; Initiations, 1,672; Deaths, 148; Master Masons, 13,001.

MARYLAND.—No. of Lodges, 73; Initiations, 177; Deaths, 31; Master Masons, 4,913.

MASSACHUSETTS.—No. of Lodges, 187; Initiations, 1,804; Master Masons, 12,581.

MICHIGAN.—No. of Lodges, 278; Initiations, 1,860; Deaths, 155; Master Masons, 20,346.

MINNESOTA.—No. of Lodges, 78; Master Masons more than 5,000.

MISSOURI.—No. of Lodges, 324; Initiations, 1,972; Deaths, 158; Master Masons, 16,390.

MISSISSIPPI.—No. of Lodges, 255; Initiations, 714; Deaths, 150; Master Masons, 10,141.

MONTANA.—No. of Lodges, 18;

NEBRASKA.—No. of Lodges, 24; Initiations, 105; Deaths, 8; Master Masons, 893.

NEVADA.—No. of Lodges, 13; Initiations, 101; Deaths, 19; Master Masons, 979.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—No. of Lodges, 71; Initiations, 597; Master Masons, 6,431.

NEW JERSEY.—No Report.

NEW YORK.—No. of Lodges, 650; Initiations, 6,778; Deaths, 602; Master Masons, 75,262.

NORTH CAROLINA.—No. of Lodges, 218; Initiations, 588; Deaths, 96; Master Masons, 10,715.

OHIO.—No. of Lodges, 263; Initiations, 2,475; Deaths, 220; Master Masons, 23,762.

OREGON.—No. of Lodges, 33; Initiations, 116; Deaths, 13; Master Masons, 1,343.

PENNSYLVANIA.—No. of Lodges, 279; Initiations, 3,005; Master Masons, 30,488.

RHODE ISLAND.—No. of Lodges, 24; Initiations, 281; Deaths, 44; Master Masons, 3,253.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—No. of Lodges, 132;

TEXAS.—No. of Lodges, 252; Initiations, 875; Deaths, 221; Master Masons, 10,506.

VIRGINIA.—No. of Lodges, 190; Master Masons, 8,180.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY. — No. of Lodges, 12; Initiations, 48; Deaths, 3; Master Masons, 359.

WEST VIRGINIA. — No. of Lodges, 86; Initiations, 317; Deaths, 15; Master Masons, 1,845.

WISCONSIN.—No. of Lodges, 157; Initiations, 1,075; Deaths, 84; Master Masons, 8,551.

CANADA.—No. of Lodges, 209; Initiations, 1,395; Deaths, 95; Master Masons, 8,797.

NEW BRUNSWICK. — No. of Lodges, 25; Initiations, 199; Deaths, 17; Master Masons, 1,419.

ITEMS.

The *Dispatch* thinks the delay in the march of the Prussian army on Paris, may have been caused by the soldiers becoming tired with their long walk, and having sat down to rest and refresh themselves; or that King William may have decided to reward their valor by the distribution of tickets to the Great Masonic Pic-Nic soon to be holden in New York! As the Prussians pride themselves on their magnanimity toward their foes, we suggest that they extend the same courtesy to the French soldiers, and close up the cruel war with a Grand Masonic Pic-Nic.

We notice that our friend, R. W. Elwood F. Thorne, who for several years past has been the faithful and efficient W. M. of one of the New York City Lodges, has been appointed District Deputy Grand Master of the First District of New York. A better appointment could not have been made.

SOME MASONS, when they have taken the Third Degree, conclude that is all they need. They have no desire to *comprehend* the hidden mysteries, oh, no; and as an excuse for not taking a Masonic Magazine, say they have not even time to read their newspaper!

M. W. John H. Anthon, Grand Master of New York, is to deliver an Address at the Pic-Nic, Oct. 4th. The *Courier* says, 'All who have ever heard that eloquent Brother speak will feel assured that the Address will be well worthy the occasion.' Wish we could be present, but hard times and much labor prevent.

The Masonic Editor of the *N. Y. Courier*, has recently been bereaved of a beloved wife, whose loss he deeply mourns. He has our sympathy.

There are two Masonic Lodges now working in Salt Lake City, Utah. They are under the control of Gentiles, no Mormon being permitted to enter the portals.

The *London Freemason*, and several lesser lights in this country, are quoting evidences to prove the existence of our Ancient and honorable Order, previous to 1717! When they have proved that, which no intelligent Mason ever denied, will they attempt the proof that Elizabeth once reigned Queen of England!

The Grand Bodies of Missouri, will hold their Annual Sessions in St. Louis, in October, as follows: Grand Commandery on the 4th; Grand Chapter on the 5th; Grand Council on the 7th; and the Grand Lodge on the 10th.

THE VALUE OF A TRUE BROTHER.—Have we a true brother, upon whom we can rely under all the vicissitudes of human life? Then how cruel, yea, worse than the assassin, to destroy by treachery the trust and confidence that brother bestows upon us. In duty to him, to ourself, to the principles of right, we should love and cherish him with all that pure and holy friendship that renders him so worthy and truly noble. The one who has never known the kind offices of a brother's care may not be blamed for cold ingratitude. But the one who has felt the confident tokens of love from a confiding brother's heart, whose soul is sunk in your welfare, if he betray and sacrifice you upon the altar of dishonesty, is a murderer.—*Masonic Mirror*.

MASONIC MEASURES. — A Masonic pound weighs sixteen ounces, and is at least evenly balanced.

A Masonic yard is thirty six inches, and it is not shortened by the handling of the stick.

A Masonic ton is two thousand pounds, and is not roughly judged, but conscientiously handled.

A Masonic bushel contains two hundred and thirty-one cubic inches, and is filled brimful.

A Masonic day's work is for the time paid for and is faithfully and diligently engaged in the employer's business.

A Masonic bargain or sale is one in which there is neither cheating for profit nor lying for gain.—*Masonic Mirror*.

EULOGY.

IN Memorium of Sir Knight N. F. Webb, Pronounced at the Lodge of Sorrow, held in the Congregational Church, Dubuque, Aug. 22d, by Edward A. Guilbert, P. G. M.

Again the coffin, hearse, and funeral knell betoken the departure of a comrade from this world of toil and sorrow to the "all-perfect, glorious and celestial lodge above." where all wrongs are righted and all earthly woes are cured. Again, are the masons of Dubuque called upon to assume the insignia of grief, and with solemnized thoughts to gather around the funeral altar and render the lost sad rites to one of their community, the victim of a sudden, violent death, who, living, was beloved, and who, dying, is lamented. Again are we reminded, by the coffin now in our midst, of how uncertain is life's tenure, and how vain and hollow are its daily concerns. Moved thereto by those dear and soul satisfying masonic obligations which are not bounded by the death of one of our number; and in accordance with time-honored custom, we have gathered here to-day to hold a lodge of sorrow in memory of a departed friend and brother. As the vowed lovers of peace and harmony, and the sworn enemies of discord and inharmony, we have come with our dead into this house dedicated to the living God, in order that our funeral ceremony may receive that new consecration with which it is our delight to hallow it. For be it known by this audience, that masonry and true religion were married with each other in the days when earth was young, and that the blending then perfected has stronger grown with the lapse of years, as hand in hand they have glided down the echoing avenue of the centuries, until the soul of the one has become so infused into the soul of the other that they can never be dis-severed. In no spirit of vain parade do we bring our dead to this sacred place, and bear him hence to the equal grave; taking off the burial casket, which contains the incurious remains of one, who, but a little while ago, moved among us in robust health, and the self-poise of an even life; the central feature in a long procession composed of fraters whom he loved while living, and even in dying did not forget. Ah, no, we do not desire to make a spectacle of these funeral occasions, but rather wish thereby to testify to the world, that a mason dead is not a mason forgotten; that mason's fealty to masons ends not

with life, but teaches the living to surround the inanimate corpse, which can no longer return the hand grip fond, with those last affectionate ministrations, to which the reflecting frater looks forward in life; and then when we have buried our dead from sight, to transfer to his immediate relations masonic counsel, sympathy and support. And most of all do we desire to impress upon those who witness our ceremonials, that masonry is the friend of all systems of true religion, while it is the blind follower of no sect: That it inculcates an outspoken belief in the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God: That "charity for all and malice for none," is its watchword: That it teaches the immortality of the soul and the mortality of the body, and countenances no scepticism with regard to a system of future rewards and punishments: That in fine, in the words of the gentle Jeremy Taylor, "the way to judge of religion is by the doing of our duty, and that theology is rather a divine life than a divine knowledge."

It is fitting that on such occasions one should speak of the departed as his merits and labors deserve; not with the fine spun word of overstrained eulogy; but temperately and sufficiently. Thus do we as the mouth piece of the craft, come to speak of him, who lies before us, and on whom decay has already begun to work with its "effacing fingers." He was a plain and earnest man, and was gitted with honest purposes and an integrity which would not be bought. Quietly and unassumingly he went in and out among us, and he had won and enjoyed, in a rare degree, the esteem and respect of all good men with whom he came in contact. The toils of life he bravely dared, and the troubles he had, he bore uncomplainingly. He was a reticent man, so far as concerned his own history and affairs, and therefore we do not know where he was born, or what were the circumstances of his early life. All that we do know, is that poor and unfriended, he began his business career in the days of his boyhood on the beautiful Ohio, and from an humble beginning as a river man, rose by dint of rare executive faculties to the best position within the gift of one of our packet companies, and continued in their employ, trusted as few have been, until the attention of government officials was attracted to him, and he was appointed to an honorable position in the force employed in river improvements; and that in the discharge of the duties of that position, he received those wounds

which resulted in his untimely death. He was one of the most charitable of men, and many of us have now in memory acts of kindness done by him at his own excessive cost, which stamp him as one with whom giving to the needy was a principle rather than a sentiment. One evidence of his systematic and yet unostentatious benevolence is found in the revelation I now make. Childless himself, he was so great a lover of children that during his long life he had adopted and reared to man's and woman's estate four orphan children, giving them good educations, and sending them into the world well prepared to act their part in the dread battle of life. A thoroughly domestic man by instinct, a faithful husband and a lover of her to whom he gave his troth in early life, he was yet not permitted the enjoyment of home for many years, by reason of circumstances well-known to many; and yet he bore the infliction patiently, and bestowed rarest sympathy and attention on her, whom inscrutable disease had marked for his own. He was an earnest friend, and had no enmities. He was a noble specimen of the race of old time gentleman; and in all his masonic and general relations he was respected as a man

" True and tender, brave and just,
Whom man might honor and woman trust."

He was a devoted lover of masonry, and was ever fearless in giving reasons for the faith that was in him. He rendered honor to her men and her teachings, and honestly sought a place in the affections of his brethren.

His warmest masonic attachments were for the masons of Galena, St. Paul and Dubuque. Among us here he had made his head-quarters during the past few years, and here he became a recipient of the Scotch Rite grades. So much, indeed, was he thereby attracted to us that he often expressed a wish to be buried among us when he died, and that his wish might not be slighted in the event of his sudden death, he had recorded this desire in the blank book which he carried about his person. He received his Knight Templar grade at the hands of the noble Knights of St. Paul, and theirs were the hands that were so honored as to be permitted to bestow comforts on him, when he was brought to their city mangled and dying, and theirs were the hands which closed his kindly eyes, when the life left them, and arrayed his remains for the rites we are now engaged in performing.

He was a member of Miner's Lodge, Galena, and the members of that masonic body, magnanimously yielding the right to entomb our brother, 'are among us, to a man, on this occasion, in order to testify that they, too, dearly esteemed our deceased frater.

A stainless, reverent man he lived, patiently and reverently he bore the unexampled pangs of his last sickness, and like a brave man he lapsed in the unknown ; but hope overshadows the Beyond. For fifteen years, that is from the age of fifty to that of sixty-five, he lived among us, and yet so hale was he, and so young in manner, that none of us ever thought of affixing the title 'old,' to his well known name. And now in the fulness of time he has gone from among us to his reward. We shall see his kindly face no more, and never again shall we hear his pleasant voice, or give him that true masonic grip which is prompted by the heart. Yet, remembering how good a man he was, our faith teaches us to say of him as the meek-eyed Nazarine said to the weeping sisters of Lazarus : " Thy brother shall live again ! " Not in the form of some undefined spirituality, " but our brother himself, in the same character, affections and spiritual identity." Out upon the graceless heretics who proclaim a different doctrine. Of little worth would be life if we had not the blissful hope within us, that death is not an eternal sleep ; and that when we lay our brother away in the grave, we have not parted with him evermore. Masonry teaches not this. On the contrary, it woos us to look upon such partings as but the preludes to a holier reunion in the " sweet by and by." The dead are not lost, but only gone before, and even though dead they yet have cognizance of us, and with their gentle influences sway our thoughts and actions to a far greater extent than our finite intelligence is capable of comprehending. Yes, brethren, it is a beautiful belief, which is inculcated by our symbols, that our dead do not forget us, as too often we forget them ; but that they are the source of many of those aspirations after the good, the true and the lovely ; those indefinable emotions which we experience oft times,

" When the hours of day are numbered,
 And the voices of the night
 Wake the better soul that slumbered
 To a holy, calm delight ;
 When the forms of the departed
 Enter at the open door,
 The beloved and the true hearted
 Come to visit us once more."

Yes, there is life in the departed, and life which runs more nearly parallel with our own "than is dreamed of in the philosophy" of non-masons. "There is life for us all somewhere, and we ask not where! We can wait God's good time for that. Somewhere in the great universe, we shall find our brothers and lost ones, and be with them evermore. The true mason believes that there is that within us which shall never die; that the soul is essentially immortal, and capable of being immortally blessed; that one law alone shall govern God's whole universe, and that law the law of Love."

"To magnify this law of brotherly love, (and for that purpose alone), masonry opens wide its portals, and invites to enter there, and live in peace and harmony, every man, of whatever nation or tribe, who will lead a truly virtuous life, love his brethren, minister to the sick and distressed, and believe in the one all-powerful, all-wise, everywhere present God; Architect, Creator and Preserver of all things, by whose universal law of harmony ever rolls on this universe, the, great, vast, infinite circle of successive death and life, to whose ineffable Name let all true masons pay profoundest homage, and for whose thousand blessings poured upon us, let us feel the sincerest gratitude now, henceforth and forever."

And now for the last sad rites at the grave, we bear hence the body of our dead friend. We lay him there with our tearful benedictions, which yet are prophetic of a glad re-union in the "Land of the Hereafter." "May all the influences of our brother for good be expanded and increased" among us who survive him.

As Hiram slept, the widow's son,
E'en so our brother takes his rest,
His battles fought, his duties done,
His name by very many blest.

"So let him sleep that last, long sleep,
Fond memories clustering around his head,
Be comforted, ye loved, who weep
The true, the frank, the fearless dead."

Living we loved thee, good friend, and now that thou liest dead before us we greet thee, and tearfully but hopefully, we unite in this last good bye.

Dear friend, true gentleman, faithful frater—Hail, and farewell!

THESE AND THOSE.

In some respects men will differ in their opinions, their tastes and their habits.—And in this regard Masons are not unlike other people. They too have their likes and their dislikes, and kneeling at the Masonic Altar has not the effect to work a radical change in their natures. What affords one gratification is often ungratifying to another, yea, sometimes is even repulsive to the other. And perhaps no person is made to realize this difference in the make up of people so soon as an editor. The school teacher, the minister, and public men generally, soon become cognizant of this dissimilarity in the tastes of people, but to none is it so everyday apparent as to the editor. If his publication be at all popular, he soon has readers among all ranks and conditions of society, and soon does he learn that an article which will please a high-toned, pure-minded reader, and perhaps call forth encomiums, will afford little or no gratification to one of less moral culture. And hence it is an impossibility to make a publication entirely satisfactory to everybody. He who undertakes to do so will soon convince himself that he knows but little of human nature. A high-toned masonic article, which is calculated to be practice in its character, and exhibit in a clear light the ennobling principles of Freemasonry, will always be read with interest by the true Mason; but how will such an article be received by a member who has never had the incipient *heart-work* done, and whose low habits of thought and of life are such that every line of said article is to the seeming a home thrust leveled directly at him? As there is an almost radical difference in men, as a consequence their tastes must differ more or less.

We are led to make these remarks from the fact, that an almost daily correspondence with the Brotherhood throughout the jurisdiction has a tendency to acquaint us more or less with this difference in their dispositions and tastes. Often are we provoked to smile when we witness this diversity. To illustrate: Some of these brethren are delighted with our journal, say they read it—every word—about as soon as received, and find it almost indispensable. They write such cheering words that we feel strengthened to go on, and do battle with the many obstacles incident to the establishing of a new journal. But whil

we succeeded in pleasing a certain class of readers much better than we do ourselves, it is not so with others, who have a score of complaints and criticisms to oppose against us and our magazine. Some complain of our printing too much about Masonry and giving too little reading for the home. Others wish to know why we print stories in a Masonic Magazine. Hundreds have written us at one time and another, speaking in the highest terms of *True Worth*, and desiring us to give the remaining chapters at our earliest possible convenience, adding that it alone is worth the subscription price of THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON. Others wish to know why we print it at all, or any stories, saying that they get more of them than they read in their newspapers, and confess that they have not read a chapter of this story! And so it goes; and indeed so matters must go so long as people remain what they are at present. The tastes of people differ as much in reference to their intellectual food, as in reference to the aliment for the body.

Knowing this diversity of tastes it will be our endeavor to give as much diversity of matter as loyalty to the noble principles of masonry will admit, and we are fully aware how very comprehensive these principles are. But we shall make no compromises of the right, nor shall we forbear to rebuke the wrong, because, perchance, our course may prove displeasing to some. As fast as our patronage will permit we shall use all our endeavors to add to the interest and worth of our Magazine, but we are not so verdant as to expect to please everybody.

We are truly glad to know that our efforts thus far meet with the approbation of so many of the Brothers. Often have we been tempted to print extracts from letters, and from exchanges, speaking in praise of this journal, but we concluded rather to put it forth entirely on its own merits. We thank those who are doing what they can to sustain us. Many of the W. M.'s are doing all they can to raise lists of subscribers for our journal, and will receive nothing in turn for their services. Among these we would mention Bro. Dockeray, of Rockford, who writes thus:

"I am *not* working for any premium, and I shall *decidedly not* keep any money that I may receive as subscription for the FREEMASON. I have not been actuated by any selfish motive in my efforts to get subscribers, unless my desire to assist in sustaining you, and through you, to benefit the craft, is a selfish

one; and have not expected any reward other than that of having the satisfaction of sending you a good list of subscribers.

"My occupation is, and always has been, that of a farmer, and it is altogether out of my line to write anything for publication, but if I have any news items that I think will be of interest to the craft, I will send them to you in my awkward way, for you to make such use of as you may think best.

Truly and Fraternally Yours,

JAMES DOCKERAY."

Another Brother in remitting his pay in advance for volume two, inquires after our prospects, and says he would cheerfully double his subscription if it were necessary in order to sustain our enterprise. He adds, "I read THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON with more interest than any Masonic publication I have ever taken." He informs us that he takes some two or three Masonic Journals at this time, all of which he takes time to read besides his other literary and religious publications. He is a merchant who has a heavy business to look after, but he *so divides his time*, that he finds enough to read his papers and magazines, while his business is not neglected. Of course he is an intelligent Mason. He knows something of the intrinsic merits of the institution, and is more than a surface member.

Now about the time we were cheered by the receipt of such encouraging words, we received a note from one of our agents informing us that a certain Brother wished his Magazine stopped, giving as a reason for the discontinuence, that we do not give enough reading for the subscription price asked for our journal. In a word he did not esteem it to be worth two dollars per year. We took down our books and turned to the name of this Brother for the purpose of drawing the pen across it, when to our surprise we found that he had not paid a single penny for the volume he had already received! Not a single penny! In view of this fact we thought we could reciprocate his feelings in one respect, *i. e.*, that such subscriptions are quite too expensive for us to afford! Now mark the difference, and compare *this* with *that*.—One of these Brothers finds our journal so acceptable that he volunteers to offer double pay rather than have it fail, and the other, who has paid nothing, finds it too expensive! Editors soon find out the difference between "these" and "those."

We are very anxious to add to our list of patrons, but we desire the support of true Masons—such as make Freemasonry a study, and love its principles. We hope to find an average of twenty such to each Lodge in the State. Some of them are comparatively poor men, but they are rich in the highest sense. They can not afford to live without Masonic light, and they know that it is necessary to have a journal devoted to the good of the Craft in Michigan. With a constituency of over 20,000, we ought to have 5,000 reading Masons, who will cheerfully support a home Masonic Journal.

WHY WOMEN CAN'T BE MASONS.

At a Masonic celebration which recently occurred at Austin, Nevada, Major Sherman delivered the address of the occasion, which is said to have abounded with wit and humor, while it was truly eloquent. We give the following as a specimen of its genuine wit, as it was reported for the *Reveille*. It will afford matter for a hearty laugh, whether the solution will prove fully satisfactory to the ladies, or not. We honestly confess that too many of us "miserable sinners" are quite too prone to shirk from bearing the burdens of our own sins, and prefer to make a scape-goat of Mother Eve, or that other "gentleman" to whom allusion is made. But here is the extract, which is certainly fun-provoking enough.

"Women sometimes complain that they are not permitted to enter our lodges and work with the craft in their labors, and learn all there is to be learned in the institution. We will explain the reason. We learn that before the Almighty had finished his work he was in some doubt about creating Eve. The creation of every living, creeping thing had been accomplished, and the Almighty had made Adam (who was the first Mason), and created him for the finest lodge in the world, and called it Paradise No. 1. He then caused all the beasts of the field and fowls of the air to pass before Adam for him to name them, which was a piece of work he had to do alone, so that no confusion might therefore arise when Eve was created, which he knew would make trouble if she was allowed to participate in it, if he created her before hand. Adam, being very much fatigued

with the labors of his first task, fell asleep, and when he awoke he found Eve in the lodge with him. Adam being Senior Warden, placed Eve as the pillar of beauty, in the South, and they received their instructions from the Grand Master in the East, which, when finished, she immediately called the Craft from labor to refreshment. Instead of attending to the duties of the office as she ought, she left her station, violated her obligations, let in an expelled Mason, who had no business there, and went around with him, leaving Adam to look after the jewels. This fellow had been expelled from the Lodge, with several others, some time before. But hearing the footsteps of the Grand Master he suddenly took his leave, telling Eve to go to making aprons, as she and Adam were not in proper regalia. She went and told Adam, and when the Grand Master returned to the Lodge he found his gavel had been stolen. He called for the Senior and Junior Wardens, who had neglected to guard the door, and found them absent. After searching for some time he came to where they were hid, and demanded of Adam what he was doing there, instead of occupying his official station. Adam replied that he was waiting for Eve to call the Craft from refreshment to labor again; and that the Craft was not properly clothed, which they were making provisions for. Turning to Eve, he asked her what she had to offer in excuse for her unofficial and unmasonic conduct. She replied that a fellow passing himself off as a grand lecturer, had been giving her instructions, and she thought it was no harm. The Grand Master then asked her what had become of his gavel. She said she didn't know, unless that fellow had taken it away. Finding that Eve was no longer trustworthy, and that she had caused Adam to neglect his duty, and having let one in whom he had expelled, the Grand Master closed the lodge, and turning them out, set a faithful Tiler to watch the door with a flaming sword. Adam, repenting of his folly, went to work like a man and a good Mason, in order to get reinstated again. Not so with Eve—she got angry about it, and commenced raising Cain.

“ Adam, on account of his reformation, was permitted to establish Lodges and work in the degrees, and while Eve was allowed to join him in acts of charity outside, she was never again to be admitted to assist in the regular Lodge work of the craft. Hence the reason why a women cannot become an inside Mason.”

THE SEASON OF WORK.

We have at length approached the close of one of the hottest seasons within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. And the season has been about as sickly as it has been hot, at least in a large part of the West. During the heated season the Lodge attendance is usually small, the past summer it has been more than usually so, caused by excessive heat and sickness combined. But the evenings are now longer and cooler, good health is returning to bless the people, and as a result Lodge rooms will begin to fill up, and work will again engage the Craft.

When we take into consideration the fact that we have now more than twenty thousand members in Michigan, and further, that ours is the banner State of the Union, when the number of inhabitants is taken into account, it will be conceded that the Craft has done its full share of work in the past, i. e. if *initiating, passing and raising* members be considered the great work of Masonry. But is it so? I know we are wont to speak of that as *Masonic work*, and quite to overlook the more important part of our work, which is to make of the *rough ashlar* a living stone fit for that temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. This work begins with the heart, and no member of the Order is a true Mason who has not been duly prepared for the reception of the noble principles of Masonry by this heart preparation, I care not if he have been initiated and been raised to the 33°. As the mere passing through a College building does not make a scholar, so I may say that the mere repeating of Masonic obligations does not make a Mason.

But as the season of the year has again come, in which our Lodge rooms will probably be well filled, and many applicants will probably knock at the door for admission; in other words as the season of work, as it is generally termed, approaches, the question obtrudes itself, how can we best work?

In the first place we should use great care in the selection of material for our Masonic Edifice. Let us see that none who are not duly qualified enter the sanctum sanctorum. By no means let us forget that the first preparation is that of the heart, and that without that needful work, all other work will prove vain.

In these fast times there are quite too many of loose, bad

principles to be found within our institution. This is an evidence, *prima facie*, that we have not done our work as carefully as we should in the past, and if we do not tyle with great care, we shall find our institution overrun with this class in future. For this class of loose members will attract others of the same stamp, who finding people of their peculiar make-up within our Lodges, will be emboldened to make application for admittance, and, if the true members are not vigilant, these fellows will find their way through the unguarded door, aided by "birds of the same feather," who, to our great detriment, have anticipated them, and are now bringing our noble Order into disgrace. Hence in doing our Lodge work, we should be very careful how we work, and of the material selected.

And it is the duty of every Mason to attend the Regular Meetings, and cheerfully do his part to protect Masonry from the evil of imposition, also to do his full part in working up the good material offered. Officers of Lodges especially should be punctual—Always in their place unless unavoidably prevented, they should be examples of promptness and industry to the members of their Lodges. Thus should all work harmoniously and earnestly to build up true Masonry. Then shall each succeeding year serve to make our Craft greater and mightier, not only in numbers but in principle.

DEATH OF ILL. BRO. B. B. FRENCH.

In our July issue we gave a very interesting biographical sketch of this very worthy Mason from the pen of Bro. Tisdall, of *Pomeroy's Democrat*, and copied from that paper. Little did we then think how soon the sad news would come to us of the death of this honored and active member of our Craft. He passed peacefully away, after a life of activity, and leaves multitudes to mourn his departure. But though he be absent, though his pen will no longer indite articles for our publications, his life will remain as a written epistle to be read by us all, and remain a testimony of the good influences of Masonry. The following is sent us for publication :

**GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA.—FROM THE GRAND MASTER OF
TEMPLARS.**

*To our Right Eminent and Eminent Commanders of the Temple,
and to all true and courteous Knights throughout our juris-
diction.*

The Illustrious Knight and accomplished gentleman, our Past Grand Master Sir Benjamin Brown French, expired at Washington, in the District of Columbia, this 12th day of August current.

His life has been renowned by his unswerving attachment to the Ancient and Honorable Society of Free Masonry in all its departments and grades.

During a period of six years he presided with distinguished ability over the Templars of the United States of America, and with rare knightly courtesy he adorned the high position of Grand Master.

Honored by his Brethren, respected by his Companions, loved by all his Fratres, he passed through years of activity into the quiet serenity of old age.

His knightly sword, without a stain or tarnish upon its bright surface, has been returned to its scabbard, there forever to rest.

To honor the memory of our departed Knight, and Past Grand Master, this order will be read at the head of the lines, (the Knights being formed in due array,) in all our Grand and Subordinate Commanderies at the Conclave or Assembly held next after the reception hereof, and our Officers of the Grand Encampment and of our Grand Commanderies, and Commanders of Subordinate Commanderies will wear crape at the hilt of their swords for six months from the date hereof. Banners will also be trimmed with crape during the same time.

Given at Boston this twelfth day of August, in the year of
our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy.

WILLIAM SEWELL GARDNER,
Grand Master.

[Seal.]

By order of the Grand Master.

JOHN D. CALDWELL,
Grand Recorder.

DECISIONS AND ANSWERS OF GRAND MASTER.

1ST.—When, or at what particular stage of proceedings, is a Masonic trial commenced?

ANS.—When the Lodge, by its vote, decides to proceed to trial.

2D.—Can the records be corrected, before they have been approved by the W. M., without any action; or is it necessary for a motion and vote?

ANS.—The records can be corrected at any regular communication whether they have been approved by the W. M. or not. If an error or omission is discovered by a member of the Lodge, it is usual to make a motion to correct, stating in the motion the error to be corrected. When the W. M. discovers an error, he usually states the fact, and adds "it will be amended," &c., &c., "if there be no objections."

3D.—What is the remedy, when the ballot, by mistake, has been wrongly declared?

ANS.—It is an established law in Masonry, that a ballot having been declared, cannot be reconsidered. The candidate must bide his time.

4TH.—What is the status of a Brother against whom charges have been preferred?

ANS.—Preferring charges against a Brother does not make him guilty of those charges. As in civil law, so in Masonry, a person is supposed to be innocent until he is *proven guilty*. A Brother is in good standing until tried and found guilty.

5TH.—After an election, and before the officers elect are installed, can the old officers confer degrees?

ANS.—Certainly.—The old officers are obliged to perform the work of the Lodge, until the newly elected officers are installed.

6TH.—Can the officers elect be installed on the evening of election?

ANS.—They can, at any time the Lodge, at a Regular Communication, may decide upon.

7TH.—Can the out-going Master install the Master elect?

ANS.—Yes, and it is very proper that he should; but as an act of courtesy, he usually invites the oldest Past Master to do it. It is generally expected that the W. M. will install his successor.

8TH.—Can a Brother be suspended or expelled except on written charges?

ANS.—No, the charges must be in writing and regularly preferred.

9TH.—Can a M. M., a member in good standing in a Lodge in another State, be made an honorary member of our Lodge?

ANS.—The same as though he were a member of a Lodge in this State. The practice of making honorary members is strongly opposed by several Grand Lodges, but I am not aware of any action upon the subject by the Grand Lodge of Michigan.

10TH.—Is a Past Master from another State, who has dimitted and joined a Lodge in this jurisdiction, eligible to the office of W. M., without first serving as Warden?

ANS.—Yes, the having served as Warden of any Lodge, whether in this State or not, would make him eligible to the office of W. Master.

CHARTER ARRESTED.

To all Ancient and Accepted Masons, to whom these presents shall come, GREETING:—

Know ye, that whereas it has been represented to me by W. Brother, James W. Gilbert, Worshipful Master of Charity Lodge, No. 94, and several brethren, members in good standing of said Lodge, that the Charter of said Lodge has been stolen, and that diligent search has been made for the same, and it has not been found;

Now, therefore, I, by virtue of the power and authority vested in me as Grand Master of Masons in the State of Michigan, do hereby arrest the powers and privileges conferred by said Charter (or Warrant,) and forbid any further Meetings of said Lodge, or transaction of any business whatever, under said Charter or Warrant, from and after this date, until the next Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge, or until my further order in the premises.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and private seal, at Kalamazoo, Michigan, this 30th day of September, A. L. 5870.

A. T. METCALF,
Grand Master.

LETTER FROM CHAS. H. BROWN, G. H. P.

COMPANION CHAPLIN :

Permit me to say that I was very much gratified with the letter of our R. W. Grand Secretary J. Eastman Johnson, commending your Journal to the support of the Brothers and Companions of this jurisdiction. I most heartily join him in commending *THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON* to the generous patronage of the Fraternity in this State, knowing as I do, by personal observation, the assiduity with which you are laboring to establish your Magazine, and overcome the obstacles which always impede the progress of new enterprises of that kind, I am the more earnest in my call for the co-operation of our members. I hope your call for twenty subscribers to each Lodge may be responded to with no great delay, and that you will thus receive the support you so richly deserve.

With many good wishes for your success,

I am truly and fraternally yours,

CHAS. H. BROWN,

G. H. P. of the Grand Chapt. of Mich.

Kalamazoo, Sept., 1870.

We are informed that more than the usual number of impostors are at their swindling work. We thought of giving names but that is of little use as they assume a new one whenever convenient. All we can do is to request the Brethren to be on their guard. Do not suspect every stranger as a scoundrel, but while polite to strangers, be also vigilant, and endeavor to save yourselves and Lodge from the tricks of impostors. They all have peculiar marks of some kind; look sharp.

A New Hall is to be dedicated at Edwardsbury on the 19th of October. The Grand Master will be present and perform the work of consecration. We are informed that Lodges in the vicinity, both in this State and in Indiana, expect to attend, and a time of great interest is anticipated.

The health of our Grand Master still remains quite poor, and hence the reason of a neglect of his correspondence. He hopes to soon be able to write up what is now behind.

Sickness of the Editor and printers keeps us back with our issue. The October number will appear by the 20th of the month.

The New Story—*A RUINED LIFE*—begins in this number, to which we invite special attention. It is well written, and will be read with interest.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. II.—OCTOBER, A. L. 5870.—NO. IV.

A PLEA FOR FREEMASONRY.

BY C. S. COFFINBURY.

The history of our race teaches us that to attain success in such undertakings as are designed to effect the welfare and happiness of our universal family, human wisdom has pointed out but the one efficient means as commensurate to the object to be attained; and that means is association—an aggregation and a union of mutual force—a combination, and an association of intellectual individuality. Whether the end to be gained be of a civil, a religious, or a moral character, an association of intellectual strength is absolutely a prerequisite to its ultimate success. Hence, when the darkness of ignorance prevailed amongst men, and before the light of science had shone into the human intellect, enlightening, enlarging and expanding it, and before it unfolded to it the beautiful fields of knowledge, with their winding labyrinths bestrewn with the flowers of literature—their fountains of pure waters sparkling with the gems of philosophical truths—their rich golden harvest of precious things, I say, that before this era of human development, the wise and the good, from necessity, united their efforts in every great humanitarian undertaking. To the ignorant these associations were mysterious, because ignorance could not comprehend knowledge—folly could not comprehend wisdom—vice, wallowing in its den of darkness, could not comprehend virtue draped in her celestial vestments, and enthroned in the very *sanctum sanctorum* of her peaceful and quiet temple—the light that reigned in that mansion could only be penetrated by the eye of wisdom and goodness; hence none but

the wise and the pure could know of the glory that reigned within. All that the ignorant and the vicious could perceive was a dim and distant view of the temple of knowledge, surrounded by mysticisms, reflecting the light within which dazzled and blinded their eyes as do the azure clouds reflecting the light of the sun at its meridian height. Thus was science, early in the world's age, enshrined. Thus was knowledge held as a mystery. Thus were the sciences of Geometry, Mathematics, Astronomy, Architecture, Chemistry, Music, Moral Philosophy, and, in fact, every other branch of knowledge taught as a secret mystery. And, to the ignorant, they were a secret and a mystery. To the wise they were not. But the key to the solution of these secrets and these mysteries was in the hands of all who desired to solve them. The door was open to all who desired to enter. The science of Geometry, and even the science of Medicine is this day a secret and a mystery to the uninformed; they cannot comprehend the mystery, nor penetrate the secret, because they have not learned how to comprehend and to penetrate—in other words they do not know enough to comprehend the mystery and penetrate the secret. Still the key is in their hands; the path to knowledge lies directly before them, and the portal which conceals the secret is ready to unfold at their bidding—the dark cloud that veils the mystery is ready to part at their command.

Thus were science and literature taught in the early ages of the world through the means of associations; thus were their secrets and mysteries taught to the masses of Persia and of Egypt, because the masses, until they had learned them, did not know enough to comprehend them in their truthful simplicity. Thus Zoroaster taught the wonderful mysteries of truth to the Persians, the Chaldeans, the Partheans and the Medes, as a great secret, because those who learned did not know the secret until they had learned it.

Many were the organizations, or associations, among the ancients for the diffusion of knowledge, and the dissemination of religious and theological doctrines. The most prominent of which we have an account were these: The mysteries of Adonis, which, in Egypt were dedicated to Osiris, and by which the Phœnicians were taught the science of Astronomy, and the arrangement of the Zodiac signs; the Dionysian architects,

know among the Hebrews afterwards as the Essenean Fraternity; the Caballa of the Jews; the mysteries of the Cabiri, which taught the Assyrians and Phœnicians the art of ship-building and navigation; the mysteries of Corybantes, which prevailed in Phrygia; the Druidical rites; the Egyptian mysteries, the greater and the lesser, the greater being the mysteries of Osiris and Serapis, the lesser those of Isis; the Elusinian mysteries, originally celebrated only at Attica, in Greece, but ultimately extending throughout Italy; the mysteries of ancient India, which inculcated the theory of the Gymnosophists, and which taught the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and the triad of the Supreme Being, which was embodied in Brahma, Vishnu and Siva; and the Scandanavian Rites introduced into Scandanavia from Scythia, by Sigge and confined principally to the Celtic and Gothic tribes.

These various rites and mysteries were all funeral in their nature. They celebrated the death and resurrection of some highly venerated being. The great similarity of their mystical ceremonies, and the purity of the ethical philosophy they inculcated indicated, not only a common origin, but that that origin was pure and elevated.

I have been particular to mention these several ancient secret mysteries, and to allude to the peculiarities of their doctrines, or at least to some of them, as premises upon which I propose to show the antiquity of Free Masonry.

It would appear from all we can gather from history, both sacred and profane, that as knowledge and wisdom was confined to the few, in every age of the world, that its dissemination became very difficult, and, from the ignorance of the masses they were inculcated as secret mysteries,—that from the rude and warlike character of the nations that then had sway over the earth this secrecy became necessary to the protection of the literature, the traditions, the religion, and in fact every thing that was valuable in a nation or sacred among a people. Thus we find the sacred and divine revelations to the children of Israel secretly deposited within the ark of the covenant, where they were scrupulously guarded by the priesthood as the palladium of their nation; but that deposite was of so secret and of so sacred a character that none but the High Priest of the order of Aaron, and in the lineal descent from him were

permitted to know them ; and, after they were deposited within the most secret place, even the Holy of Holies^{of} King Solomon's temple, the divine secret was only spoken once in the year by the High Priest, and then under the most solemn and impressive ceremonies, amid the sounding of trumpets and the clangor of brazen cymbals, in order that the omnific Logos could not be heard by the people.

Thus, through secret organizations, and orders, during the dark ages of the world, were the history of one race, the learning of ages, the different systems of philosophy, and the various doctrines of ethics and of theology preserved.

After the completion and dedication of King Solomon's temple, we must believe, if we believe the history of its construction and erection, there must have been a vast number of Architects, who had found employment for seven years in and about the erection of that magnificent edifice, left without employment, or to seek a living in practicing their art in foreign countries. What became of them ? If they went abroad, is it not most likely that they carried with them the secret of that discipline, which King Solomon had adopted and enforced among them during the erection of the temple, as well as the science of architecture which they must, at that age of the world, have learned as a mystery in a secret school ? for you will remember that at that age of the world there were no other schools of learning. What did become of them ? Let us endeavor to trace them.

Again we turn to sacred history, which is corroborated by that inestimable Jewish historian, Flavius Josephus, and we learn that upon the completion of the temple the wise men of the East, which must have meant the magi and philosophers, (and of course masters of secret orders of learning,) Kings, Princes, rulers and potentates, gathered to the city of Jerusalem to admire the wisdom of King Solomon, and to contemplate the glory of the temple. It appears that they were received by this wise Prince in the most friendly manner, and became his guests, and were, if his wisdom is not overrated, instructed in the science of architecture, and the sacred truths of Mosaic revelation, and that they carried away with them, not only a knowledge of architecture but the doctrines of the Hebrew theology. The opinion is strengthened by the fact

that an universal peace prevailed the warlike nations of the earth for many years after this visit of the Eastern Princes and wise men to Jerusalem, and warrants the belief that the Hebrew monarch entered into treaties of amity with them. This opinion is further strengthened by the fact that the modern antiquarian, in his researches through the ruins of Persia and Egypt, is constantly developing specimens of architecture identical with the Hebrew orders and style, and which they date back to a period not quite covered with the completion of the first temple. Here then we have the footprints of the dispersed architects of the temple, and with them the origin of many of those secret orders of learning which I have mentioned. If these Eastern Princes were instructed by King Solomon in the science of architecture, it is most likely they would carry home with them master operators to practically carry this science into execution. And such doubtless was the fact. We find a great similarity between the secret of the Essenes, or fraternity of architects among the Jews in India, who were doubtless the descendants of a portion of the architects of King Solomon's temple, and the Dionesians, or society of architects of Egypt, showing either a common origin, or that the one is the offshoot of the other. Thus we may fairly infer, that when the Eastern Princes returned to their kingdoms from Jerusalem, where they had been to pay tribute to Solomon, and to lay rich presents at his feet, that the master workmen of the temple returned with them, and carried the secrets and mysteries of their art into Egypt and Persia, where vestiges of their labors may yet be found. We find by sacred history that after the temple was completed Solomon himself erected the city of Tadmor in the desert, as well as many other cities beyond the boundaries of his realm. and this alone is sufficient to warrant the belief that his workmen scattered through all the Eastern nations disseminating the secrets of their art wherever they went.

About five hundred years before the Christian Era, Pythagorus, a Grecian sage, and a native of Samos, traveled into the East in the pursuit of knowledge. He ingratiated himself with the priests and gained from them a knowledge of their mysterious writings and their symbolic language. It is said that he was instructed in the knowledge of the sacred mysteries of the Hebrews by Ezekiel.

Upon his return to Greece he established his secret school of mysteries; his disciples practised the most rigid asceticism, and were instructed in the arcana of physical and moral philosophy; they practised purity and by several degrees were brought to a knowledge of the most sacred truths. From the age of this sage down to the present time this secret order has continued; but it was not until the eleventh century of the Christian Era that it was known by the present cognomen of Free Masonry. Thus can this institution be traced by its footsteps from the glorious light of the present era back, back through the dim distance of antiquity to ages so remote that we lose sight of their commencement. It has withstood the ravages of war, and the destroying hand of barbarous force; through ages of darkness and ignorance, it has been the sacred depository of science and philosophy, of religion and of morality, and to that scrupulous secrecy with which it guarded its sacred trust are we indebted to all we know of our race during the ages which preceded the darkness of the middle ages. Can it be subverted, or crushed to earth? No, for it is founded on the rock of eternal truth. Every age has hurled its weapons of destruction at the temple of Freemasonry, but when the clouds of the onset have cleared away, our noble superstructure, the sacred temple of truth, would loom up more resplendently than it had ever before appeared. The hero and the tyrant have drawn their swords and have hurled their shafts in vain against it; the State has issued its edicts, and the church its anathemas in vain, for truth is indestructible; and, for an individual, at the present day, after he has seen it arise superior to every effort to destroy it, to raise his single voice against it, simply argues his folly, or to charge it with impurity simply testifies his ignorance.

Masonry, at the present day, professes to be a benevolent institution, and claims to inculcate morality and all the social virtues. Its object is to make all its disciples better men, and through this means to make the world a better world, These are its professions. Whether the end is gained, or not, is for every member of society to form his own opinion. Let us for a moment see if we can trace its influence for good or for evil among men.

There is a rule, an unfailing rule, by which any institution can be tried, and by which its invalidity or excellence can be

determined. This rule is to be found in the effect which the particular institution exerts among men.

Error, it will be remembered, is the hand-maid of ignorance, and it is knowledge only that brings to light those moral truths, which must constitute the basis of all social, civil and religious government. We are taught that those principles are the purest, the noblest, and claim the highest admiration in the eyes of wisdom and knowledge which have undergone the severest tests and the most trying ordeals, for the simple reason, that if they contain errors, those errors must be exposed and repudiated by the tests and ordeals to which wisdom and virtue subject them. Masonry has, in every age been made the subject of these various tests and ordeals. Generation has succeeded generation, each wiser than its predecessor, and each claiming as its peculiar province and imperative duty to subject Masonry, among other vestiges of antiquity, to such trials as should be sufficient to determine its usefulness as an institution, and its influence on mankind. The civil governments have, in almost every age, put it upon its trial and, with a pertinacious zeal loaded it with chains, or, with a jealous scrutiny, endeavored to penetrate its supposed secrets and mysteries. The church has hurled its canons at its outer walls, and religious fanaticism has poured its burning anathemas upon its disciples; but from each severe test of this kind to which it has been subjected by ignorance and superstition, it has arisen with increased vigor, and with a purer lustre to elicit the admiration of the wise and good.

It would then be sufficient to say, perhaps, that inasmuch as Masonry has, with increased glory, withstood those several attacks of each succeeding age. and inasmuch as the most developed and the wisest ages have paid it the highest veneration, and the most devoted homage, it must be a noble, a pure and a useful institution, and its influence on mankind must be good and promotive of human happiness. It has been tried and approved by the wisdom of every age. That bigots condemn it in this age is no evidence against it. Their condemnation being put up against an institution concerning which they know nothing, in opposition to the testimony and decision of wise and good men, simply proves that they themselves are unwise men, and that, by their condemnation, they publish that fact to the world. But, it is presumed that that is their privilege.

Folly has never yet done anything beneficial to mankind; the most she has done has been to find fault with what wisdom and virtue were doing. It is the eye of wisdom, only, that can see good where it is. It is the hand of knowledge that metes out the rewards of virtue and truth, and measures out the retributions of folly and ignorance. Folly cannot comprehend wisdom any more than vice can appreciate virtue. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that folly renders severe judgment against wisdom, whose book of rational revelations is a sealed volume to her; or that vice should traduce virtue, whose flowery paths her feet have never trod. The verdict of this age—the latest and the wisest age of the world—is, that Masonry is a good institution. Does any one ask for a proof of this decision? find it in the fact that Masonry has advanced in proportion to the increased light and knowledge of the age; in proportion to the unfoldings and developments of philosophy and science, and in the fact that there is a greater proportion of the leading minds of the age its patrons and supporters than at any preceding epoch. Find it in the approval of those great and good men whose wisdom has guided the affairs of the civilized world for the last century. Find it in the approval of those pre-eminently great and good men whose wisdom devised a free system of civil and religious government in North America, and whose goodness has rapidly guided the destinies of that government to results more glorious than ever before marked the annals of nations. What has the cynic to reply to the fact that those great and good men who laid the foundations of the American government, with all its privileges of freedom of thought and religious worship; with all its declarations of independence and equal rights of man, who then poured out their blood to seal the sacred covenant, as well as those who have administered its affairs ever since, from Washington down through the long line of statesmen, sages and heroes to the present time, were Masons.

If other evidences of the salutary influences of Masonry are asked for they can be given. It may be said, and with truth, that there is not a department of the social arrangements, or of the civil institutions, where the influences of Masonry are not exerted and its benefits not felt. In the organization and administration of civil governments—in the legislative bodies—

in the judicial tribunals—in the camp and in the field—in the church and in the domestic circle, in genial influences are found, harmonizing the discordant elements which are brought into those several departments of civil, religious and social relations; softening and neutralizing individual antagonisms—palliating and tempering political and party asperities—opening and expanding the stubborn and self-willed vision of bigotry and superstition to the light of reason.

Among Masons all distinction of sect and party are forgotten and ignored. The Jew and the Christian, Romanist and Protestant, the Israelite and the Buddhist, all meet upon the level, and acknowledge one common bond of brotherhood. There may be many religions among them, but there is but one Masonry. When Masonry presents the pure cup of truth and morality to the lips of jarring dogmatists, they with one accord sit down together, at the foot of the altar, and call each other brother. From that altar a new light has burst before their eyes, and a new and sublime truth has penetrated their hearts; and, obedient to the tenets and teachings of Masonry, they level themselves with their fellows and acknowledge the equality of others with them.

Masonry teaches the cardinal virtues. It teaches morality—universal freedom of thought and independence of moral action. It teaches equality among mankind, and equal rights to all. It teaches good works as the only standard of eminence and distinction among men. It teaches pure righteousness, without regard to any particular form of creed or articles of faith. Now, we find, when we come to examine these professions of Masonry, that they are identical with the principles embraced in our system of free government, and that those who framed our political system, must have simply transplanted them from the Masonic trestle board, and embodied them in the form of a civil and political character. Can we, then, doubt the influence which Masonry must have exerted in modeling and giving tone to that form of government which was established by our ancestors, and which has not only proven so salutary for us, their descendants, but has become the asylum of the oppressed of every country and nation of the world? a system which has encouraged the useful and the most noble enterprises of the age—the nursery of science and philosophy

—the cradle of liberty—the shool of patriotism and national greatness? There is, however, a fact in connection with this matter, which must settle the question beyond a cavil, as to what influence Masonry exerted in the formation of our system of government—in shaping its details and directing its issues and ends. The fact is, that, with the exception of seven of the members of that august assembly which proclaimed to the world the memorable declaration of American Independence, every member was a Mason. Perhaps there may be those who may denounce them as fools and bad men, because they were Masons, although their wisdom suggested a system of equitable government, and their goodness secured to their caluminators the privilege of a free religious worship. Among those noble patriots and eminent statesmen there were Baptists, Methodists, Quakers, Episcopalians, Universalists, Unitarians, Deists, Roman Catholics, and non-professors; and there was not heard one word of discord among them all, concerning their religious creeds. Was not this strange? There must have been, indeed, a potent influence at work there to have neutralized and to have subdued these fruitful seeds of disputation and discord. What was that influence? Strange as it may appear, the Roman Catholic was content to permit the Methodist to worship God just as his own conscience might dictate, with the assurance that his devotions should be respected, and he be protected in the enjoyment of them; and what was just as strange the Protestant conceded the like privilege of the Papist. This noble liberality neither of them ever learned in their respective churches. But, they went farther; each bound himself to the other, under the most solemn engagements, to defend each other in the enjoyment of this privilege, even at the point of the bayonet, and, in the battle field, if necessary. Thus, the Romanist and the Protestant, in spite of their church teachings to the contrary, stood shoulder to shoulder, doing battle, each for the other's religious faith. Something had united them; but not their religion, for that would have kept them at a perpetual distance. Certainly this was not strictly orthodox; but, it was strictly Masonic. It was rational. It was strongly tinctured with that humanity and philanthropy which is taught in Masonic Lodges. The members, of that great convention, at Philadelphia, had been taught the loftiest lessons, based upon the profoundest truths; they had been taught to regard each

other as brothers, and equal as such in all their human and divine rights; and these things had been taught them by **Masonry**. While they had different religions, and many faiths, they had but one **Masonry**, and that taught them the doctrine of universal good to the whole family of man. Although they had many churches, they had but one **Masonic** sanctuary—one **Masonic** altar; hence the harmony of interest, the harmony of counsel, and the results so glorious to them and so important to mankind; a free and independent government—a free and independent right of religious worship.

The influence which was felt in the independent but conservative action of that body, has ever since been felt in our legislative assemblies, and manifested in those conservative compromises of antagonistical measures which must, from necessity, wind themselves into legislative chambers. It has also been manifested in those peculiarly marked measures of moderation, which, like oil poured upon troubled waters, has brought harmony out of discord, where party spirit had grown into fanaticism, and political zeal into madness.

In our judicial tribunals the same spirit of philanthropy may be seen, with her nicely poised balance and two-edged sword, while with gentle voice she pleads on the side of mercy.

It is in the **Masonic** Lodge that the minister of justice learns to regard every man as his brother, and that he is also the minister of mercy. It is there that he learns to exercise charity towards the errors of his brother man, and to draw its broad mantle over his faults. It is there that he is constantly reminded of that philanthropy which so dignifies the man, and of that benevolence which whispers words of sweet consolation to the heart. It is in the lodge that he learns to be a man—a true man—a noble man;—and there, too, he is constantly reminded that he is but a man, whatever may be his worldly honors.

These are some of the influences which **Masonry** has been exerting, and still will exert upon mankind, and upon human institutions. Had they not have been successfully exerted heretofore, it is difficult to say, indeed, what might now have been the condition of the human family. It is not probable that any other institution would have exerted the same influence to the same end. Judge ye, therefore, the tree by its fruit.

But, says the caviler and fault-finder, Masonry is a secret institution; if it is fraught with so many excellencies why conceal it from the world? why not disclose its secrets to the world that all may participate in its benefits? Let me ask such if they do not receive its benefits in the modification of the stringency of human governments? in the harmony it interweaves into the social relations? in the elevated tone it gives to the human intellect? in its patronage and promotion of the liberal arts and sciences? in the protection of the right of conscience? in feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked? in touching gentle notes of harmony among men? in palliating the miseries and sufferings of the human family—in augmenting the sum of human happiness? But, says the caviler, this is avoiding the question of secrecy. Let me again say to the fault-finder, If Masonry is secret in the spirit of its operations, you can find the same secrecy written in the wisdom of the design of nature upon every created thing. Why roars old ocean in his fury—why sparkles the dew drop in the sun beam—why bellows the deep mouthed thunder along the clouded firmament—why whispers the gently zephyr her love song among the flowers of the field—why rolls the god of day his diurnal course with such regularity—why casts the queen of night her pencils of light in pale silver lines in such order? Upon all these God has, in like manner, set the seal of secrecy and mystery. Have you ever been moved to find fault with Him for the secrecy of his wisdom and goodness? There is nothing pure, nothing beautiful, or elevated in nature that is not a secret and a mystery to the uninitiated. Even Deity is a wonder and a mystery, and His ways are past finding out. As well might the ignorant quarrel with the wise because their researches and industry have penetrated the secrets of science which to them are locked up and hidden. The astronomer involves himself in his geometrical tablets, elevates his telescope and sweeps through the mysteries of the sidereal heavens; there he reads secrets among the poetry of the stars, and solves mysteries of universal magnitude among the planets and spheres, which roll in beautiful order and harmony around him, from which, all but the instructed are shut out by the evil of ignorance. Go quarrel with him for the secrecy of his operations and his knowledge. You ask us to disclose the secrets of

Masonry to you. We cannot do it. It is the science that each must learn for himself. As well might you ask the wise man to pour the richness of his knowledge into the mind of a fool. As well might the vicious quarrel with the virtuous because they are in the enjoyment of those sweet pleasures that none but the virtuous know, and because they do not force the knowledge of those beautiful enjoyments upon them in their dens of vice. All that can be done is to point to the flowery paths of virtue, and to the highway of knowledge, and let each candidate work his own way to their high seats of eminence, and to the enjoyment of their mysteries. Masonry has no secrets that can be given. Its secrets must be earned by patient labor and investigation as any other branch of knowledge must be attained. It has no secrets that cannot be thus obtained, and the way is always open and unobstructed, for the just and upright aspirant—the industrious and patient searcher after truth—the sincere and earnest philanthropist. All we can do is to put the key into your hand and say: brother, enter our sanctuary, and there for yourself unfold its mysteries and develop its secrets.

But, says the self-willed man, who will not see because he does not want to see, who cannot because he will not see, we know you have a great master secret, that binds you together, just as the members of no other order are bound together; it is that that we blame you for not communicating to the world. I might say if that secret has an evil tendency why do you wish to know it? If its tendency is good, why not seek it honestly, by the legitimate path to it, as others who are in possession of it have done? Oh, you say, we fear it is evil, and do not desire to run the hazard. Look at the good Washington in his humanitarian struggles rending the bonds of tyranny, and inaugurating a new system of human government, replete with benefits to mankind—see him devote a life to the labor of elevating his fellow men to their true position on the platform of civil and religious liberty—toiling and suffering with the hope of no other reward than such as he might realize in the happiness of his fellow men, while his great heart swells and throbs like a God's for his fellow beings; would he conceal a secret that was evil in its tendencies? Still he did not consider it derogatory to his greatness and goodness to preside as the

Master of a lodge of Mason. Trace the pious Wesley in his labors for mankind, introducing the religion of love to suffering humanity, reforming the corruptions and severe dogmas of the high church which was established by parliamentary enactments—see him laboring for the good of his fellow men. Could not his loving kindness prompt him to expose the evils of Masonry if evils there were in it? Instead of disclosing any evil influences, secrets or mysteries, he seeks its altar and there on his bended knees pours out the fullness of his love for his brethren of the mystic tie.

But this, says the caviler, is again avoiding the question of secrecy. In reply let me say that among Masons there is a great and an important secret. Now this is meeting the question fairly and independently. We have a great and momentous secret; one that we are entitled to because we have fairly earned it. It is one that is the Mason's solace at all times, and at all seasons—under all circumstances and amid all emergencies. It is one that presents to the eye of the true Mason a bright, a beautiful, and a beaming star in sunlight and in storm—amid midnight clouds, and noonday light. It is the mystery which unites us together as brothers of the same family—it makes the lodge an asylum from the cares and the frowns of the world; this secret which causes us to love each other, and to make us dwell together in unity we could not communicate to you if we wished to, for even to us it is a sublime mystery to solve which none of us have yet attained to a sufficient knowledge. All we know of it is that it is of divine origin, and that we feel its divine influence. It was delivered by a celestial messenger from the presence of the Most High, while angels leaned from the golden portals of heaven to watch its safe delivery.—This great secret I would communicate to you if I could. It is contained in a mystic number—the cabalistic number of three times three or the number nine, highly venerated among Masons. Nine words contain this secret; and these words I am willing to give you, and then you will perceive how futile it is to attempt to obtain the secrets of Masonry by the lips, instead of a life in good service,—a life spent in the discharge of the relative duties we owe to each other.

This secret is contained in these words—these nine mystic words: "*On earth peace and good will among men.*" Now, what

does this disclose of the great secret of our order? Go practice upon the principles embraced in this heavenly message, until your hearts swell and well up with the fullness of love for your fellow man,—till your whole being gushes forth with that joy and blessing that results from benevolent action, and you will then have discovered the great secret of Masonry—the great mystery which unites us as brethren and binds us together by an indissoluble bond. Brotherly love, relief and truth are all involved in this rule of human action. Practice upon this rule without our ritual, and our simple, yet beautiful and impressive language of symbols, and you will be hailed by us as a true and worthy brother Nason. To be a true Mason is to be a good, a just and upright man. More than this it does not profess, less than this is not Masonry.

Masonry has its *exoteric* and its *esoteric* schools, or departments. The former teaches, by external signs and symbols, the most profound and interior moral truths. He, however, who does not penetrate beyond the symbol and perceive a deeper moral meaning than the sign, mistakes the shadow for the substance—the husk for the essence—for the symbols, the signs, the pass words and tokens, the ritual and ceremonies are not Masonry; these are the mere tabernacle within which are concealed the precious truths toward which they point, and which they are interposed to guard. A man may be an expert in all the exoteric rites, and yet not be a Mason, unless he drink at the pure fountain of moral truth which gushes forth in the HOLY OF HOLIES beyond and above these he is no Mason, nor can he ever be. He may be in possession of all the signs and rites, by which we recognize each other as brethren, and by which we prove our privilege of visiting a lodge. and still if his heart is not deeply imbued with the excellency of moral truth and overflowing with philanthropy he is no Mason. It is the interior and not the exterior qualifications that make the Mason.

But, it is said that we have bad men among us. This cannot be denied. But this is not on account of any imperfection of the institution, but because man is imperfect. If humanity is imperfect you can not expect Masonry to do for it, in the way of healing its imperfections, what every other institution, both human and divine, has failed to do.

Thus have I exposed Masonry as far as it is within human

power to expose it, except in the legitimate channel of attaining its sublime mysteries, which must be the act, or labor of the aspirant himself.

But, still, says the cynic, you might give us the signs. Yes, but you would not understand them; the signs are a dead language to you, and they do not constitute Masonry. They are the mere external symbols of an internal meaning which requires years to comprehend, and the practice of years of virtue to appreciate.

Masonry is like any other science, it must be unknown and misunderstand, misapprehended and misjudged by those who have not quaffed its pure waters. It labors for mankind and not for itself. It does for humanity's sake all it does do. It labors without pay. Money is apt to corrupt any institution, and its acquirement as a cardinal and substantive aim, must of necessity subject its motives to suspicion and distrust; it therefore labors without pay, and the result of its labors are only to be seen in its fruits.

What are its fruits? It has subverted no governments, nor has it interfered with the rights of conscience or religious worship. But, this is what it has not done; What has it done? It has established empire; it has inaugurated a new doctrine in the science of civil government; it has erected a superstructure of political government and economy, embracing in its organic structure its own humanitarian tenets and its principles of equality, which stands as a model of municipal perfection before the world. This it has done for the sake of humanity. It reaps its reward in the advancement of human happiness.

DEMOCRACY.—Symbolical Masonry, under whatever form it may be propounded, is a Catholic institution, democratic in its form and government, and universal in its operation. This is demonstrable from any of the definitions of the Order; from the free election of its chief magistrate, and the inferior governors of every private lodge, annually and by universal suffrage, and from the reputed form and extent of its lodges. If it were deprived of any of the above attributes it would be no longer Freemasonry; and all its beneficial effects upon the mind and manners of men, would be scattered to the winds of heaven.

LATE HOURS.

We apprehend that the brethren do not give sufficient consideration to the effect upon the good name of the institution of their personal delinquencies, even those which are considered merely venial, and not subject to discipline, except such as may be administered after the fashion of the late Mrs. Candle; nor do they appreciate the fact that while in truth and justice they are personally responsible, and ought to bear their own burdens, they are not allowed to do so, but are wrestled with as deluded innocents, led away by the strong temptations of an institution formed for the very purpose of separating man and wife, and bringing all sorts of trouble into families. Women are naturally patient and long suffering, but there is a limit to human endurance; and when night after night, week after week, and year after year a husband comes home in the small hours with the excuse upon his lips that he has been detained at lodge, we must admit that the wife has a *prima facie* reason for wishing that the lodge were safely landed in some place where there is a large demand for coal and sulphur. In this matter women follow the general rule of society, which in our case condoles the individual sin, but preters charges against the body coporate.

We all know that this is wrong, but we nevertheless shirk the responsibility, and let it rest on the broad shoulders of the fraternity. We know that Masonry neither inculcates nor allows any act which can fairly be made to do duty as a disturber of domestic peace, yet by individual remissness we allow it to be thus burdened, its fair fame to be tarnished, and its legitimate influence to be weakened.

It is no uncommon thing for the labors of a lodge to be protracted till eleven, and even twelve o'clock at night, after which the brethren must find their way home, and if home be any distance off, at an hour certainly not creditable to the lodge or the institution. It not unfrequently happens, too, that brethren regard lodge night as a night off—a sort of festival to be enjoyed as people seek to enjoy a holiday—and so it often turns out that even when the labors close at a reasonable hour, the members, instead of going straight home, linger in the hall to chat, and outside for more chat, and perhaps a stray

game of billiards, and thus allow themselves to be surprised by midnight, and long after they should have been at home. Some who read these lines will straighten up at the idea of any dictation as to the time when they should go home, or how late they may please to stay abroad.

To such we would say: Never go home at all; stay out all night, if you like, but sever your acts from Masonic responsibility: be father to your own doings, and manly enough to see that others do not suffer by them, which you cannot do if you habitually make your lodge night one of those which the light in the window burns the longest. That night, of all others, should see you at your domicile at a reasonable hour, in order that Masonry may not be brought into disgrace by your want of thought. The season of labor is now fairly opened, the Summer recess is over, and lodges are naturally anxious to do all the work presented, and herein lies the very essence of the difficulty. We assume that no lodge should allow its session to extend beyond ten o'clock at night, for in that time all the work proper to be done at one session can, and of right ought to be, completed. In order to arrive at this conclusion, lodges should be promptly opened at the time named in the by-laws, and there should be a firm resolve never to confer more than one degree at the same meeting. More than that is the rule, rather than the exception, but while it proves the zeal and industry of the officers, it also proves a detriment to the candidate, and a blemish upon the institution. When two degrees are conferred, one or the other is apt to be slighted, and even if this were not the case, he must be a man of extraordinary capacity, who can recollect any reasonable porportion of what has been told him. There is, however, in many lodges a determination to get through all the work possible, and hence late hours, and all the ill they portend. There is another source of difficulty due, in great measure, to the want of firmness in the Master when he takes the gavel in hand. By his want of firmness and discretion, he allows the hour, or hour and a half, after opening, to be worse than wasted in idle debate, in the repetition, by the same brother, of the same speech, from two to a half a dozen times, and a general dawdling which adds nothing to the information of the brethren, but most unconsciously wastes their time, and wearies their patience. The result

of this unnecessary delay is, that the work does not begin until nine or half past nine o'clock, which being the case, it is easy to see that the end may not be looked for until twelve o'clock is about to sound.

Now, it will be found, by those who take the trouble to observe, that the parties who take up the most time in idle and annoying debate, have always a sudden call to some other place when the work begins; they have displayed their sharp points in the discussion, and would feel it below their dignity to exhibit an interest in so small a matter as the reception or advancement of a candidate. If Masters would gavel and members frown down these chaps, there would be an infinite gain to the rest, in that the well-disposed would be able to get on with the work, and assist in closing labor within the hour we have mentioned. Every Mason should, therefore, make to himself the rule never to speak at all unless he has something to say; having said this, to sit down quietly, and not to seek to embroil the fray by repeating at intervals the same talk with which he has already favored the brethren; to vote against the proposition of any brother who cannot permit the lodge to vote, without taking up the whole evening in repeating the same argument in favor of the motion or resolution before the body. Masters, too, should avoid the pernicious habit of addressing the lodge from the East, on every question that happens to come before it, and of allowing a long, dreary, drizzling debate on every and any proposition that may be made. A competent Master will keep his lodge well in hand; judge for himself of the most important question, after a speech on either side, and if he knows that there is work waiting to be done, see to it that the time required for it be at his disposal, by turning the faucet and shutting of the stream of talk which wastes the time without improving the knowledge of the brethren.—*Dispatch.*

GIRARD COLLEGE.

The *Keystone* has on several occasions brought to the notice of its readers the deep interest the Masonic fraternity feels in this institution. When it is remembered that Stephen Girard was a Mason; that he held the Order in the highest estimation;

that his large liberality and comprehensive views were cultivated and educated by the influences of Masonry; that his devotion to the fraternity were equal to that for the city and home of his adoption; that his opinions as expressed in his last Will and Testament are but the reflection of the teachings of Freemasonry; that his devise to the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons for beneficial purposes, and his testamentary bequest, by which he founded his college "for poor, mail, white orphans" are the best evidence of his liberal views on questions connected with social science, all these combined give to his Masonic character a deep interest in which the craft is most directly concerned. Had Girard not been a Freemason it is to be gravely doubted if his bequests would have been of the character which makes them remarkable. Most likely he would have followed the rule in similar cases, of leaving his means indiscriminately to what are called charities, and charging his executors with the duty of bestowing his wealth on sectarian or secular objects, or the pertinacious importunity of such impecunious and bigoted establishments, as could obtain it from favoritism or prejudice. He did not adopt this course. He was too wise, and too well informed from his daily experience of the uselessness of such giving. He erected his own objects on which to bestow his money. He built up what he deemed was most needed as reservoirs of benefits for those classes of beneficiaries on which he bestowed his money.

Therefore it is that the Masons have an abiding and continuing interest in Girard College. It is one of the noblest institutions ever founded, and as its founder was a Freemason, and the objects of the foundation are in harmony with the principles and teachings of Masonry, the craft regard it as an illustrious example of the liberal and unostentatious effects of Masonic influence.

The history of the management of Girard College does not cast any glory on those who have had its direction since its organization. It has been subject to all the vicissitudes of political power in the city government. From its beginning till now, it has been either under political or sectarian control. So far as our information is correct, we are told, (for we have no personal knowledge,) that the real object of the founder in endowing this college has never been so considered as to give it a practical trial.

It has at one time been the prey of mere politicians, at another of the most incompetent and uneducated, at another of strivers for sectarian influences, so that the objects and purposes and expressed wishes of the founder have never been fully considered or recognized. The money, or income from the estate of Girard, might long ago have been made to support and educate a far larger number of orphans, but the purposeless direction of the authorities has caused it to be expended without enlarging its benefits. It is now neither a school, a home, nor a college. The only way to describe it is to call it a refuge for a selected few who are neither educated nor trained for the practical duties of a life of industry. Girard intended it to be a college: "con," and "lego," to gather together, those named in his will, to be educated as he directs. We do not find, from our informant, that any of the prominent and marked directions of the will of Girard are carried out. This noble institution is left to manage itself.

If one can preach sectarian bigotry, another presume this is so, another wish that was so, and the Masonic and benevolent will of Girard not be flagrantly outraged, it is all well enough. We have looked in vain for a single proposition within the past year, from its direction, or from those whose salaries are payable equally for less or for more devotion to the purposes of the institution, by which the will of Girard is to be faithfully and energetically carried out. It is a dead hand that directs, and a well-enough-as-it-is policy that controls. All this while there are hundreds of orphans of Masons, as well as others, who are deprived of their rights under this will, by reason of the incompetent administration of the college. To govern such an institution as Girard intended this to be, requires education, ability, knowledge of men, a devotion to the subject, leisure and a non-partizan organization. As it is now, the governing power is one aided, and it may be, only a few take the least interest to see Girard's intentions, his will, his solemn injunctions fully carried out.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania is the power to correct all this, and unless the eyes of the law making power, like those of justice, are shut up they cannot see, it might be well for the legislature to investigate this one question: Is Girard College now managed as Girard's Will enjoins?—*Keystone.*

GRAND LODGE OF QUEBEC.

We are in receipt of copies of the *Gavel* and also circulars and pamphlets giving statements "concerning *The Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of Quebec.*" As yet we have not been able to give more than a cursory glance at these documents, and are not fully qualified to judge of the merits of the case. Indeed we have had little to say on this subject; not that we take no interest in the affairs of the Craft in our neighboring jurisdiction, but because we have been of opinion that it would be better if the difficulty could be settled by the parties most interested; i. e., the Brotherhood of Canada. We have hoped the spirit of Masonry would prevail, and harmony be restored. We still cherish the same hope. It seems that the Quebec Grand Lodge has maintained its organization for a year or more, during which time it has been regularly at work; and moreover it has been recognized by several of our Grand Lodges in the United States, and its legality conceded by several of our most distinguished jurists. Under the circumstances it were better, perhaps, that the Grand Lodge of Canada should yield her consent for the new organization. The Province of Quebec claims her right to such Grand Lodge in the following style. We permit her to speak for herself, though we are not pleased with this manner of creating new Grand Lodges. We quote from a circular recently sent us, as follows:

"1st. That for a number of years previous to the formation of what is still called the Grand Lodge of "Canada," and until July 1st, 1867, the territory over which that Grand Lodge claimed to exercise jurisdiction, formed and constituted but *one Province*, called "The Province of Canada," and having but *one Legislature* or Parliament; but by the Proclamation of the "British North American Act," on July 1st, 1867, the "Province of Canada" as then existing, was, to use the very word of that Act, "severed" into *two separate and distinct Provinces*, called the "Province of Quebec," and "The Province of Ontario." These Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, thus formed, were also by the Proclamation of the aforesaid "British North American Act," joined (together with the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick) into one federal union which was declared "to form and be" "The Dominion of Canada;"

so that since the 1st of July, 1867, the *two Provinces* of Ontario and Quebec, have been and are, as *distinct and separate* as the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, or as are any *two States* of the American Union, while the Legislature of each Province is similar to the Legislature of each State of the same, and the Dominion Parliament is somewhat analogous to the Federal Congress of the United States of America.

2nd That the Grand Lodge of "Canada," (whose name had thus become a "misnomer,") for over two years, has merely been exercising what may be called an *ad interim* authority, (always conjoint and divided as far as what is now the Province of Quebec is concerned,) over *two separate and distinct Provinces* contrary to the well established principle, "that Masonic and political boundaries are, and ever ought to be, coterminous." And not only was the continued existence in the Province of Quebec, of Private Lodges under the jurisdiction of the three Grand Lodges, viz: England, Scotland and Canada, and the consequent joint occupation, directly and indirectly, of the same Province by these three separate Grand Lodges, deemed and held to be contrary to the laws, usages and customs of our ancient and honorable fraternity respecting the establishment and jurisdiction of Grand Lodges; but much painful experience has shown and convinced the majority of the Brethren in the Province of Quebec that such a state of Masonic affairs was wholly incompatible with the peace and welfare of our beloved fraternity.

3rd. That although the condition of Masonic affairs in British North America has been carefully and anxiously considered for a long period, yet no solution of the admitted difficulties has been suggested or proposed, which has been at all satisfactory to the majority of the Brethren in the Province of Quebec and elsewhere throughout the country, except the formation of an independent Grand Lodge in each of the four Provinces constituting the Dominion of Canada.

4th. During the year 1866, a Grand Lodge had been formed in and for the Province of Nova Scotia, and its Grand Master installed by P. Grand Master Wilson "Grand Lodge of Canada" and the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia so formed is now acknowledged by the Grand Lodge of Canada, as well as the other Grand Lodges throughout the world.

5th. Among the other important incidental reasons which

induced the Freemasons in the Province of Quebec to follow the example of all other parts of the Masonic world, by the formation of a Grand Lodge in the said Province, there may be mentioned the vast length of territory included in the *two* Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, extending through some *twelve degrees* of longitude, from the State of Maine on the east, to the State of Michigan or Central Ohio on the west.

6th. And had the Brethren of the Province of Quebec, been willing for any longer period, to continue in the same unsatisfactory position as for the past two years especially, there would always have existed the painful suspense arising from, the ever-impending and ever-threatening probability that whenever they should see fit, a constitutional and customary number of Lodges would assemble and insert their inherent and traditional rights by constituting themselves into a Supreme Grand Lodge for the said Province of Quebec.

7th. After the entire failure of the utopian Dominion scheme, and the consolidation and amalgamation scheme, the majority of the Brethren and Lodges in the Province of Quebec, having the highest good of the craft at heart, and believing that a sufficient length of time had been given to the consideration of the subject, after the most anxious and careful deliberation, decided that they were fully justified in acting upon the only simple and constitutional solution of our long standing and complicated difficulties by the formation of one independent and Supreme Grand Lodge in the Province of Quebec; and therefore with a unanimity seldom paralleled in the formation of Grand Lodges, the Grand Lodge of Quebec has been formed in order, that the craft in the Province of Quebec, in common with other Brethren elsewhere throughout the Masonic world, may secure and enjoy all those inestimable blessings and privileges which necessarily flow from that *unity in Grand Lodge allegiance and jurisdiction*, which ought always to exist within the same territorial and political boundaries.

Wherefore, a constitutional and customary number of Lodges in the Province of Quebec, regularly and duly constituted in convention, deemed and held that they had an undoubted legal and constitutional right to form a Supreme Grand Lodge in and for the Province of Quebec, not only in conformity to the aforementioned usage and established custom,

but also in accordance with the well recognized principle of masonic jurisprudence, that more than one Grand Lodge cannot exist *in perpetuum* either by themselves or by representative organizations, or otherwise exercise authority and jurisdiction, *visi jure*, within the same geographical and political boundaries, whether Kingdom, State or other Legislatively distinct Territory or Province, &c, &c. [Much abridged.—*Ed.*]

RIGHT OF VISITATION.

In February last the Grand Master of the District of Columbia addressed a circular to the Grand Masters of all the jurisdictions upon this subject, in which were embraced the following interrogatories :

1st. Does a Master Mason in good standing with his Lodge possess the inherent right of visiting any Lodge wherever he may go ?

2d. It has been claimed that a Master Mason may object to a visiting brother—the reasons to be determined solely in his own conscience. Does a Master Mason possess the unqualified right of objecting to the presence of a visiting brother in his Lodge ?

3d. If a Master Mason objects to a visiting brother sitting in the Lodge, is he accountable to the Lodge, and is it his duty to give reasons for such objection ?

4th. If a Master Mason has sufficient reason for objecting to a brother visiting his Lodge, is it not his duty to prefer charges, so as to bring the objectionable brother under discipline, and give him an opportunity to vindicate his character ?

5th. If a Master Mason shall hear the statement of his friend affecting the character of a brother Master Mason, would he be justified in objecting to the presence of such brother in his Lodge upon an *ex parte* statement ?

In his reply, the Grand Master of Massachusetts, after reviewing many authorities upon this subject closes as follows :

From the authorities already cited, I should say that by the Masonic law of our Grand Lodge—

I. A Master Mason in good standing in his Lodge does possess the inherent right of visiting any Masonic Lodge, wherever he may go.

II. A Master Mason possesses the unqualified right of objecting to the presence of a visiting brother in his Lodge.

III. But a Master Mason objecting to a visiting brother's sitting in his Lodge; must state his reasons therefor, if required, and the Worshipful Master may or may not exclude the visitor, as he may determine; but if the Worshipful Master does exclude such visitor, he must do it upon such grounds as will justify his conduct before the Grand Lodge.

As to the fourth and fifth inquiries, I am unable to answer them, as I do not know that we have any law or usage in Massachusetts respecting them.

You also request me "to give my own views generally upon the subject of visitation, and as to the power a member of a Lodge has to control unquestioned the admission of any brother who desires to visit it

In answering and complying with your request, I desire in the outset to remember that the Masonic Fraternity is a great, catholic institution, not confined to a single nation or state, but extending over both hemispheres, wherever civilization has penetrated. At the altars kneel, side by side, the rich and the poor, the peasant and the king, the learned and the brother of limited knowledge. One of its earliest and main objects was to facilitate the means of communication among the Craft, and to make easy the journey into foreign countries. Ours is a common brotherhood. We are united in a common bond, and are bound by a common interest. The rights of the individual are respected to a remarkable degree, especially in the preliminary ballot. But when made a Mason, the brother has peculiar rights in common with his fellows,—the right of communion with his brethren, of associating with them, of making himself known. So long as he is in good standing in his Lodge, and conducts himself as a good citizen, he ought not to be deprived of any of these rights. If the right of a member of a Lodge to object, without disclosing his reason, to a visiting brother, is recognized, it is easy to see what incalculable injury to the whole fraternity would inevitably follow. Party feeling would be carried into the Lodge-oom—personal quarrels, private animosities. Take an extreme case. Suppose that the President of the United States upon his recent visit to our Grand Lodge had been objected to by a member, (and, if he has the absolute right

anywhere he ought to have it there,) and been excluded from the general assembly of the Craft upon the mere caprice of a single member, what scandal and disgrace this act would have brought upon the whole Fraternity.

The Master of a Lodge in his installation charge promises to respect "genuine brethren," and it is his duty, as well as his high privilege to carry out this just landmark of our Institution:

My own views in relation to the particular point inquired of, are these: If a member objects to a visiting brother, the W. Master should carefully examine the grounds of the objection: If he finds that the visitor would disturb the peace and harmony of the Lodge, if admitted; that his personal condition is such from any cause that trouble would reasonably be anticipated in the Lodge; or if, from any other reason, the W. Master might reasonably apprehend discord and confusion in the Lodge; upon his appearance, then the Master should exclude him. But upon the mere personal prejudice or caprice of a member, or from private motives or quarrels—the Master should not exclude the visitor, and should not consider them for a moment.

It is a custom of more than one hundred years' existence in this jurisdiction to shut out our visitors from sessions of the Lodge held for private business, but when engaged in the labors of the Lodge, all good and true Masons, hailing from a regular Lodge, have an inherent right to be present, and they should not be deprived of it. And if a Master of a Lodge, without justifiable reasons, should prevent a visitor from entering his Lodge, he would be liable to such punishment as his Grand Lodge might see fit to inflict. As has been stated, each Grand Lodge has the right as well as the power to make such regulations and restrictions of this right as it may think proper; but it is very doubtful if it has the right to exclude Masons of a foreign jurisdiction absolutely from its Lodges, except in case of entire non-intercourse.

I have given you my views somewhat at length, but I trust with sufficient clearness, as the subject is one which interests Masons of every country. With kind fraternal regards,

WILLIAM SEWALL GREENER,
Grand Master of Massachusetts.

TEACHING VERSUS PRACTICE.

It is not unusual that we hear objections made against Masonry on account of the habits of some who have been initiated into the Order, and they are pointed out to us in ridicule as "beautiful specimens, nice men to associate with," and many other similar expressions. We confess that with shame and confusion we have been compelled to admit that they were members of the Lodge, and were enjoying all the benefits of our institution, while we could offer no apology for their conduct. Explanations were useless as long as they were recognized as Masons and no steps taken to correct the evil. But that such things do exist is not the fault of the institution itself, but of the members, who fail to enforce its rules and administer the necessary discipline. There is no society or church in which there is laid down more excellent rules and useful maxims than are inculcated in the lessons taught the candidate as he receives the several degrees in Masonry. Before he enters the Lodge he makes the declaration that he comes unbiased by friends or uninfuenced by mercenary motives, desiring only to promote the happiness of his fellow-man. As he crosses the threshold of Masonry he proclaims that his trust is in God, and he is admonished never to speak His name but with that reverential awe which is due from the creature to his Creator. He is taught that his duties require him to act upon the square with his neighbor, and to do unto him even as he would wish to be done by. His duties to himself require that he should avoid all irregularities and intemperance, that might impair his faculties or debase the dignity of his profession. He is not only taught that these are his duties, but he enters into a solemn obligation that he will practice them in all the relations of life in which the future may place him. To impress these lessons more fully upon his mind, beautiful and sublime ceremonies, symbols, and illustrations are employed, and he is solemnly charged to perform all the requirements of his new character. He is then pronounced a just and upright Mason, and the world looks to see an exemplification of those qualities which they are told are essential qualifications in the requirements of Masonry. Now, what is the result? If proper care has been used in the selection of the material, and the candidate thoroughly instructed in his duties, and what is expected of

him as a Mason, the result is entirely satisfactory; but if, as is often the case, the members are careless about these matters, they soon find that, although they have added another member to the Lodge, they have not made him a Mason. In one instance it is found that it was the sole purpose of the applicant to benefit only himself; that he cares nothing for the institution only so far as he can make it subserve his interests, or put money in his pocket. His motives were mercenary, and his declaration to the contrary false. Another, unmindful of the lessons taught him, indulges in profane swearing. He professes a belief in Deity and that his trust is in God. He not only belies his profession, but is guilty of a flagrant violation of the divine law as well as the laws of Masonry. A third is dishonest in his dealings, not only with the profane, but with a brother Mason. His neighbors look on him with distrust, deeming him unworthy of their confidence, and wonder if such men are recognized as good Masons in the Lodge. They would not associate with him, and consequently never apply for admission. Temperance is enumerated as one of the "cardinal virtues" of the institution, and yet how often do we see drunkenness among the Masons. It is the besetting evil, and works greater harm to the institution than comes from any other source. It is not necessary to pursue this subject further to show how entirely at variance with the lessons taught in the Lodges are the practices of many who are daily bringing into disrepute the institution of Freemasonry. It is not against what we preach, but what we practice, that most is said. It is, then, clearly the duty of good Masons to see that these evils are eradicated at once. It is not sufficient that our own habits are unexceptionable; we must see that the habits of every brother conform to our teachings. Whisper good counsel into his ear; kindly remind him of his faults, and endeavor to aid in his reformation. Do all that can be done to keep him in the right way; and should all your efforts prove unavailing, administer the necessary discipline. Remove an excrescence rather than that the whole body should suffer. For the good reputation of Masonry every brother is more or less responsible, and none should rest satisfied until Masonic teachings and Masonic practices have in unison become inseparable.—*Exchange*.

THE OBJECT OF THE BALLOT.

We have written much about the ballot heretofore, but recent correspondence induces us to present the object of the ballot from a different standpoint.

We ask our readers to peruse a few preliminary remarks before we reach the main question. Every brother who proposes a candidate naturally desires his election. He would not propose him if he thought rejection would follow. The petition is referred, and the report is favorable. So far all is smooth. But one black ball is deposited. Without thought, in a spirit of irritation, nearly every brother is ready to say, "this is certainly a mistake, and the ballot ought to pass again." The Master is of the same opinion, and again a like result. The brethren are ready to exclaim, "I cast a white ball."

At some regular meeting a candidate is rejected. By and by the brother who rejected the candidate, finds himself mistaken, and desires to correct his ballot. Here it is contended that the Master should declare the candidate elected. On the contrary, the ballot should be spread again. An objection is made that it subjects the candidate to the liability of another rejection. Precisely. This brings us to the object of the ballot. It is not to elect the candidate, for that could be determined by show of hands, or common consent. The object of the ballot is to ascertain, if, among *all the members of the Lodge*, there is one who objects. And this is done in the only form admitting perfect secrecy. And it is as much the intention of the ballot to screen the voter, as it is to find an objection. This is clearly deducible from the law itself, which provides that if there be two negatives, the Master *shall* declare the result, but if there be but one, then the Master may pass the box again to guard against a mistake. The Worshipful Master is the *sole* judge of the propriety of the ballot the second time, and whatever the result may be, he must declare the ballot.

It is not the province of any brother to make any remark: this may seem hard; but, it is clear, that whoever speaks from the floor, in some way, in a greater or less degree, exposes his ballot, which he has no right to do; it is the duty of every brother to conceal his vote by every means in his power when a negative vote is cast.

But one says if a report is favorable, the candidate ought to be selected. We concede that most of the rejections are upon unfavorable reports, and that worthy men are occasionally rejected; but examinations and favorable reports are often matters of form or slight inquiry, and sometimes after the most rigid scrutiny, some brother may know something which it is not prudent to reveal, and he should say no, in the way provided.

Again we say, the object of the ballot is to ascertain whether there be any objection to a candidate in the most secret and silent manner possible. — *Trowel*.

ITEMS.

"MANUALS."—The *New York Courier* seems to be opposed to the publication of Manuals, at least to the great number of them which are coming into use. We agree with him in part, though we are not of opinion that "in these books there is far more published than should meet the gaze of the profane." How are outsiders to know what our institution is, if they are to be kept entirely in the dark as to its principles and operations? Such books as *THE TRUTHS*, *REVEALED*, by G. W. Moore, and the book of *THE LOVER*, by Mackey, should be thoroughly read by those who design to make application for membership. Our objection to the multiplicity of these Manuals is, that they are but duplicates of each other, and do not give enough of the forms of services *needed before the public, and for the edification of the public as well as of the members.* Bro. Mackey has made progress in this direction, and his books are among the very best in use among us.

HOW TO TREAT ANTI-MASONS.—The *Trowel* for September has a leading article on this subject which is well conceived, and perhaps timely. But we are of opinion that most of us have said too much upon this subject. Our Charges have taught us from time immemorial not "to suffer our zeal for the institution to lead us into argument with those who, through ignorance, may ridicule it." St. Paul speaks of certain parties whom he warns his brethren to "note, and have no company with, that they may be ashamed." 2d Thess. 3:14. Silence is the best rebuke which can be given to evident folly. We sometimes dignify our enemies by our notice of them.

COLORADO.—The Grand Lodge of Colorado met in Central City on Tuesday, September 27th, Henry M. Teller, Grand Master. Twenty-seven delegates were present, including officers. The business of the session was transacted with much harmony. The election resulted in the selection of the following officers: H. M. Teller, G. M.; J. Hart, D. G. M.; H. M. Orhood, S. G. W.; E. T. Stone, J. G. W.; W. W. Ware, G. W. Ed. C. Parmalee, G. Sec.

THE STORY.—After placing the second chapter of Mrs. Nelles' story, a "A RUINED LIFE," in the hands of the printer, it was found too lengthy for this number. It will appear in our next issue, and the remaining two chapters will appear in the December number. Brother Coffinberry assures us that "TRUE WEALTH" will be resumed in the January issue, and be continued monthly till completed. This will please a multitude of our readers.

THE LONDON FREEMASON has much to say of "The Franco-Prussian War." This is one of the most bloody conflicts which will fall to the annals of History to record, and Masons of eminent degree are engaged on either side. We notice in a recent exchange that King William and the Crown Prince have both been expelled by the Masonic bodies of Paris! This, it true, is in keeping with other silly things which have been transacted recently by the French.

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.—The following of our Presidents belonged to the Masonic Order: Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan and Johnson. It has been asserted that President Grant is a member of the Craft, but this is untrue.

THE MASONIC TIDINGS, formerly published at Warsaw, New York, has been removed to Lockport, where all letters pertaining thereto should hereafter be addressed. It is a semi-monthly paper of great merit.

GERMAN LODGES.—In some of the jurisdictions we have German Lodges which are said to be working very successfully. The work is performed in the German language.

CALIFORNIA.—The Grand Lodge of California recently convened at San Francisco. The Order is in a very flourishing condition in the Golden State. The *Masonic Mirror* of San Francisco comes to hand regularly.

WHAT IS CHARITY?

To feel that others may be right,
 Though we be often wrong,
 In other's welfare to delight,
 Another's joys prolong,
 Is Charity.

To view with an impartial eye
 The deeds by others wrought,
 And never by a look decry
 Things, which are faultless thought,
 Is Charity.

If your opinion be of weight,
 To use it in the cause
 Where most 'tis needed, though their stars
 Gain not the world's applause,
 Is Charity.

Forgetting self when others want,
 If means to us be given,
 Freely and gladly favors grant
 Thy power, derived from Heaven,
 Is Charity.

To find our heart's grow warmed,
 Though meagre be our fare,
 When a less prosperous Brother
 Has with us taken share,
 Is Charity.

To give from an abundance,
 No self-denial shows;
 To pamper those who nothing need,
 The pearl to swine then throws;
 This is not Charity.

To he'p the sick and suffering,
 The erring to forgive;
 To feel, when others round thee starve,
 Thou should'st no more than live
 Is Charity.

A MASONIC TEMPLE.

The subject we intend to bring before the Craft at this time, is an important one, and should be thoroughly discussed before final action is taken. And we are happy to know that it has been prominently brought before the Order by P. G. M. Coffinberry, in his Address to the Grand Lodge in 1868. Our present Grand Master also alluded to it in his Address at the last session of the Grand Lodge. Though little action has been taken in the premises, yet we are assured that the matter has been somewhat talked over in our Lodges, and by the brethren generally.

On all hands it is confessed that the Craft in Michigan should have, what other States are having, A MASONIC TEMPLE, one which should be in keeping with the wealth and numbers of the fraternity in this Grand Jurisdiction. In point of membership Michigan may claim to be the banner State of our Union. She can boast more numbers according to her population who have knelt at the Masonic Altar and taken upon themselves the solemn vows which should ever bind them to the Order, and cause them to be zealous in their labors for its advancement. But numbers do not always make an institution. More, far more, depends upon the *quality* of the material worked, and the *activity* of the membership.

And here we are pleased to report favorably for our Craft in Michigan. In point of intelligence, and in the activity of her members, the fraternity in this State will compare favorably with sister jurisdictions. We have many thoroughly posted masons whose reputation has gone forth into all parts of the world, and our Lodges are working in great harmony. Many are erecting new halls, and furnishing them without regard to expense, with all the furniture and fixtures requisite. All this we have noted as we have visited different parts of the State, and with becoming pride we record it.

But we confess when we read our exchanges of the doings of other jurisdictions in the way of erecting magnificent Masonic Temples for the use of their Grand Lodges, and then think of our State—how little interest we have manifested in this direction, we confess to our shame and confusion, and have

concluded to do our part to awaken an interest upon this important matter.

That we are abundantly able to erect a Masonic Temple in some appropriate city of the State none will deny. We are as numerous and as wealthy as other jurisdictions which have done this very thing, and why can we not do it? It only requires well-directed, energetic effort on our part.

We have been told that the greatest obstacle in the way is location. It is said that the State generally would not consent to having their Masonic Temple in the city of Detroit, as that flourishing city is at the extreme eastern boundary of the State; and it is said that Detroit Masons, who are numerous and wealthy, would not consent to having it in any other city of the State.

How do we know all this? It is conceded that Detroit is the largest, wealthiest city of the State, and on the whole would be the choice of the writer as the place in which to erect our Grand Masonic Temple; but circumstances might easily arise which would cause us to vote for another location. That place is important, but we have several growing cities more central than Detroit, and in a few years may compete with her in everything save water navigation. Lansing is the capitol of the State, and would have her claims. Jackson and Grand Rapids are rapidly growing cities, and are already railroad centres. Other cities might be named which might have some claim, *if they were to offer a hundred thousand dollars in gold or greenbacks, together with a deed for the ground, in some favorable location, on which to erect the noble edifice.* That is what would make the Craft consent most willingly and harmoniously as to the location.

The first thing in order is to decide that the work shall be done, then devise the best mode of accomplishing it. Many are the plans which might be devised, and the pages of this Journal are open to the brethren in which to discuss the matter, and commend the plans which are thought by each of the most efficient.

We are in favor of raising a part of the funds by issuing bonds at 10 per cent. interest, which may be taken by brethren having means to invest, which bonds should be sold to the Grand Lodge as it should have the ability to purchase. In this

way the Odd Fellows of Indiana erected a magnificent edifice in Indianapolis several years ago, and the Grand Lodge of that Order soon became the owner thereof, and from the rents of the store rooms on the ground floor, and office rooms in the second story, the receipts were large. With property located in the business part of Detroit or some other flourishing city, like result would crown our enterprise.

But we simply introduce the matter, and leave it for future discussion. As the Grand Lodge will soon meet, it is hoped that it will give it more serious consideration than it has hitherto done.

THE HOLY BIBLE.

Masonry teaches that "The Holy Bible is the most inestimable gift of God to man"—"that it points out the path that leads to happiness." Every well-governed Lodge is furnished with the Holy Bible, which is indispensable; as much so, yea, even more, than the Square and Compass. It ever has been, and it ever will be regarded as the Great Light of Masonry. It is ever found upon the Lodge Altar, and on it does the Mason take his obligations. The God of the Bible is the God of Masonry, and true Masonry can know no other God than Him who "In the beginning made the heaven and earth." Kneeling at the Altar of our institution the initiate is taught to put his trust in this great and holy Being, and farther, is taught that he whose trust is in God, has his faith well founded and need fear no danger. "Faith in God, hope in immortality and charity to all mankind," is the Masonic Creed in a single sentence, and it is the summary of the teaching of the Bible. Indeed it may truthfully be affirmed that the Masonic fabric rests upon the Scriptures; and to take the Bible out of Masonry would be to remove the foundation and frame work of the entire institution.

And yet we are pained to know that there are a few of our brotherhood who would favor the removal of the Bible from the Masonic Altar! We have never found a half dozen such Masons in all our travels, but still we are assured there are few such. Some of these few are infidels, and as such should never have been admitted into our sanctuary. They are not of us, and why they should seek to place themselves in so false an attitude be-

fore the world is more than we are able to explain. Every Mason knows that they are as false to their professions, as Masons, as they are to the teachings of the Bible. The other class we speak of pretend to believe in the Bible, but they wish to have the foundations of Masonry so universal as to reach everybody, of whatever creed or religion, whether Jew, Mahometan, Christian or Pagan. In one sense Masoury is so universal. It knows no creed, but a faith in the one living and true God, and the fundamental truths received by all intelligent and civilized religionists. But we must insist that its Great Light is the Holy Bible—and he who has no veneration for that greatest and best of all Books, THE BOOK, as the word signifies, has no more business inside of a Masonic Lodge than the stupid Atheist. The light which has been shed by the pages of this volume is what has thus far enlightened the world. Its history is the history of our civilization, and show us if you can where Masonry has gone and done its efficient work in enlightening mankind without the effulgent light irradiating from the pages of this most noble and glorious gift of God to mankind.

We were much astonished recently to receive a note from a Masonic Brother of the Hebrew Faith, one who has written much for Masonic publications on each shore of the Atlantic, assuring us that it was his conviction that the Bible would yet have to be removed from the Masonic Altar! Never! while Masonry remains Masonry: When it is so far remodeled as to admit atheists, uncultivated pagans, those who bow down to stalks and stones, gods made with their own hands, instead of the only true God of Moses and the Prophets, as well as Jesus Christ, when you can form Lodges and perform the work of the Order in total darkness, without Square and Compass, and divest the institution of all its exalted and exalting principles, then may you take the Bible from its altar, and not till then.

We have taken the position that in one sense Masonry is universal. It throws its doors open to the people of every nation of the earth. All it asks is that they shall be worthy and qualified. When they have been sufficiently taught to understand its noble principles, and receive its soul-elevating truths; it admits them into its sanctuary, and aids them on to still higher attainments. But it does not propose to quench out its Great Light because the blinded eyes of some uncultivated savages, or unbelieving atheists, do not comprehend its mean-

ing. As well might it be required that we close our schools and colleges, because barbarians and savages cannot be at once admitted, without study and previous preparation; yea, as well insist that we should abandon the use of steam engines and the telegraph because the ignorant cannot comprehend their operation!

We repeat, while Masonry remains, the Bible will remain upon its altar, the most venerated of all books. Its pages will be consulted by Masons who desire to know the way leading to happiness that they may walk therein. If its divine light, as it shines in darkness, is not comprehended by all, yet Masons will seek unto that light, and endeavor to walk therein—and in so doing they will never be confounded, nor have reason to regret their course. And we rejoice in the thought that wherever a Masonic Lodge shall be erected there the true God of the fathers will be venerated, and there the Bible will be open upon the altar, to instruct the brotherhood in their duty toward God and their fellow men. So mote it be

A SKETCH.

It was a lovely summer evening following a hot, dusty day in 185—, that a Minister rode into the town of M., Kosciusko County, Indiana. An intense excitement ruffled the mind of the villagers occasioned by the work of several women, who had undertaken to aid in the work of enforcing the Maine Liquor Law, by visiting the village Hotel, and demolishing the bottles in the bar; which act led to a temporary closing up of the said Hotel; and hence the boarders, as well as travelers who chanced to pass that way, had to seek lodgings with private citizens, to the great inconvenience of all parties. Though the evenings at that season of the year were short, and so hot as to make meeting-going quite unpleasant, a large number of the citizens of the place attended the service on this particular occasion, stimulated perhaps somewhat by curiosity to know what would be said in reference to the all-absorbing subject of the village, temperance and "the Maine Liquor Law," and whether the Minister would uphold the ladies in their efforts to accomplish what the men were taunted with being too cowardly to perform. What was said by the Minister on that occasion is

now forgotten, nor would it be reported here even were it remembered. But some other matters which occurred soon after that meeting we do propose to report, as well as they can be recollected,

Among the attendants at the meeting above mentioned was a tall, dark complexioned stranger, who seemed to be very observant of all that transpired, and even entered into conversation with the minister upon religious matters, appearing of quite a religious turn of mind. As this stranger was to be accommodated with lodging for the night at the same place where the minister was entertained, he had a good opportunity for religious conversation. But the evenings were short, and being more than usually weary, the minister requested the privilege of retiring at an early hour, and was soon lost in sweet repose to all that transpired "beneath the sun." He woke not till the morning sun was risen, and the rattling of the breakfast dishes admonished him that some haste would be requisite on his part, or some patience on the part of his generous entertainers. He sprung up and attempted to seize upon his garments when, "lo! and behold!" not a garment was there! He rubbed his half open eyes, but still they refused to see a single article of wearing apparel in his room! *All* had strangely disappeared! No clothes, no boots, nor hat—no watch—nor even carpet-bag which he had taken to his room! What did it mean? What could it mean? He knew that he had deposited them all there on the previous evening; but where were they now? A strange sort of bewilderment took possession of his faculties, as he scratched his head, rubbed his eyes, and gazed around. Nearly a day's journey from his home, and comparatively among strangers without a single article of wearing apparel to don, and the breakfast dishes already rattling upon the table! Though in excellent health he felt that the circumstances needed a doctor, if he did not! He was confined to his bed, and the more he reflected, the more alarming and awkward seemed his situation. What should he do? What *could* he do? While thus ruminating matters in his mind, a lad entered the parlor adjoining. The distressed clergymen quickly accosted him with several incoherent questions, and requested the immediate presence of his father, Mr. W. The lad answered that his father was gone to the meat market, but he would run for him

at once. He thought the minister must be sick; and away he flew. Only a few minutes elapsed ere the father came excitedly to the room and asked after the health of his guest. Was he sick? Not much sick, but strangely conditioned—was not able to arise that morning! He hoped his condition might soon improve! What did he mean? He was never known to be quite so eccentric before. Well, he could not arise because he had no apparel “wherewith to be clothed.” Mr W. looked around, stepped to the parlor, when to his astonishment his own best suit of “sunday clothes” which he had worn to meeting the previous evening had also disappeared. Search was immediately instituted for the pious stranger, when lo! it was found he two had disappeared. Gone, and with him had disappeared the new suit of his entertainer, and all this minister had with him; his hat, boots, satchel, watch, all! What should be done? This same minister had “traveled” on a former occasion, and had been at least once before in quite a destitute condition, but never nearly so badly off. In one respect he felt like the impious boys when the lightning struck a tree near to where they stood during a terrific thunder storm, and one asked each of his frightened comrades to pray, and was told that they never had prayed, and could not, when he confessed that he had not, but quickly added, “something must be done.” This occasion demanded that something should be done, but *how* it should be done, was the question. The village was a small one, and did not afford a clothing store. But the minister knew a certain Brother Mason in the place, about his own size,—not quite so tall. He requested to see him privately, and told his friend W. by no means to say one word of what had transpired. But this injunction was too much for an outsider, who had not been trained to the art of keeping secrets. Brother H. soon appeared in company with Mr. W. bearing his best suit on his arm, and in twenty minutes from the time Mr. W. was called to the room and acquainted with the situation, his clerical guest was involved in, the minister was seated at the breakfast table, well clad, and acting as cool and collected as though nought unusual had transpired. Perchance some critical eye might have faulted the fit of his garments, though the masses would probably have detected nothing amiss.

Breakfast over, the next business in order was to institute some plan of search for the absconding thief. A plan

was soon devised and adopted, which had it not been for the heavy rain which set in on that afternoon, would probably proved successful. A part of the contents of the satchel was found, among which were some valued sermons in manuscript, and some unmatured notes and other valuable papers. But the thief made good his escape across the State line with the greater part of his booty, including some eighty-five dollars in cash.

But under the providence of the good Father, we often see good comes out of evil. Soon after the occurrence above related, the minister made a visit to Lagrange, Ind., where his friends aided by the Masons and Odd Fellows improvised a "Donation Party," and one of the hotels was gratuitously offered for the occasion, and a sumptuous supper provided by the good ladies of that place, which not only afforded a splendid entertainment for both old and young, but the bountiful receipts of the evening were enough to fully replace all the losses sustained by the clergyman at the house robbery in M—. More than three hundred guests partook of the sumptuous feast and all seemed to enjoy the occasion in an unwonted manner. Indeed some of the fun-loving Masons suggested that the whole thing paid! They said the thief made a good thing of it; the minister was left better off in some respects, for a nice gold watch would become him better than a silver one; and all present said on their honors that they never had so much solid enjoyment at so little cost!

The writer can vouch for the truth of this sketch. He has known the Minister intimately all his life, and was present in M. the night the theft occurred, and was also present when the entertainment was given at Lagrange. The incidents are all true to the letter, and afford only one of a thousand proofs of the readiness with which Masons aid in the good works of charity and brotherly love.

The new Masonic Hall at Three Rivers is to be dedicated on Tuesday of November 29th. The Grand Master will be present, and several other Officers of the Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter of the State are expected to be in attendance. A glorious time is anticipated.

HALL DEDICATION AT EDWARDSBURG.

The dedication of the new Masonic Hall took place as per previous notice on Wednesday, October 19th. The weather was rainy and unpropitious, but that did not prevent several zealous brethren from Niles, Dowagiac, Cassopolis and a few other places in Michigan and some from Elkhart, Indiana, being present and aiding by their presence and otherwise in making the occasion a joyful one. Grand Master Metcalf was present to take charge of the impressive ceremonies, and was aided by the following Brothers:

A. T. Metcalf, G. M.	Miles H. Landon, G. J. W.
J. A. Shingledecker, D. G. M.	J. A. Montague, G. S. D.
W. J. Chaplin, G. C.	C. J. Sterling, G. J. D.
J. B. Thomas, G. S. W.	—Sweetland, G. Architect.

A Brother from Elkhart, Ind., acted as G. Marshal, whose name we are sorry we cannot give.

At the conclusion of the dedicatory services, Grand Master Metcalf, delivered a very able address which was received with great enthusiasm, and was highly extolled by all who listened to it, whether members of the Craft or not. We have been requested to publish it, but Brother Metcalf is not yet ready to give it to the public, but has promised it to us when he shall be permitted to prepare it for the press at some future period. The address over, the Brothers together with wives, daughters, sweethearts, etc., all repaired to the place where a sumptuous dinner was in readiness and refreshed themselves with the bounties provided, after which a short time was devoted to social converse, when we reluctantly parted with the good Brothers, with many good wishes for each other's prosperity. The inclemency of the weather was much against us, but we never got more enjoyment out of so dark and stormy a day before, and are of the opinion that those who remained at home on account of the rain did an unwise thing!

We are under great obligations to Bro. Landon for his courtesy in freely transporting us from Niles to Edwardsburg and return, and to Bro. Pike of the "*Pike House*," for his generosity. Bro. P. keeps one of the best hotels in the country, and richly deserves the custom he receives. May his shadow never be less.

THE STORY OF A FRENCH FREEMASON—HOW HIS LIFE WAS SAVED.

The present war has, says the *London Times*, been prolific in illustrations of the value of Freemasonry in dangerous emergencies, and the anecdotes are endless of the lives saved by its means. Among the cart loads of wounded of both nations which arrived from Sedan, were two men whose consideration for each was so marked as to cause inquiry. They wore the Prussian and French uniform respectively, and though neither could understand a word of the other's language, they shared their rations, and seemed to be interchanging signals of amity all day long. Their story was a very simple one. The Prussian, who is an officer, and a man of thirty-five or so, with a stern, grave face, and a heavy, overhanging mustache, had met the Frenchman, who is at least a dozen years his junior, on the battlefield, the latter being supported by a couple of comrades.

Twice did the wave of the conflict bring these men in contact, and on the last occasion the Prussian, who was himself badly wounded in the chest, pressed the young Frenchman hard, and had indeed his sword uplifted to administer the *coup de grace*, when the latter, who was faint from the loss of blood, made a hasty sign to his victor which caused the latter to stay his hand. Parley was impossible, both from the exigencies of language and the turmoil of battle; and besides, both men lost consciousness and fell at each other's side. It turned out that the young Frenchman had been a Freemason a few months before the outbreak of the war, and that he had instinctively made the sign by means of which members of the fraternity are taught to ask their brethren for help. The Prussian was an old Mason, who recognized it instantly, and who as instinctively paused, and before there was time for consideration both men fainted away. When consciousness was restored they found themselves side by side, and with the dead and dying around them.

By a strange coincidence, their wounds was such that each could give the other some slight relief, and the late enemies employed their weary hours, in which they lay disabled and untended, in rendering a little kindness to each other, and in thus cementing the friendship which had begun so strangely. When

help came, they petitioned to be permitted to keep together, telling their story with considerable effusiveness to the doctor, who after some time came to them on the field. This gentleman, who was not a military surgeon, but a member of the blessed society which dates from Geneva, raised his hands in pleased astonishment at the tale he heard, and at once showed himself to be a Freemason too; so that three brethren of the mystic tie were to be seen wondering over the strange chance which had thrown them together.

The wounded men are supremely satisfied at the result, and their story has given them quite a celebrity among their fellow-sufferers. At Iges, where the French prisoners were placed after the capitulation of Sedan, and where it is but too true, they were all but starving, some of their numbers contrived to make it known to their captors that they were Masons, and though this was ineffectual in many instances, the sturdy and uninitiated Prussians laughing the Masonic gestures to scorn, wherever it succeeded the man obtained little comforts which were priceless. A stout trooper was seen handing a warm frieze coat to one prisoner, and giving part of his rations to another; and explained his conduct to an inquirer with a sheepish smile, which spoke volumes, "They are my brothers, though I have fought with them, and they are hungry and cold, and must be helped. They would do it for me." These are mere typical cases. But it is impossible to mix much with the troops, particularly after battle, without hearing of kindred instances of Masonic usefulness.—*Sunday Mirror*.

IS THERE A GOD?

How eloquently does Chateaubriand reply to the enquiry "Is there a God? Our French brethren in Masonic error should receive this lesson from their great countryman: "Is there a God?" The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain bless Him; the insect sports in His beams; the elephant salutes Him with the rising day; the birds sing Him in the foliage; the thunder proclaims Him in the heavens; the ocean declares His immensity. Man alone has said "there is no God!" Unite in thought at the same instant the most beautiful objects of nature, suppose you see at once all the hours of the day and all the

seasons of the year ; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn ; a night bespangled with stars and a night covered with clouds ; meadows enameled with flowers and forests hoary with snow : fields gilded with tints of autumn ; then alone will you have a just conception of the universe. While you are gazing upon that sun which is plunging under the vault of the West, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the East. By what inconceivable magic does that aged star which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades of the evening, reappear as the every instant fresh and humid with the rosy dews of morning ? At every instant of the day the glorious orb is at once rising, resplendent at noon. day, and setting in the West ; or rather our senses deceive us and there is properly speaking no East or West or South in the world. Everything reduces itself to a single point, from whence the king of day sends forth at once a triple light in one single substance. The bright splendor is that which nature can present that is most beautiful, for while it gives us an idea of the perpetual magnificence and resistless power of God, it exhibits at the same time a shining image of the true Deity.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

It is remarkable that most of the men who now compose the Ministry of the revived Republic, are members of the Craft. Pelletan, Arago, and Favre, are all well-known names in the French Lodges where the eloquence and learning of the men themselves have often charmed the brethren. From the councils of a peaceful brotherhood they are now suddenly translated to the stormy leadership of a national revolution, at a time when unprecedented disaster and defeat have almost obliterated the former glories of the French flag. But it must not be forgotten that these were the very men who in the legislative halls of their country denounced the outbreak of the present war as an outrage upon civilization, so that, whoever may be accused the letting out of strife, the crime cannot be laid to the charge of our French brethren. Believers in the humanizing mission of Freemasonry they could not do otherwise than protest vehemently and strenuously against the infamy and horror of bloodshed ; but their words of warning, their

pleadings for peace, were disregarded and despised by the glory-dazzled multitude. They have a great and stern task now before them, one which will employ all the resources of their fertile brains and prove the reality of their former professions. If an honorable peace be offered by the victor, we believe that such men as Favre and Trochu will not turn their heads aside and reject it; and we the spectators of the terrible drama now in progress, can only hope that no illusions will be suffered to prevail, for the day of mock heroes has now passed; but that each and all will rise to the supreme level and true patriotism, and agree for what is best for the present safety and future welfare of their country. Upon the political bearings of the question it is no business of ours to enter, but we are glad to find that men whose lives have been conspicuous for honesty and consistency are now entrusted with the guidance of France in her present time of darkness and dismay. The slaughter which has already taken place has carried mourning and desolation into many a home both in Germany and France, and surely victims enough have now been offered upon the altar of the grim Moloch of battle. Let each side remember how unstable is fortune, and that he who conquers to-day may be among the vanquished to-morrow. We appeal to the Masonic Fraternity both in France and Germany to assist in securing a speedy and honorable peace between their respective nations. Let their efforts be seconded by the Order in every land, and let the pollution of blood, and the unutterable woe and warfare cease. It is a happy omen to success that the Princes of Germany are members of the Craft. As well as the new rulers of France. This should inspire us with confidence that wise and moderate councils will eventually prevail, and that Europe will owe, in some measure at least, to the influences of Freemasonry, a peace which shall be secure and lasting, because it will be based upon mutual respect between the nations, and cemented by the principles of international justice and honor.—*London Freemason.*

 OBITUARY.

Died at Leonidas, St. Joseph County, Mich., on the 15th inst., of jaundice, contracted in the United States Naval Service, Acting Master, Jacob Barron, a member of Centreville Chapter No. 11, aged 43 years.

Comp. Barron was born in Rockdale England, in the year 1827, and came to this country with his parents in 1832. He became a cabin boy at 11 years of age. In the year 1854 he sailed from Sag Harbor as 1st Mate of a Whaler, on a three year's voyage, and upon the death of his Commander, he became the captain.

He entered the United States Navy as Ensign in 1862, and was attached to the Mississippi Squadron under Commodore Foot, and took an honorable part in its brilliant operations. He was transferred to the steam ship Lancaster, of the Pacific Squadron in 1864 and joined his ship at Panama, and sailed down the South American coast, touching at Callao, Valparaiso, etc. In 1865, he was sent home in charge of a prisoner, sentenced to the Dry Tortugas, and awaited orders. In December 1866, after due examination at Hartford, he was promoted to the position of Acting Master, and was assigned to the Pawnee, under Admiral Bailey, at Portsmouth. Soon after leaving this post the squadron encountered a terrible storm. The Pawnee was disabled and sent to New York for repairs. She was then attached to the Brazillian squadron, headquarters at Rio Janeiro. While on this coast Acting Master Barron was attacked with jaundice, the disease that has finally terminated his active and useful life. He was sent home an invalid in March 1868, in 1869 he was thought better, and was put in charge of the Custom House at Presidio Del Norte, Texas, where he became worse, and returned. He has since resided here, as he had done for many years when off active duty, in the family of his father-in-law, Comp. Wm. M. Watkins, Sheriff of this county.

While suffering under the insidious disease, flattered from time to time with fond hopes of recovery, he received all the care and attention which the kindness of relatives and friends could bestow. He has left a widow and two young sons.

Hailing from Wampanoan Lodge, No. 437, N. Y., Lieut. Barron was admitted a member of Mt. Herman Lodge, No. 24 at Centreville on the 13th of May last, and was exalted to the degree of R. A. M., in Centreville Chapter No. 11., on the 10th of August last, when we all thought him returning to vigorous health.

The Masonic Bodies here have paid fitting and affectionate tributes to his memory.

J. E. J.

Centreville, Sept., 27th, 1870.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Centennial Memorial of the Lodge of St. Andrew: Boston, 1870. Printed by Vote of the Lodge.

This is one of the most beautiful Books we have received for many a day. And it is not only beautiful, ornamental, illustrated with fine engravings, and printed on fine tinted paper, but its contents are as valuable to the true Brother, as the book is artistic and ornamental. It contains a minute history of St. Andrews Lodge, and of Masonry in Boston, also gives a fine engraving of the Masonic Temple, of the Lodge Banner, etc., etc. We are greatly obliged to Brother Palmer, the generous donor.

Masonic Service for the Burial of the Dead, and Lodge of Sorrow. By J. B. Sackett, Chicago, E. B. Myers and Company.

This new Masonic Burial Service is a timely publication, and will meet a want long felt by the Craft in all parts of the country. It not only gives the most appropriate service for the Lodge Room, at the Church, and at the grave, but it gives the necessary instructions to Masters and others having charge of said services. It is printed on large, bold type, and can be read with alike ease by both old and young, and is gotten up in the best style of the printing art, on fine, tinted paper. If the service has a fault, it is found in its too great length.

The work will be sent to any address on the receipt of one dollar.

The usual terms to the Lodge, and a liberal discount will be made to Agents and Lodges ordering twenty-five or more copies.

Address the Publisher or,

J. B. SACKETT,

87 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

The health of the Grand Master, which has been poor during the heated term, we are glad to inform our readers, is greatly improved, and he is now able to resume his wonted labors. We are sure that all our readers will rejoice with us at his recovery, for we have in Brother A. T. Metcalf a Grand Master who is duly qualified to fill his responsible station, and whose zeal for the institution is equaled by few officers at home or abroad.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. II.—NOVEMBER, A. L. 5870.—NO. V.

RETROSPECTION.

WITHIN a few days past occurred one of the most solemn festivals of the chosen people whose history is so often referred to in the rituals of Masonry. It is termed the day of "atone-ment," and calls for and receives attention even from those who are inclined to overlook the general observances of their faith. On that day, as we understand it, the Israelites withdraw from all secular pursuits, shut themselves up in their dwellings, and, amid fasting and prayer, review their past lives and seek pardon for their sins. With this, as a purely religious observance, we of course have nothing to do, but the idea conveyed is one which appeals with a great deal of force to all men and in connection with every pursuit in which men engage. We cannot hope, however pure our intentions, always to do right, nor can we at all times avoid doing positive wrong. We yield unthinkingly to temptations, do and say things which we know at the time to be wrong, and repent of them bitterly afterwards. To a conscientious man, to one who earnestly wishes to do right at all times, the inherent weakness of his nature is potent, and to him every day is measurably a day of atonement, because he is continually reminded of his own shortcomings, of the things left undone which he ought to have done, and those things done which he ought to have left undone. But we may not pursue this thought lest we be accused of trenching upon prerogatives not within the province of a journalist. We may,

however, be permitted to make the application in a general sense to the affairs of Masonry, and to suggest to others, as well as to ourself, the idea of an occasional halt to look back over the way we have traveled and mark the lapses we have made for amendment in the future. Many of us forget that in becoming Masons we have declared it to be an act of our own seeking, uninfluenced by friends or by mercenary or unworthy motives; that in asking admission to the Craft we were induced to seek a method of being useful to ourselves and to our fellow creatures, yet such is, and in all cases must be, the fact. Admitting this, we shall see that in becoming Masons we have undertaken to discharge the duties set forth in the ritual and specially upon our attention during the ceremonies of initiation, to be Masons not only in name but in fact, to show our connection with the fraternity not alone by the right to attend its assemblies, but by the fact that in all our relations with our families and our friends, as well as those with whom we come in contact in matters of business, Masonry is a moving and guiding principle, inciting us to act uprightly, honorably and squarely. We shall see, too, that we have undertaken to give a small portion of our leisure to the demands of the lodge upon our attention, and that we cannot wilfully and without just cause neglect the duties which inhere to lodge membership, and at the same time feel that we are endeavoring to give back to Masonry the interest on the capital invested in making us Masons and thus a part of the universal brotherhood.

It is declared to be the duty of every Mason to belong to some lodge and to contribute to its funds, but the brother who technically belongs to a lodge, and never goes near it, except perhaps once a year to pay his dues, is simply a drag upon its progress, for his bad example leads others astray, and he thus proves an element of weakness instead of strength. If it is worth while for a man to belong to a lodge, it is worth while for him to discharge his part of the contract by occasionally going to its meetings and assisting to do its work; while at the same time he refreshes his memory as to the duties devolving upon him and strengthens his resolutions to live in accordance

therewith. We would infinitely rather belong to a lodge of a dozen members willing to devote themselves assiduously to its legitimate work, and not willing to allow a frivolous matter to keep them absent on lodge nights, than to be at the head of a hundred brethren who only attend on some occasion of extra attraction, and then leave as soon as the show is over; and at the same time leave the Master to complete the work with half a dozen faithful brethren to adorn the vacant benches. There is, in every jurisdiction where these lines will travel, at least one lodge dragging out a miserable existence, because a majority of its members think more of passing an evening in any other way than in its precincts and in the discharge of its duties and business, than they do of the lodge and its claims. Will not every brother to whom this claim may come home, who knows that he is not fulfilling the promises of his initiation, and that he is neglecting his plain duty, withdraw for a time from the world and carefully reflect whether his conscience approves his conduct, and whether he is not neglecting opportunities which he may hereafter regret?

The brother who by his neglect suffers his lodge to be imposed on by a bad man, or who fails to approach the ballot box under a sense of duty to the Craft rather than of friendship for the candidate, though he may be his born brother, is laying up for himself an occasion of reproach and doing that for which he will in some way have to atone. The brother who allows himself to speak lightly or disparagingly of another, who fails to defend his good name when attacked, who neglects to whisper good counsel and advice in his ear, to remind him, tenderly, of his faults and earnestly seek to bring about a reformation, who will not put forth a helping hand to save him from falling or to raise him when down, has in all these cause for self-examination and rebuke. Who of us shall say that in none of these things has he failed, that Masonry has no claim on him not paid, and that hence he has no need of atonement? Whoever does say so, deceives himself, and shows by that fact the need of the discipline he repudiates. Let us all, brethren, strive to do our best toward a faithful compliance with our engage-

ments, and an earnest discharge of the duties resting upon us. Let us strive by a more zealous pursuit of knowledge to give a better reason for the faith which is in us, and to prove the excellence of the Craft by the uprightness of all our own proceedings. Let us take counsel together how we can best aid, support and protect each other, and relying upon the strength of the Ancient of Days, while recognizing our own frailty and many shortcomings, let us not fear to look over the record we have made, nor to profit by the warning in every career whereby we may be the better able to exert our whole strength and faithfully increase the talent committed to our stewardship.—*Masonic Tidings.*

[Copyright secured.]

A RUINED LIFE.

BY MRS. ANNIE NELLES.

CHAPTER II.

CHANGES.

“Good morning, Dr. Dick; I’m glad that you are *once* more able to be out. How do you feel this morning?”

“I am gaining strength slowly, I thank you,” replied the Doctor, “but my long illness has left me very feeble, and it will be some time, I fear, before I am myself again.”

“Yes, indeed,” said Mr. Simpson, “three or four months of illness necessarily reduces one very much. It has been about that length of time since you were taken ill, has it not?”

“Much more than that,” replied the Doctor. “It is a few days over six months since I have been outside of my house, and this is the third time I have ventured to take the air.”

“Why, bless me, so it is; what a memory I have, to be sure. I remember now that you were not able to attend as a witness at the Davis trial, and that was five months ago. By the way, you of course knew he had escaped?”

"Yes, I heard of that. No trace of him has been found, I believe?"

"None whatever. Is his child still with you?"

"She is," replied the Doctor, "and that reminds me Mrs. Dick and I have decided, after mature reflection, that the best thing we can do is to adopt her in legal form, and I wish you to prepare and present the proper application to the court at its next term."

"With pleasure," replied the worthy attorney, producing a memorandum book and beginning to write rapidly, "what is her name and age?"

"We have called her Antille," replied the Doctor, "and she is about one year old. Is there any other information you desire?"

"No, that is all, Doctor."

"Then I will bid you good morning. I find myself getting very weary and must hasten home. Drive on," he added to the boy who held the reins.

"Good morning, Doctor, I hope you will soon be yourself again," called out Mr. Simpson, pleasantly, and they parted.

In accordance with the good old doctor's request Mr. Simpson took the necessary steps, and at the next term of the court an order was made permitting him to adopt Antille Davis as his own child, to give her his name and to rear her as his own, the Judge remarking that he was pleased to make an order so manifestly for the interest of the worse than orphan, as this must be, and from this time she was universally recognised throughout the community as in reality what she had been virtually from the hour in which he saved her from the drunken fury of her father—his own child; and as time passed and she grew from a puling infant into a lovely, sprightly little girl, whose gay laughter and pattering little feet, and almost wondrous beauty carried joy and sunshine into every corner of the Dick mansion, there were not a few who almost envied the doctor and his good wife the possession of their little treasure.

And it was not alone her beauty, marvelous as it was, which endeared her so much to the heart of every one who

knew her. Her quickness of intellect and the sweetness and affectionate tenderness of her disposition was really wonderful, and seemed almost angelic. Indeed, there were some wise ones who shook their heads and sapiently observed that she was too refined for this polluted world, and that she would soon return to the heavenly home whence she came for a brief visit. But these superstitious prognostications had little effect upon Dr. Dick and his good wife. With true parental care and assiduity they went forward training and developing, both mentally and physically the little one whom circumstances had placed in their charge, and well were their exertions repaid.

Meantime the health-giving effects of California's salubrious climate had become famed in the region in which Dr. Dick lived, and as the remnants of the old disease which had so sorely threatened his life still lingered around him and gave him no little trouble, especially with each recurring spring, he decided to remove thither. Accordingly when the little Antille had reached the age of four years they set out upon their journey.

The iron horse had not yet performed the almost supernatural feat of whirling hundreds of passengers from the eastern to the western ocean in the space of a few hours, and a trip to the modern El Dorado was far from being the mere pleasure jaunt it has since become. At this time the tide of emigration thither either went by water from New York or stretched away in long trains of canvas-covered wagons, drawn by patient oxen across the mighty deserts of the West at the rate of a few miles a day.

The former was the route selected by the doctor and his little family, though Mrs. Dick, who, despite her somewhat advancing years, had still a tinge of romance in her composition, had at one time advanced the idea that "it would be delightful to go across the Plains in an ox train, camping out each night like so many Gipsies." But when the doctor suggested that such a course might have a tendency to aggravate the very evils which it was the prime object of the journey to remove, she at once yielded her inclination, and the voyage was determined upon.

It is not necessary that we should follow them throughout the course of their tedious voyage—suffice it to say that their experience was not unlike that of the generality of voyagers to the golden shores of the Pacific in those days, and that in due time they arrived in safety in the Gate City of the West. Proceeding some distance into the interior and southern portion of the State, the doctor finally settled in a pleasant little village and resumed his practice, finding in that genial climate the relief in hopes of which he had crossed a hemisphere.

Years passed away, and Antille had attained the age of fourteen. Her sweetness of disposition and intelligence had suffered no diminution with the passage of time, and she was known far and near amid her acquaintances by the pet name of “the doctor’s angel.”

“My dear,” said Mrs. Dick to her husband one morning as they sat around the breakfast table, “what shall we do in regard to the education of our little Antille? She is getting into quite too deep water for me, and something must be done; what shall it be?”

“I hardly know,” replied the doctor; “what do you propose?”

Now they had fully discussed this matter before, and had arrived at a conclusion, but they desired to see how their child would relish the proposition of leaving home, for this was what had been determined upon between them.

“I suppose, of course,” said Mrs. Dick musingly, “that she will have to be sent from home. How would you like that, my child?” turning to her daughter.

“Of course, my dear mamma,” replied the loving girl, “you know it will be very painful for me to leave you and dear papa, but then I want a good education, and if I cannot get that here, I am willing to go away where you may deem best.”

“Spoken like yourself, my own sweet child,” exclaimed the doctor, turning on her a look of love, “and just what we might have expected.”

“Why, papa, what else could you have expected,” said the girl. “After the uniform kindness with which I have been

treated by you and my dear mamma, it would certainly be most ungrateful in me to set up my wishes or inclinations in opposition to your judgment of what is for my good."

"Bless you, my dear daughter," said the mother, while her eyes filled with tears, "such regard for our wishes more than repays us for all we have done for you."

"Well, said the doctor, while a suspicious moisture gathered in his eye, "it seems to be settled that she must go away; where had we best send her?"

"I suppose there are good schools in San Francisco," returned Mrs. Dick, "but there she would be among entire strangers."

"There is a male and female seminary at Holyoke, Massachusetts," said the doctor, "the female department of which is presided over by an old and highly valued friend of mine, and where the course of instruction is equal to that of the best colleges in the land. By sending our daughter there we would place her in a situation where she would not only receive the most thorough culture and training, but would also be treated with all the care and kindness which a mother would bestow upon her. What think you of sending her there?"

"It is a long distance away, and would keep her from us a long time, would it not?"

"Yes, I hardly suppose it would be best in that event for her, to come home at all during her whole course," said the doctor. "But would not the advantage of having her in the charge of some one who will take more than a mercenary interest in her counterbalance this?"

"Perhaps it might," replied the mother. "What do you say to this, my daughter?"

The little girl felt a choking sensation in her throat at the thought of going so far away from home, but she repressed it and bravely answered:

"I will cheerfully submit to any arrangement you may deem for the best. How long would I probably have to stay there?"

"Three or four years, probably," said her father.

"It's a long, long time to pass without seeing my dear papa and mamma," said Antille, while the tears gathered in her eyes, "but we can hear from each other very often, and if you think it best I am content."

And so it was settled that with the coming Spring Antille should proceed, in company with a friend of the doctor, who was going east at that time "to the States" and become an inmate of the Holyoke Seminary. Amid the bustle of arrangements for her departure, the preparation of a suitable wardrobe, and the thousand and one other matters which the contemplated prolonged absence rendered necessary, the day upon which she was to leave her pleasant home at last arrived. The doctor was going with her to San Francisco, to see her on board the steamer and place her in charge of his friend, after which he would return to their valley home.

Up to this time the little girl had borne up bravely, but when the hour came in which she was to part from that dear mother (for it must be remembered that she was the only mother Antille had ever known) for so long a time—perhaps forever—the pent-up emotions of her soul refused to be longer restrained, and, clinging to her neck, she sobbed as though her heart would break. But when that overcharged heart had somewhat relieved itself, she looked up, and smiling brightly, exclaimed:

"Forgive, dear mamma, the violence of my emotion. It is not because I do not wish to comply with your and dear papa's desires, but the thought of not seeing you for four long years overwhelms me."

"Do you repent of your determination to go, my daughter, and wish to stay?" asked the mother in a voice as full of emotion as Antille's.

"No, mamma," replied the girl, "I do not. I am willing to go because you and papa think it best for me, but it is natural that parting should affect me thus."

"True, my child, and your sentiments relative to it are in the highest degree creditable both to your head and heart. This separation is none the less painful to me than to you, but I

submit because I know it is for your good, You will be present to my mind every moment of your absence, and in every prayer to God I shall mingle a petition for your safety and protection. You will not forget, my daughter, to pray to Him every day of your life?" and the mother strained her child again to her bosom.

"That shall be my first and last daily duty," said the girl solemnly and fervently.

"That is right," returned the mother, "He will never neglect or forsake those who call continually upon his name. And now, good bye, my love."

"Good bye, dear, dear mamma," said she.

And with that most potent talisman, a mother's fervent, long, earnest kiss upon her lips to shield her from harm, Antille took her seat in the carriage beside her father, and they rapidly rolled away in the direction of the great metropolis of the Pacific coast.

The parting between Antille and her father was scarcely less emotional than that between herself and her mother, though the doctor's habitual self-control restrained to some extent the manifestation of his feeling. His love for her was as deep and earnest as that of his wife, but sought other modes of displaying and making itself felt. But the last adieus were said, and when the guns of the steamer signalled her departure the doctor stepped upon the wharf, where he remained gazing after the vessel with its precious freight, till it disappeared behind one of the points which form the entrance to the Bay of San Francisco, when, with an aching void in his heart, he sought his carriage and proceeded in the direction of the home from which one gleam of sunshine had departed for a long time—it might be forever.

But whatever his feelings might be, at thus parting for years with one whom the good old doctor and his wife had learned to love with a degree of intensity which could not have been excelled had she been in very truth of their own flesh and blood, those feelings found the fullest echo in the heart of the young girl who stood upon the deck of the fast receding steamer

and strained her eyes to catch the last glimpse of his much loved form. He was the only father she had ever known, his roof the only one which she remembered ever to have sheltered her; the kindness and constant affection with which she had ever been treated by those whom she regarded as really her parents had developed in her tender and emotional nature a depth and holiness of love seldom equaled, and the rapidly increasing strip of water between herself and her father seemed to her a great gulf between herself and all happiness, which each revolution of the huge wheels but widened and made more and more impassible. She had no fears but that in the new relations she was about to assume she would be treated with the tenderest and most thoughtful care; the repeated assurances of her parents were sufficient proof that this would be so; but yet it would be the love and care of strangers, and how inadequate this seemed to supply the place of that to which she had been accustomed.

Her heart was full, and when the form of her father could no longer be distinguished, and she was as it were alone upon the heaving world of waters, she abruptly broke from her companion, who till that moment had been standing beside her upon the deck, and hastened to her state-room, there to give free vent to the tears she could no longer restrain.

"Poor child!" soliloquized he, looking compassionately after her as she descended the companion-way, "she does well to weep at this, her first leaving home, for few children have been blessed with as kind and noble parents as she has. Well, let her indulge herself in quiet for a time, and then it will go hard with me if I do not find means to divert her mind for the rest of the voyage, for I already love her almost as if she were my own child."

At the end of an hour Antille again made her appearance and came timidly toward Mr. Templeton, who was promenading the deck. As soon as he saw her he hastened to meet her.

"And how is my little girl by this time?" he asked smilingly, as he extended his hand.

"Oh! Sir," she replied, her cheeks flushing and her eyes

still red from recent weeping, "you must think me very foolish and very rude. Will you pardon the abrupt and unladylike manner in which I ran away from you a short time ago?"

"There is nothing to pardon, my dear child," he said kindly. "It is but natural that you should have wanted a good cry by yourself upon leaving the best of parents, O, no, you were neither rude nor unladylike."

"And you are neither hurt nor offended?" she queried a little hesitatingly.

"Why, bless you, no. Why should I be?" he continued. "Your emotion, so far from being a case of offense, is in the highest degree creditable to your pure and loving heart."

"I am glad you are not offended," said she simply and innocently.

"Why, of course I am not, how could I be? But let us say no more about it," he said, and then, changing the subject, he added, "the evening is really very fine. Would you enjoy a promenade upon the deck?"

"If you please," said she, and taking the arm he offered, they began walking up and down.

Mr. Templeton was a man about fifty years of age, possessed of a considerable degree of education, culture and refinement, had travelled to some extent, and was quite familiar with the coast along which they were running in easy view, having at one time been connected with a surveying party which had made a very thorough exploration of it. He pointed out to her the various peaks and indentures with which it was diversified, gave their names, told some quaint old curious story or romantic legend connected with almost every one, drew comparisons with similar scenes he had encountered in foreign lands, and around all his conversation threw a charm which completely beguiled the mind of his companion from the contemplation of her sorrow at leaving home. So absorbed and interested was she that she had not noticed the gathering gloom of the evening and its attendant chilliness until he exclaimed:

"But here I have been rhapsodizing, and never once noticed that my little girl was getting cold. Come, let us go

into the cabin, and after tea we will procure additional clothing and come on deck if you desire. A night at sea is very beautiful, and this promises to be very fair," said he, looking carefully around the horizon.

"I was so much interested in what you were saying," replied Antille, "that I really had not noticed the cold, but now that you have mentioned it I do feel a little chilly. Let us go below," and they descended the companion stairs.

A moonlight night at sea! Poets have sung of its charms, and painters have exhausted the treasures of their art in the vain attempt to convey a correct idea of its beauties. The most exalted ideas which the mind gathers from animated page or illustrated canvas fail to represent a tithe of the witchery and tranquil splendor of the scene. Description fails and the brush becomes powerless; it must be seen to be appreciated.

When our voyagers again came on deck, the moon, almost at its full, was pouring a flood of soft, silvery light across the gently heaving waters of the mighty Pacific, bringing out into brilliant outline the tall spars and mazy rigging of the gallant steamer, and changing the column of smoke which streamed back from her tall funnel into a long line of vapory, phosphorescent light, like the tail of a comet, until it imperceptibly melted into and blended with the surrounding atmosphere; myriads of stars were twinkling in the rich ethereal blue of the firmament; little flashes of phosphorus gleamed out from the fathomless depths around them as their stanch vessel heaved the waters from her quivering sides, and around and over all hung a calm and holy tranquility which seemed more of heaven than of earth.

In the presence of such sublime and peaceful beauty the feelings of Antille were hushed into a quietude and repose in harmony with the surroundings. In reverential awe and silent admiration she stood by the side of her companion, and in unspoken delight feasted her eyes upon the magnificent panorama spread out before her, while she almost held her breath lest it should dissolve away out of her sight, and in that silent and holy hour her spirit was drawn up to the Infinite with a hal-

lowed power of elevation she had never known before, while a more perfect realization of the frailty and insignificance of humanity than she had ever known took possession of her soul. For hours she staid upon deck and drank in the beauties of the scene, and when she sought her cabin couch it was with a clearer conception of the wisdom, power and goodness of the Almighty than she had ever enjoyed before.

Day after day of the journey passed in a similar manner; fresh evidences of the omnipresence of the Great Jehovah, and new beauties of nature were unfolded to her imaginative and appreciative spirit with each successive hour, and when she at length reached Holyoke Seminary it was with a clearer comprehension of the attributes of the Majesty of Heaven than the careful parental training of Dr. Dick and his excellent wife had been able to impart to her.

"Say to my dear father and mother," she said to Mr. Templeton at parting, while the tears stood in her eyes, "that from the bottom of my heart I thank them for having sent me on this journey, painful as the separation from them was. Before leaving home I had only confused views of the power and majesty of God; now I have seen His works, and I recognize Him as He is, the one All-wise Almighty and Supreme Ruler of the universe."

"Rest firmly in that faith," said Mr. Templeton with sincere and unaffected piety, "upon that rock you may withstand all the assaults of Satan and his ministers."

Antille entered upon her studies at the Seminary with a zeal and earnestness which promised the most satisfactory results, and endeared her in the highest degree to principal and teachers. And at the same time her kind and unaffected deportment and considerate treatment of all her school-mates made her a universal favorite, and did much to increase the happiness of her stay there. Her foster parents had earnestly labored to root every selfish principle out of her nature, and had taught her earnestly to prefer the happiness of others to her own, and the fidelity with which she adhered to and practiced the lessons they had taught, won her hosts of friends among those with whom her lot was now cast.

But among them all there was none who so thoroughly appreciated her innate goodness and native purity as young Willard Austin, the son of a country clergyman whose limited means, by the most prudent economy in the support of his family, could be eked out barely sufficient to give Willard the education he had determined his son should have. And right nobly did the young man repay the self-denial which his father and family sternly imposed upon themselves in order to give him that education. Utterly ignoring the mad pranks and sometimes almost disgraceful revels in which too many of his class-mates occasionally indulged, he had readily devoted to his books the time which they wasted in riotous merriment, and had consequently progressed in his studies with a rapidity which was astonishing to them as it was gratifying to his teachers as well as his parents.

Entering the male department of the Seminary at about the same time that Antille was installed in the female branch, over a year had passed before he had formed anything like an intimate acquaintance with her. They had met occasionally at the customary Saturday evening re-unions in the parlors of the institution, and, like others, young Austin had been impressed by her almost wondrous beauty. But it had so happened that they had never been thrown particularly into each other's society. In the parlor she had always been surrounded by a crowd of friends and admirers whose superior brilliancy had effectually eclipsed his modest merit, while the diffidence which is the inseparable companion of substantial worth had kept him comparatively aloof from her. He had, however, been sufficiently attracted to make him wish to know more of her, and patiently he waited his opportunity to improve and cultivate her acquaintance.

And at last it came. Walking in the garden one pleasant summer eve, and soothing his senses with the fragrance of the flowers which bloom on every hand, he had come upon Antille alone in a rustic bower, with a book in her hand. She was so much absorbed that she did not notice his approach until he addressed her.

"Good evening, Miss Dick. I did not intend to intrude upon you, and in fact did not know you were here until I came to the door of the bower."

Antille started in surprise at the sound of his voice, but recovering herself in a moment, replied :

"Good evening, Mr. Austin. So far from your presence being an intrusion I am very glad you have come. I find myself sorely puzzled with a difficult Latin translation, and will be very much obliged for your kindness if you will only assist me to find the key to it."

"I will do so with pleasure, if I can," replied he, taking a seat beside her, "but do you not find it more pleasant to rest and enjoy the beauties of this hour than to rack your brain with a difficult problem after the usual close of a hard day's labor, as I doubt not this has been to you?"

"I do not know," she replied mischievously, "by what authority you charge me with having labored hard this, or any other day; but I am very anxious to master this translation, after which I shall doubtless find rest as pleasant as any one."

"I only know," he replied gravely, "that without hard labor no one can make the progress you have since you came here."

"And how happens it that you know anything of my progress?" she asked.

"My aunt, Mrs. Clarkson, has spoken to me of you as one of her most studious pupils. But come," he added as he saw her countenance blush at the thought of having been made the subject of conversation, "let us look at your lesson and see what can be done for it."

With his help the lesson was soon mastered, and then Antille rose to go into the house.

"Stay, Miss Dick," said he respectfully, "do not run off at once, but please favor me with your company for a walk in the garden till tea time."

She yielded to his request, and for half an hour they prom- enaded about the garden, during which they learned more of each other's tastes and dispositions than they had ever known

before. In that brief interview each became aware of the existence of that harmony of sentiment and feeling which was destined to make them ardent friends, and, indeed, to finally lead them into still closer relations to each other, and when the tea bell rang and they parted, each had a higher appreciation of the other than they had ever before experienced. And from this time until the close of their stay at the Seminary their friendship continued without abatement or interruption, and many a task for Antille was lightened by the assistance and instruction of her friend.

But the time at last came when they must leave the school in which they had passed so many happy days. Both had graduated with high honor, and Antille was to return to her home in the far distant west, while Austin was to go abroad into the world and seek his fortune. He had no definite plans for the future. His father had exhausted his means in giving him an education, and henceforth he must rely upon his own exertions. His predilection was for one of the learned professions, but from this his poverty seemed to debar him.

"But I will not be discouraged," he said to Antille as they stood together in the porch, on the evening before her departure for New York, where her passage to San Francisco was already engaged, "I am young, strong and vigorous, and have a good education. In a country like ours no man need fail of success, and I will yet win a name in the world."

"I have no fears of your future, my dear friend," said the fair girl. "With your principles, your energy and ability, failure is impossible. But why do you not go west? You wish to study a profession, and I am sure my father will give you an opportunity to do so. He is wealthy, and will aid you by any means in his power."

"I do not doubt what you say," he replied, "but I cannot consent to be dependent upon any one. I must 'paddle my own canoe,' and success will sooner or later crown my efforts. But I have a favor to ask of you; will you come with me into the garden?"

He led her to the bower where their intimate acquaintance

had begun, but we need not follow to listen to their conversation. It is sufficient for our purpose to say that there, upon the self-same seat where he had helped her with the Latin lesson, each confessed their love for the other and exchanged vows of unalterable fidelity, vows which angels might joy to record. The hours fled by on silvery wings, and it was not until the bell from a neighboring spire chimed the hour of twelve that they parted with hopeful trust that at some time in the distant future those recorded vows would be faithfully redeemed.

* * * * *

Six weeks had passed since the parting of the lovers in the garden at Holyoke, and on a beautiful morning in Autumn the steamer Golden City was standing into the Bay of San Francisco. Among the crowd of passengers who thronged her decks as she neared her wharf, none gazed with more eagerness upon the groups assembled there to welcome her than did our heroine. Although not yet able to distinguish his form, she felt assured that her father, from whose heart and home she had been for so many long years an exile, was there to welcome her return, and she strained her eyes to their utmost capacity to catch a glimpse of the loved face.

Soon her heart gave a great upward leap of intensest joy, and tears of gladness gushed from her eyes, for standing near the end of the wharf she spied, not only her father, but that other face, to her more radiantly lovely than aught else of earthly mould, the features of her mother, and in a few moments she lay sobbing, crying and laughing with hysterical joy in her arms. Her banishment had been so long and painful (though it is true not devoid of its joys) that now, realizing that it was ended, she scarcely knew how to contain herself for very delight. Again and again she alternately kissed and embraced her parents, while language was all inadequate to express her pleasure at once more being restored to their arms.

"Why, Tilly," said the doctor, holding her off at arm's length to get a better view of her lovely features, when the first transport of delight at meeting had somewhat subsided, "how beautiful you have grown. Our little girl will make a sensa-

tion among the belles and beaux of San Francisco; don't you think so, mamma?"

"She has certainly grown very lovely," said Mrs. Dick, with grave maternal affection, "but I trust that in mere personal appearance is the least of the improvement she has made during her long absence."

"I should be the most ungrateful child in the world," returned the daughter, while her beautiful eyes filled with tears, "if I had not labored to improve the opportunities you have given me. For mere improvement in personal appearance, if there has been any, I am entitled to no credit, but I trust when you come to examine me you will find that I have not been idle nor altogether without success in the improvement of my mind."

"No fear of that, no fear of that," said the doctor gaily. "But come, the carriage waits, let us go home."

"Oh! there is dear old Henry," cried Antille as she caught sight of the well-known features of the old coachman. "Why, Henry, how do you do? Come, I must kiss you. And dear old Romeo, too," as the great black Newfoundland came forward to greet her, his stately dignity somewhat increased by the weight of years. "Oh! how delightful."

"Papa," said Antille when they were seated in the carriage, "what did you mean by speaking of the belles and beaux of San Francisco? Have you left our dear old home for the city?"

"Yes, daughter, we have lived in this city for a year or more."

"Why have you never mentioned it in your letters to me?"

"I did inform you that I was one of the professors of the medical college here."

"Yes, but I supposed that was only a temporary arrangement, and would not necessitate giving up our dear old residence in the valley," said the girl in something like a regretful tone. "No doubt, however," she hastened to add, "we shall be just as happy here."

"We have found it very pleasant here," said Mrs. Dick,

"and it requires so much less labor on the part of your father to attend to his duties than it did there."

"Of course," said the girl quickly, "I would not ask you to make any change on my account, but I cannot help a little longing feeling to see the dear old place again."

"O, we often drive out there," said her mother, "and as soon as you are sufficiently rested from the fatigues of your journey we will pay it a visit."

By this time they had reached their home, and if Antille had experienced something very much akin to sadness at the thought of abandoning the home of her childhood, she soon forgot it in contemplating the beauties of her new abode. Situated in one of the most delightful localities to be found in the suburbs of the Golden City, the wealth and taste of the doctor had surrounded it with everything which could charm the eye or please the sense. Beautiful walks and drives, shaded by magnificent trees and perfumed with the fragrance of the autumnal flowers of the Pacific coast, extended in every direction, about the grounds; a closely shaven lawn, bordered with evergreens, stretched away in front of the mansion, while in the center a delicate fountain threw up its column of sparkling water in a dozen different jets, each one of which found its way, by its own peculiar course, back into the basin.

In this lovely retreat time flew by on golden wings. Rich in the love of her father and mother, surrounded by all that could minister to her comfort, the center of an admiring and loving circle of friends and suitors, Antille felt that there was but one element necessary to complete the picture of her happiness. He whom she loved with all the fervor of her young soul, to whom she had plighted her troth, was far away, and his absence left a void which none other could fill. At the earliest opportunity after her arrival at home she had communicated the fact of her engagement to her father and mother, had learned that her betrothed was the son of an old and highly valued friend of the doctor's, and had received their warmest blessing. But their approval could not remove, or even scarcely

soften, the feeling of loneliness with which she sighed for his coming. A change, however, was at hand.

One evening the doctor returned from his office at about the usual hour, but not alone. With him came a young man whom he showed into the library, and then sought the room where he was certain of finding his wife and Antille. Removing, as was his wont, his coat and boots, he put on the gown and slippers which his daughter brought, and then, as he threw himself into an easy chair, he said :

“ Tilly, I wish you would go into the library and bring my portfolio.”

As she started to execute his commission the doctor smiled good naturedly at his wife and said :

“ I fear she will be a long time doing this errand.”

“ Why so ?”

Before he could answer, a cry of glad surprise was heard from the direction of the library, and when the doctor went, half an hour later, to administer a pretended rebuke for having neglected his orders, he found her seated upon her lover's knee, her head resting upon his shoulder, while his arms clasped her in a close and strong embrace to his bosom.

Yes, it was indeed he. After taking a course of instruction as book-keeper of a large mercantile house in New York, and acquiring a very good knowledge of business in general, young Austin, like thousands of others, had turned his face towards the metropolis of the Pacific coast in search of that fortune which he had resolved to acquire before claiming of Antille the fulfillment of her promise. Whether her presence there had anything to do with his choice of a location is a question we will leave each reader to decide for himself. Certain it is that here he was, and that he was greeted by Antille in a manner which, if he had before entertained any doubts of her love for him, must speedily and effectually have dispelled those doubts.

And equally certain it is that fortune seemed disposed to lavish her smiles upon him almost from the day of his arrival. In a very short time he had, through the instrumentality of Dr.

Dick, formed the acquaintance of a gentleman by the name of Gross, a man of great wealth, but with very little knowledge of business, who had formed the design of establishing a large wholesale and commission house, and was in search of a partner whose knowledge of business should be an offset to the capital he (Gross) would put into the concern. A few interviews with Austin, and an examination of the recommendations he had brought from his late employers, convinced Gross that he was the man for whom he had been seeking, and no time was lost in perfecting the arrangements necessary to entering into business.

Articles of co-partnership were drawn, suitable buildings and docks were leased, and in six weeks from the time of his arrival in San Francisco, Willard Austin found himself the managing head of the house of Gross & Austin, and, to all appearance, on the high road to prosperity and wealth. The future certainly appeared to him in roseate and glowing colors, but he could not see the pall, dark and gloomy, which was about settling around him and enveloping him in its rayless folds.

THE OPPOSERS OF MASONRY.

BY WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE.

THERE is an old Spanish proverb which says: "Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are." Though it may not aptly apply in every case, or to every individual, yet the rule as a general one, that a man's character can be judged by the company he keeps, is indisputably true. Every one naturally seeks the society of congenial minds, and associations are what make up the joys as well as the sorrows of human life. In all nations and countries, and under every form of government, cliques, societies, associations, and organizations exist, founded on the fact that persons of the same or similar

mental culture, of the same tastes and habits, of the same inclinations and characters, seek companionship.

But this rule extends still further than this. We may judge of the character of an individual, and of an association also, by knowing the character of those who oppose it, and show themselves to be its enemies. We judge of a Christian church by the demeanor of its members. We may also arrive at a conclusion concerning it, by noticing who oppose it, or who constitute themselves its enemies. In regard to Masonry, we have seen that it is a moral, religious, and benevolent Institution, and have the right to draw the inference, which is undoubtedly true, that its members are moral, religious, and benevolent. This conclusion is legitimate from the premises laid down, and the positions established, and is beyond successful contradiction true. We now propose to adopt the other method of examination, and see what is the character of the opposers or enemies of Masonry.

In the outset, we say that the enemies of Masonry are illiberal in their feelings and ideas, destitute of true charity, and wanting in generosity to their fellows. This is the general rule. Of course there are exceptions to it, as there are to all such rules. This we shall endeavor to make appear before we close this paper. And if we should succeed in our design, we shall then have proved that our Fraternity is worthy the patronage and support of all liberal, charitable, and generous minds.

Perhaps we can not do better than to commence in our own age and country, and see what is the opposition that is surging against us. A society has organized to destroy Masonry. It is led and managed by those who could say with the Apostle, that "after the most strictest sect I lived a Pharisee." A liberal idea would be out of place in their minds. Even in their religious opinions they are as morose and unbending as the early Puritans, and adopt a creed that includes none in the terms of grace, except they accept the propositions held out by their sect. So true is this, that it has been said by some of them that a Mason's chances for ultimate salvation are doubt-

ful. But little affected by the progress and expansion of ideas which the present age has witnessed, they cling with unbending tenacity to the ancient opinions—the ancient ideas—the ancient forms, and even to the ancient prejudices, and bring them up together to do battle against our Institution. These cast-iron-souled men no doubt have their uses; but they were doubtless more useful in an iron age, than now. Of all the leaders of the late crusade against Masonry, we do not recollect one who possesses a liberal and expanded mind, a genial character, or a character that commends itself to men of liberal views and feelings. So true is this that we do not believe that they will claim to possess these attributes. On the contrary, we believe that the leaders of that crusade would think it praise to have it said that they were stern, unbending, “severe in aspect, and austere in act.” They make no pretension to suavity of manner, to liberality of ideas, or charity of sentiment, and scarcely of mercy towards the sinful and those who go astray.

Now we ought not to expect that such men should speak well of an institution founded upon charity and benevolence. When men reverse the apostolic apothegm and hold that faith and hope are greater than charity, and contribute more to the formation of a Christian character, we have no reason to expect they will favor any institution that holds to the truth of that saying with the fullest belief, that “now abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity, but the greatest of these is Charity.” And we find that they do not. They build their perfect character on the former principles, we on the latter. There can be little more assimilation between the two, than there is between God and mammon. Thus when the men who think it a sin to laugh, and that a charitable act brings us no nearer the Divine Presence, avow themselves the enemies of Masonry, we exhibit no surprise. Our association does not recognize that kind of spirit as social or desirable. Hence they oppose us, as they will do as long as they possess these morose and sour dispositions. When they get rid of them, they may be able to appreciate the beauties and benefits of our Order. Until then, we

say they should be permitted to growl and bark as much as their austere dispositions may demand.

There is another class, or perhaps it would be more proper and exact to say another portion of the same class, which take a slightly different view of the case, and oppose Masonry for different motives. We refer now to those who assume an antagonistic position to Masonry, because they suppose it will decrease their influence with their churches. Of this sub-class the Catholic clergy form a fair, but not an isolated example. We fear that there are many other Christian ministers who occupy the same ground. Masonry is at war with whatever is exclusive. It is antagonistic to everything that cramps the mind or binds it in shackles of party or sect. Hence those who wish to so bind the mind must oppose the power that breaks the chain, and gives liberty to the captive.

There can be no doubt, and in fact we ought to acknowledge it, that the associations of the lodge are calculated to remove the prejudices of the members which they may have entertained against persons or societies, and to inculcate a broader toleration. We doubt exceedingly whether it would be in the power of President Blanchard to convince an intelligent Mason, whose daily walk and conversation was that of a Christian, that he would be cast off because he did not happen to believe in the peculiar system of faith which is received by that distinguished divine; and we are just as certain that his Holiness Pius IX. would lose caste with one of his believers, who after having attended the lodge for a series of years, and found a member to be all that a Mason should be, should be told that the fact of his membership in the lodge would secure his everlasting destruction.

Masonry is a great leveler. It is also a great reformer of ideas. It is no friend of pretense or profession. Hence those who assume to stand on higher ground than their neighbors; those who are cramped and confined to a narrow space in ideas; those who profess and do not possess true merit, will not be found among its supporters. Hence it is that almost all the opposition that the Order now encounters comes from the

churches. There is no organized opposition that we are aware of, outside of churches. There are very few individuals, even, who denounce Masonry, but are members or followers of a Christian church. It may be a saddening fact, but it is a fact nevertheless. And we think we have shown in a brief manner why this is so. Gloomy Christians can not endure the rays of light and liberality that it sends forth. Ambitious Christians can not brook its influences, which counteract their selfish designs. This is the whole subject in a nutshell.

We have but a word to say of the argument which may be raised on the ground that being opposed to the Christian church, it must be wrong. It is not opposed to the Christian church. Let this be understood. It is opposed to that pharisaic pride that some members of Christian churches exhibit, but is in harmony with the Christian religion which breathes "peace on earth, good will to men." Against the pure Christianity of the Great Master, Masonry has no warfare. Against those who make it a stumbling-block in the way of the progress of truth, we draw the keen blade of reason and fact.

But suppose these arbitrary rulers of the church do oppose Masonry? Suppose they account themselves as enemies? Let it be so! We would not change the fact if we could. We remember that when the Savior was upon earth, and teaching the Gospel of love that these ambitious Christians seem to have forgotten, that those who made the loudest professions of religion were his most cruel persecutors. If they persecuted the Master then, what ought we to expect of them now, towards those who humbly seek to be governed by His law, and to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God."

Such are the enemies of Masonry. The Order has friends in every Christian church; in every religious sect in Christendom; humble workers, liberal in sentiment, honest in purpose, and generous in action—the salt of the earth and the light of the world.—*Trowel.*

THE Prince of Wales presided at the laying of the cornerstone of the Royal Infirmary at Edinburgh, Scotland, Oct. 13.

THE LAMENT OF AN UNEMPLOYED MARK MASTER MASON.

IN the quarries of life, many years I have wrought;
 And at length to the market my labor I've brought,
 But the answer I got, I could scarcely believe:
 "Your work may be good, 'tis not what I can receive."

I've made *fair work*, also *square work*,
 In my age, as I had in my youth;
 And tried, *mark well* what I now tell,
 To hew out the Keystone of Truth.

Denied at the East gate, I then turned to the South;
 Five children must have food to put into their mouth,
 I succeed no better, our wants to relieve;
 "'Twas good work, although not the kind he could receive."

I've done *fair work*, also *square work*,
 In manhood, likewise in my youth;
 And worked, *mark well*, many a spell,
 To polish the Keystone of Truth.

Not discouraged as yet, I still hoped for the best,
 Though now weak and weary, bend my steps to the West:
 But the effort was vain, for no work could I leave,
 "'Twas new work, and true work, but he did not receive."

Said 'twas *fair work*, but not *square work*,
 Such he had known from his youth;
 Yet still, *mark well* what I now tell,
 It was the right Keystone of Truth.

'Tis a sad and hard fate, to a sensitive mind,
 To have all your best efforts heaved over behind;
 Though quite willing to work, no employment receive,
 Nor yet find any place where your work you can leave.

Vain my *square work*, vain my *fair work*,
 "I've lost all my labor," from youth;
 But friends, *mark well* what I now tell,
 "Grave your mark on the Keystone of Truth."

But I will not despair, the Great Architect above
 Is full of long suffering, to boundless mercy and love,
 And in His own good time, He will open some hearts,
 To find me a place, if I pursue the right path.

Still making *fair work*, keeping to *square work*,
 Ne'er forgetting any maxim of youth ;
 Still to *mark well* what at the end befell
 Those who adhered to the Keystone of Truth.

Remember, a time came, when the builder did send,
 And proved the *disconsolate* workman's best friend ;
 Call'd him to the market, all his wants to relieve ;
 Showing his was the work they were bound to receive.

Praised his *fair work*, good as *square work*,
 Pride of the old, joy of the youth ;
 Let all *mark well* what then befell,
 Placing his mark on the Keystone of Truth.

Mark the change for the man, so lately neglected,
 Now his work is well-known, by all Masons respected,
 Bid Fame sound her trumpet, let no man-now stop her,
 Let his praise be sung from Jerusalem to Joppa.

Praise his *fair work*, praise his *square work*,
 Make glad his age, sad was his youth ;
 Courage then, *mark well*, all this befell
 Bide then by the Keystone of Truth.

W. W.

—*London Freemason.*

THE BASIS OF MASONIC SCIENCE.

BY LEON HYNEMAN, PHILADELPHIA.

FREEMASONRY is based upon two fundamental principles
 —the unfoldment of mind, and the benevolent nature in man.
 It is for these purposes that man exists, and hence they are the
 bases upon which the structure of Freemasonry is founded.
 These principles in their out-wrought action prove that man is
 a progressive being ; unfoldment is progression. The unfold-

ment of these principles embraces all the activities of man's exterior and interior being. The benevolent nature in man has its centre in the soul, and the mind unfolds as the soul's perceptions expand. The unfoldment of these constitute the aim and end for which man was brought into being; they form the great purpose of life. To unfold the mind the study of nature's laws through their phenomenal manifestations is essential; to study his own nature, absolutely necessary. "Man know thyself" has been the great lesson through all past time, and always will be in the endless future. The reason is evident. Man is the ultimate of nature's manifestations, and therefore must have been the primal thought of the Infinite mind; and being the primal thought, all nature must have been necessary to his production, and he must have come up through all preceding phenomena. Therefore man is the make-up of all nature, and its phenomena are all a part of him: hence, man embodies within himself all of nature's laws and its constituents, and hence to know himself is to have a knowledge of the laws of universal nature's manifestations. That knowledge is the acme of all science, because man, in all his relations as the ultimate of finite being, is the subject.

The mind, although a part of the physical man, can only express the perceptions of the interior faculties as they unfold. As the soul unfolds its wisdom the interior perceptions express its thoughts through the physical medium. If this were not true, man could not unfold in knowledge, as the animal cannot, unaided by man's teachings. Knowledge is to know, and therefore the wide universe is displayed for man to exercise his faculties, to investigate, to learn the laws of phenomenal manifestations, his relations to all things, to his fellow-beings, and to God—in all of which is embraced a knowledge of himself. A teacher has said, "The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom." We say that fear has its source in oppression, unjust abuse of power, a latent dislike or hatred to that we fear. To love God we must manifest it in our love towards our fellow-men, which will ever draw us nearer to the Source of All Wisdom. The mere sentiment is nothing—it proves nothing.

The love must be manifested in kindly and benevolent actions, to improve the heart, purify the life, and bring us into closer communion with the Infinite. The poet brother has said, "The heart benevolent and kind most resembles God," than which no greater truth nor godlike expression ever fell from human lips, from pulpit or rostrum, or was expressed on paper. There is implanted in the soul a benevolent disposition and a desire for knowledge, and to unfold his interior perceptions and his benevolent nature man possesses possibilities to the unfoldment of which there are no bounds; hence, no limits to his manifestation of love to God in kind benevolent actions to his brother man, nor to the unfoldment of knowledge. The criterion of possessing true knowledge is evinced in our love of God through kind and benevolent actions to our fellow-men. It is the only true test by which to judge ourselves and others, if the statement that we love has its basis in truth.

The harmonious unfoldment of knowledge and benevolence characterize the good and true man. Knowledge is only useful to its possessor and to humanity when applied to improve and elevate the race. No one, however great his attainments, if not applied to the proper uses for the benefit of mankind, can be in the sphere of magnetic attraction to the divine source of love and wisdom. Knowledge must be combined with love for man, manifested in efforts to advance the interests of humanity, to help, aid, and assist those in need; to raise the fallen, and the expression of kindly counsel, and warm sympathies to prove that the love of God is not a vain belief, an assertion not consistent with truth. The originators of Freemasonry in establishing charity as the outward expression of Masonic principles, established that those principles in spirit embraced the essence of all true science. Because, as the conscious being, man, was the primal thought of the Divine Being, and as that thought eliminated universal nature, and as the human was the ultimate of nature's efforts, so the Divine Being illustrated the progressive principle of unfoldment implanted in man, with possibilities of attainments illimitable. Embraced in the divine thought of human formation was the great aim of similitude for man to

unfold the divinity within him, to bring himself into close and ever progressing, and drawing into closer *rapport* with the infinite, to, in the likeness of the Divine Author, be active in constant efforts to promote the welfare of mankind. Man lives not for himself alone. The inspiration of the Mason poet recognised that the fundamental principles of Freemasonry were in accord with the divine aim of progressive unfoldment in attaining a higher diviner life, and resembling the infinite in the degree that man was kind and benevolent to his fellow-man. The highest powers in man should always be exercised in striving to increase his knowledge of God, and as the finite can never approach the infinite, yet as the world of phenomenal nature is displayed to his senses, man can increase his knowledge of God by studying the laws of phenomenal unfoldment. That study is the subject of science. Masonry embraces all science, because man is the object. Therefore, Freemasons to be true to the institution and to themselves ought to be in advance of other men in the unfoldment of their intellectual and benevolent natures, and have a clearer conception of God and His laws because the fundamental principles of Masonry are founded upon the recognition of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.—*London Freemason.*

 ITEMS.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN BERLIN.—The Grand Lodge A. F. and A. M. of Germany celebrated, on the 24th of June, its centennial birthday. The festivity was rendered more attractive by the participation of members from home Lodges, also from all daughter Lodges. The Grand Lodges of Sweden, Denmark, England, Netherlands, and Belgium, also sent representatives. The festivities began with a prelude, on the evening of the 23d, consisting chiefly of receptions, and the introduction of representatives from abroad. The Crown Prince, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Prussia, took

part in these ceremonies, and was in the uniform of a general of infantry. A collation was served after business was ended. The main feast on St. John's Day began at half-past 1 P. M., and lasted until 4 o'clock, the Crown Prince presiding. In a lengthy speech his Royal Highness spoke of Masonry and Lodge work, and its practical applications, and alluded eloquently to the historical value of the day. The different deputies followed in short salutations. The King of Sweden, Grand Master of the G. Lodge of Sweden, besides sending a very kind letter, had deputed Baron Salza in his and Prince Oskar's name. Counsel Gad expressed his regards, as representative of Denmark, and afterwards read the Crown Prince a letter from the King of Prussia, sent from Ems. About five o'clock the grand collation was served, and the G. M., the Crown Prince, gave the first toast in honor of his Majesty the King of Prussia, as Grand Protector of the Grand Lodge of Prussia.—*London Freemasons' Magazine.*

A PLAN has been proposed to build a Masons' Home for the State of California somewhere near San Francisco. It is to be "a refuge for such persons as are now relieved by the Board of Relief, and by the subordinate Lodges." It is asserted that "many thousands of dollars are now bestowed on those requiring aid, without doing one half the good that might be accomplished had the Masons an established House for the purpose," besides embarrassing the Lodges and the Fraternity.

THE "Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home," of Kentucky, the corner stone of which was laid at the meeting of the Grand Lodge in October, 1869, was recently dedicated with great ceremony at Louisville, during the session of the Grand Lodge. This Home has been inaugurated and carried forward with a will, over all obstacles; and when the "building is erected," according to the designs, it will be one of the largest and most magnificent edifices of the kind in America. The Grand Lodge has appropriated thirty per cent. of the Grand Lodge dues to the Home.

[For the Michigan Freemason.]

THE VANDERPOOL TRIAL.

BY M. W. ALFRED, A. M., M. D.

THIS affair has elicited more interest in this State than usually appertains to trials of this kind. The cause is simply this: A number of persons, who are the enemies of the Masonic Order have been busily and basely engaged for several months in endeavoring to foister the guilt of acquitting a supposed murderer of his crime, in consequence of his alleged connection with this Fraternity. These men have gathered in groups in the highways, and vociferated with might and main.

The first trial of this man took place at the city of Manistee, where, by a jury of honorable citizens of that place, he was convicted of the most revolting crime known among men—the cold-blooded murder of Field, his partner in the banking business. It was well known at Manistee that the persons most zealously engaged in his prosecution were leading members of the Masonic Institution. This fact, of itself, would satisfy any candid person that the allegations of our enemies are entirely gratuitous.

But as soon as a new trial was to take place it was published and reiterated for the thousand times from one end of the State to the other, that the Masons were engaged in his behalf, and he would be acquitted. Now, a baser, fouler, blacker falsehood neyer escaped from between the lying, shrivelled lips of the Prince of the Bottomless Pit.

Why this unprovoked attack upon the Order? Why was it not made upon the Grand Army of the Republic, or even the Christian Church?

Why try to implicate men in this sad affair, whose souls revolt at a crime so damning, and every fibre of whose hearts

are anguished on account of this melancholy tragedy?

A man may be the *enemy* of another, and still preserve some sense of honor.

But that kind of enemies who scruple not to fabricate such infernal calumny are unspeakably poisonous and loathsome.

That a man should be arraigned at the bar of justice for the crime of committing a most foul and infamous murder, is a sad but oft-repeated occurrence. Thousands have been thus arraigned. That a man should be tried and condemned, and, after all have a new trial, is nothing new. Nor is the disagreement of a jury in respect to a verdict a thing hitherto unknown. Nor is there any doubt that guilty men have escaped punishment, and innocent ones have been executed. How much, soever, such occurrences are to be deplored, yet they are the necessary results of the imperfection of human knowledge. It would be absurd to claim that these results were owing to the interference of phantoms and subtle spirits. The hardihood of the ignorant induces them to attribute the result of causes they do not understand to that which they fancy *might* produce such an effect. It must be so because it may be so. But a murderous *hatred* can manufacture both cause and effect. Candid persons will take the statements of this class of enemies with much allowance. Probably this is the reason that the fabrications of our enemies do us so little harm.

The trial of which we are writing has intrinsically no more importance than ordinary trials of the same class. The accused has been twice tried with different results. How did this happen? That *twelve* respectable citizens of the county of Kalamazoo should raise their hands toward Heaven and swear to find a true verdict in this case, and then, through the influence of Freemasons, or some collusion with the prisoner or some endearing sympathy with murder, should commit downright perjury, disregarding the law and evidence in the case, would be a proceeding most incomprehensible. What motives could possibly induce these honorable jurors to stain their souls with perjury, and their hands with the blood of a murdered Brother? Such a proceeding is utterly inexplicable.

That, in the fear of the Searcher of Hearts, they might fail, honestly fail to agree, is a supposable case. This was the case.

Now, an animosity that could invent the base statements we are noticing is fraught with malice as inveterate and infernal as any to be found in the lowest haunts of Hell. Did the prisoner buy up the jurors? Did he induce them to so deeply sympathize with blood-guiltiness that they would voluntarily fasten indellible blood stains upon their own consciences and characters? How black are such imputations.

The names of the gentlemen composing the jury were :

For Conviction—1, Alonzo Ingersoll ; 2, Harrison Gray ; 3, Milton Chamberlain ; 4, Ed. Freer ; 5, John Darling ; 6, John Woodward ; 7, John Chandler.

For Acquittal—1, T. L. Andrews ; 2, Wm. Oliver ; 3, Richard Sikes ; 4, Wm. T. Finch ; 5, Leverett Crooks.

That those gentlemen who did not find him guilty of murder may have honestly erred in judgment may be possible. But that such men as these would connive at homicide and commit perjury, transcends the most superstitious credulity. Now all this trial might have passed off, as thousands have before, without any systematic effort to implicate a number of respectable jurors, and a large class of persons who have no more sympathy with the foul murder of Field than his own mother, had not envious, slanderous, malicious men conspired to make this sad transaction the vehicle through which to assail good men and true. From first to last these creatures have been villainously assiduous in their endeavors to manufacture anti-Masonic capital out of this melancholy affair. Vultures devour reptiles ; swine wallow in mire ; and maggots riot in putrefaction. Nature seems to have adapted the constitutions of her creatures to the modes of their existence.

But how do these accusers know that this man *is*, or ever *was*, connected with the Masonic Order? And how do they know that the man whose mangled body drifted on the shores of Lake Michigan was *not* a Mason. Would not the members of this Order as naturally seek to avenge the death of a murdered Brother as to protect his murderer?

They say the accused wore a letter "G" on his bosom. That would prove him to be a Mason just as much as the wearing of a miniature horse-shoe would prove the possessor was a blacksmith, or the man that wears a little gold plane is a cabinet maker.

We have seen boys and women wear Masonic emblems. Our accusers can purchase them and wear them if they choose.

But, for the benefit of our adversaries, we will admit, in the argument, that this supposed murderer was once a member of our Order. (Of this we are uninformed.) What would that profit? The moment his brethren were convinced of his guilt they would forthwith expel him, and sever every bond by which he was connected with them! And as he had thus forfeited all the confidence reposed in him, and his solemn pledge "*to walk uprightly before God and man,*" they would be the first persons to endeavor to bring him to a just punishment for his perfidy. We ask again, how do these anti-Masonic croakers know but what the murdered Field was a Mason?

What could be more *unlikely* than that men who have any self-respect, any sense of honor, or any regard for the Institution of Freemasonry, should attempt to shield from the demands of justice one whose conduct has brought sorrow and shame upon them and the Institution they love and venerate? Would they meekly transform themselves into pack-horses and saddle his infamy upon themselves and disgrace their entire Brotherhood? Would they voluntarily seek the doom of *Sisyphus*? or subject themselves to the remorseless beak of the inexorable *vulture* like *Prometheus*?

Suppose a man has deceived us and hypocritically obtained a name with us, but has proved himself by his perfidy to be totally unworthy the society of honorable men, and to the extent of his ability has heaped shame and infamy upon us, would we further disgrace ourselves by clinging to him? Would love for our Order naturally inspire such conduct as this? Our adversaries do not suppose that we are a pack of consummate idiots; at least they do not so represent us. The reason they represent us as malefactors is simply this: They

suffer a selfish, sordid, illiberal *hatred* of the Order to eat out any little lingering shreds of common humanity with which the Creator in a limited manner once endowed their moral constitution, while they heed not the admonitions of a defective reason, bedimmed by prejudice and superstition. We offer this as the best apology for the vile, slanderous aspirations they so gratuitously lavish upon us. But facts are the most stubborn of all arguments. Then,

First—In the trial at Manistee the prosecution was carried on by leading members of the Masonic Fraternity. This truth no slanderous adversaries can gainsay.

Second—The prosecution at the last trial embraced Masons in good standing. This truth is equally incontrovertible.

Third—There were on the jury at Kalamazoo in this trial four Masons, and three of them were for conviction.

These facts establish the truth of our proposition, that Masonry exerted no influence in favor of the prisoner. We therefore conclude by saying that the effort to implicate the Fraternity in this unhappy occurrence originated in the vile hatred of our adversaries, and that the charge is an unmitigated falsehood. So mote it be.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

ANOTHER year is drawing to a close, and as in the past, so now, each year brings its changes. The officers who have had charge of Lodges during the past year will soon have filled their terms of office, and elections will be holden to fill their places for the coming year. Those officers who have filled their stations with honor, and have worked for the good of the Craft, are entitled to honor, and will certainly receive it from an appreciative brotherhood. Those who have not been faithful should be set aside and more efficient ones chosen to fill their places.

The success and harmony of Lodges depend largely on the efficiency and zeal of the officers chosen to preside over them. It is, therefore, a very important duty which each member will soon be called upon to discharge, in aiding in the election of good and true men, such as are Masons indeed, to fill the offices for the coming year. None but honorable men should be chosen—such ones as will command the respect of the members of the Lodge and of the outside world. Men of strict integrity and of unimpeachable moral character will reflect the noble principles of Masonry, while those of loose and vicious habits will surely bring reproach upon it.

The W. M. should be a thoroughly posted Mason. He should understand the ritual, and also know more or less of the jurisprudence of Masonry. He should be zealous, always in earnest, and always in his place when circumstances will permit. He should be dignified, but not stiff nor overbearing. He should be courteous and affable in his manners, so that he will secure the respect of brethren, especially of strangers. Such a master will insure the success of the Lodge which elects him, and bring honor upon the Craft.

And it is very important that the Wardens be qualified to fill their important places.

The S. W. takes the place of the W. M. in his absence, and he should be equally worthy and nearly as well qualified, yes, quite as well if possible. The J. W. is the prosecuting attorney, so to speak, of his Lodge, and he should make it his special duty to understand the laws and usages of the Craft. It were almost superfluous to add that he should be an example of obedience to those laws which he is expected to watch with diligence and see enforced with vigor.

The Secretary should be a well informed Brother, who knows how to keep his books according to the most improved method. This is very important, and so few are there who are masters of this art that we think it wise to retain secretaries long in their offices when efficient ones are found.

It cannot be too much impressed upon the Brotherhood that *good* men should be chosen to fill the offices of the Lodge.

- An immoral, drunken man should be rejected notwithstanding his "brightness" in the secret work. He will bring reproach upon the Craft and fail to command the respect of the better part of the members of his own Lodge. With such leaders the brethren, except perhaps a few of loose tendencies, will grow disgusted with the work, however well it may be rendered, and one after another will absent himself from the Lodge until the attendance will be meager and made up of those least qualified to transact the more responsible part of the business. A Lodge under such control will be apt to admit as bad material as that which represents it, and it needs not much of the spirit of prophecy to predict its end. And here permit us to hint that as a rule, those least qualified to rule are often most anxious to obtain the very positions they are least qualified to fill. In Masonry electioneering for office is an abomination. While it is expected that offices will pass around, to some extent, to those qualified to receive them, yet it is most disgraceful in the brethren to electioneer for them.

Finally, brethren, be careful in the selection of your officers. Select such only as will accept of the positions and *fill* them promptly. Select only such as you will be proud to acknowledge before the world, such as you can trust at home or abroad, and such as you will be pleased to send up to the Grand Lodge—men who are genuine Masons in heart as well as by profession. With such men for leaders your Lodges will prosper.

DIMITS.

THERE is perhaps no subject upon which our Grand Lodges and Masonic Jurists disagree so widely as upon the subject of dimits—or in other words the right of dimission. That a Brother, under certain circumstances, has the right to withdraw his membership from a Lodge, is granted, but it is denied by many that this right is absolute. They look upon it

as conditional and governed by circumstances. If a Brother is going to remove from the place of his lodge residence into another jurisdiction, or into some other part of the same jurisdiction, then it is conceded on all hands that he has the right of dimission, in order that he may join another Lodge. But when no such removal is contemplated, in many jurisdictions, among which may be recorded our own, a brother is not entitled to dimit at will.

The real point in controversy is whether a member may dimit from his Lodge with the intention of remaining disconnected with the Order as far as Lodge membership is concerned; or in other words, become an unaffiliated Mason. Here there is a difference of opinion among Masonic Jurists and Grand Lodges. According to the ancient Constitutions "it is the duty of every Mason to belong to some regular Lodge," but circumstances sometimes arise which make it a duty, or in other words, make it appear to be a duty for a member to withdraw. In such case, as the member came into the Lodge of his own free will and accord, it is held by many that he has an inherent right to withdraw membership in the same manner. Hence it is held by the Grand Lodge of Ohio, (Report of Com. adopted 1854) "We recognize fully the doctrine laid down in the Ancient Constitution: that it is the duty of every Mason to belong to some regular Lodge. But as his entrance into the fraternity is of his own free will, so should be the performance of this and every other masonic duty. When, from whatever cause, he desires to withdraw his membership from the Lodge, it is his undoubted right to ask, and the duty of the Lodge, if there be no objection to his moral standing, to grant him an honorable discharge." We quote from Mackey's Jurisprudence pp. 234, 235; and on p. 237, the Doctor quotes from the transactions of Michigan, "The compulsory method of keeping Masons after they have once been made is repugnant to the voluntary character of the institution." But per contrary it is held by the Grand Lodge of Connecticut, "That no Lodge should grant a dimit to any of its members, except for the purpose of joining some other Lodge; and that no member shall be consid-

ered as having withdrawn from our Lodge until he has actually become a member of another." The Grand Lodge of Texas has decided that it "does not recognize the right of a Mason to dimit or separate himself from the Lodge in which he was made or may afterwards be admitted, except for the purpose of joining another Lodge, or when he may be about to remove without the jurisdiction of the Lodge of which he is a member." This is the view taken by many of the Grand Lodges, we believe Michigan among others.

As a general rule we would think it a good policy for Lodges to grant dimits, when desired, to members in good standing without asking why do ye so? Certain penalties, or evils perhaps I should say, follow unaffiliated Masons. While they are still legally and morally bound by all their Masonic obligations, and are still justly recognized as Masons, yet are they denied the privileges accorded to contributing members. In most jurisdictions unaffiliated Masons are deprived of the right to visit Lodges, or walk in Masonic processions. They have no right to ask assistance or for pecuniary aid. They have no right to ask Masonic burial. Indeed they are cut off from all the rights and benefits of Masonic membership, and if they remain in that unmasonic condition for any great length of time, and wilfully refuse to affiliate and bear their part of the burdens as well as partake of the benefits of Masonic duty, without good cause, they may be tried and punished for it, even to the extreme penalty of expulsion. So it is held in a majority of our Grand Lodges.

We have been requested to harmonize the views of Grand Lodges on this subject. This we frankly admit we cannot do, any more than we can harmonize the legal enactments of the various States of our Union. There are some things in which all Masons agree, and others in which even the greatest ones differ, and this is one of them.

THE Grand East has been transferred from Florence to Rome, by order of the Grand Master. No more bulls from Rome (?)!

SISTERLY DUTY TO BROTHERS.

SISTERS, *guard and protect your brothers.* You wonder that I say so to you. The guard and the protection, you think, should surely rather come from them. But there is a talismanic power, which may emanate from a fragile and gentle sister, mightier than brawny muscle or iron will. A sister can throw over her brother the purity of her maiden life, which shall surround him like a charmed atmosphere. Oh, if some sisters had understood this, and won and held their brothers to their side ; if they had but shown them the beauty and the grace ; had made to pass not only before them, but to touch and caress them lovingly, the sweetness and the spotless innocence of a true woman's life, they would have clad their brother in a panoply of steel, and put in his hand a weapon whose very gleam would have scared away the ugly demons of vice and infamy. But they did not do it ; and so he went out, and wanton and brazen-faced temptation, not put to shame by the contrast of love and purity at home, easily gained the victory over him. Try, then, to live so lovingly and with such power that, when vice allures your brother, there shall come up such visions of purity and affection, that, in the contrast, he shall turn in disgust and loathing away.

Let brothers *protect the reputation and the happiness of their sisters.* Do not think me saying only something stale and commonplace. It would be commonplace if I meant only that a brother should defend his sister's honor. If he would not do that, let him lay aside the name of brother. I mean much more than that. Let him make a defense in her own bosom, by daily exhibiting before her the ideal of a man, pure, honorable, and good. Then, when one stained and dishonorable comes near her, the ideal shall help her intuition, and he shall have no power over her.

Let brother also make a wall about his sister, so that she shall be shielded from the contact of all but the pure and good. You, as a young man, may have been thrown into companionship with one whom you know to be impure and licentious, and he may seek the acquaintance of your sister. Let him seek in vain! Let the harlots with whom he has been in fellowship suffice him; never let his presence pollute the air which your sister breathes; never let his touch defile your sister's hand!

Nor need I confine what I want to say to brothers alone. Let sisters protect themselves. "Why did you not take my brother's arm last night?" asked a young lady of her friend, a very intelligent girl of eighteen or nineteen. "Because," was the reply, "I knew him to be a licentious man." "Nonsense," the sister said; "if you refuse the attentions of all licentious men you will have none." Very well, then, I can dispense with them altogether." There was a volume of revelation in the brief conversation.

Young women are not always true as they ought to be to themselves. Frequently a man is known to be immoral; perhaps known to have been the betrayer of one who fatally put her trust in his honor, and whom he ruined forever; and yet that man is welcomed into the society of the pure, as if there were no stain upon his soul and no crime cursing the ground on which he treads. The wretch who could deliberately plot and steadily accomplish the destruction of a young character and life, is not fit to walk even this sin-defiled earth. Instead of allowing such a being to associate in familiar friendship with you, you should stand for your honor, defend the sanctity of life, keep untarnished your own purity, by banishing him from your presence. You should have enough of sisterhood in your heart to avenge the immeasurable wrong he has done your sister-woman. The patriot would loathe the hand of a traitor, much more should you disdain a worse than traitor's touch.

Let brothers and sisters, whatever else they do, keep pure the air of home. Ye brothers, see that no serpent leaves its slimy trail, or even crosses the grass upon which your sister walks.

Girls do not always know their power. It is far greater than they think ; and were they true and brave enough to exert it, they might almost, in a generation, revolutionize society about them.*

TEMPLARISM IN CANADA.

WE learn from the address of "the Grand Prior of the Orders of Knights Templars and Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, for the Dominion of Canada, at the annual assembly, Quebec, August 10th, 1870," that there are now seventeen "Encampments and Pories" in the Dominion, all in active operation, and all of which, it appears, are required to make annual returns to the Grand Conclave of England. We give the following extracts from the address :

"During the last month, the 'Springfield' Commandery, of Massachusetts, including members of the Brattleboro and Worcester Commanderies, accompanied by their band, paid a visit to Montreal, in full regalia, and elicited the admiration of all parties, by their chivalric bearing and truly courteous behavior. The few members of our Order residing in Montreal did all in their power to afford them a welcome, and endeavored to make their visit an agreeable one. *I am myself averse* to public display by bodies of the Order, and it is not the custom with us in England, to take part in processions, considering that the influence exercised by our great Order should be *felt, not seen* ; but at all times and in all places, we are only too happy to greet and recognize as of one common family all who are entitled to wear the symbol of our faith, under the banner of the Temple."

Our Brother, the Grand Prior, says he has lately been applied to for permission to confer, in Encampments, the *Babylonish Pass*, known here as the *Red Cross*, and is appendant to the Encampments or Commanderies of this country, and

while he wishes it to be clearly understood that the degree is in no way connected with the ancient Order of the Temple, and that it is not recognized by the Grand Conclave of England, he sees no reason why the Commanders of the Encampments in the Dominion may not *communicate* it at their pleasure. This is simply placing it in the category of *side* degrees, to be sold or given away at the option of the possessors of it. We take the liberty to suggest to our Canada brethren, that as the degree is held in this country in high estimation, and is given in all our Commanderies, it would be a convenience, and greatly facilitate the intercourse between the Encampments of both countries, if they should adopt it as an appendant to their Templar degree, and confer it on their candidates, gratuitously or otherwise, Such a measure would bring it under proper regulation, and perhaps prevent its being hawked about as a matter of speculation, while it would remove the embarrassment at present attending the knightly intercourse between us.

On the subject of regalia our brother says, the question of wearing the *apron* or *surcoat* was lately referred to him for consideration, and adds that the regulation in England leaves it optional, but in his opinion, the *apron*, the clothing of "*care and toil*," should be entirely laid aside; "the *white* surcoat, which was anciently worn over the armor of Knights, is the most appropriate. Its color represents a *pure life*, and the red cross *pattee*, the emblem of our faith and Order." The word *pattee* is from the Latin *patulus*, and in ancient heraldry alludes to the opening wing of a bird, which covers its young, and thus protects them from injury; it also represents the opening virtues of the Christian soldier who shields the weak and innocent from oppression and wrong.

We also learn from the address that there is a movement on foot, among some of the Encampments in the Dominion, towards a separation from the Grand Conclave of England, and the establishment of an independent governing body of their own. To this our brother objects in the following words: "Our vows of allegiance to the Grand Conclave, our feelings

of loyalty to the British Crown, and where is it more strongly developed than in Canada? and honored as our Order now is, by numbering amongst its members in England, the heir to the throne, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, surely ought to cement more closely our adhesion to the Supreme Grand Conclave of England." But such considerations did not save the authority of the *Grand Lodge* of England in the Dominion, nor is it probable that it will save that of the Grand Conclave, should the matter ever be taken seriously in hand. The seeds of *independence* have been sown, and they will germinate and produce their natural fruits in due time, without regard to the laws or jurisdictions of Freemasonry. It might be better, however, that our Canadian Brethren should settle their present difficulty, before they enter upon a new one.—*Freemasons' Monthly Magazine*.

POPULARITY NOT POWER.

WHEN men are applying for admission through our tyled doors in such numbers as to remind us of doves flocking to their windows, there is special need of Masonic vigilance. There is great danger attending the unprecedented popularity of our Institution. Masons should ever remember that our strength is not in numbers. There is a difference between counting and weighing. An illustrious man who had once been defeated in his aspirations for office by an overwhelming majority, though supported by a large share of the country's talents, said: "I would have been elected if my votes had been weighed instead of counted."

Let us weigh and measure the virtues of those who seek admission, and not merely defraud ourselves with the idea that because we are growing in numbers we are increasing in the elements of Masonic strength. Let vice once preponderate over virtue, and the sacredness of Masonry in the eyes of observing men will be obscured, if not entirely vanished.

Let not the cheat "He is a good fellow" lead you to in-

troduce material into the temple walls, which, when the frost touches it, will crumble like an Egyptian mummy when brought from its tomb to the outer air. We want men who will be living exemplars of the value and beauty of our principles—men to whom if an inquirer should say, “What is *truth, temperance, honor?*”—we can point and say, “There are incarnations of these virtues.”

Seven such men make a stronger Lodge than scores of profane, vulgar, dishonorable, intemperate, and brawling men can make. Every mean Mason is a positive damage to a Lodge. Lodges do themselves great injustice by retaining those who viciously violate the principles of our noble fraternity. They put an argument into the open mouths of our enemies, and tolerate the very material against which the objector levels his attack. As a dead fly makes the otherwise fragrant ointment of the apothecary to stink, so can one licentious Mason bring a whole Lodge into disrepute and make its pretensions a stench in the nostrils of the scrutinizing.

The great outer world fixes its attention upon the vicious, and says an institution that can foster such, under secret vows, must be radically wrong, or so loose in its discipline as to neutralize its worth.

A close eye, brethren, on the ballot-box ; a close eye, Junior Warden, on the Craftsmen.—*Kentucky Freemason.*

AN IMPOSTOR.

ANOTHER of those poor unfortunate beings is now making his *tour* through this State, claiming to be in distress. His cognomen is L. C. Lathrop, *alias* Lathrop of Robinson, Lodge No. 266, Louisville, Ky. The above named person came to Detroit not long since and entered complaint to W. M. Bro. Sparks that his family was across the river at Windsor, and he presumed that the landlord had by that time turned them out of doors, *as he threatened so to do*. Whereupon Brother Sparks gave him three dollars, enough to shelter them for the

night, and promised if he found him to be worthy that he would give him the necessary help. Brother Sparks immediately telegraphed to the Lodge of which said Lathrop claimed to be a member, and received as a reply that he (Lathrop) *had been a member*, but had smuggled and borrowed all the money he could from his brethren, and run away, and that he is now under charges. Why is it that our Lodges do not take more pains to telegraph and thus save the expense of helping such vagabonds as the one above named? Nearly all who are in such distress are impostors.

C. B. WILSON.

CHIPS.

A GRAND Consistory, Scottish Rite, S. J., has been instituted in California—Illustrious Brother W. F. Reynolds, 32°, Commander-in-Chief.

FRUITS.—What are the fruits of Freemasonry? It has often saved life and property; it has relieved distress; it teaches the ignorant; it wipes the tears from the eyes of the sorrowing; it has often reconciled the bitterest foes and converted them into the dearest friends. “By their fruits shall ye know them.”

A **TEMPLAR** excursion to Europe is set on foot by Allegheny Commandery, No. 38, Pa. Applications from Sir Knights should be sent to Sir E. M. Jenkins, Recorder. Names should be registered for passage by the first of January, 1871. The day fixed upon for sailing from New York is June 5th. The *Mirror* of recent date says that the names of thirty-six Sir Knights are already registered for the trip.

THE Freemason's Monthly Magazine of Boston has entered upon its 30th volume. It is now published by Arthur W. Locke & Co., 120 Milk street, Boston, at \$2.50 per year, 32 pp. per number. R. W. Rev. C. W. Moore is retained as its editor, which is just as it should be. We have not a more efficient Masonic editor in the country, and none who has served the Craft so long and so well.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. II.—DECEMBER, A. L. 5870.—NO. VI.

THE TABERNACLE AND TEMPLE.

THE Tabernacle that God directed Moses to construct was designed for the priestly ministration, or the practice of the rites and ceremonies of the Jewish religion. A new ritual of religious service had been given to the children of Israel, and it was found necessary that arrangements should be made better adapted to the practice of this new ritual. Hence, in the 25th chapter, 8th and 9th verses of Exodus, God said to Moses: "And let them make me a Sanctuary, that I may dwell among them, according to all that I shew thee after the pattern of the Tabernacle and after the pattern of all the instruments thereof, even so shall ye make it."

Here follows a specification of the implements and appurtenances of the Tabernacle, and in the 22d verse God said: "And there I will meet with thee and I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat," &c.

All the arrangements were as perfect as the unsettled condition of the people would admit of for the solemnization of their sacred rites. Their convenience, too, was consulted in making the Tabernacle very portable, so that it could be taken down and set up in a few minutes, thereby completely adapting it to their roving condition. This Tabernacle they carried with them forty years in the wilderness. They took it over Jordan with them when they entered the Promised Land, and finally they brought it up to the Temple at the dedication, and removed all

the implements into the Temple, and from that time forward the Tabernacle was not used. From the history of the Tabernacle we learn that God designed it not only as a convenient place to perform the ceremonies of the new religion, but also as a proper place for the priests to consult Him in behalf of the people through their journeyings, and until they should be settled in their new home. No person, after having carefully read the 25th and 26th chapters of Exodus, would ever ask who was the architect that drew the plans and designs of the Tabernacle, as they could not fail to see that it was none else but God, who was not content with showing Moses a perfect model, and cautioning him to make all things according to the pattern shewed him in the mount; but also gave him one of the fullest and most complete specifications that any architect ever gave to his workmen.

Our traditions say that the Tabernacle was erected by Moses by divine command, thus concurring with the historical or Bible account exactly, both attributing its architecture to God alone. The Tabernacle served its purpose. The people had permanently located, and now something of a more permanent and durable nature was demanded, and God said to Nathan, the prophet, "Go and tell My servant David, thus saith the Lord, 'Shalt thou build me a house for me to dwell in?'"—II Samuel, 7 chap., 5 verse.

David was prevented from building the house of God in consequence of his many wars, but God said Solomon, his son, should build it; and, notwithstanding the Temple was reserved for Solomon to build, yet David made every preparation in his power. He prepared gold, silver and brass, timber and hewed stone in large quantities, and that which was of vastly more importance, he gave to Solomon a complete set of patterns or architectural plans and designs, not only for the Temple, but also for the implements and utensils appertaining thereto.

In the 28th chapter of first Chronicles, commencing at the tenth verse, David said to Solomon, "Take heed now, for the Lord hath chosen thee to build a house for the Sanctuary; be strong and do it." Then David gave to Solomon, his son, the

pattern of the porch, and of the house thereof, and of the treasuries thereof, and of the upper chambers thereof, and of the inner parlors thereof, and of the place of the mercy seat, and the pattern of all that he had by the Spirit, of the courts of the house of the Lord, and of all the chambers round about, of the treasuries of the house of God, and the treasuries of the dedicated things. Here follows a list of the different things pertaining to the Temple, the designs or patterns of which he gave to Solomon, and this list included about all that pertained to the Temple service.

David did not only give to Solomon all these patterns, plans, and architectural designs, but he also tells us how he obtained them. The 19th verse of the above quoted chapter reads thus: "All this, said David, the Lord made me understand in writing by his hand upon me, even all the works of this pattern." Now, does this not fix, beyond a doubt, the authorship of the architectural plans and designs of King Solomon's Temple, and very clearly point out the architect to be no other than the Supreme Architect of the universe? The extracts above made are acknowledged Jewish history, and there is no reason why they are not literally true. Yet, among Freemasons, there are large numbers of literal constructionists of the Hiram Abiff legend, who will assert unhesitatingly that he was the chief architect, and to him King Solomon was indebted for all that was noble and grand, as well as beautiful and ornamental in that magnificent structure. And why do they thus assert and thus believe? Simply because they have received the degrees and heard the traditions attributing the plans and designs to Hiram Abiff, and have received it literally. They have rested content without ever studying the philosophy, or investigating the symbolical or allegorical meaning of Masonry. But the sticklers for literal construction say that our traditions have been carefully preserved; they have been handed down through a chosen few from time immemorial, and transmitted to us unimpaired, and are therefore reliable, notwithstanding their conflict with the history in regard to the authorship of the Temple architecture. Now, when the his-

tory and the tradition of the same event conflict, what is the rule? It is that the tradition must yield, especially when there is no perceptible reason why the history is not true, and in this case there is no such reason. On the contrary, the Old Testament is acknowledged as authentic history throughout christendom. This being the case, our tradition, so far as Hiram Abiff being the chief architect, must yield. There are other points upon which the traditions and history agree—such as there being a widow's son, and his father a man of Tyre; his casting the pillars for the porch of the Temple, and all the vessels, implements and utensils for the priestly services; and even in this work he did not draw the designs, but simply executed those that David received from God, and which he delivered to Solomon. The Temple, like the Tabernacle, had many gold, silver and brass vessels and implements. There were also vails of blue, scarlet, crimson, and fine twined linen, and a great deal of carved work, and it was for a man skilled in these that Solomon wrote to Hiram, King of Tyre, and it was this kind of skill that the Tyrian king sent him—a cunning workman, to carry out the nicest of those beautiful designs by which the Temple was beautified and adorned. He was simply a workman among hundreds of others, probably better skilled in these particular branches than others—otherwise differing little from them—and when the Temple was completed he, like many others, probably returned to his native city or traveled into other countries in search of employment, and, like them, was lost sight of, for I think no person can seriously believe that a man of so much traditional importance should suffer so tragical a death as is ascribed to him, and the history of the times be as silent as the grave in regard to it. Neither do I deem it necessary to believe it literally. Let me ask those who believe that Hiram Abiff was literally the architect of the Temple, and that the whole of the legend was a veritable transaction, how much they have learned from it. What does it teach? Where is its significance? What science does it unfold? What mystery does it unlock? What faculty of the mind does it gratify?

If none of these, then why persist in a literal construction that mars all its beauty and destroys all its interesting features? Why longer cling to any absurdity, simply because of its antiquity?

The principles of Masonry are mostly taught by symbols and allegories, and I know of no part of the ritual or tradition of Masonry from Entered Apprentice to that of Knight Templar that exhibits so much evidence of being an allegory as does the legend of the third degree. It has the form of an allegory, the language of an allegory, and the intent of an allegory, and, viewed as such, it presents points of interest, beauty and grandeur unequalled by anything that ever entered the mind of a Milton, a Shakespeare, or a Bunyan. Many have entered our school of ethics, but how much have they learned in it? Thousands have knelt at our altar, but how many comprehend the symbolical and allegorical nature of our institution? Every part of Masonry possesses a beauty and a philosophy that can be seen only by a knowledge of the latter, and that can be obtained only by zealous and persevering study. The knowledge will never come to us without an effort on our part. If we want to understand the philosophy, and see the beauties of Masonry, we must dig and delve, and remove the rubbish, like the three worthy brothers who found that curious stone on the apex of an arch, and were rewarded for their industry, fidelity and skill. So, in like manner, we will be richly rewarded for all our labor, by beholding our noble institution, in all her beautiful proportions, the hand-maid of religion and the friend of humanity.

I. A. SHINGLEDECKER.

DOWAGIAC, Nov. 20, 1870.

A BROTHER who is in arrears for dues can only be prevented from voting at an election when there is a by-law to that effect. If, in absence of such a law, the Master should prevent brethren in arrears, but not stricken from the roll, from voting, he would invalidate the election.

OFFICERS OF LODGES.

BEFORE the publication of the December number, a large proportion of the Lodges will have had their elections in all the States and Territories where our paper circulates.

There are many reasons which make brethren ambitious for place, and sometimes cause them to resort to doubtful means in order to gain preferment. In Masonic matters, as well as in other things, brethren should act largely upon their individual judgment. In fact, none others are fit for Masons. We do not, by any means, discard the counsels of experience, or the discussions of able and good men, for these are among the means to deliberation and conclusions, but a brother should act upon his own judgment at last. There should be no Lodge where one brother should sway the judgment of his brethren, otherwise he becomes the Lodge, and a sort of sun around which bodies revolve. We wish now to point out some premises upon which brethren should *not act* in the election of officers, as well as some upon which they *should act*.

The most important officer, it will be conceded by all, is the W. M. One who has served as Master or Warden must be elected. This shows the great importance of selecting brothers for Wardens with a view to the Mastership. It is true that a brother may make a good Warden who would not make a competent Master; but a brother should not be elected Warden upon that principle, where there is a brother that can be put in training for the Oriental chair.

It is frequently the case that brethren serve as Secretaries for a year or two with a view to promotion. A Secretary may make a first class Warden or Master, but no Secretary should ever be selected with any such intent. They should be selected for a long service. It is no small matter to become an expert Secretary. His duties cannot be learned by observation, but they must be learned in the schools of patience, drill and expe-

rience. Much of the troubles in regard to dues, incorrect records and returns come from a frequent change of Secretaries. Let them have suitable compensation, select brethren qualified, ignore the honors or the plea of service, and let them serve a long time, and the Lodge will avoid many difficulties, and prosper accordingly. The very ablest Masters will find themselves sadly crippled with inefficient, inexperienced or incompetent Secretaries, and, not unfrequently, mortified and chagrined.

The Master usually appoints the Senior Deacon. A year or two of service is often urged as a plea for promotion. A variety of reasons influence the appointment of Deacons. Some proficiency, convenience, friendship, or partiality, perhaps. No matter. No Warden, however good, should be made W. M. if the Lodge can do better. No Treasurer, Secretary, or Deacon should be rejected because they hold those offices, neither should they be elected because they hold them, but the very best material should be selected for every station, especially that of Warden, and that with an eye to the Mastership.

A brother, then, is not to be elected Master for the reason only that he can confer degrees, or can preside well, or is a good financier, or has a good character, but the Master, Past Master, Warden, or Past Warden who possesses all these qualifications, or the most of them, always including good character, should be made Master, admitting exceptional times when the necessity for a good financier should be regarded.

Let no drunkard or profane swearer be elected Master under any circumstances. No Master can enforce discipline, or rule successfully who is himself a notoriously immoral man. The habitual profane swearer is a standing reproach upon the ballot box, and if the habit should be acquired after becoming a Mason, it proves a low state of character in a lodge, and a great lack of discipline. The habit of profane swearing is in the face of good manners, repugnant to all decency, and a crime against society; it is inexcusable anywhere, more so in a Mason, and much more so in the Master of a Lodge. Profane swearers should not be elected to any Masonic office.

Drunkenness, either habitual or occasional, is a positive disqualification, and the election of such a person to be W. M. ought to be followed by a forfeiture of charter. The Lodge which elects such a man to so exalted a position is as much to blame as the brother himself. It virtually admits that drunkenness and all its train of evils and consequences are no bar to membership in a Masonic Lodge. It is a public proclamation of indecency and immorality, and the outer world is justified in judging the Lodge by its own proclamation. Let no short amendments or promise made to avoid defeat bias the judgment of any voter, but let reformation be proven by time and good conduct. No matter what necessity may arise, let no drunkard or profane swearer ever disgrace the chair of a Masonic lodge.

A brother elected W. M. should be approved in his community as an honorable, just man, a good citizen, a considerate husband, and a wise father.

All that has been said in regard to the Master applies to the election of Wardens. Let every brother bear in mind when electing a Warden that he is placing him in training for Master, and to represent him in Grand Lodge. Act wisely in the start, and no regrets will follow.

Avoid all rings, cliques, and combinations. Let every officer be elected without reference to any other, upon his own merits.

Especially, avoid the dangerous policy of electing brethren to office because they are in the line of promotion. It gives the chief officers the power to nominate their successors, and is to all intents, (not intended, perhaps,) a combination or ring. Our Grand Bodies are falling into this pernicious habit, and the result will be disaster and disgrace if continued.

Let our Lodges, while carefully avoiding injustice, and properly recognizing merit, keep the character, prosperity, and usefulness of the Lodge constantly in view in the election of every officer. And every brother should be present and vote.

These remarks apply to all chapters, councils and commanderies.—*Trowel.*

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A RUINED LIFE.

BY MRS. ANNIE NELLES.

CHAPTER III.

CLOUDS.

Six months had passed since the house of Gross & Austin had commenced business. Prosperity had attended their footsteps and waited upon their every movement, and Austin was beginning to urge his betrothed to name a day for their union. But suddenly there came a reverse so terrible, so crushing, so unexpected, that for a time all held their breath in silent awe and wonder.

A foul, dark deed had been perpetrated—one which thrilled the whole community with horror, and made men think seriously of recalling into life that famous vigilance committee which in earlier days had accomplished so much for the safety of life and property in California. The senior partner of the house of Gross & Austin, a man who by his urbanity and honorable dealing had won hosts of friends, and who was not supposed to have an enemy in the world, had been most foully murdered. No clue was left to the perpetrator of the damnable deed, and evidently avarice had not prompted it, for a considerable sum of money had been left untouched in his pockets. Who, then, could have done it?

For some time men sought in vain for an answer to this question, and then arose a whisper—no one knew how, or whence it came—that Willard Austin was the guilty party. The motive assigned for the deed—that he might get the entire control of the business—was no less absurd than the rumor itself, but the entire community were just in that wild state of excitement which fitted them to believe any story however improbable, and as the rumor spread it gained force, volume and

credence, until at last it came to be generally received with faith strong as proof of Holy Writ. Lynch law was freely talked of, and would no doubt have been put in practice but for the prompt arrest and incarceration of the suspected criminal.

But immovable amid the wild torrent of condemnation which swept around the head of poor Austin, stood at least three persons who steadfastly refused to believe his guilt, and stoutly maintained their conviction of his entire innocence. These were Dr. Dick, his wife, and Antille. Shortly after his arrest they had visited him in his cell, and after listening to his solemn asseveration that he was innocent of the hideous crime, they had come away with a degree of faith in him which nothing could shake. But they stood alone. The community around them were clamoring and howling like hungry wolves for his blood, in expiation of the crime they believed he had committed, and to anything that reason could urge in his behalf they turned a deaf ear.

In the midst of this fearful tempest of excitement, Willard Austin was put on trial for his life. Although Dr. Dick had freely lavished his means to secure for him the most eminent counsel—although he sat beside him and sustained him with his presence during the whole of the fearful ordeal, his trial under such circumstances was little less than a farce. Despite the entire absence of evidence connecting him in any manner with the heinous crime; despite the most strenuous efforts of his able and eloquent counsel; despite the clear and intelligent charge of the able judge who presided at the trial, the jury, in obedience to the demands of an excited and angry popular opinion, returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree!

Of course an application for a new trial was immediately made by his counsel, and equally of course it was granted, the judge, in delivering his opinion, taking occasion to make some remarks in relation to the madness and tyranny of public opinion, which, coming from the able and impartial source they did, seemed to throw a new light upon the matter. Men who had been the most zealous in urging on the prosecution began to

think they might have been led by prejudice instead of reason, and to admit that there still might be a possibility of Austin's innocence. Altogether it seemed tolerably evident that a reaction was setting in.

Six months rolled away, and again Austin was arraigned at the bar of his country. But by this time reason had resumed her sway, and he was no longer surrounded by a pack of ravenous human wolves, clamoring for their prey. Other events had driven the murder of Gross from the public mind, and now all seemed willing that the law should take its due and unrestrained course.

As might have been expected, the result of this trial was far different from the former one. It was watched from first to last with the most profound interest, but when at the close of a calm and dispassionate, though very thorough, investigation of all the circumstances attending the murder, the jury, without leaving their box, returned a verdict of "not guilty," there was scarcely a person present but who felt that strict and impartial justice had been done.

To Dr. Dick and his lovely daughter, both of whom had watched this trial, as well as the former one, with the most intense eagerness from first to last, this verdict was the removal of a great and crushing weight. Though they had never for a moment indulged even the faintest suspicion of his guilt; though they had sternly and indignantly repelled even the most distant insinuation that he might after all be the murderer, still the suspicion under which he labored amid the community had weighed them down with fearful force, and now that the tongue of imputation had been silenced by the solemn decision of twelve honest men, they, and especially Antille, felt that a dark cloud was lifted from their horizon as well as his. Loving Willard Austin with all the fervor of her pure and trustful nature, Antille had felt that his fate was, as it were, linked with her own, and that every assault upon his character was a blow aimed at her own.

As soon as he was released from custody and had received the congratulations of the few, very few, friends who had stood

by him throughout his great sorrow, he sought a private interview with Dr. Dick. Poor fellow! the fearful ordeal through which he had passed had broken his once proud spirit, and had well nigh disheartened him. The Doctor received him in the library.

"Well, my boy," said he, rising as the young man entered the room, and grasping him warmly by the hand, "the cloud is at last removed, and you must allow me to congratulate you upon the manliness with which you met the terrible trial."

"Your sympathy," replied the young man, mournfully, "is and has been invaluable to me. I feel that it would have been impossible for me to have endured the ordeal without it, and, as you say, the cloud is to some extent removed, but still I feel that my day of usefulness here is gone forever. I must go away."

"Must go away!" echoed the Doctor, in astonishment.

Why must you go away? Has not the verdict cleared away every shadow of suspicion from your name?"

"I think not. Whatever may be the legal effect of the decision just rendered, it still leaves me a disgraced and degraded man."

"Say not so," returned the Doctor, quickly. "It is the actual commission of crime, and not the unjust suspicion, which debases and degrades a man. From this you are free."

"What you say is in part true," replied Austin, "but, despite the verdict, there is still a very large proportion of the community who believe that it was I who committed the deed at the mere thought of which I still shudder."

"What reason have you for thinking thus?"

"I see it in the coldness with which I am passed by those who before the murder were my warm friends, and who now pass me by with merely a formal nod, or at most a mere passing word of greeting, if indeed they do not fail to see me at all; in a variety of ways the feeling is manifested, and I cannot endure it."

"But may you not be mistaken? You are, as a natural consequence, feeling rather gloomy, and is it not possible that

that fact may have caused you to look upon those things through a distorted medium?"

"I am not mistaken in this particular," replied the young man. "I am very sure I can never accomplish anything of good here, and I must try elsewhere. So urge me no more, my more than friend—my resolution is taken, and immovable."

"But what of Antille?" asked the Doctor, in a low tone.

"The thought of leaving her is the most painful one connected with the resolution I have formed," replied the young man, in a tremulous tone. "But it is unavoidable. I will go far away, and when I have succeeded in establishing a home for her, and in some measure repaying you the money you have advanced to secure my liberation—your kindness I can never repay—I will return and claim her if she chooses to wait for me. But till then I must bid her and you farewell."

"Speak not of repayment for the little I have done for you," cried the Doctor. "I have already been more than repaid by the thought of having done something, however small, to sustain a dear and worthy friend under a most fearful trial, and by the gratitude of my daughter."

"Well, let us say no more about it at the present," said the young man, while his eyes filled with tears; "the future, if I live, shall prove my gratitude both to you and her for your kind sympathy and support in my hour of fiery trial."

"But where are you going?" asked the Doctor, who, seeing that the young man's resolution was unalterably fixed, deemed it useless to argue further. "Have you selected a location?"

"Yes. I am going to Oregon. In that new country I shall find an easy opening, and when I have made a home for my bride, I will return and bear her to it."

The Doctor was silent. Though he had combated the young man's resolution, he could not but secretly commend it, and his heart swelled with pardonable pride as he reflected upon the manliness and high principle of him who would one day, he felt assured, be the husband of his loved foster-daughter.

"Would you like to see Antille?" he asked, after a pause.

"Yes," he replied, "I would like to bid her good bye. It may be a long time before we will meet again."

"When will you go?"

"The rising of to-morrow's sun will not find me in San Francisco," replied the young man.

"You may wait here, and I will send her to you," said the Doctor, as he left the room.

Over the meeting and parting of the lovers let us kindly draw the vail of secrecy. Like her foster-father, Antille strove by all the arts at her command, by argument, entreaty, and even tears, to induce him to change his resolve and remain in California, but it was all in vain. And yet, though almost imploring him to remain with her, Antille could not but approve his course, and from that hour her faith in and love for him were, if possible, more firmly fixed than ever before. And in the innermost chambers of her heart she recorded a sacred and solemn vow, that come what might, she would be true to him so long as they both should live.

For hours they remained in that sweet inter-spirit communion which only love can produce, and many were the vows and protestations of undying faith which they made to each other. But the hour of separation at last arrived, and with many a loving kiss they parted, she to her room, and he to a packet ship lying in the harbor, upon which he had already engaged passage for Astoria.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DENOUEMENT.

THE leading counsel in the prosecution of Austin for the murder of Gross was a man by the name of Roberts, who had resided in San Francisco for several years. Whence he came, or what his antecedents, none seemed to know or care. Rumors of a character not very creditable to him had been rife for some time after his arrival—it was said that he was a gambler,

a drunkard and a debauchee, and for some time his conduct was not such as to give the lie to any of these charges.

At the time of a great revival of religion, however, he had seemed to become interested in that all-important subject; had abandoned all his evil ways, and connected himself with one of the leading churches in the place, of which he soon became a bright and shining light. His repentance appeared to be sincere, and from this time his conduct was as exemplary as it had before been vicious and disgraceful. His undoubted talents and exceedingly gentlemanly deportment gained him admission to the best society, and in comparatively a short time he came to be regarded as one of the leading citizens of San Francisco.

He had become acquainted with Antille shortly after his reformation, and, though much older than she, he had been smitten with her rare beauty, and had formed the resolution to win her for his wife. But his first advances in that direction, though not absolutely repelled, had been met by her in a manner which convinced him that he had more than ordinary difficulties to overcome before he could hope to effect a conquest. He was not long in discovering that she loved another, and by cautious investigation he learned that young Austin was his favored rival, and he had engaged in the prosecution against him with a zeal and earnestness which were stimulated to the highest degree by his anxiety to get rid of him. But though conducting the prosecution with all the ardor of which he was capable, he had, for fear of embittering her against himself, so skillfully concealed his feelings as to make it appear that he was only actuated by a desire to discharge his duty in the position he was compelled to fill, rightly judging that, notwithstanding her interest in the accused, her good sense would lead her to approve, or at least not to condemn, his course.

And now that, through the agency of this prosecution, young Austin had been driven in exile from his home, and had been to a certain extent degraded, he entertained great hopes of success. To his credit be it said that no thought of dishonor to her had ever entered his bosom—he loved her as earnestly

and ardently as a man so thoroughly selfish as he is capable of loving any one, and to make her his bride, the mistress of his household, was the object he sought to accomplish.

In apparent sympathy with the feelings of the family whom he knew had stood up for Austin from first to last, he refrained from calling upon them for sometime after his departure, but when he supposed that a sufficient length of time had elapsed for the wound to become partially healed, he made his way one pleasant afternoon to the house and inquired for Antille.

She received him politely, but in a manner which indicated very plainly that his presence awakened none but unpleasant recollections of a scene the most painful she had ever witnessed. Comprehending aright the feelings which his presence excited in her bosom, he set himself with consummate tact to remove them. Referring in a sympathizing tone and manner to the painful subject, he deplored its existence, deprecated his own connection with it, and hypocritically expressed the hope that circumstances might at some future time more clearly establish Austin's innocence.

Antille was just in that state of mind in which, notwithstanding the part Mr. Roberts had borne in inducing her misery, his manly sympathy powerfully appealed to her tender feelings in his favor, but his last remark grated harshly upon her ears, and she replied quickly :

"Pardon me, Mr. Roberts, but that is a matter about which I require no farther proof."

"And yet, my dear Miss Dick," he replied with oily smoothness, "you must not blame me if I venture to differ with you. While I am inclined to think he may be innocent, still, connected with the case as I was, I could not help seeing many things which tended to awaken suspicion in my mind."

"Then why were they not produced upon the trial?"

"For the reason that they were not in such tangible shape as to be susceptible of legal proof."

"What were these matters, may I ask?"

"That, lady, I cannot tell," he replied, "for the same reason that we could not prove them at the trial. But I have

an agent engaged in the endeavor to ferret them out. Not that it could now affect the case," he hastened to add as he saw her start and turn a shade paler, "but merely for my own satisfaction."

"How do you say?" she asked with some eagerness, "could not this investigation have any effect hereafter? Suppose, for instance, what I do not for a moment believe possible, that this investigation should develop beyond question the fact that he was guilty of that terrible charge—could he not be again arrested and tried?"

"Not at all. If he could I should be far from prosecuting the inquiry, for I have simply done my duty in the matter and have no desire to do more. But a verdict of acquittal having been rendered, that is the end of the matter forever."

"Then for my sake," she said earnestly, "if not for your own satisfaction, go on with the investigation. I am so anxious to know the whole truth."

"Your request, my dear lady, would be a sufficient motive for me to probe the matter to the very bottom, even if my own inclination did not point in the same direction."

"Thank you," she replied simply and was silent.

Roberts soon after took his leave, and as he left the house he muttered to himself with fiendish glee, "I have succeeded in instilling into her mind some lingering doubts of the purity of her angel, and henceforth my task is an easy one. She will yet be mine."

From this time his visits were frequent, and by his blandishments, his pretended sympathy and his uniform urbanity, he was actually beginning to awaken a feeling of interest in the heart of Antille. Not that she for a moment faltered in her love and devotion to Willard Austin, but she was lonely, and the apparent harmony of their feeling upon the one subject which was paramount in all her thoughts, his ready condolence with her, and the investigations he pretended to be procuring for the purpose of removing all doubts, were giving him a hold upon her esteem which she had ~~once~~ deemed impossible.

For some time he forbore to press his suit, but with cool

deliberation and skill went on, daily strengthening his position, not doubting that when the proper moment arrived his efforts would be crowned with complete success. And the result justified his sagacity, for after many months of patient watching and scheming and plotting he was able to obtain the promise for which he had so long labored.

His first step to that end was to interrupt the correspondence between Antille and her lover. By means of a heavy bribe he induced a post-office clerk to detain and deliver to him all letters passing between them, and when Antille (as he knew she would) spoke to him of the non-arrival of letters from her lover, he made so many plausible excuses that no one could by any possibility have suspected him of any connection with Austin's silence. And meanwhile the doubts which he had succeeded in arousing in her mind were daily and hourly gaining strength, and he was in the same proportion becoming more and more necessary to her. At the same time he was upon all convenient and proper occasions imploring her favorable consideration of his suit for her hand.

One day he came to her with considerable apparent excitement in his voice and manner.

The investigation is at last ended," he said abruptly when he was admitted to her presence.

"How so?" she eagerly inquired, "what is the result?"

"Read that, and it will tell you all;" and he handed her a newspaper published in Astoria, and containing a marked paragraph. It was as follows:

"MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.

"At the Washington House, in this place, a young man by the name of Willard Austin, formerly of San Francisco, Cal., was found dead in his bed this morning. An empty phial labelled 'Laudanum' told the painful story of his death. He left a written confession of having been guilty of the murder of a former partner of his by the name of Gross, as well as of several other crimes. Remorse for his past misdeeds was, doubtless, the moving cause. The coroner's jury returned a

verdict of 'suicide by poison.' We will give fuller details to-morrow."

She read every word of this cruel paragraph, which contained within itself the death-blow to all her hopes, and then the paper dropped from her nerveless grasp as she sank in a swoon upon the floor.

Roberts was terrified at the effect produced, but it was one part of his programme to have no one else present at the grand finale of the drama he had been for so many months enacting. Looking hastily around he discovered a pitcher of water with which he drenched her face for sometime before she showed any signs of returning consciousness. At length, however, she opened her eyes, and a sigh which seemed drawn from the very bottom of her heart told how fearful was the blow which had been inflicted upon her.

"It is over now," she said, "let me rest. After all," she continued, as a sudden hope entered her mind, "is it not impossible that it may be false?"

"I had hoped that such might be the case," he returned with apparent sympathy, "but a letter from my agent there—a man of undoubted veracity—confirms the account and leaves no room for doubt. We cannot but give credence to the dreadful story."

"Then let us forever banish the subject."

And as she spoke such a look of bitter, wan despair settled down over her features that he felt that it would be useless to urge his suit any farther at this time. He therefore took his leave for the present and left the house with a feeling of ill-concealed exultation at the evident success of his nefarious scheme.

A few days later he called again, and when he begged permission to take her to his home and shield her from the consequences of the dreadful fate which her love for Austin had entailed upon her, she laid her icy cold hand in his and said:

"You, who know the whole of my past life, know that my heart is buried forever in the grave where Willard Austin lies. My heart is dead and cold, and can never beat responsive

to the music of love again. But I can be true and faithful to you, and if you are willing to accept my aimless life, I will be your wife."

This was all he had expected, and his joy and exultation knew no bounds. He pressed her to his bosom, covered her cold face with ardent kisses, vowed he would teach her to love him, and finally took his leave in search of Dr. Dick to procure his consent to their early union.

The good Doctor was not a little surprised at the turn affairs had taken, but he had been quite uneasy at the state of settled melancholy in which Antille had been since the news of the death of Austin, and hoping that some change would rouse her into a state of activity and life more like herself, he finally yielded a reluctant consent. And yet as he did so his heart was not entirely at ease, for often during his acquaintance with Roberts, he had experienced a feeling of repulsion for which he could not account, but which annoyed him like the indistinct recollections of some hateful dream, and at the moment of his consent this feeling was stronger than ever. But he believed that he was acting for the best interest of his loved foster child, and so stifled what he considered a mere personal prejudice.

We pass rapidly over the time intervening before the wedding day. The preparations upon Antille's part were few and simple, for her heart had no part in the ceremony which was about to be performed. She married Roberts, not because she had the least feeling of love for him, but she felt grateful to him for what she considered his unselfish efforts to ferret out the mystery which surrounded the murder of Gross, and this was the only return she could make him.

The day at last arrived, and a goodly audience had assembled in the church in which the ceremony was to be performed. All were waiting in eager anticipation, for Antille's beauty and sweetness of disposition had made her a universal favorite, while the sorrow which had overclouded her life for the past two or three years had thrown a melancholy interest around this heart-sacrifice, for so it seemed to all.

The bridal party entered the church and passed down the

aisle toward the altar. The minister arose and had just commenced the beautiful nuptial service of the Episcopal Church, when the attention of all was attracted by the hasty entrance of a man who, without removing his hat or paying any heed to the solemnities of the place, rushed forward toward the altar, crying out as he did so—

“Stop this mockery. This man’s name is not Roberts but Joseph Davis, and I arrest him for the murder of his wife. And this woman he would marry is his own daughter,” and as he spoke he grasped the bridegroom by the collar.

In an instant all was a scene of the wildest confusion, as might well have been expected.

“How know you this?” demanded the minister.

“I am a detective officer from New York,” replied the man, “and for years I have been in search for this villain. Twenty years ago he murdered his wife, the mother of the girl who stands at his side; was tried and sentenced to death. He effected his escape by murdering his jailor, and from that time to this the officers of the law have been on his track. We have followed him through England, France, Spain, and Australia, and have at last unkenneled him in San Francisco, in time I hope to save a worthy young lady from a life of shame and misery.”

Those who looked upon the countenance of Davis as this horrid revelation was rapidly unfolded, in accents which rung with the unmistakable sound of truth, will never forget its varied expressions. Terror, remorse, despair, chased each other in rapid succession across his features, and at the close of the fearful tale he drew a pistol from his pocket, pointed the muzzle at his own forehead, and, before any one could interfere, pressed the trigger. There was a blinding flash, a terrible roar, and the wretched man fell ghastly and bleeding into the arms of the detective!

If the church had been a scene of confusion before, it was now increased tenfold. The poor girl who had been saved in such an almost miraculous manner fainted and was received in the arms of the groomsman; the terrified and excited audience

rushed into the streets, and for a time scarcely any one seemed capable of coherent thought or action.

An examination demonstrated the fact that the wound which Davis had given himself would soon prove mortal. He still retained his senses, but it was evident to all that he was rapidly sinking. He inquired anxiously for Antille, and she, having been restored to consciousness, came to him, and there in the presence of her father, (for so we must still call the good old Doctor,) the minister and the officer whose fidelity to duty had unmasked a hardened villain, he confessed the crime with which he had been charged, but solemnly averred that he had no knowledge or suspicion of the relationship existing between himself and his would-be bride. He further confessed that he had himself murdered Gross, and had taken steps to fasten the guilt upon Austin in order to win Antille for himself; that Austin was still alive, and that the evidences of his death which he had exhibited to her were neither more nor less than forgeries perpetrated in furtherance of the scheme he had projected. And as he finished the sickening recital he gasped once or twice, shuddered, and his polluted soul winged its way to the presence of Him who judgeth in righteousness tempered with mercy.

What need to add anything farther? Why relate how Willard Austin, heart-sick at not receiving tidings of his loved Antille, was gladdened by the information of the establishment of his entire innocence in the minds of the whole community; how he returned by the first vessel to San Francisco; how, in the presence of a select few, in the parlor at Dr. Dick's, the loving pair, so long separated by fraud and treachery, were united in the holy bonds of wedlock never to be separated until the sounding of that summons which all men are powerless to resist; how Mrs. Dick laughed and cried by turns, and embraced the bride, the groom, and everybody else, or how fervent the blessing which the good Doctor invoked upon the heads of his children?

Let us humbly trust that He who ruleth all things shall so order their paths that their future lives may be as bright and pleasant as the past few years have been gloomy and miserable.

SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY.

I love the clanging of the hammers,
 The whirring of the plane,
 The crashing of the busy saw,
 The creaking of the crane ;
 The ringing of the anvil,
 The grating of the drill,
 The clattering of the turning-lathe,
 The whirring of the mill ;
 The clipping of the tailor's shears,
 The driving of the awl—
 These sounds of active industry,
 I love,—I love them all.

For they tell my listening spirit
 Of the earnestness of life,
 How much of all its pleasure
 Cometh of toil and strife ;
 Not the toil of strife which fainteth
 And murmureth by the way ;
 Not the toil of strife which groaneth
 Beneath a tyrant's sway :
 But the toil that ever springeth
 From a free and willing heart,—
 The strife that ever bringeth
 To the toiler, nobler part.

O, there's joy and good in labor,
 If we labor but aright,
 Giving vigor to the day-time,
 And sweeter sleep at night ;
 A good that bringeth pleasure
 E'en to the toiling hours,
 For duty cheers the spirit
 As the dew revives the flowers ;
 Giving strength and hope in sorrow,
 Driving storms and clouds away,
 Making sunshine for the morrow
 From the darkness of to-day.

Say it not that our good Father
 Bade us labor as a doom ;
 No, it is His richest mercy,
 Meant to sweeten life's dull gloom.
 Let us cheerily then be doing
 Whatsoe'er we find to do,
 With an earnest, willing spirit,
 And a strong hand—free and true.

MRS. F. D. GAGE.

KENTUCKY WIDOW AND ORPHANS' HOME.

OUR Kentucky Brethren seem to interpret Masonry as a benevolent, charitable institution, and govern their action accordingly. Something over a year ago the Grand Lodge laid the corner stone of an Orphan's Home at the city of Louisville, and recently they were called upon to dedicate the beautiful and imposing edifice to the uses for which it had been erected. The address of the Grand Master represents the work as in its infancy, and compares it to the grain of mustard seed, which, though small when sown, has the capability of growing into a tree of such dimensions that even the birds of the air find a home among its branches.

The work of our Kentucky brethren is truly a Masonic work. The providing of a home for the homeless, where the children of departed brothers may find a kind welcome, and protection from the temptations which so often beguile the defenceless orphan into the paths of sin, is a work of charity in which Masons should engage heartily.

With a constituency of more than twenty thousand contributing members, cannot Michigan do something worthy of herself in some such labor of love? "By their fruits shall ye know them." It is not every one who cries, Lord, Lord, who enters the Kingdom. Professions are cheap. What is needed is work; earnest, persistent, noble work, such as will reflect honor upon our noble institution.

The following description of the building, to be known as the Orphans' Home, we find in the *Courier-Journal*. It will be read with interest by our Michigan brethren, and, we hope, inspire in them a desire to go and do likewise. So mote it be :

It was in August of last year that the Board of Directors invited architects to prepare designs for a building to cost about one hundred thousand dollars, offering a premium of \$300 for the adopted design. From among those submitted they selected that of Messrs. Struby & Mergell of Louisville, as the most suitable for execution. The corner stone of the present building was laid by the Grand Lodge on the 17th of October, 1869, and the erection of the building commenced in April of the present year.

The entire front of the building, according to Messrs. Struby & Mergell's design, is 128 feet, the depth of each wing 100 feet, and the height to cornice, 65 feet ; to top of tower 125 feet.

The cellar and foundation walls are to be of the best rubble masonry, the brick walls to start from a good stone base course.

The basement, which is entirely above the ground, will contain the general dining-building room, 50 by 80 feet in the center, and kitchen, pantry, store-rooms, and china closet on one side, and wash-room, laundry, and drying-room on the other, with servants' hall and bath and wash-rooms, closets, &c., for girls, in the north wing, and work-room and wash and bath-rooms, closets, &c., for boys in the south wing.

The principal story will contain in the center, the public office, private office, with vault, reception parlor, and library ; also two chambers, with wash and bath-room attached, and a dining-room with pantry and china closet, for the superintendent ; on one side the sitting-room, lavatory and nursery ; on the other the recreation halls, with two large school rooms, with matron's rooms attached, in each wing.

The second story will contain, in the center, twelve chambers for two beds each, giving accommodations for twenty-four widows ; also a double parlor. On the sides there will be four

large dormitories with lavatories, water-closets, &c., attached. In the north wing there will be an infirmary 340 by 22 for ten beds, with wash and bath-rooms, closets, &c., for girls; also a dormitory 34 by 22 feet. The south wing will be arranged in a similar manner for boys.

The center of the third story contains an exhibition hall for boys, 50 by 80 feet. The side buildings and wings are divided into dormitories, with wash-rooms, &c., attached.

There will be in all sixteen dormitories, each to contain from twenty to twenty-six beds, giving room for from 350 to 400 children. The attic story may be arranged to give bed room for 50 more.

The plan of the entire building has been arranged so as to give a free and full circulation of air and light to every part of the same. Wide halls and stairways are so laid out as to give easy and convenient communication to or from every part of the building.

In designing this edifice care has been taken to avoid the monotonous and prison-like appearance which most buildings of this character present, where only the purpose of securing strength, durability and space is taken into regard.

The entire plan is divided into three principal parts, the center, the north and south wings.

The center projects about thirty feet in front of the side buildings. The faces of the walls are ornamented with quoins, banded pilasters, and projecting courses. The windows are surmounted with brick projections, all protected by stone courses. The roof of the wings will be covered with tin. The central portion of the building is designed to have a French roof and two towers with ornamental iron railings.

There will be stone porticos, with balconies, and steps and buttresses to front and side entrances. The entire building will be crowned with a galvanized iron cornice of bold projections.

The estimated cost of the entire building is about \$100,000.

Only the north wing has been contracted for at present. There are four cellars, furnace and store-room, occupying about 54 by 70 feet.

The first floor contains the office, recreation room, kitchen, 30 by 22 feet, dining room, 60 by 22 feet, with pantry and china closet attached, store-room, wash-room and laundry, and wash and bath rooms for boys.

On the second floor are the superintendent's rooms, store and linen rooms, wash and bath-rooms for girls; sitting-room, nurseries, school room 22 by 33 feet, with recitation room, 16 feet 6 inches by 24 feet, attached.

The third and fourth stories are arranged for dormitories to accommodate about 100 children, with the attendants.

A broad stair is continued from the cellar to the attic, and a corridor nine feet wide extends through the entire length of the building from north to south in the center of each story. An additional temporary stair leading from basement to attic, is placed in the south end of the corridor.

The building will be provided with all the modern conveniences, and heated by steam.

MASONIC FESTIVITIES.

WE clip the following account of the festival and banquet of Peninsular Commandery No. 8 K. T., from the *Kalamazoo Gazette*: It was prepared by one of the Sir Knights, who wields a ready pen, and possesses excellent descriptive powers, and who promises us regular contributions to *The Michigan Freemason*. The banquet was a splendid affair—probably unsurpassed by anything of the kind that ever transpired in Western Michigan.—ED.

THE FESTIVAL AND BANQUET OF PENINSULAR COMMANDERY.

Annual festivals among the Masonic Fraternity are growing to be nearly universal. In some localities they have been in vogue for several years. Whenever held they have proved so pleasant, both to the fraternity and their guests, that they are likely to be perpetuated, and to become as much a custom as Fourth of July dinners, Christmas suppers or New Year balls.

If they can always be so perfect—even brilliant—in success as was the festival of last Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the Sir Knights of Peninsular Commandery No. 8, we say, unqualifiedly, "*esto perpetua.*"

For nearly two weeks the social circles of Kalamazoo had been canvassing the expected "event." To most of our gay party goers it was something new. They could not quite settle, in their own minds, what kind of a thing it was to be. Curiosity was on the *qui vive*; expectation was on the "tip-toe;" and, as the evening approached, anticipation was thoroughly confident of "a good thing." Our Masonic friends in Kalamazoo had given but few samples of their taste and talent as entertainers, but these few had prepared many to believe that assured success awaited any attempt they might make in this direction. Many remembered the reception and banquet given by the brethren of the "mystic tie," some two years since, when they opened to the public eye their new and elegantly furnished lodge rooms in the third and fourth stories of Breese's marble block. More remembered the unique and beautiful wedding given by the Commandery to Sir Knight Hoffman and his bride, last summer. Many more were convinced that the names of many of our well known citizens, to whom, as Sir Knights, the Commandery had entrusted the management of the affair, gave ample guarantee of everything that enterprise, ingenuity, and a cultivated taste could supply to make the festival, in every way, a success. And such it was.

On Tuesday evening last, the new three story brick building of the Kalamazoo Iron Works Co., built and owned by Lawrence & Chapin, was brilliantly illuminated from bottom to top. Its glowing windows, in strong contrast with external conditions—with the cold winds and the driving, blinding snow—gave not only sure promise of comfort, but of brightness and gladness within its walls. At eight o'clock the invited guests began to arrive, and from that hour till after ten o'clock the arrivals flowed in a continuous stream.

As the guests ascended to the second floor they were welcomed, on behalf of the Commandery, by Sir Knight Hender-

son, Eminent Commander. Here they were ushered into the spacious hall arranged for dancing; its dimensions are such as to furnish abundant room for over one hundred and fifty dancers. It is 188 by 44 feet, without obstruction of any kind, and had been beautifully decorated for the occasion. At the eastern end or head of the room, was suspended a Maltese Cross, of vermilion color, bearing on its center, in gilt, a large figure 8. Surmounting this, in green letters, was "Peninsular Commandery," and the whole was surrounded and beautifully decorated with wreaths and Masonic emblems. The music stand was spacious and was fitted up with great good taste. Every space between the windows, entirely around the room, contained some Masonic emblem, in form and color highly ornamental, and arranged in excellent taste.

The dancing commenced precisely at nine o'clock. Of the programme of dances it is only necessary to say that it was all that could be desired, both in number and variety. Everard's band discoursed the music in good style. The floor-managers, Messrs. Gale, Bates and Pattison, are too well known among our dancers to need any commendation. Their work was done promptly, smoothly, and satisfactorily.

The general effect, when the floor was filled with dancers, was extremely brilliant. Female beauty and grace, arranged in brilliant colors and tasteful drapery, mingled in the mazy dance with manly and spirited chivalry. The uniforms of the Sir Knights relieved the male attire of its customary sombre hue, and gave unusual brilliancy to the ever changing forms of this fashionable Kaleidoscope.

At 11:30 supper was announced, and the party moved to the music of "Peninsular Commandery March," up to the supper room in the third story of the building. This room is of the same size as the one below; and here was displayed the same taste, the same thoughtful attention to comfort, and the same perfection of detail that characterized every other portion of this most successful affair. At the upper end of the room was displayed an immense Red Cross, enwreathed in evergreen. In the center of the room, on the south side, was sus-

pended the white banner of the Order, also bearing the red cross and the motto of the ancient Templar Knight made famous in the Crusades, "*In hoc signo vinces.*" Immediately beneath the first, at the east end of the room, was placed a large table in the form of a cross, covered with red damask. On this, in profusion, had been placed cake, most beautiful in its emblematic design and execution, fruits, nuts, etc., all brilliant with glass and silver ware. Here were no seats. But around the room, in two rows, twenty tables had been prepared, at which the guests were seated to the number of two hundred and fifty.

Of the banquet we cannot speak particularly. It is enough to say that it was all that the most fastidious taste could desire. Everything eatable was in great profusion, admirably cooked, and elegantly served. Twelve Sir Knights, assisted by the dining-room girls from the Burdick House, waited upon the table and attended to all wants. The only defect in the arrangements of this affair—one requiring so many details—was manifest as some of the party began to eat. The tables had been set for one hundred and eighty persons, but the guests were more than could be accommodated by this arrangement; so, with great good humor, every table was crowded with extra seats until all were provided for. Plates, cups, and saucers were all in abundance, but knives and forks were scarce. When these were called for, the waiting Sir Knights, with admirable self-possession and humor, pointed the eye of each knifeless and forkless guest to the motto of the Order, which had been suspended high over the kitchen end of the hall: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee." The laughing guests were informed that though forks were scarce, provision was plenty.

After supper, such of the party as preferred, returned to the hall below. "On with the dance," was the order, and again the "glowing hours" were chased by "flying feet" to the cadence of "voluptuous music." Some of the more staid and venerable masculines *passed* "flying feet," and descended to the smoking room on the first floor to indulge in the

luxury of a fragrant Havana, But in due time the entire party were once more gathered in the Assembly Room, and participated in the beautiful festivities, until after two o'clock A. M.

There is but one opinion expressed by all who participated in this most successful and enjoyable affair, and that is that it was one of the best managed and most thoroughly enjoyable large parties ever given in Kalamazoo. The Sir Knights of Peninsular Commandery deserve the thanks of all, for the unwearyed pains taken to minister to the wants and pleasure of their guests. They may well be gratified with their success. We congratulate them on the result, and predict that if they conclude to keep up their annual festival, the reputation they have now fully established, as gentlemanly and successful entertainers, will crowd their Assembly Rooms with all who have the taste to enjoy a well managed and strictly *recherche* party.

MASONIC ITEMS.

THE Norfolk *Journal* has an article on the origin of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, setting forth that the convention of English, Scotch and Irish Masonic Lodges in that State, assembled at Williamsburg on May 6, 1777, determined to form a Grand Lodge of that State, and recommended "His Excellency Gen. Geo. Washington" as the first Grand Master. The convention met again on October 13, 1778, when Bro. George Washington having been prevented, by public duties, from accepting the office, Bro. John Blair of Williamsburg was chosen Grand Master of Virginia, and was installed on October 30, with Rev. Robert Andrews as Deputy Grand Master. Since that time the Craft has increased from five to two hundred and thirty-three Lodges, and M. W. Bro. Thomas F. Owens is now the Grand Master of Masons in Virginia. Under such a leadership the Craft must flourish.—*N. Y. Courier.*

THE Grand Lodge of Illinois at its recent session gave its full recognition to the Grand Lodge of Quebec.

PAST Grand Master Jno. D. Vincil was presented a beautiful and costly gold watch, as a reward of merit, at the recent session of the Grand Lodge of Mo.

A new Masonic Temple was recently dedicated at Akron, Ohio, with imposing ceremony. Ten thousand people are said to have been present on the occasion.

THE Prince of Wales, heir apparent to the throne of England, was inaugurated as Patron of the Scottish Freemasons at a special communication of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, held at Edinburgh, October, 13th, 1870. The occasion was important and the ceremonies imposing.

THE last annual session of the Grand Orient of France occurred last June. Two hundred and ninety-one subordinate organizations of various degrees were represented by 283 brethren, in addition to the Grand Officers.

THE Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania recently met in Annual Convocation in Philadelphia. It was very largely attended, and what is perhaps without precedent, all its Grand Officers were *unanimously* re-elected, with exception of Grand Treasurer. So says the *Keystone*, which, by the way, is one of our most valued exchanges.

The *Evergreen* and *Dispatch* speak of a new anti-Masonic publication called the *Free Methodist*. Bro. Guilbert uses much plainness of speech in expressing his estimate of the affair. We know of a professed Methodist who has changed his will so as to give quite a large sum, formerly intended to be donated to his church, to the crusade against the Craft conducted by Messrs. Blanchard & Co.

ON the 22d inst the dedication of the new Masonic Temple on the west side, Chicago, occurred, at which time the officers elect of Cleveland Lodge, No. 211, also transpired. The occasion was one of great interest to the Craft in Chicago. The ceremonies were conducted by the Grand Master of Illinois, Hon. DeWitt C. Creiger.

ROBERT BURNS.

MEMORANDA CONCERNING HIM BY HIS WIDOW.

[We give the following article which we find in a recent number of the *Evergreen*, and agree with Bro. Guilbert that it " will be read with interest by all Freemasons, to whom any information relating to the author of the immortal ' Adieu,' must be peculiarly interesting."]

THE late Mr. McDiarmid, of the *Dumfries Courier*, was an intimate friend of Mrs. Burns, widow of the poet. For fifteen or sixteen years preceding her death, in 1834, he was her adviser on all occasions, her amanuensis, and the safe and kind depository of her thoughts and feelings on most subjects. During their intercourse he appears to have, from time to time, noted down particulars concerning the poet, such as he conceived would illustrate the kindly nature of Burns, or remove erroneous impressions of his biographers. These memoranda have just been published in the new and careful edition of the " Life and Works of Burns " (now completed) by Waddell Glasgow, to whom they were communicated by Mr. W. R. McDiarmid. They begin with the poet's residence at Ellisland. As there was no proper house on the farm, a new one had to be built, and, in the interim, Burns lived five months in the old house, which was occupied by a man named David Cally, or Kelly.

" About this time, Burns sometimes reads book not always found in people's hands on Sunday. Mrs. B. checked this, when the bard laughingly replied, ' You'll not think me so good a man as Nancy Kelly is a woman?' ' Indeed, no.' ' Then I'll tell you what happened this morning. When I took a walk on the banks of the Nith, I heard Nancy Kelly praying long before I came till her. I walked on, and when I returned I saw her helping herself to an armful of fitches.' The parties kept a cow. * * * On one occasion, Nancy and the bard were.

sitting together in the spence, when the former turned the conversation on her favorite topic, religion. Mr. Burns sympathized with the matron, and quoted so much Scripture that she was fairly astonished. When she went back she said to her husband: 'Oh, David Kelly, how they have wronged that man; for I think he has mair o' the Bible aff his tongue than Mr. Inglis himsel.' (Mr. Inglis was the antiburgher minister.) The bard enjoyed the compliment, and almost the first thing he communicated to his wife on her arrival was 'the lift he had got from auld Nance.' "

An old farmer, a neighbor of Burns, at Ellisland, said the poet neither plowed, or sowed, nor reaped, like a hard working farmer; he had a bevy of servants from Ayrshire, and the lassies did nothing but bake bread, which the lads ate warm with ale by the fireside. This being published was characterized by Mrs. Burns as most untrue:—

"Mrs. Burns has walked with a child in her arms on the banks of the Nith, and seen him sow, after breakfast, two bags of corn for the folk to harrow through the day. The poet had two women, one of whom was his own sister. He kept twelve cows, and made butter and cheese. He had three horses, two for plow or cart, and one that he rode or harrowed with, occasionally. There was no waste; on the contrary, everything went on the principle that is observed in any other well regulated farm-house."

We remember having heard Mrs. Burns speak on this subject, also Fannie Amour, the poet's relative, who was with him at Ellisland. Both were very indignant. Yet we must bear in mind that Burns was some months at Ellisland before his wife joined him. The latter also made frequent journeys to Ayrshire to visit her friends. In 1791 we find the poet writing to Thos. Sloan, that Mrs. B. and family had been in Ayrshire for many weeks. At such times, with Burns' social habits and excise excursions, we may suppose that there was not very careful management at home.

"Mrs. B. thinks that he was induced to give up the farm at Ellisland partly from despondency—Gilbert (the poet's

brother) easily lost heart—and partly from his engagements as an exciseman.

“ We may add that Fanny Amour used to speak of Burns’s occasional depression of spirits. He was easily cast down, said she, and thought himself in danger of dying whenever he took any illness. Mrs. Burns spoke to Mr. McDiarmid of the poet’s habits of reading whenever he could snatch time.

“ The family breakfasted at nine. If he lay long in bed awake, he was always reading. At all meals he had a book beside him on the table. He did not work in the forenoon, and was seldom engaged professionally in the evening. Dined at 2 o’clock when he dined at home. Was fond of plain things, and hated tarts, pies, and pudding. When at home in the evening, he employed his time in writing and reading, with the children playing about him. Their prattle never disturbed him in the least.

“ Burns thought himself dying before he went to the Brow, a sea bathing place on the Solway. He seemed afraid, however, of dwelling on the subject, considering Mrs. B.’s situation. On one occasion he said distinctly: ‘ Don’t be afraid; I’ll be more respected a hundred years after I am dead than I am at present.’ He was not above a week (a fortnight) at the Brow, when he returned. Mrs. B. was so struck with the change in his appearance that she became almost speechless. From this period he was closely confined to his bed, and was scarcely ‘ himself’ for half an hour together. By this it is meant that his mind wandered, and that his nervous system was completely unhinged. He was aware of this infirmity himself, and told his wife that she was to teach and remind him that he was going wrong. The day before he died, he called very quickly and with a hale voice, ‘ Gilbert, Gilbert!’ Three days before he died, he got out of bed, and his wife found him sitting in a corner of the room with the bedclothes about him. Mrs. B. got assistance, and he suffered himself to be gently led back to the bed. But for the fit his strength would have been unequal to such an exertion.

“ Burns read the big Bible frequently, and said once to his

wife, 'If the rest of them knew that I was so religious, they would laugh at me,'—meaning Syme and Maxwell.

"Soon after her husband's death, Mrs. Burns had a remarkable dream. Her bedroom had been removed to the family parlor, when she imagined that her husband drew the curtains, and said: 'Are you asleep? I have been permitted to return and take one look at you and that child; but I have not time to stay.' The dream was so vivid that Mrs. B. started up, and even to this moment the scene seems to her a reality."

These are small details, but they relate to a name of never-dying interest. Who would not rejoice to know as much of the daily life and history of Shakspeare. And Burns, as has truly been said, is our Scottish Shakspeare—a lesser diamond, but still a genuine one, of true adamantine lustre.

EMBLEMS FOR SHOW.

"ONE of the most fruitful sources of evil to the Masonic institution, and most inconsistent practices of its members, is the display of Masonic emblems in the form of jewelry, conspicuously placed on their persons to attract the attention of the community." One might suppose from its prevalence among the fraternity that so soon as you are inducted into the Order it is obligatory to publish to the world that you are a Freemason. Indeed, to such an extent does this practice prevail, that almost every other young man you meet has either a Masonic pin in his neck tie, or his watch chain is borne down with the weight of Masonic jewels. Nor does the display cease here, but some zealous of the Craft have these emblems printed on business cards, and painted on sign-boards and bar-room windows; and we have even heard of them being engraved on dog chains; this last application of them is, we presume, designed to insure the life of the dog. Whenever we see a profusion of these emblems displayed on the person, we can not help the conclusion that it is either done through igno-

ance, a misapprehension of the nature of our institution, or from sinister motives and a desire to speculate upon Freemasonry.

There is no language too strong to express the condemnation by the true spirit of Freemasonry of this prostitution of its privileges, or this perversion of its sacred emblems. Masonry is a secret institution, and the great responsibility that rests upon every member to keep sacred and inviolable the secrets that are committed to him, should keep them ever mindful of the injunction never to let fall the least sign, token or word whereby the secrets of Masonry might be unlawfully obtained.

Let no one imagine that because he has passed through the ceremonies of the several degrees, and because a Templar Mason, that Masonry has done its work upon him, and that, therefore, he is bright in the noble art, and that all that remains for him to do is to adorn himself externally with Masonic emblems, and proclaim to the world that he is a luminary to the sacred temple; but rather let him seek to adorn his mind and heart with its noble principles and generous affections, by studying its moral teachings, and expending the money wasted on these expensive emblems in drying the tears of the widow and orphan, cheering the heart of the desolate, so that when he knocks at the door of the Grand Lodge above, our Supreme Grand Master will say, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was ahungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in."—*Brazo's Eagle*.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

ANOTHER year is drawing to a close. Its joys, its sorrows, hopes and fears are now chronicled and have passed into history. Whether it will prove a bright page in the history of our earthly experience or otherwise, depends upon the manner of

using it. If we have been industrious, and sought after opportunities for doing good, if we have aimed high, and studied to improve our intellectual and moral faculties, if we have loved God and our neighbor, and sought after the purity of heart commended in the Great Light, then will we have little to regret, for our conscience will be void of offence toward God or man. But, on the contrary, if we have idled away the precious hours, and slighted golden opportunities, if we have been quarrelsome and sensual, and neglected our God-given powers of mind and soul, if the moral faculties have been neglected, and only the sensual and selfish cultured, then will our own consciences condemn us, and the page be one full of regrets. To the people of our country the year just closing has been a prosperous one. We have been blessed with abundant harvests, insomuch that our granaries are overflowing with the fruits of industry. We have an abundance for home consumption, and a large surplus for exportation. And although many places have been visited with sickness, yet it has not been of a dangerous character, so that but few families have been separated by death. Peace and plenty call on us for thanks to the gracious Father of all for the blessings which he has vouchsafed to us as a nation.

But what we note in reference to our America can not be said of all countries. To some the year 1870 will be remembered as a year of severe conflict. War and its devastations have desolated fair lands, and brought tears and deep sorrow to many homes.

Our noble fraternity is everywhere prosperous. It is growing with a steady growth, perhaps in many places the growth is too rampant to be healthful. But one thing is certain, Masonry is an institution which can withstand the light of civilization. While other things of the past have to be so modified that they can scarcely be denominated the same, and prosper, it grows best in the most enlightened communities. It seeks the light, and fosters the arts and sciences. Among the most enlightened it is most esteemed. If here and there are to be found enemies to its generous and philanthropic spirit it is

not wonderful, for narrow-minded bigots there have always been who stood in opposition to everything noble and generous, simply because they are too narrow-minded and ignorant to appreciate that which is truly noble and generous. It is impossible to cram a bushel into a gill cup!

Let us rejoice in the prosperity of the past year, and resolve that we will make the future even more prosperous. Like mile-stones along the highway may we leave way marks to guide those who shall follow after us, pointing the way upward to the haven of purity and goodness whither we have bent our steps.

PARTING TRIBUTE.

It is with feelings of more than ordinary sadness that we are called upon to chronicle the departure of Brother and Sir Knight Stephen P. Mead of Lansing. Our acquaintance with the departed was limited, but to know him was to love him. He was so unselfish, so candid, so kind and social, and illustrated in so many ways the principles of Masonry, that a brief and limited acquaintance were enough to bring to our knowledge the sterling worth of Bro. Mead.

We take the following brief sketch of his life from the *Lansing Republican*, with which Bro. M. was associated as *foreman* of the office up to the time of his death:

Mr. Mead was born in Whitehall, N. Y., in 1830, came to Michigan with his parents in 1835, and commenced to learn the trade of a printer when only 14 years of age, at the office of the *Primitive Expounder*. He learned the art thoroughly and well, and for many years has had the reputation of being one of the best printers in the West. He came to Lansing in 1848, and with the exception of two or three years, when engaged in farming for his health, and for a short time in the hardware business, has been an employé of the State printing office in this city. He was foreman of the office at various

times, and for several years past had occupied that responsible and arduous position.

A Democrat in politics, he was never a partisan in the bitter sense of the word. Popular with his party, he was once elected County Clerk, but never filled the place, appointing a deputy. For several years he had been a member of the Board of Education, and also Treasurer of the Board. There, as in every position where he had duties to perform, they were faithfully and conscientiously attended to. Some two years since, his health began to fail, but he still stood at his post by night and by day, when duty required his services. Yielding to the urgent solicitations of his employers, he took a trip to Mackinac in the summer, and returned apparently much better, but gradually sunk away again, yet performed his daily labor till within a week of his death, when he went home never to leave again till he took the final journey to the place of rest. Long a Mason and a Knight Templar, the last sacred rights of brotherly regard were given by the Lodges here, and the large attendance attested the high place he held in their affection. He leaves a wife and two children to mourn his loss, having with thoughtful consideration by his labor and life insurance placed them above want.

Thus passes away another of the unnamed heroes. The soldier who faces the fire of the enemy upon the battle-field, and is crowned with victory in the hour of danger, receives the meed of praise from his fellow men, and none better deserve it. But the millions of unnamed heroes who from day to day and year to year, with conscientious regard to duty, and for the sake of those they love, toil on until the body can no longer obey the tenacious will, and death steps in to disclose to the soul the great hereafter, where all toil shall be but the blessedness of rest—they shall reap the reward of "well done, good and faithful servant," from the hands of Him who also trod the path of toil, that He might crown the faithful laborer with life eternal. And so, comrade, for a brief time we say with a sad heart, "hail and farewell."

At a meeting of Lansing Commandery, No. 25, Knights

Templar, held at their Asylum, October 1st, 1870, the following resolutions were adopted :

Whereas, We have been called upon to mourn the loss of one of our members, Sir Knight S. P. Mead, who departed this life on the 30th inst. ;

Resolved, That in this first death from among our number we sincerely feel the blow inflicted by Divine Providence; that while we submit in all humility to the will of the High and Holy One, our hearts are deeply afflicted by the great loss we have sustained in one who was ever ready to respond to the calls of duty and whose presence among us was marked with sincere friendship and knightly courtesay.

Resolved, That in our grief we are not unmindful of the irreparable loss sustained by the family of the deceased. To them we extend our heartfelt sympathies. May God watch over and protect them in their sorrow.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of our departed companion Sir Knight, and that they be published in the city papers.

A. BIXBY,

B. F. DAVIS,

A. A. NICHOLS,

Committee.

HALL DEDICATION.

ON Thursday, November 14th, in company with the Grand Master, A. T. Metcalf, the Grand High Priest, C. H. Brown, and a few other Brothers from Kalamazoo, we took passage on board the cars of the South Haven and Kalamazoo Rail Road for Bloomingdale, a small, but pleasant village located some twenty-two miles west of this city. The ride thither was a pleasant one, enlivened by company of such associates, and an hour soon passed, bringing us to the place of our destination but too soon. Here we were met by several visiting Brothers from South Haven, Paw Paw and other places, as well as members of Bloomingdale Lodge No. —, who were promptly at the depot to receive us. We were conducted to the village hotel, where we were made comfortable till the appointed hour for the dedicatory services should arrive. The evening was very pleasant, and the attendance of the brethren

large, many of whom were accompanied with their wives and daughters, which added much to the pleasure of the occasion.

The Lodge of Bloomingdale had erected a very nice and appropriate hall, which was consecrated to the uses of Masonry according to the forms of the Craft, the Grand Master having charge of the ceremonies, aided by the following Brothers :

- C. H. Brown, D. G. M.
- L. H. Bailey, S. G. W.
- L. C. Starkey, J. G. W.
- W. J. Chaplin and Joseph Lannin, G. C's.
- • • G. Architect.
- H. H. Shaw, S. G. D.
- D. D. Briggs, J. G. D.
- A. L. Eggleston, G. Marshal.

The ceremonies of consecration were impressive, and passed off to the satisfaction of all concerned, after which the following officers were installed into their places by the Grand Master :

- W. M.—Samuel Holmes.
- S. W.—Hayman H. Shaw.
- J. W.—Rives C. Rowe.
- Treasurer—H. Kilheffer.
- Secretary—Wm. Kilheffer.
- S. D.—C. N. Remington.
- J. D.—C. J. Case.
- Tyler—A. Colvin.
- Stewards—C. E. Remington and J. M. Ireland.

The instalation services were followed by an episode which added greatly to the interest and pleasure of the occasion, seemingly unexpected to all present. Brother Baily begged leave to retire a moment, but soon appeared with a very nice Masonic carpet, which he presented, in a brief but appropriate speech, to Bloomingdale Lodge, through its W. M., Samuel Holmes. Brother Baily is a P. M of the Star of the Lake Lodge No. 158, which, when the Bloomingdele Lodge lost its hall and furniture some time about a year ago, gave them a small donation of money to aid them in the erection of this new one. The

carpet presented was given by Capt. Wm. P. Bryan, of Buffalo, N. Y. It was saved from fire in that city several years ago, and was afterwards sold to Br. B, who, when he removed to South Haven, brought it with him, and was, as we understood, used to illustrate the emblems of our Order to Masonic students in the hall of Star of the Lake Lodge for several years. Now, "as good as new," it goes to adorn the wall of Bloomingdale Lodge Hall. It was received by Bro. Holmes in a manner too eloquent for utterance, and by a unanimous vote of thanks of the Lodge.

We had intended to append a brief history of Bloomingdale Lodge, and give some description of the new hall, but, thus far, we have been disappointed in receiving statistics and facts which would be necessary to the making out of such account. We left our Bloomingdale brothers in good spirits, and resolved to do their full duty to the Fraternity of Masonry. We are under obligations to them for kindnesses received, and will ever pray for their prosperity.

DEDICATION AND INSTALLATION.

BRO. LOOK, in pursuance of a proxy from the Grand Master, under date of Dec. 15th, 1870, with proper assistance, dedicated in due form the new Masonic Hall at Waterford, and also installed the newly elected officers of Waterford Lodge, No. 68, in due and ancient form, the ceremony occurring on the evening of Dec. 27th, the festival of St. John the Evangelist.

The Hall is said to be a beautiful and commodious one—"costly and tasteful"—reflecting great credit on the zeal and fidelity of the brethren of that Lodge. The installation occurred in the Baptist Church, after which an appropriate address was delivered by Bro. Look. After the address the audience repaired to the basement of the church, where a sumptuous banquet awaited them. The occasion was one of great interest, and everything passed off to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned.

THE ENGLISH GRAND LODGE HALL.

THE following description of the English Grand Lodge Hall we extract from an exchange. It is given by a correspondent of the Western India Record :

The Grand Lodge met in a noble hall, full of splendid paintings and sculptured figures of Past Grand Masters, life size—the Dukes of Sussex, Kent, Cumberland, Athol, Manchester, Lord Petre, Earls of Moira and Zetland, the late Prince of Wales, etc., etc.

Eight stars of gas (in roof) give light, innumerable columns (Corinthian), ornaments, stars, squares and compasses, etc., etc., adorn the walls. The chairs, furniture, silver vessels, etc., set off the hall to great advantage, while the numerous brethren in full Masonic costume and jewels made a beautiful picture, in every way creditable to the powerful craft which they represent.

Regarding jewels—there were many new to me, but R. A., P. M., and even Mark adorned the breasts of many.

The Grand Lodge building cost £60,000, is very spacious, affording accommodation to the Grand Lodge and its numerous subordinate (London) lodges and chapters.

The same correspondent states that on visiting a Lodge of Instruction, they taxed him 1s 6d admission fee, which goes to show that John Bull can do a small thing occasionally.

OUR PROSPECTS.

FOR the first time since the commencement of this journal, the last issue was set by a compositor who understands his business, and was worked on an Adams book press. Never in our experience in publishing have we found a match for the ignorant, drunken printers with whom we have had to do since we commenced this magazine. Gladly would we have abandoned them long ago, could we have had our own way.

The unsufferable press work done on our October number served to cut the Gordian knot, and, thank Heaven, we are free. In future, we have the pledge of responsible parties that our work shall be done promptly, and in a creditable manner. We hope to appear in a new dress, next issue, and after that come to greet our readers promptly about the first of each month.

We are under great obligations to several W. M.'s, who have reported clubs of twenty subscribers each for our journal. We have arranged to present all such a memorial gift, which we hope they will wear with pleasure to themselves and profit to the Craft for many years to come.

Now is the time to aid us. Why not begin the new year by subscribing to our *Michigan Freemason*, and thus aid us to establish a home organ, and at the same time give to your family a journal free from objectionable matter, which cannot but induce them to appreciate the Craft more highly, as they behold its objects and operations.

We still insist that we should have an average of twenty subscribers to each Lodge in the jurisdiction. With that number of subscribers THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON would be placed on a firm basis, and with the earnest coöperation of our W. M.'s, we may have the desired subscription list within two months. We earnestly appeal to all for a hearty, earnest co-operation.

COMPLIMENTARY.

WE have received the following resolutions in reference to our industrious and gentlemanly Grand Visitant and Lecturer, R. W. Henry M. Look, which we gladly give a place in our columns. The praise bestowed is well merited. Bro. Look is worthy and well qualified, and a defender of the spirit and principles of the Order as well as an expositor of its ritual. He wields a ready pen, as our readers well know, and is courteous toward all, not even returning evil for evil,

or reviling again, when the temptation is ever so strong. Honor to whom honor is due.

At a regular communication of Blissfield Lodge, No. 114, held on Aug. 8th, 1870, R. W. Bro. W. H. Drew, Past Grand Lecturer of the Grand Lodge of N. Y., now of Blissfield, Mich., introduced the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The Right Worshiptful Henry M. Look, Grand Visitor and Lecturer of the Grand Lodge of F. & A. M. of Michigan, has visited our Lodge officially, and corrected us in the esoteric work of Symbolic Masonry. Therefore,

Resolved, That for ourselves and for our Lodge, we tender to R. W. Bro. LOOK our grateful acknowledgements for the deep interest he has manifested in us and in our Order, and for the uniform kindness and courtesy which he has extended to us.

Resolved, That we recognize in him the courteous gentleman, the Loyal Craftman, and a Master Workman, whose work upon the stone is a guaranty that it deserves a place in the Royal Temple.

Resolved, That by our conduct we will endeavor to bear constant testimony of our appreciation of his labors, and to exemplify the tenets, practice the virtues, and inculcate the principles of our institution.

W. H. DREW,
JNO. B. CLEMENT, } *Committee.*

Unanimously adopted by Blissfield Lodge, No. 114, F. & A. M.,
August 8th, A. L. 5870. S. FOSTER, *Secretary.*

FROM BROTHER LOOK.

Editor Michigan Freemason:

I have been recently informed, upon the highest authority, that Bro. Jacob Norton, to some of whose articles I have replied in the columns of the FREEMASON, has not visited a Lodge in his own city for more than ten years, and *cannot do so*. I therefore beg your pardon for ever having noticed his utterances. I did so under the impression that they came from a respectable source.

Yours fraternally,

H. M. L.

EXCHANGES.

THE FREEMASON of St. Louis, Mo., comes to us in a new dress, and blooming with the freshness of healthful vigor. It is ably edited and gotten up in the best style of the printer's art. We wish Bro. Gouley great success.

THE HOME ADVOCATE OF INDIANA has also been regularly received, and appears in a new form and dress. It is a monthly paper about the same size of the *Trowel*, and is published at Indianapolis, Ind., at \$1.75 per annum. It is ably conducted, and should meet with a generous patronage.

THE EVERGREEN, the organ of Iowa, has also been enlarged and greatly improved in its general appearance. It is a first rate publication, and worthy the liberal patronage it receives. It goes from Dubuque to Davenport, where all communications should be directed. Terms \$2.00 per annum, in advance.

THE COSMOPOLITAN is the title of a new weekly, hailing from New York city. It is a family news and literary paper, spicy and readable, and has a Masonic Department, after the style of the *Dispatch* and *Courier* of the same city.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for January—New Volume—contains—"The Beechers of to-Day," with five excellent portraits; Importance of Chemistry, by Prof. Charles A. Joy; H. B. Claffin, the eminent merchant; Dream-land, the Nature of Dreams; Physical Education—Eating and Mental Action—Dyspepsia, etc.; Moderation, a Poem; Woman's Sphere and Influence; R. B. Woodward, of California; Decision, its relation to a successful life; The Mormon People; with as much more equally good. This is one of our very best monthlies. Single numbers, 30 cents; for the year \$3.00, including a handsome chromo premium. S. R. Wells, publisher, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for January, 1871, certainly surpasses anything this Queen of the Monthlies has hitherto accomplished

—two Steel Plates, one of them an exquisite “Desdemona;” a colored two-paged steel Fashion Plate, superior to anything of the kind; a popular piece of music; and a most profuse variety of illustrations of dress and fancy work. The new feature announced in this number, that patterns of all these jackets, over-skirts, dresses, etc., are furnished cheaply and post-paid on application to the publishers, will be eagerly welcomed by the ladies. The literary matter is most inviting. Price \$2.50 a year (which also includes a large steel engraving). Four copies, \$6.00. Five copies (and one gratis), \$8.00. Published by Deacon & Paterson, Philadelphia.

CHIPS.

THE dedication of the new Masonic Hall at Three Rivers occurred at the time appointed. Particulars in our next issue.

THOSE desirous of raising clubs will please send for private circulars and sample numbers.

WE are informed that the Lodge at Saint Louis, Gratiot County, have provided themselves with a new hall, which they will soon dedicate to the uses of Masonry.

A NEW Chapter has recently been started U. D. at Decatur, Michigan, Camp. Horace Arnold, High Priest. Decatur is a flourishing village, and it is expected that this newly organized Chapter will prove to be a successful one.

THE Grand Lodge of California held its Annual Communication at San Francisco, Oct. 13 and 14. It repealed the decree forbidding Masonic burial to suicides.

TRUE WEALTH.—We are pleased to inform our readers that the excellent and instructive story, “True Wealth,” will be resumed in our next issue. Bro. Coffinbury is only partially restored, but is able to pledge the remaining chapters with regularity. We have a chapter on hand for our January number.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. II.—JANUARY, A. L. 5871.—NO. VII.

DUTY OF MASONS.

BY PROF. W. LIVINGSTON.

IN the study of Nature we learn the Divine thought, the grand conception when the breath of life was breathed into man and he became a living soul. This living soul implies something more than organic matter, something more than external form: it is a living principle in which is seen the Divine mind; it is that which places man in the plan of creation, but a little lower than the angels. In the Masonic institution, there is a plan and a purpose, exhibiting high and lofty conceptions of human duty to God, the government, the neighbor, and to one's self.

To learn our duty as Masons, we must study the great book of Nature, and acquaint ourselves with the harmony and regularity everywhere exhibited. These have an influence on the soul which is irresistible, and the contemplation fills the mind with the deepest emotion, bringing us into closer communion with God. The revolving spheres are guided by an unerring hand. The gentle breath of the morning, the glory and splendor of high twelve, and the fading light of the evening as the shadows of the mountain stretch farther and farther over the plain, all conspire to elevate our thoughts and bring us in harmony with the highest ideas of duty.

In the material world there is one thought, and this harmonizes with the regularity and beauty everywhere seen. This unity and harmony are manifest not only in the universe as a whole, but in the individual. Study Nature as we may, every thing is consistent with our highest conceptions of the perfections of Deity. Every man has a being and a destiny consistent with his most holy attributes, and

he must work on and endure patiently that he may enjoy the blessings of eternal life.

All the means of intercourse with the material world are sources of enjoyment; this is not an essential attribute, but an attendant blessing; hence we read the Divine thought when we contemplate the powers of mind on the laws of life.

But the great blessings of life are not attained without toil; we must ask to receive and receive to be blessed.

In the revolutions of the seasons; in the storm and the tempest, as well as the gentle shower and distilling dew; in the upheavals of the earth, the thunders of the volcano and the convulsions of the earthquake, or the repose of the valley and slumber of internal forces; in the crystals of inorganic matter, as well as the modes of organic development; in the order of life or law of dissolution; in intelligence and instinct; in the capacities and qualifications of men; in the various stages of civilization, of christian hope and trust; in the cold formalities of the church, or the fire of apostolic eloquence; in the schools of intellectual, moral, and religious instruction; in the institutions of all people and of all times and all conditions of the world; in *all* that we can say of society and its obligations; of man and his duties; of God and his relations to the creature, there is a single thought. God is presented as supreme, as over all, above all, and *in* all; as desiring, designing, and *willing* that the creature may advance to the highest position around the throne of love. Human improvement is written everywhere, and the fruit of manly effort will reward the just and generous; and the nobler powers of mind and deeper emotions of the soul bring around them heavenly influences.

He who is baptized into the living power of truth, justice and humanity, who loves the Lord his God with all the powers of his being, and his neighbor as himself; who is sad in the presence of suffering humanity, and rejoices in others' blessing, stands out upon the world a brilliant star, and wise men honor him. He is not a meteor whose rapid flight cannot be traced upon the heavens, and whose light fades with its appearing, but a central sun around whom revolve the hopes of kindred and friends, whose light is the more brilliant the nearer the circle of revolution.

Great men charm us often by the distance of the field of their operations, while good men bless us by their presence. We listen to the command of authority with trembling and fear, but the plaintive tones of mercy and kindness, of love and humanity, disarm the most revengeful and subdue and reconcile the wildest passions.

It is not to the storm or tempest that we are indebted for the bounties of earth, but to the gentle shower and distilling dews. When climate and soil and husbandry conspire, the golden harvest brings a thrill of delight to the bosom of the reaper ; so when human efforts conspire to bless mankind, there is a power irresistible, and before it flee prejudice, superstition and error, while humanity bears aloft the banner of love. God smiles upon efforts to bless mankind, and upon every institution the aim of which is to advance righteousness among men. The true disciple must renounce the cold formalities of the world, that he may concentrate the powers of a christian life upon Zion's holy altar. So within the body of just, upright and lawful Masons there is brought nothing to disturb the harmony that there should prevail, and all should work with a zeal and a will for society, for high, exalted and laudable positions among men. Not such as attract the vulgar eye, but such as are approved of Heaven. Religious creeds, political proclivities, nationalities, and positions are all laid aside like the sandal of the Jew, and with bowed heads and reverent hearts each and all respond, "So mote it be," when a blessing is invoked upon mankind.

A Mason's pledge is to principle—a principle which no high-minded man can dispise. To this principle men of every age have pledged fidelity without mental reservation. The greater blessings oft-times come through agents unseen, and often unknown. So the best interests of society are cherished and defended through institutions whose operations are not to be seen of men.

God will bless all who keep themselves circumscribed and within due bounds with all mankind. The fervent prayer, calling blessings upon the head of the starving widow and disconsolate orphans may not be despised. Nor is it without spiritual consolation but a loaf of bread instead would be received with tears of joy. The fires of eternal truth, or the zeal of religious frenzy, cannot save from perishing the chilled frame of a destitute brother, but burning coals may, and for these he would raise his hands in thankfulness. The Mason's mission is one of benevolence.

A few men in any community who work in harmony and to the same end, have an irresistible influence, and give character to that community, not by legislative enactments, but by inculcating a spirit of benevolence, by lives well ordered and thoughtfully directed. Our institution calls forth the best powers of mind, the finer faculties of the soul ; and he who studies well his duty, and remembers his obligations of fidelity, has a qualification fitting him for the most honorable positions in society. It is one of the Mason's first duties to

learn himself. The ceremonies of initiation are not the end of his Masonic education; by these he is placed in a position to learn, and commences a life that should reflect credit to himself and honor to the fraternity. It is not enough that we take upon ourselves the obligations, or pledge fidelity to the institution. We make the institution respectable just in proportion as we are influenced by its leading ideas. Here is much presented for thoughtful study. The works of nature are presented for contemplation; science and art—the useful and the ornamental, are themes on which we delight to dwell. Moral lessons are not neglected. All these furnish an ample field for study and improvement.

As Masons, therefore, we should respect Masonry, by striving to become acquainted with the great truths with which it deals. Brotherly love, relief and truth are themes on which the great and good have dwelt in all ages, and their contemplation calls forth those powers of the soul that embellish life.

We should become baptized into the spirit of these living truths, and press forward to the mark of high calling. May we be guided by wisdom, and pluck the golden fruit of manly effort, by keeping within due bounds with all mankind.—*Star*.

MINORS AND MAIMED MEN.

AT the annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Indiana, held at Indianapolis, May 24, 25, and 26, 1864, the Committee on Masonic Jurisprudence, of which R. W. Brother Hazlerigg, was chairman, made the following able report on the subject of *making Masons of minors and maimed men*. [It is worthy the attention of craftsmen, especially the Masters of lodges.—ED.]

“The first written law we have on the subject, is contained in the 5th article of the Gothic Constitutions, adopted at York in 926, and is in these words;

‘A candidate must be without blemish, and have the full and proper use of his limbs; for a maimed man can do the craft no good.’

The next enactment is to be found in the Regulations of 1663, under the Grand-Mastership of the Earl of St. Albans, and is as follows:

‘No person hereafter shall be accepted a Freemason but such as are of able body.’

The next Regulation is contained in the ‘Ancient Charges at Making,’ adopted in 1686, and is as follows:

‘That he that be made, be able in all degrees, that is, free-born, of a good kindred, true, and no bondsman; and that he have his right limbs as a man ought to have.’

In the charges approved in 1772, we have the following.

‘No master should take an apprentice unless he has sufficient employment for him, and unless he be a perfect youth, having no maim or defect in his body that may render him incapable of learning the art of serving his Master’s lord, and being made a brother.’ etc.

In the second edition of Anderson’s Constitutions, which was examined and approved by such Masons as Desaguliers, Cowper, and Payne, we find the following:

The men made Masons must be free men (or no bondmen) of mature age and good report, *hale and sound not deformed or dismembered* at the time of making.

The Ahiman Rézon of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, published in 1783, and of South Carolina, published in 1807, adopts the rule as laid down in the second edition of Anderson’s Constitutions.

In 1823 the Grand Lodge of Missouri unanimously adopted a resolution, requiring that candidates for initiation should be ‘sound in mind and in all their members,’ and at the same time declared that ‘the Grand Lodge cannot grant a letter of dispensation to initiate any person maimed, disabled, or wanting the qualifications established by ancient usages.’

In 1848 the Grand Lodge of Maryland adopted a resolution requiring their subordinates in the initiation of candidates, to adhere to the ancient law, which says, ‘He shall be of entire limbs.’

In 1849, the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of New Jersey, in his address, enforces the same rule. And the Grand Lodges of New York, Ohio, Alabama, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina, Florida, Arkansas, District of Columbia, and all other of our sister Grand Lodges, so far as the Committee have any knowledge of their action on the subject, have, in substance, the same rule as the 79th and 80th Rules of our own Grand Lodge.

And we have no knowledge of any differently expressed opinion, except by a committee of the Grand Lodge of Mississippi. They adopted as the basis of their opinion, ‘That the world has changed, and Masonry has changed.’ That the world has changed is doubtless true, but that Masonry has changed is doubtless false. The supposed change of our institution from an *entirely* operative to an *entirely* speculative character, is a supposition that has no foundation either in history or tradition. Let the world change; let other institutions,

with their peculiar usages and objects, grow up and live their brief hour and die, but lay not violent hands upon our venerable Order.

It may seem hard that one so unfortunate as to be without an arm or leg, or not to have the proper use of them, should be excluded. But there is no greater hardship in his case than in that of his mother, wife, sister, or daughter; they are excluded by the same unvarying rule, but without a murmur they submit. A man without a leg or an arm, or the *proper* use of them, may be otherwise worthy, but cannot be 'well qualified.'

That universal language by which Masons make themselves known to each other, by evidences as invaluable as life itself, and by which the savage, the Arab, the Dane, the Chinese, German, Irishman, Frenchman, Spaniard, Italian, and Englishman, can all meet upon the same common plane of Masonic friendship, and feel, and know, that besides the common tie of humanity, there are obligations of a stronger nature, that induce them to stand by, relieve, and befriend each other, can only be spoken in that language that is known to every creed, clime, and country under heaven, but to Masons only.

On the subject of age, the Ancient Regulations are less definite, expressing no uniform number of years at the expiration of which a candidate may apply for admission. The language used at an early date was, 'That he must be of mature and discreet age.' The usages of the Craft have varied in different countries as to the construction of the time as to when this maturity or discretion is supposed to arrive.

The 6th of the Regulations adopted in 1663, prescribes that, 'No person shall be accepted unless he be twenty-one years old or more.' At Frankfort-on-the-Main, the age required is twenty. The Lodge of Switzerland fixes the age at twenty-one. The Grand Lodge of Hanover prescribes the age of twenty-five, but permits the son of a Mason to be admitted at eighteen. The Grand Lodge of Hamburg deems that the lawful age for initiation shall be that in which the laws of the country fixes to be the age of majority. The Grand Orient of France requires the candidate to be twenty-one, except he be the son of a Mason who has performed an important service to the Order. In Prussia, the required age is twenty-five. In England it is twenty-one, except in cases where the Provincial Grand Master has granted a dispensation for an earlier age. In Ireland the candidate must be twenty-one years old, unless a dispensation has been granted by the Grand Master or Grand Lodge. In the United States, the rule adopted by the Grand Lodge of Hamburg having been

universally adopted, and the civil law fixing the age of majority at twenty-one years, there is no Grand Lodge that permits a candidate to be initiated under that age; and so universal and uniform has that rule been it would seem to be a matter of astonishment that any Lodge should violate it."

TOLERATION.

If there is one thing more than another of which the Masonic institution may be permitted to boast, it is that it champions the idea of toleration, the determination to allow even palpable error to have its say as long as truth is left free to combat it; and for this reason men of liberal minds should support its efforts to break down the barriers which prejudice is continually erecting between man and man.

That there is much yet to be done in this direction is evidenced by a couple of instances we find in the papers of the day. One is the case of a deceased play-actor who had lived to be an old man, and who went down to the grave leaving behind a reputation of spotless purity. The pastor of an uptown church refused to allow the funeral services to be performed in the church edifice, because of the profession of the deceased. If it can be supposed that angels ever weep, some of them must have shed tears over the hypocrisy of the follower of the Meek and Lowly who casts stones at the dead.

Another instance is that of a Reverend gentleman of the Catholic persuasion, who, in the course of an address to his parishioners, took occasion to refer to Masonry in terms of bitter invective, and to hold up to them the calamities which it entails upon Catholics, especially at the hour of death. No more despondent and despairing sinner was there to be found than the dying Catholic Mason, and no more difficult task presented itself to the priest than to prepare such an individual to meet his God after renouncing Masonry.

With this latter clause we feel inclined to agree, especially if the dying man happened to be honest, for then he must know that in renouncing Masonry, and thereby implying evil of it, he would be entering the presence of his Maker with a lie in his mouth. The task of reconciliation under such circumstances, would necessarily be difficult.

We do not, however, in this instance, blame the priest, because he was obeying the behests of his superiors, and illustrating that infallibility which will not recognize the difference between Masonry,

which is neither political nor sectarian, and the society of the Carbonari, and other political associations of Continental Europe, with which Masonry has never had anything to do, and to which it is just as much opposed as the Church of Rome itself. The clinging of the venerable mother to this and other fallacies is a sore on her body ecclesiastical, of which she must, and probably will, be cured before the millenium sets in for good. In order to help along, we submit the following from an address to the Grand Lodge of Tennessee, by M. W. John Frizzell, then Grand Master.

“Masonry requires, from its very tenure, that its subjects be not only obedient to the moral law, but also sincere believers in the existence of the true and living God. No true Mason can be a ‘stupid atheist or an irreligious libertine.’ The silver chain of Brotherly Love binds the whole craft—a chain whose links should not become worn or broken by time, but which every wave of adversity should but strengthen. A Mason’s heart should never be permitted to become careless or indifferent to the wants of suffering humanity; but far down within its inmost recesses there should spring a fountain, pure and bright, plenteous and free, for every brother afflicted by adversity’s cruel fires. A Mason should be ever clad in the bright armor of Truth. Hypocrisy and deceit Masonry rejects from its fold. Sincerity and plain-dealing guard well the threshold. His body should be kept free from all intemperance, in order that his mind may be clear to comprehend its beautiful truths, and that he may more perfectly understand his duty. Masonry requires of her votaries not only that they *know*, but that they *do* their duty. Drones should not be permitted to disturb the workers in the hive. A Mason should bear upon his escutcheon, bright and untarnished, the motto of Justice—rendering to every man his just due, whatever be his position. Fortitude should encompass him all around, enabling him to endure with patience every affliction with which he may be visited.

Seeing then, my brethren, such things are required of each of us, let us examine well our hearts, and ascertain whether we have all the armor on. Let us look closely, and see whether we are rough stones, cemented with untempered mortar—unsteady and shaken by every passing breeze, and of no use in the Great Temple but to deface—or whether we are as the bright and polished marble, not only beautifying and adorning the structure, but strengthening her fortress, and boldly combatting with misfortune’s cruel frowns or threatening blasts.”

A Catholic, or any other kind of a Mason, who sincerely tries to live up to this, and who humbly walks before God in the precepts

of his faith, be they what they may, should be able to approach the valley and shadow in full reliance upon the tender mercy of the Father.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

VISITING BRETHREN.

MASONRY teaches brotherly love, not alone to the individual members of one's own Lodge, but to all men who are Masons. If there is any time, especially where brotherly love should be displayed, it is at the reception of a visiting brother. A stranger knocks at your door, far away from home; no one to vouch for him, he asks to be admitted, and desires to be examined as to his worthiness. From the time a creditable examination has been passed he should be a stranger no longer; he should be made to feel that he is among brothers and friends. A little courtesy goes a great way to a man away from home and friends; it warms his heart and strengthens his faith in the goodness of his fellow-men.

Selfishness and exclusiveness have managed in unguarded moments to creep into some Masonic lodges. A visitor is not at ease for a moment from the time he interrogates the Tyler to the time he leaves the Lodge. He is made to feel as though he were an interloper trespassing on the domain of others. It is too often the custom to pass a brother by the Tyler after a favorable report from the Examining Committee, and then forget all about him. This is entirely wrong; it is un-Masonic, discourteous to the visiting brother and heathenish altogether. It should be the especial business of all members of a Lodge when "called from labor" to look up visiting brethren, speak to them, and show an interest in those whom they have acknowledged to be brothers by admitting them to the Lodge. This should not be performed as a duty, as a disagreeable job that has to be done, but as a pleasure, and to a man fit to be a Mason, it will be a pleasure. Any one unwilling to carry out the principles of Masonry has no business to apply to a Lodge for admission. No man can really become a Mason without first being properly prepared in his heart.

We wish the members of some of our metropolitan Lodges could visit Lodges in other parts of the world, say in India, China, and Australia. The true brotherly reception they would meet with would teach them a lesson they would be many days in forgetting. Too many men become Masons for selfish motives. They join the Lodge

with the expectation of receiving a benefit or benefits, and their selfishness so befogs their understanding that the lesson of charity is not learned, and the sublime principles of Masonry are never understood. Would it not be well for our lecturers while inculcating the "standard" work to try and instil into the minds of the brethren some of the great moral principles which uphold the structure of Speculative Masonry? Masters might, with benefit to themselves and to their lodges, study on the true meaning of the Ritual. It is not enough to be word-perfect in the performance of the work, but it is necessary to understand the spirit of the words, for he who does not speak with the understanding will fail to convey to others the true meaning of the beautiful allegories which form the body of Masonic work. We are of opinion that if the word *brother* was studied a little more we should have better Masons and a more cordial reception of visiting brothers.—*Cosmopolitan*.

TRUE WEALTH.

CHAPTER XII.

BY S. C. COFFINBERRY.

Mr. Wilson sat at a desk in the sumptuous library of his elegant private residence. He held in his hand a miniature painted in ivory, in a case of gold set with costly brilliants and gems. He gazed long and thoughtfully upon the picture, which represented a young and beautiful female.

A low knock was heard at the door of the library which opened into the large entrance hall of the mansion. Mr. Wilson wound the gold chain attached to the miniature around the case, and after depositing it in a second drawer of the desk turned the key and placed both keys in his pocket. He then arose, and approaching the door, unlocked and opened it.

"What is it Jo?" said Mr. Wilson to the colored boy who, with his hat under his arm, awaited outside.

Bowing, the boy placed in the hands of his master the card of Wharton Leddington.

"Show Mr. Leddington in," said Mr. Wilson, resuming his seat at the closed rose-wood desk. "Hallo Wilson!" said Mr. Leddington, extending his hand as Mr. Wilson arose and met him as he advanced.

Wharton Leddington had passed his three score and ten. He was a large and a very corpulent man with a red face, shaggy gray

eyebrows and a round head surmounted with bristly white hair.

After the ordinary compliments the two bankers were seated *tête-à-tête*. They discussed various items of news relating principally to commercial affairs, stocks and exchanges, in which Mr. Leddington evinced more than ordinary shrewdness and intelligence.

"Wilson, I have not much time to spare, I just dropped in on a little matter of business," said Mr. Leddington.

"What is the nature of the business?" Mr. Wilson enquired.

Mr. Leddington resumed.

"I am worth a million of dollars; you are worth another million. I have a son, an only child, who will be my sole heir. You have a daughter, an only child, who is to be your sole heir. They have both attained a marriageable age. I propose a match between them. This is my business. What say you?"

"Mr. Leddington," returned Mr. Wilson, "I cannot regard this subject as a matter of business, and will not become a party to any negotiations of the kind."

"Why not?" interposed Mr. Leddington.

"I have several reasons," answered Mr. Wilson, "any one of which would be sufficient to prevent me from interfering in a matter of this character."

"I would like to hear one of your reasons," rejoined Mr. Leddington.

"Well sir," rejoined Mr. Wilson, "one of them is that my daughter is not to be my sole heir as you have supposed."

"Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Leddington with an expression of surprise, "may I enquire who is to share your wealth with her?"

"That question I cannot answer, for I do not myself know," replied Mr. Wilson. "I know that I will not be guilty of the folly of wasting my thousands upon my daughter, who could never find use for half of it in any reasonable expenditures, while others need the surplus over and above a competency for my daughter."

"Wilson are you crazy?" interrupted Leddington.

"No, I think not," replied Mr. Wilson. "I deem any one crazy, who, after having accumulated a fortune by self-denial and toil, would make such an application of it as to render it useless. What could my daughter do with a million of dollars? Would not the greater part of it lie idle in her hands? I am anxious that my money may become useful to some one."

"Marry your daughter to my son and, I assure you, he will find means of spending it," rejoined Mr. Leddington.

"Yes, but my dear sir," rejoined Mr. Wilson, "I beg you to understand that I have not been toiling a life away for your son. If I give my money away, I assure you that it will not be to one who already has a million, or the prospect of a million, and, therefore, has no use for it; if I give it away it will be to some one who needs it and who will make a proper use of it. I will certainly make a reasonable provision for my daughter, and the balance must perform its mission of usefulness."

"I would like to hear another of your reasons," said Mr. Leddington.

"Yes sir," said Mr. Wilson. "This is another. My daughter, in the choice of a husband must follow the inclination of her own affections, so far as I am concerned. In so sacred a matter as the marriage relation, I have no right to interfere."

"Wilson you are crazy," said Mr. Leddington. "Yes, you are crazy. It is simply ridiculous to hear an old fellow like you talking of love. My rule is to marry young folks;—make good matches for them, without regard to the preferences of puppy love. Where there is plenty of money love comes easy."

"My rule," said Mr. Wilson, "is just the reverse of yours, Mr. Leddington. It is to let pure affection dictate the choice, for, without love, there can be no happiness, even with a mountain of gold."

"My boy shall marry as I choose. That was the rule in the Bay State, where I was bred and born, and I guess they know what they are about down there. With your approbation I choose your daughter," replied Mr. Leddington.

"And," rejoined Mr. Wilson, "suppose my daughter loves some other man, and hates your son, what would you think of that? Fancy what must be the condition of a husband whose wife is sending her warm affections to her husband's friend or neighbor—watching his outgoings and his incomings,—rejoicing in his prosperity and weeping over his misfortunes. Do you suppose that I could be the villain that would give my daughter to your son, when, perchance, his heart's affections, his warm love is given to his neighbor's wife or daughter? No sir. If Eda loves your son, and, if your son loves Eda, I will interpose no obstacle to their union, otherwise my daughter can never be his wife."

"Wilson, pardon me, but you talk like an old fool," said Mr. Leddington.

"And you, pardon me, like an old villain," rejoined Mr. Wilson.

"Nonsense! nonsense! Wilson, don't get angry!" rejoined Mr. Leddington.

"My dear sir," rejoined Mr. Wilson, "there is not the least danger of my becoming angry. I beg you to understand, however, my full estimation of mercenary matrimonial alliances, and of the villainy and inhuman brutality that projects them. I also give you to understand, that, in relation to this particular one proposed by you I am firm in my decision.

"Wilson, look you here," said Leddington, "be reasonable. This thing of love, as you call it, is all in your eye. Young people come together without loving each other; domestic association soon brings about a natural respect, (or love, if you please to call it so,) and they live very comfortably together. This juvenile sensibility which you call love, soon becomes an old story, dies out and is forgotten, or only remembered to be laughed over."

"Mr. Leddington you labor under a great mistake of human nature. I once labored under a like mistake. I was a youth, a mere boy then. Men of our age ought to know better—do know better. We know, (or at least I do,) that the young affections of the heart—the first pure impulses which they breath through the soul, are imperishable; they live with us—they grow with us and strengthen with their growth. It is folly to deny it. To this mistake in my early life, (for which I try to find a miserable excuse in youthful ignorance and indiscretion,) I may attribute the greatest folly of my life, and the grossest injustice of which I have ever been guilty. Good God, what a punishment I inflicted upon myself by that act of folly and injustice. I have darkly bowed my head under the rod of a life-long retribution—self-accusation—self-reprehension and self condemnation. I have worn this retribution like a star of burning fire in my brain,—I have worn it like a deadly scorpion in my bosom—the naked flesh of my bosom; I have concealed it like a spring of deadly poison in my heart. It still sulters in my blood, sears in my flesh, bubbles and boils in my heart, and scorches in my brain."

"I do not understand you; explain, Wilson," said Mr. Leddington, as the millionaire arose and rapidly paced the floor. After pacing to and fro several minutes in silence, he suddenly stopped in front of Mr. Leddington, and, looking him steadfastly in the eye, in a low calm voice said:

"When I was a young man, I loved a beautiful and accomplished young lady. This was my first love—my only love. A jealousy grew out of a misunderstanding between me and the young lady's family. It was all my own fault. I, only, was to blame for

both the misunderstanding and the jealousy which was on my part alone. While smarting under wounded pride and fancied wrongs, in a moment of thoughtless folly, I offered my hand to the mother of Eda, for whom I ever had a high respect, but whom I never loved. My hand was accepted. We were married, but I never loved her. She survived our marriage only fourteen months. During that fourteen months, and ever after, my soul still breathed the deepest, the purest and the holiest affection for my first love. Eda's mother was a faultless and a noble woman. But I never loved her. As a wife she had no equal, as a woman no superior, still I never loved her. Her memory I have ever, and ever shall cherish respectfully, but not affectionately. Poor girl! what a pity that she should give her virgin charms to a man that did not love her—that she should offer up her affections on an altar where the sacrifice was not acceptable—that while she was pouring the fullness of her young affections into the bosom of her husband, that husband's heart-offerings went out to another being. Ha! villainy unparalleled! and yet a villainy not only sanctioned but commended and practiced by civil, religious, and social institutions. I pray you not to say another word upon this subject—it vexes me—it mortifies me—I grow impatient and irritable in view of it, especially when you ask me to offer up my daughter—my sweet, my pure, my innocent daughter a sacrifice on this infernal altar.” Mr. Wilson again paced the apartment under the impulse of deep excitement, apparently unconscious of the presence of any one until he suddenly stopped as Mr. Leddington interrupted him by asking the following question :

“Why did you not marry your girl after the death of your wife?”

“I knew not where she was. Immediately after my marriage, she and her family sailed for Europe. After the decease of my wife I went to Europe in pursuit of her. I traveled all over Europe but discovered no trace of her or her family. The day before I sailed from Liverpool on my return home, I was quite sure I had found her. I had stepped into a jeweler's store to purchase a trifle to bring home to my child. A female stood dealing with one of the clerks. Her back was towards me. My heart leaped within me for I thought the long lost was found. My first impulse was to clasp her to my bosom. It was well I did not, for, in a moment more, she turned towards me and, for a moment, gazed earnestly in my face; it was not her, but a pale and haggard invalid in the last stages of consumption, who fainted in attempting to reach a chair and was carried unconsciously to an inner room. I sailed for America on the next ship

that left Liverpool, which was the fatal *Jane Maud*, that was lost in a storm with all her crew and passengers, except myself and a colored boy from Cuba. We were taken from the wreck almost insensible by a Portuguese ship which took us to Sparta, where after many delays I returned home."

"So then!" said Mr. Leddington, and continued, "did you ever hear of the young lady after that?"

"No sir; I presume the whole family were lost at sea, on their passage to Europe, as there were several shipwrecks that season," replied Mr. Wilson.

"So I am to understand that you decline my proposition of a matrimonial alliance between our children, am I?" asked Mr. Leddington.

"I desire you to understand," returned Mr. Wilson, "that I will not interfere one way or another, either to advise or prevent such an engagement, provided the bonds of such a union are connected by the mutual loss of the parties to it. The subject is one I shall never mention to my daughter."

"Suppose," said Mr. Leddington, "I send Henry to wait upon your daughter and attend her to the theatre next week through the great *Tillinghast's* engagement? By this means we will see whether the young people take to each other or not."

"Let it be so; I have no objection to such attentions on the part of your son," replied Mr. Wilson.

"All right," said Mr. Leddington, rising, "all right. I guess the thing will all come round right after all. Good night, Wilson." Thus saying, Mr. Leddington left the house.

Mr. Wilson locked the door and resumed his seat. He sat many minutes in deep reverie. At length he suddenly arose, and, pacing the floor impatiently, exclaimed aloud: "Are these the lessons taught by civilization and Christianity? To what end are our churches erected with their towering domes and chiming bells? Do they conceal the altars where the affections of the young, the pure, the innocent, are to be offered a sacrifice to Mammon? where they are to be forced into illicit connections under the sanction of the law? Are the most sacred relations of life to become the subjects of commercial speculations—of bargain and sale, and put into market to the highest bidder? Is love to be suppressed and trifled with?—to be put in the balance against dollars and cents? Shall gold be offered as a reward for connections unsatisfied by love—illicit mockeries of the conjugal union? Is this the extent of civil and religious progressions? Shame upon the age in which we live! Shame upon civili-

zation with its vaunted moral advances above savage brutality! We savage Christians profess the faith that would elevate the soul to present and future happiness, while we contradict our professions by the practice of naked outrages upon humanity, and moral enormities that would bring the blush of shame to the swarthy cheek of the untutored wild man of the forests. In my distrust of mankind and of human institutions, oh! may I not be led to distrust the mercy and the goodness of God!"

A groan of anguish followed this exclamation. Mr. Wilson wiped the perspiration from his forehead, unlocked the door and left the library.

The theatre was crowded to overflowing on the evening of the third day of October. The pit, the galleries, the boxes,—every seat and every foot of standing room was occupied. The celebrated Irish tragedian, Tillinghast, who had won a high reputation on the London boards, was to make his first appearance before an American audience on that occasion. This circumstance was sufficient to attract the presence of all the patrons of the drama in the populous city, and many from the city and country who rarely, if ever before, had crossed the threshold of a theatre.

Charles Preston, with others, occupied a box on the right of the stage. He sat in front, between two young ladies. The young lady on his right was remarkable for her beauty. Her dress was of black satin, in the style of the day, with a bodice of dark purple silk velvet fastened in front with gold buttons. Her dark brown hair was not arranged in the flaunting Pompadour mode which at that time prevailed, but was combed smoothly backwards and bound in a knot on the back of her head. A narrow velvet ribbon crossed her forehead at the line of her glossy hair, and was fastened under the knot of hair in the rear. The simplicity of this head attire was rather enhanced than relieved by a diamond set which flashed from the ribbon at the top of the forehead, at the seam or parting line of dark hair.

The head of this fair woman was a perfection of female beauty—a model of the antique Grecian school, vestiges of which may rarely be seen among the few remains of the old masters. Many an eye was turned in admiration upon this young lady, with the inquiry, "Who is she, and who is the elegant young gentleman, her companion?"

On the left of Charles Preston sat another beautiful young lady, whose features, if not as classical as those of the one on his right, were still remarkable for their great beauty. Her eyes, if more sparkling, had not the melting softness of those of the lady on his

right. Her complexion, if more brilliant, was not as clear and pure as that of her rival on the right. Her black hair was wrought into an elaborate display by frizzling tongs and powder. It arose above her head in massive puffs and pyramids, interwoven, *a la mode*, with pearl chains and brilliants. The lady on the right was the Countess de Mont Martre; the one on the left was the only child of Emil Jaques La Rachepierrieville. Marquis de Mainforte, who, with others of the recently expatriated nobility of France, occupied the same box in the rear of Charles and the two young ladies.

The conversation in this box, though not loud, was animated, and carried on in the French language, in which each of the company participated.

"I never saw a large gathering of human beings," said the Countess to Preston, as she cast her eyes over the crowded theatre, "without a sense of oppressive anxiety stealing upon my mind on account of the involuntary mental effort of disintegrating the assemblage and replacing each one in his own proper home or place or retirement. How is it possible for so many people to find out where they want to go?"

"If," replied Charles, "this were the business of any one individual, it would become a very serious task indeed, a duty from which one might, with good reason, shrink. But as each one individualizes himself in the confused and heterogeneous aggregate, and relieves others from all responsibility on his individual account, the task disappears as the crowd disperses. Thus, in every undertaking by human aggregations, the labor is performed by individual effort; the responsibilities are divided among and assumed by individuals. By this means great enterprises are carried into practical effect, which it would be impossible to accomplish in any other manner, and which, by this means, are rendered comparatively easy."

"Ah! you please me by this explanation, Mr. Preston," said the Countess, and continued, "it is my nature, even when I approach a mole-hill, and see the little ants struggling in different directions, to feel this same sympathy with their apparent confusion, and to trouble myself with fears that some of the little creatures will be lost. I suppose that each one knows just what it is to do and where it is going. I always forget that it is the business of each one to care for itself alone, and not to become concerned for the safety of the others."

"As a general rule, you are correct, Madame, with this exception to the rule," replied Charles, "that we are to help each other under such exigencies as require aid from others; for, in the human

mole-hill, as well as among the ants, it sometimes occurs that we can not by our own individual effort extricate ourselves from difficulties. In such cases we owe it to humanity to extend our aid as circumstances require."

"Ah, yes; I see it now," said the Countess, "my sympathies prompt me to help every one, whether they need my aid or not, while your sense of duty and humanity prompts you to aid only those whose circumstances of embarrassment require aid. Yours is the better philosophy. Your exception should become the rule. I am learning."

Charles continued, "Every rule regulating human action is susceptible of a broad and liberal interpretation as well as a narrow and selfish construction. *Chacun mon droit*, a philosophical motto of the old French sages, and one, also, which has led to great mischief in your own country, through its abuse, or, at least, through a pertinacious adherence to the title of the motto regardless of its higher and more universal interpretation, is capable of a construction which embraces more than selfish individual benefits."

"In what respect, Monsieur?" demanded Colonel Perrault, who had been an attentive listener to the conversation. "How do you interpret the motto otherwise than to simply accord to every one his rights?"

Mr. Preston replied, "It is the right of every one to demand the aid of others when he stands in need of aid; so that in according to every one his rights, this right of each individual must be kept in view. Aid is a right pertaining to every human being, which cannot be ignored by one who plants himself upon the motto *Chacun mon droit*."

"Are you acquainted with the beautiful young lady who has just entered the box opposite to us, Mr. Preston?" asked the Countess Mont Martre, just as the overture ended.

Preston cast his eyes in the direction indicated. Eda Wilson had just taken a seat in the box. Her father still remained standing near her. A young man whom Charles recognized as the son of the neighboring banker, Mr. Leddington, was assiduously relieving Eda of her shawl, which, being completed, he seated himself beside her. A sensation new to Charles Preston thrilled through his bosom. What that sensation was he did not stop to ask himself, much less to analyze. Without answering the question of the Countess he impatiently turned his eyes in another direction as a feverish crimson flushed his face. The young lady repeated her question, which reminded him of his impolite inattention to her interrogatory.

"I have a slight acquaintance with the young lady," he replied with a bow, as the flush on his brow gave place to a shade of melancholy.

"Pray, who is she?" inquired the Countess.

"Miss Wilson, the daughter of the banker of whom you have heard me speak," answered Charles.

"I thought so; she is so very handsome. Ah! indeed! yes, yes!" said the young Countess, and continued, "You were right, Monsieur, she is very beautiful. Oh! yes! certainly. How beautiful she is. I am not surprised at you—but—yes you—pardon me, Monsieur—but—but—how beautiful she is. And yet, what a simple grace and earnest purity characterize her almost dazzling sweetness."

The Countess rested her elbow on the arm of her seat, and dropped her cheek into her hand. Her eyes rested artlessly and thoughtfully upon the drop curtain, while her features assumed an expression of sadness.

Charles Preston remembered that Wharton Leddington was reputed to be worth a million dollars, that he was an intimate acquaintance if not a particular friend of Mr. Wilson, that the two bankers, on several occasions, had engaged together in successful speculations and commercial enterprises, that Henry Leddington, who sat beside Eda Wilson in the box opposite to him, was the only son and the only child to a millionaire, and the sole heir to his wealth. Preston's blood traced his veins in quickened pulsations as the thought of a marriage between Eda and Henry Leddington flashed like fire through his mind. Silently he sat, while his thoughts shaped themselves into the following forms:

"What is she to me? Have I any claims upon her? How came I, or my destiny to be effected by her marriage? Have I been so weak, nay so foolish as to encourage any other sentiment towards her than such as became a duty from me to my benefactor? And yet can I see her become the wife of the weak and frivolous creature who now sits beside her? The pure, the beautiful, the womanly Eda Wilson the wife of such a man! . It is impossible! Can money fill the office of love, of intellect, of all that makes life tolerable and the domestic hearth a paradise on earth? No, no, it must not be! But, what is this? Who am I? What presumption! Who is there to sympathize with me, or to thank me for this concern for her happiness? Me, a pensioner upon the bounty of another. What folly! And still I cannot see her unhappy. Our lives are the sport of destiny. We see beautiful forms floating on azure clouds above us, yet

we cannot soar to grasp them until they are swallowed up in the rising storm-cloud."

Charles sat silently and uninterrupted while these reflections passed through his mind, and apparently unconscious of his surroundings. His absence and silence was not observed by the Countess, for she was as much lost in her own thoughts as her companion. She also sat thoughtfully, without removing her eyes from the curtain before her, save when she withdrew them for a moment and turned them furtively toward Eda Wilson.

At last the curtain arose and the play commenced. Every one was waiting in curious expectation for the entrance of the star. Suddenly several of the actors rushed across the stage, and leaping over the foot-lights into the pit, rushed out with the cry, "fire! fire! fire!"

There was a general rush for the entrances to the theatre. Men, women and children were overturned and trampled under foot. Shouts, shrieks and groans were mingled with cursings, cries for help, and cries of despair.

Preston, with his charge of the two ladies, aided by his male companions, endeavored to press his way to one of the outside doors. Every avenue to the open air was blocked by prostrate human forms over which the frightened masses were passing from the room, and, in passing, contributing new victims to the horrible sacrifice under foot, many of whom had already been crushed to death, and others expiring in the most terrible agonies of suffering.

Charles and his companions had advanced to a position about midway between their box and the descent to the main door at which they had entered the building, when a gush of smoke and hot air swept across the stage and up the aisles of the theatre with a suffocating pressure. A shriek issued from the lips of the two young ladies. Charles threw an arm around each of them, and shouting "*Allons*" to his male friends, with the strength of a giant he lifted both young ladies from their feet, and pushed for the door, which he soon reached in safety, having overturned and trampled under his feet many unfortunate fellow strugglers in his passage. Preston, with his friends, finally reached the open air in safety. A coach was soon found in which the ladies were placed. The blaze burst through the roof of the edifice, and the thick black smoke through the front entrance of the edifice just as the ladies entered the coach. Charles stood by the open door of the coach, his hand resting upon the plated handle of the latch, his face turned towards the burning edifice. The red gleam from the burning roof lit up and defined his fine features, sharply, as he gazed upon the rapidly advancing flames. Amid the

crackling fire, the rustling flames which swelled, fluctuated, arose and sunk like a fiend-voice on the night air—amidst these sounds, mingled with cries, and shrieks, and groans, and above them all, was heard a *mystic signal of distress*—a loud and prolonged cry in the clear, strong voice of a man.

“Great God!” said Preston, springing towards the large entrance of the burning theatre, through which hot dark smoke poured with an ominous force. Many others, attracted by the same signal, and impelled by the same motive, sprang forward at the same time. Preston, in urging his passage through the struggling crowd, met Eda Wilson. She seized both his hands in hers, and exclaimed:

“Oh! Mr. Preston! my father was separated from me in the theatre, and I fear he has not escaped from the burning ruins. For God’s sake, save my father!”

Every one who had attempted to enter the building fell back in horror as they encountered the current of smoke and heat that rushed from the great entrance. Preston sprang forward and disappeared in it, amid the shouts of a thousand voices. Climbing over masses of corpses mingled with dying men and women, he ascended to the dress circle of the theatre. He stood a moment in utter horror. Wrapped in thick smoke and gloom, Preston stood surrounded by heaps and masses of dead and dying. The agonies of suffocation, the groanings and writhings of the unfortunate victims, as partially and dimly seen through the curling smoke and leaping flames, imprinted upon his mind a physical realization of the allegory of the damned at the final judgment. Where the stage had stood but a few minutes before was a vast chasm of fire. The pit was a vortex of smoke, with dark, red tongues of flame leaping wildly and fiercely through it, or darting along its railings and curling in seething circles around the shafts and columns which supported the dome.

On his left he again heard the mystic cry, but faintly now, though near him. He sprang to the spot whence it proceeded. There he found Mr. Wilson upon the floor, helpless from the weight of a heavy corpse which partially lay upon him, and from which he could not extricate himself without aid.

It was the work of but a moment to set Mr. Wilson at liberty and aid him to rise. He could not proceed, and again sank from exhaustion and partial suffocation. Charles seized him in his arms, and, with an almost superhuman effort, bore him forward to the stair-way which led to the ground entrance, bearing his burden over the masses of dead and dying.

Just as he reached the top of the stairway, himself almost stifled with smoke and heat, the stairway sunk below him, and a volume of flame blazed up where it had fallen.

He turned with his burden and retraced his way until he reached a window. Here he halted, and, with his feet, broke away the window. The pure air rushed in, refreshing him, and reinvigorating Mr. Wilson. A deafening shout arose from thousands of voices outside, as Charles appeared in the open window. A ladder was soon placed up to the window, by means of which Mr. Wilson and Preston were aided from the burning building to a place of safety. Preston had but barely reached the foot of the ladder when the whole roof of the vast edifice fell in with a fearful crash. A howl of anguish went up from the living thousands outside that witnessed this terrible denouement of the evening's disaster. Hundreds of wounded perished in that awful fall, and in it hundreds of dead were buried. Poor Tillinghast, the aspiring young Irish *artiste*, who had not made his entrance upon that fated stage when the fire broke out, was among the victims of that horrible catastrophe.

Poor Tillinghast! His first appearance before an American audience was never made, but the tragedy was consummate in which he essayed to appear. The enactment was true to the death. He was suddenly summoned away, in the tinselled drapery and meretricious trappings of mock royalty prepared for an American audience, to walk another stage—to make his appearance before the King of Kings and an audience of celestial angels.

Poor Tillinghast! his dream of histrionic glory and renown was soon ended. He passed off the stage of life's enactments without the ringing shouts of applause—without even a grave, except the ashes of his own dramatic stage and the charred cinders of his own auditors.

After having committed Mr. Wilson to the care of others, Charles Preston sought the coach in which he had left his friends, but it had left. Tired, and almost exhausted, with a burning sensation at his lungs, at a late hour he returned towards his boarding house.

He had strolled slowly along several squares in the direction of his home, his mind recurring to the several terrible incidents of the evening; he observed some one following him, and thinking it might be an acquaintance, or some one who resided in the neighborhood of his boarding house, he stopped on the sidewalk, and, leaning against the wall, waited several minutes. His pursuer also stopped, and soon disappeared. Whether he entered some door, passed into

an alley, or prostrated himself upon the pavement, he could not determine. Again he went on his way, and again he saw his mysterious pursuer a few rods behind him. He hurried on now. Upon turning the next corner he stopped to peer into the uncertain gloom behind him. He saw nothing. After proceeding a few steps from the corner, he was suddenly felled to the ground by an unseen hand or weapon. When Preston again recovered his consciousness, he found himself in a cold and dark apartment, bound, hand and foot, with strong cords. From where he lay upon the ground, which appeared to be the floor of a damp cellar, he could look through an open door into another apartment which was dimly lighted. In that apartment sat several persons. Directly between him and the dim light sat a large man, whose stalwart shoulders threw everything on the hither side of him into deep shadow. Opposite this man, and facing the light, which sharply defined her features, sat a female. She was not above the age of eighteen years. Her features were regular, and deeply marked.

They appeared to be in conversation, in which the female participated by signs only.

Preston lay several minutes observing the manner of intercourse between these two individuals. While the man spoke in a low, hissing voice, the female replied by signs made with her hands and fingers, showing, that while she was a mute, she still possessed the sense of hearing.

At length the man arose and approached the spot where Charles lay. It was Bildad Swedge.

"Well, my gozzlen," said Swedge, "have you come to your senses enough so as a fellow can make you understand? That was considerable of a *clip* of the *billy* you got over your *nut*."

"I thought you were in the State prison?" said Charles, enquiringly.

"You did, did you?" returned Swedge. "This morning I was in the State prison, but it somehow seems to me that I am not in it now. Thar's a great many ins and outs in the world, as well as ups and downs."

"Yes, sir, I find there are," said Preston, almost smiling at the coolness of Swedge.

"Yes, and that isn't all," continued Bildad, "for you'll find that I've a small matter o' business with you that may turn up the nastiest douse you ever happened with, unless you behave pretty and finish up things to suit me."

"What is the nature of the business?" inquired Charles.

"It's soon told," returned Swedge, and continued: "I will make mention, first, that I've no time to fool away, for it's one o'clock now, and about four o'clock my friends up at the prison, yander, will disciver that Bildad Swedge has left his respective place of abode, and will start a dozen *charlies* to invite him back again. So now for business. Last night Dickey Corkscrew went up a spout—evaporated—petered out, and his carcase will be toated off to Pottersfield by daylight. So, you see, as Corkscrew was gone up, there wasn't no use o' my stayin' in the old *glummy* any longer, being I could *nick* the *bosses* as well as not, and *swash* the *lubben* just as well as not; so I just *slumed* the *jigger*, and here I am. So now for my business with you, my soft one. Do ye see yander gal? She's a *nutty pal*. Me and the boys must put out in a few minutes, for we've a *site* up at old Luddington's bank. In just one hour, Dinkey—that's yan gal—she'll come to you, and, if you've made up your mind to go with us to old Wilson's bank, and unlock the doors and vaults, so we can get at his money bags, jist tell her so. She can hear, but she can't talk. If you refuse, she'll tickle you under the ribs with the *proddy nick*, so gently that you'll hardly know what *slit* your *wizzen*. We keep her for sich little jobs. She knows how to handle the knife. If you've made up your mind to die when she comes to you, jist say 'No,' and go up. She understands it all. If you've made up your mind to help us, and *go cahoots* in the *glitter*, say 'Yes,' and we will be back by three o'clock and commence business."

"You may as well finish your infernal purpose touching me now," said Preston. "for I assure you I will die two deaths before I assent to your proposition."

"Goosey," said Swedge, "you don't know what you're talking about. Many a soft one has played up the same game till it came to the pinch; but, after thinking over the matter an hour, altered their minds, and concluded life was sweet and worth paying for."

So saying, Bildad Swedge, with the other male occupants of the cellar, disappeared.

Preston now directed his attention to the female who sat alone in full view, fronting the open door between the apartments of the cellar. She took a small piece of paper, and, with a pencil, spent several minutes as if writing upon it.

Many harassing thoughts and anxieties passed through the mind of Charles, as he lay bound upon the damp cellar floor. His memory traced the queenly form of his mother—her quiet, womanly dignity; the glossy ringlets and the sunny countenance of his little

sister, lit up by joyous smiles. Then came the Countess Mont Martre, with her innocent beauty and simple, earnest nature. Then Eda Wilson, smiling upon the vapid young Luddington. A sigh escaped his lips as he acknowledged to his own heart that he loved Eda Wilson.

A quarter of an hour had elapsed since the departure of Swedge and his companions from the cellar, when the girl Dinkey arose and approached him. In her left hand she held the tallow candle which had lit the other apartment of the cellar; in her right hand she held a large knife, the extremity of which was ground to an acute point. The keen edge of the knife glittered, reflecting the dim light of the candle as she stooped to set the candlestick upon the floor beside him.

"No, fiend!" shouted Preston.

Dinkey smiled, and laid her finger on her lips, as she knelt on the floor beside him.

"No!" again repeated Preston.

The girl pointed upwards with the knife, and, frowning, shook her head, at the same time placing her left hand upon the lips of her victim.

With haste she applied the knife to the cords that bound the feet and hands of Preston, and severed them. She then seized his hand and raised him to his feet. She placed the knife in his right hand, and in his left the piece of paper upon which she had written, that she now drew from her bosom.

She held the light near the paper, upon which he read as follows:

"Go. Spare no time. They will soon be back. Avoid Exeter, Salisbury and Charles streets. I cannot talk, or I would tell you more. Bildad Swelge cut out my tongue."

Charles looked at the girl in astonishment, and commenced speaking:

"How shall I repay——"

Dinkey clasped her hand upon his lips, again pointed upwards with her other hand, shook her head, and frowned. She hastily unlocked a door and pushed Preston out into the open air. He was once more at liberty.

He found himself nearly exhausted, and almost unable to move. The wound upon his head, by which he had been felled, the effect of the smoke and heat upon his lungs, his extraordinary physical efforts in aiding Mr. Wilson from his perilous situation, and his long confinement in a most painful position in the damp cellar, all com-

bined to promote a dizzy, whirling sensation in his brain, and a trembling weakness in his joints and limbs, which rendered his footsteps unsteady and uncertain.

He tottered onwards as best he could, without knowing in what part of the city he was, or what direction to pursue to avoid the danger of which he had warning from Dinkey. A quarter of an hour had elapsed, and he was still wandering along the same street upon which he started, without a knowledge where it would lead him. Several times he thought he could see some one following him at a distance.

He found himself at last on the corner of Exeter and Salisbury streets, and at once comprehended the danger of his situation. He staggered around the corner, and sunk almost helpless upon a door step. The large knife given him by the girl fell from his hand upon the door step beside him, as, by the light of the moon, which burst at this moment through the clouds, he saw Bildad Swedge approaching him.

“So, my *cove*, you thought you would take a moonlight walk, did you? It’s quite a pleasant night, isn’t it?” said Swedge, grasping Preston roughly by the shoulder, and raising a large knife to plunge into his bosom.

A slight figure suddenly flitted around the corner, seized the knife which had fallen from Preston’s hand, and, with a hollow, unearthly howl, plunged the knife into the breast of Bildad Swedge. He fell to the earth with a groan, where he expired without a struggle. Dinkey—for she it was who dealt the death blow—stooped and slowly withdrew the steel from Bildad’s heart. She flourished the knife above her head, just as a watchman approached; another unearthly cry followed, and Dinkey, with the fleetness of a wild deer, disappeared, with the bloody knife in her hand, down Exeter street.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEATH OF BRO. JOHN F. HOUSTON.

THE Masonic fraternity of Missouri were much startled by the telegram [from this city, on the 5th of December, announcing the death of John F. Houston, Esq., Past Grand Master of Masons, and Past Grand High Priest in the State of Missouri. He had been suffering for some months from a paralytic stroke, which depressed his

spirits considerably, but had begun to assume his natural vivacity of temperament, when he was stricken down with congestion of the brain, in the streets of Ottumwa, Iowa. His friends were telegraphed to, here, and he was brought to the residence of his son-in-law, Bro. Benjamin Williams, of this city, accompanied by his wife. After a few days he began to recover, and was considered out of danger, but, on the 3d ult., his disease returned, and he suffered a great deal until the morning of the 5th, when, at 11 o'clock he breathed his last, in the 47th year of his age. He was probably better known, personally, to the Craft of the State than almost any other citizen, and was esteemed by all as a laborious and enthusiastic Mason. Masonry, in fact, occupied almost the last thoughts of his life. He served two terms as Grand Master, and finished his term of one year as Grand High Priest last October, and, at the close of his annual address, he felt a premonition of his approaching end, and announced that he felt sure that it would be his last appearance in the Grand Chapter, and was so overcome with his emotions, at the time, that it was with difficulty that he could conclude reading the address, and the members felt very sensibly impressed by the occurrence. Yet none could realize that those prophetic remarks were so soon to be fulfilled. Alas! the heart knoweth its own life and pulsations the best. His remains were accompanied from the place of his death to the North Missouri railroad depot by the the Lodges of the city, and escorted by the three St. Louis Commanderies. His body, accompanied by his family; M. W. Bro. Thomas E. Garrett, Grand Master; R. W. Bro. Allen McDowell, Grand Lecturer, and myself, as Grand Secretary, was taken to Richmond, in Ray county, where it was interred with due Masonic honors, by Richmond Lodge No. 57, of which he had long been a member and Past Master. The services were performed by the M. W. Grand Master at the request of W. Brother R. B. Rice, the Worshipful Master. The telegraphic news had spread throughout the surrounding country, and a very large number of Lodges were represented, who sorrowingly followed the body to the grave, being escorted by De Molay Commandery, No. 3, which came from Lexington for the purpose. Bro. Houston was a member of that body at the time of his death. A very impressive and peculiarly appropriate church service was preached by Rev. and Bro. Newell, of Richmond. He had also been for twenty-five years a member of the Odd Fellows Lodge, at Carrollton, which Lodge was well represented, and the members thereof performed, at the conclusion, a part of their own funeral rites over the grave. Bro. Houston leaves a large and interesting

family, to whom he was most devotedly attached, and who, in this, their great bereavement, will receive the universal sympathy of the brotherhood of Missouri.—*St. Louis Freemason.*

EUREKA.—A SONG OF MASONRY.

When in darkness we rove, thro' a twilight all dreary,
 And the heart gathers sadness, the eye gathers gloom;
 When the bright sun in heaven bursts glowing and cheery,
 And its beams every shadow and substance illumine,
 Our tongues catch the spirit, and loud we resound it,
 "Eureka! Eureka! I've found it! I've found it!"

Far back in the long dreary vista of ages,
 When shadows and darkness encompassed the earth,
 In the breast of the wisest and noblest of sages
 The Spirit of Masonry first had its birth;
 And mystical brethren aloud did resound it,
 "Eureka! Eureka! I've found it! I've found it!"

The priest and the sage, and the noble, and lowly,
 The peasant, the craftsman, the king on his throne,
 Have joined in this brotherhood, sacred and holy,
 And borne its proud banner triumphantly on;
 And in valley—on hill top—all lustily sound it,
 "Eureka! Eureka! I've found it! I've found it!"

The Spirit of Masonry—long may it flourish,
 Its jewels forever be burnished and bright,
 In the recesses deep of our hearts may we nourish
 The flame on its altar—its orient light;
 And far in the depth of eternity sound it,
 "Eureka! Eureka! I've found it! I've found it!"

E. W. H. ELLIS.

DETROIT CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR MICH. FREEMASON,—

Dear Sir and Brother:—It may be interesting to some of your readers to hear of the pleasant occasion in this city upon the evening of the annual election of Oriental Lodge, No. 240, Dec. 6th, and having promised that we would furnish you with an account of the doings at that time, we enter upon the fulfillment of our pledge.

This Lodge is just completing the third year of its existence, and

has a membership of nearly one hundred "good men and true." Since its organization no sound of discord has been heard within its walls, but a warm and hearty friendship has existed between its members, which beautifully illustrates, "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." The Lodge has had three Masters, who have devoted themselves to its interests with a willing zeal that has been truly commendable, and the two who have passed the chair, Bros. E. R. Landon and Harvey W. Bull, have given the most abundant evidence that their interest was not only in the office they held, but in the Lodge. The duties of the first named call him out of the city, but the attendance of Bro. Bull is constant, and no appeal is made upon his time or services that is unanswered. The retiring Master, Bro. C. G. Curtiss, has devoted to the office an amount of time and labor which but very few men of business would feel that they could spare, and has been ably seconded by efficient officers and zealous members; and these efforts have been crowned with a success which is an ample recompense for them and a success which is certain to follow similar efforts wherever put forth.

But to the evening in question. There was a very full attendance of members, several visitors from other Lodges, and, best of all, the Grand Master, A. T. Metcalf, and Grand Lecturer H. M. Look, gladdened every one by their presence early in the evening, and were received with appropriate honors. The special object of interest in the Lodge room was a new pipe organ which had been procured by the voluntary contributions of the members, at an expense of nearly one thousand dollars. The writer was called upon for an address dedicating it to the use of the Lodge, to which he responded as follows:

Worshipful Master, Officers and Brothers:—

In everything pertaining to the welfare of our Lodge we each and all take a deep and heartfelt interest. Its prosperity is our prosperity; its honor is our honor, and in its progress we all heartily rejoice. It was one of the most acute and wise of England's writers who said, "the child is father of the man," meaning thereby that the early influences to which it was subject and which moulded its character, were far more vital and lasting than family characteristics or the qualities supposed to be inherited in blood and race. None of us can fail to appreciate the importance of a right start, and must be equally cognizant of the fact that in the inception or early years of an institution or enterprise is gained the character, or, more correctly speaking, the reputation that shall cling to it so long as it

shall endure. The homely illustration conveyed in the familiar saying, "I will not kill the dog, but will give him a bad name," forcibly exemplifies this idea.

This prepares the way for my saying that it has been the aim of the founders of this Lodge to give it the right start, to spare no time or effort that should have an influence in this direction, and by every means in their power to make it, at least, the equal in point of Masonic character and genuine excellence of any sister Lodge in our beautiful city or State.

How far success has crowned these efforts it may not be wise for me to declare, but we believe that the good Genius who watches over our Lodge can complacently say, with the Roman matron, as a glance is taken around our hall to-night, "These are my jewels." Other Lodges may have gained more rapidly in numbers, and may have increased their material wealth more rapidly than ourselves, but never have we known the instance where the character of those making application for "the rights and benefits of Masonry" has been so closely investigated and has proven so unexceptionable as has been the case in the history of our Lodge, and I may be pardoned the allusion because it is so emphatically true, that it has been remarked to me by members of sister lodges.

We do not seek to exalt the Masonic Institution, and especially our own Lodge, at the expense of any other, and would particularly refrain from instituting any comparison between it and the Christian Church, but I must say that a devotion and respect has been exhibited on the part of its officers and members, which is more nearly similar to that which has animated the breasts of religious devotees than anything else to which I can liken it.

To some minds our rites and ceremonies must ever be meaningless, our beautiful symbolry can never convey any impression that shall exalt or instruct, but the fault is not in the lessons that are taught or the symbols by which those lessons are illustrated. The generation of "those who, having eyes, see not," is not yet extinct. To the person who has never been educated to think—

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more,"—

while to the mind that can look beyond the pretty flower, it becomes an exhaustless volume telling of the love and wisdom of the God above us whose powers and care are not only bestowed upon the arrangement of vast planetary systems, but whose tender affection also prepares for our enjoyment and watches over the growth of the lit'

the flowers, whose delicate beauty attract the eye and comes with a gentle ministry to the soul.

Masonry is a system of morality taught by impressive ceremonies and illustrated by fitting symbols. Its aim is to bind the heart of man to his brother man by a tie which shall endure while life shall last; and, more than this, to deck every brother's grave with those precious flowers of memory which shall outlive the ravages of time and cheer us by their sweet fragrance within the portals of eternity. Anything that shall add to the impressiveness of our teachings is of value to our institution. To-night, for the first time, we invoke the aid of music in our ceremonies, and propose that henceforth we will seek an entrance into the innermost souls of those who enter our doors and bow at our altar by the gentle influence of what the poets have called the language of heaven. The statue of Memnon, in Egypt, is said to have discoursed sweet music as the rays of the rising sun fell upon it, and the sounds, thus mysteriously called forth, excited in the hearts of all who heard them the most lively and genuine devotion. By the concord of sweet sounds evolved from this instrument we would excite in the heart of the neophyte bowed at our altar, such a sense of seriousness and devotion as shall go with him while life lasts, and whose gentle music, like that of the ocean shell, shall endure while far away from the spot where the gentle echoes were first awakened. There is a power in the concordant succession of musical sounds which has never yet been employed as it should be, and if the old story of the heathen deity have a foundation of truth—as we believe it has—and the dumb brutes could be charmed by its influence, shall not man by its power be made to feel, more deeply than by any mere words, how good it is to be noble and true, to live with trust in God and hope of rest in heaven?

This organ stands here to-night as a token of our faith in Masonry and an evidence of the interest we cherish in our lodge. It will ever keep fresh in our memories the names of the zealous brethren through whose untiring efforts it was placed here. It also stands as a monument of progress and prosperity and prompts the inquiry: if Oriental Lodge can do well in her infancy may we not reasonably hope for much better things from her when she shall approach the age of which we expect manly vigor and strength?

To-night, then, we dedicate this organ to the service of Masonry and our Lodge. We utter the words which transmit its ownership from ourselves as individuals to that fraternal band composed, not of ourselves alone, but of those found worthy and well-qualified who shall come after us and occupy the places we now fill in this Lodge.

As we do this let our hearts unite in the prayer that its notes may ever find responses in our hearts as melodious as its own. May each one of our souls be so entirely filled with good and noble principles, that good and noble acts shall follow every prompting and influence from without as surely and as quickly as the tuneful notes shall follow the touch of the pedals and keys, so shall our lives become vocal with what makes life worth living for, and the days we have lived shall be but a dissonant prelude to a burst of harmony increasing in power from year to year, until it finally swells into a glorious anthem of praise before the throne of God.

At the conclusion of the address, the tones of the organ were heard for the first time; Bro. J. C. Randall officiating as organist. The power and melody of the instrument excelled the anticipations of every one, and awakened in the hearts of all present echoes of satisfaction and delight which we trust will never die.

The retiring master then delivered in a most feeling and impressive manner his farewell address, in which he reviewed the work and progress of the year, and made some suggestions pertaining to the future, both wise and pertinent. The address was listened to with the closest attention, and found a response in the heart of each and every member.

The election which followed was nearly unanimous, and resulted in the choice of the following brethren for the ensuing year, viz.:

Bro. Wm. Wright, W. M.; Bro. Geo. Morhouse, S. W.; Bro. Geo. S. Adams, J. W.

After the conclusion of the exercises at the Lodge room, an adjournment was had to the Biddle House, where the lodge and its guests sat down to a banquet which was universally declared to be the most perfect in all its parts of any that had ever been given in our city. After a fitting discussion of the good things provided for the material man, there followed such a feast of good things as it has seldom been our privilege to enjoy. Toasts were given to, "The Grand Master," "The Grand Lodge," "Our Sister Lodges," "Capitular and Templar Masonry," "The Past Masters of Oriental," "The Master Elect," and were followed by volunteer sentiments and responses from M. W. Bro. A. T. Metcalf, Grand Master; R. W. Bro. Henry M. Look, G. Vis. and Lect.; Eminent Sir Thos. H. Armstrong; Bro. A. J. Brow, W. M. Zion Lodge No. 1; Bro. Levi T. Griffin, Past Master Union Lodge; Bro. Harvey W. Bull, Past Master Oriental; Bro. Wm. Wright, W. M. elect, and others. Pen can do no justice to the occasion; the speeches were full of eloquence and mirth, good feeling seemed to fill every heart, and a little after

midnight the brethren clasped hands and joined their voices in singing, "Auld Lang Syne," and with a hearty "good night," seperated for their several homes.

In reviewing what I have written, I find that my description of what took place is weak and lifeless as compared with the actual occurrences, but if any one thinks it rose-colored, we can only say that a lighter hue than that of the rose seemed to rest upon every scene of the evening. Every Mason will know just what is meant, however, when I say that, "we had a grand good time, such as every heart loyal to Masonry, rejoices in."

Yours fraternally,

A. J. HIBBARD.

HALL DEDICATION AT THREE RIVERS.

THURSDAY, November 29th, will long be remembered by the Craft in the flourishing village of Three Rivers and vicinity, on account of the Masonic festivities consequent on the dedication of the beautiful Hall which has recently been leased for a quarter of a century, and neatly fitted up for the use of Masonry. We have awaited the promised date from which to write up a description of the beautiful suite of rooms, and give the footings, that our Brethren in other parts of the jurisdiction might form some adequate conception of the liberality of these Brethren, but, after waiting nearly two months, the looked-for documents have failed to come to hand, and we are obliged to make up our account as best we can, from very meagre notes. Suffice it to say, that the Hall is a very appropriate one, and is furnished without regard to expense. The suite of rooms is much after the style in those of Kalamazoo, which were taken as a model; and for beauty, utility and accommodation, it is hard to equal, not to say excel, those of this city. The Hall is large and richly furnished, and supplied with expensive furniture and emblems. The ante-rooms, committee-rooms, reception-rooms, etc., are pleasant, well furnished and thoroughly ventilated. Indeed, we rarely find a better appointed suite of rooms, or a more delicate and refined taste displayed in the furnishing and adornment of them.

The day was not a pleasant one. A cold wind blew the dust almost like drifting snow, but at an early hour the arrivals indicated a large attendance, though the threatening aspect of the clouds kept many away who had intended to be present. Grand Master A. T.

Metcalf took charge of the ceremonies, and was assisted by Past Grand Masters S. C. Coffinberry, of Constantine, and J. Eastman Johnson, of Centerville. The Grand Visitant and Lecturer, Hon. Henry M. Look, was also present, and rendered assistance. The Sir Knights from different localities were tolerably well represented, and, in full regalia, were the objects of much attraction. It was about one o'clock P. M. when the ceremonies of dedication commenced by the following appropriate remarks introductory, from the Grand Master :

EXORDIUM.

“ It is one of the chief glories of the ancient and honorable institution of Freemasonry that it dates its history from the days of Solomon, king of Israel, and more especially from the erection of that magnificent structure which bore his name. As Masons we take a peculiar pleasure in recurring to the wonderful events which the ceremony upon which we are now about to engage suggests to the mind of every intelligent Craftsman.

The great Temple at Jerusalem, which was constructed by King Solomon according to designs furnished by David, his father, was, upon its completion, dedicated to the Most High God. The dedication was attended by the Rulers of Nations, and the Chief Priests and Elders of the people, in whose presence occurred that sublimest of miracles, the descent of fire from heaven, which consumed the burnt offering upon the altar, when the Glory of the Lord filled the whole house.

That famous edifice has fallen, and those who toiled upon its walls have been gathered to their fathers.

To-day the world knows no divinely appointed king—no prophetic leader of a great nation—no chosen people who can build another such Temple. But the spirit of their work is still prevalent in the minds of those who, in this age, are erecting structures which, though outwardly less magnificent, are nevertheless, if built with proper motives, no less acceptable to the Great Architect of the Universe than the one which stood upon Mount Moriah.

It is the grand design of Freemasonry to assist us in divesting ourselves of the vices and superfluities of life, thereby fitting our souls as perfect Ashlars, for that spiritual building, ‘ that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.’

Yes, my brethren, each one of us who is living in conformity to the principles of our Order, is erecting to himself a spiritual tem-

pie, more glorious in its proportions than any material edifice could be, and which shall stand when all things have passed away.

Your Lodge, founded in morality, was dedicated years ago to the Sts. John; and now, having erected a material temple—a hall in which you are henceforth to assemble—we have come together to-day to dedicate it to the purposes for which it was designed: to Masonry, to Virtue, and to Universal Benevolence.

The elements used in its dedication are corn, wine, and oil; because corn is an emblem of Plenty, wine an emblem of Harmony, and oil an emblem of Joy and Prosperity. They are the fruits of the earth—the product of honorable toil—and are suggestive of that Industry, Sobriety and Prosperity which should characterize all our Masonic labors. Before entering upon the performance of this duty, let us first implore the blessing of Deity.”

After a prayer by the acting Grand Chaplain, the Hall was solemnly dedicated to Masonry, Virtue, and Universal Benevolence. These ceremonies over, the large audience repaired to the Methodist Church, to listen to an address by the Grand Master. We give the following extract:

“That our institution is steadily marching onward and upward, to a higher and nobler stand before the world, there can be no doubt; and the construction of this beautiful and convenient Hall, which has to-day been dedicated to Masonic purposes, is an evidence that here, in this intelligent and hospitable community, Masonry has taken deep root, and attained a prosperity which our Order, in many a much larger place, might well feel proud of. My brethren, I congratulate you upon the success which has attended your efforts in securing such an elegant and well arranged Hall. You may well take a reasonable pride in it, not only because it affords you a pleasant, safe and comfortable place in which to hold your meetings, nor because it is a sure evidence of the harmony and prosperity which has attended your Masonic labors; but, as an indication of the prospective growth and progress of your village, and an epoch in its few years of history.

In order that the glory of the new house may greatly exceed that of the old, be particularly careful that the material which you accept to extend its living walls shall be such as will stand the test of the Grand Overseer's square. While such is your care, your Lodge will never have its echoes awakened by discordant voices, but the spirit of Brotherly Love will inspire every welcome at its door, and that of Charity prompt every utterance within its walls. In this

connection, it would be a pleasing task to open the records of your Lodge and unfold its history, but the time will only permit a passing glance.

We find that the first regular meeting of the Lodge was held on the 23d of October, 1850, it being at that time under dispensation; Bro. C. S. Engle, Master of Siloam, acting as Master, and Bros. H. H. Cole and J. A. Kline as Wardens. The Charter was not issued until three years after, when the officers elect were duly installed and the Lodge regularly constituted by Bro. S. C. Coffinberry. The Altar was first erected in the little building now known as J. W. Frey's old brick store; it was, however, soon removed to the residence of Bro. H. H. Cole, and subsequently suffered several removals, indicating that it had no permanent resting place, until the rooms which have but recently been vacated were fitted up expressly for the purpose. The Lodge has had on its rolls 239 members, but has lost, by death, dismissal and expulsion, 99, leaving a membership at the present time of 140. Though the Implements and Jewels of the Craft used by this Lodge in its infancy were of the most rude construction, yet, in the hands of those faithful brethren who secured your Charter, they symbolized as perfectly those great moral truths of our Ritual as though they had been made of the finest gold, and embellished with the most elaborate designs of cunning workmen.

While many of the former members of your Lodge have been summoned to another world, those who have been elected to fill the honorable and responsible position of presiding over your labors are still living, and, with one exception, present upon this occasion. Their names are Bros. Ezra Cole, H. H. Cole, J. Cowling, D. M. Bateman, W. H. Warren, and Thomas G. Green. To those here assembled it is unnecessary for me to comment upon the character of these men and brethren. They have succeeded each other in representing the institution of Freemasonry in this place, and by comparing their lives with the representative men of other societies, whether in this place or elsewhere, we are content to rest the moral character of your Lodge. Bro. Ezra Cole—or, as he is still more affectionately called, Father Cole—has lived to see the light of our Temple dimmed by a tempest of bigotry and superstition, imperiled by unscrupulous men engaged in political intrigue, and he has lived to see it emerge from that darkness that threatened its destruction, into the splendor that surrounds it to-day; he has been spared to see it rise from that maelstrom of corruption, like a bright morning sun rising out of an obscured horizon out into the dazzling brightness of its meridian. May he yet live many years to enjoy the things of this

world, and when he shall have done with it—when he has passed the veils—may he be in possession of that ‘*Signet of Truth*’ which shall insure him a detachment of valiant and magnanimous Knights to escort him safely through the dark defiles, up to the pearly gates.

Finally, my brethren, imitate the character of those good men to whom our Temples are dedicated, and ‘if you would follow them beyond the grave, enter into the *Spirit* of our excellent institution, so that, by the *Wisdom* of the Supreme, you may be directed: by His *Strength* be enabled: and by the *Beauty* of virtue be incited, to perform the obligations enjoined upon you.’ ‘Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and bind up the wounds of the broken hearted; *These* are your vows, forget them not, and your conscience and your God will say—well done!

Bro. Look followed with some very excellent and appropriate remarks, when the audience was dismissed by a Benediction by the Grand Chaplain.

We remained, and met with the Lodge at its evening session, and were never better entertained. We found Bro. Green, the W. M., a workman who needeth not to be ashamed, and the Brethren all seemed worthy and well qualified. Long shall we remember the pleasant time enjoyed at the Hall Dedication at Three Rivers.

BROTHER NORTON VINDICATED.

WE give place to the following letters hailing from Boston, Mass., vindicating the Masonic character and standing of Brother Jacob Norton, several of whose communications have appeared in this Journal. With the opinions of Brother Norton, or many of them, we do not agree, nor are we pleased with the style in which he clothes his objections to the action of Grand Lodges and Grand Masters. Indeed we do not like his manner of addressing his opponents, his seeming vindictiveness and personalities. Of these things we spoke quite plainly in some of our first issues. But we have given him the use of our pages to speak for himself because we have esteemed him to be honest in his convictions, and above reproach in his Masonic standing. We love free investigation, and would scorn the man who would attack the acts or opinions of another, and then refuse his opponent a hearing. Having attributed to Brother Norton the authorship of certain articles which we thought to be unmasonic in their character and spirit, and having reviewed them some

what sharply, we could not refuse this Brother an opportunity to speak in his defence, and correct our misapprehensions. He then sent us an article on Masonic Superstition, which we printed in order to give him a further opportunity to set his opinions before our readers, erroneous though we might deem them. We gave the resolutions passed by our Grand Lodge in the same number of our Journal, so that our readers might know how Brother Norton stood in relation to Grand Lodges, especially our own, on the subject of sound limbs. To this article Brother Look replied, and thus sprung up the controversy between them.

It was not long before we received letters from various ones, many expressing satisfaction that we opened our Journal to a free discussion of Masonic issues, and saying such a live Journal is much needed, and would certainly be liberally sustained. But we noticed by the tone of certain exchanges that the editors were not in favor of our permitting the discussion in our columns. *Pomeroy's Democrat* finally took us to task for permitting Bro. Norton to occupy any space in so respectable a publication, and said that Jacob Norton had not visited a Masonic Lodge in Boston for many years, *and could not!* We received this with considerable allowance, for we had previously been assured that Bro. Norton stood well with the Craft generally, although he had some personal enemies on account of his peculiar views. So we continued silent until the note came from Bro. Look with the request that we print it in our next issue. We did so, thinking that the reports which had recently been put in circulation in reference to Bro. Norton should be counteracted if false; if true we did not blame Bro. Look for ceasing to reply to his "utterances."

Bro. Look has, no doubt, like ourself, been misinformed as to the Masonic standing of Bro. Norton. Whether he chooses to continue the controversy further or not, we shall not entertain the idea set forth by Bro. Evans that he abandons it because of his inability to continue it. The last article of Bro. Norton was, to some extent, insulting, and we should have rejected it, or pruned it of its objectionable epithets had it not been for our confidence in the ability of Bro. Look to do the subject ample justice, and thought it best to permit each to clothe his thoughts in such language as he should deem best.

We regret such a termination of an interesting discussion. Should Bro. Look choose to reply to Bro. Evans, or continue the controversy with Bro. E. for an opponent, our columns are open. We can assure our Boston friends that Bro. Look has the entire confidence of the Craft in Michigan for ability and integrity of character.

With these remarks putting the matter fully before our readers, many of whom have not read the controversy on Sound Limbs, we give the letters from Bro. Solon Thornton, Grand Secretary of Massachusetts, and Bro. Evans, former editor of the *Masonic Monthly*, Boston. ED.

GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS,
 GRAND SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
 Boston, Jan. 23, 1871. }

BRO. CHAPLIN:—It appears from Bro. Look's letter, published in the December No. of the *Freemason*, that the discontinuance of the instructive discussion on the sound or maimed limb question, between H. M. Look and Bro. Jacob Norton, was owing to information received by Bro. Look touching the respectability of Bro. Norton's character, and that he *could not visit* a Lodge in Boston. Permit me to assure Bro. Look that Bro. Norton has at *no time* been debarred the privilege of visiting our Lodges. It is now, and always has been optional with him to visit or not. His character for integrity, as a business man, stands deservedly high in this community, and as a Mason, it will be sufficient to say, that he is in constant communication with our Officers of the Grand Lodge, and a live Mason in every respect.

I make these statements to correct the unfounded report made to Bro. Look, and hope, that inasmuch as said report was the cause of Bro. Look's dropping the discussion, it will now be resumed.

Fraternally, yours,

SOLON THORNTON,

Grand Secretary.

BOSTON, January 23d, 1871.

EDITOR MICHIGAN FREEMASON:—

In your December number, under the caption "From Bro. Look," you have lifted the flimsy curtain which screened from some of your readers the personality of "H. M. L.," who has been the so earnest advocate in your pages of the cause of sound arms and legs, as against the higher claims to Masonic consideration of sound hearts and heads as defended in your columns by Bro. Jacob Norton of Boston.

You have complimented Bro. H. M. Look as "gentlemanly," as a "defender of the spirit and principles of the Order, as courteous toward all, not even returning evil for evil, or reviling again when the temptation is ever so strong."

Now I must presume that these compliments were considered just and proper toward the subject of them. It pleases me better to hope that they are justly and properly rendered than to entertain a doubt of either. The letter, however, in your last signed H. M. L., not only exhibits a weakness and defect of character the reverse of manly toward an antagonist in debate, but also does an injustice toward that antagonist, which will compel me to regard all the compliments you have bestowed on Bro. Look, as intended in irony and not in earnest.

It is a fact that Bro. Jacob Norton "has not visited a Lodge in his own city for more than ten years." But it is entirely false to say that he "*cannot do so*." I write this over my name in full, rather than over my initials. I challenge Bro. Look to name that "highest authority" on which he professes to make these statements, and I hereby challenge that "highest authority" to unmask himself and produce his proof. If that "highest authority" should be a dweller in Boston, I can assure you and Bro. Look also that he will never consent to have his name printed in this connection. Unless Bro. Look is prepared to name his authority, and that authority to furnish his proof, or to own that misinformation has led him into error, he and his "highest authority" must stand convicted before the Masonic Fraternity of wilfully wronging a most worthy brother, and of being willing to see him wronged without an effort to prevent it.

If your compliments are not a satire,—if Bro. Look is the man you say he is, he has but two courses to take: Either to justify his assertions by naming his authority and by proof; or to admit his error and apologize to Bro. Norton, for the wrong done him.

Jacob Norton can visit any lodge in Boston if he chooses. He chooses not to do so, and his motives for not doing so are higher and more worthy of our highest approbation than, are the motives of many of the so-called "highest authorities" for continuing to visit our Lodges.

The story is briefly thus:—St. Andrew's Lodge, Boston, of which he was a member, permitted its chaplain, a bigoted priest, to trample upon Bro. Norton's religious convictions, in gross violation of Masonic principle. A petition to the Grand Lodge signed by himself and six of his co-religionists, asking for inquiry and redress, was the result. The then Grand Master of Massachusetts was so far forgetful of the dictates of common decency as to refer that petition to a committee of which the offending, sectarianizing chaplain was chairman, and of whom the other member was also a clergyman opposed to the cause of the petitioners, while the third was a

layman who had in Grand Lodge moved to lay the petition on the table, so that it might not receive any hearing whatever. When that committee, thus organized, reported, its chairman had become Grand Master, and all the official influences were under his direction. The report was adopted, not more than six voting for it. The nature of it may be inferred. Its conclusions were so many perversions of Masonic principles, and an outrage against masonic universality, and when the Grand Lodge allowed it to pass, it sanctioned as great an injustice as was ever perpetrated by any Masonic body in the world against any of its members, against whom no charges ever had been or can be brought.

Brother Norton resolved not to visit a Lodge again until this grave wrong had been undone. He has not visited since. He is deserving of honor and is honored by all who know him here for his persistence, while they much regret his determination in this respect.

Four years ago Bro. Norton was instrumental in bringing before the Grand Lodge another petition which was signed by about sixty prominent Masons, including Past Grand Masters, Grand Chaplains, and Masters and Wardens present and past of Lodges, praying for an inquiry into sectarian practices permitted in Lodges, and sectarian intrusions allowed in our rituals, and the then Grand Master choose to ignore the right of petition, although against strong protest, and to place the same petition in his pocket, never more to see the light. Outrage No. 2.

A similar, but more pointed petition, bearing about two hundred and fifty signatures was presented at the last session of our Grand Lodge, and wiser, more intelligent, more liberal, and more Masonic councils prevailing, it has been referred by our present excellent Grand Master to an able committee. It remains to be seen how this enquiry will result. One thing is certain, a change has been wrought in Massachusetts's Masonry. Charlatanism and quackery are hiding their heads, or maintaining silence. Common sense is coming to the top. Reason is beginning to displace ignorant pretentions. True Masonic aims are obtaining recognition. And it may be claimed that in bringing about this improvement in the spirit of Massachusetts's Masonry, no one man has exercised a greater share of influence than this same Bro. Jacob Norton, from further controversy with whom Bro. H. M. Look is running under the flimsy plea that the "highest authority" has told him something that I here brand as untrue.

Bro. Norton's respectability is unimpeachable either in Masonry or out of it. No one stands better before our community, as a

man of honor or veracity. His intelligence is a fact which in many ways he has established. Masonry, pure and simple, finds no stauncher advocate and supporter than he is to-day, or has been since he entered the institution. Innovators and false teachers in Masonry dread nothing worse than to have Jacob Norton on their tracks. Bro. Look's "highest authority" must be one of these, and so has warned Bro. Look of approaching danger. That warning has undoubtedly found H. M. L. well prepared to profit from it. Quailing under the lash of Bro. Norton's attack on his Sound Limb Theory, and evidently feeling his inability further to cope with Bro. Norton, that "highest authority's" false statements and slanderous insinuations must have come like a god-send. I say this presuming that Bro. Look is not the kind of man you say he is.

But as I hope your compliments to him are well-merited, I trust that I may be undeceived, and that Bro. Look will make the *amende honorable* which he will find is due from him to Bro. Norton, if he will be at pains to enquire, and that then he will endeavor to make a reply to Bro. Norton's last article, which I now fear he feels his inability to do with any success.

I may add that I have several times seen the dimit which Bro. Jacob Norton received from Saint Andrew's Lodge, Boston. That paper is not only an honorable discharge granted at Bro. Norton's own request, but it has a striking peculiarity about it. It mentions the return therewith of \$2, which Bro. Norton had over-paid to the Lodge. This feature is characteristic of my friend. He would sooner over-pay than under-pay any man or body of men to whom he might become a debtor during his transactions.

I am truly and fraternally yours,

SAMUEL EVANS, W. M.,

Gate of the Temple Lodge, Boston.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

WE are constantly in receipt of letters from different parts of the Jurisdiction, mostly having reference only to business; but occasionally they contain items of Masonic news which are very highly appreciated by us. Many of them contain words of encouragement in behalf of our Magazine, and we are frequently tempted to print extracts from these to encourage such of our readers as are despondent, if any such we have. We have concluded from time to time to spend a brief hour with these letters, and, making such extracts and

comments as we think best, give them a place in our columns. We begin in this number.

We commence with a letter from Bro. James Dockeray, of Rockford, who has been indefatigable in his exertions in our behalf. This letter brings eight new subscribers, being twenty-two in all reported recently by this brother, the money accompanying the names. O that we had such an agent in every Lodge in the State. They would soon find out the reading Masons in their vicinities, and they would have little rest until they should do their whole duty to the Craft and themselves by taking our Journal.

After the business part of his letter, Bro. D. thus writes in reference to the doings on St. John's day :

"We had a very pleasant time here on the 27th—a public installation and address at the Methodist church. The address was delivered by Bro. Rider, of Greenville, and was pronounced by all who heard it, to be VERY GOOD; and if the practical advice given by our worthy Brother should be carried out in our daily life, it will accomplish great good. It was applicable to Masons everywhere, and we were very anxious to obtain a copy for publication in the *Freemason*; but our brother was too modest to permit it.

"We had a supper at the hotel of Bro. Stinson, after the exercises at the church, and a ball in the evening which was attended by about 90 couples, and all passed off pleasantly and harmoniously.

"We have a Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star in successful operation; and the ladies of the Order joined us in the procession, and took their part in the ceremonies and festivities of the day. This Chapter was organized not quite one year ago, under a Chapter from the Supreme Grand Chapter of the United States, and is the first organized in this State under the national organization, and is styled "Acacia Chapter No. 1, Order of the Eastern Star." The installation of the officers for the ensuing year will take place on Wednesday evening, the 4th inst.

"This Order of Adoptive Masonry is becoming extended quite rapidly in many of the States under the national organization. Its object is to furnish the means whereby the wives, mothers, sisters, daughters and widows of Master Masons may be able to make themselves known as such, when necessary, and I feel as though it was the duty of every Master Mason to become a member of the Order, in order to be able to recognize the ladies of the same, and render them assistance and protection when needed. If every Mason and his lady relatives were members of the Order, those ladies would be as well protected and cared for, when travelling away from home and

away among strangers, as if in the bosoms of their own families.

“Fraternally, yours, &c.,

“JAMES DOCKERAY.”

Then here comes a letter from Waukesha, Wis., containing the subscription price for one year. The brother is an intelligent Mason, as his letter shows. He loves our noble institution, and if he is deprived of the advantages of Lodge attendance, he endeavors, as much as possible, to make up the deficiency by reading our Journal. We thank him for his cheering words, and we shall use every endeavor to make our Magazine more instructive. But to the extract:

“I am well pleased with the Magazine, and look anxiously for each number, for I am situated so that I have no privileges of attending either Lodge or Chapter, as I am teacher and family officer in the State Reform School. I have only been to □ once in eight months; but I devour the contents of each number of your valuable work, and re-read them many times over. I did not have the name of the firm correctly when I got the order, but had it drawn payable to Messrs. Chaplin & Rix; but when I came to look, I see it is Chaplin & Ihling. Now, if the postmaster will not pay the order, please send it back, and I will have it corrected and made right.

“Yours, fraternally,

“J. W. B.”

We assure our good brother that the order was cashed without hesitancy, and the proper credit given. We only wish we had some more of the same sort from the Badger State.

We next open a letter from Jackson. It is evidently written by a gentleman and scholar, for see how faultless the chirography and how neat the endorsement. But stop! The good Brother wishes to know the amount of his bill that he may pay up and — shall we say it?—must we?—stop the *Michigan Freemason!* Not, he assures us, that he has aught against it or its publishers, but he has no time to read all the publications he takes, and has concluded to prune his list. How sorry we are that he concluded to drop ours! If he had only decided to keep his Masonic Journal, and dropped something else! Oh, how selfish! Well, we suppose he knows his condition and needs better than we do, and we heartily thank him for the honor he displayed in settling up his bill like an honest man and Mason. We have hope of him. He will return by and by, and after starving awhile for want of the food found in a Masonic Journal, he will enter his name as a permanent and paying subscriber. “Good by, John, don’t stay long.”

Here is a letter from Ontario, which speaks in complimentary terms of our publication, and makes several inquiries, which we answer by letter. He is warmly attached to the Craft. We assure our Canada friends that greenbacks are always taken in pay for our Journal.

Next comes a letter from a correspondent who has already laid us under great obligations for past favors, and this letter accompanies a package for the pages of our Journal. But what shall we say? He says he has received a *bill* informing him of his indebtedness for the *Frcemason!* Pshaw! *what* a blunder. Wonder if bills were sent out to all our subscribers "*promiscuously?*" "Yes," says our clerk. Well, I guess, we shall "catch *Jessie!*"

Yes, and here it is again. A good Brother Minister, "agent and correspondent," accompanies his name on our book, but he is subjected to the same treatment by our impartial but innocent clerk. And his pious indignation falls on us without stint, and he refuses to be comforted. Now, jokes aside, let us say to all our agents, the error of sending those bills to such as have aided us sufficient to repay for their Journals, was an error committed, in the absence of the editor, by the clerk, who had not been in the office long enough to know ourselves. We ask pardon, and will use our endeavors to prevent such blunders in future.

We have a host of good letters before us unnoticed, but have not time or space to go further now. We may continue the subject at a future time.

SUMMARY OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF MICHIGAN.

THE Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Michigan, for the year 1870, convened in Masonic Hall, Detroit, at "high twelve," on Wednesday, January 11th. Besides the M. W. Grand Master—A. T. Metcalf, of Kalamazoo—and all the other officers of the Grand Lodge, there were present, of the Past Grand Masters, M. W.'s Geo. C. Munro, Wm. M. Fenton, Wm. L. Greenly, J. Eastman Johnson, Lovell Moore, and S. C. Coffinberry. Nearly three hundred delegates or representatives were present, from the Lodges of the jurisdiction.

The meeting was a busy one, and eminently harmonious. A large amount of the business transacted was of great importance to

the Craft. For the account of business done by the Grand Master during the recess, we refer our readers to his Annual Report, most of which will appear in our next issue. It is sufficient to say, on this head, that twenty-two new Lodges were constituted under charters granted last year; thirteen new Lodges were organized under Dispensation; and these, together with four others—making seven-teen in all—received charters at the last session of the Grand Lodge.

Of the proposed amendments to the Constitution, the following were adopted, viz.: one providing that *one black ball* shall reject an application for *membership*; also one, fixing the time of the Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge on the *second Tuesday* in January.

The proposed amendments, requiring the consent of the nearest Lodge to the formation of a new Lodge; and that relating to additional District Deputies, were rejected.

Several of the questions of jurisprudence decided by the Grand Master were important, and all his decisions were sustained by the Grand Lodge.

A large number of Appeals and grievances were satisfactorily settled.

The Charter of Charity Lodge, No. 94, was revoked, for reasons that will appear in the volume of annual transactions.

The new Grand Lodge of Quebec was recognized; and correspondence and friendly relations with it were inaugurated.

An important circular from the Grand Lodge, to be read in all its Subordinate Lodges, was adopted. This circular relates to certain evils that prosperity has introduced into the Order; and the dangers to Masonry that will grow out of them, unless they are speedily arrested. The circular is founded on an interesting and forcible exposition of these evils and dangers, contained in the Annual Report of the Grand Master; and we bespeak, both for his report and for this circular of the Grand Lodge, the careful attention and thoughtful perusal of all who love Masonry.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Grand Master—J. W. Champlin, of Grand Rapids.

Deputy Grand Master—Henry Chamberlain, of Three Oaks.

Dist. Deputy Grand Master—(For the Upper Peninsula), R. H. Bressford, Hancock.

Senior Grand Warden—M. W. Alfred, Galesburgh.

Junior Grand Warden—C. G. Curtis, Detroit.

Grand Treasurer—Rufus W. Landon, Niles.

Grand Secretary—James Fenton, Detroit.

Grand Visitor and Lecturer—H. M. Look, Pontiac.

Grand Chaplain—D. B. Tracy, Petersburg.

Grand Architect—William Dunham, Manistee.

Senior Grand Deacon—D. W. Clemmer, Dowagiac.

Junior Grand Deacon—E. O. Rose, of Big Rapids.

Grand Marshal—W. H. P. Benjamin, Bridgeport.

Grand Sword Bearer—E. M. Doan, Adrian.

Grand Pursuivant—C. J. Kruger, of Grand Rapids.

Grand Steward and Tyler—W. V. Griffith, Detroit.

The Grand Officers were installed by P. G. M., A. T. Metcalf, and G. M., J. W. Champlin.

The Grand Lodge adopted a rule which, until changed, fixes the compensation of future Grand Officers, as follows, viz.:

GRAND MASTER—Expenses; no salary.

GRAND SECRETARY—Salary, \$300.

GRAND TREASURER—Half the interest on funds in Treasury.

GRAND VISITOR AND LECTURER—Salary, \$1,000.

GRAND TYLER—Salary, \$50.

Other Grand Officers, regular per diem and mileage.

The Grand Lodge was closed in ample form, by M. W. J. W. Champlin, the newly elected Grand Master, and the annual session terminated at 6 o'clock P. M. on Friday, January 13th, instant.

EDITORIAL GOSSIP.

OUR readers will be pleased to find Chapter XII. of "True Wealth" in this number. We have Chapters XIII. and XIV. on hand, ready for the compositor, and Bro. Coffinberry assures us that there will be no further delay. "True Wealth" has been read with great interest thus far, and is a story of great merit. It will take on a Masonic character in future chapters.

BRETHREN, send us all the Masonic news that transpires in your several localities, and thus aid in making the *Michigan Freemason* reflect the doings of the Order in the State. Our prospects are brightening, and we hope to soon be able to give you a Journal you will delight to support. We are always glad to hear from our patrons, and especially glad to have Masonic news sent in as early as possible.

CLUBS are coming in from different parts of the State, and the Publishers take this method of returning thanks to their friends who

have acted so efficiently in their behalf. Long will the kindness be remembered. If the good work goes on as it has begun, we shall surely have our twenty subscribers to each Lodge in the Jurisdiction, and then see what *we* will do! We certainly have twenty *reading* Masons in each Lodge who will subscribe if asked.

WE are informed that Ann Arbor Commandery No. 13, Knights Templar, intend giving their Second Annual Banquet at the Gregory House in Ann Arbor, Wednesday evening, February 8. A time of great interest to courteous Sir Knights is anticipated. It is also reported that the Templars of Detroit are to have a Banquet on Washington's Birthday, on which occasion an address is to be delivered by Hon. S. C. Coffinberry.

MICHIGAN EXCHANGE.—While in Detroit recently we made headquarters at the Michigan Exchange, and found it to be a most agreeable house. It was full of parties who had come as delegates to the Grand Lodge. The gentlemanly proprietors of this well kept hotel seemed to have the happy faculty of being attentive to all their guests, and pleasing all. We thank these Brothers for courtesies, and wish them great success.

We understand that the Biddle was also full, as usual, and also the Russell. We know the appointments of the Biddle, and the courtesy of Bro. Taylor from happy experience.

INSTALLATION CEREMONIES.—We have received the printed order of public services of Continental Lodge No. 287, New York. The officers were installed by our R. W. Brother Ellwood E. Thorne, D. D. Grand Master. The opening Ode and closing Hymn were beautiful and very appropriate. A Lecture was delivered and the occasion was a very interesting one.

By the way, our excellent Bro. Thorne called briefly at our office a few days since. The editor was absent, greatly to his chagrin. Come again, Brother. We greatly appreciate your kindness, and long to take you by the hand.

See Bro. Thorne's advertisement on cover of the Journal.

WE shall be under great obligations if our subscribers will aid us in extending the circulation of our Journal, especially our Michigan Brethren on whom we mostly rely for support. This is the season of the year when subscriptions are most easily procured, and a little effort on the part of any active Brother will greatly aid us. We feel entitled to the kind co-operation of Michigan Freemasons.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. II.—FEBRUARY, A. L. 5871.—NO. VIII.

ADDRESS OF GRAND MASTER METCALF.

BRETHREN: We are informed that it was the custom of one of our ancient Grand Masters at high twelve to enter into the unfinished sanctum sanctorum and offer up his adorations to Deity and draw his designs on the trestle-board.

Although we are not informed of the fact, we may naturally infer that, in the prosecution of his divinely appointed work, he took all proper occasions to leave the special designs on his trestle-board, while he studied the great, the grand design of the completed whole. We may well believe that from such glimpses of the perfect temple and of its sublime symbolisms, he drew an inspiration that greatly aided him in his labors.

So too, may we (convened at high twelve) for a few moments refresh ourselves by recalling to our mind the grand design of Free Masonry, and the relation each one of us sustains to its great purpose.

We call ourselves "temple builders," and such we are, whether consciously or unconsciously—not, it is true, after the fashion of our ancient brethren—the "cloud-capped towers and gilded domes" of whose wonderful structures "elevated all hearts to the Deity and all eyes and hopes to heaven;" but, rising from the material to the ideal, from the symbolic to the actual, in a higher and truer sense, each one of us is the architect of a temple of which his own heart is its shrine, virtue its incense and labor its true worship. "Know ye not that ye are temples to the living God?" Yes, my brethren, this is the first and great lesson taught us by Masonry; and all our symbolism is designed to inculcate this truth. "The Lodge" is but a type of a Mason; and some of its typical lessons it will be well for us to re-

member now, as we gather from every part of this grand jurisdiction to this annual Grand Communication in the discharge of our trust as "overseers of the work." The Lodge, I say, is a type; and, as this Lodge is tyed, let each one of us set a careful, constant guard at the door of his heart that no improper thought or feeling be allowed to enter to mar the peace and the harmony of our action; as the Lodge is purged, let each purify his own temple of all that can defile it or bring confusion into its councils; let us learn, as each station reports its functions, to be faithful in the discharge of duty, obedient to lawful command, hospitable to the worthy, careful to display the truth, diligent in the hours of labor, and temperate in the hours of refreshment and rest, helpful to preserve order and prompt to discharge all obligations, so that none may complain, and so that peace and harmony may prevail; and, finally, to so rule our spirits that justice may be done, that the work may prosper, and God be glorified. And, as the Lodge typifies a temple whose purpose is the worship of God, let each one of us, from the inner temple of his own private sanctuary, lift up his heart in gratitude to the Giver of all Good, that He has watched over us during the year; that He has blessed us; that He has permitted us again to meet, and invoke, also, His presence and guidance during this communication, so that "brotherly love may prevail, and all moral and social virtues cement us," and that His favor may be with our jurisdiction, and His richest blessings on all. My brethren, if with pure and honest purpose we thus prepare ourselves for the business before us, may we not confidently hope that this annual session will not only be pleasant to us who are here together, but highly profitable to all whose interests we represent.

While we thus cultivate a consciousness of the observation of "the All-Seeing Eye," we need not and should not forget that "we are compassed about by a great cloud of witnesses," not only by the twenty thousand of our own jurisdiction, but by the millions of our brethren in the world, who stand by to observe, to scrutinize and to judge of our work. Nor is this all. Here, even here in this chamber, besides the many who fill it to repletion, I seem to see another "cloud of witnesses" over our heads and hovering around us—the spirits of brothers gone before—of the many who for *forty-five years* have guarded our altars, and have gone home. To me, your present unworthy Grand Master, even to me, there comes the form of Lewis Cass, the first in our succession of Grand Masters; and as he and others like him, who have gone to their reward, stand with dim shadowy forms around the Orient of this jurisdiction, to me their faces look

not sad, but glad that the Order they loved is prosperous—that its influence is increasing, and that its landmarks are preserved. Guided then by Divine wisdom, and inspired by such an audience, each one of us, I doubt not, will strive to do his duty, participating in that noble emulation of who can best work and best agree.

The first duty incumbent upon me in the official relation I hold by virtue of your kind partiality is to “give an account of my stewardship.” The year has been marked by prosperity; it has been full of Masonic events, and my labors have not been few. To my review of the principal features of the work of the year, I crave your patient attention.

CONSTITUTING NEW LODGES.

At our last annual communication charters were granted to twenty-two new lodges, and my first work, after the close of the session, was to see that they were properly organized and constituted. Three of these, viz.: Coldwater Lodge No. 260, at Coldwater; Fraternity Lodge No. 266, at Ann Arbor; and Mattewan Lodge No. 268, at Mattewan, I constituted in person.

The others were constituted by my proxies, as follows:

Bridgeport Lodge, No. 258, Bridgeport, by W. Bro. —.

Cambia Lodge, No. 259, Cambia, by W. Bro. D. Boock.

Covenant Lodge, No. 261, North Lansing, by W. Bro. H. B. Shank.

Schiller Lodge, No. 263, Detroit, by W. Bro. J. B. Rampton.

East Bay Lodge, No. 264, East Bay, by W. Bro. Charles W. Day.

Northport Lodge, No. 265, Northport, by W. Bro. Charles W. Day.

Leonard Lodge, No. 266, Ransom Centre, by W. Bro. Chauncey Leonard.

Olivet Lodge, No. 267, Olivet, by W. Bro. D. B. Hughes.

Menominee Lodge, No. 269, Menominee.

Crystal Lodge, No. 270, Frankfort, by W. Bro. Wm. Dunham.

Calumet Lodge, No. 271, Calumet.

DeWitt Lodge, No. 272, DeWitt, by W. Bro. H. B. Shank.

Center Lodge, No. 273, Midland City, by W. Bro. S. C. Randall.

Baldwin Lodge, No. 274, East Tawas, by W. Bro. R. J. Carney.

Elk Rapids Lodge, No. 275, Elk Rapids, by W. Bro. Charles W. Day.

Humboldt Lodge, No. 276, Grand Rapids, by R. W. Bro. J. W. Champ-
lin.

North Star Lodge, No. 277, Unionville, by W. Bro. J. J. Wilder.

Clayton Lodge, No. 278, Clayton, by M. W. Bro. W. L. Greenly.

Vernon Lodge, No. 279, Vernon, by W. Bro. Hugh McCurdy.

In the constitution of several of these Lodges the occasion was taken for more or less of Masonic demonstration.

DISPENSATIONS FOR NEW LODGES.

In granting dispensations for the formation of new lodges, I have

endeavored to conform to the rules of this Grand Lodge. The rapid extension of railroads in our state has multiplied villages along their lines, and where great inconveniences has been experienced by members of the Craft, obliged to go off the line of a railroad to attend their lodges, I have been induced to grant dispensations which, but for these facts, would not have been proper. In no case, however, has a dispensation been granted without the hearty recommendation of the nearest lodge, and a strict compliance with all other necessary prerequisites. I have issued dispensations for thirteen new lodges, as follows:

February 21—Mill Station, Lapeer county.

April 9—Ada Station, Kent county.

April 19—St. Joseph, Berrien county.

May 17—Charlevoix, Emmett county.

June 6—Cheboygan, Cheboygan county.

June 6—Oyer's Corners, Jackson county.

July 6—Crystal, Montcalm county.

July 21—Ionia, Ionia county.

September 20—Breedsville, Van Buren county.

September 28—Salt River, Isabella county.

September 28—Benona, Oceana county.

October 22—Vandalia, Cass county.

October 25—Marcellus, Cass county.

These dispensations are now returnable, and I hope the doings of these new lodges will receive a thorough examination by the proper committee. Petitions asking for dispensation to form a new lodge at Harrisville, Alcona county, one at Marshall, Calhoun county, and one also at Bradley, Allegan county, have been received, but so recently that I have thought best to submit them to the Grand Lodge. Another petition for a new lodge at Langston, Montcalm county, which is not accompanied with the necessary requirements, is also presented for your consideration.

DEDICATIONS.

During the year I attended in person the dedication of three new Masonic Halls, that of St. Peter's Lodge, No. 156, at Edwardsburg; that of Bloomingdale Lodge, No. 221, at Bloomingdale; and that of Three Rivers Lodge, No. 57, at Three Rivers. At the latter I was assisted by Past Grand Masters J. Eastman Johnson and S. C. Coffinberry. Three others have been dedicated to my proxies, as follows: At Grand Rapids, by R. W. J. W. Champlin, Deputy Grand Master; Waterford Lodge, No. 98, at Waterford, by R. W. Henry M. Look, Grand V. and L., and St. Louis Lodge, No. 188, at St. Louis, by Worthy Brother A. J. Utley. All these halls are

spacious, well arranged and elegantly furnished. They are sure indications of the zeal of our brethren in the places named, and of the harmony and prosperity of their Masonic labors.

JURISPRUDENCE.

Very many questions of Masonic law have been presented for decision, but the most of them came from the younger lodges, and involve no new principles. I recapitulate only such as have occasioned considerable correspondence, and do not seem to be generally understood :

1. Application is made for membership on demit. But two black balls appear, and the brother is declared elected. Immediately thereafter three or more members of the lodge object to the election.

Q. Can the Worshipful Master order another ballot?

A. No; the ballot having been declared, cannot be reconsidered.

Q. Can the lodge prevent the signing of its by-laws by a brother so elected?

A. No, unless charges be preferred.

2. The ballot is passed for membership on demit; it is pronounced *not clear* at all the stations, and the brother then is declared rejected. It was afterward ascertained that but two negative ballots were cast.

Q. Can the Worshipful Master order a new ballot?

A. No.

The proceeding, however, is irregular, because not in accordance with the constitution. The remedy is in another petition, which can be presented at the next regular.

3. A. B. is initiated in Lodge No. 1. Lodge No. 2 obtains permission to advance him. On ballot, however, the advancement is refused by Lodge No. 2. Subsequently Lodge No. 3 obtains permission from No. 2 to advance the same brother.

Q. Has Lodge No. 3 obtained jurisdiction?

A. No. Lodge No. 1 having jurisdiction, permitted Lodge No. 2 to complete the work, but Lodge No. 2 having refused, by ballot, to do this, the jurisdiction reverts to Lodge No. 1, where it remains until again transferred by its own act.

4. Brother L., who was Worshipful Master of this lodge when U. D., but who left the state just before our charter was granted, has now returned. It is claimed that (never having signed our by-laws) he is not a member.

Q. Is a regular affiliation now necessary to make him a member of the lodge?

A. No. Not having demitted, he is still a member of your lodge. His Masonic obligations bind him to obey your by-laws.

In February last I received a communication from Most Worshipful R. B. Donaldson, Grand Master of the District of Columbia, inclosing a circular containing several questions on the right of visit, on which he asks my opinions. He informed me that the same questions had been forwarded, with a similar request, to the Grand Master of each grand jurisdiction in the United States.

The published proceedings of those Grand Lodges, which have been in session since then, contain the opinions of each Grand Master on these questions. As the questions themselves are intrinsically important, and some uniform rule in regard to some of them seems highly desirable, I comply with the request and add my views. Omitting the circular, which is quite lengthy, I state only the questions propounded and my replies:

1. Q. "Does a Master Mason, in good standing in his lodge, possess the inherent right of visiting any Masonic lodge wherever he may go?"

A. "A Master Mason in good standing possesses the *right* of visiting any Masonic lodge wherever he may go, provided *the lodge to which he applies will receive him*. In general terms, the right of a Master Mason in good standing to visit a lodge is subordinate to the paramount right of a lodge to refuse him admission."

2. Q. "It has been claimed that a Master Mason may object to a visiting brother, the reasons to be determined solely in his own conscience. Does a Master Mason possess the unqualified right of objecting to the presence of a visiting brother?"

A. Yes. The right of a member of any particular lodge, *while in his lodge*, is greater than the right of one who is a visitor and not a member; and when it becomes necessary to discriminate between the two, the superior right must prevail.

3. Q. "If a Master Mason objects to a visiting brother sitting in the lodge, is he accountable to the lodge, and is it his duty to give reasons for such objection?"

A. No. He is accountable only to his judgment and conscience. Every Master Mason has *one prerogative* which cannot be questioned or denied; it is the prerogative of standing on the floor of his own lodge and saying—I object. To the initiation, to the advancement, to the membership or to the visit, *I object*.

4. Q. "If a Master Mason has sufficient reason for objecting

to a brother visiting his lodge, is it not his duty to prefer charges, so as to bring the objectionable brother under discipline and give him an opportunity to vindicate his character?"

A. No: the objecting member must be left to the exercise of his discretion in every such case. The *mode* of expressing an objection cannot effect the right to make it. Applicants for visit or for membership may both be refused without explanation—one verbally and the other by ballot—without damage to their Masonic standing. Consequently, no harm is done by the enforcement of such a rule. On the contrary, if objection without charges cannot be sustained, infinite mischief may be done, because, in many such cases, to require charges and proofs would be to demand of the objecting member what a true man and Mason will never yield—a surrender of Masonic, professional or family confidences and secrets. To ask him to do this in order to protect his rights in his own lodge, would be an insult—to demand it, an outrage.

5. Q. "If a Master Mason shall hear the statement of his friend affecting the character of a brother Master Mason, would he be justified in objecting to the presence of such a brother, in his lodge upon an *ex parte* statement?"

A. This is a matter which must be left to the judgment and conscience of every individual brother.

PUBLIC DEMONSTRATIONS.

Our lodges very often receive invitations to take part in public processions, not Masonic; and as this subject causes no little correspondence, I recommend some action by the Grand Lodge, which will relieve my successors from such annoyance and some unnecessary labor.

The constitution provides (art. 6, sec. 10), "There shall be no funeral or other procession of Masons, under this jurisdiction, except by permission of a regularly constituted lodge, or the presiding officer thereof." In my replies I have called the attention of lodges to this provision, and at the same time have advised them to take no part in processions or ceremonies not strictly Masonic. For the advice of lodges and officers, and to relieve them from the embarrassment of refusing consent in many doubtful cases, I respectfully recommend that the Grand Lodge adopt a standing resolution to the effect: "That funerals of deceased Master Masons and the laying of corner-stones are proper occasions for Masonic processions; and that lodges and their officers should not permit them on any other occasion without a special dispensation from the Grand Master."

SPECIAL DISPENSATIONS.

I have issued four special dispensations to act upon petitions without waiting the usual delays, but not till I had satisfied myself that the character of the petitioners and the necessities of each case justified the exercise of this power. Other applications for the same privilege have been refused, because the emergency did not warrant a departure from the rule.

ERRORS OF "TRANSACTIONS," 1870.

The transactions of our last annual communication, as published, contain some important errors. One relates to an amendment of the act of the Legislature incorporating this Grand Lodge, the passage of which I secured two years since, and relating to the amount of property this Grand Lodge may lawfully hold. It was amended so as to confer on us the right of holding property to the amount of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. As published in our transactions, the amount was stated to be twenty-five thousand dollars.

An important error also occurred in the make-up of the report of the committee on Masonic law, which I recommend be rectified by publishing a correct version, and arrangement thereof, as an appendix to the transactions of this year.

And, in this connection, I recommend that the Grand Secretary be instructed to prepare for each future volume of our annual transactions a full index to its contents.

DEBITS.

The wording of debits in use by the subordinate lodges of this grand jurisdiction is so various, and, in many instances, capable of such improper construction, that I am induced to bring the subject before you and urge the adoption of some proper form, the use of which should be made obligatory. In this connection I beg leave to call your attention to the laws enacted by the Grand Lodge of Missouri in relation to this subject, and ask that they receive careful consideration by the proper committee.

IMPOSTORS.

Some plan should be devised whereby we may defeat the schemes and tricks of impostors, and protect our funds against misappropriation. Every true Mason is so ready to help a needy brother that he is too apt to give indiscriminately—preferring to give even to those he may suspect to be unworthy rather than to cause the worthy to suffer by his mistake. The evil is great and growing. A

large amount of money is now annually expended by our subordinates in giving assistance to itinerant beggars and professional mendicants.

While Master of a lodge it was my custom to inform all applicants for assistance that I would telegraph the Worshipful Master of the lodge to which they claimed to belong, and if they were properly indorsed by him, I would render all the assistance required. In the majority of instances, the substance of their reply has been, "I had rather go to the poor-house than suffer such a mortification." Thus far, the poor-house of my county has never had the honor of entertaining one of these individuals; on the contrary, they have usually managed to get out of town on their own resources, and I have always noticed *they didn't go on foot*.

A large majority of these applicants for assistance are unprincipled vagabonds, and they should not even be examined until they produce satisfactory evidence that they are entitled to assistance. Scarcely any of these mendicants profess to hail from lodges in our jurisdiction. They almost invariably belong *a great way off*. Any plan of protection, therefore, to be successful, must be general.

MASONIC LITERATURE.

In my annual report of last year, I had occasion to call your attention to the obligations under which all Masons in this jurisdiction had been placed by our R. W. Brother, H. M. Look, Grand V. and L., for his timely and useful work entitled "Masonic Trials and Michigan Digest." For the extension of Brother Look's Masonic reputation, and especially for the promotion of regularity in a difficult but important part of Lodge business, nothing could have been more efficient than this manual. Trials and appeals have become the chief business of this Grand Lodge, and mainly on account of the irregularities which subordinate Lodges were continually committing in the management and conduct of difficult and, many times, delicate cases. With this valuable guide, a Lodge can scarcely go wrong in any trial, if strict attention be given to its rules and directions. Its beneficial effect on this class of business is already perceptible in the jurisdiction; and I see no reason to doubt that, in a few years, this Grand Lodge may, by its influence, be almost wholly relieved from the consideration of appeals. But Brother Look, not content to rest on his laurels, has conferred another benefit on the Craft at large, by the issue of a new work, entitled "Law and Practice of Masonic Trials, in the Lodge, Chapter and Commandery." This work is of universal application, and will be of great benefit

to the Craft; but it will not, in this jurisdiction, supersede his first volume, which, in addition to the law of trials, contains the constitution, by-laws, standing resolutions and edicts of our own Grand Lodge, all of which it may be important to have and use in our Lodge trials.

Permit me also to call your attention to *The Michigan Freemason*, now edited by Brother Chaplin. Its influence in the jurisdiction, whose interests it was mainly intended to subserve, has undoubtedly been wholesome, and as a medium of intercommunication between the Grand Lodge, or the Grand Master, and the Subordinate Lodges, or between the Lodges themselves, is worthy of your attention. It is the expectation of the publishers to greatly improve its matter and appearance. This is now easy for them to do, because they now have facilities which, until recently, they could not command.

I have received from its author a copy of a form of ritual for burial service, and for a Lodge of sorrow, by R. W. Brother J. B. Sackett, of Chicago. As we have an established burial service, of course I cannot recommend any other, but should any Lodge wish to hold a lodge of sorrow for the dead of any year, I know of no form of service extant which will better serve their purpose than that which is contained in this neat manual.

DELAYED CORRESPONDENCE.

An explanation is due to very many in different parts of the jurisdiction, whose letters did not receive, during the summer, the prompt attention they had the right to expect. In justice to myself, (and by way of explanation,) permit me to say that during a portion of the summer my health was so enfeebled by the overtaxation of my strength, that I was compelled to absent myself from home and business for some weeks, in order to recruit. During this absence, and for a while previous to it, my correspondence necessarily remained unanswered. To dispose of the accumulated mass after my return, also required considerable time, and, in some cases, prolonged the delay of my replies.

THE DANGERS OF PROSPERITY.

I cannot feel that I have discharged my whole duty to you and to this grand jurisdiction, if I retire from this high post of observation, failing to warn you and all who love Masonry of dangers to our beloved institution that lie in wait—of insidious and unsuspected dangers, against which we cannot too soon be on our guard. Little,

if any, mischief or damage has yet come of them. The cloud may yet be on the horizon, and no larger than a man's hand, but *there is danger in the cloud.*

All human experience teaches that the purity of individual character is never more in danger than when exposed to the influences of *great prosperity*. The seductive temptations that lurk in wealth, honor and power, assail poor human nature on its weakest side, and the danger is all the danger, because no danger is suspected.

The tendency that comes with prosperity, to relax that rigid observance of self-denial, of self-control and of circumspection, in which were laid the foundations of success, too often saps the very foundations on which men have built; and the structure which has been so painfully and laboriously carried on to completion, comes tumbling on the heads of its architects, as a penalty for their violation of the fundamental principles on which their edifice was constructed. Divine wisdom has also taught us that he who thinks he stands should take heed lest he fall.

The dangers that, from the heights of prosperity, menace individuals, for manifest reasons, hang even more imminent over all associations of individuals. This is true of states, parties and churches. When they grow wealthy and powerful, they become corrupt. The same is true of Masonry; and Masonry in the United States, my brethren, never so popular or so prosperous as now, was never in such danger as now.

Venerable men—you whose station in this Grand Lodge indicates the purity of your lives, the wisdom of your counsels, and the confidence of your brethren—you, whose whitened heads betoken that you are veterans in this service—I appeal to you—is it not true that Masonry was never so pure as when it was neglected and scorned by the world? For the best of reasons this must be so: because only the true and the steadfast can withstand the indifference and the contempt of mankind. Not so pure, but yet true, it stood against persecution: for the reason that, mingled with our better nature, there is an element of obstinacy, or perverseness, if you will, that stands by a good but unpopular cause. But now, when prosperous gales blow us treasures from every port, and the sunshine of popularity fills our coffers with wealth—now, when the badge of a Mason, ostentatiously worn, is thought to be a universal passport, and our significant emblems a good business card!—now, when our secrets are merchandise, and our most sacred mysteries put money in the purse—now, my brethren, we are in danger. When the pure,

saddened by our laxity, are silent; when the chivalric, finding no further occasion to defend us, are indifferent; when the unworthy, prompted to turn our credit to account, are able to coin it for selfish and base purposes; when the body of the brotherhood, confident in our principles and organizations, and glad of our prosperity, are ignorant of the threatened evil—then we are in danger. Do not misunderstand me, Masonry is not in desperate straits; but some of the influences which flow from our popularity and prosperity, unless checked, will be our destruction. The danger is none the less, because it is a *new* danger—one of which Masonry has had no experience—for the averting of which she has had no precedent to guide her. She now must trust to her principles and to the purity and the wisdom of her sons. But, first of all, the danger must be seen and recognized. If all true Masons can once be aroused to a consciousness of the peril before it is too late, I have no fear for the result.

As yet I have spoken in general terms only. A vague hinting of danger, or a loud shouting of alarm with no specification of the danger to be averted, is worse than useless. The cause, nature and location of our Masonic evils can, I think, be explicitly stated. Before doing this, however, allow me to state some fundamental truths.

Every human organization is founded on some principle and for some purpose. All such institutions, too, adopt and pursue some policy, whereby they hope the more successfully to accomplish their purpose. Masonry, like the rest, has its principles, its purposes and its policy. Its fundamental principle is *charity*—its main purpose is *beneficence*. The institution, finding man (in his present imperfect state) primarily selfish, confines its beneficence to its own circle and to those dear to its members. To thus confine its beneficent purposes within these limits, it, *of necessity*, became a secret organization. Thus secrecy became its policy. It is susceptible of proof (but for the sake of brevity I shall assume) that the institution of Masonry yet stands firmly on its foundation of charity—that it adheres to its purpose of beneficence, but that its policy of secrecy, though professedly maintained, is greatly relaxed. If this be correct, we then find, my brethren, that, as yet, Masonry preserves a pure heart and a strong will, but that it has acquired careless habits. Careless habits (as all human experience teaches) easily become bad habits, and bad habits corrupt both heart and will.

In the further discussion of this subject I shall affirm that without a rigid adherence to our Masonic policy of *secrecy* we cannot preserve the purity of our institution, and that all the dangers that

now threaten it spring from a relaxed observance of this rule by brethren and lodges.

First, I inquire, why did the founders of Masonry adopt the policy? Briefly, because without secrecy Masonic confidences could not be observed between Mason and Mason, or between Masons and the world; but chiefly because without it the purposed benefits of the institution could not be confined within the proposed limits, viz., Masons, their widows and orphans.

The principles of Masonry require its disciples to be of good moral character. Ignoring all distinction made by rank, station and wealth, we endeavor to select only the good, and to exclude those who are bad or of bad repute. Once admitted to membership, all are brothers and equals. Those of our number who *are* good and true men naturally desire to exclude from their fellowship all who are bad, especially those who will make improper use of the confidences and benefits of Masonry. If, then, secrecy be necessary as an internal policy, to secure a proper use of Masonic confidences, and as an external policy, to prevent an improper application of Masonic benefits, we perceive how important the part which *silence* bears in Masonic polity.

In adopting its policy of secrecy, the institution of Freemasonry creates no issue with the world, because in so doing it neither invades any rights nor inflicts any wrongs. Toward the world its attitude is that of asking neither admiration, praise nor assistance, because it does not even profess, except incidentally, to do anything for it. Never a propagandist, it does not meddle with anybody, neither does it ask anything of anybody. But, though our policy of silence absolves the world of all obligations to Masonry, it, on the other hand, imposes on every true Mason the duty of expecting nothing, seeking nothing, not even praise, from those on whom we professedly confer nothing.

By the same process of reasoning, I deduce another Masonic duty, viz.: That we must be outwardly indifferent to the censure of those whose praise we have no right to expect. In short, it is the imperative duty all Masons to observe two rules towards the world—seek not its praise, nor provoke its censure; but, whether praised or censured, *be silent*. If its praise be just, we cannot own it; if it be mistakenly given, we cannot correct it. So, too, of its blame—if it be just, we can only profit by it; if unjust, we cannot prove it. In either case, therefore, *silence* is both duty and wisdom.

The unexampled prosperity and popularity of Masonry in the United States, during the last few years, has brought to our portals

great numbers of those who have been actuated more, I fear, by its popularity and influence, than by an intelligent appreciation or love of our principles. It is proper to presume that, in those who have been attracted to us by the prosperity and favor that attend us, the love of admiration and applause is a powerful, if not a controlling characteristic. Growth having stimulated a *love of growth*, even among our best Masons, there has not been exercised that vigilance in the selection of material that should always prevail, and without which we cannot insure a healthy growth—a growth of Masonic strength, as well as of numbers.

This large element of crude and unassimilated material, lately infused into the veins of our Masonic life, largely participates in relaxing the time-honored policy of Masonic silence and circumspection toward the world. This new element is, by nature and of necessity, an *ambitious* element and in too many instances we find it introducing in our lodges the tactics of the political causes, to the great scandal of all true Masons and to the detriment of our institution. Our popularity, too, attracts to us many who *care nothing for our principles*, but who hope and expect to profit by being known and recognized as Masons. These not only do not care to observe our policy of silence, but on the contrary their interests prompt them to proclaim on all occasions, both by visible symbols and by spoken words, that they are Masons. In violation of their solemn obligations, they think and talk of our secret affairs in times and places and companies when their lips should be sealed. From this latter class come those who make what they style the secrets of Masonry and the curiosity of the ignorant their stock in trade. If the world only knew how little these men know of that science whose secrets they profess to peddle, and how little their pinchbeck wares resemble the pure Masonic gold, their trade would soon cease.

The undue love of worldly admiration and applause that has come over us has relaxed our reticent policy in other respects. It prompts too many Masonic processions and demonstrations. There are occasions (of which I have already spoken in another portion of my report) when it is eminently proper that Masons should appear in public, *as an order*; but besides these, in my judgment, the occasions are few—very few indeed—when the lodge can properly display its insignia. When the occasion illustrates that which is peculiar to our order, it is not only proper, but wise, to honor it; but when it is an occasion with whose principles, spirit and objects Masonry has nothing to do, it is not only in exceeding bad taste, but it is in the last degree unwise, to give it Masonic recognition and in-

dorsement. Men of good sense and of good taste never fail to know when we make a mistake in this direction ; and if they happen to dislike our institution, or individual members of it, their sarcasms on our folly come pointed with truth and barbed by a sneer. It is not the spirit of true Masonry that prompts these unmasonic demonstrations by Masons. No, my brethren, they are the offspring of a love of the world's admiration—a love of display—a love of that senseless chatter that titilates the hungry ear, a love of that idle stare of wonder and curiosity which gladdens eyes greedy of admiration.

But there is another class, among whom we find some of our best and truest Masonic brethren, who so love our order and its institutions that they cannot bear to hear evil spoken of it. They rush to its defense on every occasion, in season and out of season (indeed all seasons for this kind of defense are out of season). In our Masonic magazines, even in our official Masonic reports, we find this violation of the rigid law of absolute silence with which Masonry seals the lip of every one of her sons. Permit me to say, my brethren, (and that, too, with becoming modesty), I think this is a grave error. I cheerfully concede that it is an error of the head, or if in any sense an error of the heart, it is from one whose only fault consists in being excessively large. And as this is a growing evil, and seems to be sanctioned by high example, permit me, in vindication of my arraignment of it, but more especially to promote what I believe to be the good of Masonry, to state why I think it a bad policy to defend ourselves against the world.

In a former part of this discussion, I have stated why we cannot consistently with our fundamental principles, court the praise of the world, or defend ourselves against its censure ; that conferring nothing, we ask nothing—disclaiming praise we must ignore censure. But I wish to show that argument with the world is not only masonically illogical, but that it is useless, and so far as it is a violation of our fundamental policy it is unwise.

First, what is the practical value of argument with our opposers, in the absence of a tribunal ! Are *the people* a tribunal competent to judge our case ? Do we concede to our opponents themselves the right of judgment, or are we so confident of the convincing power of our arguments, and of the candor of our enemies, that we can safely abide by their decision ? Proof, however abundant it may be, we cannot use in our defense, before any, except a Masonic tribunal ; and a Masonic tribunal would be to our enemies unsatisfactory, and to us unnecessary. What *practical good* then can possibly be accomplished by replying to censure or engaging in argument ?

Second. The just and the intelligent never condemn without proof or without knowledge. Silly bigots and meddling fools may denounce, as they often do, what they do not understand; but we can well afford to hold all such in silent contempt. To their attacks we cannot reply; attempted reply dignifies the assault and makes the assailant our equal. It also encourages further attack, because when bigotry or folly assail, a defense feeds their vanity and encourages a continuance of warfare. The motive of this class of assailants is itself a proof that there is no wisdom in defense, because to seek the truth or to find the truth constitutes no part of the impulse that moves them. Their sole motive springs from *prejudice*—a feeling that is never quelled by defense, but is only the more stimulated by it to further attack. Reason and right do not influence it, for its object is not to establish truth, but to carry its point—not to find the good, but to put down, right or wrong, whatever it chooses to assail.

My brethren, pardon me if I urge these views somewhat persistently. I am firmly convinced that it is our highest wisdom, whether as individual Masons, officers of the lodge or Grand Lodge, or conductors of a Masonic press, to preserve, in regard to all assaults upon us, *an unbroken silence*. I repeat it, *an unbroken silence*.

We must not forget what we are. In this jurisdiction we number over *twenty thousand* of the best men in the State—men from all ranks and classes; men of all political parties; men of all churches (with but a single inconsiderable exception); Governors, Senators, Judges, legislators; all professions, and representatives of all honest employments are found in our ranks—the high, the low, the rich, the poor, so they be honest, upright men and of good repute, are welcomed to our altars. If, my brethren, the life, the character and the influence of such a body of men be not sufficient answer to the silly slanders which from time to time are launched against us, we have no use for words of defense. If our conduct furnishes no armor against the feeble weapons of our assailants, controversy and battle with them will only expose us to greater dangers. Rectitude of life and conduct will ultimately silence all our enemies. Neither must we forget who are our assailants. They are a race of whom ignorance is their mother and bigotry their father. Time was when they ruled the world. Thank God, that time is passed. Intelligence and progress have carried us beyond the power which once ruled mankind. Though trodden under foot in this nineteenth century, they may here and there lift their impotent fangs to strike those who pass them; but the power of their poison is gone. Their race

is run ; ignominy and disgrace are henceforth their doom. We may rest in the calm assurance that if we be true to our principles, true to our mission, and true also to *our policy of silence*, we need have no fears of bigotry in any of its forms ; for bigotry is ever the same, whether she dons the hypocritical sack-cloth of *fallibility*, or assumes the arrogant robes of *infallibility* ; the drapery in neither case hides the cloven foot of a devilish intolerance which the world has learned to despise. No, my brethren, we cannot, by argument or controversy with them, afford to make men, actuated by such a spirit, our equals ; dignity and a proper self-respect demand that we receive their assaults with a silent contempt.

To emphasize what I have said on this point and to show that prudence, wisdom, policy and self-respect are in harmony with our time-honored rules, I need only remind you that each one of you was taught, at *the very threshold* of Masonry, not to suffer your zeal for the institution to lead you into arguments with those who through ignorance may ridicule or assail it. This rule was the dictate of wisdom ; wise men foresaw its necessity ; wise Masons will obey it. It is in harmony with the principles on which Masonry is founded ; it is in harmony with its purpose ; it is the *very essence* of its policy ; experience vindicates it—your obligation commands it. Let us then bear it in mind and show by our observance of it that we possess the wisdom of Pythagoras, our ancient philosopher and brother, whose proudest boast to all who derided his system was this, “ I know how to be silent.”

The danger to Masonry which the recent attacks upon it have brought, lies not in their being unanswered ; far from it. The damage lies in quite a different direction. The notoriety which these attacks have given our institution in certain quarters, instead of frightening any into a belief that we are dangerous to church or State, has so advertised it that new applicants for admission to our mysteries are multiplying with great rapidity, and the danger is that the unhealthy fondness for *more growth*, which seems to be manifest in so many quarters, will admit improper material into the structure of our Masonic Temple. This *is* a danger. But it is one to be met, not by argument (which would only throng our portals with a greater number), but in the privacy of our lodges, and *by the secret ballot*.

This leads me, naturally, to suggest the remedies, which, in my opinion, must be used to cure the evils, which I have particularized.

1. All Masons should study more profoundly than they do the principles, spirit and policy of the craft.
2. They should rigidly rule themselves by its teachings.

3. The ballot should be used relentlessly to ward off all improper material, never, however, forgetting the other Masonic rules about its use.

4. The discipline of offenders, non-affiliants and drones, provided by our laws, must be enforced.

5. There must be a return to that policy toward the world of reticence, circumspection and absolute silence in regard to Masonic affairs.

And under this head, allow me to repeat some suggestions already made. Of course it is not unlawful for Masons to wear Masonic emblems as jewelry; but if Masons would universally abandon the fashion very many who now pass as Masons because of their jewelry, would cease to do us harm.

Masonic processions, except for occasions strictly Masonic, should be strictly forbidden and discarded. Finally, silence, silence, silence, should be the first, second and third degrees of every man's Masonry.

To many this public declaration of our errors and defects may be unpalatable; to many it may seem unwise. But, as God is my judge, it is because I love Masonry and desire its purity and stability, that I thus apply the probe to the sores. To the wise and the good I appeal—I make them my audience—if they approve my frankness I am content. I can only sound the alarm, and perhaps suggest a remedy. I am powerless beyond this. It is for you, brethren of the Grand Lodge, to adopt and apply the remedy. It is for you to discipline the Masonic army of this jurisdiction; to counsel the wise, to instruct the ignorant, to admonish the wayward, to punish the traitors, and to remove the *sutlers* and *camp-followers* that are polluting it.

Other Grand Lodges may or may not do this. Indeed, brethren, perhaps I ought to say, I do not expect this needed reform to be accomplished in a week or in a year. But if Masonry is to be preserved in its purity, some such course must be taken. If Masonry is worth the effort, her sons, I am persuaded, will save her; if she is not, then let her die, and let her epitaph be:

Here lie the mortal remains of ancient Freemasonry. Contempt favored it—persecution purified it—but prosperity killed it.

To show that at least some of the warnings, which I have now given are not without foundation, I will proceed to give you what may perhaps be properly termed a pictorial illustration, by our special artist, of a transaction which is worthy of your attention. The

original of my picture is partly *lithograph*, and partly *autograph*, of which I present you for examination, a *photograph*.

* * * * *

This lithographed circular, manifestly a *fac simile* of well known hand-writing, is signed by "A. Smith." We should naturally expect that a man engaging in the business indicated by this circular would shrink from using his own proper name, and seek to cover the infamy by an *alias*. Why the Smith family should be subjected to the discredit, rather than the Brown family, or the Jones family, it may not be worth while to inquire; but, brethren, we have the proof that this circular has been sent broadcast over the country by one whose name is not Smith, and that letters evidently sent in reply to those circulars, and directed to "P. O. Drawer 580, Detroit," have been habitually taken by one whose name is not Smith. In short, my brethren, I am in possession of proof that conclusively shows *who is* the author of this lithographed circular. The autographic part of my photograph may lift the veil and throw some light upon the picture.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN, Sept., 19th, 1870.

To the Grand Secretary General of the Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Scotch Rite of Free Masons and 33 Degree in the Valley New Orleans:

ILL. BROTHER.—Several of the brethren in this city are desirous of obtaining a charter to work in your Rite. They understand you confer all the degrees from the E. A. to the 33 deg., without any distinction of race or country.

Can we get a legal constitutional charter from your Council? and if so, how many brethren in good standing—what will it cost—and what course shall we take to procure it? I have supposed that you would grant us a charter from the fact that your organization was different from the one in the Northern Jurisdiction. I presume you have seen the action of our Grand Lodge, which in the opinion of many good brothers amounts to but very little.

Please have the goodness to answer as soon as you can conveniently, and give us all the necessary information about the matter.

Very Respectfully and Fraternaly Yours,

CZAR JONES 33 deg.

For the Committee

N. B.—I did not know who to send to, and have directed as above. Please send such documents and proceedings as you may have in order for our direction.

Direct CZAR JONES, Detroit, Michigan.

Without further note or comment, I submit this matter for your consideration.

RETIREMENT.

And now, my brethren, it only remains for me to say that my services as the Grand Master of this jurisdiction must terminate with this annual communication. For the generous confidence and kind partiality by which, for eight years, I have been conducted from station to station in this Grand body—especially for the courtesy and kindness that have beamed upon me from every part of this jurisdiction during the two years I have been clothed with its supreme honor, I return my grateful thanks. Less I cannot say; and any multiplicity of words would fail to do justice to the feelings with which I now retire from the duties, the honors, the labors and the pleasures of your Grand Orient.

The jurisdiction is large (numbering nearly three hundred lodges and more than twenty thousand members), and my labors have necessarily been arduous. The northern portion of our State is being developed with unexampled rapidity; railroad and private enterprise is opening the wilderness to the hardy yeomen of our country. The church, the school house and the lodge follow them with equal steps into the forests of the north, each ministering, in its own sphere, to the religious, the intelligent and fraternal wants of noble men. The supervision of our Masonic work in this new field has now for two years been intrusted to my care. The labor, the thought and the correspondence it—together with the other duties of the jurisdiction—has devolved upon me, have been cheerfully performed, though with serious sacrifices of health and private interests. Justice to myself and family, therefore, requires that I relinquish labors of which there have been no lack and honors of which I have had Benjamin's portion. To my colleagues in office, one and all, for prompt, intelligent and brotherly counsel and assistance; to my proxies, who have relieved me of many labors, and to the twenty thousand brethren who have been for so long a time my kind, courteous and fraternal constituency, I tender my heartfelt thanks for their generous consideration. And may the altars of Masonry, wherever erected in this broad jurisdiction, be ever illuminated by the presence of the Grand Architect; by the bright and undimmed radiance of our Masonic luminaries, and by that life of the good man which "shineth brighter and more bright unto the perfect day."

WHEN you see a man with a great deal of religion displayed in his shop window, you may depend upon it he keeps a very small stock of it within.

TRUE WEALTH.

CHAPTER XIII.

BY S. C. COFFINBERRY.

A week had elapsed since the destruction of the Baltimore theatre. Mr. Wilson was still confined to his room from the effects of the injuries received by him on that occasion. His daughter had watched at his bedside almost incessantly, from the night of the disaster until he had so far recovered as to be considered, by his physician, out of danger, when she left him in care of servants in his own bed-room.

Several days had elapsed after the painful event, before she was sufficiently relieved from anxiety on account of her father's condition, to recall to her mind the events of that evening. One by one they began to steal upon her recollection. Among her recollections was the conduct of Charles Preston. Again, in fancy, she saw him, as he appeared at the theatre window, almost overcome as he supported her father in his arms. Her eyes dimmed with tears, as she saw him again in fancy bearing her father down the ladder to the ground. Again she heard the joyous shouts of the multitude as the crowd rushed forward into the very jaws of danger to greet him—to commend him—to bless him—to take him upon their shoulders and bear him in triumph away.

Suddenly she dried her tears and paced the room in agitation. Another circumstance, with the others, forced itself upon her recollection. Again she saw the beautiful young Countess Mont Martre beside Preston in the theatre, looking up into his face—thoughtfully, fondly. Women are quick to read each other's hearts, and to interpret the silent language which the heart speaks through the eyes. She tried in vain to dismiss this recollection from her mind. The graces of the young Countess appeared to be imprinted upon her memory vividly and indelibly.

Under embarrassing circumstances connected with indeterminate issues, there sometimes appears to be a suspension in the regular action of one's being. It sometimes seems as if the whole movements of life depended upon a single event—the decision of a single

hope—the result of a single breath—the mere falling of a hair. This suspense is oppressive. A decision, a fiat, a knowledge comes like a stroke—startles like a thunderbolt. Perchance it overturns, prostrates, partially destroys. But when the shock has passed, the worst is known. The soul immediately reacts. It gathers strength. It musters and reorganizes the scattered forces of the mind. It rallies, recuperates, and finally adapts itself to its wounded and smitten state, its disappointments and its reduced powers. This suspense, however, like a worm, eats at the very root of our being. It slowly saps, drop by drop, from the fountains of vitality. Its uncertainty consumes and penetrates until the springs of life are poisoned and dried up.

Eda awaited something—what, she knew not. She was quite sure, in her own opinion, that the young Countess cherished more than a mere sentiment of respect for her father's clerk. She also believed that a reciprocation on his part, of any sentiment she might entertain for him would be, not only very natural, but, also, very proper. In fact, any other idea was incompatible with the circumstances of their association. Why this should give Eda any concern, she did not ask herself. She had not by any means determined that Charles Preston was in any manner connected with her happiness more than any other person; for this was a question she had not as yet debated with herself. And yet she could not conceive any particular right or claim the young Countess could assume to exercise in relation to him.

She resumed her seat. Upon the mantle, facing her, rested a marble bust of Pallas. She gazed long upon the classic features delineated in the cold white stone. She arose and turned the bust in such a manner as to present the profile in relief against the black marble panel behind it. She studied it a long time in silence. At last she spoke aloud and said:

“What a mockery of life thou art! How beautiful, and how remarkably like the young Countess. . . The artist's dream of beauty in thee hath taken form, but did he dream that his inspired conception of female beauty, as manifested in the lifeless stone, would be realized in a living, moving, loving being—a breathing form, warm with life and animated with emotions of affection? Do I only fancy this resemblance, or is it real? ‘How genius lives in the marble, after the author,’ who imprints it upon the indestructible stone, has mouldered into ashes. Does so much beauty dwell in the soul of the artist, from which his genius draws the inspired conception and embodies the ideal conception? How is this? Does he draw from

life, and perpetuate in the marble the forms of beauty that smile upon him in his fellow beings?"

"I once thought, while contemplating this silent, yet, eloquent, block of marble, that it was over wrought, and that such ideals of female beauty only existed in the hallucinated fancy of genius, burning under the inspiration of Promethean fire. But, now, I find the same beautiful features, the same fullness of female perfection, the same gentle sweetness, and the same noble expression in the young Countess, glowing with life, palpitating with aspirations, and burning with emotion. The conception of the artist must be the reality—the beauty of the living form, which must fade and wither and fall into ashes, that, for a few brief years (hours or days it may be) represents it, is but the mere manifestation or external expression of that sublime conception. Yes, it must be so."

She replaced the bust and resumed her seat. She leaned her head upon her hand, and for nearly an hour sat in silence, and, almost without motion.

"Am I jealous?" said she suddenly, springing to her feet. "Am I, Eda Wilson, jealous?—jealous of whom. Why should I be jealous? What claim have I upon any one to prompt jealousy of any other one. Has he not a right to love whom he may? Can I expect that he could dwell with so much beauty, such perfection, and remain indifferent to it? Of course they love—perchance are plighted. For me how silly, how more than silly to——"

She was interrupted by a knock at the door.

"What is it, Sudie?" said she to the colored waiting maid that entered.

"Massie Henry Leddington wants to see Missus in de parlor. He's waitin down da," returned Sudie.

"Tell Mr. Henry Leddington that I cannot see any one," said Eda, and continued, "I should think he would not have the assurance to present himself again, after having deserted me so recently."

"Lor a me! I should tink so too," replied Sudie. "I guess ef it been Massa Preston, he'd a tuck care o' Miss Eda, honey."

"Sudie," said Miss Wilson, blushing, "what induces you to mention that gentleman's name in connection with mine? What is Mr. Preston to me, do you suppose?"

"My," returned Sudie, "folks says he jes tuk ole Massa in his arms jes as ef he was a little baby, an' fotch 'im right down de ladda. I knows, sure enough, ef he'd a tuck Miss Eda to de play, he'd a se'ed her safe home agin, any way, an' wouldn't a lef her come home alone like Massa Leddington did."

"Well," said Miss Wilson,, "run down and tell him that I cannot see him."

Sudie withdrew, and Eda burst into tears as the door closed after her. After a few moments she dried her tears and said, "Am I to be annoyed with the importunities of this silly fop? Does he intend to renew his suit for my hand after having been once rejected? Does he suppose I can accept his attentions after having deserted me in the burning theatre? Silly fellow! to propose marriage the first hour of our acquaintance; to desert me in the flames and make his own escape from danger, and, now, to renew his pretensions before I have sufficiently recovered to see any one? I will make short work with him." She seated herself at a table and wrote as follows:

"After Mr. Leddington's impolite desertion at the theatre last week, I shall decline any farther attentions on the part of Mr. Leddington, and hope he will not attempt to renew an acquaintance, which, though brief, was unpleasant to

EDA WILSON.

Before this short note was completed, Sudie returned and said:

"Massa Leddington says he must see Missus. He says he won't take no for an answer. He says, 'tell Miss Wilson he wants to apologet to her for leavin' her so suttently at de teatre de udda night.'"

"Give him this note, Sudie," folding the note she had written, and handing it to the girl, who at once disappeared, and as she descended the stairway, said in an under tone, "I reckon he has a dose what'l settle his coffee for him, or else Sudie don' know nuffin."

Eda, by another stairway returned to her father's room. She found him alone, sitting in his easy chair.

"Daughter," said he, beckoning her to a seat, "I wish to speak with you upon matters that have long concerned me, and which, for various reasons, I have from time to time deferred. My recent narrow escape from a fearful death admonishes me to defer no longer."

"I wish that there may be a perfect confidence between us. Since the death of Aunty, there is not a being on earth to whom you and I are in anywise related, by the ties of kindred and consanguinity, except to each other. We ought to understand each other."

"A few days ago I lay in imminent peril in the midst of a burning ruin, without a hope of escape from a terrible death. It was an awful moment, my child. During the suspense of that moment, there was one thought plunged like a sword through my heart, and impelled me in my momentary agony to utter the cry that saved my life."

"What would have become of me, my dear papa, had you perished in the flames?" said Eda.

"True, Eda, what would have become of you?" said the father. "You would have been sole heir to a million of money. But this, my child, I could only regard as a great misfortune under the circumstances you suppose. It would be no less than to expose a helpless child, alone in the midst of a wild forest, howling with beasts of prey. Such an inheritance would be a great misfortune. There is a heritage that may protect the defenceless—a true wealth which is not to be measured by ingots, nor weighed in the balance by dollars and cents. It is self-reliance and usefulness. These are more valuable than gold and silver, for they can be coined into all the devices of human want. In fact, these are the very corner stones of true wealth. With these, any one is fortified against the attacks of misfortune. Without these, no one is prepared to enter the battle of life, no matter how much shining gold he may call his own. He is poor without them, no matter how many millions he may count."

"Any one may make money by a little effort, but it is not every one that can make bread even by the exertion of his greatest skill and knowledge. Here lies the difference—the gold maker may starve, the bread maker never."

"Upon these subjects, Eda, my mind may have become morbid. I may have permitted it to be led to an extreme consideration, and, perhaps, an extreme conclusion upon this subject. If so, it is through a too intimate experience with wealth and the inadequacy of money as a means of happiness."

"I would be prouder of you this day, my child, if you could present me one pound of butter made by your own hands—one pound of the sweet butter of the country, such as crowns the humble board of the industrious and unpretending farmer every day, than if you were to present me one pound of gold inherited by you from the industry and hoardings of others, or accumulated through the ingenuity of your own pecuniary speculations."

"Why, papa," said Eda, with a childish simplicity of curiosity, "what is the difference between the butter of the farmer and the nice butter we have on our table at every meal? Do not the farmers make it all?"

Mr. Wilson smiled and turned to his daughter as he said, "Yes, the farmers make it all, yet there is a difference, but what that difference is I cannot tell you. It cannot be told. You will never know that difference until you learn it for yourself. All that I can say is it tastes fresh, it tastes pure, it tastes innocent. The city con-

sumes only the garbage of the country. We, in the city, with our boasted wealth and luxury, are but the mere scavengers of the country. Our poultry, our game, our butter and our vegetables, are stale, rancid refuse, packed and sold to us as luxuries, and are such as the country people would not eat. Still, it is good enough for us. We do not work—we desire no better. If we expect to eat good butter we must make it. Our money, the hoarded profit of our speculations, will neither buy the choice fruits of labor, nor the relish with which industry spices her humble, yet sumptuous fare."

"If you will permit me to spend a season in the country," said Eda, "I will learn all the mysteries of butter making, and, on my return home, I will present to you at least one pound of butter of my own making, as nice and sweet as any farmer's wife or daughter ever made."

"Child" said the father, smiling, "how long do you suppose you could remain in the country? How long could you endure the monotony of country life? Think of gazing daily and hourly upon the same blue atmosphere of the distant mountain ranges, think of the shadowy gloom of the mountain gorges, filled with the melancholy echoes of the forest sounds. Think of the loneliness of gray cliffs, rearing their heads above the tall forest trees, which appear to spread out their gnarled arms as if to embrace them when they fall, the winding bridle paths that penetrate and hide themselves in the shadows below. How long do you suppose you could endure an exile from the city in scenes like these?"

"Until I have learned the art of butter-making," replied the daughter, smiling.

"You shall have the trial," returned the father. "If you find you cannot remain, and become homesick, you can return, and the experience will be of use to you. You may try."

"Papa," said Eda, "I desire a change of life. I am sick of the monotony of the city. I see so much that is unreal here, that I begin to distrust life itself. If the journey of life really presents earnest, practical paths, I wish to tread them. If there are paths that lead to usefulness, I wish to enter upon them and to realize that usefulness to which they tend, and to become an instrument in promoting it."

"What is my life here? To rise in the morning, dress, and then wait until evening, undress, retire, sleep till morning,—rise again, dress again, and wait again. But, for what am I waiting? Do, pray, tell me what am I waiting for?"

"You are awaiting your destiny," said Mr. Wilson, "you are awaiting your destiny, that is all,—to be wooed and won and——"

"Pray do cease, dear papa," said Eda. "Is that all I am waiting for—to be wooed and won? Is that all the part I am to have in this great drama of life? Do let me go to the country, let me fly to the mountains with their gloomy gorges and melancholy passes. There, at least, I can be alone, or meet my true self face to face, unencumbered by these fictitious and unreal surroundings, the disgusting pretensions and flatteries of the frivolous favorites of society, and the gilded butterflies of fortune."

"You may go next spring and spend the summer in the——"

A knock at the door interrupted the conversation. Dr. Dutton entered. He examined Mr. Wilson's pulse and tongue, recommended a dietetic course for a few days, and announced that it would not be necessary for him to call again professionally.

"How are Mr. Preston's symptoms at this time, Doctor?" inquired the banker.

"Rather unfavorable," replied the doctor. "His fever continues, almost without intermission, with more or less delirium. I fear congestion of the brain, inasmuch as the wound upon the head might superinduce congestion or inflammation of the *dura mater*. And yet there is no fracture of the skull. Mr. Preston is no better. I am sorry to say his case is worse than when I called here yesterday. I am doubtful of the result."

"Doctor Dutton," said Mr. Wilson with emotion, "I beg you to spare no efforts, no sacrifice for his recovery. I will make good any sacrifice or loss of practice that may be necessary to enable you to devote your entire attention to his case. The noble young man must not die, doctor; you must save him!"

"Mr. Wilson," said the doctor, "perhaps I have moved you unnecessarily. Let me assure you that no sacrifice or omission of other professional duties is necessary to enable me to do all that human effort can do for Mr. Preston's recovery. Six hours more will decide his case, one way or the other."

"Does he need any thing? Is he well nursed and cared for?" asked Mr. Wilson.

"He needs nothing. He receives every attention from the young lady who is incessantly at his bed side. I think she is some near relation of Mr. Preston's. I have procured for him an excellent nurse besides, as the young lady speaks no English, and as I speak no French I could not make her understand my directions."

The doctor arose to depart. He started as he turned toward the door, where Eda had seated herself upon his entrance. She had partially fallen from her position upon the sofa, and lay insensible,

partially supported by the wall and partially by the back of the sofa.

The doctor approached, and, after a brief examination, said :

"It is nothing but syncope. The air is very close in your room ; it would be well to admit a little fresh air."

Servants were summoned and assisted Eda to her room. After she had recovered her consciousness, she bade them to leave her alone.

Self conflicts, if not the most enduring in their suspended results, are, nevertheless, the most subtle and the most uncertain of all mental efforts in their progress. At the very moment that we flatter ourselves that our mature judgment has mastered a victory over a passion, an ambition, an emotion of love or a bitter and vindictive hatred, we are surprised to find the enemy triumphant, and with resumed energy and indomitable power asserting dominion over the mind.

It is after one of these self confictions, at the very moment when we find that we are still the captive, the victim, the slave of an inflexible, a merciless attribute of our own natures—an attribute to which we sue in vain for terms of the surrender of our own sovereignty, that we sink helpless and impotent, nay, sometimes even reckless of our present being and our final destiny.

Under such embarrassments, when our brightest and fondest hopes may be crushed, our self-pride wounded, our independence humbled, subdued, mortified, the hoped for victory over impulses and emotions which we fondly cherish as we struggle against them, defeated, that we cease our conflict and permit ourselves to float at will with the current of events, and trust to the results of aggregate human action.

Eda Wilson again stood before the bust of Pallas. Again she studied the beautiful lineaments traced in the cold marble with such delicate and exquisite exactitude as to develop a touching expression of all that is noble, as well as all that is beautiful in woman.

At length she turned away and said aloud, "armed and panned for the battle, like Minerva from the brow of Jupiter, I will conquer this silly sentiment for Charles Preston. Who is he? That I do not know—perchance, the indigent representative of some obscure plebeian family. What is he? That I do know. My father's clerk—his hireling—his servant, dependant upon my father for his daily bread. And, is it Eda Wilson, the heir of a millionaire, that is debating with herself whether she shall dismiss him forever from her memory or not!"

She laughed aloud, derisively, and then continued: "Can I not command the hand of young Leddington by a word? Has not my hand been solicited by others, within the year, who, if not the equal of the young millionaire in wealth, are his superiors in other respects!" and, again turning to the bust of the goddess, she continued, addressing the lifeless form:

"Thou shadow, thou beautiful reflection of inspired genius! thou hast taught me a lesson of wisdom, of which thou art the representative; thou hast taught me, also, a lesson of justice to myself; thou hast taught me how to be a woman."

"I will never see this Preston on terms of intimacy again. I will dismiss every trace of him from my memory. In my ignorance of the human heart and my distrust of myself, I will no longer mistake pity for a higher sentiment. I will prove myself worthy of my noble father. Alas! alas! to whom am I indebted for that father this day? Who was it that interposed his own life between that father and death? Who was it that bore that father, in his own arms, like a helpless child, from the verge of the grave, through crackling flames, and restored him to me? This day I would have been a lone orphan weeping over my father's tomb, but for that interposition,—yes, alone in the world without a relative or even a friend."

Suddenly she started back, and almost shrieked as she again faced the marble bust.

"What!" said she, "Is that marble form alive? How changed it is? I never before observed that severe expression of reproach which frowns from the beautiful features. That frown rebukes. It speaks. It says 'Ingrate!' as loud as silent looks can speak. Is it so, then, that when we feel the burden of our own guilt that everything we look upon reflects it upon our inmost souls? It must be so; every zephyr whispers it—every breeze speaks it—the four winds howl it."

"Alas! how little there is of life in this mystery of being! To prove a woman, must I prove an ingrate? Hide that rebuking, that reproving expression from my sight!" said she, removing the snowy covering from a small table and spreading it over the bust.

"There," continued she, "now I am more alone. Now I can reason more fairly with myself. "It was the duty of Preston to save my father's life. My father's money hires him. He owes it to him to serve him in exchange for his money. It was Preston's interest to save my father, for, my father pays Preston money, and were my father gone, Preston's pay would cease."

"Do I owe Preston gratitude for the faithful discharge of his

contract with my father? Do I owe him gratitude for pursuing his own best pecuniary interest? What a fool I have been! How weak we sometimes prove ourselves! How little I have known myself until this moment! But, now, I think, I see clearly through this whole mystery that has haunted my mind for months.

"It only now remains for me to bid farewell to this Preston for ever, and to extinguish every trace of him from my memory. I owe him nothing—not even gratitude. Henceforth, should we meet, I will treat him, at most, with cold civility. This, I can do. This I may do."

"Now I am a woman. I will make a vow, and by it bind myself, never again to stoop to a groveling anxiety concerning this clerk, Charles Preston. To give my vow solemn potency, I will unveil the goddess, and, facing the menacing rebuke of her marble features, I will kneel and swear, the better to prove my womanhood and my command over myself."

There is nothing more solemn than our self ordeals. It is in these that we stand face to face with the Deity in our own natures. With trembling we approach the judgment seat. Upon it presides the supreme sovereignty of our own individuality. Against this presiding genius we can not contend—we can not plead—we can not palliate. Each effort is contumacious, for it is a struggle against one's self—and in the struggle against one's-self, against the Judge—the sovereign.

Eda Wilson slowly withdrew the temporary drapery from the marble bust. It suddenly fell from her hands to the floor as her eyes rested on the sculptured features. She turned her face away, and pressed her hand upon her forehead. She stood a minute trembling in every nerve. At length, with a firm step, she walked to the centre of the room, where, turning towards the statue, and, firmly fixing her eyes upon it, she sunk to her knees, folded her hands upon her bosom, and, in a firm voice commenced :

"I do solemnly vow——" she hesitated—her voice trembled at the last word. Again she resumed in a low and trembling voice :—

"I do solemnly vow and affirm, that I do now, here, for ever abjure all sympathy with, and dismiss from my memory, and—and—do—and—"

Her voice faltered—her eyes dilated—her cheeks turned pale—her lips became pallid and ashy as death—her head fell upon her bosom—she trembled. At last the blood rushed to her temples and suffused her neck and face. She clasped her hands together firmly. Then commenced the struggle—the wrestle with her inner spirit.

She wrung her hands, and, bowed her head forward until her blonde hair swept the carpet. Thus she remained, in a spasmodic effort, without breathing until her forehead, her neck and her face assumed a deep purple hue, and her whole form shook and trembled like a leaf in the wind. A low moan issued from her lips; her hands dropped listlessly to her sides; she slowly arose as the tears streamed from her eyes.

"It is over! I am saved," said she, and resumed, "What have I escaped? Great God! What have I escaped! But it is over. Now, indeed, I am a woman—a true woman. The frown has disappeared—it is no longer there," said she, smiling, as she approached the bust and kissed the marble lips.

"Thou hast saved me!" she said, still gazing upon the marble features of the bust. "I can not be untrue to myself. I will not be guilty of ingratitude, even though my gratitude be imbued with the spirit of affection. I may suffer irremediable disappointment—the anguish of travelling life's pathway alone—the solitude and seclusion of celibacy; for, these are not my choice, nor will they be my fault, and therefore imply no guilt; to these consequences I can submit. Ingratitude and martyred affection are sinful. These I can avoid. I will not bring self condemnation upon my own head. It brings the sorrow into the bosom that gnaws upon the heart strings—it engenders the scorpion that poisons the deepest fountains of the soul. It does not soften the sorrow of disappointment, nor renew the lost hope. If I must suffer the anguish of disappointment I will not inflict upon myself the retribution of my own guilt. The die is cast. The fiat is recorded in heaven."

Again she knelt and fixed her eyes upon the marble Pallas. A quiet calm settled upon her countenance. Her lips moved silently. While the whispered vow found no external utterance, it was deeply imprinted in letters of fire upon her soul.

Eda Wilson arose a new woman. She was changed. The conflict with herself was one involving the most important and the most tender issues of life. Nature conquered. Pride of wealth, social position, and every other obstacle were overturned, and yielded to the sovereignty of true womanhood, as, in the sanctity of its pure shrine the word *Love* was inscribed in golden letters upon the luminous bow which arches over its Holy of Holies. As the head of the fair devotee bowed before the divinity of her own nature the voluntary vow ascended silently—solemnly.

Eda was a changed woman. From the moment of that vow, a new shrine was erected in her heart and a new idol placed upon that

shrine. Upon the new altar was placed the offering of woman's vow. A new fire was kindled upon that altar, and a new fountain opened in her soul, bearing on its gentle waters a new thought, a thought that had its birth upon the bosom of affection. She was a changed woman. While a sadness marked her manner and expression, it served to enhance and add dignity to the peaceful quietude that now characterized her.

Thus the experience of years, with its bitterness of suffering, is sometimes condensed and crowded into a single hour. But, ah! how long such hours are in passing, with their chain of linked conflicts. We emerge from them feeling aged, and bound with the sorrows of age and weight of years. When we come to gaze in the mirror, to trace our own individuality in our features, we are surprised to find that we can not trace the anguish furrows and the gray hairs which we felt with so much certainty and such keenness in the soul.

Eda threw a shawl around her shoulders, descended to the ornamental grounds in the rear of the mansion, and slowly paced the shaded avenues.

After the death of Bildad Swedge, on the street, the night of the conflagration, Charles Preston was assisted to his boarding house by the watchman. Within a few rods of Madame Druilliard's hotel he became insensible and sunk helpless to the ground. The watch procured assistance and aided him to his room.

Doctor Dutton was immediately called and gave him medical attention. He found his patient laboring under strong feverish symptoms.

Many of his fellow boarders, both male and female, gathered around him, and expressed to each other their joy at finding that Charles still lived, and that he had not perished in the flames, as they had supposed. They then (except the Countess Mont Martre) withdrew to their chambers again. The young Countess seated herself by the bedside of the invalid, and bathed his forehead with perfumed water.

"Are you the sister of Mr. Preston?" asked the doctor, addressing the Countess.

"*Ah! Monsieur le Doctor, je ne vous comprende pas,*" replied the Countess.

"Can you not speak the English language?" asked the doctor.

"*Qui dois je faire? Je ne parle pas l'Anglais!*" said the Countess thoughtfully and in an under tone.

With a quick but gentle movement she turned the head of the

patient upon the pillow, and, pointing to the contusion on the back of the head, said :

" Vous êtes vous aperçu de cela? c' est un coup sévère de bâton ou de pierre."

The doctor clipped the hair from the wound, which the Countess gathered from the pillow as it fell from the small shears. She pressed the dark brown hair between her hands, and sighed, as she said in a suppressed tone :

" Ah! mon pauvre ami! il fait tres malheureux!"

" I wish she could speak English," said Doctor Dutton, thoughtfully. After having dressed the wound, he left the chamber to provide a proper nurse for his patient. In a short time he returned with a neat and well dressed mulatto man, in whose care, under the proper directions, he was about to leave Preston. He left some antiseptic and anodyne powders in separate parcels, and, observing that the patient had fallen asleep, told the nurse to let him sleep as long as he would, and then left.

" Sleep—sleep," said the Countess, turning the leaves of a small English-French dictionary which she took from her pocket, " sleep, que est il? *Ah! trouve, e sommeil, oui, sommeil, sleep, bon, tres bon!*"

Preston's sleep was disturbed. He continued to mutter in broken sentences, repeatedly asked for water, and startled his nurse with suppressed cries of fire. The nurse left the room for something, and drew the door shut after him with a loud concussion. Preston awoke with a sudden start. " Oh! my life for a cup of water!" said he. " I am burning up, here!" and he laid his hand upon his chest. Finally his eyes rested upon those of the Countess, which appeared to recall his scattered faculties, and he said to her :

" Voulez vous donner moi du eau, sil vous plait, Madame?"

" *Oui, Monsieur,*" she replied, and poured out a glass of fresh water which she presented to him. He drank, laid back upon his pillow, and immediately sank into a natural and easy sleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WORSHIPFUL MASTER.

How much of the usefulness and reputation of a Lodge depend upon the faithfulness of the Worshipful Master in discharging the important duties of his office. We greatly fear that many, perhaps a majority, of those who are elected to fill this responsible station, do not realize as they should the weighty obligations they assume. As

presiding officers, their position is a commanding one, and their influence for good or for evil is proportionately great. In many respects their rule is absolute, as they are only amenable to the Grand Lodge for their rulings and official conduct. And in so important a position no brother should be insensible of the great responsibility to the Craft for the faithful manner in which he discharges his obligations. It should be the constant care of Masters to so demean themselves as to reflect honor upon themselves and the noble institution which they represent.

We are fully of the opinion that much of the odium which often times attaches to Masonry in certain localities, results from the bad choice made by the Lodges of their chief officers. If a Master be chosen who knows little or nothing of the ritual of Masonry, he will be found sadly out of place in the East, and will necessarily be subject to more or less criticism; but if he be a good, true man, and a **Mason** at heart, those better qualified will render him the needed assistance, and by constant application, this difficulty will soon be remedied. But a greater evil is done the institution when a member is chosen to the important station of Master *simply because he is a good ritualist*, and perhaps knows something of the laws and land-marks, but who is quite destitute of that *moral qualification* which can alone give influence to his acts, either among the members of the fraternity or with the outside world. The inconvenience of having an unqualified Master, in the first sense, is chiefly felt in the Lodge room; but the great evil of a Master without *moral* qualification is felt everywhere, and seems to bring the institution into bad repute.

As elections have recently been held, and the new Masters installed into their places, it should be the chief aim of each to see how well he can discharge the functions of his office, and thus serve our noble craft—see how much can be done to advance the character of the brotherhood, and bring it as near as possible up to the standard of Masonic morality. The better to accomplish this, see to it that you reflect the virtues you commend by your own good life and conversation. Be good men and true, and strictly obey the moral law. Be peaceful citizens—be peacemakers not only among the brethren, but among the outside world as well. Be civil, and respect the rights of others; especially be civil to magistrates, showing that the true Mason is a law-abiding citizen. Be diligent in your business, so as to be an example of industry to the brethren, and earn the means of support, so that you shall eat no man's bread for nought. Study to be "true lovers of the whole fraternity, wheresoever dispersed over the

face of the earth." Shun all tendency to excess; especially guard against intemperance—the direst foe of society, and the hardest to vanquish. Always greet genuine brethren with due respect, and in a special manner remember the courtesy which is due to the stranger and sojourner. Greet such with that *true Masonic fervor* which is due, but expose and discountenance impostors. Try to so cultivate your social natures as to make yourselves agreeable to your companions while you are true to honor, virtue, and sobriety. Study carefully the cardinal virtues, "Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice," and also the liberal arts and sciences. So divide your time that you can serve God and your brother, and reserve some time for the culture of your own minds and hearts. Finally, subscribe for a copy of THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON, and see that a club of twenty is forwarded from your Lodge. Doing this, you will soon behold the virtues you practice reflected by your various Lodges. *So mote it be!*

INHERENT RIGHTS IN MASONRY.

BY PHI PI.

Editor of Michigan Freemason:

IN the October number of your valuable magazine there is a reply, by M. W. Wm. L. Gardner, Grand Master of Massachusetts, to questions pertaining to the Masonic right of visit, in which he says: "A Master Mason, in good standing in his Lodge, possesses the *inherent right* of visiting any Masonic Lodge wherever he may go."

I beg leave, most respectfully, to object to the use of the word "inherent" in connection with the right of visit; and, also, to protest against the application of the words to *any Masonic rights*.

I am not unaware that high authority for such use of the word is found in the writings of Mackey, and of other distinguished Masonic authors; but when Jupiter nods, or when distinguished authorities in civil or Masonic law make a bungling use of their verbal tools, I suppose that neither mortals nor journalists are under any necessity of shutting their eyes to the fact, or of shutting their mouths about its consequences. Daniel Webster, in one of his great debates, justified his criticism of a word used by his antagonist, by the remark that "Words, at times, become *things*," and if the loose or improper use of the word "inherent" by our Masonic authorities and officials were not liable to substantial criticism and objection, I should not

claim your space or the attention of your readers with strictures, which, unless legitimate, must seem to spring from a spirit of hyper-criticism or of disrespect to our Masonic Jupiters.

"*Inherent right*" is a phrase which is not indigenous in Masonic jurisprudence; it has been transplanted from the civil law, where it originated, and where it has a definite and proper meaning and use. According to Bouvier, an inherent right is one that is "*possessed and not derived.*" According to Blackstone, "*inherent rights precede organized government, and are recognized but not conferred*" by it. The term is usually applied to those great rights of life, liberty, and property, to protect which is the primary purpose and function of the social compact, or of organized government. *Life*, it is plain, may be recognized and protected, but cannot be conferred by law; *liberty* to use the functions of life is a right necessarily inferred from the right to life itself; and *property*, the right to hold and use which results from a proper exercise of life's functions, by logical sequence, is also properly classed among those natural, inherent or absolute rights which belong to man in a state of nature, and which the social compact must recognize but cannot confer.

In the social organization, according to Blackstone, two classes of rights are recognized—*absolute* and *relative*: "*absolute (or inherent) rights* appertain to men as individuals;" *relative* rights are "*such as are incident to men as members of society.*" If, then, absolute or inherent rights are such as belong to man by nature,—are antecedent to and independent of all the artificial organizations of society, what propriety, let me ask, is there in adopting or perpetrating, in our Masonic jurisprudence, the term "*inherent right,*" which cannot, by any possibility, have, in the *Masonic compact*, a legitimate meaning or use? For what Masonic rights has a *man* before he is a *Mason*? What pre-existing Masonic rights has a Mason which Masonry recognizes but does not confer? What "*inherent*" Masonic right has a Mason, in Masonry, which is not derived from the nature or the express grant of the Masonic compact itself? Not one. His rights there are equivalent or similar in grade to those in civil law, which Blackstone calls "*relative rights,*" and which "*are incident to men as members of society.*" The conclusion, therefore, is inevitable—*there are no inherent rights in Masonry.* Our rights in the Order are all relative; they grow out of *its nature*, not *ours*, and they are conferred on us by *its will* or according to *its policy.* The Masonic obligation *makes* the Mason. His Masonic *life*, therefore, is the gift of Masonry, and not an inherent right. If Masonic life be not an inherent right, what other Masonic right (of

the nature of an inherent right) is antecedent to or higher than this?

But, it will be asked, what difference does it make to Masons or Masonry, if writers who are recognized authority on Masonic jurisprudence, *do* use the phrase "inherent right" in a sense which is not strictly correct? What harm is done? What's the use of making a fuss about it?

I answer, first, if this use of it be *wrong*, it should cease because it *is* wrong. I am unable to see any reason for persevering in a foolish assertion, even if it does no harm. Second, so long as its use stands unchallenged it virtually assents for every Masonic right with which it may be coupled, a dignity and importance that do not belong to it. This leads to confusion, if not to harmful action. Third, it is already working mischief by leading the craft into practices that are at variance with the principles and policy of Masonry.

Let us see if this is not a fact. What would be thought of the legislature, court, or other legal authority that should attempt to assert that the right of a citizen to enter his brother's house must be recognized as among his natural, absolute, or "inherent" rights? We should undoubtedly laugh at the folly. But suppose again, that some executive or judicial authority should *attempt to put it in force*. The objector to the visit would be informed that this right of visit being now recognized as an absolute or "inherent right," its exercise cannot be denied or impaired until the citizen whose right is in question has been proved guilty of some crime or misdemeanor which forfeits his right. I fancy this would make some disturbance in the State. And yet this is precisely what some are now claiming (unthinkingly, I presume) the right to do in Masonry. The right of Masonic visit has been carelessly called an "inherent right" by distinguished authority; and now there are those who assert that, being an "inherent right," it cannot be denied to a visiting brother by a member of the lodge he wishes to visit, unless the objector give reasons for the objection.

My proof of this is at hand. In the article I have already quoted from, and which furnishes the subject of this discussion, we find the following, viz:

"A Master Mason, objecting to a brother visiting his lodge, must state his reasons therefor, if required, and the W. M. may or may not exclude the visitor." This dictum of the Grand Master of Massachusetts contains, in all its naked deformity, the objectionable proposition just supposed to be enforced under civil law. He lays this down as *the law*. But he subsequently states the *practice* of his jurisdiction to be, "*to shut out visitors* from sessions of the lodge

held for private business ; but when engaged in the labors of the lodge, all good and true Masons, hailing from a regular lodge, have an *inherent right* to be present ! ”

Permit me to inquire, does the exercise of my inherent rights depend upon the occupation or the caprices of my neighbors? According to Masonic *law* in Massachusetts, the right of visit is an “ *inherent right* ; ” but according to its Masonic *practice* it is sometimes “ inherent, ” and sometimes it is not—that is, sometimes it is not denied, and sometimes it is. If the courts of Massachusetts play “ fast and loose ” with the inherent rights of her citizens, as its Masonic law and practice serve to do with Masonic rights, I think I should not care to live under the authority of the Bay State. Indeed, I think that many who are now her contented citizens, would soon conclude to leave for states entertaining clearer perceptions of the difference between absolute rights and relative rights.

But Massachusetts is not alone in this Masonic inconsistency. What Masonic jurisdiction can be mentioned, that, *in practice*, respects the right of visitation, as an inherent right? I know of none. And yet, in our constitutions, laws and rights—in the annual rehash of Masonic jurisprudence furnished by each Grand Master’s address, the stale folly of calling the right of visit an “ inherent right ” is perpetuated. I beg pardon of our own P. G. M. Metcalf, who, in his last annual address, in replying to the same question, says: “ A Master Mason, in good standing, has the right of visiting a lodge, provided the lodge will receive him. ” This is the correct principle ; it is also the universal practice. He evidently holds the right of visit to be a relative, not an absolute right—a right, the exercise of which, by a visiting brother, depends upon the consent of the lodge to be visited. He, furthermore, reasons logically and correctly when he claims for each member of a lodge the right of objecting to a visitor without stating his reasons. Reasoning from a Masonic standpoint, and from its well-known principles and policy, how can it be otherwise? Is not the right of a Mason to be a *member of some lodge* a right of greater dignity and importance than the simple right of visit. Yet, in nearly every jurisdiction, *one silent, unexplained black ball* may deny the former, while the spoken objection to the latter must, forsooth, according to Grand Master Gardner, *be explained*, and must, also, be satisfactory to the W. M. before it can be effective! To this degree of inconsistency are all those brought who undertake to maintain the inherent nature of the right of visit—a right that, by their theory, is undeniable ; but, by their practice, is constantly denied. It would seem to be desirable that our practice

should be conformed to our theory, or our theory to the practice, and thus remove from our Masonic jurisprudence, one, at least, of its incongruities.

If the argument in the first half of this article be correct, it is clear there is not, and, from the very nature of the case, *there cannot be any inherent rights in Masonry*. If this be accepted as fundamental Masonic law, the inherent right of visit, of course, disappears from view, and ceases to perplex those who desire to keep the law and practice of Masonry in harmony on this, as well as on other subjects. If Masonic authors are in doubt about the origin of, or the authority for the right of visit, or if any still insist on qualifying it by some adjective, I respectfully suggest that they may serve either or both purposes by calling it an *inferential right*.

But to prevent all mistakes of my position, I beg now to be understood as distinctly denying that an "inferential right" is superior to that primary right from which it is derived. From this you will perceive that I profit by the warning example of all those who teach that all our most important Masonic rights are conferred on us by Masonry—all except one—the right of visit, which is inherent!

Circumstances proving favorable, I hope to be able to say something more on this subject of "Masonic visit" in a future number of your magazine.

NON-AFFILIATION.

It is estimated that we have near five thousand non-affiliated Masons living within the jurisdiction of Michigan, which added to our membership, would swell our numbers to about twenty-seven thousand. As it is, nearly one-fifth of those who have been initiated into the Order and living in our midst, are mere hangers-on, using Masonry when they can turn it to their personal advantage, and neither working or paying for its support. We are aware that many of these drones are really no Masons. They know nothing of the principles of our noble Order. And it is disgusting to see them supporting "their cheap jewelry" for no other purpose than to advertise them as members of an ancient and honorable Order, and thereby gain a personal advantage by claiming a membership which they never merited, and which should be severed without delay.

It is only a few months since we met, in Battle Creek, a certain traveling agent by name of H——, from *Detroit*, on whose person was attached a piece of jewelry indicative of his membership of

the craft. When told that we had commenced a publication which was devoted to Masonry, he said his experience had proved that the institution was mostly made up of first-rate scamps. "*His experience*" was no doubt correct so far as it applied to himself, for no better evidence of rascality need be asked for than the wearing of a Masonic pin by an agent who could speak thus contemptuously of the very institution indicated by said pin.

We give the following taken from the *Masonic Advocate* of Indianapolis, Ind., our hearty endorsement, and hope Bros. Rice and Gouley will continue to apply the lash without stint till the drones will either affiliate and do their part, or receive their deserts by expulsion from the institution. We call the attention of our Michigan Lodges to the No. 4 of the Grand Master's Address found on page 354 of the present number. Discipline, "non-affiliates and drones."—ED.

Within the jurisdiction of every Lodge may be found a class of individuals calling themselves Masons, but who hold no membership in a regularly constituted Lodge. They are usually adorned with a huge Masonic pin, which they imagine is to attract to them a certain amount of business, and add another cubit to their worldly stature. We have often thought that they should be allowed to display their cheap Masonic jewelry, it being about all of Masonry that they possess, and the only means they have for recognition. By a frequent use of the expression, "*on the square*," they imagine that confidence in their integrity will be increased, and thus serve to screen their overreaching in business transactions.

There is no doubt but that the only motives that prompted them to become Masons, were entirely selfish ones, and not a desire of beings serviceable to their fellow creatures, their assertion to the contrary notwithstanding.

We saw an illustration of this a short time since, in a neighboring town. We were introduced to an elderly gentleman, and informed that he had recently been made a Mason. He inquired about the M. M. B. society and said he was going to make his application for membership that day; having joined the Masons for the express purpose of availing himself of the benefits of this society.

We asked his age, and finding that he had passed the Constitutional limit, had the pleasure of informing him that he could not become a member. We will venture the assertion that when we next visit there, we will find him non affiliated.

Bro. Geo. Frank Gouley, in a late number of *The Freemason* has expressed our opinion of this class of Masons as fully, that we

give his remarks in this connection. They are in reply to the question, "Is non-affiliation a Masonic offense?" Here is his reply:

Answer.—No, and yes. It is not, if it arises from an honest effort to leave one Lodge and join another and an unavoidable delay occurs. It is an offense if it arises from an intention to get clear of Lodge membership and thus escape the performance of Masonic duties.

A man on becoming a Mason declares that he does so unbiased by friends and uninfluenced by mercenary motives, and that his sole desire is to be of service to his fellow creatures. If he wilfully demits from a Lodge to escape its duties and its dues, he thereby proves himself a first class liar under all the three conditions above named; in fact, it amounts to very little less than able bodied perjury, which any man, not a Mason even, must condemn and despise. If he supposes, however, that he can be of service to his fellow-creatures without paying anything toward it, he must have such an exalted opinion of his personal influence that he proves himself but little better than a consummate fool—he must belong to that egotistical class of pious young men who advertise for board in select families where their moral example will be sufficient compensation.

A man who becomes a Freemason upon the declaration that he does so with no hope of worldly gain, but to become a co-worker in the great field of human assistance, and he deserts his labors because he has to contribute an annual mite and does not get it immediately back with interest, should not be granted a demit, but be expelled; and a man who, under the Missouri law, gets his demit under the solemn declaration that he wants to join another Lodge, and afterwards does not apply, has proven himself capable of performing *any* dishonorable act in order to subserve personal ends. Such an one ought to be expelled for having obtained release, and thereby relief, under false representations. Freemasonry is a field of humanitarian work unto which pure and good men go solely for the good they can do; and moral cowards, misers and perjurers are the first to leave it, and the field of non-affiliated Masons is full of them. If there is anything perfectly abhorrent to an honorable man, it is a dishonorable one, and any Freemason who *wilfully* remains non-affiliated, belongs to that abhorrent class.

AT the Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, William S. Gardner was unanimously re-elected Grand Master of that jurisdiction. He is eminently worthy and qualified.

GRAND LODGES OF OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

WE have learned indirectly that the difficulties between the Grand Lodges of Oregon and Washington have been amicably arranged, and they are now in fraternal relation. Discord, alienation, non-communion between Masonic bodies or individual Masons should never be known; nothing to cause ill-feelings or give occasion to them should ever be manifested by any member of our fraternal Brotherhood. What the basis of arrangement for restoration of amicable relations was between these two Masonic Grand Bodies we do not know, nor which Grand Lodge initiated them. We watched closely the beginning of the difficulties, and was surprised to find many of the Grand Lodges taking the superficial view they did of principles, involved in the question of Jurisdiction in sustaining the action of the Grand Lodge of Oregon in invading pre-occupied territory. There is no logic in the simple statement that the boundaries defined by congressional action define the boundaries of Masonic jurisdiction. It is true, in so far only, as the Constitutions of Masonic bodies limit their jurisdiction. Masonry is not controlled by National or State legislation. A Masonic Grand Lodge is supreme in the territory it claims if it does not invade the jurisdiction of another Grand Lodge. That is the rule in the United States. The Grand Lodge of Washington was a legally constituted body and had jurisdiction throughout the extent of the Territory, and established various subordinate Lodges in different portions of its rightfully possessed jurisdiction. The Grand Lodge was acknowledged by and in fraternal correspondence with all the existing Grand Lodges in the country and in that *her claim of territory* was also acknowledged. The congressional act forming Idaho out of a portion of Washington territory did not, could not affect the rights of the Grand Lodge of Washington, nor could the territory taken from the original boundaries be considered vacant as *it certainly was pre-occupied*. The subordinate Lodges in that portion now were the only bodies of Masons that had an interest in the act of Congress, they were favorably affected by that act as it gave them the opportunity of forming a Grand Lodge for themselves which they subsequently did. The Grand Lodge of Washington was not circumscribed in any way nor affected by the formation of Idaho. The Grand Lodge of Oregon did a wrong

when it established Lodges in the jurisdiction of Washington, then Idaho, and the Grand Lodge of Washington had a right to remonstrate, nay, demand that the dispensations granted should be recalled. We take our view from the stand-point of the generally accepted rule of jurisdiction in the United States in the above brief remarks. The question of jurisdiction is viewed from a stand-point of assumptive power in abnegation of the original rights of members of the fraternity. The subject should be considered from an opposite view. There is an old saying, "chickens come home to roost." There are some views on the subject of Masonic jurisdiction perhaps not thought of by members of Grand Lodges, which are in the course of looming up, that will necessitate a change of base from the present common understanding. Peace is not always attained in the cause of right. "Might makes right" is an old maxim because it can enforce its dictum. It may be that Peace and fraternal relations between the two Grand Lodges was effected by the weaker, the junior Grand Lodge, yielding for the sake of harmony and fraternity to the stronger, the senior Grand Lodge, notwithstanding its innate consciousness of the justice of its cause.

NOEL.

 TO THE OLD CRAFT.

"Esto Perpetua."

A health to the Craft—the brave old Craft
 Which hath lived in the Old World long,
 Here's health and renown to its "Tripple Crown"
 And its myriad sons so strong;
 There's aid in its arm in the day of harm,
 When the tide of life ebbs away,
 And it proves its might—on misfortune's night,
 When storms round a "brother" play.

CHORUS—

Then hurrah for the Craft, the brave old Craft,
 Which hath stood in the wide world long;
 And still may it stand, the pride of the land,
 When ten thousand years have gone.

It saw the old times, when the "Temple's" chimes
 Pealed forth—the wond'rous work was done,
 And it lives at this day in bright array,
 Tho' two thousand years have gone;
 But death wields a sway which all must obey,
 And a ruthless King is he;

CELEBRATION OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.

Yet the Craft will live, and its "sign" will give,
When a King he'll cease to be.

CHORUS—

Then hurrah for the Craft, etc.

In days of yore our "Templars" bore
Their "Red Cross" thro' the world,
But now our shield has the azure field,
With "Peace and Harmony" unfurled;
Oh! o'er the grave of the young and brave,
The sunlight plays, the flowers bloom,
But the Widow's prayer and the Orphan's tear
Are shed o'er the Mason's tomb.

CHORUS—

Then hurrah for the Craft, etc.

And now 'tis the story when the "Brethren" may
With pride look back to the past;
For on History's page the brightest age
But a few short years can last.
Empires old, with their warriors bold,
Their cities proud—their peopled plains,
Are lost in the wave—of the yawning grave,
But the old Craft—It still remains.

CHORUS—

Then hurrah for the Craft, etc.

—*The Keystones.*

CELEBRATION OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

WE clip the following in reference to the Masonic festivities on the recent anniversary of Washington's birthday, from the *Detroit Free Press*. The occasion was one of great interest, and will long be remembered with the liveliest pleasure by all those who participated therein:

"The anniversary of Washington's birthday was celebrated last evening by the Masonic fraternity of this city, with a banquet and ball at the Biddle House. The members of the various lodges turned out in large numbers with their ladies, and made the occasion a very pleasant one to all so fortunate as to be present. Among the invited guests were about fifty ladies and gentlemen from the Winnington Lodge of Chatham, to whom the fraternity of Detroit felt indebted for courtesies extended on a former occasion. The arrangements made were complete, and showed that the committee

had been indefatigable in performing the duties assigned them ; and the order with which everything was carried out also reflected honor upon Mr. Tabor, of the Biddle, and his assistants.

“ The exercises were held in the elegant dining-room, which was well filled with the guests. The walls were handsomely decorated with American and Masonic flags, festooned about. On one side of the hall was a full length, illuminated portrait of the Father of his Country. On another wall was the inscription, ‘ Welcome to Our Honored Guests.’ Over three doors leading into the hall were the words Faith, Hope, Charity. Over the fourth entrance was the representation of the hands clasped in the fraternal grip. At intervals along the walls were Masonic symbols, fringed around with sprigs of acacia. They were the Square, Compass and Bible, the Scythe, the Beehive, the Pot of Incense, the Gavel and Spade, the Hour-glass, the Ark, the Sword and Bible, the Sword and Heart, the Trowel, the 47th Problem of Euclid, and the All-Seeing Eye.

“ About half-past nine the hall filled up with the Masons in their regalia, and their ladies, and a few minutes later the Chatham guests marched in, taking the seats of honor provided for them. They were then welcomed in a short address by J. B. H. Bratshaw, chairman of the Committee of Reception. He bid them welcome in the name of the 1,200 Masons of Detroit.

“ After the conclusion of Mr. Coffinberry's address, Alexander Hosie stepped forward and presented to A. J. Brow, Past Master of Zion Lodge, an elegant Past Master's jewel, with a few appropriate remarks upon the services rendered the lodge by the recipient. Mr. Brow replied briefly, thanking his brethren for the unexpected pleasure.

“ The hall was then cleared, and the large assembly began the Terpsichorean part of the entertainment, the music being furnished by Bishop's Orchestra. Supper was set in a number of rooms up stairs. The festivities were kept up till a very late hour, and general good feeling prevailed in regard to the way in which the celebration had been conducted.”

The very interesting address by Hon. S. C. Coffinberry will appear in our next number. It will be read with pleasure and profit by Masons, as it will give so much of the correspondence which is rarely seen, in reference to the Masonic career of the Father of his Country.

It was our intention to be present, but we were disappointed, greatly to our chagrin and regret.

DECISIONS OF THE GRAND MASTER.

Question—Are the Wardens of a lodge justifiable in refusing to sign a demit voted by the lodge, if they think said demit ought not to have been granted?

Answer—To this I reply: It is immaterial whether the Wardens sign the demit or not.

Question—Where a lodge has taken material, without consent, belonging to the jurisdiction of another lodge, what steps should be taken to obtain the fees?

Answer—Forward complaint to the lodge infringing upon your rights, under seal of your lodge, and claim redress. If it is not attended to by the Lodge, forward complaints to the Grand Master.

 PROCEEDINGS OF THE DISTRICT GRAND LODGE OF TURKEY.

WE have received a neat pamphlet printed in English, giving the proceedings of the District Grand Lodge of Turkey, which held a communication at Masonic Hall, No. 4, Rue Tèpè—Bachi, Pera, Constantinople, on Thursday, 17th Feb., 1870. The District Grand Lodge was opened in due form by Worshipful Brother G. Laurie, P. S. G. W., acting as Senior D. G. Officer present. The minutes of the last District Grand Lodge were read and confirmed, when the Patent of the Most Worshipful Grand Master, the Right Hon., the Earl of Zetland, appointing the R. W. Bro. J. P. Brown, as D. G. M., was read by the D. G. Secretary. Bro. Brown was introduced, and installed, after which he delivered an appropriate address, which is given in full. The usual business was transacted in great harmony, and everything goes to show that Masonry is gaining a strong foothold in the Turkish Empire. We may give some extracts from the Address of the District Grand Master in a future number.

 QUEBEC.

THUS far some twelve Grand Lodges have recognized the Grand Lodge of Quebec, viz., District of Columbia, Maine, Iowa, Wisconsin, New Hampshire, Texas, Nova Scotia, Nebraska, Nevada, Ohio,

Kansas, and Illinois. It is also claimed by the Gavel that the Grand Lodge of England has given her recognition, and it is thought by many that the Grand Lodge of Ontario will soon give up the controversy and yield her recognition.

Michigan can now be added to the above list, as she gave her recognition at her recent session at Detroit.

EXPULSION.

HALL, ALLEGAN LODGE, NO. 111, F. & A. M., }
 Allegan, Mich., July 6, 1870. }

At a regular communication of Allegan Lodge, No. 111, F. & A. M., held at our hall on the 6th of July A. L. 5870, David D. Dana was expelled from our Lodge and from all the rights and benefits of Masonry, for unmasonic conduct.

By order of the Lodge.

PERRY J. DAVIS, *Secretary.*

DEATH OF ALBERT FERRIS.

At a regular communication of Athens Lodge of F. & A. M., No. 220, held at their lodge room on Saturday evening, February 4th, 1871, the following resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, by a sudden and unanticipated visitation of Divine Providence, our worthy companion and Brother, Albert Ferris, has been summoned, by the mandate of the Almighty, from his labors on earth to the Grand Lodge on high; therefore,

Resolved, That strange and inscrutable as are the ways of Him who presides over the destinies of man, our worthy Brother has been thus suddenly removed from the counsel and kind associations of his wife and child, still let us faithfully confide in the language of inspiration—

“What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.”

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Ferris society has lost a *just, honest*, and upright man, his wife a kind and affectionate husband, and his child that care and protection apparently so essential in the development of early manhood.

Resolved, To those mourning under affliction we offer our most heartfelt and sincere sympathy, and offer to them the widow's and orphan's boon, our watchful care and protection. With the relatives of the deceased, his friends and companions, we will mingle the tear of affection, and silently await the sound of the gavel from the Grand Warden of Heaven, to call us from the cares and bereavements of life to that Celestial Lodge above, where the Supreme Architect of the Universe presides.

Resolved, That Athens Lodge tender their most grateful acknowledgements to the fraternity at Mendon for their labors, care and affection, manifested on the occasion of the death and burial of the deceased. We desire to express the gratitude of Athens Lodge to the Rev. and Brother, Mr. Rice, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the village of Mendon, for the kind, affectionate, and yet eloquent and appropriate discourse pronounced on this occasion, and trust its hallowed and saving influence may form a shield and a defense from the allurements of vice, and a noble incentive to emulate the virtues of him, the sound of whose gavel shall no more be heard within the walls of the lodge room.

Dated Athens, February 4th, 1871.

F. H. TRACY,
S. ROGERS,
A. UNDERWOOD, } *Committee.*

EDITORIAL GOSSIP.

FOUR hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars are said to have been expended on the Masonic Temple recently erected on Bond street, Philadelphia.

ON the 9th of February, inst., Decatur Chapter, No. 75, was instituted, and officers installed in due form, by P. G. High Priest C. H. Brown, acting under the proxy of M. E. G. High Priest Hugh McCurdy.

TRUE WEALTH will be continued in every number. Those desiring the whole of this excellent story, will be supplied with Vol. 1 for *one dollar*, cash, or neatly bound for *two dollars*. As our journal is becoming firmly established, our Brethren will want it from Vol. 1, No. 1, as it will bind up in good shape to preserve.

WE are under very great obligations to those W. M.'s who are acting so efficiently in behalf of our publication. Since the recent session of the Grand Lodge we have received many clubs of twenty each, and still more of less number. We are greatly obliged for this coöperation, and are doing all we can to make our journal interesting to the craft. It will be seen that we have enlarged the page both in length and breadth, and we also use thinner leads, so that we have increased the matter fully one third. We shall continue to make improvements as fast as patronage comes to us so that we can afford it. We hope the work of forming and forwarding clubs will continue till every Lodge in Michigan is represented, as we intend to make *The Michigan Freemason* the organ of our Grand Lodge, and it will possess a value known to no outside journal.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. II.—MARCH, A. L. 5871.—NO. IX.

ADDRESS.

[THE following is the address of Hon. S. C. Coffinberry, delivered at Detroit, Feb. 22d, on the anniversary of Washington's Birthday. It gives a large amount of statistical matter, which our brethren will study with interest and preserve with care.]

Ladies and Gentlemen, Sir Knights, Companions and Brothers :

The event we celebrate is one of the most important in the history of our country, the nativity of the most distinguished man of modern ages ; a man who not only endeared himself to a nation by their deliverance from political bondage, and by giving form, through his superior wisdom and his exalted estimate of human rights, a new system to political institutions, embracing in its theories the most comprehensive civil equities, but who impressed the whole civilized world with a homage to his greatness and goodness—George Washington.

However erroneous may be the plans of human government, however weak and corrupt may be the particular circumstances of moral conduct and civil action, there is ever a redeeming attribute in the human character that pays homage to virtue and honor to greatness.

In the earlier history of our race, when the philosophy of anthropology was less understood than at the present time, when the moral and religious thought was guided by the empty myths of ancient Greece and Rome, when every act of distinguished greatness was attributed to a divine impulse, and when the hero, the sage, and the human benefactors were regarded as the passive instruments of that divine motive, it was customary, upon the decease of the great and the good, for the poet, the historian and the hierophant to ac-

cord to them divine attributes, and to award to their memories a niche in the Pantheon of their deities. However empty and fallacious this ancient practice may appear to the more modern morals and religious idea, it must, nevertheless, be regarded as a grateful offering to virtue, and an expressive memento to moral worth. This was the ancient method of perpetuating the memories of the good and the great.

The advancements in the philosophy of religion and in moral science, during the progression of modern ages, lead to a more rational method of perpetuating the memories of the departed, who, had they lived at an earlier period of the world, would have been entitled to divine honors. We perpetuate their virtues by commemorating the most distinguished circumstances of their lives, by impressing upon our hearts an imprint of their moral excellencies and the incidents of their individual sacrifices as human benefactors.

All physical manifestations of homage, and all external demonstrations of honor may, in time, crumble into dust. The marble monument, and the sculptural obelisk may be broken and razed from their foundations; the images of the ideal deities may fall from their elaborate niches, and lie prone and crushed beneath the heaped up ruins of the stupendous pantheon erected for their protection; but the great and the good, who have inscribed their virtues upon men's hearts, and have impressed their thoughts upon the age in which they lived, have erected monuments to virtue that never fall, and have enthroned embodiments of greatness and never perish, in a moral temple that never crumbles to conceal its divinities beneath its own desolations.

It cannot be expected that the present occasion is one to be employed in pronouncing a eulogy which has already been interwoven with the classic literature of the age, or in recounting the events of a life which has already become a part of the history of civilized nations, and which constitutes the brightest page of our nation's history, written in glowing letters within the bosoms of our patriotic citizens.

The origin of our government is still fresh in the bosom of every American citizen. The perils, the sacrifices and the sufferings of our revolutionary fathers are not forgotten. As we review the brief annals of our country, it appears but yesterday that our fathers bared their breasts in the memorable struggle for human rights, which left as the landmarks of its progress the battle-fields of Lexington, Bunker Hill, Princeton and Yorktown.

It would not only be supererogation, but an insult to the poet,

the historian and the author, to attempt on this occasion an office which has been so successfully discharged by them, in repeating a commendation which has been the theme of their poetic numbers, the burden of their historic pens and the glowing illustrations of their highest conceptions of rhetoric declamation.

It may be well, however, on this occasion, to revive in our memories reminiscences which lead us to a more lively conception of his private virtues, and which serve to present before our minds, as a model of admiration, if not of imitation, traits of his lofty nature which cannot be so readily comprehended nor so fully appreciated as presented in his military and political history.

How pleasant it is to allude to the circumstances in the history of the great which withdraw them from the halo of glory that surrounds their names and gives us a view of them in the simplicity of their private characters and domestic habits, which presents them to our minds in the most intimate relations to ourselves and our fellow men.

It is in this light, withdrawn from the blaze of military glory and the political distinction which marked his life, that the character of General Washington can best be contemplated in its full moral grandeur; it was from this unpretending and unostentatious life that his country called him into public service.

A new thought in civil ethics was involved. A new theory in the science of civil government was enunciated. A new nation was born and baptized in the blood of patriots. A new name was written upon a new national banner and unfurled to the political firmament. The recording angel in high heaven, copying from that banner, inscribed in letters of gold, upon the roll of nations, that new name, Columbia, while "Hail Columbia" was shouted from the lips of angels, and echoed back again from the nations of the earth.

The work was accomplished. The great thought of the age was embodied. The moral triumph of popular sovereignty over hereditary oppression was consummated, and the military chieftan, the statesman, the sage, modestly retired to the privacy of domestic life.

One of the most distinguished poets of England has immortalized the founder of American liberty by the measured numbers of his muse :

" Where may the weary eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable hate?

Yes, one—the first—the last—the best—
 The Cincinnatus of the west!
 Bequeath the name of Washington—
 To make men blush there was but one.

Nothing could be more appropriate, perhaps, on this occasion, to illustrate the social habits and qualities of General Washington, and to bring his memory into an intimate and touching connection with our minds than to allude to his history as a brother of the "mystic tie."

Although fanatics and mischievous men, who are fonder of darkness than of light, have repeatedly asserted that this distinguished man was not a member of the fraternity of Freemasons, yet there is an abundance of indubitable proof of the fact that he was.

Others who delight in discord, and who seek contention and disputation through a hatred of peace and a love of evil concede that in his earlier life he attached himself to the mystic order, but assert that in later years, under the dictates of a maturer judgment, he manifested no partiality for the secret institutions.

Still another class of bad men denounce Masonry as evil and corrupt; as opposed to good order, morality, religion and patriotism. This denunciation is contradicted by the whole life of General Washington, as a military leader, a citizen, a member of the social family and in the privacy of his domestic relations. In all these his conduct was compatible with his duty as a just and upright Mason. In his sphere as a member of that ancient order he stood pre-eminently distinguished.

On the 4th day of November, 1752, General Washington was initiated into the first degree of Masonry at Fredericksburg Lodge. He was passed to the degree of Fellow-Craft on the 3d day of March, 1753, and raised to the degree of Master Mason on the 4th day of August, in the same year.

The old records of Fredericksburg Lodge, from which this fact is ascertained, together with the old seal of the lodge, and the Bible upon which General Washington took his vows as a Mason, are still preserved.

At the time of his initiation he lacked a few months of being twenty-one years of age, which, at that time, was not contrary to Masonic regulations.

Thus, we find the champion of human rights, at this early period of his life, entering upon the duties and responsibilities of maturer manhood.

At this period Masonic lodges in the American colonies held au-

thority as such from the Grand Lodges of the old world, under the supervision of provincial Grand Masters.

After the colonies had severed their political relations with Great Britain, and had established an independent federal government, these provincial Grand Masters surrendered their authority to independent Grand Lodges, which were organized and duly acknowledged in several of the States. Under the authority of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, a lodge had been established at Alexandria and numbered thirty-nine in the registry of that Grand Lodge.

On the occasion of the celebration of the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, on the 19th day of June, 1784, by this lodge, Gen. Washington joined in the festivities. On this occasion he was unanimously elected an honorary member of that lodge, as may be seen by the following extract from the recorded minutes of the day's proceedings, which reads thus: "The Worshipful Master, with the unanimous consent of the brethren, was pleased to meet his Excellency George Washington as an honorary member of Lodge No. 39."

In the month of April, 1788, the lodge at Alexandria changed its fealty from the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, to the Grand Lodge of Virginia, and was established as Lodge No. 22 in the Virginia registry of lodges, by a charter duly issued and authenticated by Edmund Randolph, Grand Master, and Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, which charter bears date April 28th, 1788.

The following extract from this charter may be interesting:

* * * * *

Know ye that we, Edmund Randolph, Esquire, Governor of the Commonwealth aforesaid, and Grand Master of the most Ancient and Honorable Society of Freemasons within the same, by and with the consent of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, do hereby constitute and appoint our illustrious and well beloved brother, George Washington, Esquire, late General and Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the United States of America, and our worthy brethren Robert McCrea, William Hunter, Jr., and John Allison, Esqrs., together with all such other brethren as may be admitted to associate with them, to be a just, true and regular lodge of Freemasons, by the name, title, and designation of Alexandria Lodge No. 22.

* * * * *

Given under the seal of the Grand Lodge, at Richmond, in the State of Virginia, the 28th day of April, A. L. 5788, A. D. 1788.

By the Grand Master's Command.

WILLIAM WADDILL, Grand Secretary.

After the hero had returned from the field of his military glory, crowned with the laurels of victory; after the crowned heads of the old world had bowed in homage to his greatness; after Kings and Princes had surrendered the rights and prerogatives of freedom to an oppressed people at his behest, we find him in the retirement of domestic life, donning the lambskin, the emblem of innocence, and exchanging the spear for the gavel, an emblem of peace, to preside over the affairs of a society of friends, a Masonic lodge, the members of which he met upon an equality and hailed as brothers.

In March, 1789, by the choice of his country he was called from the oriental chair of Alexandria Lodge No. 22, to preside over the counsels of the nation as its Chief Magistrate.

In the spring of 1789 he repaired to New York, at that time the seat of the new government, for the purpose of entering upon his executive duties. Before he left his residence at Mount Vernon for this purpose, he received the following curious document, announcing to him his election as an honorary member of Holland Lodge of Freemasons in the city of New York:

"In the East, the place of light, where Peace and Silence reign.

"And the darkness comprehended it not.

"To all men enlightened and spread abroad on the face of the Earth,

greeting:

"We, the Master, Wardens and Brethren of Holland Lodge, Ancient Masons, held in the City and State of New York, in North America, do hereby certify that in consideration of the Masonic virtues which distinguished our worthy Brother George Washington, he was unanimously elected an honorary member of our lodge. In testimony whereof, we, the Master and Wardens, have hereunto set our hands, and caused the seal of the lodge to be affixed this 6th day of March, A. D. 1789, A. M. 5789.

[L.S.] "R. J. VANDEN BROECK, Master,
"JOHN STAGG, Jr., Senior Warden,
"WM. WILCOCKS, Junior Warden."

On the 30th day of April, 1789, Gen. Washington was inaugurated the first President of the United States. The sacred volume upon which he took the oath to support the Constitution was brought from St. John's Lodge of Masons for the occasion. That solemn oath was administered by the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, who was, at that time, Chancellor of that State.

A memorial entry was made at that time in that sacred book, which is still preserved. This entry was in these words:

" On this sacred volume, on the 30th day of April, A. M. 5789, was administered to George Washington, the first President of the United States of America, the oath to support the Constitution of the United States. This important ceremony was performed by the Most Worshipful Grand Master of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York, Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of the State.

" Fame spread her wings, and loud her trumpet blew :
Great Washington is near ! What praise is due ?
What title shall he have ? She paused, and said,
Not one : his name alone strikes every title dead ! "

During his administration of national affairs, which embraced in its responsible duties the arrangement, in a practical form, of those fundamental principles in the science of civil government so recently enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, he found time and opportunity to respond in a most cordial and fraternal manner to numerous Masonic courtesies. Among the most remarkable of these responses, perhaps, was that of laying the corner stone, with his own hands, of the Federal Capitol in the District of Columbia, the ceremonies of which were conducted under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of Maryland. This imposing ceremony transpired after his second election to the Presidential chair, on the 21st day of September, 1793.

From the published accounts of this important event, it will be sufficient, perhaps, on this occasion, to extract the order of procession, as formed by the Grand Marshal of Maryland Grand Lodge :

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

The Surveying Department of the City of Washington.

Mayor and Corporation of Georgetown.

Virginia Artillery.

Commissioners of the City of Washington, and their attendants.

Stone Cutters. Mechanics.

The Sword Bearer.

Masons of the First Degree.

Bible, &c., on Grand Cushions.

Deacons, with Staffs of Office.

Masons of the Second Degree.

Stewards, with wands.

Masons of the Third Degree.

Wardens, with Truncheons.

Secretaries, with Tools of Office.

Past Masters, with their Regalia.

Treasurers, with their Jewels.

Band of Music.

Lodge No. 22, of Virginia, disposed in their own order.

Corn, Wine and Oil.

Grand Master *pro tem.*, Brother George Washington and Worshipful Master of No. 22 of Virginia.
Grand Sword Bearer.

After his second Presidential term had expired, General Washington retired to his private residence at Mt. Vernon to rest from a life of public service.

In his retirement he received fraternal congratulations from the several Grand Lodges in the United States, as well as from many subordinatè lodges. To these he always responded with fraternal greetings and with assurances of his attachment to the Masonic order.

The spirit of these responses indicate to what extent he may have drawn from the chambers of Masonic science, not only in the regulation of his private life, but in interweaving its theories of justice and harmony in his administration of national measures.

Perhaps there cannot be found more interesting reminiscences of the private character of this great man than is presented in his correspondence with several of these Grand Lodges.

In 1792 the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts published a new book of constitutions, which was dedicated to General Washington. The correspondence which accompanied this dedication, and its acknowledgement by the retired statesman and military chieftain, are so deeply imbued with patriotism, combined with Masonic equality and virtue, and that spirit of peace which has ever characterized the mystic order, that a repetition of it here may be very appropriate. The address or dedication bears date December 29, A. L., 5792, before he retired from the Presidential chair. It is as follows :

The Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to their Honored and Illustrious Brother, George Washington, President of the United States :

SIR—Whilst the historian is describing the career of your glory, and the inhabitants of an extensive empire are made happy in your unexampled exertions ; while some celebrate the hero so distinguished in liberating United America, and others the patriot who presides over her councils, a band of brothers, having always joined the acclamations of their countrymen, now testify their respect for those milder virtues which have ever graced the man.

Taught by the precepts of our society that all its members stand upon a level, we venture to assume this station, and to approach you with that freedom which diminishes our diffidence without lessening our respect.

Desirous to enlarge the boundaries of social happiness, and to

vindicate the ceremonies of our order, this Grand Lodge has published a "Book of Constitutions," and a copy for your acceptance accompanies this, which, by discovering the principles that actuate, will speak the eulogy of the society, though they fervently wish the conduct of its members may prove its higher commendation.

Convinced of his attachment to its cause, and readiness to encourage its benevolent designs, they have taken the liberty to dedicate this work to one, the qualities of whose heart, and the actions of whose life, have contributed to improve personal virtue, and extend throughout the world the most endearing cordialities; and they humbly hope he will pardon the freedom, and accept the tribute of their esteem and homage.

May the Supreme Archbishop of the Universe protect and bless you, give length of days and increase of felicity in this world, and then receive you to the harmonious and exalted society in heaven.

JOHN CUTLER,

Grand Master.

JOSIAH BARTLETT,

MUNZO MACKAY,

Grand Wardens.

BOSTON, Dec. 29, A. L., 5792.

To this address George Washington replied as follows;

To the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:

GENTLEMEN—Flattering as it may be to the human mind, and truly honorable as it is to receive from our fellow-citizens testimonials of approbation for exertions to promote the public welfare, it is not less pleasing to know that the milder virtues of the heart are highly respected by a society whose liberal principles are founded in the immutable laws of truth and justice.

To enlarge the sphere of social happiness is worthy the benevolent design of the Masonic institution, and it is the most fervently to be wished that the conduct of every member of the fraternity, as well as those publications that discover the principles which actuate them, may tend to convince mankind that the grand object of Masonry is to promote the happiness of the human race.

While I beg your acceptance of my thanks for the "Book of Constitutions" which you have sent me, and for the honor you have done me in the dedication, permit me to assure you that I feel those emotions of gratitude which your affectionate address and cordial wishes are calculated to inspire. And I sincerely pray that the

Great Architect of the Universe may bless you here, and receive you hereafter in His immortal temple.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

After General Washington had terminated his public services and had retired to private life, the same Grand Lodge addressed him, on the 21st of March, 1797, in which address they said, after referring to his public labors :

• • • • • • • •

“ Though as citizens we lose you in the active labors of political life, we hope as Masons to find you in the pleasing sphere of fraternal engagements. From the cares of state, and the fatigues of public business, our institution opens a recess, affording all the relief of tranquility, the harmony of peace, and the refreshment of pleasure. Of these may you partake in all their purity and satisfaction, and we will assure ourselves that your attachment to this social place will increase, and that under the auspices of your encouragement, assistance and patronage, the craft will attain its highest ornament, perfection and praise.”

• • • • • • • •

To this portion of the address, the retired President, in his reply, uses this language :

• • • • • • • •

“ In the retirement which declining years induces me to seek, and which repose, to a mind long employed in public concerns, rendered necessary, my wishes that bounteous Providence will continue to bless and preserve our country in peace, and in the prosperity it has enjoyed, will be warm and sincere ; and my attachment to the society of which we are members will dispose me always to contribute my best endeavors to promote the honor and interests of the craft.”

• • • • • • • •

On the fourteenth of December, 1799, General Washington bade farewell to earth, and ascended to the higher and purer life.

His remains were deposited in the tomb of Mount Vernon, under the impressive rites and solemn ceremonies of the Masonic order.

Doctor Dick, the Master of Alexandria Lodge, the same over which General Washington had presided as Worshipful Master, took charge of and conducted the ceremonies on this most solemn occasion. Thus was closed the earthly career of this great and good man.

It is not military achievements that reflect the greatest glory. It is those moral triumphs which are effected without the sacrifice of blood, and erect their altars of peace in the quiet walks of private life, that surround the memories of the good and the great with a halo of pure and living light. To such men we look back in deep gratitude as the benefactors of mankind, proud to acknowledge our relation to them by the common ties of humanity.

“’Twas said, and lo! the stars of night
Forth to our banner flew,
And morn, with pencil dipped in light,
Her blushes on it drew.
Columbia's chieftain seized the prize,
The glorious flag unfurled;
Flew with it to his native skies,
And waved it o'er the world!”

Washington, the chieftain—the sage—the statesman—the philanthropist—the citizen—the Freemason—the brother of the mystic tie, having received from mankind the full measure of all earthly glory, arose from earth and ascended above in the grandest perfection of that glory.

“Ere mature manhood marked his youthful brow,
He sought our altar and he made his vow—
Upon our tessellated floor he trod,
Bended his knees and placed his trust in God!
Through all his great and glorious life he stood
A true, warm brother, foremost e'er in good;
And when he died, amid a nation's gloom,
His mourning brethren bore him to the tomb!”

WHAT MASONRY TEACHES ME.

A few days since a gentleman outside the Masonic Fraternity asked us what Masonry taught. We will answer what it teaches us, and he will tell us whether the lessons be good ones or not.

Masonry teaches us the existence of a God as a being of Love, Light and Power.

It teaches us that alone we are almost powerless, and that as others help us over rough and dangerous places, so should we do unto others.

It teaches us to look up for that Light which will be an unerring guide, and that no matter how often we forget, there is a place where we can obtain information.

It teaches us to be kind of heart, to cultivate friendly feelings; to not tell all we know; to be circumspect, and to realize that others before us have walked the road we are in, and that others will after we are gone.

It teaches us to help the needy and to defend the deserving; to care for the children of brothers, and to treat their wives with the same kind, gentlemanly respect we would have others show to those we love dearest of all on earth.

It teaches honesty, industry, frugality, and liberality of thought.

It teaches us to be as careful to preserve the good reputation of a brother as we would have him to be careful to preserve ours; to be very careful not to say, or hint, or insinuate anything against him and his honesty, and the better man and brother he is the more careful should we be to help keep him so, and to encourage him to be more so. And it also teaches us to be careful and not report what he has told us at any time or place where it could be construed to his disadvantage or injury.

It teaches us to look upon every Mason as a younger brother, to be watched over, helped, encouraged, protected, cared for in sickness, and carefully laid away after life's fitful trials be ended, and he has been called to the Land in the East, and the resting-place and refreshment under the sun, in the cooling breeze, where murmuring fountains play, and none are with us but those we love.

It teaches us to defend virtue; to never tell a falsehood; to build up, protect, and encourage the poor and the laborious, no matter whether of our fraternity or not, and always to work for the best interest of one's country, more than to oppress the poor and all craftsmen who labor.

It teaches us virtue, sobriety, discretion, earnestness, and charity to all, with a beautiful faith in God and His goodness.

It teaches us to defend the honor of a brother; to stand between him and danger; to be as careful of the good name of a brother's loved ones as of our own honor; to look upon them as sacred objects at all times, for whom we are ready to spill our blood, if need require this test of knightly honor, and that we should study to so live and act as to never make a brother ashamed of us, or to wound his feelings, or cause him to other than love us for our worth, honor, goodness, virtue, nobleness, and thoughtful care.

It teaches us to be kind to all; to always befriend the poor, no matter who or where found; to forgive as we would be forgiven; and to speak not against a brother, but kindly to him, face to face, when he has erred, or is likely to,

It teaches us lessons in harmonious brotherhood, and to control ourselves, our tongue, our passion, and our lives; and that in the lodge as in the eternal, there is one place where differences in politics, in religion, in possession of riches or honors, is unknown, for before the Beautiful Light in the East *we are all brothers*.—"BRICK" POMEROY.

TRUE WEALTH.

CHAPTER XIV.

BY S. C. COFFINBERRY.

THE day after the interview between Doctor Dutton and Mr. Wilson, at the residence of the latter, as related in the last chapter, the doctor again called at the mansion of the banker, and assured him that Mr. Preston's case had assumed a more flattering aspect, and that, while he considered him out of danger from his wound and fever, and certain to recover from both, yet, it would require several days, perhaps weeks, to enable him to recover sufficiently to resume his station in the bank.

Ten days had elapsed since this information to Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Preston was still confined to his hotel. He had written to his mother, giving her a brief detail of the conflagration of the theatre, and a circumstantial account of the misfortunes which befell him after he had left the burning edifice, on his return to his lodgings on that night. He also hinted at his indisposition and the prospect of his speedy recovery.

On the eleventh day after his physician had announced the favorable change in his condition, he sat in the sumptuously furnished drawing-room of Madame Druilliard. The Countess Mont Martre sat near him. Her hand still rested on her harp, which had just ceased its soft harmony. She had just finished that touching and melancholy song *Le Montagnard Emigré*, accompanied by the rich chords of the harp. At the last stanza her voice trembled. Tears dimmed her eyes as she sung the closing lines,

*" Leur souvenir fait tous les jours,
Ma peine.
Mon pays sera mes amours,
Toujours."*

She looked at Preston, dried her eyes, and smiled, as she pushed her harp aside, and said :

"It was weakness in me, was it not? And yet it is a natural weakness, and one we ought not to be ashamed of."

"It was not weakness, Madame," replied Charles. "There is a weakness, however, which we are all more likely to be guilty of, that of an effort to suppress our deepest feelings and our purest emotions."

"That may be so; I did not think of that before; and yet we are all guilty of it," returned the Countess.

"Yes," said Charles, "and every such effort is a combat with nature."

"Indeed, I agree with you," returned the Countess. "And, when the heart speaks, or the interior feeling responds to exterior solicitations, I do not see why we should not let the one speak aloud and the other respond in sympathy."

"Instead, however," said Preston, "we disguise the one in a false language, and cover the other with the formalities that veil it from external perception."

"Why is it so?" inquired the Countess.

"Because," replied Charles, "man is a creature curiously composed of mind and body—spirit and clay. Each have their separate attributes. The mind is the chamber of the spirit, the body the dwelling place of the passions. The lesser is jealous of the greater. As the spirit dwells within the external clay house, it is visible only as it is manifested through the external senses. The body will not permit a view of the beautiful indweller in its infinite purity and its naked charms, and constantly labors to suppress its divine language. You remember your countryman, I. I. Rosseau, says: '*La conscience est la voix de l'âme, les passions sont la voix du corps.*'"

"O, yes! I see. It is very plain," said the Countess.

"We expect to see your sex manifest more feeling than ours, especially when the tender emotions are appealed to," said Charles.

"And why?" inquired the Countess, smiling archly. "Is it because you consider us weaker than you, or because you consider us more true to our instincts?"

"If the suppression of our emotions be a weakness, as I just remarked," replied Charles, "the deduction would appear, rather, that you are stronger than we, and truer to nature than we."

"A happy turn, *mon garçon*, and a very pretty compliment to our sex at the expense of yours," interposed Madame Mont Martre, laughing.

"Our education in the conventionalities of society may have something to do with our habits in this particular," returned Pres-

ton, "especially the influence of our religious institutions. Many of these inculcate severe ordeals of our true natures, and many of them tend to further and to promote the subjugation of our higher intuitions to religious dogmas. I can conceive of a society which would teach the good, for sake of the good, and inculcate its practice without regard to any particular religious faith."

"I think," said the Countess, "that in France there was such a society. At least my father, who belonged to such a society, told me that such were its tenets."

"To what do you allude? I trust not to the atheistical worship of reason?" said Preston.

"Oh! no, indeed!" replied the young widow. "My father was a good Catholic, and still he had a deeper trust in this other society than in the Mother Church."

"Indeed," said Charles, "I am curious to learn what kind of a society could claim a higher respect, in the estimation of a good Catholic, than the Church."

"Indeed, Monsieur Preston," said the Countess, "I almost fear to tell you, for it is an institution against which there has always prevailed great prejudice in France, and although there is no such society in this country, I presume, still, all have heard of it, and the prejudices against it might, even here, subject me to inconvenience on account of my father's connection with it."

"My dear Madame, you understand but little of our country, and of the impulses of our people. We are the generation of every nation, caste and condition. What our ancestors may have been in the old world, to us here, now, under our new political institutions, is a matter of but little moment. The prejudices against the ancestor do not reach to the offspring."

"Then," said Madame Mont Martre, dropping her voice into an undertone, "I will tell you what society this was, of which my father was so long a member; but, I would beg you not to speak of it to others. It was the society of Freemasons," continued she, leaning towards Preston and dropping her voice to a whisper.

"Ah! my dear Madame!" said Charles, "that noble society is known to all civilization. It is not limited to France. Its march has ever been hand in hand with science and philosophy. It leads the footsteps of society to its highest summit, and its mystic word is spoken in every department of state and church."

"And do you approve it?" inquired the Countess.

"I do," answered Preston, "I am proud to own that I, too, as well as your father, am a member of that society, and put my deepest trust in its fundamental ethics."

"O, I am so rejoiced," said the Countess, seizing both the hands of Preston; "I am so glad you are a Freemason, for now you will be my brother, and I can tell you everything. I can tell you about my father. It is supposed he died in the Bastile. But he is still living. He escaped from the Bastile. The turnkey was a Freemason, and in the coffin that was to contain his corpse they carried out my loving father. No one knows where he is but his daughter and Colonel Arnault. See, Monsieur," continued she, taking a small case from her pocket, and opening it by a spring, she took from it a small square and compass, set with diamonds; "see, sir: this was my passport through France, Germany and England, and even to this land of freedom. I was proscribed in France. The Count Mont Martre had been beheaded. My father had escaped from the Bastile. I could not know where to find him. When I was a girl, he gave me this curious jewel, and told me to hold it sacred. He said it would secure me aid and protection when I most needed them. He said it was a mystic talisman. He said it was the signet of the mystic society of Freemasons. My father said, that every Freemason would be my brother, Is it so, Monsieur?"

"Madame, indeed it is so," answered Preston.

"Indeed I found it so," continued the Countess. "As I was passing in disguise out of the gates of Paris, on the same day that Count Mont Martre and Madame Roland suffered in the guillotine, a rude soldier, under the very arch of the gate, seized me, and was about to drag me back. I opened this case and showed him the talisman. '*Mon frère,*' said I. '*Ma sœur,*' said the soldier, bowed, and turned away, while I passed out."

"That was a narrow escape indeed," remarked Preston.

"That was not the only one," continued the Countess. "As I traveled through France, I was several times on the point of being stopped by armed soldiers, but they always let me pass when I showed them this. In Lorraine I was arrested by a soldier who did not seem to understand the talisman. I was taken before the prefect of police. I showed him the signet; he looked at me very severely, and said he would send me to Paris. He ordered me to be safely locked up. They locked me in a room in the rear of his office. When night came, he unlocked the door, and told me to follow him. I followed him. He put me in a diligence with his son, and gave me money. The diligence carried me to Switzerland,

where I was once more free. In Germany and in England, where I was in search of my father, every one to whom I showed this jewel proved a brother to me. Now I show it to you; you will be my brother, Monsieur, will you not?"

"Yes, madame, I will be your brother," returned Preston, "when you need my aid as a protector, or in a pecuniary sense, speak, only speak, and you will in me find ever a brother. In my sickness you have been my sister, and, independent of my mystic obligation, I am but too happy to repay my debt of gratitude. How can I aid you?"

"Just be my brother, I have money enough. While I was in London in search of my father, I met my friends that are in this hotel with me now. They had escaped before me. Colonel Arnault informed me where my father was, and gave me my father's draft on the bank of England for twenty thousand francs, with the wish that I would hasten to America. I came. I want nothing but a brother."

"I will be your brother," rejoined Preston.

"Then pray, henceforth call me sister. Drop the madame, and the title by which you usually address me. It will be so sweet to be your sister."

I will call you sister. You shall be my sister. Your father will come, after a while, and I will deliver my sister to her father's arms. Was Count Mont Martre also a Mason?"

"He was not, poor man. Count Mont Martre was my husband. I did not love him. He was an old man. He was very rich, and the last of a long line of noble ancestors. Oh! my brother, you little know how, in France, we poor women are the victims of social circumstances."

"I was the only child of my father. My mother I never saw, she was lost on the sea. My father and mother, a brother two years older than I was, and my mother's sister had spent several years in London, they sailed for France, and, in a storm, the vessel was wrecked and all lost but my father who carried me with him safe to shore."

"I was placed in a convent where I was reared and educated. Alas! there I was taught that woman had no part to perform in life but to serve God, and to submit to the will of one superior's lure."

"When I was taken from the convent to become the bride of the wealthy Count Mont Martre, an honorable name and an honorable man, I was not asked whether such an engagement met my approbation, and, had I been, I would have known no alternative but consent, although the Count was fifty years my senior. I assented of course, and became his bride. Within a year I was a widow,

escaping from an enraged and maddened populace. My husband's property was confiscated to the government."

"I traveled without money, until I reached the resources provided for my use in London. Still this little jewel provided me with everything, and protected me from insult. Now, at last it has found for me, in you, a brother."

"My poor sister," said Preston, taking the hand of the Countess, "you have never known a mother's care, a mother's love. Without these life is almost a curse. Oh! how my memory turns to my dear mother, and how my heart kneels down at her feet!"

His voice trembled as he uttered the words, and the tears stole into the eyes of the Countess.

"I know nothing of my mother, except, as I was informed by the sisters of the convent, that she was not a French woman. They told me that my father was an officer in the army, and went into a foreign country with his regiment, where he married a foreign lady who was lost on the return, in sight of my father's native land, with her sister and my brother. What was her name or country, they could not tell."

"But your father, he could inform you, could he not?" enquired Preston.

"I saw but little of my father, and, the only time I ever alluded to my mother, in his presence, he was deeply agitated and begged me not to allude to the subject. He informed me that he had placed in the hands of a friend the history of my family which, in due season, would come into my possession."

"Indeed, my sister, the more I hear of your early life, the more I feel like a brother to you, for the more I perceive the necessity of such a relation."

"Do you not think that it may be so, that the dear ones, who have gone to rest before us, can impress upon our minds a consciousness of their presence within us? So often, while in the cloisters, in the deep and quiet sleep, I have seen a form that I dreamed was my mother, and, I would awake reaching out my arms and crying, 'my mother, my mother!' I wish she was my mother! I often see her yet in my dreams. She is so beautiful. I wish she was my mother."

"The young Countess buried her face in her hands and wept aloud. Charles was about to reply when the door was opened and Madame Druilliard entered.

"Ha! Ha! making love!" said the Madame, "and my lady, the Countess, in tears? Has Monsieur broken your heart outright?"

you will soon be used to it; so do not weep, my child, You did not hear the bell ring for tea; this accounts for it; love is deaf as well as blind. Come, the tea awaits."

The Countess took Preston's arm and they followed the worthy and cheerful landlady to the tea table.

Mrs. Preston sat in her humble cottage on the mountain side. She was alone. Her features wore a singular expression between sadness and cheerfulness. She had been weeping;—the traces of tears were on her cheeks. There is a sublimity in that stage, or resting place of a woman's life, when she looks complacently back and reviews the path she has trodden. The gentle and blooming beauty of earlier life would detract from the sublimity. The picture requires the mature brow, the thoughtful eye, the earnest expression and deep, pure, spirituality which are only imputed on the external being by anxious solitudes and experience. It is that stage of manhood when "her children shall rise up and call her blessed." The girl lives for herself, for joy, for pleasure in the sunshine. The matron lives for others, for thought, for usefulness in the shadows. As she rises up and reviews her pathway through life, and smiles, with satisfaction over the part she has performed, a halo gathers around her brow lit by a celestial light. In this view, in this noble, this lofty attitude of her pure nature she ceases to appear the woman and becomes an angel.

Mrs. Preston had been weeping. Beside her lay a letter consisting of several sheets. It was in her son's hand-writing. She arose and paced the plainly furnished parlor, for several minutes. Again she was seated. As she raised the letter from the floor, she said aloud; "I have done my duty. I have performed my vow to my dying sister. If I have suffered in redeeming it I am rewarded in the result. If I have sacrificed my own health and comfort, I am compensated in my noble boy. I am proud to own my noble Charles. But now comes another anxiety for poor Charles. How shall I write to him? How can I counsel him? This proud banker and his daughter! It is clear that his affections are involved without a hope. I must be plain with him." Again she turned over the letter and read as follows:

BALTIMORE, OCT. 17, —.

MY DEAR MOTHER: When under the impulses of boyish ambition we build air castles, how little do we foresee the exorbitant attitudes of folly to which we aspire? How apt are the young to become envious, if not jealous of the truly great? We are so apt to attribute to circumstances and opportunity the preeminent positions of the

hero and the sage. We are so apt to believe that fortuitous causes alone, elevate the aspirants to honor to the seats of distinction awarded to them by their fellow beings. It is a mistake. It is not easy to be great. There must be an innate superiority to make men great, despite the force of circumstances. There must be an interior divinity which shapes circumstances to the purposes of greatness and creates opportunities to execute such purposes. Men only prove their purity by trying to be great. They prove their own weakness in their effort to be more than what they really are. The truly great impress their worth, their nobility upon mankind, without aspiring to be what they are, or an effort to be what they are not.

Within the last week I saw two great men, General Washington and Benjamin Franklin.

It is easy and pleasant to be in the presence of Doctor Franklin, but, it is a severe ordeal of one's manhood to be in the presence of George Washington. There is an impressive weight, a crushing force in the atmosphere of this great man. Mr. Franklin talks a great deal, yet, always talks well. His style of conversation is plain and easy, rather than elegant. It is a simple style, in fact, yet clear and finished, in both thought and diction. As he talks he smiles pleasantly.

General Washington talks but little, yet every thought falls like a vast mountain upon the mind of the hearer, and, for the time, overwhelms it. Every word he utters, though deliberate, thrills one like a lightning flash. He talks but little, but always deliberately, as if every word, as well as every thought, were duly weighed and premeditated. Every look expresses a thought and his every word inspires an idea. His presence speaks, and language becomes a useless medium for so much greatness, inasmuch as it becomes an inadequate one.

I first saw these two distinguished men in our Masonic lodge. Our lodge was sitting in regular communication, when they were announced by the proper officer. As they entered, the lodge arose, and received them standing, according particular honors appropriate on such occasions. They advanced together to the altar in the centre of the hall where they both stood erect after the customary salutation to the presiding officer of the lodge. Mr. Wilson, who is still Master of our lodge, welcomed the distinguished visitors in a short address to which Dr. Franklin replied in quite a handsome little address. When the short address was ended, General Washington bowed and said:

“My brothers I greet you.”

That was all. Every one in the large hall shrunk back as he heard himself hailed as a brother in the deep solemn voice of the great man. His greatness has a meaning of its own. No one need to ask why he is great, or in what he is great. His greatness speaks for itself. Where is the peer, much less the brother of such a man? Such a man needs to talk but little, indeed. There stood the man before me who had bared his head in the battle-field—who had guided armies—who had given liberty to an oppressed people and who had shaped the destinies of a nation. Could he say anything to impress his character more deeply upon mankind? To add language to these considerations would prove a mockery. There he stood, the embodiment of human grandeur in the sovereignty of his noble nature. There stood the hero,—the sage, wearing the white gloves and apron of the Masonic order, his head respectfully bowed, his brow calm, his eye clear, while in a solemn voice he said, “my brothers.”

The effect was wonderful. Every eye was fixed upon him until he spoke. As the words, “my brothers,” passed his lips, every eye fell to the floor and every head was bowed. Many wept. I could not suppress my tears. I do not think it was unnianly. Do you? It was no small matter. My dear mother, to participate in an institution, which, in its fundamental theories, elevates a poor, obscure boy like me, to such a fraternal relation to such a man. God’s blessing, like dew from heaven, will fall quietly upon the institution which establishes such sacred relationships.

Should fanaticism and religious bigotry ever seek to asperse Free masonry, and cast odium upon its order, let its friends point to this incident in the private life of General Washington, and shame the ignorant cynic by whispering in his ear, “Washington called them brothers.” That this good man identifies himself with Freemasonry ought to be, in fact is, a sufficient guaranty of the purity and excellency of the institution, to all wise and honest men.

By Mr. Wilson’s invitation General Washington was seated on his right, upon the raised platform in the east end of the hall. This distinction is accorded to all visitors who have had the honor of presiding over a lodge, and was accordingly due to General Washington who had been the Master of a lodge in Virginia.

A short recess in the business of the lodge was ordered. Doc-Franklin passed through the hall and took every brother by the hand, at the same time chatting and talking with each in the most friendly manner. General Washington did not descend from the platform. He arose, however, uncovered his head and returned the satisfactions of those who approached him. His massive forehead reminded me

of a snow capped mountain, it appeared so far off, and so high above me.

Washington is tall, and, although very straight, is easy and graceful in repose and in action. But few approached him. I did not. I could not. I arose several times to do so, but shrunk back again. Mr. Wilson has long had an acquaintance with him and has had a good deal of business with him.

In Dr. Franklin's conversation there is the slightest spice of waggery. He is also slightly facetious, somewhat pedantic, and a little egotistical. General Washington, on the other hand, in his conversation, appears to overlook and to ignore everything but universal ideas, general principles and abstract moral truths. His mind appears to deal with these only. He rarely smiles, and yet there is no appearance of pride or ostentatious superiority in his manner or deportment. One would think that the countenance of the man who rarely smiles would assume either a melancholy or a severe expression; but, with General Washington, it is not so. The expression of his countenance is that of lofty dignity, pure thought and calm benignity. Often, when he is spoken to, he makes no reply in language, but quietly turns to the speaker and looks at him. The look alone is a reply. The thought of the great man is at once comprehended, from his clear blue eye and his expressive features.

In one of his conversations with him, Mr. Wilson asked this question :

“ General, do you believe that our political institutions are based upon such fundamental theories, in the science of government, as to withstand the attacks of the political philosophers of the old world, who, at this moment, are waging speculative theories against it?”

General Washington looked at Mr. Wilson earnestly for a moment. Mr. Wilson was answered. There was no such thing as mistaking for anything else the confidence in the equities of our theory of self-government which his countenance expressed. Mr. Wilson continued :

“ Do you believe the political integrity and the wisdom of the masses are sufficient to perpetuate our system of government, in which you manifest so much confidence?”

Again he looked at Mr. Wilson, and again the question was fully answered, by an expression, which spoke more significantly than words, his trust in the integrity, patriotism and intelligence of the people. Thus, he talks without speaking and speaks without talking. One is at all times impressed with his earnest thoughtfulness.

In conversation, some one alluded to the defeat of General Braddock, near Fort Du Quesne, in a manner to draw animadversions upon the conduct of that unfortunate officer in the mismanagement of that disastrous affair.

General Washington bowed politely, but looked a rebuke, and simply remarked :

“General Braddock was a brave soldier, and a gentleman.”

I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who resides in Philadelphia, a few days before the visit of General Washington and Doctor Franklin. This Philadelphia gentleman also visited our lodge, where I first met him. He is a banker, and is supposed to be a very rich man. It is said he contributes liberally to the charity fund of his lodge. He is a man of very ordinary appearance. He is small, round shouldered, pox-broken, and blind in one of his eyes. He speaks French rather indifferently for a Frenchman, as he is ; but he has been a long time in this country, and, I presume, has partially forgotten his native language, without having learned to speak our English well. His name is Girard—Stephen Girard—or, as in his broken English he gave me his name, *Estephen Geerad*.

When I commenced the world for myself, I set out with high aims. Encouraged by the example and the success of other poor boys who became eminent in various spheres, I aimed correspondingly high. I determined, for myself, that I too would be a great man. I now find that to be great is not a matter of our own choice. Greatness does not depend upon our own predeterminations. Our destiny, in this respect, we ourselves cannot decide, for it depends more upon the popular verdict of the present and future ages than upon our own will.

You will smile, my dear mother, when I tell you that, upon this subject, I have changed my mind. I have determined not to be a great man. How long I may have cherished this boyish folly I can not tell, had it not been for the opportunity afforded me of measuring my own insignificancy by the standard of real greatness. But let me say, that young men who are troubled with palpitations for renown, may easily be healed of their folly by coming into the presence of such men as Washington and Franklin. After such a contact, the ambitious may well be content with a condition on a level with others, far below the summit of greatness.

I no longer aspire to even popular distinction. My highest ambitions, now, only point to happiness in a humble sphere, as an attainable end for me. And, oh ! my dear mother, I see so many obstacles interposing themselves between me and such an attain-

ment, that I despair of ever reaching the objective aim. Did our happiness depend entirely upon our own will, to be unhappy would be a crime. Alas! this metaphysical problem of contentment—this incomprehensible mystery of human happiness! How are we to solve it?

The several relations of life which contribute to our happiness or misery are so varied, and the subjects of so many fortuitous contingencies, that we cannot expect to shape circumstances with a certainty of a result in happiness. As I said, if happiness depended upon our own will, then could we be happy indeed. Alas! it is quite different. Our happiness may depend upon the will, the decision, the mere caprice of another, touching some matter of little moment to the one who makes that decision, but, upon which our own happiness may entirely depend.

I am not unreasonable, I think, in my demands as a member of the social family. I ask not fame nor distinction among my fellow men. I only ask their fair and indulgent confidence and favorable opinion. If I am distrustful of my capability to become a great man, I am self-reliant in my power to become a good man. Therein lies the secret of acquiring a good name among our fellow beings. Deserve it and it will be awarded. To merit it is to possess it. We must acquit ourselves to our own satisfaction in the discharge of the various obligations we owe in our various relations, and bear, with patience and complacency, the several responsibilities which devolve upon us in our several spheres. There is a triumph in the reflection that we have fulfilled our mission to the satisfaction of ourselves, if not to the satisfaction of others.

Then, there is the domestic relation, with its family hearth and its sacred altar, to contribute to our happiness, or poison the cup of life. Is that all? No, not all. Alas! no. The High Priestess—the sanctified vestal that is to minister at that altar—to offer upon it the daily incense, and to woo the angel of peace to preside over that Holy of Holies! That vestal must be wooed and won. We cannot persuade, we cannot purchase, we cannot compel that pure affection which sanctifies and purifies the domestic household. Two wills must unite in creating it—two hearts to sanctify—two voices to breathe its harmonies, and to woo its angels.

In this relation, dear mother, I shall expect no happiness, and, expecting none, I must forego the relation. This picture of what might be is not for me. And, still—but, then—yes, yes, this subject is too delicate for discussion.

I have recovered from the injuries I received on the night that

the theatre was burned, the particulars of which I detailed in my last letter. Yet, I cannot forget the horrors of that fearful event, and the misfortunes that befel me on that night. There was great anxiety on my account, at Madame Druilliard's. My fellow boarders supposed I had perished in the flames.

The unfortunate mute, Dinky, who saved my life, was found dead the next day. She committed suicide. The large knife with which she killed swedge was plunged into her heart, where it still remained when she was found. A letter in her pocket disclosed the whole matter, with a brief history of her ruin. She had been seduced by Swedge with whom she consorted. Bildad Swedge, a brute in the similitude of the human form, to prevent her disclosure of one of his inhuman murders, cut out her tongue by its roots.

I have not seen Miss Wilson since the night of the conflagration. She is to become the wife of a young man in this city, the only son of a banker who is worth a million. It pains me to see so noble a young lady—so beautiful a creature—become the wife of such a man; yes, man, I suppose; and yet he is a being without character and almost without individuality. He already boasts (so Twinkle told me) that old Wilson and old Leddington (his father) have each piled up a million of the yellow shiners for his particular use. Is it not too bad, mother?

Write me soon. I am not home-sick, and yet I feel lonely and sad. Kiss Ella for me, and bless me.

CHARLES.

"Poor boy! I will write to him," said Mrs. Preston, and, after folding the letter, retired to her little library.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BIBLE QUESTION.

MY DEAR BRO. CHAPLIN:—

ABOUT five months ago I apprised you of my having written, or of my intention to write, a letter to "The Freemason," (London) assuming that if bigots persist in introducing into Masonic Lodges their sectarian dogmas, under the plea that the great light, the Bible, teaches those dogmas, it must eventuate either in turning Masonry into a Christian church, or the Bible and all allusions to it will have to be removed from the Lodge; and expressed at the same time my preference for the removal of the Bible, so as to remove the excuse of

the aforesaid lights. These remarks called forth an article from your pen, which I read last Saturday, in Bro. Moore's January No. For disapproving of my ideas, I cannot blame you; but I do wish, my dear brother, that instead of coming out with a mere tirade against infidels, atheists, savages, and with a rhetorical embellishment about the steam engine, that you would have reprinted the discussion from the London paper between Bro. William Carpenter and myself, or would have analyzed my arguments, and shown wherein I was wrong. As you have, however, been pleased to pursue your own course, and as I fear that your readers must necessarily labor under a wrong impression, I hope you will allow me sufficient space in your journal to explain my views fairly.

My offence, in your estimation, appears to be, that I belong to a class who "wish to have the foundation of Masonry so universal as to reach everybody of whatever creed or religion, whether Jew, Mahometan, Christian or Pagan." Now, providing the candidate has faith in God, and is otherwise an upright man, I plead guilty to your charge. But is not that *Masonic*? Is a candidate ever asked about his belief in anything else besides God? The G. L. of Ohio did indeed pass a law limiting the Masonic degrees to believers in the Bible, but that law was repealed about two or three years ago. The G. L. of Texas passed a similar law, but I am told that it is a dead letter. Now, if belief in the Bible is essential to Masonry, why did not all the Grand Lodges pass the restrictive law? and why did Ohio repeal the law? and to show that you involved yourself in a labyrinth of inconsistencies, just compare your own admission with your demand. You say, "Masonry knows no creed but faith in God," etc.; and, immediately after, denounce the disbelievers in the Bible as false to Masonry, and not of us. Why, my dear Bro., you can no more make a curved line and straight run parallel to each other, than you can reconcile your admission with your demand. If a candidate had to make profession of belief in the Bible, and afterwards denied a belief in God. But it does not necessarily follow that a believer in a Deity must also believe in revelation.

Before entering further in the discussion, let us first examine the fundamental principle on which Masonry was founded. To do this, I do not mean to go back to the mystic time when a Jew, a Pagan, and a kind of half-breed, or something betwixt and between, were the Grand Lodge, though that example would completely demonstrate the universality of Masonry. Nor do I mean to go to the building associations of the middle ages. With them, I fully admit Masonry to have been confined exclusively to Christians, and, indeed,

so it continued until Anderson's Constitution was printed. The three great lights were not indeed at that time the "Bible, Square and Compass," but the "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." That, however, is not *our* Masonry. Ours dates from 1717; and here is an extract from the first authorized book ever printed by a Grand Lodge. Yes, the very first charge of Anderson's Constitution is as follows:—

"In ancient times the Christian Masons were charged to comply with the Christian usage of each country where they traveled or worked; but Masonry being found in all nations, even of diverse religions, *they are now only charged to adhere to that religion in which all men agree*, (leaving each brother to his own particular opinions,) that is, to be good men and true, men of honor and honesty, by whatever names, religions or persuasions they may be distinguished, for they all agree in the great articles of Noah, enough to preserve the cement of the Lodge. Thus Masonry is the centre of union and the happy means of conciliating persons that otherwise must have remained at a perpetual distance." (1st charge, Anderson, 1723.)

"No private piques or quarrels about nations, families, religions, or politics, must be brought within the door of the Lodge, for as Masons we are of the oldest Catholic religion above hinted." (6th charge, *Ibid.*)

So much for Anderson, and I believe you must agree that my ideas are in perfect accord with those in the above paragraphs. Let us now hear what the earliest expounder of Masonry had to say on the subject, the man who received a vote of thanks from the English Grand Lodge for the very publication I am about to quote from. I mean "Hutchinson's Spirit of Masonry;" and here it is:

"It (Masonry) directs us to divest ourselves of confined and bigoted notions, and teaches us that humanity is the soul of religion. We never suffer any religious disputes in our Lodges, *and as Masons we only pursue the universal religion, the religion of Nature*. Worshipers of the God of Mercy, we believe that in every nation he that fears Him and works righteousness is accepted of Him. All Masons, therefore, whether Christians, Jews, or Mahomedans, who violate not the rule of right, written by the Almighty upon the tables of the heart, who do fear Him and work righteousness, we are to acknowledge as brethren; and though we take different roads, we are not to be angry with or persecute each other on that account. We mean to travel to the same place; we know that the end of our journey is the same; and we all affectionately hope

to meet in the Lodge of perfect happiness. How lovely is an institution fraught with sentiments like these. How agreeable must it be to Him who is seated on the throne of everlasting mercy—to that God who is no respecter of persons.” (Hutchinson’s Spirit of Masonry. Appendix A.)

So much for Hutchinson ; and now let us consult the great Dr. Oliver. He says :

“ A Jew, a Mahometan, or Pagan, may attend our Lodges without fear of hearing his peculiar doctrines or mode of faith called in question, by a comparison with others which are repugnant to his creed, because a permanent and unalterable landmark of Masonry is, the total absence and exclusion of religious or political controversy.” (Star in the East. Dr. Oliver.)

In illustration of this principle I copy a passage from Brother Stephen Jones’ reply to Le Franc’s attack on Freemasonry. He remarks : “ In contemplation of the wisdom, power, and goodness of the G. A. O. T. U, the Turk (under one name), the Jew and Christian (under another), can join in adoration, all agreeing in the grand essential and universal principle of religion, the recognition and worship of a Deity, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, though differing in some more minute tenets peculiar to each ; and is it necessary that this admirable system of union for the best of purposes should be destroyed by the introduction in a Christian lodge of the doctrine of redemption which must offend the Turk ; or the holy name of the Messiah which offends the prejudices of the Jew ; or, in a Turkish lodge, the name of Mahomet, which must offend both Jew and Christian, and thereby defeat the universality of an excellent institution? No! we are brethren. The godhead has taught us so to call each other—the innate principle persuades us that we are so. Shall, then, this temporary and happy accomodation of sentiment to good purposes stamp us as deists? Very far from it. When the lodge is closed, each departs, uninfluenced by the other—the Jew to his synagogue, the Turk to his mosque, the Christian to his church, as fully impressed as ever with the rectitude of his faith!” To which Bro. Oliver adds : “ In fact, as I have already said, Freemasonry, though it strongly recommends the duties of religion to our practice, is not a peculiar system of religious faith.” (Star in the East.)

From the foregoing we learn that Dr. Anderson, a D. D., not only based Masonry on “ the religion in which all agree,” but he also consented to remove the Trinity from the ritual. But does it therefore follow that Anderson and his Masonic coadjutors ceased to be

Trinitarians? Most assuredly not. No more need we suppose that a man ceases to believe in the Bible because he consents to its removal from the lodge.

Modern Masonry was designed to unite the good and true of all who believe in a God. As it was, however, based on the laws and traditions of the operative Masons, Anderson must have reasoned thus: "When Christians burnt each other for disbelieving in the Trinity, the Masons must have consisted exclusively of Trinitarians; and if one of them disbelieved in the dogma, he would not have dared to disturb the harmony of the lodge by objecting to it on account of conscience." In 1717, *burning* ceased to be the fashion. A Jew or Unitarian would cry murder, if the dogma had been imposed on him, and the harmony of the lodge would most assuredly have been broken. But as the Bible was at that time generally believed, the Bible was substituted for the Trinity as the great light; and for the very same reason *we* can also remove the Bible and change the ceremonies when brethren shall from conscientious motives object to its retention. This is not only possible, but it has actually been done by the late Duke of Sussex, Grand Master of England, when he initiated a Mahometan gentleman into Masonry, upon which occasion the Koran was substituted for the Bible; and how else should a Mahometan be initiated? Nor could the Duke consistently have told the Mahometan brother that the Holy Bible was the great light in Masonry, or that it was the word of God;—the ceremony must have been changed and adapted for the occasion. Now suppose the Mahometan brother was elected Master of the lodge, could you consistently demand from him an acknowledgement of the Bible being the word of God?

Again, Humboldt was a Deist, but was nevertheless an upright man, and an ornament to any association. A member of a church believing in revelation, would indeed defeat Humboldt's election as pastor of his church, but might at the same time cheerfully vote for Bro. H. to be Master of his lodge. And if bigotry succeeded in defeating the installation of Bro. Humboldt because he could not acknowledge the Bible as the word of God, it could not be said that Humboldt was false to Masonry, but that Masonry was false to Humboldt.

Your error, my dear brother, proceeds from confounding the pulpit functions with the Masonic. The term "infidel" was invented by theologians to stigmatize those who do not come up to their scratch of orthodoxy. Thus the Pope, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Calvinist, the Universalist, etc., etc., each call the other who

believes less than himself, an infidel ; and that is all right enough, because each professes to believe in a certain number of articles to his creed, and those who do not do so are infidels. Masonry, having but one article of creed, a man like Humboldt, from your pulpit stand-point, you might denounce as an infidel ; but from the Masonic stand-point, Bro. Humboldt would have been perfectly orthodox. To bring the evils of sectarianism home to yourself, permit me to relate that about twenty-eight years ago, when I was a stranger here in Boston, there was a great buzz among the religious folks, and everybody I came in contact with talked of the arrival of the celebrated revivalist, Elder C——. He was described as doing wonders in melting hardened sinners into tears, and in making ladies swoon by the dozen. I had the curiosity to hear this prodigy, and so attended one of his meetings in the Tremont Temple, and was entertained for about two hours with a glowing description of hell and brimstone, wherein Satan and other devils were roasting the Rev. Mr. Chapin and other well-known Universalists, and was assured that the torments of those infidels would continue to eternity. Now imagine, my dear brother, the said Elder C—— chaplain of your lodge, introducing nightly those delectable ideas of religion, and on remonstrating against his practice, you encountered a volley of abuse something like this : “ Does not the great light teach the doctrine of eternal damnation, and has it not always been acknowledged in the lodge, and shall we, for the sake of a few infidels, who are false to Masonry, and are not of us, cease to teach the truth out of the great light,” etc? Would you not rather have brotherly love without the Bible, than to have the Bible in the lodge, and be nightly insulted? Well, that is precisely my position ; the only difference is that you are insulted by one kind of teaching, and I by another.

Before finishing this paper, let me distinctly state that I do not question the right of a G. L. to pass and enforce whatever laws or regulations it pleases ; and if you can persuade your G. L. to pass a Bible test, well and good ; or if you can induce it to admit none but Christians into Masonry, so much the better. But as long as your G. L. does not pass a law restricting Masonry to believers in the Bible ; as long as Anderson’s charges above quoted are printed with its constitution, and as long as the W. M. continues to give certain pledges and assurances to candidates on the mere profession of belief in God,—as long as these practices continue, as heretofore, you have no right to denounce any brother who believes in God, as an infidel ; nor has the Grand Lodge the right to tolerate, during lodge hours, the introduction of Christian saints, Christian prayers, Chris-

tian emblems, or *even the Bible*, when a solitary brother *objects* to such introduction as being incompatible with his religious convictions, or with the duty he owes to his God.

Fraternally and respectfully yours,
JACOB NORTON.

REPORT OF THE GRAND V. AND L.

We give below the Annual Report of the Grand Visitor and Lecturer made at the last session of the Grand Lodge. It should be read with interest by every Mason in the State. It will be seen that it reports a great improvement in the esoteric work. This comes from a respect for the standard work of our Grand Lodge, and turning away from "*false guides*." The object of the Grand Lodge in putting a Lecturer and Visitor into the field is to correct and keep pure the esoteric work. He is provided with the *authorized* work of our Grand Lodge, and it should be received and strictly followed by every Master, whatever may be the *opinion* of this one or that. Read attentively this Report and be governed accordingly.

REPORT.

To the M. W. Grand Lodge of F. and A. Masons of the State of Michigan:

In accordance with Masonic law and usage, I have the honor to submit my second annual report.

After a thorough examination into the condition of the subordinate lodges, I am enabled to report a steady improvement in the esoteric work. A more intimate acquaintance with the craft, and a more exact knowledge of the needs and location of the lodges, have enabled me to perform a greater amount of labor than during the first year of my office, and, as I hope, with an increased benefit to the fraternity. I have visited, within the year, over eighty lodges, situated in twenty-seven different counties. Two applications for visitation came so late in the year that I was not able to reach them without breaking other engagements. In one case the W. M. failed to convene his lodge in response to my notice. Three appointments, which were near the close of the year, were cut off by a special duty assigned me by the Grand Master. With these exceptions I have performed the entire burden of labor that has been cast upon me.

In addition to the labor of inspecting and instructing the lodges, I have written replies to over five hundred letters pertaining to the business of the craft. Quite a number besides have been written

me pertaining strictly to matters of *law* rather than of *work*. These I have generally forwarded to the Grand Master, as being more properly within his jurisdiction.

Having personally visited and carefully inspected all the lodges of the Upper Peninsula in 1869, and found their work in excellent condition, I have not deemed it necessary to revisit those lodges during the year just closed. Two applications came to me from that portion of the jurisdiction, but in view of the pressing demands of the lodges in the Lower Peninsula, I have thought best to postpone a compliance with them until another term.

One of the most gratifying signs which I have to report is, that the craft are everywhere turning their backs upon *false guides*, and inquiring anxiously for the *true work*. Their constant request is, "give us the work as the Grand Lodge has settled it." To comply with this most just and laudable desire has been my constant effort; and in every instance where their practice has varied from the Grand Lodge standard, they have accepted its corrections not only willingly, but *joyfully*. I confidently affirm that no more loyal and earnest band of Masonic workmen exists than those under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Michigan. One of the strongest proofs of this is, that the vendors of false rituals find the largest market for their wares in foreign jurisdictions. Another cheering sign is that the entrance to the lodge is being everywhere more carefully guarded, and the discipline, as a general rule, more thoroughly administered.

I refer with pleasure to the improvements which the lodges are making in architecture, and in their furniture, lights, ornaments and jewels. As noteworthy instances in this regard, I mention Adrian, Three Rivers, Plainwell, Kalamazoo, Milford, Waterford, Au Sable, Ann Arbor, Ypsilanti, Addison, Clayton, Keeler, Saginaw, and the metropolitan city of Detroit.

Music is among the most refining and elevating of the sciences. I have everywhere encouraged it among the lodges, and have found them almost universally introducing it. Among the many beautiful instruments which have been purchased, and as one which my serve, perhaps, as a model to other lodges, I may point to the superb organ recently procured by Oriental Lodge, of Detroit, and placed in their hall adjoining this Grand Lodge Room.

The principles upon which I have sought to conduct my labors, and the points of practice which I have endeavored specially to enforce, have been as follows:

1. That the standard of *work as settled by the Grand Lodge* is the only true and lawful guide, and *must be followed*. That

neither my own opinion, nor the opinion of any lodge, officer or brother, can be allowed to supersede or vary that standard. That corrections in that standard can only be made by the Grand Lodge itself.

2. That the use of any other standard than that which the Grand Lodge has erected is a *Masonic crime*, and ought to be punished accordingly.

3. That innovations in the work are not to be tolerated; and that the several degrees are to be conferred, *in their purity*, as they have come down to us from the fathers, without addition or subtraction. That it is the duty of every lodge to meet often for rehearsal and mutual instruction, whether there be any actual work or not.

4. That all Masonic work is to be performed with that dignity and seriousness which become the Order.

5. That in examinations the *operative* portions of the work are mainly to be relied upon, rather than the verbal.

Such, my brethren, has been my work, and such the principles upon which I have endeavored to perform it. I submit it for your inspection, earnestly hoping for that richest of all Masonic rewards, the approval of the Grand Overseer.

But I cannot close without returning my most heartfelt thanks to the craft for their uniform courtesy, kindness and forbearance. To the M. W. Grand Master, and the R. W. Grand Secretary, I owe a debt of gratitude for innumerable kindnesses, which it gives me special pleasure to acknowledge.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

HENRY M. LOOK.

G. V. and L.

JANUARY 11, 1871.

HIGH TWELVE.

BY B. B. FRENCH.

List to the strokes of the bell—

High Twelve!

Sweet on the air they swell

To those who have labored well—

And the Warden's voice is heard—

From the South comes the cheering word:

"In the quarries no longer delve."

MASONRY IN MICHIGAN.

Again 'tis the Warden's call—
 "High Twelve!"
 "Lay aside gavel, hammer and maul,
 Refreshment to Craftsmen all
 By the generous Master is given
 To those who have cheerfully striven
 Like men in the quarries to delve."

There is, to each mortal's life,
 High Twelve!
 In the *midst* of his earthly strife—
 With earth's grovelling luxuries rife—
 The voice of the Warden comes,
 Like the roll of a thousand drums,
 "In earth's quarries no longer delve."

List to the tones of the bell—
 High Twelve!
 As if from on high they fell,
 Their silvery echoes swell:
 And again the voice we hear,
 As from an upper sphere,
 "Hence for heavenly treasures delve."

There shall ring in the world of bliss
 High Twelve!
 When relieved from our work in this—
 If we've not lived our lives amiss—
 The Master shall call us there,
 Our immortal crown to wear,
 No more in earth's quarries to delve.

 MASONRY IN MICHIGAN.

THE following very interesting sketch of the early history of Masonry in Michigan has been sent us, with a request that we transfer it to our pages. We gladly do so. If our readers peruse it with as much interest as we have, they will thank Brother Bull for writing it, and our friend for sending it up for re-insertion in our Journal. We copy from the *Detroit Free Press* of February 27, 1871:

From a private letter to Mr. A. F. Bull, of Marshall, written by his uncle, H. C. Bull, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., we are enabled to gather some items of more than usual interest to the Masonic fraternity of Michigan, and particularly those of Detroit, and which are

given at length for the benefit of those of the "mystic tie." The writer of the letter was moved to its production by receiving from his nephew a paper containing an account of some proceedings in connection with a presentation by the brethren of St. Alban's Lodge, Marshall, of a past master's jewel, etc. ; and expressing gratification at hearing at any time any information relative to the doings of Freemasons in all parts of the world, he gives some personal items of interest, stating, among other things, the following: "Your great grandfather, John Bull, was made a Mason before the revolution, in a lodge at Old Stockbridge, Massachusetts, working under a charter granted by St. Andrews Grand Lodge, in the city of Boston ; he was also connected with a military lodge in the army of the revolution," etc. Coming then to matters of more public and general interest, he says: "The old records, documents and papers which have accumulated in Unity Lodge" (at Lebanon Springs) "during its existence, have made me acquainted with many Masonic events in the past, and I propose to give you some information relative to the history of that society in Michigan, although you are perhaps better posted upon the subject than myself:

"I have an old document, printed in 1792, containing a list of all the lodges whose charters were granted by the Grand Lodge of England from 1733 to 1787, in America. I find that a lodge was instituted in 1773, at Detroit, (then part of Canada,) which was registered in the books of the Grand Lodge of England as No. 356. The same Grand Lodge chartered a lodge at Detroit in 1775, which was called Union Lodge No. 394, and, in 1785, the same Grand Lodge chartered a third lodge, which was called St. John's Lodge No. 465, at "Michilimacinac." Perhaps you have some information in your jurisdiction as to what became of those old lodges. Perhaps they were connected with the British army, and traveled with the regiment to which they were attached. These lodges are authentic, being registered in England, and would lead you to suppose that Masonry in Michigan dates from 1773 ; but I have, I think, good evidence that Masonry in Michigan existed previous to that time, notwithstanding Allyn Weston, who formerly published the *Ashlar*, at Detroit, thought differently. The lodges I have mentioned were all chartered by the "Modern," or London Grand Lodge. But there was an "ancient" institution in England, Scotland, and Ireland, called the "Ancient York," busy at work issuing charters, as well as the London, or Modern Grand Lodge. A charter for a Provincial Grand Lodge, in New York, was granted in 1737. Sir William Johnson was Grand Master of this Grand Lodge,

and afterwards—in 1753—George Harrison was Grand Master. During their Grand Mastership a number of lodges were established, among which I could mention several in this state. The Indian Territories of the northwest would naturally apply to this source for charters, provided they desired to form lodges in their localities. I find, from old records of New York Grand Lodge, that, in 1806, a petition was brought before our Grand Lodge for a warrant to revive and constitute Zion Lodge No. 1, in the city of Detroit, which was granted, and a new charter was issued, “dated September 3, 1806,” in lieu of an “old warrant dated April 27, 1764.” The brethren who made the petition were working under a charter at that time, granted by the Grand Master of Quebec, Canada, dated September 7, 1794, and in their petition they represent that “your petitioners have long and sensibly experienced the great inconveniences they have labored under, arising from their local situation far removed from any Grand Lodge of the United States,” etc. They therefore petitioned the New York Grand Lodge, “if they think it meet and convenient, to revive a warrant No. 1 of this place, now lying dormant, and formerly under the sanction of their lodge.” You will perceive readily that my proof is nearly positive. The Detroit petition comes from *Zion Lodge No. 10*, or brethren of that lodge, asking the revival of No. 1, lying dormant, which is granted, and the New York Grand Lodge issues a charter to Zion Lodge in place of old warrant dated April 27, 1764.

“The Grand Lodge of New York, of which George Harrison was Grand Master, was in existence in 1764, and doubtless the dormant warrant then revived was granted by that Grand Lodge. So that you may safely say that a Masonic lodge existed in Michigan April 27, 1764. The New York Grand Lodge also granted a warrant to Detroit Lodge No. 337, dated September 5, 1821; also another called Oakland Lodge No. 343, dated March 7, 1722. In 1823 the Grand Lodge of New York was divided, and there were two Grand Lodges, known as the “City” Grand Lodge and the “Country” Grand Lodge. I find that the City Grand Lodge granted two warrants in Michigan, viz.: “Meriomanie Lodge No. 374,” at Green Bay, Michigan, dated December 3, 1824, and “Monroe Lodge No. 372,” at Monroe, Michigan, dated December 4, 1824. There was another lodge charter granted to “St. Joseph’s Valley Lodge,” which I have not time to trace, but suppose its charter was obtained from the “Country Grand Lodge.” I find these lodges mentioned in the records after 1825, but they had but little communication with the Grand Lodge. In 1830 No. 374 petitioned for a remission of

dues. I imagine that the Grand Lodge of New York never received a heavy revenue from any of its children in Michigan. In 1845 I find that James Herring, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of New York, in a report made to the Grand Lodge at its annual session, reported as follows :

“ Since the last annual communication, four lodges, regularly warranted and constituted under this Grand Lodge, and located in Michigan, have, with the approbation of the Grand Master, held a convention and organized a Grand Lodge for the State of Michigan in a regular manner. They have formed a constitution, and the new Grand Master has been installed by the M. W. P. G. M. Lewis Cass. The four lodges to wit : St. Joseph’s Valley, No. 93, Zion, No. 99, Detroit, No. 100, and Oakland, No. 101, by which this Grand Lodge has been formed, still remain on the register of this Grand Lodge, and should be formally transferred,” which was referred to the Committee on Warrants, who reported on the 6th day of June, 1845, as follows :

“ In relation to the four lodges in the state of Michigan, viz. : St. Joseph’s Valley, No. 93, Zion, No. 99, Detroit, No. 100, and Oakland, No. 101, chartered by this Grand Lodge, your committee would recommend that the Grand Secretary be directed to transfer the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge over said lodges to the Grand Lodge of Michigan.”

“ I believe the Michigan Masons date the institution of their Grand Lodge in the year 1827, and I think I have some documents relating to a Grand Lodge being formed in that state that year. But the storm of anti-Masonry was too severe for it, and it languished and died out, and I think I am correct in saying that your state received Masonry from New York, and that your Grand Lodge was formed in 1845, from lodges who had formerly been the subordinates of this jurisdiction. But the daughter would now hardly understand the language of its mother. The spirit of progress (or what I call innovation) has for many years been steadily advancing, and we now have a ritual which is called the “ Standard Work,” and this ritual is imposed upon every lodge in the state as rigorously as Uncle Sam enforces the fifteenth amendment. And this system will not end here, for I have no doubt that New York will strive to spread their work to other localities and attempt to make an “ uniformity of work” throughout the United States, and all the states shall yield and be forced to speak in the same language that their *big sister* calls orthodox. When will Michigan come to a realizing sense of her duty?.

DIFFUSION OF MASONIC LITERATURE.

BY LEON HYNEMAN.

THE literature of a people is in a general sense demonstrative of their intellectual culture and their attainments in the higher departments of science and progressive civilization. It is true that only the few of the masses of any people exercise their faculties to expand the infinite resources of mind in the unfoldment of intelligence and to aid in the onward progress and the elevation of the race to a higher status. But in this age of multiplied and ever multiplying resources to disseminate intelligence through the ever increasing power of printing presses, sufficient to spread before every man, woman and child, every day and every hour of the day, all that is of interest, as well as the elimination of thought of the *savans* of science, of philosophy and the useful in art, even of those of far distant lands, knowledge is diffused and becomes the property of the masses, of which the vigilant mind is always observant and ready to take advantage of, perchance for individual interest, yet thereby promoting the interests of the general public. The common mind cannot conceive the amount of brain force and physical labor necessary to the constant diffusion of knowledge in this era of the world's history; neither can the unintelligent mind realize the quantity of paper required, nor how its supply is maintained, for distributive intelligence to universal humanity.

In the onward march of mind, and contributing to the diffusion of intelligence of a high, nay the highest ethics for man's government in life, to God, to his fellow men, and to himself, Freemasons occupy an exalted position in this and European countries. The printing press is never idle. Books are constantly multiplying, evincing the deepest research in the arcana of nature, of science and philosophy, and tracing the progress of mind from its earliest development, in all directions; some for the special purpose of seeking to know the origin of our noble institution, whose birth in the mystic past man has not yet discovered; others, to educate and lead the mind to higher conceptions of duty and responsibility. The periodical publications in the interest of Freemasonry are mainly conducted with rare ability, industry, application and erudition, not surpassed and scarcely equalled in any field of literature.

In the order of divine government there is for every need a never failing supply, and which is illustrated in all of nature's manifestations. The law rules in man's necessities, modified, however, by his ignorance of what his needs really are. Man often desires and wants that which he does not need. It may, however, be taken as a general rule, that in objects useful, man's activities are in the direction of supplying a need. Now such is the inconsistency of human nature, that a need for self-improvement is in the many not heeded, owing either to indifference or disinclination to exert themselves to improve their minds in useful knowledge; yet in that which relates to their animal nature they are quick in heeding the monitions of their physical needs, as in the promptings of hunger or thirst.

Masonic literature has attained a high position, engaging the most luminous minds of the age. It is diversified in every range of thought, especially that which is intended and calculated to improve man's knowledge, and which would interest the most obtuse Freemason, if he has any aspirations for self-culture. The multiplicity of books and periodicals constantly issuing from the Masonic press is evidence that there is a need for such publications, and proves that there is a desire among the craft to seek all accessible means to enlighten themselves on the subject of Freemasonry. If that was not the case, these publications would die still-born from the press, and that they do not is incontrovertible proof that a very large number of the fraternity are reading Masons, which is further proved by the increasing intelligence manifested by them in every direction. The Freemason who will not improve his knowledge of our noble institution, has no right to any consideration from the Craft, and ought not to be countenanced as a Mason, because he was admitted in fraud, he was untruthful in the statements made in his application to become a Freemason. The time is approaching when intelligence will be made a qualification, as it ought to be, at least in complying with the statements made in every application, that the motive to become a Freemason was, "*a desire of knowledge and to benefit their fellow men,*" and those who will not be true to their word will be brought before the bar of the lodge, condemned, dismissed, and denied all Masonic privileges. *So mote it be.*

It is said by the *Keystone* that one of the most extraordinary facts connected with the American Revolution is, that every general officer on the side of American independence was a Freemason, with one solitary exception, the traitor Benedict Arnold.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

IN a previous issue we gave a brief synopsis of our correspondence with the Brothers in different parts of the State, and out of it. We propose to continue from time to time to spend a brief hour among our letters, and give our readers the result. We shall observe no system in this examination, nor shall we present the letters with any reference to time, but take them up as they may chance to come into our hands, and hold a familiar conversation with our correspondents.

Well, to commence, here is a brief line from a Brother, which has the true ring in it. This Brother is a *Mason*, and has the principles of the order at heart. He no doubt thinks it costs something to publish, and sends up his two dollars, with a kind word, which goes far to encourage us in the arduous labor of establishing a new Masonic Journal.

“GRAND RAPIDS, March 11, 1871.

Messrs. Chaplin & Ihling:

DEAR BROTHERS,—Enclosed please find two dollars, for which continue my subscription to your valuable magazine one more year. I don't see how I can get along without it.

Yours fraternally,

A. M. APTED.”

Thank you, Brother. Please show some of the copies to your neighbors, of the same stamp, and help us while you do them a favor.

Next we take up a line from *Bronson*, containing only the following few words. But they “mean business,” and we hope all whose accounts are in the same shape will profit by the good example thus set:

“BRONSON, MICH., March 20th, 1871.

Messrs. Chaplin & Ihling:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS,—Enclosed you will find four dollars, the amount of my subscription to *The Michigan Freemason* for the first two volumes.

Fraternally yours,

W. E. HASTINGS.”

Were all our patrons to "go and do likewise," we could settle all our accounts, and commence our next volume with means in our hands. We hope all who can will pay before the close of the vol. We have had to put several hundred dollars into this enterprise which we greatly need for other purposes.

Next comes a pleasant word from Brother Thomas G. Green, our one-armed W. M. of Three Rivers. It brings a new subscriber with the pay in advance. Bro. G., you have always done well by the publishers of *The Michigan Freemason*, and your *live, working* lodge is an example of the benefit exerted by your industry. You do more for Masonry, Bro. G., with a good heart and clear head, if you have lost one arm, than many are doing with their bodies entire. Go on, Brother, and Heaven's blessings attend thee.

A letter from a Brother residing in Goodland, Lapeer County, requests us to send him the back numbers of this volume, if convenient. We would say that it is yet convenient, but if the good work goes on for a month to come, as during the month past, it will be impossible for us to supply back numbers of *volume two*.

We next open a letter from *Bro. Ireland*, of Muskegon. It contains \$42.00, for twenty-one new subscribers, and promises more in the future. This Brother complains that "the time was unfavorable for procuring names, and fully one half the people of his place in the timber, and times very dull withal. Bnt for this he might have done better." Brother, you have done nobly. O that we had such a Brother to aid us in every Lodge in Michigan. This would give us the twenty subscribers to each Lodge, and would enable us to purchase a new printing press to be our own, and open a Masonic Publishing House in Michigan which would be worthy of our numbers. Bro. Ireland, here is our hand. You will hear from us ere long in another way!

We next take up a letter from *Centerville*, containing two dollars, with an apology for the long delay. The money comes good *now*, Bro. Browkaw. If you owe us any apology, you can easily make all right by sending in the name of some member of your Lodge who needs our journal!

Bro. W., from *Muir*, sends us some names, with the request that we wait three months for our pay. We will do it. Brother, and hope you will forward us all the names of good subscribers you can procure. We know that times are hard, but if we are industrious and economical, and live up to the tenets of our profession, we shall get through the world very well, even if money is scarce and hard to command at times.

A good Brother from Eaton Rapids writes that he was not aware that the second volume had begun till he was reminded of it. He wakes up to a sense of the rapid flight of time, and remits the pay for volume second, with the request that we always stop when the time is up. He says that will remind him when to remit! All right, Brother. Your idea is not a bad one, and we may adopt it as a rule.

Bro. James H. Cogshall writes from East Towas, sending up a fine list of names. We have his name recorded in our "book of remembrance." He will be remembered in a substantial way.

Bro. J. C. LaRue, of Detroit, writes that he does not get his numbers. He says he paid for current volume, Jan. 7th, and will pay again if necessary, but wants us to send on his magazines!

We assure our Brother that we only require once paying for each volume, and also that we have sent his numbers with promptness as soon as printed. We have been behind time with our issue, which was not our fault, but that of the printers who took the job of doing our work. But Bro. LaRue is not the only Detroit subscriber who has failed to get his numbers. Several of our subscribers in that city make the same complaint, and we lay the blame on the Detroit post-office. We hope there will be less trouble in future.

But we must close for this time. We rejoice to find our enterprise looking so very successful, and hope our letters will continue as pleasant and encouraging in the future. We have opened only a part of what lie before us, and have taken them just as we came to them. They are almost entirely free from complaints, and all breathe a fraternal and hopeful spirit. More anon.—[EDITOR.]

SOUTH HAVEN.

During the month of February we had a call to visit this flourishing village and deliver our lecture on Secret Societies. We prepared an extended notice of this very pleasant visit, which was intended for our last issue; but it was crowded out, and has got mislaid. We can only say, at this time, that we greatly enjoyed our stay in South Haven. We were the guest of Bros. Wright and Bailey, to whom we are greatly indebted for courtesies received. The attendance at the lecture was large, and everything seemed to pass off to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

We found Bro. Bailey possessed of one of the most extensive Masonic libraries we have found in the State, and his books seem to

have been purchased for use. They have the evidence of having been read, and when we shall again visit South Haven, it will require some dilligence on the part of somebody to keep that book-case so tyled as to prevent some books of the said library from being carried off. We give this due and timely notice, so that they who are most interested may be governed accordingly.

While passing over the South Haven Branch of the Michigan Central Railroad, we formed the acquaintance of the gentlemanly conductor, who informed us of his great respect for our noble order, and told us how exceedingly sorry he was that the loss of an arm was a bar to his admittance. We could not but sympathize with him, for we saw that what he said came from the heart and was well calculated to reach the heart. We assured him that he had our sympathy—that the loss of a limb was a great misfortune, and incapacitated the unfortunate loser for many stations, and many kinds of labor, and among others the performing of Masonic work which requires the use of the arms and hands. He reminded us of Bro. Green who he had heard was the Worshipful Master of a flourishing lodge, though deprived, like himself, of an arm. We confess to some confusion in our explanation. We told him that Bro. G. had to work partially through his Wardens as he could not perform all the work himself, without the use of his limbs, and that our ancient landmarks as well as an edict of our Grand Lodge forbid that we should make Masons of any save those of perfect bodies without maim or mutilation. We saw that a shade of gloom overcast the countenance of our usually cheerful friend, and we changed the subject. We know of a few who have taken the E. A. Degree, when by some unlooked for casualty they have lost an arm or hand, which prevented their receiving the F. C. and M. M. Degrees. We have always pitied such, and regretted their misfortunes.

COMMENDATORY.

The special committee on Masonic Literature, appointed at the last session of our Grand Lodge, reported the following in reference to the MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

“It is of the utmost importance to the craft that we should have a Masonic magazine within this Grand jurisdiction, and we would respectfully recommend a warm support to the MICHIGAN FREEMASON, edited by Bro. Chaplin, to the fraternity of this State.”

Brothers, it *is* important to the craft that we have a Masonic or-

gan under our control for the diffusion of Masonic light and literature. We have struggled hard to establish our Journal, and by the blessing of a kind Providence and the liberal support of our Brethren, we shall succeed. Our edition is nearly exhausted, and clubs are coming in such a manner as to ensure success. If we can start into the next volume with an average of twenty advance paying subscribers to each lodge, we shall be enabled to purchase a press and office of our own, and by the fourth volume enlarge to sixty-four pages to the number. Now, Brethren, assist us, and through us help our noble fraternity.

HIRAM D. FITCH.

We are indebted to our worthy Brother, L. H. Bailey, for the following brief biographical sketch of Brother Hiram D. Fitch, who departed this life, at South Haven, March 3d, 1870. He was a true man and Mason, and deserved to have even a more extended account of his earth life. We will remember his virtues, cherish them, and endeavor to imitate a Brother so beloved.

HIRAM D. FITCH was born June 19, 1819, at Leroy, Genesee county, N. Y. In December, 1846, he was initiated, passed and raised in Olive Branch lodge, No. 39, held in Leroy. At the annual election held the same month, he was elected to one of the minor officers of the lodge. In December of 1847, still in search of more light in Masonry, he received the degrees conferred in the Chapter at Western Star Chapter, No. 35, held at Batavia, Genesee county, N. Y. In April, 1848, he with his family moved to Michigan, and soon after joined by dimit Romeo lodge, No. 41. At the organization of Romeo Chapter, No. 17, he was one of its charter members. In July, 1855, he dimitted from Romeo to assist in the organization of Almont lodge, No. 51, and was its Master while under dispensation. On receipt of its charter he was elected Master, which office he held four successive years; then, at his own request, he retired from the chair for two years, when, upon the earnest solicitation of the members of his lodge, he was re-elected Master, which office he held two years, when his health failing, he refused to serve longer. He dimitted from Almont lodge, No. 51, Oct. 7, 1867, and joined Star of the Lake lodge, No. 158, located at South Haven, Sept. 29, 1868. He dimitted from Romeo Chapter, No. 17, Nov. 6th, 1867, and joined South Haven Chapter, No. 58, Jan. 3,

:\$68. He received the degrees of Royal and Select Master, in July, 1866. On the introduction of the Adoptive Rite of the Eastern Star, he was elected Worthy Patron, which office he held until the day of his death.

Bro. Fitch died of consumption. His disease was very lingering. He wished no bells tolled at his death; but at his request the bell was tolled twelve times when his body was lowered into the grave. On his death-bed he whittled with a pen-knife four brackets—one each for M. J. Fitch, Lewis Fitch, William H. Andrews, and L. H. Bailey—with all the emblems, from the Entered Apprentice to Knight Templar. On each Keystone he inserted a piece of silver, and engraved all of their marks on the letter G. He put on a seven pointed silver star, with date and name of owner, also by whom made.

This record is strictly true taken from his own book. The number of his Council we could not find. Thus one of the great lights has gone out. He was a working Mason, and lived by its teachings. Although a member of the Methodist church, he wished no funeral sermon to be preached. The R. A. Masons marched in a separate body, wearing their Royal Arch clothing. All as he requested.

SIR KNIGHTS OF BALTIMORE.

THE *Keystone* gives a pleasing account of the doings of the Knights Templar of Baltimore, on the 9th inst., at which time Sir Knight John A. Dobson presented to the Commandery a handsome and unique libation service, consisting of six cut-glass wine glasses, two silver goblets, gold lined, two silver flagons, and a triangular shaped silver tray. Each of the wine glasses was embellished with the "Passion" Cross, the flagons were each surmounted with the same emblem in gold, while on the sides were also crosses and emblems of the Order.

The following is the presentation speech, made by Sir John A. Dobson on the interesting occasion :

"*Eminent Commander and Sir Knights of Baltimore Commandery, No. 2*—We, Sir Knights of Baltimore Commandery, No. 2, take great pleasure in presenting to the Commandery this slight token of our love and esteem for the knightly body of which we have the honor to be members, and hope that it may prove acceptable to our brother Sir Knights in the same fraternal spirit of knightly

courtesy with which it is offered. We recognize at this time, especially, the necessity of this Commandery using all the appliances of legitimate improvements to beautify and illustrate the Great Degree. We recognize in Baltimore Commandery, No. 2, our *alma mater* in Templar Masonry, and look to her, and her glorious record, with the pride and satisfaction that is common to all who have the honor to be recorded upon her roll; and we know that this feeble tribute of our love will but the more effectually enable her to hold her acknowledged position in the Order as the most advanced and active example of Templar Masonry in Maryland. In conclusion, allow us to say, Sir Knights, that we hope no one will ever stand in front of this triangle who may be the future cause of one regret to Baltimore Commandery, that no one who may partake with us may ever prove unworthy, and that the grand old banner of Baltimore, No. 2, may be handed down by us to our successors, unstained and untarnished."

MASONIC ITEMS.

NEW YORK is said to have forty subordinate Commanderies, with a membership of 4,737. The increase of last year was 784.

"THE little church 'round the corner" is like to become one of the most wealthy churches in the country, as it is already one of the most popular. We see it noted in one of our exchanges that Brother H. T. Helmbold offers a donation of five thousand dollars to increase its usefulness. How true is it that he who humbleth himself shall be exalted!

A DESTRUCTIVE fire at Warsaw, Ind., recently, burned the Masonic Hall, including all its furnishing. The building, we are informed, was owned by the Odd Fellows, whose hall and fixtures were also entirely consumed. The loss is a heavy blow to both fraternities, but we understand they will soon build again, and are already moving in that direction. As this was our former home, we have a lively interest in the welfare of the lodges at Warsaw, and hope their indomitable perseverance will soon return to them their former prosperity.

WE see by our exchanges that a new Masonic paper has recently been started in Memphis, Tenn. We should think *The Masonic Record* of Nashville would meet the wants of the Craft in that jurisdiction. The *Record* is a first-class journal and worthy of a liberal

patronage. By the way, we have not received the February and March numbers. Where are they, Brother Frizzle?

ACCORDING to the law of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, "no lodge in the city of Philadelphia is allowed to confer the three degrees for a less sum than seventy-five dollars; nor any lodge out of that city for a less sum than forty dollars." So says *The Freemason's Monthly Magazine*.

ILL. Brother Albert Pike, 33°, the Sov. Grand Commander of the A. and A. Scottish Rite in the southern jurisdiction, was recently presented with a very elegant and expensive *meerschbaum pipe*, magnificently mounted with silver ornaments. The presentation was made in the city of Baltimore, and was an occasion of great interest to the numerous friends of Bro. Pike. Speeches were made by Ill. Brother John M. Miller, 32°, the first Lieutenant Grand Commander of the Grand Consistory of Maryland, and Ill. Brother Pike. The occasion closed with a "smoke of the pipe of peace," and the singing of *Auld Lang Syne*.

ERRATA.

The article on "Inherent Rights in Masonry," contained in our February No., is marred by several errors:

In first paragraph, on page 371, for "Wm. L. Gardner," read "Wm. S. Gardner." In second paragraph, page 372, for "adopting or perpetrating," read "adopting or perpetuating." In second paragraph, for "caprices," read "caprice;" and in eighth line of same, for "severe," read "seem." In the next paragraph, fourth line, for "laws and rights," read "laws and edicts." There are other typographical errors in the article, but none, besides those enumerated, that affect the sense.

Our proof reader says Phi Pi must have taken lessons in chi-rography of Horace Greeley. As he could not lay the blame on any devil about the premises, he talks of Greeley and bad writing!

THE BIBLE QUESTION.—We do not sympathize with that portion of the article we print from Brother Norton which suggests the removal of the Great Light from our Masonic altars, but print it that both sides may be heard. We may add some remarks in our next issue, which must end this useless controversy.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY MEDICAL JOURNAL, VOLUME I., 1870—1871. Ann Arbor: R. A. Beal, Publisher. Price \$4.00.—This is a very instructive volume, well adapted to the library of the physician, or that of the private family. The articles are eminently practical, and treat the various subjects discussed with thoroughness, yet in a style suited to the general reader. We commend it to our patrons.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF EARLY MASONRY IN NORTH-WESTERN OHIO. By R. E. Richards, Toledo. Spear, Johnson & Co.: 1870.—This is a very readable pamphlet of 63 pp., which is recommended by the Grand Master and several leading craftsmen of Ohio. It gives a minute history of the introduction of Masonry into north-western Ohio.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1871. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.—This is certainly the most tasteful work of the kind that has ever fallen under our observation. The cultivation of flowers has either given Mr. Vick a very refined taste, or else he cultivates flowers because he has a refined taste, for we must insist that *he has a very refined taste*. And he is said to be as honest as he is refined. We call the attention of ladies and gardeners to his depot of fresh seeds.

WE call special attention to the report of our Grand Visitor and Lecturer. Brother Look is eminently well qualified to fill his important station, and he should have the co-operation of our W. M.'s and brethren throughout the jurisdiction. He is working zealously to purify our work and bring it up to the standard furnished by the Grand Lodge. We hope to have the pleasure of traveling with Bro. L. a part of the coming summer.

WE are pained to hear of the misfortunes of our worthy Brother H. G. Reynolds, of the *Masonic Trowel*. A recent devastating fire at Springfield burned the *Trowel* office, and we understand that Bro. Reynolds is a heavy loser. We tender him our heartfelt sympathies, and trust the numerous craft in Illinois whom he has served so long and so well will remember Bro. Reynolds in his hour of adversity.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. II.—APRIL, A. L. 5871.—NO. X.

OF THE NATURE OF SUBORDINATE LODGES.

BY A. G. MACKEY, M. D.

THE OLD CHARGES define a lodge to be “a place where Masons assemble and work;” and also, “that assembly, or duly organized society of Masons.” The lecture on the first degree gives a still more precise definition. It says, that “a lodge is an assemblage of Masons, duly congregated, having the Holy Bible, square and compasses, and a charter, or warrant of constitution, empowering them to work.”

Every lodge of Masons requires for its proper organization, that it should have been congregated by the permission of some superior authority, which may be either a Grand Master or a Grand Lodge. When a lodge is organized by the authority of a Grand Master, it is said to work under a dispensation, and when by the authority of a Grand Lodge, it is said to work under a warrant of constitution. In the history of a lodge, the former authority generally precedes the latter, the lodge usually working for some time under the dispensation of the Grand Master, before it is regularly warranted by the Grand Lodge. But this is not necessarily the case. A Grand Lodge will sometimes grant a warrant of constitution at once, without the previous exercise, on the part of the Grand Master, of his dispensing power. As it is, however, more usually the practice for the dispensation to precede the warrant of constitution, I shall explain the formation of a lodge according to that method.

Any number of Masons, not under seven, being desirous of uniting themselves into a lodge, apply by petition to the Grand Master

for the necessary authority. This petition must set forth that they now are, or have been, members of a regularly constituted lodge, and must assign, as a reason for their application, that they desire to form the lodge "for the conveniency of their respective dwelling," or some other sufficient reason. The petition must also name the brethren whom they desire to act as their Master and Wardens, and the place where they intend to meet; and it must be recommended by the nearest lodge.

Dalcho says that not less than three Master Masons should sign the petition, but in this he differs from all the other authorities, which require not less than seven. This rule, too, seems to be founded in reason; for, as it requires seven Masons to constitute a quorum for opening and holding a lodge of Entered Apprentices, it would be absurd to authorize a smaller number to organize a lodge which, after its organization, could not be opened, nor make Masons in that degree.

Preston says that the petition must be recommended "by the Masters of three regular lodges adjacent to the place where the new lodge is to be held." Dalcho says it must be recommended "by three other known and approved Masons," but does not make any allusion to any adjacent lodge. The laws and regulations of the Grand Lodge of Scotland require the recommendation to be signed "by the Masters and officers of two of the nearest lodges." The constitutions of the Grand Lodge of England require that it must be recommended "by the officers of some regular lodge." The recommendation of a neighboring lodge is the general use of the Craft, and is intended to certify to the superior authority, on the very best evidence that can be obtained, that the new lodge will be productive of no injury to the Order.

If this petition be granted, the Grand Secretary prepares a document called a *dispensation*, which authorizes the officers named in the petition to open and hold a lodge, and to "enter, pass and raise Freemasons." The duration of this dispensation is generally expressed on its face to be, "until it shall be revoked by the Grand Master or the Grand Lodge, or until a warrant of constitution is granted by the Grand Lodge." Preston says that the brethren named in it are authorized "to assemble as Masons for forty days, and until such time as a warrant of constitution can be obtained by command of the Grand Lodge, or that authority be recalled." But, generally, usage continues the dispensation only until the next meeting of the Grand Lodge, when it is either revoked, or a warrant of constitution granted.

If the dispensation be revoked by either the Grand Master or the Grand Lodge (for either has the power to do so), the lodge, of course, at once ceases to exist. Whatever funds or property it has accumulated, revert, as in the case of all extinct lodges, to the Grand Lodge, which may be called the natural heir of its subordinates; but all the work done in the lodge, under the dispensation, is regular and legal, and all the Masons made by it are, in every sense of the term, "true and lawful brethren."

Let it be supposed, however, that the dispensation is confirmed or approved by the Grand Lodge, and we thus arrive at another step in the history of the new lodge. At the next sitting of the Grand Lodge, after the dispensation has been issued by the Grand Master, he states that fact to the Grand Lodge, when, either at his request or on motion of some brother, the vote is taken on the question of constituting the new lodge; and, if a majority are in favor of it, the Grand Secretary is ordered to grant a warrant or constitution.

This instrument differs from a dispensation in many important particulars. It is signed by all the Grand Officers, and emanates from the Grand Lodge, while the dispensation emanates from the office of the Grand Master, and is signed by him alone. The authority of the dispensation is temporary; that of the warrant permanent; the one can be revoked at pleasure by the Grand Master, who granted it; the other only for cause shown, and by the Grand Lodge; the one bestows only a name; the other both a name and a number; the one confers only the power of holding a lodge and making Masons; the other not only confers these powers, but also those of installation and of succession in office. From these differences the characters of the two documents, arise important differences in the powers and privileges of a lodge under dispensation and of one that has been regularly constituted. These differences shall hereafter be considered.

The warrant having been granted, there still remain certain forms and ceremonies to be observed, before the lodge can take its place among the legal and registered lodges of the jurisdiction in which it is situated. These are its consecration, its dedication, its constitution, and the installation of its officers. We shall not fully enter into a description of these various ceremonies, because they are laid down at length in all the Monitors, and are readily accessible to our readers. It will be sufficient if we barely allude to their character.

The ceremony of constitution is so called, because by it the lodge becomes constituted or established. Orthœpists define the verb to constitute, as signifying "to give a formal existence to any

thing." Hence, to constitute a lodge, is to give it existence, character and standing as such; and the instrument that warrants the person so constituting or establishing it, in this act, is very properly called the "warrant of constitution."

The consecration, dedication, and constitution of a lodge must be performed by the Grand Master in person; or, if he can not conveniently attend, by some Past Master appointed by him as his special proxy or representative for that purpose. On the appointed evening, the Grand Master, accompanied by his Grand Officers, repairs to the place where the new lodge is to hold its meetings, the lodge* having been placed in the centre of the room and decently covered with a piece of white linen or satin. Having taken the chair, he examines the records of the lodge and the warrant of constitution; the officers who have been chosen are presented before him, when he inquires of the brethren if they continue satisfied with the choice they have made. The ceremony of consecration is then performed. The lodge is uncovered; and corn, wine, and oil—the Masonic elements of consecration—are poured upon it, accompanied by appropriate prayers and invocations, and the lodge is finally declared to be consecrated to the honor and glory of God.

The ceremony of consecration has been handed down from the remotest antiquity. A consecrating—a separating from profane things, and making holy or devoting to sacred purposes—was practiced by both the Jews and the Pagans in relation to their temples, their altars, and all their sacred utensils. The tabernacle, as soon as it was completed, was consecrated to God by the unction of oil. Among the Pagan nations, the consecration of their temples was often performed with the most sumptuous offerings and ceremonies; but oil was, on all occasions, made use of as an element of the consecration. The lodge is, therefore, consecrated to denote that henceforth it is to be set apart as an asylum sacred to the cultivation of the great Masonic principles of Friendship, Morality, and Brotherly Love. Thenceforth it becomes to the conscientious Mason a place worthy of his reverence; and he is tempted, as he passes over its threshold, to repeat the command given to Moses: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

The corn, wine, and oil are appropriately adopted as the Masonic elements of consecration, because of the symbolic signification which they present to the mind of the Mason. They are enume-

*This is a small chest or coffer, representing the ark of the covenant, and containing the three great lights of masonry.

rated by David as among the greatest blessings which we receive from the bounty of Divine Providence. They were annually offered by the ancients as the first fruits, as a thank offering for the gifts of the earth; and as representatives of "the corn of nourishment, the wine of refreshment, and the oil of joy," they symbollically instruct the Mason that to the Grand Master of the Universe he is indebted for the "health, peace, and plenty," that he enjoys.

After the consecration of the lodge, follows its dedication. This is a simple ceremony, and principally consists in the pronounciation of a formula of words by which the lodge is declared to be dedicated to the holy Saints John, followed by an invocation that "every brother may revere their character and imitate their virtues."

Masonic tradition tells us that our ancient brethren dedicated their lodges to King Solomon, because he was their first most excellent Grand Master; but that modern Masons dedicate theirs to St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist, because they were two eminent patrons of Masonry. A more appropriate selection of patrons to whom to dedicate the lodge, could not easily have been made, since St. John the Baptist, by announcing the approach of Christ, and by the mystical ablution to which he subjected his proselytes, and which was afterward adopted in the ceremony of initiation into Christianity, might well be considered as the Grand Hierophant of the Church; while the mysterious and emblematic nature of the Apocalypse assimilated the mode of teaching adopted by St. John the Evangelist to that practiced by the Fraternity. Our Jewish brethren usually dedicate their lodges to King Solomon, thus retaining their ancient patron, although they thereby lose the benefit of that portion of the lectures which refers to the "lines parallel." The Grand Lodge of England, at the union of 1813, agreed to dedicate to Solomon and Moses, applying the parallels to the framer of the tabernacle and the builder of the temple; but they have no warranty for this in ancient usage, and it is unfortunately not the only innovation on the ancient landmarks that that Grand Lodge has lately permitted.

The ceremony of dedication, like that of consecration, finds its archetype in the remotest antiquity. The Hebrews made no use of any new thing until they had first solemnly dedicated it. This ceremony was performed in relation even to private houses, as we may learn from the book of Deuteronomy.* The thirtieth Psalm is a

* What man is there that hath a new house and hath not dedicated it? Let him go and return to his house, lest he die in the battle and another man dedicate it."—DEUT. xx. 5.

song said to have been made by David on the dedication of the altar which he erected on the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite, after the grievous plague which had nearly devastated the kingdom. Solomon, it will be recollected, dedicated the temple with solemn ceremonies, prayers, and thank-offerings. The ceremony of dedication is, indeed, alluded to in various portions of the scriptures.

Selden says that among the Jews sacred things were both dedicated and consecrated; but that profane things, such as private houses, etc., were simply dedicated, without consecration. The same writer informs us that the Pagans borrowed the custom of consecrating and dedicating their sacred edifices, altars, and images from the Hebrews.

The lodge having been thus consecrated to the solemn objects of Freemasonry, and dedicated to the patrons of the institution, it is at length prepared to be constituted. The ceremony of constitution is then performed by the Grand Master, who, rising from his seat, pronounces the following formulary of constitution :

“ In the name of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge, I now constitute and form you, my beloved brethren, into a regular lodge of Free and Accepted Masons. From this time forth, I empower you to meet as a regular lodge, constituted in conformity to the rites of our Order, and the charges of our ancient and honorable Fraternity, and may the Supreme Architect of the Universe prosper, direct and counsel you, in all your doings.”

The ceremony places the lodge among the registered lodges of the jurisdiction in which it is situated, and gives it a rank and standing and permanent existence that it did not have before. In one word, it has, by the consecration, dedication, and constitution, become what we technically term “ a just and legally constituted lodge,” and, as such, is entitled to certain rights and privileges, of which we shall hereafter speak. Still, however, although the lodge has been thus fully and completely organized, its officers have as yet no legal existence. To give them this, it is necessary that they be inducted into their respective offices, and each officer solemnly bound to the faithful performance of the duties he has undertaken to discharge. This constitutes the ceremony of installation. The Worshipful Master of the new lodge is required publicly to submit to the ancient charges; and then all, except Past Masters, having retired, is invested with the Past Master’s degree, and inducted into the oriental chair of King Solomon. The brethren are then introduced, and due homage is paid to their new Master, after which the other officers are obligated to the faithful discharge of their respective trusts, invested

with their insignia of office, and receive the appropriate charge. This ceremony must be repeated at every annual election and change of officers.

The ancient rule was, that when the Grand Master and his officers attended to constitute a new lodge, the Deputy Grand Master invested the new master, the Grand Wardens invested the new wardens, and the Grand Treasurer and Grand Secretaries invested the treasurer and secretary ; but this regulation has become obsolete, and the whole installation and investure are now performed by the Grand Master. On the occasion of subsequent installations, the retiring Master installs his successor ; and the latter installs his subordinate officers.

The ceremony of installation is derived from the ancient custom of inauguration, of which we find repeated instances in the sacred as well as profane writings. Aaron was inaugurated, or installed, by the unction of oil, and placing on him the vestments of the High Priest ; and every succeeding High Priest was in like manner installed, before he was considered competent to discharge the duties of his office. Among the Romans, augurs, priests, kings, and, in the time of the republic, consuls were always inaugurated or installed : and hence, Cicero, who was augur, speaking of Hortensius, says, " it was he who installed me as a member of the college of augurs, so that I was bound by the constitution of the Order to respect and honor him as a parent. The object and intention of the ancient inauguration and the Masonic installation are precisely the same,—namely, that of setting apart and consecrating a person to the duties of a certain office.

The ceremonies, thus briefly described, were not always necessary to legalize a congregation of Masons. Until the year 1717, the custom of confining the privileges of Masonry, by a warrant of constitution, to certain individuals, was wholly unknown. Previous to that time, a requisite number of Master Masons were authorized, by the ancient charges, to congregate together, temporarily, at their own discretion, and as best suited their own convenience, and then and there to open and hold lodges and make Masons ; making, however, their return, and paying their tribute to the General Assembly, to which all the Fraternity annually repaired, and by whose awards the Craft were governed.

Preston, speaking of this ancient privilege, says : " A sufficient number of Masons met together within a certain district, with the consent of the sheriff or chief magistrate of the place, were empowered at this time to make Masons and practice the rights of

Masonry, without a warrant or constitution." This privilege, Preston says, was inherent in them as individuals, and continued to be enjoyed by the old lodges, which formed the Grand Lodge in 1717, as long as they were in existence.

But on the 24th of June, 1717, the Grand Lodge of England adopted the following regulation: "That the privilege of assembling as Masons, which had hitherto been unlimited, should be vested in certain lodges or assemblies of Masons, convened in certain places; and that every lodge to be hereafter convened, except the four old lodges at this time existing, should be legally authorized to act by a warrant from the Grand Master for the time being, granted to certain individuals by petition, with the consent and approbation of the Grand Lodge in communication; and that without such warrant, no lodge should be hereafter deemed regular or constitutional."

This regulation has ever since continued in force, and it is the original law under which warrants of constitution are now granted by Grand Lodges for the organization of their subordinates.

FREEMASONRY—ITS OBJECT.

MANY persons have a sort of a vague impression that to "join a lodge" means to ally oneself with a nice, social, convivial set of fellows, where an idle hour can be pleasantly spent, a glass of wine taken, a good song sung, etc. That is not Freemasonry. Yet we know many Masons who apparently believe that the refreshment is the principal feature of the order, and that the work is merely a ceremony, *pro forma*, that can be abridged, stuttered through, or mangled and mutilated in any manner that may suit the presiding officer.

Freemasonry has a higher and nobler object. There can be no question that in our Institution is taught the great and grand principle that all men are brothers, and have a common parent in the Great Architect of the Universe. It frees man from the bigotry and narrow-mindedness that necessarily attaches itself to the various religious denominations. God himself seems to have inspired the founders of our fraternity with the one great and grand belief, that **HE HIMSELF, THE GREAT I AM, WAS TRUTH, and that upon truth alone could man attain the reward of the righteous.**

Man naturally is a social being, full of the prejudice of caste, family, country and creed. Freemasonry endeavors to break these barriers down—she through all her symbolism and time-honored ceremonies, inculcates upon the mind of the neophyte that there is a something beyond that wretched belief that contracts the mind and paralyzes the intellect. It teaches him, in the words of the poet—words that should be engraven on the heart of every Freemason :

“ Your glasses may be purple and mine may be blue,
 But while they are filled from the same bright bowl,
 The fool who would quarrel from difference of hue,
 Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.
 Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side,
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
 If he kneels not before the same altar as me?

* * * * *

Oh! perish forever the laws that would try
 Truth, Love and Valor by a standard like this.

This, then, is the great object of our fraternity : it enlarges the soul, it frees the mind from the narrow bounds that would chain it down to sect, party and country. *Ego sum civis Romanus* was the proud boast of the citizens of Rome, their eagles, with the sacred letters, S. P. Q. R. were the passwords to victory, triumph and success. The true Freemason has a boast equally worthy of record, and a motto that the Recording Angel recognizes with a smile of love and a tear of joy : “ I am a Freemason, the child of no country, the slave of no creed, the brother of my race ;” and for a motto, the Omnific Word in all its grand significance, teaching simply and purely that “ O God, thou art my Father ; man, thou art my brother.”

Freemasonry, then, has an object—a glorious, great, grand object. But we, the sons of light, neglect and forget it. We allow petty jealousies, mean, contemptible thought, selfish views, to interfere with our duties. We forget our principles, and in the haste of the moment allow the innate prejudice of our race to overcome and master the grand tenets of our order. We do not mean to say Masons are all good, and pure and holy. Man is so constituted that he is apt to err. Inflamed by wine, or excited by passion, he may, and often does, forget his duty to his God, his family and himself ; but as a rule, we claim, the teachings of our order do much to clear away the dark clouds that strive to prevent the sunshine of the Creator from reaching the heart of man.

Freemasonry, with its simple faith, its sacred emblems, its time-

honored rituals, its ancient usages all tend in one direction—all are symbolical of great truth that raises the mind from the prejudices of the age to the divine attributes of a religion founded upon a faith in a God and a belief in the Brotherhood of Man.—*The Gavel.*

INAUGURATION OF WILLIAM IV. IN ENGLAND.

IN 1830, George IV. died. He had been the Grand Patron of Masonry in England from the beginning of his reign as King. The office, therefore, became vacant. The Duke of Sussex, brother of William IV. (who had ascended the throne as successor of the late king), was Grand Master, and was desirous of filling the vacancy in Grand Lodge. He accordingly ordered a special meeting of that body on the 17th of July, 1830, and addressed the brethren on the great loss which the Craft had sustained by the decease of his late Majesty, who had so long and anxiously afforded his support and protection to the Order, first as Grand Master, and subsequently as Patron; and stated that he had ordered this Special Grand Lodge to be convened for the purpose of considering an Address to be presented to his present Majesty, upon the melancholy event; at the same time to congratulate His Majesty upon his accession to the Throne, and to implore his protection as Patron of the Craft.

His Royal Highness then read the draft of an Address, which he submitted for the consideration of the Grand Lodge.

It is beautifully written, and will be new to many, and perhaps interesting to all of our readers, as a short chapter in the history of English Freemasonry. It is as follows:

“ To the King’s Most Excellent Majesty:

“ MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN: We, your Majesty’s most dutiful and faithful subjects, the Grand Master, Deputy Grand Master, Officers, and Brethren, of the United Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of England, with all humility and respect approach your Royal presence.

“ We have a two-fold duty to perform—as loyal and obedient subjects of your Majesty, we are bound to express our heartfelt congratulations at the accession of your Majesty to the Throne of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; whilst, as Brethren of the Craft, we most humbly request your Majesty to accept our sincere condolence on the death of your Majesty’s illustrious and immediate predecessor.

“By this afflicting event, your Majesty has been deprived of a beloved and affectionate Brother, and the members of our Fraternity have to deplore the loss of the Great Patron of their Order, under whose auspices they had attained a height of prosperity hitherto unexampled in our Masonic annals.

“Most Gracious Sire,

“These are not the words of unmeaning adulation, but the genuine tribute of a faithful Brotherhood, from whose hearts the recollection of past favors can never be effaced.

“We are emboldened, perhaps, and encouraged in the further delivery of our sentiments by the gratifying consciousness that, among the most illustrious members of our Order, the name of your Majesty has, happily for us, long been enrolled; nor has your Majesty disdained to take, at various times, an active part in the more immediate concerns of the Fraternity.

“May we, then, in all humility, presume to solicit from your Majesty that same patronage of the Craft which our late revered Monarch was graciously pleased to bestow on us?

“In the steadiness of our loyalty and affection towards your Majesty’s person, we feel justly confident that we yield to none of your Majesty’s subjects.

“We can appeal, in this respect, to your Majesty’s intimate knowledge of our Masonic pursuits. We feel assured that a speculative inquiry into the customs of antiquity—into the origin and progress of every liberal and useful art, which constitutes the very essence of Masonry—will never, in your Majesty’s opinion, disqualify the true Mason from being considered a good and virtuous member of society.

“In the public declaration of your Majesty’s sentiment we possess the surest pledge of that conduct which, under Providence, will continually lead to and effectually maintain the Peace and consequent Happiness of the whole community. Your Majesty has therein graciously referred to the circumstances of a life passed in the service of your country, in faithful obedience and entire subjection to our Sovereign. But, if a faithful submission to authority is the wisest preparation for the exercise of authority over others, then indeed we may look with confidence to the excellence of your Majesty’s Rule, since, in the person of your Majesty will be realized the saying of antiquity—‘that he is best qualified to govern who has best known how to obey.’

“In conclusion then, we venture once more, in all humility, to

solicit your Majesty's gracious assent to the petitioning Prayer of our Fraternity; and nothing now remains for us but to implore the Great Architect of the Universe, the Author and Giver of all Good, that he may be pleased to bestow His choicest blessings on your Majesty's head, and to establish, in strength and righteousness, the Throne of your Kingdom."

To this address the following answer was returned by his Majesty's Secretary for the Home Department:

WHITEHALL, July 28, 1830.

"SIR:—I have the honor to inform your Royal Highness that His Majesty has been graciously pleased to signify his consent to be Patron of the United Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of England.

"I am Sir,

"Your Royal Highness's

"Dutiful and obedient Servant,

(Signed)

"ROBERT PEEL.

"His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex."

TRUE WEALTH.

CHAPTER XV.

BY S. C. COFFINBERRY.

"No, MR. GIMLETT, I cannot understand the circumstances of my own life. It appears to me, sometimes, that I am wrapped in a mysterious dream, or a weird spell, in which I become the more entangled with each effort to extricate myself."

These remarks were addressed to the hunch-back by Charles Preston, as they sat in the private office of the chief clerk.

Mr. Gimlett sat in an arm chair. His countenance was more cadaverous than usual. His black eyes were larger and glistened with a more sparkling brilliancy than ever before. His chin was more pointed, his cheeks more hollow, his straight, black hair more glossy than when he was daily employed in the bank. He sat forward in his chair. His head had settled down between his shoulders which projected to nearly a level with his ears. His long nether

limbs protruded in front, forming right angles at the knees, upon which rested his long, bony hands, while the top of his head was still below the top of the chair upon which he sat. Each sallow cheek was marked by a bright scarlet streak. As he conversed, his weak husky voice was frequently interrupted by a hollow, hacking cough. A single glance at the poor misshapen dwarf was sufficient to tell that his days were numbered.

“That same mystery of life, Mr. Preston,” replied Mr. Gimlet, “enwraps every individual of the human family. It often blinds and often misleads the most earnest and conscientious travelers along the pathway of life. Life, really, is but a dream, from which we are constantly awaking; but, we wake into another dream only, or, at best, into another phase of the same mystery. It is not that we are hallucinated; but because we do not know ourselves—we cannot know our future any faster than it comes to us. Hence, it seems strange and mysterious to us, because it is new to us, It is mysterious to us, because it is different from anything that preceded it, and from anything we may have anticipated.”

“Still, to him who has threaded life’s rugged path up to the summit, and has again descended to the foot on the thither side from which he set out, and then stands on the verge of the cold, dark abyss that awaits him, notwithstanding that he wondered at every forward step he took, may now look back, and, as he reviews his life, every mystery is unvailed, and every dream stands a stern landmark of his progress along the highway from the cradle to the grave.”

“It cannot be otherwise. We must accept life as it is presented. We cannot change it, We cannot avert its accidents. We cannot change its purposes. We cannot modify its destinies. Life is inevitable; so are its circumstances, for they are a part of life—the ramifications of the great center of being.”

“If life appear a mystery to you, seek not to solve the mystery. You cannot solve it. Each mystery will, in time, explain itself. We cannot discover the golden ear of corn in the developing germ when it first appears above the ground. If life appear to you a wierd dream, seek no interpretation of the wonderful dream, but prepare to dream on. Each dream will, in time, render its own interpretation.”

“My days, perhaps my hours, are numbered. I am glad it is so. My life has been one of suffering and of sorrow. I stand upon the brink of the grave which is soon to receive my mortal atoms. To myself I appear to stand in a halo of light, in which I appear to

awake from life's dream. I seem to comprehend the mysteries of life. In reviewing the path I have trodden, everything, from this side, appears easy and natural. In fact, in the fitness of things, life could not have been otherwise than it has been. My life has been an incessant lamentation, a constant outpouring of sorrow over my physical deformity and my dwarfish stature. I saw in myself a contorted and misshapen mockery of the human form. The very essence of my being was coined into complaints and wasted over this misfortune. It was a useless sacrifice. My lamentations did not bring back my form into symmetry, nor did my sorrow swell my atoms into giant stature.

I can now see clearly that my sorrow and my complaints were natural, and that it could not have been otherwise, with my hideous form and my sensitive mind. I also see that neither could change my shape nor increase my stature."

"You pain me, Mr. Gimlett," said Preston. "It pains me to reflect that you——"

"Pardon me," said Mr. Gimlett, interrupting him, "but, I beg you not to allude to me or my misfortunes. It is enough that I have suffered their consequences. The sympathy of others, so far from ameliorating what is past, would only renew the suffering over which I have at last triumphed."

"I came to talk with you upon other subjects, so I pray you to resume, and proceed with the subject which you were discussing when I first interrupted you."

"Then, to resume," said Charles. "I was about to say that I do not understand my situation. It appears that I am surrounded with inexplicable wonders. Sometimes I even doubt my mental sanity."

"I do not know to what particular circumstances you allude," said the dwarf, his low voice being interrupted by his hollow cough.

"I will briefly allude to them," said Preston, and proceeded; "Scarcely two years have elapsed since I was an obscure boy in a remote village in the mountains. Extreme indigence compelled me to perform the most menial services for my daily bread. My mother's helplessness and her dependence upon my earnings for her support forbid my indulgence in the necessary wearing apparel for myself. I was without shoes in the summer time, and without comfortable clothing in the winter time. I had but little encouragement that my situation would ever be much better than it was. My mother and sister still dwell in the same obscure cottage on the mountain side; no change has taken place there, except that, under

my altered circumstances, they lack nothing to make their lives easy and comfortable. But, how is it with me? I can scarcely realize in myself the same individual that left that mother and sister in their poverty two years ago. I look back to the morning that I left that home. I measured my shadow in the morning sunlight upon the lawn as I crossed from the threshold to the stile, and thought to myself that, whatever might be my fate, my ups and downs, and that whatever dear ones I left behind me in starting out to seek my fortune, that shadow, that similitude of my external form, would accompany me from my mother's threshold, and follow me through the scenes upon which I was about to enter. Can it be that I am the same person that stood upon the stile debating with myself whether to go on, or to return to my mother and my sister who stood weeping at the door? How is it now? I find myself in a respectable and lucrative business; associated with men and women distinguished for intellect, wealth, accomplishments and social position. Can you explain this mystery?"

"It requires no explanation," replied Mr. Gimlett. "I can explain a greater mystery, however. It is this: When George Washington was ten years old he spent most of his time playing marbles, and, strange to say, he plays marbles no more. Shall I explain this wonderful thing? The explanation lies here: Boys play marbles: Men play with thoughts and deeds. Had Washington remained a boy he would, doubtless, be playing marbles yet. He did not, however, because he could not remain a boy; and having become a man, he had to play with swords, because, under the change he could not play with marbles, for he did not wish to do so."

"Every end," continued the dwarf, "has its beginning. Once you were a child; now you are a man. Is there anything strange in that? You must remember that you yourself have undergone a change, and that every change or phase of progress in the individual draws to it, or rather around the individual, a series of circumstances appropriate to the new condition, and peculiar to the individual. These circumstances embrace social relations, pursuits, thoughts and motives, many of which result in most remarkable and distinguished action. Had there been no oppression under the Colonial Government the great Washington would not have received a nation's homage for delivering his country from civil bondage. Had there been no theatre burning in this city, your name would not have been familiar to the lips of every man, woman and child in this city, who relates the particular incidents of your intrepid self-sacrifice to save the life of one of the most amiable and distinguished citizens.

"Your former circumstances of indigence, and the present obscurity of your mother and sister have nothing to do with, and can, in no wise, affect the events which have forced upon you your present pursuits, position and associations, any more than Washington's success in playing marbles was connected with his taking his position at the head of the American army.

"Your peculiar necessities forced you from your mother's roof. That was natural. Your self-reliance and self-confidence procured for you a situation which lead to its sequences. There was nothing strange in that. The laws which govern mankind, as well as the laws which govern everything, are inflexible, and their effects inevitable. Your fidelity, assiduity and accuracy as an accountant recommended you as a competent chief clerk. Is it strange that such a position, backed by the confidence and partiality of such a man as Mr. Wilson, should open before you the path to the highest position, and the most distinguished associations? There is no mystery in this. Indeed it would be strange were it otherwise.

"Your dream of life leads you now right onwards. Each new change or phase will be still brighter than the last. Fortune has pointed you to the door which conceals her golden apples, and has put the key in your hands. What have you to do but to unlock the door and to enrich yourself with the concealed treasures?"

"I do not understand you," said Charles, thoughtfully.

"Added to your fortunate position in the employment of Mr. Wilson, is that of a commanding *personale*, unpretending, yet impressive manners, prepossessing features, and uniform circumspection of conduct. You are young. These rare qualifications deeply impress themselves upon all classes of every age and station in life, especially upon the young, the amiable, and the worthy of the other sex.

"To a person of your mental constitution and domestic habits an eligible matrimonial connection is an absolute essential to happiness. It is not strange that the pure-minded young ladies with whom you associate should already manifest a partiality for your society."

"You not only surprise but confuse me. I do not know your meaning," said Preston, in great confusion and embarrassment. "I am naturally so diffident, and consequently thrown into such unpleasant confusion in the society of ladies that I have been constrained to avoid, as much as possible, intimate associations with them."

"It is not he who, fancying qualities and accomplishments which he does not possess, but, presuming upon their possession, thrusts himself into female society by dint of fashionable pretensions and fashionable dress, that makes those deep and lasting impressions which gradually mature into pure affection. As I sat by your bedside during your late sickness, I could not mistake for the assiduity of friendship the affectionate attentions of the young French lady who was almost constantly at your side."

"Mr. Gimlett, there is nothing but friendship between us," said Charles.

"Mr. Preston," said the dwarf, "I have seen much of the world. I have studied deeply into the secrets of the human character, especially those mysterious springs from which arise the deeper affections and the tenderer emotions. When the young lady tenderly pressed her lips to your forehead, while you lay unconscious under a burning fever, I could not mistake the expression of pure and tender love for one of mere friendship."

"You surprise me, indeed, Mr. Gimlett," said Charles, manifesting great surprise; "I was entirely ignorant of the circumstances you mention until this moment; and, I am also ignorant of any relation that would warrant such a freedom on the part of that young lady. But what reason have you to believe that the action was prompted by affection?"

"The unpolished diamond may remain undiscovered, for a time beneath its rough exterior or incrustation; but the polished diamond when seen sparkling in its brilliant purity cannot be mistaken for anything else."

"But, Mr. Gimlett," inquired Preston, "was not such a manifestation very improper in the young lady?"

"You did not see it, or you could not ask such a question," replied the hunchback, smiling haggardly, and turning his dark, glistening eyes full upon Preston's face; and then continued thoughtfully and slowly,

"How pure, how beautiful it was! How like an angel she appeared! When your physician announced that your recovery was improbable, the innocent and beautiful young creature, time after time, strove to suppress the tears that in spite of every effort struggled into her eyes, trembled there a moment, and then fell. She could refrain no longer. She burst into loud sobs, knelt by your pillow and kissed your forehead. It was beautiful! It was woman

in her loftiest character—her holiest nature—pure, high, angelic. I, too, wept. We all wept. Even the stern old Doctor Dutton wept.”

“Madame Mont Martre is a remarkable woman,” said Charles. “That may appear proper in her which, in many others, might be condemned as improper and imprudent. She is so earnest in every thought, and so sincere in all her actions, as to remove every suspicion of an impure thought or an improper motive.”

“Because,” returned the dwarf, “her proper intention and pure purpose appear prominently above every action.”

The messenger-boy entered and laid the day’s mail before Preston. Mr. Gimlett arose and departed.

Preston selected from his mail a letter superscribed in his mother’s handwriting. He hastily opened it and read as follows :

MY DEAR CHARLES :—A tone of melancholy pervades several of your late letters. I regret to discover this. A few lines in your last letter give me some anxiety.

You are now passing through a stage of life, where, under your particular circumstances, the mind should be buoyant, and all the interior forces up and singing, like the wild birds in the spring-time. I beg you to weigh, well, your circumstances of life, and to remember how greatly they have improved in so short a time, to take courage and press forward.

You appear to fancy that you have aimed too high, and to fear that your earlier expectations may not be realized. This is natural. I am not surprised at this state of your mind. There are but few men, I presume, who have attained to eminence, that have not encountered the same disappointments when they came to meet the great world face to face, and to grapple with its realities ; wrestle with its disappointments, and struggle with its adversities. These casualties and misfortunes of life, although apparently cruel stumbling-blocks in the pathway of aspiring manhood, serve, however, to fulfil a useful purpose, after all. They call out and develop the latent resources of the mind, the propelling forces of individual character and the inscrutable powers of action, which, otherwise, might lie dormant attributes unknown even to the one who possesses them.

Aim high, my boy. Few, if any, ever attain to distinction in any pursuit with a medium aim. On account of disappointments, mistakes, misunderstandings of humanity, miscalculations in the philosophy of life, a majority of the aspirants to distinction, with the highest aims have fallen upon a middle destiny.

Aim high, but be not too confident in the realization of your highest expectations; but, ever bear in mind this consolation, that should you fail in attaining the highest mark, the next highest, even the medium, is worth struggling for. Still aim for the highest. Be self-reliant. Maintain a strong trust in yourself. Cherish a confidence in the moral integrity of your fellow-men, and in the exact equities of the social arrangements. Though the rewards of virtue, and the compensations of true worth may be slow, they are certain.

He who has lost confidence in himself is helpless, and stands but one step from consummate ruin as an individual; for, no one loses confidence in himself until he has lost confidence in his fellow-men, and in all social institutions.

It is well to measure yourself by the standard of other men, but be not discouraged by the deductions forced upon your mind by such comparisons. Remember that they have passed through the ordeals towards which you are advancing. Remember, also, that these admeasurements are not made with respect to your peers and equals, but with your superiors in age, intellect, experience, culture and position. Therefore, you need not be surprised nor discouraged by the discoveries you make in this operation of comparison. Still, let your aim be the highest, for these superiors by whom you measure yourself, once occupied the same ground which you now occupy, made the same comparisons, drew the same conclusions, and were affected by the same discouragements.

I fear the daughter of the banker who employs you has something to do with your discouragements. You are at an age when it is so natural for the heart to expand its affections, and, in its expansion, to embrace objects to which it was before indifferent.

Of all the attributes of the soul the tender affections are the most subtle, the most mysterious, and the most incomprehensible. The first emotions of love surprise, startle, alarm us. The sensations they awaken are new to us. They are so strange and so unexpected that we do not know what they mean. They exert such an entire change of our whole mental organization, that we do not, at first, recognize ourselves under its new empire. Still, we become used to this new condition of being, and, accustom ourselves to this new reign; for, it is but a phase of moral development. However strange it may appear to us, it is a part of our true selfhood; however strange we may appear to ourselves under it, still are we true to our own real nature in it, and remain our true original selves in an apparently new individuality.

No man knows himself until, from the ark of his bosom he has

sent the messenger of his interior nature over the waters of life, to return like Noah's dove with the olive leaf from some green slope, some sunny mountain peak of responding affection.

No woman knows herself in the loftier eminences of her womanhood, until her heart has responded to the gentle calls to her inner nature, and has sent back the snowy messenger with the heart's offering of pure and holy affection.

He is not a man, she is not a woman, until their natures have been sanctified by this pure incense—this divine essence of human nature.

This high, this pure interchange of the individual sovereignty of the soul, wakes the divinity of our nature, and kindles the celestial fire upon the altar erected before it.

Shall I tell you to guard your heart against the wiles of love? No; that would be folly. You cannot guard yourself against the impulses of your own nature.

The heart's affections are supreme. You cannot control them. In spite of every effort you must yield to them, and acknowledge their power.

It is mere folly to try to persuade yourself that you do not love, or, that these new sensations will pass away and leave you to the realm of deliberate reason and to the dictates of your maturer judgment.

Whether it be the banker's daughter, or the young Countess, it matters not. When the affections are once called out, like the once-imprisoned birds, escaped from bondage, they cannot be called back to the prison-house again.

The young heart is like spring flowers that shed their opening perfume but once. The first sweet odors cannot be gathered together a second time to be lavished upon new objects.

Charles, if you love, go to the object of your affections, and plainly, yet properly open to her the secret of your bosom. It is manly to do so. She can but reject your suit. Should she not reciprocate your love, it is manly to meet the misfortune, and to submit to it with fortitude and dignity, howsoever severe the trial may prove. You cannot overcome it. Do not try to do so.

I fear that the circumstances of indigence in which your earlier years were involved, have imparted a sensitive timidity to your character. Such is apt to be the case. I beg you, Charles, to rise above this peculiarity. Bear in mind that no pecuniary circumstances of life impair or stultify the innate greatness of human nature. Although invidious conclusions may have reached your mind from comparisons between men indulging in the plenitude of lux-

urious wealth and yourself, pinched by poverty and earning your daily bread by laborious servitude, yet, bear in mind, that the comparisons from which you suffer are not made between them and you as men and individuals, but between their circumstances and yours. These circumstances may be reversed in a day—an hour. The individuals, however, remain the same; then, if the rich man have no great or good qualities, no qualifying excellencies to mark him among men, what becomes of him? When the golden humbug is stripped of his glittering encrustation, like the denuded moth he sinks to the dust; and, where is he?

No, Charles, the true nobleman may be found in the ashes of poverty and in the shadows of obscurity, while the moral ulcers which afflict and disgrace the human family, are more apt to be found reveling in luxury and the shameful debauchery of riches.

Arm yourself with a feeling of independence. Fortify yourself with that strength of soul and pride of purpose which claims equality with the highest, regardless of the circumstances of wealth and position.

My dear Charles, it was time to tell you these things. If I am mistaken in my suspicions in relation to the engagement of your affections, pardon the mistake; nevertheless, heed my advice.

Ella grows. You would hardly know her. She sends to you assurances of her continued love, and requests me to tell you that the black mole above her eyebrow which gave her so much annoyance, has nearly disappeared. Alas! the moles and the mole-hills of childhood are all forgotten as we meet the mountains that obstruct our way in mature life.

Affectionately, &c.,

YOUR MOTHER.

P. S.—I will send your father's Masonic apron to you by the first opportunity. Although your employer, Mr. Wilson, is a stranger to me, I am quite prepossessed in his favor. The man of wealth who presides in a Masonic lodge, who meets his employees upon an equality must be a good man. Poor old Quashee is no more. I stood by his bedside when he departed. His last words were: "Wha's Massa Charles?" Old Cudgie says he must soon follow Quashee; he says he is bound to go and see you once more before the Lord calls him away.

Ever yours.

Charles Preston read the letter a second time before he folded it up and deposited it in his pocket. It did not satisfactorily explain

to his mind the mysteries with which he fancied himself surrounded, nor aid him in a solution of what appeared to him those inexplicable mysteries.

He asked himself whether it was possible that his affections were engaged. If so, who was the object of such tender emotions? Was it the Countess Mont Martrie? No; that was impossible. Was it Eda Wilson? No, for that would be the most hopeless folly. To love Miss Wilson could only be considered insanity. Yet, he nervously sprung to his feet and rapidly paced the floor at the idea of Miss Wilson becoming the wife of any other. That can not be; that must not be; thought he, as he resumed his seat. He continued his reflections. Could he ask the daughter of the millionaire to share his poverty? If she were even willing to make such a sacrifice could he be guilty of such ingratitude to his benefactor, her father? But, how was this discussion to settle the primary question, whether he loved her or not?

The conversation with the worthy Mr. Gimlett only tended to mistify him the more. He could not doubt his statement in relation to the conduct of the young Countess; but this statement could not bring his mind to the conclusion reached by the dwarf in relation to the promptings of that conduct. In considering this subject he encountered difficulties in determining his course of conduct towards that lady. He could not determine, in his own mind, notwithstanding the decided opinion of Mr. Gimlett to the contrary, that she entertained for him a particular tender attachment, while, perhaps, there existed several reasons why she might entertain a friendly partiality for his society. Among these reasons, he remembered that she was a foreigner, in a strange city, in the same hotel with him, unable to speak the English language, which rendered it necessary to limit her social intercourse to those, only, who could speak her own language. It was very reasonable to believe that this circumstance, alone, was sufficient to account for such a partiality.

He also remembered that her relation to the Masonic Order had, through her own experience, led her to the knowledge that he, as a member of that Order, owed her a duty, although she might be ignorant of the nature and extent of his obligations in the discharge of that duty. This might rationally account for her partiality. That she should entertain for him a more tender sentiment than such a partiality might imply was incompatible with her chaste character, modest deportment and her high moral purity as a woman. He concluded that such a thing could not be, and that the dwarf was mistaken in his conclusions.

The more he reflected upon this subject, and the more he endeavored to mark out for himself a course of conduct towards the young widow, the farther he wandered from his final object. At last he remembered the remark of Mr. Gimlett, that we only awake from one dream to sleep again. He concurred in the opinion, that we must accept life as it is presented—that we are unwise in anticipating the interpretations of its day-dreams—that they are above and beyond our present comprehension, and, that it is impracticable to attempt to predetermine our conduct in relation to the possibilities yet undeveloped in the future.

Thus, Preston, after spending an hour in an attempt to settle upon a rule of intercourse with his fellow-boarder, the young Countess, closed his efforts as he began, without a definite conclusion. He thought, perhaps, there was a bare possibility that the Hunchback was correct in his suspicions of the young lady's emotions; if so, then he was a wise and shrewd man to have discovered in an hour what had escaped his own observation during an association of months. If Gimlett was wrong in his opinion, there was no motive for a change of conduct towards the Countess, and no object to be effected by it. If Gimlett was right, to follow his sage counsels, Preston had only to prepare himself to dream again.

Charles slowly returned to Madam Druilliard's that evening, his mind still involved in useless reflections,—useless, inasmuch as they failed to relieve him from his harrowing mental dilemma.

He found the Countess in the large parlor awaiting his return.

"*Mon cher frere!*" said she, meeting him as he entered; extending both her hands. She looked up into his face with an affectionate confidence and an undisguised smile of pleasure.

"I have waited so long for your return," said she, "it is so lonesome here since your recovery, and since you spend your days at your place of business."

Preston looked down into the face of the young widow, not in surprise—for in this reception there was no unusual manifestation—but with a conviction that Mr. Gimlett was correct in his opinion touching the tender attachment of the Countess.

Preston trembled, as a new light burst upon him. Suspecting no higher sentiment than that of friendship on her part, until his mind was directed to the significant manifestations by Mr. Gimlett, he had either not observed, or had not properly interpreted what was now so apparent in the analysis of her conduct towards him.

Mr. Gimlett was right, thought Charles, without speaking.

What shall I do? What can I do? I fear the lady really does love me.

He led the Countess to a sofa. They were seated. He took a new view of himself. He felt the importance of his new condition as connected with the happiness of another. He felt the full weight of this importance, and the obligations to which it subjected him.

He had no experience in female society, and no knowledge of female character. He had never joined in the rural sports of the neighborhood in which he was reared. His knowledge of the conventionalities which governed the other sex in their social deportment, and of those impulses which governed their more intimate relations, was, in a great degree, drawn from books. He now felt the inadequacy of this source of knowledge to enable him to determine his duty in relation to the young Countess.

The French school of manners and deportment, the French method of thinking, the rapid and impulsive French character, all so different from the deliberate thoughtfulness of the German, the English and the American character, was well understood by him. Still, in duly considering this difference, he could recognize nothing in the French code of conventionalities, nor in the impulsiveness of the French nature, that could, in his opinion, justify the freedom which characterized the conduct of Madame Mont Martre toward him. He did not remember that innocence in its primitive simplicity wore no disguises. He had, for the time, forgotten that those very conventionalities which he now established as the standard by which to measure his fair companion, had been condemned in his own deliberate judgment, as social usurpations over the true emotions of the heart, and adopted as specious disguises to conceal the earnest interior impulses of our nature. He had forgotten that the Countess might well presume upon the philosophy of human impulse and its consequent manifestations as recently explained to her by him, and adopt a freedom of conduct toward him that she would not indulge toward one whom she knew did not entertain the same theory of philosophy.

The familiarity and affectionate manner of the young Countess he reprehended in his own mind. He mentally determined that her conduct was very improper. He resolved to ask an explanation, and, if necessary, in a kind and proper manner to suggest a different tone of friendly intercourse.

After several minutes of silence, during which his eyes were fastened upon the twining vines that crept around the open window across the room from where they sat, with the intention to ask an

explanation, with feelings of bitterness in his heart, and with words of reprehension upon his lips, Charles slowly turned to the Countess. When his eyes met hers, fastened upon his face with an earnest expression of inquiry and unsophisticated innocence, his heart rebuked him for entertaining for a moment a distrust of propriety in so much purity as was there embodied before him. He gently took her hand in his and said, with an earnestness and an emotion which almost startled her :

“ Pardon me, Madame ! ”

“ Ah ! ” rejoined the Countess, with a playful smile, after a moment’s reflection, “ was it not the understanding between us that you were to drop that formal ‘ Madame ’ and call me ‘ sister ’ ? But, why do you ask my pardon ? What have you done that requires it ? ”

“ A thought of mine, a momentary thought, did you injustice. It is not necessary to think of it again, much less to mention it,” replied Preston.

“ I hope,” said the Countess, “ you will indulge your charity for a great many shortcomings on my part, as a sister. You must not forget that I never knew what it was to have a brother, until you called me sister. I feel like a sister to you, and, as well as I know how, I endeavor to act the sister to you.”

“ You being the only child, what guides you in determining a sister’s feeling, since it must be a mere sensation in the history of your own self-knowledge ? ” inquired Preston.

“ Yes,” replied Madame Mont Martre, “ it is a new sensation to me, which I do not clearly understand myself. When you first became an inmate here, there was something about you that revived in me an impression of something away back in the past. I could not know what it was. It appeared as if your face was familiar to me, and as if I had always known you. It gave me pleasure to sit and look at you and to note the changes in your countenance. In noting those changes, I could always anticipate the changes that followed each other. These feelings at last oppressed me. I felt that they were something new to me. I always wished to call you my brother, for, indeed, I felt as if I was your sister.”

Preston knew not how to interpret this singular declaration, until, remembering that she was ignorant of conjugal affection, she was mistaking that emotion for fraternal love.

“ Do you think, considering that we agree that true sincerity is trammelled by the social regulations, that I do not sufficiently demonstrate a sisterly affection ? ” asked the Countess.

"No, Madame, I——," Preston commenced to reply, when she interrupted him by playfully saying :

"Ah! that naughty 'Madame' again! Why do you not say 'No, sister'? It sounds so much better! When my father comes I will tell him what a perverse brother you have been."

"My dear sister," said Charles, pleasantly, "I will make amends if you will not scold me for past errors; but when, allow me to ask, do you expect your father?"

"Ah! indeed I do not know. He is in Hungary, proscribed and expatriated," replied the lady. "Perhaps you may have heard his name, as he was a distinguished banker in Paris before the Revolution. His name is M. Jean Jaques La Tenaillon. Have you ever heard his name?"

"No, sister, I think not," replied Preston.

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Madame Druillard, ringing her tea bell, and crying "*Allons! Allons!*" in accents measured to the deafening tones of the bell.

The Countess took Preston's arm, and together they followed the lively and cheerful landlady to the tea table.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IS MASONIC VISIT AN INHERENT RIGHT ?

BY PHI PI.

Editor of Michigan Freemason:

IN an article, published in the February number of your magazine, I endeavored to show that there are no "inherent rights" in Masonry. The argument was drawn, partly from the principles and nature of civil jurisprudence, (whence the term, its meaning, and its applications are derived,) and partly from the nature of the Masonic compact itself. If the argument is sound, and the correctness of its conclusions be conceded, it is, of course, logically unnecessary to argue against the inherent nature of any *particular* Masonic right.

But as this so-called "inherent right" of Masonic visit is now called in question, and is eliciting much discussion; and as the harmonious and prosperous continuance of Masonry, in the United States, seems to depend upon a correct decision of the points involved, I may be pardoned for again essaying to aid in determining the true nature of this right.

The topic forming the basis of my former article was taken from the reply of the Grand Master of Massachusetts to the circular, on the right of visit, issued by the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia. The Annual Transactions of that Grand Lodge, for the year 1870, being now in my hands, I will call the attention of your readers to this circular on the right of visit; to the replies of twenty or more Grand Masters and others to the questions propounded by it; and to the final action of that Grand Lodge on its own questions.

The questions contained in the circular, stripped of unnecessary verbiage and disconnected from the particular circumstances in which they arose, may be thus stated :

1. Is Masonic visit the "*inherent right*" of every Mason?
2. Is the right of objection to the visit, in every member of the lodge to be visited?
3. Is the member's objection valid, if unsustained by approved reasons?
4. Does the duty of preferring charges against the visitor devolve upon the member objecting to the visit?

If the first question be answered in the affirmative, it is necessary to a proper understanding of its force and effect, that we determine the nature and dignity of an "*inherent right*." In civil law, *life, liberty* and *property* are the only subjects to which the term "*inherent or absolute right*" is applied; and such is the dignity and sacredness of these rights, under the civil compact, that not even the State itself, much less an individual, can lawfully invade, abridge, impair or destroy either one of them, until the person whose right is in question *has been arraigned, tried, and found guilty of some crime, misdemeanor or default*, under the civil law. If a man commit murder, arson, highway robbery, etc., his *life* may be taken; if he commit some lesser crime, his *liberty* may be curtailed; and if he be guilty of some misdemeanor or default, his *property* may be forfeited—but not, in either case, *till after conviction*.

In short, the civil law punishes all violations of its provisions, by arresting or curtailing one or more of these three great "*inherent rights*" of the citizen, but allows no individual member of society to usurp its function and destroy or impair, on his individual responsibility, any one of the "*inherent rights*" of his neighbor.

If, therefore, the "*right of visit*," in the Masonic compact, be an "*inherent right*;" and if the dignity of such right be determined by the analogies of the civil law, whence the term is derived; we perceive, at once, that our answers to the *second* and *third* questions, as stated above, must be in the negative—that the member of

a lodge to be visited has no right to object to the visit ; and that his objection is not valid, whether with or without reasons, until (under the *fourth* question) he prefers charges—and *not then, unless, upon trial, the charges be sustained*. If this be the logical and necessary result of the premises assumed by the advocates of the “inherent right of visit,” they, and not I, are responsible for the seeming “*reductio ad absurdum*” to which the doctrine is brought.

The Transactions of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia contain the replies of eighteen or twenty Grand Masters to the questions asked by its circular. They are so equally divided, on the questions under discussion, as to show conclusively that the Masonic mind of the country is muddled in the attempt to reconcile this “inherent” principle with Masonic good sense. While several of these Masonic authorities have the good sense, (guided by sound Masonic instincts,) to go directly to safe and right practical results, regardless of the inconsistencies of those results with the so-called landmark and the authorities, it seems strange that all of them should fail to strike a blow at the Masonic fiction of “inherent right” which is the root of the whole difficulty. Several seem to be in awe of a supposed landmark, and are evidently embarrassed by the effort to reconcile the “landmark” with their Masonic common sense.

But, let me now ask, how came it to be a landmark ? (if it be one,) by whose authority, and for what reasons, did it acquire such a dignity ? A very slight examination of this question will demonstrate that the so-called landmark was at the first an inference from an inconsiderate *dictum* of a high Masonic authority, which first characterized the right of visit as an “absolute right.” “Absolute” and “inherent” rights, in civil law, being essentially the same, and the terms synonymous, the original phase was easily supplanted by the latter, and it came, ultimately, to be accepted, by many, as sound Masonic law ; but it was so, only because the Masonic events and conditions did not exist which could subject it to the test of reason by the light of experience. If the right of visit *be* an inherent right, it is eminently proper that it be guarded as a landmark ; and if the principles upon which it was dubbed “inherent” and created “landmark” were true, *originally*, they are true *now*. But if, after careful scrutiny, they are found to be unsound *now*, it is equally manifest that *they were unsound from the beginning*. If the right be *not* “inherent,” but purely a relative right ; and, (so far as it is a right,) if it be one that is *inferred* from the nature of the Masonic compact, it is not and cannot be one of those immutable landmarks of the Order, which derive all their strength, dignity and stability

from the fact that they express a fundamental Masonic truth. But again: If the reasoning of my former article, in your February number, be correct, there is not and cannot be *any* "inherent right" in Masonry. If there cannot, from the nature of the case, be *any such right*, for this reason alone the particular "inherent right" of *visit* falls to the ground, and drags down with it the "landmark" of which it was the origin and support.

The resolution, finally adopted by the Grand Lodge of the District, on the mooted question, is as follows :

"Resolved, That it is the right of a brother in good standing to visit all regular lodges ; but, if objections are made, it is the right of the Master to determine the validity of such objections, he alone being responsible to the Grand Lodge."

This resolution dodges the main question. It affirms the right of visit, but does not say (except by a possible inference from its silence) that the right is not "inherent." It affirms the right of the Master to sit in judgment on the objections to visit, if any be made ; but does not say (except, again, by a possible inference from its silence) that it refuses the simple, unexplained objection, by a member, to the visit. It is silent also on the duty of an objecting member to prefer charges. It affirms the position (not necessarily required by their circular questions) that the Master is alone responsible to the Grand Lodge for refusing the right of visit.

This action is amenable to criticism. Though silent, in express terms, on the "inherent" question, it virtually concedes the inherency of the right, by requiring the objector to *state his reasons*, and the Master to *pass upon them*. With singular inconsistency, it then degrades the "inherent right" from its true dignity, by allowing the Master, on the *ex-parte* statements of a member, to deprive a visiting brother of his "inherent rights," without a hearing or a trial !

Brethren ! not only you of the District of Columbia, but of all other Grand Lodges in the U. S. : We must decide this question ; either the right of visit *is* or *it is not* "inherent." The question cannot long remain juggled as it is in this resolution. If we accept the inherency of the right, we must also accept its logical consequences ; and a visitor can never be lawfully excluded from a lodge without charges and trial. But if we reject this "inherent" fallacy, and assign the visit to its proper place in the scale of Masonic rights, we will thereby remove, from our Masonic jurisprudence, a principle which is unsound of itself, and certain to disturb the equilibrium of

our system so long as it is recognized. Indeed, in the near future, I see our Masonic ship wrecked on this rock, unless it be speedily removed. Explode and remove it, and our Masonic navigators will be relieved from the necessity of steering between the Scylla of an erroneous principle and the Charybdis of a dangerous practice.

In conclusion, permit me to say, that the drift of events, inside and outside of Masonry, in the United States and in Europe, seems to indicate the necessity of a Masonic policy which will recognize the inalienable and undeniable right of every Master Mason, when standing on the floor and before the altar of his lodge, to say, (either by an unexplained ballot or by unexplained words,) to the initiation, to the advancement, to the membership, or to the visit—*I object*. It is as much his *prerogative* to do this, on the question of visit, as it is on either of the other questions; and for the same reasons; and it is not a valid argument against his right, to say, "he may sometimes exercise it from wilful, capricious or unworthy motives." If this argument be good as against *this* right, it is equally good as against "advancement" or "membership." But who will now deny the wisdom of the rule that regulates the ballot on these questions? The Master of the lodge is no more responsible for the rejection of a visit, by this means, than he is for the rejection of a membership. He incurs no responsibility in the business, unless he, in the exercise of his prerogative, exclude the visitor as he may a member of his own lodge. It is the Master's prerogative, (for good reasons,) to *exclude* from the lodge, or its privileges, a candidate for initiation, advancement, membership, or visit, even after the entire Lodge has signified its willingness to admit; but it is *not* within his prerogative to *admit one*, in opposition to the objection of a single member of his lodge.

Of the particular instances in which such a rule as is here indicated may work well, or ill, there is no lack. Every intelligent Mason can supply them without number. It is enough to say, in advocacy of the rule, that it is in harmony with Masonry; is in harmony with itself; and is preservative of that harmony which is the strength of the institution.

The effort to exalt the "right of visit" above all other rights or privileges, springs from a sentimentalism which, if persisted in, will be found to be of dangerous tendency, if not of ruinous effect, to our Masonic institutions.

For the Michigan Freemason.

ANCIENT RUINS.

Ruins of Ancient Magnificent Temples—Egypt, Palestine and the East—
Wars of the Egyptian Monarchs—Solomon's Immense Architectural
Labors—Style of Workmanship, Etc.

BY M. W. ALFRED, A. M., M. D.

CHAPTER I.

WITHIN the last one hundred years we have, through the agency of the French Commission, which accompanied the conquering power of Napoleon Bonaparte into Egypt, been brought into close propinquity with the transactions of thirty-four centuries ago.

Lapidary inscriptions, and the books of those ancient times, have been deciphered and translated into our own language, fraught with most important historical facts, long buried in oblivion.

One of these books, embalmed upon the breast of a mummy, we have ourselves examined. The arms of this body were crossed upon the breast with the right hand lying on the left shoulder, and the left lying on the right shoulder. Between the elbows, and over the sternum the book was placed, and covered by a yellowish resin, or wax, to the depth of more than an inch, and which extended over all the body. The mode of preserving these bodies was this: The contents of the abdomen and cranium having been removed, the spices were applied, and the body firmly bandaged from foot to head. The resin was then thickly applied, and again another stratum of straps applied, encasing the body, which was placed in an interior coffin, and this in an exterior coffin, and this in a sarcophagus of porphyry. This style is denotive of high rank.

The *book* was a roll of papyrus, equal in thickness to four hundred pages of our paper. The characters had all the freshness and legibility of writings of yesterday. At that time we had not seen any translation of the book, or roll. The examination of this book and several of the embalmed bodies brought from Egypt, has per-

haps awakened a greater interest in this matter, within our own mind, than we can produce in the minds of others by a mere description, though ever so graphically illustrated.

Believing, however, that we shall not fail to entertain our readers, especially the more philosophical of them, we venture briefly to give the result of much time and thought upon the matters above stated as the heading of this article.

It is in Egypt that civilization and the arts first raised man from a state of roving barbarism to the condition of civil and permanent society.

The extreme fertility of the soil in the Valley of the Nile adapted it to the support of a dense population. Its fertility and wealth exposed it to the predatory invasions of the surrounding barbarous tribes, who oftimes descended upon the Egyptians for purposes of rapine and plunder. This necessitated a strong military organization, and unity in the social compact. They not only defended themselves, but overpowered the invaders, subjecting them to tribute and bondage. Many tribes, like the sons of Jacob, came to Egypt as supplicants for bread.

The annual flooding of the Nile not only enriched, but formed, the soil along its valley. The whole valley rests upon a bed of sea sand, and consists of deposits of vegetable earth, from the annual affluence of the Nile of three months in each year. No freshet ever raises it, as it flows along in "solitary majesty."

The most minute survey of these deposits convinced the French Commission, that in a century they amounted to about four and one-third inches. To form the depth of twenty-four feet would have required about six thousand six hundred years, after the sea had formed the sand-bed beneath. A writer represents this soil as long oscillating between the sea's billowy waves and the evaporating rays of a tropical sun. It is equally evident that many centuries must have elapsed after this *formation*, ere the soil could have been cultivated. The annual inundation of the Nile for three months, rationally accounts for their manner of interment.

This great river, three thousand miles in length, before reaching the Mediterranean Sea, divides into several channels.

At the point of division is located the city of Cairo, opposite to which are seen the ancient Pyramids, "casting their gigantic shadows" over the native palm trees which luxuriate on the site of ancient *Memphis*, where colossal statues and triumphal arches lie smouldering in the dust. Here are the remains of magnificent temples, palaces and obelisks. Here are crypts, cut in solid rock,

and solemn catacombs. Here reigned *Rameses* the great, son of *Seti*, King of Egypt, the Pharaoh who oppressed the Hebrew tribes, and embittered their lives with severe service.

We learn from the discoveries in Egypt, that this *Rameses* was, perhaps, the most daring of men, to whom even *Pyrrhus* was inferior. He claimed to be the offspring—the Son of God, in whom he placed all his hopes of victory over his enemies. *Diodorus* informs us that *Seti* had a dream in which God announced to him that this “son should possess the empire of the earth.” *Rameses* overpowered *forty-eight* Asiatic nations. His slave subjects saluted him as “The Son of the Sun, the Lord of Diadems, the favorite of *Phthah*, the good deity, Sovereign of Two Worlds, and eternal as the sun itself.” The monuments aver that he commanded armies at the age of ten years.

As a specimen of his prowess in battle, we give the translation of a *Papyrus*, or embalmed book. The reader will discover that some sentences are lost :

“The Prince of Cheta (Hittites) came with his archers and his horsemen well armed. Every chariot bore three men. They had gathered together the swiftest warriors of those base Chetas, carefully armed, * * * * * and had placed themselves in ambush to the northwest of the city of Atesch. They attacked the soldiers of the King when the Sun, god of the two horizons, was at the middle of his course. The latter were on the march and were not expecting an attack. The archers and the horsemen of his Majesty fell back before the enemy, who was master of Atesch on the left bank of the Aranta. * * * * * Then his Majesty, strong and sound in constitution, rising like the god Month, put on the panoply of battle, arrayed in his weapons, he was like Baal in his hour. The mighty coursers of his Majesty came forth from the grand stables of the Sun, the lord of justice, *Rameses*—*Mei Amoun* (*Rameses*, son of *Jupiter*). The King rushed forth in his chariot, plunged into the ranks of the despicable Cheta. He was alone, no other near him. This onset his Majesty made in sight of his whole retinue. He found himself surrounded on all sides by two thousand five hundred swift chariots, manned by the bravest warriors of the pitiful Cheta and his numerous allies. * * *

* * * Each of their chariots bore three men, * * *

* * * and the King had with him neither his princes, nor his generals, nor the captains of his archers or of his chariots.

“And this is what his Majesty of the sound and strong life said : ‘What, then, is the intent of my father Ammon (*Jupiter*)? Is it a

father who would deny his son? Have not I walked according to thy word? Has not thy mouth guided my goings forth, and thy counsels, have they not directed me? Have I not dedicated to thee magnificent festivals in great numbers? and have I not filled thy house with my booty? There is building to thee a dwelling for myriads of ages. The whole world is gathering together to dedicate its offerings unto thee. I have enriched thy domain. I have sacrificed unto thee thirty thousand oxen, with all the scent-bearing herbs and choicest perfumes. I have built for thee upon the sand temples of blocks of stone; and bringing obelisks from Elphantina, I have reared eternal shafts in thine honor. For thee the great ships toss upon the deep. They bear to thee the tribute of the nations. Who will say that like things have been done at any other time? Ignominy to him who resists thy designs, felicity to him who understands thee, oh Ammon! I invoke thee, oh my^s father! I am in the midst of a throng of unknown tribes, and I am alone before thee. No one is with me. My archers and my horsemen deserted me when I called aloud to them, and not one of them hearkened unto me when I cried to them for help. But I prefer Ammon to thousands of archers, to millions of horsemen, and to myriads of young men arrayed in phalanx. The wiles of men are as naught. Ammon will prevail over them. Oh, Sun, have I not obeyed the order of thy lips, and thy counsels, have they not guided me? Have I not given glory to thee to the ends of the earth?’

“ These words resounded in Hermonthis: ‘ Phra comes to him who calls upon him. He stretches forth his hand to him. Rejoice and be glad, * * * he flies to thee, he flies to thee. * * * Rameses Mei Ammon! He says to thee: ‘ Behold I am near thee. I am thy father, the Sun. My hand is with thee, and I am more for thee than millions of men arrayed together. It is I who am the lord of troops and armies. Loving courage, I have found thy heart firm in valor, and my heart exults thereat.’ * * * The King pierced his way into the army of these vile Chetas. Six times did he enter into their midst. * * * I pursued them like Baal in the hour of his might, and I slew them so that none could escape.’ ”

It appears, however, that the Chetas rallied again the next day, and made a desperate effort to save their city and themselves. In this day's battle Rameses had his whole force with him, and after a most dreadful conflict, completely subdued them.

From this lengthy description, as contained in the *Papyrus*, we

give only the closing words of the translation of F. De Lanoye, from the French :

“The forests of spears, the clouds of arrows, the shields and the chariots crossed and recrossed each other, and met in deadly shock of battle with such reeking uproar that the earth trembled to its depths as though Apophis,* the great serpent, had broken away from the chains with which the Gods have fastened him to the foundations of the world.”

Now any one acquainted with the sacred writings of the Hebrews, especially those of David, cannot fail to perceive a strong analogy between his invocations, zeal, faith, and triumphant exultation, and those of Rameses, as found in the *Sallier Papyrus*.

The phraseology in many places is almost identical with that of the great Hebrew conqueror, at least seven hundred years before he penned his beautiful Psalms.

At the time Egypt was covered with cities, palaces, and gorgeous temples, Abraham dwelt in his frail tent on the plains of Mamre, the lord of “three hundred and eighteen armed servants,” and the possessor of a vast herd of cattle.

His son Isaac, and grand-son Jacob, roved with their flocks along the borders of the Red Sea, but unlike the Egyptians, never cultivated the soil. But the Hebrews, rising from this condition, became, in the reign of Solomon, as mighty a nation as their former oppressors.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REMEMBER THE WIDOW AND FATHERLESS.

“Brethren! by the precious token
Which the sons of mercy wear,
By the vows you oft have spoken
Graved with truth and sealed with prayer,
Penury’s pathway strive to brighten
Misery with compassion meet,
And the heart of sorrow brighten
Till your own shall cease to beat.”

—Mrs. Sigourney.

Is not *charity* the great connecting chain which binds all Freemasons in one common brotherhood? Must not this white-robed vestal attend each member in all his wanderings, and is he not bound

*The formidable enemy of the Sun. The Sun represented God, and the Serpent Apophis, the Evil Genius, or Satan.

by the most solemn obligations to give heed to her teachings? His work must be one of *Love*, his words must bless, his hands labor for the good of the unfortunate. But does he always do this; is he always true to principle? Alas! *thoughtlessness*, is sometimes found, even among Masons. It is not true that he does not care, it is not because he is selfish, but the hurry of business, and the excitements of pleasure cause him *to forget*; so the needy and the suffering struggle on without sympathy and without aid. I have in my mind's eye now, a poor widow, who is striving with but limited means to bring up her fatherless boys. I can see her, as I saw her a few weeks ago, at the village store making some simple purchase. The color had nearly faded from her cheeks, her eyes had a dreamy, far-away look, her words were few, and sadly intoned; and her dark wavy hair was thickly strung with threads of silver, that contrasted strangely with the sable garments that she wore. Her husband was a Freemason. He died in the Army of the Union,—*died* where no last kiss of hers might fall upon his blanching lips, where her soothing hands might not smooth his pillow, nor her ear be bent to catch his last low whispered farewell. She had heard from him but a week before, and he spoke hopefully of the time when they should meet again—*now he was dead!* But there were Masons among that stern soldier band, whose heart beat sorrowfully for *the wife* so suddenly bereaved in the far-off northern home, and with hands as tender as a woman's, they robed him in his suit of finest blue, placed him in an elegant coffin and after paying all expenses, sent him northward. He had been a worthy and beloved member of their Order, and all the brotherhood in the vicinity of his home assembled to do him honor. With all due ceremony, he was laid to rest in the quiet churchyard. The bereaved wife had no care, no trouble, no expense at his funeral. How glad and thankful she was for such sympathy! How she blessed the names of the noble men who had given her such material aid! Her tears might now fall upon her husband's grave; her hands plant there the flowers that he loved! It was indeed a noble act; a real charity, such as God delights to bless.

O how may life be greatly lightened by a few dollars given now and then? by a few kindly words of advice. "*Give and it shall be given,*" are the words of the Divine lawgiver. It will not lessen your income to befriend the friendless. The blessings of the poor are worth more than gold. Costly houses or furniture, elegant carriages or rich apparel cannot bring the peace that comes from ministering to the wants of suffering humanity. It may be pleasant to have these things, but if they are purchased at the expense of oth-

ers; if we allow a poverty-stricken brother to go unrelieved, that we may have them, then will they prove "no better than a curse." We are all dependent. We were made so that we might not become hard and cold and selfish. It softens the heart "to weep with those that weep," to enter the abodes of wretchedness with substantial blessings, and to take the desolate orphan by the hand and give it a home and a parent's love. It may require a great deal of *self-denial* to do these things; the taste for the luxurious and the beautiful may have to remain in many cases ungratified, but the quiet, peaceful consciousness of having done *right* will repay all. What if the world does not know of the widows' hearts that have been made glad; of the fatherless children who have been provided for? What if every benevolent deed is unknown, if "fame's clarion voice," tells not of the silent unobtrusive act of charity? Do not the angels know? Will they not whisper the sweet story in the ears of the All-Father? Will not the names of each sorrowing mortal whom you have gladdened, be written in your life-book in letters of gold?

It is a part of *true religion*, "to remember the widow and the fatherless in their affliction." The reward is sure. The Paymaster is one who never forgets his promises. Then be faithful to your obligations. Keep the precepts of the Book of books ever in mind. Follow the footsteps of Christ in doing good. So shall you be abundantly blessed in this life, and in the end receive a crown of un-fading joy.

PIERCETON, IND.

S. R. CHAPLIN.

CIRCULAR TO BE READ IN ALL THE LODGES.

Worshipful Master, Wardens and Brethren:

The attention of the Grand Lodge of F. and A. Masons of the State of Michigan has been called to the prevalence and rapid increase of certain Masonic evils and dangers that result from the rapid growth and apparent prosperity of our Order in this jurisdiction. That these evils exist is apparent to all; and this Grand Lodge, convinced of the importance of eradicating them as speedily as possible from the Lodges under its care, takes this unusual means to admonish you of the necessity of reform in the following particulars, viz:

1. Our numerical growth has been so rapid that we have become proud of it, and have been so willing—perhaps so anxious—to increase our membership, that we have, for a time, forgotten those

rules of prudence that should guide and govern Masons, at all times, in the making of Masons. Too often the profane are solicited and urged to join the Order. In some cases this proceeds from an indiscreet zeal in behalf of an institution we love; but too often it is the result of rivalry between lodges. In the anxiety to grow—to be a *large* lodge—to have an overflowing treasury—we forget to exclude the unworthy. Thus, while we grow in numbers, we are decreasing in that moral strength which should always be found in a Masonic lodge.

2. Masonry being now on the high tide of prosperity and popularity, many are attracted to it, not because they love it, but because it is popular. Many join the Order, not because they wish to be purified by its influences, but because they wish to turn it to account. The *reputation* of Masonry being good, the mercenary seek our endorsement in order to obtain character and credit. We are thus incurring moral liabilities and losses which damage our standing in the world.

3. Our love of growth and in our pride in our Order, which are natural enough, and which, if kept within strict Masonic limits, are harmless enough, tempt us to seek far too much *the applause of the world*. We boast too much before the world of the beauties and blessings of Masonry; we exhibit ourselves in Masonic processions on occasions not Masonic; and in other ways manifest undue anxiety to be seen, and known, and admired, as Masons. This, brethren, is *Masonry vanity*, and not *Masonry*.

4. This undue sensitiveness to the world's opinion, on the other hand, is too apt to betray us into useless arguments with those who, through ignorance, ridicule or assail us; by which means we are unsuspectingly led into a violation of one of our first and most important obligations.

5. The popularity of our institution is such that the ambitious, anxious to wear its honors, but forgetful of true Masonic modesty, too often resort to discreditable maneuvering and tactics to win and wear its jeweled collars. This ought not so to be. Brethren, the white gloves and apron of a Master Mason, if *worthily worn*, are the highest badge of honor a man can wear. We should be more careful to wear these worthily, and be less anxious to assume the jewels of office; for though the latter may represent power, *they do not always indicate purity*.

6. We are neglecting too much that policy of inviolable secrecy which formerly has characterized the Order, by the observance of which we have preserved not only our purity, but our very exist-

ence. This neglect of Masonic secrecy is a great and growing evil. The world hears far too much of the work and of the business of the lodge. How is it, and why is it, brethren, that the *secrets of the ballot*, that should not be divulged even in the lodge, are so often the sport of the world? The prevailing failure to preserve our strict rule of silence bodes no good to Masonry. It must be speedily checked, or there will be left to us but little of that "harmony" which constitutes our chief "strength."

7. It is an evidence of our degeneracy that we are too lenient toward offenders against our laws. Unmasonic conduct, in far too many instances, not only escapes censure and punishment, but sits unrebuked on the floor—nay, even in the highest stations of the lodge. The good will leave us if we do not punish the bad. Brethren, that is not Masonic charity to an erring brother which makes the immoral, the corrupt and the traitorous the peer and equal of the good, the honest and the honorable Mason.

8. A custom, or fashion, rather, exists among us, which is innocent of itself, and would be harmless but for the use which unworthy Masons and those who are not Masons make of it. It is the wearing of Masonic jewelry. Masons, undoubtedly, often indulge in it because they love its beautiful symbolism; but in these times, when cheats, swindlers and thieves assume them as a means of obtaining the reputation and credit of Masons, it becomes us to inquire whether it is not a duty we owe the Craft to wholly abstain from the custom.

ABOUT BOYS.

I AM sorry to say that I don't believe all boys to be angels, spite of their doting mothers. I might go further, and say that I am afraid some of them are destined for state prisons or the gallows. I notice a demoniac passion which prevails among them for torturing dumb animals, and defenceless beings generally, which is indescribably repulsive and painful, associated with childhood. I saw a group, the other day, of small Neios, in short jackets. They had an unfortunate live mouse, with a string attached to one leg.

First they would let him run a few feet, then draw him in again, to see how a little dog would be excited to bark and worry it. When I said, "Oh, boys, don't do that!" they replied, "Oh, you go along—'tis nothing but a mouse." Well, I went along, but I said to myself, "Just so these lads will torture some human heart by and by—it may be wife or mother, it matters not which."

I repeat, I am sorry to have my belief in the angelhood of children shaken. But again: I saw a poor old man, with white hair, picking his way carefully over a slippery sidewalk last winter, hardly able to hold the poor bundle of rags under his arm. He was tottering—not with rum, but with old age. A group of well-dressed lads passed him; then they made a large snow-ball, and with a shout, aimed at his hat, knocking it far into the middle of the street. "Shame!" I cried, as I went for it and restored it to him. He thanked me, but had no hard or bitter word for his little, cowardly persecutors. His sorrowful look at them was enough, as he went decently on his way.

I call attention to this trait because I fear parents of boys do not sufficiently consider it. The children alluded to were not street loafers—they were handsomely dressed, if that is any criterion of position and "bringing up." Now "fun" is a good thing for boys. I don't believe in solemn boys—they are monstrosities; but it is base to triumph over and insult helplessness and old age. It is base and cowardly and cruel to torture dumb animals for "fun," or to hoot after some poor drunken wretch, and throw sticks and stones after him. I shudder when I see childhood so hard and pitiless.

I don't know that I ever saw a little girl doing such things; and that is why I spoke particularly of its being a boyish fault. I think the brutal husbands and fathers, of whom we read such frightful things in the papers, must have begun this way. I think every mother should look well to this, remembering that some fresh, young, trusting heart will some day give itself to that son of hers.

Mothers who say to their daughters, "My dear, do this," or, "Don't do that; for one day you will be a wife," should oftener say, "My son, you will some day ask the love of some good girl you wish to make your wife. Be worthy of that love." Meantime, till they are old enough for this, look to these little beginnings of tyranny toward the defenseless. Now, I never had any boys. My boys were all girls. But I would rather a son of mine should die than be such a pitiless little Nero.—*Fanny Fern.*

STEPHEN GIRARD'S ESTATE.

The following information concerning the immense estate which Bro. Girard left, devising and bequeathing it in accordance with the Masonic teachings which were not only on his lips, but in his heart, will be of interest to all of our readers:

The number of stores and dwellings in the city of Philadelphia

belonging to the Girard estate is 137, the number of farms (in the Fifth ward), fifteen, together yielding a rental of nearly \$260,000 per annum. There are also about eighteen thousand acres of land in Schuylkill and Columbia counties, valuable for coal, farming, and timber purposes. The personal property of the Girard estate consists of stocks and loans, having an approximate par value of \$618,833.94. The income arising from these sources is expended for the maintaining of the Girard College for orphans, for the repairing of the real estate, for the salaries of the officers of the estate, which about absorbs the whole of it. Besides this, Girard left two separate funds—one of \$500,000 (executor's valuation), "for the improvement of the eastern front of the city and Deleware avenue," and another of \$10,000 (which has since decreased to little over \$9,000,) "to purchase fuel for poor white house-keepers." The income arising from both these funds has been regularly appropriated to the prescribed uses.

There are in Girard College 209 pupils born within the city limits and 325 who are natives of other parts of our State, and upon the list of applicants for admission are the names of thirty-five poor, fatherless boys. Applicants who are natives of the city have no preference in admission over those who are born in the most distant counties of Pennsylvania. From a condensed statement of the affairs of the Girard Trust, we learn that the par value of its securities is \$1,122,554.21. The receipts of the estate during 1870, from collieries, city loans, leases of property (including the transfer of an unexpended balance of \$105,992.90 to the Directors of the City Trusts on March 1,) amounted to \$767,141.97. The expenditures for the same period aggregated \$747,296.92, leaving a balance in the treasury, on December 31, 1870, of \$19,845.05. Among the items of expense we find \$54,945 for taxes, \$52,027 for building dwelling-houses on Sixth street, below Brown, \$326,000 as a temporary investment, and \$1,859 for the widening of Water street.—*Keystone.*

"DEAD MASONS."

BY BRO. W. B. MELIUS.

THERE are those alive who do *not* live. In every Masonic lodge can be found Masons who are dead to all the highest purposes of Mason's life. They simply vegetate—eat, drink, and absorb what they can get of the substance of others. They add nothing to the common stock of pleasure or of good in the Society in which they

claim a membership. They have no hand to help on any occasion, no word of cheer for the brethren of activity and enterprise, in fact, very little, if any thing commendable.

They sit still, or if they show signs of life at all it is to drag themselves across the path of progress in such a way as to check the passing current. If such brethren have their use, as they doubtless have, it is, in the economy of affairs, that of testing the strength and patience of live brethren in passing over and around their dead bodies.

Masonry! what is it, if it is not a progressive profession? The end at which it aims is human perfection, and in striving to attain it, there must be a constant battle with ignorance, prejudice, passion and superstition. If we have abundance of charity, with plenty of zeal, we dare to stand in the open field ready to move upon the opposer of our institution, drive back the foe, capture his strong hold, and dictate peace to him as a conqueror. The living *dead* Mason is no where so much out of place as in the lodge; and yet we have dead Masons in New York State; some in every county; one or more in every lodge. Notice the marks by which we know them. Masonry now has a creditable literature. It is easy to collect a hundred volumes in English, appertaining directly to the craft. Some twenty magazines are published throughout the country, and as many more papers, filled with the doings of our institution throughout the globe, besides abundant reading matter for the most fastidious.

The Master, or any officer who takes an interest in the growth of his lodge, feels interest in the one who says, "I come seeking, and want more light." If he can feel in the slightest manner that his mission is to benefit that one, he will surely find means of procuring and reading some of these books and papers. But these are those who do not, and who would not if they grew spontaneous, go to the trouble of picking them off the trees that stand by the highway or street along which they crawl on their way to the lodge. Their whole life seems to tend to dry up the streams of life in others.

These *dead* Masons seldom attend regular meetings if they can help it, but if forced to attend, their ears are deaf to what is said, their eyes are blind to what is done; they sit but do not even look. The two pillars with the pedestal placed before the Master, could not be more indifferent; and yet these brethren are without knowledge, while, like the miser's money, it is corroding for want of use.

Those who sit next to one of those torpid fellows in the meeting, invariably grow cold by the contact. Even the eye of the Mas-

ter, full of life and fire, as he urges the brethren, or inspires them with greater zeal in the performance of known duty, necessary for the elevation of the Order, loses its lustre as it rests for a moment upon the cold, blank countenance of the dead Mason before him. The dead Mason has a certain amount of exercise that he follows day after day with as little variation as if he was turning the crank of a grind-stone. If the lodge runs he has no right to have any anxiety, only he don't want too many members to get sick, or die, for fear the *funds* may run short, and the dues for another year will be raised.

The joys and sorrows, wishes and wants of his lodge are nothing to him. He hopes everything will "come out all right." If he is placed on a committee, he attends to it with the most melancholy interest, and is sure to forget to report at the proper time.

I often think, my dear, *dead* brother, that you made a great mistake in thinking the institution "called" you as a member, or that it is benefited thereby, and I fear when the Master calls for the designs upon the trestle-board of your life, it will be found unfinished!—*Gavel.*

THE BIBLE IN LODGES.

A few months since we prepared and published in this journal a brief article entitled "THE HOLY BIBLE," in which it was asserted that Masons hold that venerated book in the highest esteem, and regard it as the chief of the Great Lights of Masonry. It was assumed that the Bible is indispensable to every well-regulated Lodge, that it always lies on the Masonic altar, and that it always is kept open when Masonic work is done, that members may always be benefited by its light divine. On the Holy Bible the applicant for our honors, kneeling at the altar of Masonry, repeats his solemn vows, and our ritual teaches that "The Holy Bible is the guide of our faith and practice;" and deprived of the light derived from this Book of books, our brotherhood would be left to grope their way in darkness almost impenetrable.

Our brief article was copied into the *Freemasons' Monthly Magazine*, which is the oldest and ablest of our Masonic journals, which may be received as evidence that our views are approved by its venerable Editor, R. W. Charles W. Moore. But our last issue contained an article from the pen of Bro. Jacob Norton, controverting our position, to some extent, evincing the fact that a few of

our readers did not fully agree with us. Although the article referred to shoots wide of the mark, and, (we think, contains no argument calculated to invalidate our positions in favor of retaining the Bible in our Lodges, yet we deem it proper to briefly review it.

And first, we call the reader's attention to the concession that in the middle ages Masonry was "confined exclusively to Christians, and indeed so continued until Anderson's Constitution was printed." Bro. Norton says he "fully" admits this. Well, if he is correct, Masonry in the middle ages was more than a "*building association*." It had arisen to the more noble and glorious idea "of divesting the mind and conscience of all the vices and superfluities of life." And, as Christians believe in the Bible, of course these Christian Masons of the middle ages had an altar in their Lodges on which the Holy Bible was placed for the guidance of their faith and practice. So much for the concession. Now for the argument.

Anderson is quoted as follows: "In ancient times the Christian Masons were charged to comply with the Christian usage of each country where they traveled or worked," etc. Well, how does Brother Norton know that *Christian Masons are not so charged at the present time?* The E. A. even is charged to never mention the name of God but with reverential awe; to implore his aid in all laudable undertakings; to act upon the square with neighbors, doing unto them as he would be done by; avoiding all irregularity and intemperance; and in the state to be a quiet and peaceful subject, true to his government and country. If this is not light shed from the Holy Bible, we confess to our dullness of comprehension. And if the E. A. is charged to walk thus circumspectly, it is not wonderful that the K. T. should be commanded "to comply with the Christian usages of the country into which he should chance to sojourn." So that Anderson, thus far, goes in favor of the Bible in Lodges.

But now for Anderson on *modern Masonry*: "But Masonry being found in all nations, even of diverse religions, they (i. e. Masons) are now only charged to adhere to *that religion* in which all men agree." This has nothing to say about the Bible in Lodges. What is that religion in which all men agree? We answer: The 1st Art. of Faith is the belief in one God, the Maker and Governor of the universe. Jews, Christians and Mahometans unite in believing in such a God, therefore *they* agree in believing the 1st Article of the Masonic Faith. But do Pagans thus believe? Suppose a Pagan to make application for membership by initiation into a Masonic Lodge of which Brother Norton was a member. The usual committee is appointed, and Bro. Norton, on account of his zeal for

Masonry, has the honored place on this committee. He makes investigation as to the applicant's standing and character. He finds him honest and industrious according to his capacity, but he believes that the image carved by man's device is God. He knows of no other, and cares for no other. Would Brother Norton recommend him? Would he insist that this Pagan was a believer in that "*religion* in which all men agree," and come before his Lodge panoplied with authorities in favor of receiving *such* a candidate? Or would he report that the applicant had not yet received the first heart preparation?

We concede that the Jew, the Christian and the Mahometan can be received into Lodges because they believe in God as the G. A. O. T. U. And I may add that I can see no objection to adding the Koran to the Bible in the initiation of a Mahometan, provided it is thought necessary in order to add to the sanctity of the obligation, though it would hardly seem necessary as Mahometans are believers in the Bible, and acknowledge moreover that Christ was a true prophet sent from God.

I may add that the II. Article of the Masonic Faith reaches the brotherhood of man. It makes God the Father of all men, and requires that a Mason's charity should extend to the entire race. Those who are in darkness and unbelief, not yet prepared by the first heart education to enter our Lodges, true Masons will live to shed light for the benefit of even these, and aid in the noble work of educating them up to that point where they may be received into our institution. But in his present condition the atheist is not qualified, for instead of holding to the religion in which all men agree, he rejects the fundamental article of all true religion. The Pagan is not qualified simply because he has not taken the first step in the direction of Masonry. We would call the attention of Bro. Norton to the fact that we ascend into the Masonic temple by steps. The atheist and Pagan cannot take the first step for want of faith and trust in God. And we hold that due preparation will find the applicant believing in the fundamental truths of all true religion, as set forth in the Holy Bible, and those not thus duly and truly prepared should be rejected.

But we do not care to pursue this subject farther. We refer the reader to our article published in October, 1870, (No. 4 of the present volume,) which presents our views of the Bible as related to Masonry. And we repeat again, that while Masonry remains, the Bible will remain on our altar the most venerated of all books.

EARL DE GREY AT WASHINGTON.

THE following account of the reception and banquet given at Masonic Temple to Earl De Grey, the Grand Master of England, we clip from the *Chicago Tribune* of April 11th:

HIGH COMMISSIONERS FEASTED.

Earl De Grey, Lord Tenterden, Sir John Macdonald, Mr. Northcote, son of Sir Robert Northcote, and Lestrangle, Secretary of the British Legation, attended the reception and banquet at the Masonic Temple, this evening, given by the Masonic fraternity of the district in honor of the Earl. The Masons assembled were about one hundred and seventy in number, including eight Senators and thirty-four members of the House, among them members of former Committees on Foreign Affairs. When the Earl De Grey was escorted into the grand lodge-room, he was invited to occupy the Grand Master's Chair, and, after a few minutes had passed, Grand Master Stansbury delivered an address, breathing the warmest words of fraternal welcome.

Earl De Grey, in response, spoke as follows:

"MOST WORSHIPFUL SIR AND BROTHERS:—I trust you will permit me to return to you and to the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia my most grateful thanks for the very kind and fraternal which you have given me on this occasion. I assure you, sir, that I esteem it the greatest honor to have thus been received, and to have had the opportunity of being presented by you to the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, an honor which, I am well aware, I owe not to my personal worth, but to the fact—and the most important and significant fact—that I am the representative of the Grand Lodge of England, holding the highest office that can be conferred on a Mason in England—that of Grand Master—and, sir, I esteem it a most fortunate occasion—fortunate for me as an individual, and fortunate for Masonry in both countries—that there should at length have taken place so close a union between Masonry in America and Masonry in England, and that you should now for the first time, as you tell me, receive, within the walls of this important Grand Lodge of Freemasons, the Grand Master of England. We all know that fraternity is the first principle of Masonry, and therefore it is that all must rejoice at everything which tends to bind more closely together the Masons of different countries. I, sir, esteem myself very fortunate, indeed, to have had it in my power to attend here to-night. I shall carry away from this Grand Lodge the most grateful recol-

lections of your kindness. I shall make it my first duty to tell my brethren in England of the magnificent reception which has been accorded to their Grand Master to-night, and I am confident that I do not misinterpret the feelings with which they will receive the information when I see them. They will indeed rejoice that the first step has been taken which will tend to a closer and more intimate union between American and English Masons. [Great applause.] A union which, for my part, I always believed existed, but which I believe will be closer and more intimate in the future."

The Earl was applauded as he resumed his seat. The company sat down to banquet. At the removal of the cloth a table lodge was opened, and the government of the Grand Lodge was supreme as in the Grand Lodge. Grand Master C. F. Stansbury wore the apron and sash and used the gavel which formed part of the insignia of Washington. None but Masons were admitted to any of the ceremonies. Even the caterer's servants and musicians belong to the fraternity.

MASONIC RELICS.

The work of digging up the corner stone under the old Masonic Hall, on West street was commenced this morning, and the contents disclosed. The stone was originally laid in 1821, and consequently has been buried for nearly fifty years. It is the intention of the Building Committee to place the same stone under the new hall, together with its contents. But few persons are now living who were present at the original laying of this stone; but two stood upon the ground this morning to see it excavated that were present when the corner stone was laid—Mr. D. Blackmore, Jr., and James E. Lewis.

The contents of the stone, as removed to-day, are curiosities to the present generation. Among them we notice the following coins: One half cent, 1802; one cent, 1820; half dime, 1797; one dime, 1821; quarter dollar, 1818; half dollar, 1813; one dollar, 1803. A copper plate, about eight by ten, was also removed, bearing upon its face the following inscription: "This Corner Stone of Union Lodge, No. 2, held at Madison, was laid by John Sheets, Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Indiana, on the XXV day of July, A. D., MDCCCXXII, anno lucis MMMMMMDCCCXXII., agreeably to ancient form and usage." The inscription is in Latin. Upon the opposite side is the name, "C. J. Jefferies, engraver."—Madison (Indiana) *Courier*.

EDITORIAL GOSSIP.

BROTHER GEO. FRANK GOULEY, of *The Freemason*, still continues to oppose the recognition of Quebec. In his last issue he reprints the *special report* of the Committee of Correspondence, (of which Bro. G. was chairman,) adverse to recognition, which was unanimously adopted by the Grand Lodge of Missouri, at its session in 1870; and he also prints the argument of R. W. Brother J. C. Batchelor, which was submitted to the G. L. of Louisiana, also adverse to recognition. We are pleased to see Bro. Gouley so plucky, though it seems like wasted energy, in this instance. Quebec has already been recognized by about half the Grand Lodges of the United States, and the work goes bravely on.

PHI PI gives a well written article on the Masonic right of visitation, this number, to which we invite the special attention of our readers. This is a subject on which Grand Lodges and Masonic writers are much divided in opinion. Our pages are open to a friendly discussion of this important matter. We have it under special consideration, and will give our views in a future number. We do not fully agree with our esteemed friend and Brother, PHI PI.

WE now draw near the close of our second volume, and as our enterprise is in its infancy we need all due us to meet the expenses of our office. Judging from the many encomiums we are receiving from the press and prominent members of the Craft, our Journal is now worthy the hearty support of our Brotherhood in Michigan. We hope to receive all due us before July, and then we shall be able to commence volume three with accounts balanced.

AND now is the time to begin the work of raising the contemplated clubs of twenty to each Lodge for the incoming volume. Our present edition is nearly exhausted. We can continue to supply volume one and the first half of volume two for awhile yet, at \$1,50 per subscriber. Those who wish the first part of *True Wealth*, must send in their orders soon. This is a rare chance to get our back numbers at a merely nominal price.

THANKS TO GRAND SECRETARIES.—We are under great obligations to the Grand Secretaries who have sent us the proceedings of Grand Lodges, Chapters and Commanderies. We shall continue to send our Journal to all the Grand Secretaries, and hope that all who have not already forwarded the printed proceedings of their Grand Bodies, will remember us without delay.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. II.—MAY, A. L. 5871.—NO. XI.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GRAND CHAPTER OF MICHIGAN.

WE ARE in receipt of the printed proceedings of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of the State of Michigan, at its Twenty-second Annual Grand Convocation, held in the city of Detroit, January 9th, 10th, and 11th, A. D. 1871. This session's proceedings make a volume of about 270 pp., beautifully printed on tinted paper, and arranged with the care and good taste characteristic of R. E. J. Eastman Johnson, the G. Secretary. A cursory view of the copy before us shows this branch to be in a very healthful condition.

We have in this grand jurisdiction twenty-five Chapters; number of companions, 5,560; exalted during previous year, 504 rejected, 114; admitted, 64; suspended, 13; dimitted, 150; expelled, 7; died, 52; dues reported, \$3,629.50.

We give the Address of the M. E. Grand High Priest, Charles H. Brown, of Kalamazoo, as a large majority of our readers cannot have copies of these Proceedings to peruse:

Officers and Companions:

AGAIN the swift circling months bring us together in grand convocation. Again we assemble in this old familiar chamber, consecrated by the pleasant associations of many years, and endeared to us by the fragrant memories of companions and friends, many of whom have bidden farewell to the rubbish of the old temples and having passed through the veils of this earthly tabernacle, have been

counted worthy a place in that spiritual building, that house not made with hands eternal in the Heavens.

Companions, I congratulate you upon the happy auspices under which we are again brought together. With you, I join in devout gratitude to the Supreme Ruler of earth and Heaven for all his mercies.

We should rejoice that while other human fabrics, erected upon foundations seemingly stable as ours, have yielded to the decrees of fate and crumbled into dust, our beloved institution, true to its traditions and principles, still survives to realize (let us fondly trust) a yet more bright and perfect day. All jarring and discordant elements have disappeared from the councils of Royal Arch Masonry throughout our land; and the fierce animosities and bitter heart-burnings engendered by heated political strife and civil war, have been buried out of sight, and have given place to kindly greetings and fraternal love. We, on this side of the great waters, have been exempt, during the past year, from the blighting results of war and civil commotion, while two of the most powerful of European nations have been and are still arrayed against each other in deadly strife, and many, many homes have been made desolate by the loss of their first born. We have dwelt in peace and security, while the torch and shell have destroyed vast districts and towns, which but one short year ago were full of the pride of beauty and prosperity. But it is a source of melancholy satisfaction to know, as we do, that, amid the carnage of the battle-field, the mute symbols of our Order rarely fail to secure, for the dying and the dead, those kind offices for which poor humanity should never plead in vain.

I will now proceed to give you a report of my official action during the year just past.

At our last annual Convocation, a charter was granted to Hastings Chapter, No. 68, and on the 20th of January I constituted the Chapter and instructed its officers in due and ample form. My thanks are due to the officers and members of Hastings Chapter for their courteous attention while with them.

I have granted seven Dispensations for new Chapters, as follows:

February 21st—To Companions at Mt. Clemens—to be called Mt. Clemens Chapter.

February 24th—To Companions at Ithaca—to be called Ithaca Chapter.

March 27th—To Companions at Milford—to be called Milford Chapter.

March 31st—To Companions at St. Joseph—to be called Calvin Britain Chapter.

June 4th—To Companions at Lowell—to be called Hooker Chapter.

August 8th—To Companions at Alpena—to be called Thunder Bay Chapter.

December 17th—To Companions at Decatur—to be called Decatur Chapter.

December 17th, I received a petition from a constitutional number of Companions for a Dispensation to open a new Chapter at Au-Sable, which I should have granted, had the requirements of this Grand Body all been complied with. I notified them of the defects, and presume they will make application for a charter at this meeting.

I have closely examined into the locations and qualifications of the applicants in each case, and believe they come within the letter of the law. I most cheerfully recommend them to your favorable consideration, and request that charters be granted.

For good and sufficient reasons I have granted Dispensations to three (3) Chapters to hold elections of officers. I have also granted Dispensations to four (4) Chapters to confer the degrees, without waiting the usual delays, for reasons that fully justified such an indulgence.

A Dispensation has been granted to Joppa Chapter to confer the Royal Arch degree, in the rooms of Saginaw Valley Chapter, the former having been burned out. In this connection I desire to say that I deeply sympathize with them in their loss, and hope this Grand Body will sanction my action in the premises.

* * * * *

I now come to the most painful part of my official duties. In the performance of the trust with which I am charged, as your presiding officer, I am under the disagreeable necessity of alluding to a matter which I would much rather pass over in silence. I cannot express my *chagrin* and *mortification*, that one so favored, and for so long a time the occupant of the highest positions in the gift of this Grand Body, should so far forget, or disregard his solemn obligations, as to render himself obnoxious to its discipline. Could ignorance or any other excuse be offered in extenuation of the wanton violation of our rules, that is proven to have occurred in the case now alluded to, I should have been glad to overlook it, in the hope that this erring companion might go his way and sin no more. But as nothing was offered in extenuation of the companion's offense, and being satisfied that his wilful, reckless and long continued violations of the first principles of R. A. Masonry required punishment, I saw

no course left but to bring him to judgment. The necessary proof having been secured, I ordered Peninsular Chapter No. 16, to prefer charges against *Czar Jones*, P. G. H. P. of this Grand Chapter, for a violation of one of its edicts. (See proceedings 1864.)

Charges were duly preferred, and after proper trial *Czar Jones* was suspended from all the rights and benefits of Chapter Masonry. The case, together with the accompanying documents and papers, I now submit for your careful consideration. And I sincerely hope that you will give it that consideration, which so flagrant a breach of the rules of our noble Order requires. Justice demands that it should be stamped with that infamy which it deserves. I now leave it in your hands.

In this connection I would return my hearty thanks to those companions, both at home and abroad, who have so ably assisted me in this disagreeable business.

But few questions of chapter jurisprudence have required my attention, and as these relate to well settled principles which need no further discussion, I shall not detain you by their recital.

I find no provision in our laws for any fee, for Dispensations to confer the degrees of R. A. Masonry. I believe there should be some rule adopted so as to require a fee for the favor. By this means a source of great trouble to the G. H. P. and an occasion for much correspondence will be avoided; for under such a provision applications will only be made in cases of extreme necessity.

Comp. H. M. Look, Grand Visitor and Lecturer of the Grand Lodge has conferred an important benefit on the jurisdiction of this Grand Chapter in the publication of his late work on Masonic trials. I hope the Committee on Masonic Jurisprudence, will give so much of this work as relates to Chapter discipline, a careful examination, and report their opinion as to the propriety of our adopting it as our standard law in such matters.

For reasons not necessary to mention, I have not been able to visit as many of the Chapters as I wished. But I desire to congratulate such as I have seen on their diligence and proficiency in the work. And some also on the beauty and magnificence of their new halls. Of the halls recently finished and furnished, there is one of which I may speak without invidious distinction, Grand Rapids Chapter No. 7, (in connection with the other Orders), has just fitted up spacious rooms in a magnificent building with all the modern conveniences, and with elegant furniture, and is now in possession of abundant facilities for doing good work. The brethren at Grand Rapids may justly feel proud of their Masonic home.

And now, companions, it only remains for me in closing this brief address to thank you for the honor conferred in entrusting the responsible duties of High Priest of this Grand Chapter to my hands. If I have discharged them with any degree of satisfaction to this honorable branch of Masonry it has been owing not more to the conscious determination which I have brought to your service, than to the generous assistance with which I have been supported by my companions and colleagues in office.

Of one thing I am certain, that in whatever degree I may have fallen short of meeting your expectations in the discharge of my official duties, the deficiency must be attributed to errors of the head, and not of the heart. For all the imperfections of my official career I crave the mantle of your charity.

It is many years since I was first favored with a seat in this Grand Body, during which time I have rarely been absent from its deliberations. I have seen it grow up from weakness to strength until now it is fairly entitled to rank as first among its equals. It has from time to time enrolled among its members men as distinguished in the secular paths of life, as they were honored among Masons; and to have shared in the deliberations of those and to have succeeded to the official honors of the Grand Chapter, I cannot but regard as one of the happiest and proudest circumstances of my humble life. In relinquishing to my successor the position with which you have honored me, I can only ask for him the same generous confidence which you have ever extended to myself.

About this chamber I see many companions whose kindly faces and greetings have cheered and enlivened us for many years. Nor does it escape me that time with busy fingers has been twining silver threads with our darker locks "Since first we were acquaint." How swiftly go the flying years! Yes, my companions, many of us have already passed the summit and are traveling down the westward slope of life. We have left its morning garlands, withered and dead by the wayside, far behind us. Tired and weary, we have come in hither to "rest and refresh ourselves," "perchance to hearken to a lesson that shall cheer us on our way." Soon the roseate tints of the coming evening will steal along our western sky bidding us wrap our mantles the closer around our weary limbs to guard them from the chilling dews of declining day. Thus may we travel along together until we come down to the banks of that deep flowing river beyond whose dark current are the peaceful abodes of the blest. And should we be permitted to pause before crossing to the other shore, may the consciousness of a well grounded hope enable us to

wave a glad farewell to those who yet tarry behind, and then trustingly to cross from the turmoil and labors of earth to perfect and eternal rest beneath the pleasant shade on the other side.

CIRCULAR ON INTEMPERANCE.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER
OF F. & A. MASONS OF THE STATE OF OHIO. }
TOLEDO, O., JANUARY 9th, A. L. 5871. }

To the W. M., Wardens and Brethren of Lodge No. . . . F. & A. M. :

BRETHREN,—At the last session of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, begun and held in the city of Springfield, October 18th, A. L. 5870, the select committee to whom was referred so much of the M. W. Grand Master's address as relates to intemperance and profanity, submitted a report, which was adopted unanimously, as follows:—That those vices have become alarming, and painfully prevalent, even among the members of our ancient and honorable fraternity, marring the beauty and harmony of our Lodges, producing discord, alienation and moral declension, at war with the very elementary principles on which the whole fabric of the Masonic Institution is based. Every Masonic brother, by the tenure of his profession, is bound to obey the moral law, and what said that law :

“Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.”

In the first step which a man takes, at the very entrance of the vestibule of the Temple, with what solemnity is he charged, among other duties, that which he owes to his God—never to mention his name but with that reverential awe which is due from a creature to his Creator, to implore his aid in all his laudable undertakings, and to esteem Him as the chief good. Again, as he ascends another step towards the inner Temple, what brilliant hieroglyphics arrest his attention, up towards which all eyes are turned in mute and reverend awe. And can even an Entered Apprentice profane that sacred name by imprecating its curse upon himself or upon its fellow man. How much more a Master Mason, whose feet have trodden the sanctum sanctorum, or Holy of Holies.

Drunkenness is a vice of most hideous mien, brutalizing the physical man and rendering him an object of contempt and detestation, mingled with pity.

Alas! how many, even of our brethren—generous, noble and gifted—have fallen victims to this insatiable vice, and are now

moldering in dishonored graves, or hastening with trembling strides in the same broad road to destruction and death, unhonored and unwept, save by the grief-stricken, heart-broken wife and helpless orphans, or the doting mother, on whose maternal breast he in youth pillowed his boyish head.

Your Committee deem it unnecessary to elaborate the evils resulting from these unmasonic vices, not only to the fraternity of which they were once honored and beloved members, but by their vicious example in the community where their vices are practiced, your Committee recommend for adoption the following :

Resolved, That the M. W. Grand Master be, and he is hereby authorized, and it is made his duty to issue a circular to be addressed to the Subordinate Lodges of this jurisdiction, enjoining the Masters of the several Lodges to action in these premises, by all the powers of moral suasion and brotherly kindness, to arrest the evil, and, in the last resort, to cut off the persistently offending members, as cancerous excrescences on the body of Masonry.

BRETHREN,—Freemasonry is based upon the practice of virtuous principles, inculcating the highest standard of moral excellence; morality is its foundation and chief corner stone; every Mason should be a moral man; no member of our fraternity, however depraved or debased he may be, will for a moment dare to deny this fact, and yet how many, knowing their duty, as Masons, to the moral law, practice what they profess. Our institution has suffered more through our own negligence in allowing so much immorality amongst our members than from all the anathemas that ever, from ignorance or fanatical bigotry, have been hurled against it; its enemies, through our own inconsiderate acts of imprudence and negligence, have been furnished the weapons to assail it, and we have thereby weakened the means of our own defense. A man addicted to deliberate profanity, intemperance, gambling, or any other licentious habit or vice, is not a proper person for reception into the fraternity, much less to be a member thereof, unless he reforms immediately, for such a person may with just propriety be classed as an irreligious libertine—his habits would at least entitle him to that credit. An institution where the purest of morals are taught, where reverence to the High and Holy God is enjoined, should never be contaminated with impure and defiled elements. Good men and true revolt at it, honor and honesty forbid it, and divine justice will sooner or later demand full retribution for all such delinquencies. We have nothing to fear from outside pressure; the powers of the Church and State, with the feeble breath of the fanatic, have been

hurled, time and again, against our noble and time-honored institution and yet it occupies a stronger, a nobler and higher position throughout the world than ever before, and so it will ever continue to do if you will only be just, and practice outside of the Lodge those noble precepts we are taught in it. It must be apparent to the mind of a reflecting and considerate Mason that his obligations are of a most serious nature, that he has voluntarily, and of his own free will and accord, assumed duties and responsibilities which require him to obey both divine and moral law ; and the nature of these responsibilities he cannot—nay, he dare not—with impunity disregard. His duty to his God, his neighbor, his Lodge, and to himself and family, requires not only that he should obey it, but that he should use all means in his power to enforce obedience to that law from every member of his Lodge. Every institution, and more particularly ours, is judged by its individual members. If any of our members are intemperate, profane or immoral men, our Order must to a great extent suffer for their actions. A great responsibility rests upon the Master of a Lodge. He should at least be possessed of all the cardinal virtues ; temperance, fortitude, prudence and justice. How can the Master of a Lodge teach morality and virtue and expect his members to follow those teachings, when, perhaps, he is intemperate, profane, licentious and immoral in his habits? If so, he is false to his God, false to himself and his Lodge, violating his obligation, violating the promises he made at his installation. He stands before the Lodge a perjured man. Such a man is unworthy the name of a Mason, and ought not to be allowed to preside over a Lodge of Masons. He cannot expect obedience to our laws from his members if he violates those laws with impunity. A man ought not to be a Master over others who is not master over his own habits and passions. Such a Master would not be the proper person to enforce this edict of the Grand Lodge, unless he immediately reform, and if he does not reform, upon proper information being sent to me I will deem it my duty to immediately suspend him from office, as being unworthy and incapable of diffusing that light and knowledge due from a Master to his Lodge, and I hope no brother through fear or favor, will hesitate to inform me if the Master of his Lodge is profane, intemperate, or guilty of any licentious or immoral habits. It is a duty every good man owes to himself and his Lodge to see that none be elected to office but good men and true. To the end that our institution does not suffer by the election to office of men who will bring censure and reproach upon our Order, it is necessary that we should commence at the Master of the Lodge. If he is a moral

man he can command the respect and esteem of his brethren; if he is immoral, the first to be done will be to relieve him from office. And it is hereby made the imperative duty of the Masters of the several Lodges in our jurisdiction, and they are hereby ordered and enjoined to use all the powers of moral suasion, brotherly love and kindness to induce the erring brothers to reform; use all the arguments and entreaties in your power, talk to him as you would to your own brother or your only son, as you would like to have others talk to you if you were in danger; point the brother who indulges in intoxicating liquor to the danger he is in, to the serpent he is handling, to the fire that is slowly but surely consuming his vitals, destroying his intellect, debasing his manhood. No man can indulge in the use of liquor and be safe. If he is a moderate drinker, as some call it, it only takes a little more time; the fangs of the serpent will soon strike home. No man of good sense will say that the use of liquor is a benefit to himself or his family. Then why use it? Let each and every one of us who have the interest of Masonry at heart raise his warning voice against this foul monster, this demon intemperance, who is destroying its victims by thousands daily. How many of our brethren, otherwise noble, brave and generous, are slowly but surely hastening on to destruction by the aid of this most deadly poison! Brethren, you who indulge in the use of it, pause for a moment, reflect on what you are doing, ask yourself if the course you are pursuing will make you happy, will it reflect credit upon the institution, will it make your friends and family happy to know that one you love so dearly is hastening slowly but surely to a drunkard's grave. This may, to some of our brethren, seem a little too plain and strong language to use, but the disease requires a prompt and sure remedy; no other will restore the patient to health. And the Masters of the several Lodges in our jurisdiction are hereby ordered to enforce this edict of the Grand Lodge to the very letter, against every offending brother who is guilty of intemperance, profanity, or any immoral or licentious habits. The indulgence of those vices not only tends to bring disgrace and dishonor upon the guilty and offending brother, but it casts a stain upon, and he becomes a cancer on, the body of Masonry, and it can only be removed by his immediate reformation or expulsion from the fraternity. One or the other must be done. It will not make any difference how high or how low a position the brother may occupy in community or in our Order. If guilty of violating the moral law, which is the very cement and support of our institution, he must suffer the penalty. Every Master and member of our Order in this State will be held to a strict account in the

enforcement of this edict. If it should strike from the rolls of the several Lodges one-third or even half of its membership who will not conform to the law, let it be done. We are making too many members and too few Masons.

Let every Master and member do their duty in this. I assure you I will not hesitate to do my part of the work in enforcing this law even to arresting the charter of any Lodge in the State that fails to enforce this rule against every offending brother, and the suspension of the Master of any of the several Lodges who fails to comply with or enforce this edict. The time has arrived that requires immediate and prompt action by all good Masons to arrest and stop those vices. It is hereby ordered that this circular be frequently read in the several Lodges in this State, that none may plead ignorance of it. The law is plain and clear; but one course to pursue if the guilty will not immediately reform; it is the Master's duty to appoint a committee to prefer charges and expel, for unmasonic conduct, all who will not conform to the law, to the end that the honor and reputation of our fraternity may be firmly established, and the world at large convinced of its good effect.

Given under my hand, and the private seal of the Grand Master, the day and year above written.

ALEX. H. NEWCOMB,

Grand Master of Masons in Ohio.

INNOVATIONS.

To ONE familiar with the ancient *constitutions, charges and regulations* supposed to govern all Masons, and the organizations to which they belong, claiming allegiance to the York Rite, or Ancient Craft Masonry, and to which all newly made brothers, even now, solemnly subscribe, and to which they all promise implicit obedience at their making, the present system of legislation in our Grand Lodges, and in consequence thereof the rules and regulations governing subordinates, certainly often seems novel, if not strangely inconsistent.

He observes with amazement that the disjointed and spasmodic legislation growing out of that spirit of fanatical progression so pernicious and yet so prevalent these days, in political circles, has dragged its slimy and pestiferous length far into our Masonic arena also, there threatening to breed discord, distrust and confusion, if not utter annihilation; and he is dismayed, if not disgusted. He

sees one after another the old regulations either done away with entirely, or so far modified by some interpretation, or legislation, that but few—here and there one—remain.

This may seem strange, if not hypothetical, to such as have not made themselves familiar with the history of Masonry; who know but little of the ancient constitutions, old charges and regulations of the Order, and have but a very indistinct knowledge of the landmarks even. They know that they have solemnly promised to stand to and abide by them, nevertheless. That they have promised to preserve the ancient landmarks of the Order, entrusted to their care, and never suffer them to be infringed, or countenance *any* deviation from the established usages and customs of the fraternity, they dare not deny. And yet they will sit calmly by and see one after another of them either abrogated or ignored by our legislative bodies, (Grand Lodges,) and never as much as raise their voice or hand to avert the evil. And it would seem that unless a stop is put to these revolutionary proceedings soon, that it will matter but little whether we call ourselves York Rite Masons, French Rite, Scotch Rite, (Ancient and Accepted, Philosophic, or Primitive,) or one of a dozen more Rites, Orders or Associations I might name, for ere long they will amount to pretty much the same thing, *except* in name.

Since the above mentioned, and more, are in many instances possessed by one and the same individual, and often without any very distinct knowledge of either, but who measures the standing and influence of a Mason by the number of degrees that have been conferred upon him for the *fee*, it may be, by some one equally ambitious and but little more intelligent or qualified than himself, perhaps, except that he has had the prerogative conferred upon him to *communicate* the awful mysteries to him and others that they might *read* as well, may be.

These ineffable and other degrees, numbering anywhere up to a hundred or more, are often hurried through with in one or two days, or less, and the consequence is, that the candidate has about as much knowledge of them as a person would have of a large city from riding through it in a railroad car in the night at twenty miles per hour. But he is a high Mason nevertheless, and claims and often receives honors and positions accordingly.

When men without Masonic "light" or principles to govern them are put into places of trust and honor, without other qualifications except that they have been well drilled perhaps in the schools of modern politics, and therefore know how to *pull the wires* that

are to ensure success to their schemes of ambition or caprice, what may you expect, other than discrepancies among the Craft as to what is the law, and in consequence, confusion, revolution and innovations, instead of consistent legislation, squared by the landmarks, ancient constitutions, regulations, usages and customs of our fathers in Masonry?

This spirit of innovation has made itself particularly manifest, and left its marks too, at various periods from an early day in the history of Masonry. But never before, I think, was there as little regard for ancient things, of whatever name or nature, as at present in this country; and it is a serious question in my mind whether or not we will stop before everything is in a state of anarchy, Masonically as well as politically and religiously.

There was a time when subordinate Lodges were permitted to confer the Entered Apprentice degree only, while the Grand Lodge reserved to itself, or an *occasional* Lodge convened by the Grand Master for that purpose, the right to confer the second and third degrees. This custom was not abandoned for some time after the revival of Masonry, in 1717; not until after the middle of the eighteenth century, in some places.

During all this period the great body of Masons were but Entered Apprentices. Entered Apprentices became members and Fellow Crafts, Wardens, and other officers, except Masters of the Lodges. Even now the former are members of the Lodge in some countries; in all of the British possessions, I believe. Whereas we confer all three of the symbolic degrees in our subordinate Lodges, deny Entered Apprentices and Fellow Crafts the rights of membership, and therefore all participation in the proceedings of our Lodges, and some even go so far as to acknowledge them as Masons; and our Grand Lodge is but little more than a mere legislative body, differing but little from political assemblies of our day, except that the doors are closed to all but such as belong to the "Order."

Instead of the "annual feast" at which all Masons convened, "even the youngest Entered Apprentice" and Fellow Crafts, for a day of rejoicing and a general merry-making among the Craft, at which the Grand Master was chosen by the Masons assembled, of whatever degree or rank, and the "quarterly communications," composed of the Grand Master and the various Masters and Wardens of all the subordinate or particular Lodges belonging to said Grand Lodge, where the principal business pertaining to Masonry was transacted, as of former days, we now meet but once each year, and then only long enough to hurry through with what should occur.

py four times as long, besides leaving many things untouched that should engage our serious attention and careful consideration perhaps, entirely ignoring all festivity or jollity that formerly characterized such gatherings of the Brotherhood.

Thus we have faulty and deficient legislation, which is sometimes even worse than no legislation at all, if not actually pernicious and dangerous.

One result of this is, that a great part of each session is occupied in undoing what was done at a previous session. Amidst this hurried action and counteraction, we do exceedingly well and are extremely fortunate if we close the Grand Lodge without having done violence to some one or more of the landmarks, ancient constitutions and regulations.

The old regulations declare that the "Grand Lodge consists of and is formed by the Masters and *Wardens* of all the particular Lodges upon record, with the Grand Master at their head, the Deputy on his left hand, and the Grand Wardens in their proper places;" whereas our Grand Lodge "consists of the Grand Officers, Past Grand Masters, and all Past Masters of the several subordinate Lodges."

Whence do we derive the authority or acquire the right to exclude the *Wardens*, and to substitute therefor the Past Masters, as members either actual or honorary of the Grand Lodge?

Although the Past Grand Masters, Deputy Grand Masters, Grand Wardens, Grand Treasurers and Grand Secretaries have at different times, since the approval of the ancient constitutions and old regulations in 1722, been made members of the Grand Lodge, with the right to vote or speak merely, or both. Yet I can nowhere find any regulation, old or new, making Past Masters of Lodges members of the Grand Lodge, any more than as Entered Apprentices. Fellow Crafts and all Master Masons were formerly admitted at the annual feast, and allowed to participate in the convivialities of that festive occasion, and also in the election or approval of the Grand Master named by the acting Grand Master.

It may be claimed that Past Masters have a right to seats in the Grand Lodge because they were so admitted by the Athol Grand Lodge, in 1765, and in the Grand Lodge of England, (by *courtesy, merely,*) in the union, in 1813; but that was but an innovation upon the ancient regulations then, and their admission to seats to-day is nothing less: and their substitution for Wardens is a double innovation—one, too, that has not been ventured upon by any other Grand Lodge, I believe, except that of Georgia.

I look upon this innovation as a very dangerous one; it tends to concentrate power too much for the safety and welfare of the Craft at large. It is a long stride toward aristocracy; a feature that should really have no abiding place in Masonry.

The history of our Order will bear me out in this, for it was not till after the union of the two Grand Lodges in England, in 1813, that it was ever permitted to any material extent, if at all, and and then only out of deference to *royal brothers* who had filled the chair, nominally, perhaps, such as princes, nobles, etc.

Since it is in conformity with a very old regulation that the Master and Wardens of the different Lodges on record should compose the Grand Lodge, and since each charter for a new Lodge is issued to the Master and Wardens of the Lodge so chartered, and for which they are conjointly responsible, I cannot see any logical reason why the last two officers should be denied the right of representing their Lodge in the Grand Lodge, any more than the first. It is unfair to them, to their Lodge, and to the Craft in general, for it is not to be supposed that all three officers would entertain the same views upon the various matters considered in Grand Lodge, any more than that all of the members of their Lodge or the Grand Lodge would be likely to do the same thing.

Hence the different views of members would be much more likely to be fairly represented in Grand Lodge by three than one representative, since, by one delegate only, but one side of each question can possibly be presented, discussed or supported by the Lodge, no matter how many or how different the views entertained by the members thereof.

And in the hasty and inconsiderate manner in which the business of the Grand Lodge is so often transacted, this all-important individual is about as likely to be wrong as right, and the consequence is, that a part, if not all of the members of the Lodge, are virtually disfranchised by thus excluding two out of three of their rightful delegates.

We are but too apt, in these days of telegraphs and railroads, to sacrifice justice and principle upon the altar of convenience, expediency and speed, as well in Masonry as in politics, education and religion. And it is about time that we returned to first principles, especially in Masonry. The good old way of our fathers, in this as in many other things, is the most just, the most satisfactory, the best.

Again, according to the constitution of our Grand Lodge, it requires three dissenting votes to reject an applicant for member-

ship. This is certainly an infraction of the ancient constitutions, for we are there informed that "no man can be entered a brother, in any particular Lodge, or admitted a member thereof, without the unanimous consent of all the members of that Lodge then present," etc., etc. So careful were our ancient brethren to guard against a violation of this "inalienable right" of sitting members to select their own fellows, that it was also declared and maintained that this "inherent privilege" was not "subject to dispensation."

It may be urged that this provision was intended to protect the petitioner against the piques or prejudices of captious or querulous individuals, and to encourage application and lessen the number of unaffiliated Masons. But while there may be, and probably is, now and then, a case in which a good man might have been excluded by requiring a unanimously affirmative vote, and perhaps a much better man, and Mason too, than the one objecting, still it is a serious question whether the "harmony of the institution" would not be disturbed and the Lodge really a loser in the end by thus forcing one to fellowship with another whom he did not like.

We are told that "harmony is the strength of all institutions, but more especially this of *ours*," and yet by this rule we often knowingly and defiantly, as it were, force an element into the Lodge which we have virtually been informed will have a tendency to destroy it.

Besides, it seems to me that the very thing intended to be obviated, (*viz.*, non-affiliation,) is liable to be increased instead of being diminished by this violation of the ancient regulations.

Suppose, for instance, that at each regular communication of the Lodge during one year, that one member is admitted against the protest of two sitting members. At the expiration of the year you will have at least twenty-four more or less disaffected members, unless some of them choose rather to withdraw, by dimit, from the Lodge, as the only means whereby to rid themselves of this uncongenial association, forced upon them in direct violation of their "inherent privileges," which are, that "they are to give their consent in their own prudent way, either virtually or in form, but with *unanimity*," before any one can be admitted a member.

But suppose they do remain members still, how is it possible to preserve harmonious action within a Lodge thus constituted, governed and regulated, or "brotherly love and friendship" among its members? It is not difficult for one to foresee what will, in all probability, be the final result of this practice of forcing outsiders upon sitting members, and requiring a fellowship therewith, *viz.*,

confusion, discord and distrust among the members, if not a final destruction of our present Lodge system.

I know of no competent or respectable authority who claims that the Grand Lodge has the legal right to *force* members upon a subordinate Lodge, and yet this amounts to the same thing virtually. Even should the Grand Lodge reverse the decision of a subordinate Lodge, expelling a brother from all the rights and privileges of Masonry, as well as from membership in his Lodge, and thereby restore him to the former, it could not affect the relation of the restored brother to the Lodge from which he had by his Lodge been expelled any more than that of any other non-affiliated Mason.

It could not reinstate him to membership within the Lodge that expelled him, without the unanimous consent of the members thereof, any more than if he had never been a member of said Lodge.

Our Grand Lodge constitution distinctly declares, (Art. 6, Sec. 4.) that "in cases of suspension two-thirds of its members may restore, but in one of expulsion an unanimous vote shall be required." And yet in section 2d of the same article the Grand Lodge virtually ignores this ancient law of Masonry, and maintains that no less than three negative votes can reject a non-affiliated Mason applying for membership. And this will apply equally well to one voluntarily, or, as above instanced, *involuntarily* unaffiliated.

Now here is an evident inconsistency, as well as an infraction of the ancient regulations. For while a subordinate may not restore to membership without an unanimous vote of the Lodge, yet the Grand Lodge may restore to membership within the great family of Masons; in other words, make him a non-affiliated Mason; and then the Lodge may receive him to membership, even with two negative votes against him—thus authorizing a thing to be done indirectly, which it positively forbids being done directly.

This question was seldom raised in a Lodge, either general or particular, Grand or subordinate, subsequent to the revival of Masonry, in 1717, until Odd Fellowship was introduced or instituted in the United States. In that Order one black ball does not reject, unless the Lodge also deems the objection good and sufficient. Hence, if the Lodge disagrees with the brother, his objections are of no consequence; they avail him nothing. And since many Masons are also Odd Fellows, there is a tendency growing out of this, if for no other reason, to engraft the above, as well as other rules and regulations governing Odd Fellowship, upon our ancient and honorable Order also; unjust and dangerous they may be, and in direct

violation of all our landmarks, ancient constitutions, usages and regulations as well.

Again, the constitution of our Grand Lodge, (page 7, Art. 4, Sec. 1,) while defining the powers and duties of the Grand Master, declares that "he (the Grand Master) is prohibited from making Masons at sight." And yet this is laid down as a landmark in most of the works on Masonry in which they are to be found compiled. It usually stands as landmark eighth, and in the following language, viz: "The prerogative of the Grand Master to make Masons at sight is a landmark," etc. (See Mich. Digest, by H. M. Look, page 197, for instance).

The apparent diversity of opinion among eminent Masonic authors and jurists that sometimes seems to exist as to whether this is or is not a landmark of the Order, arises, I imagine, to a very great extent, out of the varied language employed by different individuals to convey but one and the same thing. For instance: Dr. James Anderson, who compiled and reported his "Book of Constitutions" in 1721, and which was approved by the Grand Lodge of England on the 25th of March of the following year, and ordered printed; again approved in 1723, revised, and again approved in 1738; also, 1756; styled it "making Masons in an occasional Lodge." Whereas, Lawrence Dermott, who wrote his "Ahimen Rezon," or spurious "Books of Constitutions," and which was approved by the "*Athol Grand Lodge*" in 1772, styles it "making Masons at sight." Both alluding to the prerogative of the Grand Master to convene or open a Lodge for the purpose of conferring the first or more degrees upon persons who have not passed through the regular ceremony of petition, reference and report, which must otherwise occupy at least a month. Neither of whom questions either the validity or propriety of the custom; and both furnish many instances where the power was assumed and acted upon by the Grand Master, subsequent to the reorganizations of Masonry in England, in 1717.

The Duke of Newcastle, and another, were thus made by Grand Master Lord, in 1731. His Royal Highness William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, was made in like manner, by Lord Blaney, Grand Master in 1766; and in 1767, His Royal Highness Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, was, also thus made, by Colonel John Salter G. M. to say nothing of others of lesser note made during and subsequent to the above periods.

As to the propriety or nonpropriety of the usage from our standpoint of view, does not, I imagine, effect its validity or our duty, as

Masons, to respect and obey it. Else the twenty-fifth landmark has no binding force upon us and hence should be expurgated at once, from all publications of the landmarks, that one intended to be standard authority for the government of the Craft.

It reads as follows, viz: "The last and crowning landmark of all is, that these landmarks can *never* be changed. Nothing can be subtracted from them—nothing can be added to them—not the slightest modification can be made in them." (See Masonic Digest by H. M. Look, p. 203.)

If, then, this be a landmark—for which abundant proof can be, if it has not already been shown to exist; and if the landmarks *must* be respected and obeyed, without any hesitation, mental reservation or secret evasion whatever, as admitted by all loyal York Rite Masons, surely the quotation I made from our Grand Lodge constitution is an innovation too plain to be mistaken, and therefore should be expunged therefrom forthwith.

There is another practice that has crept into our Grand Lodge, to which I desire to call attention in this connection. And although no special provision for it exists in our Grand Lodge constitution, authorizing anything of the kind, nevertheless it is acquiesced in by the members of the Grand Lodge continually, in utter disregard of the regulations in that particular.

I allude to the manner of voting in the Grand Lodge.

The regulations say, that "the opinions or votes of members are *always* to be signified by each holding up one of his hands," etc., etc., "*nor shall any other kind of division be admitted among Masons.*"

Now this seems to be very plain language, and very positive too, and yet it is well known that all sorts of divisions, except, perhaps, calling the yeas and nays, are tolerated in our Grand Lodge at every session.

This may seem a very trifling affair to bother oneself or others about; nevertheless, it is just as important as many other peculiarities pertaining to our very peculiar institution, which the boldest innovator would, as yet, scarcely dare to infringe upon.

This, like many other innovations, has been engrafted upon our Grand Lodge proceedings through the influence of those who were more familiar with the working of institutions and assemblies of a political character merely, or such societies and orders that have no traditionary landmarks, ancient constitutions or regulations to guide and govern them, than with that of Masonry.

It is the antiquity of our Order, her regulations and customs, and the immutability of her laws, that we boast of, and to which we proudly point the scoffing anti-Mason and others, as well as the morality, purity and brotherly love—the charity, honesty and integrity, that she inculcates and enjoins upon her members. Why should we, then permit—especially acquiesce in—these, though small they may be, innovations? They are dangerous, and should not be tolerated under any circumstances whatever, it seems to me, any more than if larger.

“Many littles make a mickle,” as the old adage runs; and this applies with peculiar force to the institution of Masonry; for if these, what may be called trifling alterations, are allowed, even occasionally, it will not require many years to entirely metamorphose the whole fabric upon which it rests and by which it is governed, and that, too, without any great change being made at any one time either.

Such, in fact, is really what has been for some time past and is now taking place in this country, in our ancient and honorable Order, ignore it as you please and deny it as you may. A little is borrowed from the Scottish Rite, a little from Odd Fellowship, a little from Templar Masonry, and a little from our legislative halls, and so on, here a little and there a little, *ad infinitum*; and it is difficult to say when or where it will end.

But the great evil lies in having too many degrees, rites and orders in Masonry, with us as it was and is with the French people. It is almost an impossibility for a man to possess a clear and distinct knowledge of the different degrees and orders which the majority of our leading, working Masons of to-day have taken, and often undertake to work or communicate, as the case may be, during the same day or within one or a few days of each other. And it is still more difficult for him to *work* them thus, and keep them separate and distinct from each other, so that there will not be more or less commingling, or substituting one for the other, of the different forms and ceremonies of these various degrees or orders, as well as the rules and regulations governing the same.

Formerly, for instance, that which now constitutes nine different degrees, viz: Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, Master Mason, Mark Mason, Past Master, Most Excellent Master, Royal Arch, Royal and Select Master, and three separate branches, orders or divisions of the York Rite, viz: Lodge, Chapter and Council or Symbolic, Capitular and Cryptic Masonry, was comprised within

the first three, viz : Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft and Master Mason, as " Ancient Craft Masonry " or the Blue Lodge.

That which now forms the Mark Master's degree, or that of which it purports to be a representation or exemplification, constituted a part of the Fellow Craft's degree ; and that upon which the Royal Arch degree is founded, or that of which it purports to be a representation or exemplification, together with an explanation of the substance as well as the ceremonies of what now constitutes the Royal and Select Masters' degrees, were embodied in and formed a part and parcel of the Master's degree ; while much of both degrees, as now conferred in our Blue Lodges, is of modern invention. This is especially the case with the lecture of the second section and even more of the Fellow Craft's degree.

But the culmination of all absurdities rests in the fact that the consummation of the tragedy—or rather the circumstances attending and resulting from it—begun in the Master Mason's degree, is placed even beyond the Royal Arch as now conferred, and that degree removed from the former (Master's degree) by three *side degrees*, so to speak, of quite modern date, which in and of themselves really amount to but little. So that the searcher after the " truth " as it is now arranged and required in *this country*, has to wade through the verbiage, circumlocution and circumambulation necessary to pass the several degrees of Mark, Past and Most Excellent Master, Royal Arch, Royal and Select Master, *successively*, before obtaining that knowledge he formerly received in the degree of Master Mason.

The consequence is, that the " word," instead of being " discovered and brought to light " in the third degree, as of yore, remains " buried in darkness " to those who advance no farther, and therefore the great body of Masons never learn what it is. Grant even that one receives all the degrees required to pass the curriculum, still the substance is so lost in the shadows, in forms and ceremonies, that but comparatively few of them ever see and rightly appreciate its beauties and real import. Hence, too, in a great measure, so many lukewarm and unintelligent, though high Masons, these days.

We in this country are getting almost as the French, who are proverbial for their love of gewgaws, revolutions and innovations in Masonry, as well as in politics, religion and dress.

Besides the degrees that seem to have been already fully and permanently engrafted upon our system by the inventive genius of one and the other imaginative mind, there is an effort now making

to add still another: the Super-Excellent Master's degree; notoriously and emphatically a transplant from the *ineffable degrees*.

This new birth has already gained much favor in some quarters; been recommended by some Grand officers; and even adopted into our system by some Grand jurisdictions; and in all probability it will ere long be approved and enforced by the Grand Council of Michigan also, although it failed to receive the recognition accorded to it in other states, at the last meeting of our Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters, notwithstanding it had its friends and warm advocates in that body.

But judging from the past, and from present indications, I should not be greatly surprised if this and the whole system of the Supreme Grand Council should one of these days be engrafted upon, or the latter substituted for, the Ancient York Rite. The attempt will not be wanting, certainly. We may see its footprints in Louisiana, *if not in other states*, already.

And unless the Sentinel remains at his post, and the secret vault is made more secure, the subtle intruder will most certainly again invade our sacred Tabernacle.

For the Michigan Freemason.

ANCIENT RUINS.

Ancient Egypt, Palestine and the East—Religion, Literature, etc.

BY M. W. ALFRED, A. M., M. D.

CHAPTER II.

DURING the long reign of Rameses the Great, and preceding it, literature of a high order flourished in Egypt, and radiated throughout the vast dominions of that sovereign in Asia, as well as in Africa.

With the high state of military glory, there existed also evidences of immense intellectual development. Poetry of rich and exalted character was composed by *Pentel-our*, the friend and admirer of his sovereign. The books of Papyrus exhumed from the tombs, attest the flourishing state of learning at the court of the Pharaohs, before the Hebrews left the lands along the Nile for their Asiatic possessions.

Egypt had her "wise men, astrologers and sooth-sayers," and her physicians had the greatest renown. The King had his officiating priests who pronounced for him the words of *Ammon*; and from among the priests and college students were the ranks of the scribes supplied. These "wise men" withstood Moses, and performed some of the miracles which he performed. "They cast their rods upon the ground and they became serpents." "They stretched their rods out over the river, and pools, and the fish died." "They brought forth frogs, as Moses did." (See *Exod. vii., viii.*) Moses was thoroughly educated in all their learning. "He was reared in a country which had carried art and industry to a very high pitch, and at a time when its literature shone with great brilliancy.

It is easy to recognize in the Egyptian texts, the peculiar turn of verses which form the special character of the Hebrew poetry. The earliest sacred writers have directly borrowed from the priestly annalists certain expressions whose energy and beauty have long been admired, and it is no mean glory for the poet *Pentel-our*, and for the other men of letters assembled at the Court of Rameses Mei Amoun, to have had a considerable share in the literary education of the Hebrew legislator. (Viscount E. de Rouge.)

The Pharaohs sustained about the same relation to the religious worship of Egypt, that David and Solomon did many centuries afterwards in Palestine. The Supreme Being was known to the Egyptians by the appellation *Ammon*, which is only another name for Jupiter. The Hebrew word *Jehovah*, evidently comes from Jupiter. Dr. Clark has clearly stated this. If we decline the Latin name Jupiter, we have in the ablative case *Jove*, Jupiter, Jovis, Jovem, Jupiter, Jove. Instead of one syllable, divide "Jove" into three, and we have *Ye-ov-ah*. Both Egyptians and Hebrews used a number of appellations for God, as every student knows.

The Egyptians acknowledged the operations of *evil* spirits as clearly as the Jews, long afterward.

A *Stele*, or sepulchral monument, found among the ruins of a Theban temple, represents a sovereign from the borders of the Tigris sending a solemn retinue to Egypt, commissioned to loan an idol reputed to possess the power of exorcising evil spirits, from those possessed by them. The daughter of this functionary was supposed to be possessed by such a spirit, and consequently a journey of three hundred leagues was but a trivial undertaking to consummate its expulsion or exorcism.

So we see, that the opinion which ascribed bodily infirmities to the operations of *malign* spirits prevailed prior to the days of Moses.

It still prevails among the tribes of Central Africa, if not in enlightened America.

We transcribe, at this place, a translation from the *Stele* of the Temple of *Khons*, which relates to this opinion :

“ In the fifteenth year of his reign, when his Majesty was celebrating at Thebes, that capital and mistress of the nations, the grand panegyric of his father Ammon, the Sun, the distributor of thrones ; behold the arrival of a messenger bearing rich presents from the King of *Bouchten* for the Queen, was announced to his Majesty. On being admitted to the presence of Rameses, the envoy saluted his Majesty in these words : ‘ Glory to thee, O Sun of nine peoples ; grant to us the breath of life.’ Then prostrating himself, he added : ‘ The King, my master, send me to thy holiness, because of *Benten-nest*, the young sister of the Queen Ra-Neferou. A secret malady consumes her. Will thy holiness deign to send her one of those men who know all things ?’ The first person sent ‘ being placed in the presence of the spirit that beset the Princess, found himself its inferior, and dare not engage in contest with it.’ A second physician was sent (*Khonsou-Pa-ar-Secher*), who exorcised the evil spirit, and ‘ *Benten-nest* was instantly cured, and the spirit withdrew whither he saw fit.’ ”

We have given but a small part of this account as found on the *Stele of the Temple of Khons*, but enough for a specimen of the whole.

This event was transmitted to this monument long before the Hebrews possessed the Land of Canaan. But this Princess was not the only person in high rank who thus suffered. *Hercules* was said to have been similarly affected ; and hence Aristotle calls epilepsy *Morbus Herculi* ; and Hippocrates, who wrote his medical treatise about three centuries B. C., styles it *Morbus Sacer*—the disease caused by the Gods. It was believed that God sent good and evil messengers, or angels, to perform his purposes of vengeance or of kindness. It is recorded in our sacred writings of King Saul, “ that an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him,” (I. Sam., xvi.,) which David drove away by his skilful performances upon the harp.

Also in the New Testament we find professional *exorcists*, or expellers of demons. “ Then certain of the vagabond (wandering) Jews, *Exorcists*, took upon them to call over them which had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus, saying ; ‘ We abjure you by Jesus, whom Paul preaches. And there were seven sons of Sceva, a Jew, and chief of the priests which did so.’ (Acts, xix.) Exorcism was the professional business of a large class of “ traveling ”

Hebrew Doctors. Christ asked the Jews "by what authority their sons cast out demons?" (Luke, xi.,) showing conclusively this fact. The casting out or exorcising demons was not in dispute, but they falsely accused Christ of casting them out through "Beelzebub."

Josephus says of King Solomon: "God also enabled him to learn that skill which expels demons; which is a science useful and sanative to men. He composed such incantations also by which distempers are alleviated. And he kept behind him the manner of using *exorcism*, by which they drive away demons so that they never return, and this method of cure is of great force unto this day; for I have seen a certain man of my own country, whose name was Eleazor, releasing people that were demoniacal, in the presence of Vespasian, and his sons, and his captains, and the whole multitude of his soldiers. The manner of the cure was this: He put a ring that had a root of one of those sorts mentioned by Solomon, to the nostrils of the demoniac, after which he drew out the demon through his nostrils, and when the man fell down immediately, he adjured him to return into him no more, making still mention of Solomon, and reciting the incantations which he composed. And when Eleazor would persuade and demonstrate to the spectators that he had such a power, he set a little way off a cup or basin of water, and commanded the demon as he went out of the man to overturn it, and thereby to let the spectators know that he had left the man; and when this was done, the skill and wisdom of Solomon was shown very manifestly; for which reason it is that all men may know the vastness of Solomon's abilities, and how he was beloved of God, and that the extraordinary virtues of every kind with which the ring was endowed may not be unknown to any people under the sun; for this reason I say it is that we have proceeded to speak so largely of those matters." (Antiquities of the Jews, Book viii., ch. ii.) Fragments of these conjurations of Solomon may be found in *Fabricius*. (Cod. Pseudepigr, Vet. Test. p. 1054.)

Quoting again from the *Stele* of the Temple of Khons, it is asserted that the second prophet sent by Pharaoh, Khonson-Pa-arscher, "On reaching the place where the Princess Benten-rest was, the spirit that beset her humiliated itself before him and said: 'Welcome to thee, mighty God, conqueror of those who rebel! I am thy slave; I shall be no hindrance to the purpose of thy journey, but shall return to the place whence I came.'"

Every reader will see at once the antiquity of the opinions concerning the evil operation of these malign spirits. Whether they

are substantial, or not, in the minutæ, each must judge for himself. Our duty is simply to present the facts.

The inscription on each long-buried *Stele*, the hieroglyphic tales of the *Papyri*, and the still fresh *mural paintings*, but so recently disintombed in Egypt, come to us like a voice from eternity. As before stated, I have examined one of these *Papyri*, which lay for many centuries on the breast of an Egyptian mummy, probably from the time when Joseph's brethren appeared before him to purchase those sacks of corn, to transport back to their home in Canaan.

TRUE WEALTH.

CHAPTER XVI.

BY S. C. COFFINBERRY.

THE WINTER was over. The early spring flowers had opened their delicate petals to the sunlight, had closed again and had withered on their stems. As every thing bright and beautiful in this chilling mundane sphere must fade and die away, so had they.

How forcibly, and how beautifully is the compensating beneficence of the Infinite symbolized in the return of the spring time with its flowers, its caressing zephyrs, its perfumes laden with the essence of vitality; its bird notes and its revivifying impulses. after the dark, howling season of winter. As this renewal of life—this resurrection from the grave of winter bursts upon us, the heart swells with new hopes, the countenance of all things smiles with joy and the soul expands into a fellowship with nature and nature's God. After the sorrows and tears of winter come the smiles and joys of spring.

The early flowers had come and gone. The broad leaves of the *Catalpa* hung gracefully beneath the rudimental racines of gorgeous flowers or flaunted gently in the soft zephyr that stirred them.

Charles Preston and Mr. Gimlett sat in the bed-room of the latter. The two daughters of Mr. Gimlett sat in the same room, which was a large apartment well appointed and sumptuously furnished.

The elder of the two young ladies, Miss Emeline Gimlett, was a tall, fair-haired girl of the age of nineteen years. Her face, although rather plain, was marked by an earnest and mature thoughtfulness, which enhanced the harmony of her features and gave to her whole expression a deep intellectual character.

After the decease of her mother, some eight years previous to her introduction to the reader, she took charge of the domestic household of her father at its head, which tended to lead her directly from girlhood to the duties and habits of mature womanhood. She had been the stay and comforter of her afflicted father. She had sympathized with his physical and mental suffering, which had, to some extent, imparted a sadness to the expression of her countenance as seen in repose. When she opened her lips to speak, however, a sweet gush of beauty, pure as a May morning, beamed from her countenance, like a bright dash of sunlight across the shadow of the cloud cast upon a flowery vale. As she spoke or smiled, her lips parted like an infants and displayed teeth of the most dazzling whiteness and the most perfect regularity, while her eyes beamed softly and gently, and, yet, with a rare brilliancy within their blue depths.

Harriett, or, as she was more generally called Hattie Gimlett, was two years the junior of her sister. She was a deep brunette of middle stature. Her jet black hair and eyes were intensified by the contrast with the light brown hair and soft blue eyes of her sister. Harriett lacked the staid and thoughtful expression which so distinctly characterized Emeline. Her black eyes darted from object to object like fitful flashes of lightning, now sparkling here, now flashing there, with a deep fire that appeared to penetrate its objects.

Mr. Gimlett sat in an easy chair, near the bed. Emeline sat in a chair beside him, her arm resting on the back of her father's chair, as she twined her white delicate fingers in the black glossy hair of her invalid sire.

Hattie sat on a hassock beside her sister and rested her arm across Emeline's lap. In front of this group sat Charles Preston.

"How refreshing that is?" said Mr. Gimlett, as the zephyr, rich with the odor of flowers, stole in through the open window.

Mr. Gimlett was pale. The hectic glow had forsaken his hollow cheek. The glistening brightness of his jet black eyes was increased. His attenuated hand was paler than ever before. Still he spoke clearly and with a stronger voice than usual.

"Yes," said Preston in response to the remark of the dwarf, "the vernal season has again returned to renew life in every thing."

Gimlett turned his sparkling eyes upon Charles and surveyed him with a burning glance for nearly a minute, when his features relaxing, with a smile he said:

"To renew life in every thing in which the last spark has not already gone out."

Preston was silent. Hattie burried her face in her sister's lap,

and a large tear silently traced Emeline's cheek. The dwarf continued :

"To me no spring time comes, until I pass the portals of the tomb, the threshold of eternal spring. Although I murmur not to die in the spring time. I would rather depart for the brighter land in the autumn. The silent grave, with its mantle of virgin snow always had a comfortable appearance to me, but the spring grave with its covering of summer flowers always seemed to my mind a mockery. But, it matters not where we go, or how we may lie; whether beneath the snow or the flowers; the life beyond is all flowers—all music. They are at rest," said he directing his eyes through the window to the ruins of the theatre which lay but a few rods from and in full view of his bed-room. "From you ruins I have daily drawn a deep lesson. Ashes to ashes—dust to dust, in full view of the ruins before us is fraught with a deep meaning. See the crumbling stone-work reddened by the fire, mingling with the charred pots and ashes—and, conspicuous among all see the chalky bones projecting as white as snow in the sun rays. To them no earthly spring time comes. It is no matter, now, to them, where these chalky vestiges of mortality lie; whether there, amid their kindred ashes, beneath a sheet of snow or a robe of spring flowers. The fire is quenched—the burning pain has ceased and the dying agony is stilled. Well may we now say, 'peace to their ashes.'"

"Dear papa," said Emeline, "are you not talking to much?"

"No child," returned the father, "I feel quite well, quite strong, I feel much better to-day than I have felt for months, and you see my cough has entirely ceased." He smiled and turned to his daughter and gently patted her cheek with his thin bony hand, and then continued :

"I have been very anxious to see you, Mr. Preston, for I have much to say to you, which concerns you more immediately than myself, I have been a close observer of human nature; and, from my observations have learned to penetrate the secrets of the human heart. Since my more recent decline, this power, or gift if you see proper to consider it, has increased. I have made discoveries that I wish to communicate to you, in order that you may not only enhance your own happiness, but that you may contribute to the happiness of others. Within a few days (it may be a halucination, perhaps,) I have had repeated premonitions of my departure from earth before many more days. In my waking hours, I appear to dream; in these dreams I appear to see my departed wife—to walk with her along the flowery banks of shining waters. She

comes daily to my bed-side and beckons me to follow—I appear to myself to arise and go with her. At such times, I——”

He ceased to speak, apparently from an obstruction in the throat—his breath ceased—a slight struggle followed—suddenly he coughed, a small gush of blood issued from his lips and fell upon his bosom. His head drooped and his arms fell helplessly beside him.

Assisted by his daughters Preston laid poor Mr. Gimlett on the bed, where he was propped in a reclining position with the pillows.

“There,” said the dwarf. “It is over now. That spasm has passed. I fancy I will go off in one of these.” Turning to his daughters he requested them to leave him and Charles alone for a short time as he wished to speak a few words with him in private. After they had left, he resumed.

“Mr. Preston, I never had a son, but, I fancy I have felt towards you as a father feels towards a son. At all events I have loved you. What more can a father do than love his son? Your happiness is near my heart—but—see my wife is coming now—my dear departed Ada—raise me up Preston, raise me!”

Charles raised the dwarf in bed and seated himself beside him on the edge of the bed, his arm supporting him.

“There, do you not see her? It is Ada,—she beckons me. Charles Preston, I must go. Eda Wilson—you love her; I know you do. See, she comes still nearer. I must go, Preston. Eda Wilson, she loves you; I know she does. Preston, see, she is going. See,” said he, raising his right arm, and pointing with his long, white finger out of the window—“See,” said he. His arm dropped to the bed, and he fell heavily back upon the pillows. The poor dwarf was dead.

Mortality! How solemn it is! Preston had never before witnessed the separation and departure of the spirit from its clay tenement. He was surprised at the solitude, the silent calm that pervaded the apartment. Before him lay the cold and insensible form that but the moment before had addressed him. Now he stood alone. The inanimate atoms lay there pulseless and cold, while the words it had but the moment before uttered were still ringing in his ears.

Preston stood and gazed upon the features of the dead in deep wonder. A smile still mantled the pale lips. Preston closed the glassy eyes, and, as he did so, he said in a low voice, as if addressing an invisible presence: “In the quiet calm of death there is a beauty and a grandeur!”

The door of the bed-room opened, and Dr. Dutton entered. He stood a minute in surprise, silently gazing upon the placid features of the departed.

"Where are the daughters?" he enquired in a low whisper.

"They withdrew a few minutes since, at the request of their father," returned Charles, "and are not yet apprised of the death of Mr. Gimlett."

"Poor girls!" said the Doctor, "it will be a sad stroke to them. I wish Mr. Wilson was here, just at this moment, for the daughters to lean upon in this sad affliction, for they regard him as a father."

"I will go to the bank and send Mr. Wilson," said Preston, taking his hat, "if you will remain until he comes."

"Yes, go," said the Doctor, "but pass out of the alley, for, if the girls see you leaving they will at once repair to this room, and, I would prefer that Mr. Wilson should be present when they discover their bereavement."

Preston left the room and pursued the alley indicated by Doctor Dutton. Just as he was about turning the corner of the block, a wild, protracted shriek from the house he had left pierced his ear. It was the voice of anguish. He knew too well its meaning. He hastened on as his eyes were filled with tears.

When Preston reached the bank he found that Mr. Wilson had left it a few minutes before he entered. He wrote a brief note informing him of the death of Mr. Gimlett, and presenting Dr. Dutton's request for his presence, and dispatched his messenger after Mr. Wilson with the note.

Preston sat alone in his office. He crossed his arms upon his desk before him, closed his eyes, and rested his forehead upon his folded arms. Again the death scene passed vividly through his mind: He appeared to see the long thin arm raised, and the pale, bony finger pointing through the window, and the words "Eda Wilson! She loves you; I know she does," again rung in his ears. A deep reverie followed, which, after an hour, was interrupted by a loud voice in the front room demanding: "Whas Massa Charles Preston?"

"Go into that door at the right," said Twinkle.

Charles sprang to his feet as the door opened, for he knew the voice of old Cudgie.

"O! Massa Charles! Massa Charles!" cried the old man, rushing forward and wringing both of Preston's hands and pressing them to his lips; "O! Massa Charles! de Lord bress you! bress you!"

bress you! wid all His might, bress you! bress you! It jes' duz dese ole eyes good to see you once more again!"

"Cudgie," said Charles, "I am glad to see you. It was kind of you to come and see me. Come, now; sit down in this arm-chair and rest, for you must be tired."

"No, sar, Massa Charles, I isn't a bit tired," returned the old man, "but I was mightily tired afore I found you. I was so feared I moughtn't find you at all among so many folks; but since I set eyes on you the tired is all gone."

"How is my mother?" asked Preston.

"De Lord bress you, Missus is right down well, and jes' as happy as she can be; and little missus Ny she's grow'd into quite a smart big gall, and she is so funny, it would jes do your eyes good to see her capern' 'round. An' Notty, the little lamb, you know, she's growed into quite a big sheep, an' has two lambs, an' thure dredful fine wool, too. Dese hur stockin's I'se got on is some o' Notty's wool. Missus knit 'em and guv dem to old Cudgie for a Christmas gift."

"When did you leave home?" enquired Charles.

"Day 'fore yistaday," returned the old blackman. "I can't walk like I used to could any more," continued he. "Dese here old legs is a gitten' kind o' stiff and can't stand as much as when I used to tote you about on dis here ole back and picked de chimpopins, an' de pekans, an' de pawpaws. Oh! dem was de fine times, but dere all done gone now any more."

Charles Preston sat with Cudgie until twilight. A thousand questions were asked by Preston and answered by the old darkie. A thousand incidents of Preston's boyhood were recounted and dwelt upon by both. Tears of gratitude came into Preston's eyes, as the faithful old negro unrolled a Spanish dollar from a worn and soiled paper which he took from his pocket, and presented it to Charles, saying, as he presented it:

"Da, Massa Charles, Ole Cudgie's saved dis for you for a long time. I got it for splitten oven wood for ole Miss Reynolds, an', says I, I'll jiss save dat for Massa Charles, an' so I jes' fotch it along. it's dreadful little to offer, I knows well enough; but still you may need it some day."

"Cudgie," said Charles, "I have seen the time when I would have considered your offering quite a fortune, but now, indeed I do not need it. When I was a boy and could not earn over a levy a day for my sick mother, you and poor Aunt Sukey, by your kindness helped to support us. You brought us bread, and eggs, and

poultry, and divided your own hard earnings with us. Can I forget these things now that I am able to return a hundred-fold?"

"O! Massa Charles, dat wasn't nuffen; we didn't had no body to feed an' take care of but jes' our own two selves, an' so dat wasn't nuffen."

"Cudgie, I will take your dollar upon condition that you will agree to accept a present from me."

"Well, yes," replied Cudgie, "if you's a mind to guv me some little ting as a keep-sake, or send some little matter to Aunt Sukey, I knows de ole woman would keep it as long as she lives."

Preston took the piece of silver and tacked it in his desk. They both arose and left the bank. Preston accompanied the old man to a hotel, and after providing him with good quarters, and having directed the proprietor to see that the old man should lack nothing to make him comfortable, was about to leave, when Cudgie said, as he drew a package from his coat-pocket:

"Da, what a fool I is, sure enough. Da's suffen Missus sent, an' after I fotched it all de way, I'se liken to forgot to guv it to you."

It was quite dark when Charles Preston entered his room. He hastily closed the windows, drew the curtains and lit his lamp. Seated by a table in the center of the room, he opened the parcel that Cudgie brought from his mother. From this parcel he took the Masonic apron of his father. This symbolic apron was of white vellum, stained and discolored by time. It was embroidered with a deep frill of pale blue satin ribbon; in the center was embroidered with bullion thread a square and compass, and, on the flap, was also embroidered, of the same material, the radiations from the All-Seeing Eye, which was represented by a beautiful mosaic of valuable gems, the pupil of which was a large opal.

Preston spread out the apron before him. His eyes filled with tears. He sat silently for several minutes. He arose and paced the room slowly and sobbed aloud. He approached the table and took up the apron. He drew the ribbon-strings through his fingers and was about to put the apron on himself. He hesitated; he replaced it upon the table, and said in a low, solemn voice:

"No, I will not desecrate it. It was my father's. It is his gift from the tomb. It is too sacred. Until I merit this sacred emblem by good deeds I will never wear it. It was last worn by my father. That father I have never seen except in childhood, and, in this sacred relic he comes near me. I will so regulate my life by the square of virtue that I will not be ashamed to meet him in the Supreme Grand Lodge above."

He returned to the parcel. He took from it a pair of long woolen stockings. A slip of paper pinned to them read thus :

“ Some of Notty’s wool knitted by my own fingers.

“ ALLA.”

He next undid a small parcel rolled in pink tissue paper. It was a long ringlet of black glossy hair, ingeniously attached to the inside of an acorn shell which had been excavated for the purpose.

Preston laughed outright as he read on the strip of paper in which this little trousseau was rolled, the following words :

“ Tall oaks from little acorns grow,
Large streams from little fountains flow.”

“ ALLA.”

He again took two letters from the parcel, the larger one addressed, “ To Charles Preston, Esquire ;” the lesser one, “ To My Dear Charley, boy, Esquire.

Preston broke the seal of his mother’s letter, and read as follows :

“ MY DEAR CHARLES :—I take advantage of Cudgie’s visit to Baltimore to send your father’s Masonic apron to you, believing that you have arrived at an age, and have sufficiently advanced in the knowledge in the science of Freemasonry to set a proper value upon this mysterious symbol. Of course, I know nothing of this society except as I have gathered from its practical workings, and, from that knowledge, I must pronounce it good. I cannot believe that General Washington would adhere to an institution that was not good.

“ Your description of General Washington, to say the least of it, is graphic. When I was young, I frequently met this man who has since become so distinguished, not only in this country, but in the Old World. Age and experience, I have no doubt, have added dignity, and many other qualities of greatness, to the politeness and elegance of his younger days ; for, as a young man, he was a model gentleman, distinguished for his polite and elegant manners.

“ You say that it would be folly for you to entertain a tender sentiment for the banker’s daughter. Perhaps, that may be so, and still, it is not impossible that you may indulge that folly, for, as I said in my last letter to you upon this subject, that we ourselves, cannot control our affections.

“ Charles, you love this young lady. I have not another word to say upon this subject, except that I know it, and, that this knowledge I have drawn from your own letters. I will keep your secret.

“Poor old Cudgie is almost wild at the prospect of his visit to you. How faithful he has ever been to us! I hope you will treat him well, for he and Aunt Sukey deserve our gratitude to an extent further than your own knowledge of their fidelity will warrant.

“Ella sends you the first letter she ever wrote. It will flatter her to be the recipient of a few lines from you, addressed to her personally.

“I will not trouble you with lengthened counsels in relation to your future course. I do not desire to press matters that may be unpleasant to you, but cannot refrain from this remark, that a proper affection for a true and a pure woman is honorable for any man, and what no honorable man should be ashamed to acknowledge.

“Ella sends some reminders of her affection which I know you will receive in the spirit which prompts her to send them. She is improving very much, especially in her French reading. But she is so wild, and so full of waggery, that I do not know what to think of her.

“I shall expect you to write to me, as well as Ella, by Cudgie's return.

“YOUR MOTHER.”

Preston now read his sister's letter, which ran thus :

“DEAR CHARLES :—This is the first letter I ever wrote, and you must make allowance for my blunders. Mamma says I must try to be serious, when I write to you, if I never was serious before. I do not believe I was ever serious before, and I cannot tell when I am serious.

“I send you some things by old Cudgie. I knit every stitch of the stockings my own self, only Mamma turned some of the seam stitches, at first, till I learned how, and she showed me how to narrow.

“I scooped out the acorn, and Aunt Sukey helped me to fix the hair in it. She thought it was ‘dreadful nice.’

“Notty has got two lambs, the cunningest little things I ever saw. I call one Dumpie, it has such a stumpy little nose. The other I call ‘Nosegay,’ for his little nose is speckled over with brown spots.

“Old Quashee is dead. He and Cudgie went down to town, and so the boys down there got to beating old Quashee; he got so drunk he could not walk. Old Cudgie started to carry him home, and got along about half way home, and there came on an awful heavy rain, and the poor old fellows had to lie out in the woods all

night. Quashee took cold, and had a hard fever two or three days and died. He was ninety-nine years old.

"Aunt Sukey still brings us a great many nice things for our table. She keeps us in Persimmon beer nearly all the time, and just now she has some of the nicest metheglin; I tell you, it makes a body's eyes snap. Cudgie's bees swarmed seventeen times last year. He's got one hundred and three swarms now. He sells a wonderful sight of honey and metheglin. Somebody stole one of his bee-caps. I think it was real mean.

"Now this is a long letter. Mamma said she did not think I could write you a letter and leave the funny out. So now, haven't I Charley? Mamma thinks your'e taking a shine after some great lady in Baltimore, but you aren't, are you, Charley? I would get real jealous if I thought so.

"Your true and loving sister,

"ELLA PRESTON."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BANQUET TO THE GRAND MASTER OF ENGLAND.

IN OUR last issue we noted in brief the reception given by the R. W. Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia in honor of Earl de Grey and Ripon, who is the Grand Master of Masons in England, and now at Washington as one of the High Commission. We have since received a more extended account of the Grand Festival, as reported in the *Washington Daily Patriot*, and add the following to our former brief notice.

After the assembling of the Grand Lodge, the opening ceremonies and address of welcome by Grand Master Stansbury and Response of Earl de Grey, (given in our last issue,) the proceedings were as follows:

The choir then sang with excellent effect "Auld Lang Syne."

The Grand Master then ordered a recess, and the brethren formed in line, and were individually presented to the Earl by P. G. M. Donaldson and Deputy Grand Master Clarke, assisted by Grand Secretary Larner.

After an interval passed in fraternal intercourse, the brethren participating in the banquet formed in procession and descended to the grand hall, where the tables had been set out for the substantial entertainment of the occasion. The room was beautifully decorated. At the east end of the hall was the chair of the Grand Master, and suspended over it the great banner of the Royal Arch Chapter, with its appropriate motto, "Holiness to the Lord." On either side were draped in fraternal union the national banners

of England and the United States. In the panel on the right of the Grand Master was suspended a fine, half-sized portrait of the Queen of England, and on the left a full-length portrait of George Washington. On the side-walls were suspended and intertwined the national colors of the two countries, while at the western end of the room was hung a fine portrait of the late distinguished Mason, B. B. French, and across the western end of the hall was festooned the Stars and Stripes.

The tables were arranged as follows: A table across the east end of the hall for the Grand Master and invited guests, as well as for the principal officers of the Grand Lodge, and down each side of the hall length were two long tables for the other guests, while in the centre of the hall was a small table for the convenience of the members of the Press. The guests at the principal tables were seated in the following order: In the centre, Grand Master C. F. Stansbury; on his right, Earl de Grey and Ripon, John H. B. Latrobe, Grand Master of Maryland; Dr. A. G. Mackey, Mr. Le Strange, Major Ben Perley Poore, John R. Holbrook, Grand Master of New Hampshire; J. Daniel, Grand Visitor and Lecturer of the District of Columbia; Asa Smith, Grand Master of Connecticut; J. B. Will, Past Deputy Grand Master of the District of Columbia; John Scott, Grand Master of Iowa, and G. P. Clarke, Deputy Grand Master of the District of Columbia.

On the left of the Grand Master were seated Lord Tenterden, R. A. Lambertson, Grand Master of Pennsylvania; N. D. Larner, Esq., Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and Grand Representative of the Grand Lodge of Scotland near this Grand Lodge; A. H. Newcombe, Grand Master of Ohio; Peter Hooe, Past Deputy Grand Master of the District of Columbia; J. T. Heard, Grand Master of Massachusetts; Rev. J. J. Coombs, Grand Chaplain of the District of Columbia; J. W. Nairn, Past Deputy Grand Master of the District of Columbia; Samuel Lawrence, Grand Master of Georgia, and R. B. Donaldson, Past Grand Master of the District of Columbia.

The guests having taken their places around the table, the Divine blessing on the food was invoked by Grand Chaplain Coombs. All fell to, with sharp appetite, upon a sumptuous banquet, which had been provided in elegant style by Brother Levi Woodbury, proprietor of the St. George, and to which they did most ample justice.

The dinner over the cloth was removed, and the Grand Master caused the hall to be purged of all except Master Masons, after which a table Lodge was opened in due form, and the wines were sent on for the regular toasts. The Grand Master then said:

BRETHREN:—We are assembled on an occasion and for a purpose which lend a peculiar interest to our convocation this evening. This is an assembly of brethren from every quarter of our vast domain, which has its inspiration in a desire to extend a fraternal greeting and welcome to an eminent member of our fraternity from the land to which most of us can point as the land of our fathers.

But the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, in the character of host, has the pleasant duty of welcoming not only our distinguished brethren from England, but the Grand Masters of many sister jurisdictions in the United States.

It was our desire to give to this meeting an international character, by presenting here the Masonic Fraternity of the New World, in the attitude of welcoming to our shores the representatives of the Masonic Fraternity of the Old World. In pursuance of that design, we have invited here all the Grand Masters of the United States. Some, we are most happy to say, have accepted that invitation and are present with us: others have responded in writing to our call, regretting their inability to attend, and expressing their cordial sympathy in the purpose we have in view.

After welcoming, as I now most cordially do, in the name of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, all our guests who have honored us with their presence to-night, I will call on our R. W. Brother Grand Secretary to let us hear the voices from our distant brethren, who are with us in spirit, and whose bodily absence cannot be more deeply regretted by themselves than it is by us.

R. W. Noble D. Larner, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, then read letters from eleven Grand Masters, expressing regret that they could not be in attendance—the following from the M. W. Grand Master of Michigan :

GRAND LODGE F. & A. MASONS OF MICHIGAN, }
 OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER, }
 GRAND RAPIDS, April 3d, A. L. 5871. }

Chas. F. Stansbury, Esq., M. W. Grand Master, &c., District of Columbia:

DEAR SIR AND M. W. BROTHER:—Your favor of the 25th ultimo, extending an invitation to me to attend a banquet to be given the Right Honorable the Earl de Grey and Ripon, M. W. Grand Master of England, on the 10th instant, is received. I regret very much that, owing to business engagements which I find it impossible to postpone, I shall not be able to avail myself of the opportunity which the occasion would afford of expressing in person to your right honorable guest the high estimation in which he is held by the Fraternity here, as M. W. Grand Master of England. But in behalf of the twenty thousand Free and Accepted Masons in Michigan, I extend to him our fraternal regards and brotherly greeting.

Thanking you for this token of your consideration,

I am fraternally yours,

J. W. CHAMPLIN, Grand Master.

We regret that we have not space to give the other ten very interesting letters from the Grand Masters who could not attend.

The Grand Master, resuming, said :

The letters which have just been read show how cordially our Masonic brethren, from all quarters, unite with us in the fraternal feelings which have prompted this reunion.

I have now the pleasure to introduce to the brethren assembled the guests who have come to unite with us in the pleasant ceremonies of this occasion. [Each guest rose as his name was called.]

Hon. Jackson Orr, proxy for the G. M. of Iowa; G. M. Samuel Lawrence, of Georgia; G. M. Asa Smith, of Connecticut; G. M. John Collins McCabe, of Delaware; G. M. John R. Holbrook, of New Hampshire; P. G.

M. John T. Heard, of Massachusetts; Brother Le Strange, of the British Legation; G. M. A. H. Newcomb, of Ohio; G. M. J. H. B. Latrobe, of Maryland; G. M. R. A. Lamberton, of Pennsylvania; P. M. P. Z. Lord Tenterden, of England; G. M. of Masons of England, Earl de Grey and Ripon.

The Grand Master then proceeded to read the regular toasts, and said :

BRETHREN :—The toast I am now about to propose is one in which I am sure you will all join with more than usual pleasure, as we are seldom afforded in our social assemblies in this country an opportunity of expressing in this manner those sentiments of respect and admiration which are felt here for the present Sovereign of Great Britain.

As the first lady in her realm and the representative of the British Empire, it would on this occasion be but a proper act of courtesy to her high office, without reference to her personal claim to esteem and honor.

But Queen Victoria, by the purity of her character and her exemplary virtues in the relations of daughter, wife, and mother and ruler, has achieved a title to reverence which could never arise from her regal dignity alone.

As the daughter, wife, and mother of a Mason, a sentiment in her honor has a peculiar propriety in this presence.

The portrait of her Majesty, which forms the chief decoration of this hall, recalls to my mind a circumstance which is so interesting from an American point of view, that I know you will pardon me for taking a moment to relate it.

I had the pleasure of attending in London a banquet given by our late distinguished countryman, George Peabody, in celebration of the anniversary of American Independence.

Mr. Peabody desired to adorn the walls of the banquet hall with the portrait of the Queen. This fact becoming accidentally known to her Majesty, she voluntarily directed that the celebrated portraits by Winterhalter of herself and Prince Albert, which hung in her palace, should be placed at Mr. Peabody's service, and they were hung at the head of the banqueting table. And there was presented the interesting, and somewhat extraordinary, spectacle of a celebration of the independence of these States held in the British capital, not only with the sanction of the British Queen, but with her cordial participation, and that Queen the granddaughter of Geo. III.

Brethren, I give you, and ask you to drink with all the honors :

“The Queen of Great Britain.”

The announcement of this toast was followed by the band playing “God Save the Queen,” and by three loud cheers and a tiger.

At this point the Grand Tyler announced the arrival of Sir John MacDonald and Mr. Bernard, who had been detained by other engagements, and who, as they entered and were escorted to the table of the invited guests, were received with three times three cheers, waving of handkerchiefs, and other tokens of welcome :

The Grand Master then said :

BRETHREN :—The next toast which I shall have the pleasure of offering bears a relation to the sovereignty of the American people, similar to that which the previous toast sustained to that of Great Britain.

In a Masonic assembly it would be obviously improper to make any personal allusions to the honored incumbent of the high office of the Presidency of the United States. As Masons we honor him as the representative of our American nationality.

I ask you to drink, with all the honors, "The President of the United States."

The band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," the guests rising to their feet and joining in the chorus.

BRETHREN:—I ask you now to prepare for what may properly be called the toast of the evening.

No intelligent and liberal Mason could have learned without sincere gratification that at the head of a Commission of transcendent importance, sent to this country by the British Government, was placed the first Mason of England.

The trowel, my Brethren, is the principal working tool of a Master Mason, and no true M. M. can ever forget the moral lesson it is intended to teach.

As Free and accepted Masons we are taught to make use of it for the noble and glorious purpose of spreading the cement of brotherly love and affection, that cement which binds us together in one common brotherhood, among whom no contention should ever arise except that noble contention who shall best work and who best agree.

No doubt our honored guest is a workman who knows how to use the trowel, and whose labors with it will serve to unite two great nations in bonds of reciprocal and enduring respect and affection.

In view of the great leading tenet of our Fraternity, we rejoice to welcome the Grand Master of Masons of England among us, and in the name of the Grand Lodge of this District of Columbia, and in the name of the half million of Masons of the United States, most of whom are represented on this occasion, I ask you to join in drinking the health of his Lordship the Earl de Grey and Ripon, Grand Master of Masons of England.

The band struck up "Rule Britannia," and the most enthusiastic cheers greeted the announcement, and many voices called upon the distinguished brother for a speech.

Earl de Grey said:

MOST WORSHIPFUL SIR AND BRETHREN: I beg to return to you my most grateful thanks for the more than kind reception you have pleased to give me this evening, and which is none the less flattering because it is offered to me as the representative of the great body of English Masons, and also as the representative of my country. Sir, the leading principle of our ancient Craft is that of true fraternity among all members, of whatever race or nation, and it is not, therefore, wonderful that American Masons should greet with hearty welcome any foreigner who comes to your shores. But I do not feel that in the United States I ought to call myself a foreigner. [Loud cheering.] I am constantly forgetting while here that I am not at home. [Cheers.] And while it is true that our fraternity exists beyond the boundaries of all nationalities, it is also true that, especially between American and English Masons, the sentiments of fraternity should exist in more than ordinary degree.

I believe that all true Masons are inspired by the warmest feelings of patriotism, and this feeling is among no people better exemplified than in the American and English nations. * * * It is true that

we have the same history, and a common ancestry, and the leading historical events and noblest works of literature of the mother country are common to both nations. In your ancient Lodges, I am told, you still have charters that bear date in England; and, while you are thus constantly reminded of the former home of your fathers, England has not forgotten that mighty and glorious empire that has sprung from her sons.

I shall carry away with me from this assembly recollections of greatest pleasure, and when I again meet my Grand Lodge at home, and relate to them the warm welcome I have received at your hands, they will rejoice with me with additional gratification at the sincerity of the sentiment which has found a voice here to-night, and has cemented the brotherhood between us. But among the most highly-cherished recollections of this occasion will be that of the handsome manner in which you, my brothers, have received to-night a sentiment to the health of my most gracious sovereign. It is a subject of great happiness that the wounds of the past have been healed by time, and that we are brothers together, and that I am permitted to-night the high honor of sitting here by the side of one who is clothed with the scarf of Washington, and who uses the gavel of the first President of the United States.

The memory of this day will not easily depart from my mind. I believe that there ought to be the closest ties of intimacy between the two nations, and if, by any effort of my own, I can ever be able to contribute to so desirable an end, I shall certainly account it as one of the noblest acts of life.

The Earl sat down amid the wildest cheers of approval of what he had said.

The Grand Master then, with appropriate remarks, which we regret our space will not permit us to give this morning, announced in order the following toasts:

Fourth Toast—"The Grand Masters of Masons of the United States."

And with that toast he associated the names of Grand Master Latrobe, of Maryland, and Grand Master Heard, Massachusetts.

RESPONSE OF GRAND MASTER LATROBE.

MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER: The toast to which I am required to respond by the programme of the evening makes me, while I speak, for the time being the representative of the Grand Masters of the United States. From the confines of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico and from the Atlantic to the Pacific are distributed the forty-one Grand Lodges of the Union, and around them concentrates whatever of Masonic sympathy there is to be found among forty millions of people. This sympathy the toast makes it my duty, in some sort, to express. I would I were more worthy to do it justice, and especially that utterance of it which testifies the satisfaction of us all in seeing on our shores the Grand Master of England. I am sure that I do not exceed my temporary authority when, in the name of all, I bid him welcome.

As a nation, Most Worshipful Grand Master, we are a young people; although we have in our midst an Order that dates back, in the estimation of

some of the imaginative of the Craft, to an almost incredible antiquity. While progress in all else is the characteristic of our day and generation, it has always been the boast of Masonry, that what it is now so was it in the beginning. The political theories on which most governments rest are as changeable as the sands that the waves fashion at their will; but Faith, Hope, and Charity, whereon Masonry is founded, are as immutable as the rocks that the billows beat upon in vain.

As a nation, five years are yet lacking to complete the first century of our existence. When the Earl of Ripon, the father, and the Earl de Grey, the uncle of our honored guest, whose titles are now united in his person, were born, our ancestors were only on the eve of securing their independence. Prior to that time, all that was achieved of greatness by England was the common property of the thirteen colonies. The mother and the daughters boasted the same ancestry; nor have the daughters, separated from this parent, as they have since become in their enlarging sisterhood, yet ceased, Most Worshipful Grand Master, to be proud of their inheritance.

Our earliest colonists left the Old World to escape, in many cases, from political bondage, but the bonds of science, literature, and art they brought with them across the sea; and here, in America, their descendants have, ever since, hugged the chains that Shakspeare, and Milton, and Bacon, and Newton forged. They have clung closely, too, to "the Mystic Tie of our ancient brotherhood." We are York Masons to-day as thoroughly as were those to whom Athelstan, King of England, granted, in the early part of the tenth century, the charter, which is said to be still preserved in the archives of the Lodge at York, under the shadow of the vast Cathedral that so well illustrates the genius and the skill of our operative predecessors. We do not forget that Henry the Seventh was the Grand Master of England, or that the office has been filled by Sir Christopher Wren, who planned the noble edifice under whose dome rest England's mighty dead; neither do we forget that the successors of the great architect have been nobles and statesmen of Great Britain.

But, at the same time, we remember that there was once on the banks of the Potomac the Master of a Lodge, who, if he neither established a dynasty nor would be counted among those "by whom minsters were builded," enjoys a fame co-extensive with civilization—*our own immortal! Washington*. And I am very sure that, in thus referring to him as our contribution to the ranks of the illustrious of the Order, at a meeting where the Grand Lodges of the two countries are represented, I utter no word that does not find its response in the heart of the Grand Master of England.

This occasion is one, Most Worshipful Grand Master, which, while it suggests, does not permit, extended remarks. Other toasts are to be drunk and responded to, and it would be an ill return for the distinction I have received were I to avail myself of it in a prolonged trespass upon these winged hours. I conclude, therefore, in saying again, in the name of the Grand Masters of the United States, welcome, thrice welcome, Grand Master of England.

Fifth Toast—"Our Masonic Brethren of England."

Lord Tenterdon was called upon to reply, which he did in a very handsome impromptu, in which he said that he reechoed the gratification at the

compliment paid his country which had been expressed by the Earl. He said that he was but an humble member of the fraternity, being but a Lodge member; but when he should tell the brethren of his Lodge of the kind greeting which had been accorded him here, they would feel as he did, the warmest gratification, and would feel that in complimenting the representatives of the English brethren here they also had been honored. He could only add that he trusted the relations between the brethren, together with the glorious tenants of the Order, might be perpetuated thereafter from generation to generation. He sat down amid loud applause.

Sixth Toast—"Our Brethren of America."

Responded to by Grand Master Lamberton, of Pennsylvania.

Seventh Toast—"Freemasonry. It has a language that men of all nations can speak, and an altar at which men of all religions can kneel."

Responded to eloquently by Brother A. G. Mackey.

Eighth toast—"The Grand Royal Arch Chapter, and Royal Arch Masons throughout the Globe." Responded to happily by Samuel Lawrence, P. G. Master and High Priest of Georgia, who said that it was with no little diffidence that he rose to respond to the toast as Grand High Priest of the State of Georgia, but in obedience to the maxim which is always characteristic of a true Mason, to work when there was work to be done, he would act his part.

Royal Arch Masonry has not assumed such general features in any other country that he knew of; but in this country it had become as fixed an institution as had Ancient York Masonry in England, and he thought its tendency toward this advancement was as potent as any other branch of Masonry, especially to a high standard of moral excellence. He thanked the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia for the honor conferred on him, and he felt sure his brethren of Georgia would be ready to echo back their heart-felt thanks.

He closed with the sentiment: "England! with all thy faults, I love thee still."

Ninth toast—"The valiant and magnanimous Order of Knights Templar." Responded to happily by Brother Stoughton, of Michigan.

Tenth toast—"The ancient and accepted Scottish Rite." Responded to by Brother Ben. Perley Poore.

RESPONSE OF MAJOR POORE.

MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER AND BRETHREN: In behalf of the Supreme Council of the Southern jurisdiction, of which I am a member, and of the Supreme Council of the Northern jurisdiction, which I have the honor to officially represent, I thank you for your fraternal kindness in thus—at this international reunion of distinguished Craftsmen of the ancient York rite—remembering the ancient Scottish rite. This rite is comparatively modern. Recognizing the great truths the ancient York rite, it seeks to develop them for the greater enlightenment of the Craft, to expound what is obscure, and to erect a glorious ornamental structure upon those everlasting foundations which Master Masons lay squarely and strongly in the Blue Lodge rooms. I do not, however, propose to descant upon the relative merits of these rites, which, after the third degree, are as distinct as

the billows, yet one as the sea. And yet I must frankly confess that I am sorely tempted to talk. I am, as most of the brethren present know, connected with the press—that is, I pass my summers on my farm in New England, where I have a cider press, a cheese press, and a hay press; and when the early frosts come, I follow the migrating wild geese as they fly southward, and come to this metropolis, where I contribute my share of material for the printing presses. In this last named capacity it has been my lot, during the past quarter of a century, to pass many long and weary hours in the reporters' galleries of Congress, listening to long and weary speeches by Congressmen, (those present being of course excepted,) and now that I have so many members of that august body present, and forced to listen to me, ah, my brethren, I feel, as did Mazeppa, that "time at last sets all things even." At last I have the floor, and neither the "hour rule" nor the "previous question" is known in this assemblage.

I might go back to that Lodge of Adoption, when Adam first clothed himself with an apron, and I might come down, by easy stages of half an hour in length each, through Chaldean, Syrian, Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Teutonic, Norman, and Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry, with an occasional allusion to heathen rights and religious ceremonies. Then, selecting a dozen or more of the rustiest brethren present, I might give each one of them a quarter of an hour of my time, and then, as by that time the guests and the hosts would have been "talked off from labor to rest," and the Tyler would be anxious to put out the gas, I would ask for leave to print the remainder of my remarks.

All this I might do, Most Worshipful, but I have also been taught that charity is a Masonic virtue, and I remember to have seen over the grand old temple of Egypt a figure of silence, one of the original mystic symbols, with a finger on the closed lips. And as a countryman of our noble and most worshipful guest has said, that

"Silence is more eloquent
Than epitaph or monument,"

I will withhold my retaliatory remarks. I cannot, however, take my seat without expressing my gratification at being thus able to participate in this slight testimonial of fraternal regard to the distinguished British brethren present. Daniel Webster once alluded to Great Britain as "a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth in one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." Let each of us who boast that "Chatham's language is his mother tongue" also remember that while sending to these colonies civil liberty, constitutional law, and liberal education, Great Britain has also established here Masonic Lodges, where the Craftsmen were taught to labor, and none went away dissatisfied. It was in these colonial Lodges that Washington and Warren and other great lights of our Order on this continent were brought from darkness into Masonic light, and through them we proudly claim descent from our Alma Mater, the Grand Lodge of Great Britain. May that Grand Lodge ever remember the Lodges of the United States when, like the Roman matron, she counts her jewels with maternal pride, and may we, whether of the York rite or the Scottish rite,

transpose the words of Horace, and exclaim, *O filias pulchra, mater pulchrior!*

Eleventh toast—"Our Visiting Brethren." Responded to by Brother Senator Sawyer, of South Carolina, who said that, after listening to what had been said, there seemed to be little for him. He came in simply as a Master Mason—an humble member of an Order which is now almost universal. In the absence of other and more distinguished workmen of the Craft from his state, he might be induced to contribute his mite to the common fund, but, in the presence of one from that state who could speak as no other man could speak, it became him, (the speaker,) in his presence, to say little. He thanked them for the honor conferred.

Hon. M. C. Kerr, of Indiana, was then called upon, and responded in a happy manner.

Twelfth toast—"The Memory of Washington." Drunk in silence, while the band played an appropriate dirge.

Thirteenth toast—"Woman; though not admitted in our Lodges, she is the constant object of every Mason's solicitude and protection." Responded to by Dr. C. C. Fox, of Maryland, who spoke in a most felicitous manner, and kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter.

Before concluding, the Earl de Grey rose, and stated that he and his associates could not suffer the festivities to end without returning his sincere thanks for the very cordial welcome they had received, and concluded his remarks by pledging the Grand Master of the District of Columbia. This was drunk standing, and amid great enthusiasm.

"A FAIR COMPARISON."

SUCH is the caption of quite a lengthy editorial contained in the April number of *The American Odd Fellow*, in which special attention is called to an article by *Rev. A. B. Grosh*, entitled "FREEMASONRY—ODD FELLOWSHIP," found in the same number of that Journal. We have read Brother Grosh's article, re-read it, and must say that the more we read it the more we are surprised. The comparison instituted between the two Orders, to us seems very *unfair*, and in some instances places Freemasonry in a false light. Bro. Grosh professes to be a Knight Templar, and ought certainly to know whereof he affirms. He gives the following in reference to the principles of these Orders:

"The Masonic ritual embodies many desultory moral lessons, and much religious instruction of great value; but I can not call to mind even the mention of those great universal principles of God's fatherhood and man's brotherhood, which are the foundation of Odd Fellowship, run as a golden chain through all its lectures, constitute the basis and motive of all its obligations, and imbue and actuate all

its operations. True, Masonic speakers and writers assert that it is *founded* on these principles, but they are not taught to its candidates and members in any part of its ritual and lectures."

Can it be possible that Brother Grosh, a *Knight Templar*, "cannot call to mind even the mention of the great universal principles of God's fatherhood and man's brotherhood, which are the foundation of Odd Fellowship?" Then indeed must he be but poorly posted in the ritual and lectures of even blue lodge masonry. But what is most inexplicable is the bold assertion, "True, Masonic speakers and writers assert that it is *founded* on these principles, *but they are not taught to its candidates and members in any part of its ritual or lectures!*" Can it be that a Knight Templar, of the age and information of Bro. Grosh, an editor, clergyman and author, is so ignorant of the lecture of the E. A. degree in Masonry as to make such a broad, emphatic assertion, which is untrue. For fear Bro. Grosh is without a *Masonic* manual (he is the author of an Odd Fellow's manual, and a good one) we quote the following from Webb's *Masonic Monitor* for his benefit:

"By the exercise of Brotherly Love, we are taught to regard the whole human species as one family, the high and low, the rich and poor; who, as created by one Almighty Parent, and inhabitants of the same planet, are to aid, support, and protect each other. On this principle Masonry unites men of every country, sect and opinion, and conciliates true friendship among those who might otherwise have remained at a perpetual distance."

Hence it is seen that the E. A. so soon as he crosses the threshold of our Temple is "taught" in the "ritual and lectures," to "regard the whole human species as one family, the high and low, the rich and poor; who as created by one Almighty Parent, and inhabitants of the same planet, are to aid, support and protect each other." And further, the candidate is taught in this first Masonic lesson that, "*on this principle* Masonry unites men of every country, sect and opinion, and conciliates true friendship," &c. Friendship is one of the *links* of the chain uniting Odd Fellows; and it is seen by the above quotation that Masonry teaches that "true friendship" is a product of the principle of fraternity *among the whole human species*; and, therefore, it is not true that the principle of universal brotherhood is ignored by the Masonic Order. Masonry knows too well the great practical utility of the principle of universal brotherhood to ignore it.

Another great principle taught by Masonry is that "*Truth* is a Divine attribute, and the foundation of every virtue." Here, too,

Odd Fellowship strikes hands with Masonry, and makes *Truth* one of the links of her golden chain. True to their foundation principle we cannot imagine how Bro. Grosh should write just such a paragraph as he did about the obligations of these institutions. Because the obligations of Masonry are to be interpreted in a spiritual sense, can it be truly said that "The Masonic obligation, therefore, is resolved into a mere form of words—some of them empty sounds, void of power and effect."

When we read in the Great Light, "Jacob have I loved, Esau have I hated," does Bro. G. interpret the passage according to the letter, and make the God of Love a subject of base passion? Again, when we read that, "except a man *hate* his father, mother, wife, children, and his own life also, he is not worthy to be a disciple of the Master," does Bro. G. say, if we are to interpret these words according to the injunction, "Do thyself no harm," etc., we make them into a mere form of words, empty sounds, void of meaning? The obligations of Masonry have a deeper significance than that which lies upon the surface, and the "inward principle of right," of which Bro. G. speaks in the article before us, would not draw the attention of initiated readers from this deeper significance, nor blind them with "empty words, void of power and effect."

Before closing we would remind Bro. Grosh that among the noble principles of the Masonic institution, is Charity—the principal round of the ladder upon which we all hope to ascend to heaven. "True charity thinketh no evil; suffereth long and is kind; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but in the truth." It throws a mantle over the errors of men, rather than magnify those errors. It speaks the truth in love.

We pay no attention to the *editorial* of the A. F., though it contains several errors. The author is evidently not a Mason, and being in the dark in reference to the principles of the Masonic Order, it is not wonderful that he should err. But Bro. Grosh professes to have been brought from darkness to light; he is one of our friends whom we have never met, but always highly esteemed; and hence we have noticed his article. If we have misapprehended him, we hope he will put us right. We, too, are a Patriarch of the R. P. D., and highly appreciate the noble Order of Odd Fellows. But Masonry is the elder institution, and teaches all the noble principles taught by the Order of Odd Fellows.

THE extended account we give of the interesting proceedings at Washington, crowds out many articles intended for this issue.

WHAT AILS BRO. GOULEY?

THE FREEMASON for April is received ahead of time and well filled with interesting articles. It has quite an extended notice of Exchanges, "Masonic and otherwise," which is about *three months behind time*, as it is rutable to give these notices at the commencement of the year, or at the time these publications severally commence their volumes. But Bro. Gouley is full of business, and no doubt does his work when he finds time to spare.

But what is the matter of our good Brother Gouley? His article on Exchanges beats the notorious *Hash* articles of the *Masonic Monthly*. St. Louis must be an excellent climate for the production of Cayenne peppers, or a good port of entry! Just see how Bro. G. uses this article of seasoning. We give the notices of our neighbors of the *Trowel*, *Mystic Star*, and *Voice of Masonry*.

THE TROWEL.

This is an institution about two or three years older than ourselves, and we are therefore very modest, for the *Trowel* has generally endeavored to exercise a sort of supervisory control over us, but we being somewhat of a refractory nature have as generally "kicked the traces" and said, "please let us alone." However we never get mad at paternal advice and never fail to follow it if it suits us, and if we have not followed the *Trowel* it was simply because we thought it too "old fogy," *i. e.*—we could never see the point of giving all the brethren their military or civil titles—we like the old Masonic title which alone gives Masonic honor. Well, the *Trowel* is a good paper—it often has a good original point in it and would have more if the editors only had less modesty and were not ashamed to say what they think. In a few years more, by hard work it will come up to the mark. We like to talk plain to the *Trowel* for they never get mad—oh no! not a bit of it—but the way it will scorch us for for this review will be a caution to beginners. Well, we won't get mad if they do, but enjoy our laugh and say, "Didn't we make Rome howl?"

THE MYSTIC STAR

is edited by Bro. Jas. Billings, and just from his productions we'll bet he is a fat lazy sort of fellow with a pair of scissors at his belt, bright as a dollar. He is one of those confiding individuals who has got more faith in other men's brains than he has in his own. This is bad, Bro. James, go in on individual muscle and trust in God. God made brains and the truth, and if the world don't like that, let it go to the — office of rejected patents and hunt up some antiquated

model which shows the process of transforming old clothes into bran new shoddy. The *Star* has a fine field if it only chose to shine, but we can assure it that a full sun beats a reflector all to pieces especially in this cloudy age of mingled ideas and purposes.

A few squares off, "they say" the

VOICE OF MASONRY

is published by Bro. J. C. W. Bailey, but like "Mark Twain's" turtle in Palestine, we have not heard it for some time—it took a dive and "drowned its voice"—else some P. M. (not Postmaster) has fallen in love with its siren song and thus robbed our sanctum of the faint melody of "other days." We would rather at any time *hear* one good song than read a volume of music. Come Bro. *Voice* sound your notes once more and with a fresh Nilsson in the ring you will be quite interesting.

We are sure that Brother Gouley in giving Brother Billings "scissors," has made several mistakes. Bro. B. is neither fat nor lazy. He is one of the most *indefatigable* canvassers we ever knew—and perhaps that is where the "*fat*" comes in! He never takes "*no*" for answer, we are told, and compels our brethern to take the *Mystic Star* whether they *will* or not!

But the following in relation to THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON and its editor causes us to fear that something more than usual has happened to our St. Louis frater.

Just a little to the east of Chicago we strike Kalamazoo, in Michigan. They say it is not a bad town to stop over night in, especially if we can find Bro. S. C. Coffinberry, P. G. M., who edits the

MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

This is one of our fresh favorites that always tries to leave the beaten track and through the living energies of its editor says something fresh and sweet. We have heard that Bro. C. has been sick and is under the weather, and as he is a doctor that ought to know how to kill western chills and fevers by about forty drops of bitters, we see no reason why he should suffer long. The M. F. M. started out right and we don't want to see it give up the ship—it is a necessity in the Northwest. Come Bro. Coffinbury, if we were at your bedside we would make you wake up and take a new lease on life or else acknowledge that there was no virtue in human sympathies. We like you and your style—give us lots of it—long may you live.

Kalamazoo *is* a good place to "stop over night in," as all will bear witness who put themselves in charge of Frank Todd of the *Kalamazoo House*. But we fear that strangers would experience

some difficulty in finding the residence of Bro. S. C. Coffinberry P. G. M. the "*doctor*" who edits the *Michigan Freemason!* Can it be that Bro. Gouley had taken an *overdose* of the agree bitters he commends to our faithful and thrice honored co-editor? If this is not the case, we fear that our worthy Brother of Tyre is ill, or crazy! But there is "a method in his madness." We thank him for his great mercy toward us, and also for his good wishes. We can assure Brother Gouley that our prospects were never more encouraging, and we have not the least idea of giving up the ship.

ON TIME.

IT IS WITH no ordinary pleasure that we come before our readers on time this month. The last half dozen numbers of our journal have carried with them the evidences of improvement. We are now favored with compositors and a pressman who understand their business. Everything goes on as smoothly as clock-work. We are under a debt of gratitude to Mr. R. A. Beal for his many favors and courtesies. He is the gentlemanly proprietor of the largest and best-appointed Publishing House in the State of Michigan, and judging from our own experience with him, he fully merits the immense business which is pouring in upon him daily. He promises only what he has the ability to perform. We commend his printing establishment to all who need work in his line. He will always be found at his post at Ann Arbor.

And now, Brothers, we have worked hard during two years, under very great disadvantages, to establish this journal, that our noble Order in Michigan might have an organ through which to shed Masonic light. We have not only labored without compensation, but we have had to make all manner of sacrifices. By continued struggles we have so far succeeded as to see THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON on a living basis. If our Brothers will remit promptly what is now due us, this journal can pay up every demand, and stand on a permanent basis. And if every Master will now join us heartily in the raising of clubs of twenty subscribers to each Lodge, forwarding the money with the names of subscribers, we shall be able by January, 1872, to own our own office and power-press, and be able to print our journal and whatever will be for the use of the Craft in this jurisdiction.

Now is the time to move in behalf of our next volume. Have we not twenty reading members in every Lodge who will respond to our call within the next six weeks? We trust we have, and we shall wait hopefully for a favorable response. We shall send a circular to each W. M. and we solicit immediate co-operation. If our hopes are realized, our fourth volume shall be enlarged to sixty-four pages to each number, and in matter and appearance THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON shall equal the best publications of the times.

We offer volume one, unbound, for \$1.00; neatly bound, \$2.00. We bind THE JOURNAL for \$1.00. Address Chaplin & Ihling, Kalamazoo, Mich.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. II.—JUNE, A. L. 5871.—NO. XII.

THE MIDDLE CHAMBER—ITS LOCATION AND USE.

THERE is reason to believe that the exact location of the Middle Chamber of the temple is not generally known, even to many Masons, owing, perhaps, to the imperfect and careless examination of authorities in those having the means of investigation at hand, or to the lack of such means in the hands of those whose discrimination would enable them to point out important facts, which might lead to a correction of many errors which are interspersed throughout the portions of Masonic history, both written and traditional, as now detailed by Masonic teachers and lecturers.

According to the teaching of many lecturers, Entered Apprentices anciently held their meetings on the ground floor of the temple, and Fellow Crafts held theirs in the Middle Chamber, and Master Masons held theirs within the Sanctum Sanctorum. This is evidently a departure from the correct teaching, and the phraseology of the lecture has been changed, by abbreviating the sentence, and the words "on" and "in" substituted for the words "in a place representing," which was no doubt the original and correct language, and from which it is apparent that the allusion to these places, in connection with the Lodges of the three symbolic degrees, was purely figurative, and designed to distinguish the difference in the grade or rank of the Masons of the respective degrees.

Although Lodges were anciently held on high hills, etc., yet an Entered Apprentice's Lodge truly represented the ground floor of the temple, the Fellow Craft's the Middle Chamber, and the Master Mason's the Sanctum Sanctorum.

In the plan of the temple, there were different divisions or courts allotted to the different grades or classes of worshipers. The outer court was assigned to the Gentile proselytes, who were prohibited from advancing further; within the court of the Gentiles, was the court of the Israelites, divided into two courts, [the outer one being appropriated to the Israelitish women, and the inner one to the men. In these two courts, collectively called the court of the Israelites, the people played while the priest was offering incense within the sanctuary.

Within the court of the Israelites was that of the priests, the inclosure of which surrounded the altar of burnt offering, and to it the people brought their oblations and sacrifices; but the priests alone were permitted to enter it. This court was, at the entrance into the temple, strictly so called, which was divided into three parts, the portico, the outer sanctuary, and the most holy place.

We find three grades or classes of worshipers within the walls of the temple, the highest of which has but reached the ground floor. As the court of the priests is the first consecrated ground in the approach to the temple, inasmuch as none were allowed to enter it but the priests, and the altar of burnt offering hallowed its precincts, it was considered to be that part designated as the ground floor of the temple; and when we perceive that none were allowed to enter on this ground floor but those who possessed certain peculiar qualifications—namely, “he was to be born of his own tribe,” and “was to be exempt from maim, blemish, or corporal deformity,” etc.—the analogy, between it an Entered Apprentice Lodge seems to be plainly apparent, and the figure is recognized. So, in like manner, as only such of the Craft as had attained to a certain degree of perfection in the art were allowed to ascend the winding stairs and enter into the Middle Chamber, which, being symbolical of the divine presence, contained the celebrated letter G, which was a symbol of the sacred name, so may a Fellow Craft Lodge very properly be said to represent the Middle Chamber; and as it required the highest attainments of earthly qualifications, as high priesthood, to entitle any to enter the Sanctum Sanctorum, or Holy or Holies of the temple, so as the Master’s Degree was the perfection of Masonry, and the qualifications necessary for its attainment were peculiar in their character, so may the Master Mason’s Lodge properly be said to represent the Sanctum Sanctorum, and the figure is perfected.

But the change in the phraseology alluded to, fixes on the mind an erroneous impression as to the location of the Middle Chamber,

by an association of ideas; for it is known that the ground floor was at the entrance of the temple, and the Sanctum Sanctorum was at the extreme west end, and there was a room between them, and as it is taught that Entered Apprentices held their meetings on the ground floor, and the Master Masons held theirs within the Sanctum Sanctorum, the inference is but reasonable that the Fellow Craft held theirs in the room between the ground floor and the Sanctum Sanctorum, and that was the Middle Chamber; than which there could not be a greater error, as all history relating to the plan of the temple shows that room to have been the outer sanctuary, or holy place. Where, then, was the Middle Chamber? In the 1st Book of Kings, chap. vi., verse 8, it is recorded as follows:

“And the door for the Middle Chamber was in the right side of the house, and they went up with winding stairs to the Middle Chamber,” etc.

As there was no door to either the Sanctuary or the Sanctum Sanctorum, except the entrance, the door alluded to must have been in the right side of the portico or porch, and the ascent of the flight of stairs would place the Middle Chamber above the elevation of the Sanctuary. Dr. Oliver, in commenting on the winding stairs described on an old Odd Fellow tracing-board, says: “It must be observed that our winding stairs is not a transcript of the flight of twelve steps which actually led from the court of the priests to the pillars of the porch. It was constructed in the wall geometrically, like those which led to the towers of our churches, or, in Masonic language, a ‘staircase,’ contrived as a screw in the inner wall of the temple, which was called ‘cochleus.’ Its true form was undoubtedly spiral, and it was termed *cochleus* from its resemblance to a screw or worm, and was situated at the east end of the gallery which opened into the treasure chambers;” which agrees with the description above given of its location.

Dr. Oliver, in alluding to the Middle Chamber, speaks of it as follows: “From a passage in the old York lectures, it should appear, that the king conferred some *privileges* on certain of these workmen who were considered worthy of distinction. This is the passage: ‘The middle chambers of each row over the porch were totally dark, except the upper story, and appropriated as repositories for the sacred furniture of the traveling tabernacle of Moses, which was laid up, hidden from profane eyes, as the ark was in the Holy of Holies. When the temple was finished, and a short time prior to its dedication, King Solomon permitted such of the Fellow Crafts as had become proselytes to the Jewish faith to ascend to the upper or fourth

row of chambers in the porch, where the most sacred furniture of the tabernacle had been deposited; in the centre of which was the famous Middle Chamber, which, being symbolical of the divine presence, contained the celebrated letter G, which was a symbol of the sacred name.'”

Here we find that the old York lectures located the famous Middle Chamber in the centre of the fourth story or row of chambers over the porch, and its appropriate use was the receptacle or repository of the symbol of the sacred name, which we call the letter G; but, in fact, in the opinion of Bro. Dunckerley, if it were really a single letter, it was the Yod within a triangle, which the Rabbins call, “the king name,” and believe it to include all the attributes of Deity.

Some teachers assert that the candidate is admitted in the Middle Chamber *for the sake* of the letter G, and that he will there be taught how to receive wages as a Fellow Craft. That he will or should “behold the letter G suspended there,” we will admit, and that he should there “receive further instruction relative to the wages of a Fellow Craft.” But, that, under the present arrangement of the lectures he would then and there be instructed in the manner in which Fellow Crafts anciently received their wages, is not so readily admitted. In this connection, the place where the Fellow Crafts anciently received their wages may probably be taken into consideration. In the system of lectures prepared by Bro. Preston, in 1772, and adopted by the Grand Lodge of England, it was taught that the Craft repaired in procession to the Middle Chamber and there received their wages from the Grand Senior Warden. Bro. Dunckerley, in alluding to the use of the winding stairs, uses the following language in Bro. Preston’s presence: “I need not add, as you are all conversant with the fact, that the Masons are said to have made use of it when they ascended to the Middle Chamber to receive their wages.” And again; “In this Chamber, according to the teachings of Freemasonry, the Fellow Crafts received their wages on the square without diffidence or scruple, from the good opinion which they entertained of their employers.” Here a brother rose and stated his doubts whether these facts were well authenticated, as the Masons, he said, were principally employed in the forest and quarries before the foundations of the Temple were laid, it was morally impossible that they could have received their wages in the manner indicated in the tradition; nor could the process have been adopted at all in this locality with the Junior Warden guarding the foot, (or the outer door,) and the ancient Senior Warden at the summit, (or inner door,) until the temple was nearly completed.” Although Bro. Pres-

ton was present, neither he nor Bro. Dunckerley made any reply to the reasonable objections of the brother.

I am aware that it will be considered [by many as the height of presumption for one to differ with or to question the correctness of opinions expressed by such erudite and distinguished Masons as were Bros. Dunckerley and Preston, and a host of others who have given their sanction to that version of the lectures. But, they were only mortals, and participants in the common lot of humanity, and inherited alike with others the imperfections of nature consequent on our fallen state, and were not exempt from error or misconception; and great men, eminently endowed with the various accomplishments and qualifications which adorn the human mind might still be slightly deficient in that faculty or talent which would enable them to scrutinize a subject closely and arrive at facts, somewhat obscure, by the force of logical deduction. I have presumed to consider the version given by them to that part of the lecture, as the result of a too slight scrutiny or examination of the subject, perhaps its being considered by them as a matter of minor importance. But history should always be sustained by facts, which are stubborn things and will not yield to surmises or opinions based on imperfect or careless investigations, and are the only tests by which the correctness of opinions purporting to be founded on such can be established. How will this matter stand such a test and adhere strictly to the tradition? Let us apply it.

By way of illustration, we will say that the sixth hour of the sixth day has arrived, and the eighty thousand Fellow Crafts have assembled and formed a procession to repair to the Middle Chamber to receive their wages. Here let us pause and estimate the length of the line of the procession, which, allowed two feet to each man in single file, would give one hundred and sixty thousand feet, or fifty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three yards, or thirty and one-third miles, all to pass up and down the winding stairs. Now, how many could be paid a minute? As every man's claim has to be submitted to an examination to prevent imposture, we will say ten per minute, making six hundred in an hour; how many hours, then, will be required to pay eighty thousand at that rate? We find one hundred and thirty-three hours, or, allowing twelve working hours to each day, eleven days. This would not do, as it would run through the next week. If the procession was to march in common martial time of ninety steps of twenty-eight inches per minute, and not halt at all to demand their wages, it would require nineteen hours to pass the Senior Warden. Then is not the utter impracticability

of the plan clearly apparent? Then consider the rationality of the scheme. Could there be any reason or propriety in requiring eighty thousand men to ascend and descend a flight of winding stairs to the fourth story, over the porch of the Temple into a room not more than twelve feet square, once in every week to receive wages, when more suitable places were convenient? The very idea bears absurdity on its front, even if it were practicable. But let us hear Dr. Oliver on the subject, as he refers to a tradition. He says •

“We have a tradition which is known only to those who have been admitted to a certain degree, that on the sixth hour of the sixth day of the week, the Craft, being eighty thousand in number, formed a procession and repaired to the office of the Senior Grand Warden to receive their wages,” etc.

Although this changes the place and relieves them from ascending and descending the flight of stairs, yet, there is not enough of plausibility in it to give it countenance, as it has been shown that under the most favorable circumstances, that it required the working hours of eleven days for the Craft to be paid by any one person.

Then looking a little further we find the following most judicious arrangement. “The king constituted rulers, governors and officers over every department in the state. Besides these, he gave new powers to the princes over the twelve tribes; appointed captains for every month in the year, and purveyors over every district in the land. The nine degrees of Freemasonry were placed by this wise Grand Master under the superintendence of seven expert and worthy Masons, whose experience suggested a course of discipline which produced the desired effect. These seven Grand Superintendents were Tito Zadok, Adoniram, H. A., G., Stolkin, Ioabert and Mohabin. There were nine Lodges of excellent Masons, nine in each, over which presided as many super excellent Masons as Masters; and these met in Lodge under Tito Zadok, Prince of Harodim; twelve Lodges of Master Masons, three hundred in each, ruled by twelve Grand Architects and twenty-four Architects as Wardens; one thousand Lodges of Fellow Crafts, eighty in each, with so many Mark Masters in the chair, and two thousand Mark Men as Wardens; four hundred and twenty Lodges of Tyrians, Sidonians and Egyptians, eighty in each, under H. A. B., and one hundred Lodges of Entered Apprentices, three hundred in each, under the superintendence of Adoniram.” Here we find the Craft distributed in Lodges, classes and divisions of workmen, and of the Fellow Crafts only eighty to a Lodge. Then, says Dr. Oliver, “I subjoin the following tradition respecting the payment of the workmen’s wages, without vouching for its accuracy,

because I am ignorant of the authority on which the calculations are founded. Indeed, the probability is that the tradition has been fabricated in a subsequent age without the existence of any documents to attest its authenticity. 'The men were paid in their Lodges by shekels, a silver coin of about half a crown of our money, and the number of shekels per day was regulated by the square of the number of the degree which each order of men had attained,' etc.

I do not understand Bro. Oliver as doubting or objecting to the men being paid in their Lodges, but only to the manner of computing the amount of wages due to them, as in his note appended to the above he seems to favor the payment by Lodges, as follows:—"It may here be demanded if the men were paid in their Lodges, what becomes of the tradition as to the manner in which the Fellow Crafts received their wages? It must be evident to every brother that before the Temple was built, no chamber could have been in existence; and after it was erected, the above refers to *another tradition* which can not be explained here, but it records a circumstance which was essentially necessary as a privilege to the faithful Fellow Craft, before they traveled into other countries in search of employment."

The correctness of the manner of paying the wages as handed down by tradition is not a question of doubt, as it accords with the system of harmony and order observed throughout the various departments of the Masonic policy, which is not interrupted by the payment of wages by each Senior Warden to the members of their respective Lodges. The same harmony and order do not, however, pervade the system as handed down to us, which stations the ancient Junior Warden at the outer and the ancient Senior Warden at the inner door as guards to the same, when the acknowledged duty of the Senior Warden "is to pay the Craft their wages," and not to tyle the door. It is that part of the present system of instruction to which I can not lend my faith. It was not reasonable nor practicable that the eighty thousand Fellow Crafts should have repaired to the Middle Chamber to receive their wages, nor that the duty of paying out should have devolved on any one person. When did this scheme commence its operations? How did the Craft receive their wages before the Middle Chamber was finished, when they were dispersed in divisions in the forest and in the quarries? I think it is apparent that the instruction as to the manner of receiving wages belongs to a peculiar ceremony, the beauty and fitness of which is not marred by discarding all allusion to the winding stairs and middle chamber, and confining the procession to the members of the particular Lodge of Fellow Crafts, and the payment of the wages to the Senior Wardens

of the respective Lodges; this being the ceremony required to be performed at the close of every week to enable them to receive the wages for their labor; while their admission up the winding stairs into the Middle Chamber, was a *privilege* enjoyed *but once* by each Fellow Craft, and then *as a distinction* or reward of merit, and not for the purpose of receiving wages. It was both reasonable and practicable, that the Senior Warden of each Lodge having estimated the amount due to each craftsman in his Lodge or class of workmen, applied for and received the amount respectively due, and at the proper time and place paid the Craft their wages in their peculiar manner, each, to his Lodge or class respectively; and in this manner, there being only eighty in each Lodge, all the Craft could receive their wages in a reasonable time, and the confusion and delay necessarily attending the movement of a procession thirty miles in length was avoided, and the harmony of the policy preserved.

Then, if my premises are correct, it will appear that the famous Middle Chamber was situated in the center of the fourth row of chambers over the porch of the Temple, and was approached by a flight of winding stairs constructed in the wall of the house, consisting of three, five, seven, eleven, or a greater number of steps, and that its appropriate use was as the receptacle or repository of the celebrated letter G, which had accompanied and been preserved in the traveling tabernacle of Moses, and was then safely deposited therein, as was the ark of the covenant in the Sanctum Sanctorum, or Holy of Holies. It will also appear that the Craft did not repair at the close of each week to the Middle Chamber, then and there to receive weekly stipend or wages, but were paid by the Senior Wardens of their respective Lodges, either in the Lodge or at the office of the Senior Warden, and in the manner peculiar to the Craft.—*American Freemason.*

AGE OF MASONRY.—From a recent statement in a Moscow paper, it seems that St. John's Lodge, No. 3, of that city, has recently celebrated the 809th anniversary of its existence, it having been erected by charter from King Malcolm, in 1060. We should like to see the muster roll of that Lodge, beginning more than eight centuries ago, and running along with the ages to the present time. What kings and kingdoms have risen and fallen since the gavel was first sounded in its East. How the world has changed, and what progress has been made in science and art. Eight hundred years in the lifetime of a Lodge!—*Keystone.*

WE MEET UPON THE LEVEL.

WE insert the following beautiful poem, by Bro. ROB. MORRIS, at the earnest request of several Brothers. It is one of the finest specimens of true poetry ever produced by its gifted author, and it will be read wherever the English language is spoken in all time to come. In its rythm it equals the finest specimens of the immortal Burns.

We meet upon the Level and we part upon the Square;
 What words of precious meaning these words Masonic are!
 Come let us contemplate them, they are worthy of a thought—
 In the very soul of Masonry these precious words are wrought.

We meet upon the Level, though from every station come,
 The rich from his mansion and the poor from his home;
 For the one must leave his wealth and state outside the Mason's door:
 And the other finds his true respect upon the checkered floor.

We part upon the Square, for the world must have its due;
 We mingle with the multitude, a cold, unfriendly crew:
 But the influence of our gathering in memory is green,
 And we look upon the Level to renew the happy scene.

There's a world where all are equal—we are hurrying toward it fast;
 We shall meet upon the Level there, when the gates of death are past;
 We shall stand before the Orient, and our Master will be there;
 To try the blocks we offer by his own unerring Square.

We shall meet upon the Level there, but never thence depart;
 There's a Mansion, 'tis all ready for each trusting faithful heart;
 There's a Mansion and a welcome—and a multitude is there,
 Who have met upon the Level and been tried upon the Square.

Let us meet upon the Level then, while laboring patient here;
 Let us meet and let us labor, though the labor be severe;
 Already in the Western sky the signs bid us prepare,
 To gather up our Working Tools and part upon the Square.

Hands round, ye faithful Masons, from the bright fraternal chain,
 We part upon the Square below to meet in Heaven again,
 Oh! what words of precious meaning these words Masonic are—
 We meet upon the Level and we part upon the Square.

HON. BRO. T. H. CLAY, (a son of Hon. Henry Clay,) who died recently at his residence near Lexington, Ky., was buried with funeral honors by the Knights Templar.

THE NARROW ESCAPE.—A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

UPON ONE of the lovely farms that lie along the Delaware, dwelt Israil Israel, and his fair young wife Althea. The blast of war which was desolating the land, long delayed to reach their borders, and as yet, each true-hearted American, their neighbor, unmolested under his own vine and fig tree. It is true that many of the young men, the forward, the enterprising, and the crossed-in-love, and the bowed-down with debt, had enlisted; and their communications, blood-stained, from the various battle-fields, awakened sympathy and gladness by turns, among the friends at home. But Mr. Israel felt no call to leave the blooming wife, and the merry twins, whose voice was his home music, for the stern music of the war. He served his country in a more quiet, but perhaps equally efficient manner, by working sedulously in his vocation, paying the large taxes incumbent upon the war drafts, making an occasional loan to government from his thriving treasury, and nursing up the promising twain whom Providence had vouchsafed of the fruits of wedded love.

But the sound of strife began to come nearer his district. The defeats upon Long Island, and the dark season that followed, sent many a poor fellow back to his neighborhood, maimed or ragged, or starving, to tell how the heart of the great Washington was nigh despairing at the gloomy prospects ahead, and to ask an alms of the full handed farmer, for God Almighty's sake!

Such appeals were not suffered to fall unheeded. There was bread and to spare, in the buttery; there was raiment and to spare, in the clothes-press; there was shelter and to spare, in the big gable-roofed house; these were bountifully dispensed to the suffering patriots at the hands of the kind-hearted Israel or his affectionate spouse. For Israil Israel was a Freemason. It is with such as he, that our pen is most pleased. There is a freer flow at its point when it glides upon this topic. There is an inner gate, rarely opened; an interior vail not frequently drawn up; a kind of ninth arch seldom entered, which opens, rises, and is entered, as the character of such a man comes before us in review. Brother Israel was a Freemason. He was, what a writer styles in one of his favorite analogies, "A *born* Mason; a Mason in the bud and flower; a Mason in the milk and grain; a Mason in the lint and thread, in cloth, dye and garment, thoroughly a Mason!"

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

The Masonic Lodge, in this vicinity, acknowledged the superior ability of Mr. Israel, and placed him at the head of the various finance boards, relief boards, emergency boards, etc., which that emergent season demanded. This position, necessarily, made him the medium of payment for the Masonic charities of the district. It must be confessed, however, and the circumstance is related not to disparage the other brethren, but to show the general state of poverty and distress prevailing, that the drafts drawn upon the Lodge Treasurer, for the aid of the poor at home, and the prisoners in the prison ship at New York, were usually cashed from the pocket of Mr. Israel himself. Quarterly dues could not be collected to keep pace with the demand; there was too much pressure from without to justify a resort to harsh measures for collection; so Mr. Israel trusted to the future consideration of his brethren, and favored the orders from his private fund.

When the suffering patriots passed near his residence, on their disastrous retreat from Long Island, an opportunity was afforded for a liberal display of his disinterestedness; for although provisions were scarce, and commanded a high price in the best markets of the country, yet, on the personal application of General Washington, Mr. Israel supplied the American forces with fifty large beeves, contenting himself with a plain Commissary's receipt, in lieu of the more negotiable funds, the hard metal.

The war drew further and further south. Philadelphia was occupied by the British. The surrounding country daily ravaged for their sustenance. Although the English officers were noted for their prompt payments, and even generosity where their own friends were concerned, yet if the slightest suspicion favorable to the patriotic party rested upon a farmer's head, woe to his possessions! He was well escaped if the foraging party contented themselves with stripping him of his beeves and grain. An empty roost, a vacant stack-yard, untenanted stalls, were but a slight infliction. It was oftener the case, that the stalls were fired, the dwelling consumed, and the poor farmer, whose highest crime was to love his country better than his country's foes, was left far off to commence the wide world anew.

While the dark cloud yet rested over the patriot's prospect, the Roebuck frigate anchored in the Delaware, not far from Mr. Israel's

house, and a detachment was sent on shore to capture that gentleman, and secure his cattle. Mr. Israel was easily taken, for he rather put himself in the way of the party, thinking no further evil than that his property would be subjected to a heavy draft. Much to his surprise, however, the soldiers seized him rudely, bound his hands, led him to the boat, and sent him on board to be tried for court-martial, that very day! All this happened in the plain sight of his wife, who stood in the door-way; and no sooner did it pass, than she instantly divined that mischief was brewing. To prevent the soldiers from capturing the stock, she hurried to the cow-yard, and turned out all the cattle, and set the big house dog after them. He soon ran them out of sight into the woods. The horses in the stables were liberated in the same manner. By this time, the party had arrived at the gate, and seeing her plan, they fired their muskets at her, but without effect.

Some harsh language was then used; but a British officer is a gentleman, however stern he may be in executing orders, and as the one in command of this detachment had no instructions to damage the property, he soon recalled his party, and the strong-hearted woman was left to rock her little twins, and ponder upon the dangerous condition of her husband.

Let us follow Mr. Israel to the frigate. As he was pushed unceremoniously up the ship's side, and allowed to stand a few minutes by the gangway, while the boat was rowing round to the stern a common sailor approached him, and in a low tone of voice inquired, "Hark'e, friend, ain't ye a Freemason?" What prompted the question in the man's mouth, can not be known; but the reader will presently perceive that Mr. Israel's life was involved in the answer. Startled by the enquiry, but feeling new heart at the very word *Mason*, Mr. Israel whispered in reply that he was. "Then," pursued the sailor hastily, for an officer was approaching where they stood, to order the prisoner below, "then you'd better remember it, for the officers will hold a Lodge in the cabin to-night."

A very few hours sufficed to prepare an indictment, summon officers enough for a court-martial, and commence proceedings. As Mr. Israel was lead from the fore-castle to the cabin, he observed certain ominous preparations, in which a block, a rope and a yard-arm were striking features. In truth, a short trial and a speedy shrift were in store for the rebel; and the rebel took a glance across the still water to his pretty homestead, which he felt was not long to claim him as its proprietor. It may be sufficient to account for that very unsoldier like sob and tear with which he entered the cabin, that

he saw Althea distinctly gazing upon the ship, and in her arms something that he could not fail to recognize, having so truly its father's form.

The trial was a mere formality. Witnesses testified to anything that was desired of them. The Judge Advocate evidently felt that the whole matter was beneath him; he asked but a few questions, and those in a careless tone. The judge leaned back listlessly, and whispered to one another on frivolous topics, or read English papers; but there was a pre-determination in all this, and it spoke of death. One witness, as a crowning point to his testimony, averred, that when Lord Howe sent a messenger to Mr. Israel, offering to purchase his fine beeves with specie, that rebellious individual returned for answer, "that he would rather give his cattle to Washington than receive thousands of British gold!" and that his whole course, from the beginning of the war, had been calculated to encourage the revolutionists.

"What have you to say in plea, prisoner?" inquired the senior officer; in the same breath giving a low order to the sergeant which hurried him on deck, where the rattling of the block, now fixed to the yardarm, could be distinctly heard. The rattling ceased. A file of marines marched across the deck. Something there was, awful in all this, and Mr. Israel's lip paled as he answered. He made a manly defense, avowing his predilections to the patriotic cause, but solemnly averring that he had never taken protection or given any encouragement to the British authorities that he would do so. He was a plain man; loved his home; loved his country; thought no harm to any one; and hoped the court would not deprive an innocent man of his life in the very presence of his family and home.

At the conclusion of his last remark, which was pathetic enough to call the attention of the whole court, he gave the sign of the brotherhood. A hasty whisper passed among the judges; an evident interest took the place of their former listlessness. Their haughty bearing was changed; and the senior officer, in a tone of voice strikingly contrasted with his former abruptness of manner, ordered the Judge Advocate to call back the witnesses. This being done, the members of the court by turns, cross-examined them most searchingly. It was not difficult to sift out of their testimony so much malice and envy that the senior officer finally dismissed them with a stern rebuke, "for seeking to hurt so honorable a man as Mr. Israel!"

The verdict was unanimously, *not guilty*. The court being dismissed, a private meeting held, and within half an hour (the fatal block still dangling from the yardarm) Mr. Israel was sent on shore

in the captain's own barge, and with a splendid present to the wife, whose coolness, in defending her husband's property, had been already reported to the officers.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that he returned to the ship after dusk, and was not allowed by his hospitable entertainers to take his accustomed place by Althea's side until a strong scent of French wines betokened that the brothers had sealed their mutual acquaintance with something stronger than water.

So long as the Roebuck retained her position in the bay there were frequent communications of this sort, and no evil of any description was ever inflicted upon the fortunate man.

HOW TO TREAT ENEMIES.

“It was a saying of Socrates, that it was ‘the duty of man to do good to his friends, and to make friends of his enemies.’ Has not this conduct been pursued by Freemasons with most eminent success? Have they not by force of character alone, without appealing to the arm of aggressive violence, vanquished their opponents? True to the principles that they profess, the power of those very principles has prevailed; and wherever we look, from north to south, from east to west, we behold them triumphantly planting their banner, and preaching their doctrines of Truth, Liberty and Justice. Silently, yet surely, this mighty ball of power gathers size and strength, as it rolls along, crushing in its progress, let us hope, no inconsiderable portion of the sin and suffering it encounters in its path. From every quarter of the globe, wafted by every wind that blows, come glad assurances of its success, that never has the Order been more flourishing both in its popularity and the fulfillment of the grand ends that it has in view; and in the great order and fitness of things, as the ages roll around, while Masonry continues true to its teachings, this glad result must as truly follow, as the sunshine the storm, or the day succeeds the night. If the Craft abide by their ancient landmarks and wander not into the broad way of destruction, if they continue in the ‘straight and narrow path,’ the Supreme High Priest, their guardian, director and guide—they must obtain at last the victor's crown. To doubt this, were almost to question the truth and justice of the Omniscient. It becomes, then, one of our main duties to watch with most zealous care, that we do not step beyond the line of our especial province, or use the great power entrusted to our charge for any other than truly Ma-

sonic purposes. From any dereliction of this sort, however, we have, in my opinion, no present danger to apprehend, at least in our favored land; nay rather, in this respect, I should deem our 'failings lean to virtue's side,' for there now seems to exist a strong and prevailing feeling in high places, that Masonry may not even manifest an outward expression of sympathy with any object that is not purely Masonic, however consonant with its teachings and principles; that it is dangerous to extend the right hand of friendship outside the Lodge, and that the moment we step outside the mystic circle we materially err—forgetful that we as Craftsmen have to do with all mankind, though more especially with a brother Mason. If our Order could stand the test of our civil war, if it could come out unscathed, like the three faithful Jews of old, from that fiery furnace, resisting at that time all temptation to deny or forsake its sacred trust, we need little fear that its efforts will be diverted from their legitimate channels, or that the torrent of its power will overflow the bank, desolating and destroying where it was intended to succor and to save.

“It would appear that nowhere in this country do we meet with organized opposition; that the clouds of ignorant prejudice that have hitherto obscured our name have melted away like the morning mist, before the more enlightened and liberal spirit of the present time, and we enjoy a juster appreciation in this age of reason and common sense. Abroad, the Catholic Church, incited by the Society of Jesus—always our bitter and jealous enemies—still continues to manifest that determined hostility that it has ever shown, and which, I presume, it will always be most difficult, if not impossible, to destroy. From the influence that the Jesuits have obtained and are still acquiring in Continental Europe, they are to be considered no despicable foe. Here also we must trust to time and the justice of our cause, and can we doubt from the past history of the two associations, which is ultimately likely to prevail. The disciples of Loyola, who, under the specious pretense of good, and with the great and sacred name of the Saviour of all mankind inscribed upon their standard, have yet proved a terrible engine of sorrow and destruction to their race: in witness of whose ruthless and ferocious tyranny the tortured victims of the Inquisition hold up their blood-stained hands, appealing to the throne on high for justice due their wrongs, and whose path the blight of bigoted intolerance has ever followed; or that society who, having faith, hope and charity before their eyes, preach peace and good will to all men of whatever creed or race, endeavoring to spread these glad tidings to the remotest

quarters of the earth, who know not the name of persecution as practiced by themselves, and who, by strongest ties, are obligated to keep within due bounds with all mankind."—*Extract from Address of Grand H. P. of Vermont.*

OUR CITY OF REFUGE.

BY HELEN KEITH.

AGES ago, Moses appointed cities of refuge, whither any one who had undesignedly slain a fellow-man, might escape from the avenger of blood.

This was a foreshadowing of christian charity, that asylum in which, under the new dispensation, human frailties were to be treated with kind consideration.

There is a strong analogy between the customs of those ancient cities and the present mission of charity. Like them, charity holds every one dear, affords life and protection to all; and when the avenger of blood is pursuing a poor culprit, charity seeks to dispose him to clemency and forgiveness.

The cities of refuge were to be easy of access; and every year the magistrates inspected the roads to see that they were in good condition. At every division of the road was a direction-post, on which was written "Refuge, Refuge," for the guidance of him who was fleeing for security.

I wonder how often we inspect the avenues of charity; and again I wonder, if upon our brows, which should be the guide, is written the sacred inscription, "Refuge, Refuge."

No weapons were allowed to be made in a city of refuge. Every one must understand some trade, so as not to be chargeable. The cities were to be well supplied with water and provisions.

From all these facts we may draw some wholesome moral, and well conclude that charity, which makes use of carnal weapons, is not of christian origin. Forgiveness, which never *forgets*, and is constantly trying to force home to the conscience-stricken heart a sense of wrong committed, is not forgiveness. Nor will true charity allow the thirsting, famishing soul to go empty away. It has abundant means of supplying all the needy ones.

We have no right to withhold any one from the refuge of charity. (Mere worldly policy would teach us this, for we know not how soon we, or those next to kin, may be fleeing for shelter from the shafts without.) There lives no person who dares not need this precious gift, no heart that spurns so pure an offering.

The cities of refuge were for the children of Israel, and for the stranger sojourning among them. We forget this when we refuse to extend our charity to one because he is a stranger among us, or to another who is not near by the ties of blood.

If you find a soul needy of charity, don't be afraid to give him *abundant* measure. There is none too much happiness anywhere, and the heart that has sinned is never at rest.

Do you remember that one of the cities of refuge was in the *wilderness*? Yes! and it is into the wilderness that many a one will go; give him all the peace that charity can bestow.

How strangely we think of our dead; those whom we have laid away forever! As Crensa appeared to Æneas, her image larger than life, so do they come back to us. They have no faults, for we bring up their acts in such a favorable light that even their vices become virtues in our eyes.

Oh! if we could extend some of this same leniency towards the *living*, those with whom we daily associate, the number of our dead would be less, and the "stars in the crown of our rejoicing" more and brighter.

Some one has said, "If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find, in each man's life, sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility." And would it not fill our hearts with christian love and charity? Would that it might be thus, and we become one with the "chief among the blessed three!"

O, sacred Charity!

Thou art "Heaven itself come down
To dwell within the human breast."

—*Literary Companion.*

SPIRITUAL IMPRESSION.

BY LEON HYNEMAN.

THE M. W., A. T. Metcalf, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Michigan, in his annual address before the Grand Lodge, January 11th, 1871, gives expression to the following sublime and truly Masonic sentiments: "Each one of us is the architect of a temple of which his own heart is its shrine, virtue its incense, and labor its true worship." And again, in speaking of the fraternal loved ones passed away: "Here, even here, in this chamber, besides the many who fill it to repletion, I seem to see another 'cloud of witnesses'

over our heads and hovering around us—the spirits of brothers gone before,” * * * “with dim, shadowy forms around the Orient of this jurisdiction, to me their faces look, not sad, but glad that the Order they loved is prosperous—that its influence is increasing, and that its landmarks are preserved. Guided, then, by divine wisdom, and inspired by such an audience, each one of us, I doubt not, will strive to do his duty, participating in that noble emulation of who can best work and best agree.”

We have no personal acquaintance with Grand Master Metcalf, to know if the above sentiments are the expressions of his inner divine nature, or that they were impressed upon a highly sensitive nature by the spiritual entities by whom he was surrounded at that interesting occasion. In either case he was truly inspired, as his interior perceptions were unfolded upon a high plane of being, to give expression to subjects embracing thoughts most momentous, more so than any that can engage the human mind, if all that is involved in them is comprehended. The first expression quoted comprehends the *individuality of being*—that is, all that goes to make up and constitutes the conscious *esse*, the life expressions of thoughts, words and actions which are outwrought of the divinity within, according to the degree of its unfoldment. The primal thought of the Omniscient mind in unfolding universal nature was the production of a being endowed with divine powers, with progressive possibilities to unfold the individuality of his being, in approaching through the eternal ages nearer and nearer to the likeness and similitude of his Divine Original. Man is therefore the *architect of a temple* enshrined within the exterior physical form. Virtue, in the sense of practicing the duties of life with unselfish motives, in loving our fellow beings and doing unto them as we would have them do unto us, aiming to benefit them, which, every act of which is indeed “true worship.” To attain to the likeness and similitude of God we must be co-workers. God is ever working, without cessation. God is the greatest worker of us all. To imitate Him in laboring to benefit and promote the welfare of humanity, is the virtue, is to worship God, in its true and holy sense. As we have heretofore written, “useful employment is the highest devotion to God.” The occupation of our faculties in true God worship, progressively unfolds the interior perceptions, the spiritual senses of the soul. In the degree these are unfolded, if the physical organism is properly conditioned, the soul is illumined, and the spiritual senses range out of the boundaries of the mundane sphere into the invisible, the spiritual.

Grand Master Metcalf, under partial illumination, *saw*—if, as we understand him literally, “To me, even to me, there comes the form of Lewis Cass,” etc., who, with others who have gone before, “stand with dim, shadowy forms,” etc.,—*with his interior perceptions*, not clearly, but sufficiently so to recognize the first Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Michigan, the honored and beloved Lewis Cass, who, as he had passed on to the Spirit Land, could not be visible to the physical senses. Inspiration, intuition, clear seeing, and all the phenomenal manifestations above the possibilities of the physical powers, are unfoldments of the interior perceptive faculties, expressed through the senses of the divine *esse*, the soul. If Grand Master Metcalf had been more clearly unfolded, he would have seen those forms, *not dim and shadowy*, but in the clear light of the spiritual sphere, and perhaps had converse with them audible and distinct to his spiritual senses. To our mind, whether a real vision or not to the Grand Master, it was certainly an impression from real spiritual existences, to enlighten him as to the reality that the conscious soul, clothed with the spiritual body, is not entombed with the physical body.

TRUE WEALTH.

CHAPTER XVII.

BY S. C. COFFINBERRY.

A WEEK had elapsed since the decease of Mr. Gimlett. His remains had received appropriate funeral rites. Mr. Wilson was nominated in his will as his sole executor, and as guardian of his two daughters.

As a token of friendship and high regard Mr. Gimlett bequeathed his gold watch and the sum of two thousand dollars to Charles Preston. The residue of his estate, amounting to twenty thousand dollars, by the terms of his will, was to be equally divided between his daughters Emeline and Harriet by his executor.

Thus closed the earthly career of John Gimlett, within whose warped and unprepossessing outer form was enthroned a pure and noble heart. It is not always that a symmetrical figure and fair countenance are types of a corresponding interior beauty. The precious gem may often be found within a rough and repulsive exterior.

One afternoon about the middle of May, as Charles Preston stood in the front office of the bank, he was accosted by a country

woman who entered from the street, and approached him with the following enquiry :

"Does Mr. Edward Wilson live here?"

"No Madam," replied Charles, "he does not live here, but this is his place of business."

"Is he here now, in the store?" enquired the lady.

"He is not," returned Preston, "but I do business for him. Perhaps I can accommodate you as well as Mr. Wilson."

"You are his son, then, I expect?" said the lady.

"No Madam, he has no son," returned Preston.

"His son-in-law, may be?" enquired the woman.

"No Madam," returned Preston, blushing deeply, and continuing, "he has no son-in-law either."

"Then, his son-in-law that is to be, I reckon?" continued the inquisitive woman from the country.

"Do you wish to see Mr. Wilson?" enquired Preston a little impatiently.

"Yes sir, I'd ryther like to see him," said the lady; "but may be he wouldn't care no great to see me; but I want to see him, for I've a little business with him."

"Mr. Wilson will not be in the bank again until ten o'clock tomorrow. Perhaps it would be well to call at that time, Madam," said Charles.

"Where d'ye 'spose he's gone?" enquired the lady.

"To his house," answered Preston.

"That's jest as well; I'll go and see him there," said the woman, and continued, "they do say he's got a mazen nice house, an' I would jest like to see it, for my man he built a new house last fall, but I don't calculate it's any touch to Ed. Willson's house. You see us country folks have to cut our coat accordin' to the cloth."

"I will send a lad with you, Madam, who will show you to Mr. Wilson's residence." Calling a messenger boy from behind the counter, he directed him to guide the lady to Mr. Wilson's mansion.

"It's very accommodatin' of you, I'm sure, but I'm rail sorry to put you to so much trouble. I bid you good day sir," continued the woman as she followed the boy to the street.

Mr. Wilson sat in a rustic seat in the shade of a large chestnut tree, near the front entrance to the spacious grounds that lay between his princely residence and the street. These grounds embraced about three acres of land, which sloped from the dwelling to the street. These grounds were highly ornamented. Lawns, bordered avenues, and groups of exotic plants met the eye. Water jets, sur-

rounded by parteurs of flowers and ornamental shrubs were scattering their pure drops through the evening sunlight, like pearls and glittering diamonds.

Mr. Wilson was aroused from a dreamy reverie as he heard the gate open and a voice say :

“ Here is where Mr. Wilson lives.”

The banker looked up and sprung to his feet as he saw Mrs. Ramsdale enter the gate. He hastened to meet her with an outstretched hand of welcome.

“ Why, Mr. Holmes !” said Mrs. Ramsdale in astonishment. “ Is it possible that you are here ?”

“ Rosa Philips do you not know me ? I am Edward Wilson,” said the millionaire.

“ Lawful heart !” said the lady, raising both her hands in surprise. “ Don’t that beat all ? And here you was in our house and I didn’t know you, and me a talken sich foolish things about you ? How could you do it ?”

“ Well, never mind it, Mrs. Ramsdale,” said Mr. Wilson. “ Come in, and I will explain that to you at our leisure. It gives me real pleasure to receive this visit from you.”

“ Well, indeed, I have hardly time to stop long, for I ought to soon be gitten back to the tavern,” returned Mrs. Ramsdale.

“ I can not permit you to leave my house this night,” interposed the banker, “ nor to-morrow, unless it is absolutely necessary that you return home.”

“ Well, surely, you are very clever, and as I have a little business with you, may be I’d better stay over night, and take a fresh start in the morning,” said the lady, and approached the dwelling with the millionaire, which they entered.

Mrs. Ramsdale was past the meridian of life. She was a very little above the medium stature of her sex. She was full and round in person ; in habit a little below the *en bon point*. Her eyes were dark brown, and as brilliant and flashing as those of a girl of sixteen. Not a wrinkle nor a deep line marked her sun-embrowned face, while a healthful glow of red mantled her full smooth cheeks. Her hair was dark brown, and in great abundance, soft and silky, the gloss of which was not marked by a thread of the silver of time to indicate the passage of years.

This remarkable woman was neat and tidy in her plain apparel of domestic stuff. Her cheerful countenance bespoke a peaceful conscience, a high integrity, and a mind of contentment. One would call her a handsome middle-aged woman. Over her plain,

suit of home-spun woolen cloth, she wore a snow-white linen apron of domestic manufacture.

In the appearance of Mrs. Ramsdale, although attired in her plain country habit, there was something that would, at first sight, command the attention of one who was in the habit of interpreting human character from external appearance and deportment. Her step, which was firm and unembarrassed, indicated a determined will, and great decision of character. Her neat and well-appointed personal attire, although plain and without an attempt at ornament, bespoke her pride of womanhood. Her cheerful face, plump and full, without redundancy, was calm, thoughtful and quiet, until she opened her lips to speak; then the countenance awoke into a sweet expression, the eyes beamed as softly as sunshine, her round cheeks dimpled, her countenance expanded into an expression of sparkling intelligence. Her little plump hands, with deep dimples at every joint, although as brown as a nut, waved in graceful gesticulations as she conversed. She spoke in a clear musical voice, rapidly, but not loudly.

Mr. Wilson conducted Mrs. Ramsdale into the reception room of his mansion, where, after delivering her bonnet and shawl to the colored maid, she was seated.

In one sweeping glance around the room, she took in view the entire appointment of rich furniture and upholstery of the apartment. She turned to the banker and said:

"You know I told Mr. Holmes, that if ever I come to Baltimore, I'd call and see Ed. Wilson, an' so, you see, I've kept my word."

"Yes," said Mr. Wilson, "and Mr. Holmes told you that, without doubt, you would be well received. So I have redeemed Mr. Holmes' pledge."

"Yes; but, Mr. Wilson," said Mrs. Ramsdale, "I think it wasn't fair in you to take the disadvantage of a body as you did, and make me say sich dreadful hard things about you as I did, not knowen who I was talken to. A body will say things, some times, about folks, that they wouldn't wish to say to their faces if they know'd it, least ways they'd say it different somewhat, an' at the same time not wishen any harm to them either. But, what's said is said, and I can't take it back any how; and, as my man says, ther's no use cryen over spilt milk."

"I would not have you take back one word that you said to Mr. Holmes about me," said Mr. Wilson. "I have profited by the lesson I drew from you. I have learned that there may be happiness

without luxury—enjoyment without extravagance, and contentment without riches. I have also learned that there may be the exercise of exact justice without conventional rulings, and a proper gratitude without holding the object of that gratitude faultless.”

“Mrs. Ramsdale,” continued the millionaire, “although many years have passed over our heads since our adventure on the mill-pond, we meet again, I hope as friends. I trust that you may hold the old man in moderate respect, if the young clerk did merit your contempt. As I grow older, I feel myself more closely drawn to the acquaintances of my early days. Neither you nor I have been idle. You have lived to a good purpose, and have filled your measure in a proper direction; whether I have, or have not, the Great Judge of all, above, must determine.”

“You seem to be grown serious,” said Mrs. Ramsdale. “I never see’d any sense in a body grown lemancholy when they get a little up in years. It isn’t them that lives the longest that’s the oldest, always. Many a person’s older at thirty than many another at sixty. It jest depends on how a body takes life. If a body goes mournen an’ mopen through life, an’ cryen’ over every little bit of spilt milk, the gray hairs an’ the deep wrinkles soon show themselves, an’ a body’s old before they knows it.”

“My way,” continued the good lady, “is to keep in the sunshine, come what will; if the sunshine moves ’round to the other side of the house, I moves ’round with it. That’s my way of keeping up good heart, and maken oneself feel young if they are getting up in years a little. Now, I’m as old as you, least ways I’ve lived as many years any how, an’ I havn’t got a gray hair in my head, ’though I say it myself, an’ in my heart I feel as young as I did the day I tipped into the mill-pond. You see I won’t get old. This thing of geten old is jest as a body pleases, an’ I’m one that means to keep young.”

“Yes, Mrs. Ramsdale,” said the banker, “there lies the difference between you and I. You have been happy; I have been unhappy. Your hair is dark and as glossy as the raven’s wing; mine is as white as snow.”

“Yes, but whose fault is it if we are unhappy?” said Mrs. Ramsdale. “We make ourselves happy or unhappy, jest as we choose. I was happy because I would be happy, any way. If you could not make yourself happy, no body else could do it for you, in spite of yourself. I reckon, may be, you mought be happy yet, if you’d a mind to be?”

Mrs. Ramsdale turned her dark brown eyes upon the banker significantly as she closed her remarks.

"No, Miss Rosa," returned the millionaire, "I cannot be happy. That hope is past. I can not live my life over again."

"Mr. Wilson," said Mrs. Ramsdale, "please don't call me Miss Rosa; I know you used to call me so, but it sounds a kind o' queer now, an' some how I don't like it, 'though I reckon its kind o' natural to you. But, please don't call me so any more. But, I was a goen to say that none of us can live our lives over again; an' them's best off that don't want to live it over again, an' that on looken back don't find no fault with what they've done. Nobody's onhappy that's done right in all things, an' the pity is that them that's done wrong can't ondo what they've done."

"One misstep, or one mistake in youth, may lead to the misdirection of every effort in life," said Mr. Wilson, and continued, "so it was with me. My whole course of life has been misdirected as a consequence of one early disappointment."

"I reckon you'd better say one early misdeed," said Mrs. Ramsdale, "for I suppose it was your own fault that you married Edith Dean, when everybody knowed that Mary Romain an' you was engaged for several years. I reckon that's what made you onhappy ever since. Least ways, everybody out at home said it was enough to make you onhappy."

"Madam, Mrs. Ramsdale!" said Mr. Wilson, springing to his feet in surprise; "you astonish me. You have opened an old wound, the pain of which time may have dulled, but can not assuage. What do you know, or how do you know anything in relation to this matter that has poisoned the very fountains of my life?"

"May be I've done wrong to speak of it Mr. Wilson," said Mrs. Ramsdale; "may be I have, but I never mentioned what I know to a liven soul before, excepten my man. It isn't for the likes of me to be finden fault with other folks, but I do think, upon my word, that you acted very wrong by Mary Romain."

"Pray, Mrs. Ramsdale—" commenced Mr. Wilson.

"Please, Mr. Wilson," said Mrs. Ramsdale interrupting the banker, and then continued, "it sounds so onnatural like, so please don't call me Mrs. Ramsdale; jest call me Aunt Rosa—that's what everybody calls me out at home, and I kind o' like the name; so jest call me Aunt Rosa."

"Well, then," continued he, "pray tell me what you know about this delicate matter. I wish to talk with you fully and freely; I may find some relief if not consolation, in unbosoming myself to

some one; and you, before any other would I select for that purpose, particularly as you knew all the parties, if not the deep wrong I have inflicted upon both Mary and Edith. How did you obtain the information of which you speak?"

"Well then, to tell you the truth," replied Aunt Rosa, "Mary Romain told me all about it. She made me her confidential."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Wilson, "can that be possible? What circumstances could have led to such an intimacy between you and Mary Romain as to warrant such a confidence?"

"May be you don't remember that after my father's house burnt up that we girls went out and stayed 'round among the neighbors till the new house was built and finished. Well, you see, I went to Major Romain's to stay, an' it was three months afore the new house was finished, so I stayed all that time in the old Major's family. Well, the girls, Alice and Mary, took a kind of liken to me. They said I kept them in sich good spirits all the time. After I got back home again in the new house, I often went back to the old Major's and staid over night with the girls. Well, when that French general Lafay or Lafayt, or whatsoever his name was (I never could pernounce them Frenchy names, anyhow,) but, as I was goen to say, when he come to Major Romain's, nothing would do the girls but I must come over an' stay with them, an' help them like, in their sewing, for I was dreadful smart with the needle. So I staid all the time the French officers was there. I was there the very night that you and the young French captain had sich a fuss on account of his walken with Mary. Well, poor Mary didn't sleep a wink that live long night. She said she jest know'd you blamed her for it all. She cried and sobbed dreadful, poor creature! an' she never so much as spoke to the Frenchman again as long as they staid there. She told me all about how you an' she was engaged, an' was to be married next year. Well, you know, when the other French officer come back to marry Allie, they sent you an invite to the wedden; but, you didn't come, and sent back an insulting answer."

"I was a fool!" said the millionaire, pacing the room impatiently. "My boyish pride was wounded. I fancied that she who had plighted her love to me, had drawn invidious distinctions between me and the accomplished young French officers who composed the suite of General Lafayette. I mistook Mary's courtesy and politeness to Captain Verdier for marked favor and partiality. My pride was wounded. I was deeply mortified. I was impulsive—I was a fool—I was—but proceed."

"You wouldn't come to Allie's wedden. That was a sad night

for poor Mary. She still hoped you would come, an' by axen your pardon and promising not to walk with any one but you any more, she could clear it all up with you. But she waited an' waited, watched an' watched, till the black boy brought back your answer, an' then the minister said the marriage ceremony, for they saw that there was no use of putten it off any longer when they found that you wasn't comen. Mary jest sobbed and cried all night. She never closed her eyelids to sleep till broad daylight next morning.

"In a few weeks more they heard about you getting married to poor Edith. That news fell heavy on Mary Romain. She did not say much to anybody, but everybody know'd her heart was broke. The night we heard the news of your going to get married to Edith Dean, Mary set by the window. She didn't say a word, but turned as white as a corpse. But jest as soon as she got alone with me, she fairly screamed in a kind of whisper, an' said: 'Oh Rosa! Rosa! what shall I do? How can I live any longer?' I thought the poor creature's heart would break. An' then she clung around my neck an' fairly shook again. It makes me pity the poor creature, yet, ever so much, when I think of it, 'though it's more'n twenty years ago. But poor girl! she's been at rest long ago, an' don't feel the hot tears that used to fairly burn when they fell on my hands."

"Wretch that I am!" said Mr. Wilson, pacing the floor, and striking his breast with his clenched fist. "Wretch that I am! Villain that I have been! How can I atone for this grievous wrong that doomed the beautiful and innocent, and kindled the fires of retribution in my own heart? Oh! this scorpion that nestles and gnaws in my bosom! must I ever wear it there? Oh! could I have had but one word with her—but my foolish pride forbade. She is gone! Poor Mary! Oh Mary! Mary! hear me up there where angels dwell! Poor, dear Mary! She died! She is gone, and I am here alone and unforgiven!"

The millionaire sunk almost helpless into an easy chair that cost two hundred dollars. The silk plush that lined and cushioned this luxurious seat did not palliate or soften the anguish of his heart. His whole stout frame shuddered. He buried his face between his hands and wept like an infant. It is awful to see a man weep. It reminds one of a lion in the death agony. Fitful spasms shock the strong frame and threatens the outward tabernacle with dissolution. The birth of each tear drop is brought forth with a groan like a thunder shock and a pang like an earthquake.

Aunt Rosa looked upon the rich banker in deep pity; tears

filled her eyes as she arose and approached him. She laid her hand upon his head and said :

“ I pity you ; from my heart I pity you, poor man ! ”

Mr. Wilson looked up, not only with an expression of surprise, but with one of deep supplication. He took Aunt Rosa's hand and pressed it to his forehead.

“ Why, bless me, Mr. Wilson ! ” said Aunt Rosa, “ your head will burst ; it thumps as if there was a sledge hammer pounding away inside of it. What in the name of goodness is the matter ? haven't you got no campfire bottle in the room, till I put some on your head ? ”

“ Oh ! camphor will do no good. Your words of pity come to me like cooling and refreshing drops of dew to the parched earth. Years of suffering have passed over me, without one word of sympathy or of pity—without one kind touch to calm my bursting brow. Your hand is like an angel's touch upon my temples, and your words of pity drop into my heart like healing water. ”

“ That's queer, ” said Mrs. Ramsdale, “ that a poor country body like me should be yielding comfort to a great rich banker like you. ”

“ It is no less strange than true. But did you not call me ‘ poor man ’ a minute since ? I am poor, indeed, and you, dear Aunt Rosa, are rich. With all my heaped up riches and treasured gold you see how poor I am. I would give all I possess for the peaceful throbbing of your heart—for the true wealth you have treasured up in a contented mind and an approving conscience. Without these there is no true wealth. But now, pray be seated. I feel better than I did. If you have still further tortures for me, go on. Tell me anything more you know in relation to Mary Romain. I am prepared for anything now. ”

“ Well, I'd ryther not say anything more, for it seems to hurt your feelens so, an' I ain't of a nater to hurt any one in any respect, ” said Mrs. Ramsdale.

“ The worst is over, I hope, ” said the banker, “ and I wish to know all you can tell me upon this subject. ”

“ Well, then, ” continued Mrs. Ramsdale, “ Mary took it so to heart, that the whole family got wery oneasy about her, an' was afraid she'd lose her senses or go crazy. She never went out into company after you was married. Some thought she was a goin' with the quick consumption ; but the doctors told her folks that they must take her away off somewheres into strange sceneries, or she would go insane. So, the old Major he sold off everything an' moved away off to New York, an' there he died in a year or two. ”

The French Captain an' his wife, Alice, with her two children, an' Mary, they started off for France or England, or somewhere over there, an' you know they was all shipracked and drowned, out at sea.

"The last time I seed Mary Romain, was the night afore they started to move to New York. I stopped over night with them, so as to see them off in the morning. That young Frenchman that married Alice was a mazin' nice man, an', considerin' his broken English, he was a werry perlite man. Mary an' me, we slept together that night. She did not sleep much. No more didn't I. She talked about you a good deal; she said she expected her days would not be many, but if she lived a thousand years she would never marry. I told her there was as good fish in the sea as ever was caught, an' that anybody that would serve a girl as mean as you did her, wasn't worth havin'. I raily did tell her so, an' I thought so, an' I think so yet; for, as I said before, I think it was real mean of you.

"Well, Mary jest said I must not say a word agin the man she loved, an' so I didn't, an' I kind a humored her notion, for I saw the poor girl thought a dreadful sight of you; an' as I saw that she wasn't long for this world, I thought a pity of her, and jest humored her, like, and pertended that you was ever sich a nice man."

"I would now give my remaining few years of life to have seen her but for one moment," said Mr. Wilson. "I would have prayed on my knees for her forgiveness. As soon as poor Edith, the mother of my child, was cold in her grave. Poor Edith! Yes, a pure, a noble and an angelic woman, whom I could not love because I loved Mary Romain. As soon as she, poor Edith, was gone, I went to New York in search of Mary Romain. She had sailed a few days before, with her brother-in-law and sister, for Europe. On the next vessel I sailed for England. For two years I sought her in England, France and Germany. It was not until several years after my return that I learned that she, with her sister's entire family, was lost at sea."

"The last time Mary Romain an' me parted," said Mrs. Ramsdale, thoughtfully, "she gave me a letter for you, and made me promise to give it to you when she was gone out of the country."

"Why did you not keep the promise, and deliver the letter?" inquired the banker, quickly, and a little impatiently.

"Well, you see," returned Mrs. Ramsdale, "I didn't think it proper for me to carry a letter from a young girl to a married man. I thought, when I tuck the letter, I would give it to you; but then,

again, when I come to consider about it, I kind a thought it wouldn't be altogether right. I thought it mought make you onhappy, an' your wife onhappy, if she found it out that you was gitten love letters from other girls; an' I kind a thought that a married man had no right to have any secret from his wife, an' if he had, it was wrong. So you see, of course, I wasn't a goin' to take part in anything I know'd wasn't right, an' may be do something I'd be sorry for some day."

"What did you do with the letter?" inquired Mr. Wilson.

"I put it into the till of my trunk, an' it's there yet, for I seed it there when I went to put on my Sunday clothes to come down to Baltimore t' other day," replied Mrs. Ramsdale.

"It is strange that you should preserve it so long," said the banker.

"It would be stranger if I didn't," replied the honest woman, and continued: "What do you suppose I could do with it after I concluded that I orten't to give it to you?"

"Destroy it, of course," returned the banker.

"Mr. Wilson," replied Aunt Rosa, "do you think I could be guilty of sich a meanness as to destroy anything that was trusted to me, when it was no trouble to keep it? No, my rule is not to destroy anything that can be saved."

"Did you not open the letter?" inquired Mr. Wilson.

"Man alive!" said Mrs. Ramsdale, with an expression of indignation in her manner, "could you think of such a thing as me, or any of my family, opening another person's letter, an' pryen into the secrets of another body's heart? I'd as leaves be guilty of looken into the coffins of the dead, an' pryen out the secrets of the grave. No sir, Mr. Wilson, if we are poor an' have no edication, we ain't mean, an' couldn't be guilty of sich a low trick like that."

"I want that letter," said Mr. Wilson, earnestly. "Can I have it, if I accompany you home?"

"In course you can have the letter, since both poor Edith and poor Mary are dead, so it can do them no harm, and may give you some comfort, for I see you need it. But, I'll send it by post, for I don't somehow like the idea of havin' a beau home with me, for people might talk, you know, 'though I don't want to say jest right out that I give you the mitten," said Mrs. Ramsdale, laughing until her eyes fairly sparkled, and then continued, more seriously: "No, I'll send the letter right straight, as soon as I get home again."

"Then so let it be; I am satisfied," said the banker.

"Now," resumed Aunt Rosa, "we've got done talkin' this mat

ter over, an' seeing I've come on business with you, may be we'd better 'tend to it now."

"What is the nature of your business with me?" inquired Mr. Wilson, and continued: "If there is anything in which I can aid you, command me."

"O no, not at all!" returned Mrs. Ramsdale, and continued: "You know I told you, when you was up at our house under the name of Holmes, that old Judge Runion had a mortgage on the land we bought for Andy. Well, the money's come jew on it now, an' so, you see, I come down to Baltimore to pay it off an' take up the mortgage. Well, when I seed Judge Runion, (he's a mighty nice old gentleman,) he told me the mortgage had been paid off a good while ago, an' that I needn't trouble myself about it. He was very perlite to me, considerin' I was a plain country woman an' he sich a rich, wealthy gentleman.

"I wanted to know who paid it off. At first he didn't want to tell me, but I was determined to know, an' so I told him I was afraid there was some ketch about it; so then he told me you had paid it off, an' that the money was comin' to you, if anybody; and so you see I've brought you the money, for it don't make any odds to me who I pay it to, so the debt's paid."

Mrs. Ramsdale produced from her pockets two well filled bags of money, and presented them to the millionaire.

"Keep your money, Aunt Rosa," said the banker, pushing away the little brown hands extended to him with a purse of gold in each. "Keep your money," said he, "I will have none of it. It is yours. It is not mine. You worked for it; your labor earned it; so keep it—it is yours."

"Edward Wilson, what do you mean?" enquired she in surprise, stepping back, and letting her hands containing the two purses fall heavily to her sides, and continued, "Do you mean to say you will not take this money? we are not beggars—we are able to pay our debts if we are poor; an' this is the last debt we owe in the world. I shall leave this money here. Not one cent of it will I take back home with me. So there, now," said she, with an air of independence and determined self-will, and threw the heavy purses on the table.

"Aunt Rosa," said Mr. Wilson, taking up the purses and presenting them to her, "will you not accept this gold from me as a present, on the score of old friendship?"

"No, sir, I will not," she returned.

"Are you fixed in that purpose?" continued he.

"Yes," she replied, and continued: "And when a woman's once bent on her course, you can't change her. Least ways, you can't me."

"Then hear me," continued Mr. Wilson, "you can do me a great favor, if you will. Will you do it?"

"Well," answered Mrs. Ramsdale, "that depends on what it is. It's my plan to do anybody a favor, when I can, if it's such a matter as a woman can properly undertake."

"It is eminently proper for you to undertake to confer this favor upon me," said Mr. Wilson. "The favor is this. I wish to send my daughter to the country for, at least one summer. I am anxious she should learn, not only all the mysteries of housewifery, but the art of conducting the domestic affairs of the farm house, and the management of the dairy, as well as to be educated in the habits and feelings of those who labor for their living. This is an education which I consider of great importance to every man and woman, in order to properly understand the theory of life and its social duties and obligations. My daughter is very anxious to enter upon this branch of her education. I expect it will cost me a considerable sum of money to procure her boarding and instruction in the country. But I am willing to pay liberally for these, and am able to pay. There is no one to whom I would commit the care and instruction of my child in preference to you.

"I propose to you to take my daughter home with you, board her, and instruct her in the skill of all manner of household affairs. I will pay you this sum, contained in these two purses, in advance, and a like sum when she returns home."

"I do believe you are crazy!" said Mrs. Ramsdale.

"No, I am not. I know what I am doing," replied the millionaire.

"What then, is the matter with you?" inquired she.

"I wish my daughter to become useful, and she is anxious to go to the country to learn those useful domestic arts which you are so capable of teaching her," returned the banker.

"Are you in blood earnest?" enquired Aunt Rosa.

"I am indeed," answered he.

"Your datter's been used to sich high life, and sich high company, she couldn't stand our rough an' tumble way of livin' a week," said Mrs. Ramsdale. "Rich folks knows nothing about our ways, an' the little thing would get homesick an' cry her eyes out."

"Little thing, indeed," said Mr. Wilson smiling, "she is taller than you are. You forget that her mother has been in her grave

nearly twenty years. She has had no maternal care and instruction, and has grown to woman's estate entirely ignorant of all those mysteries of woman's nature and woman's duties which only a mother or a true friend can impart. I believe you can be that true friend, if you will, and, to be such is the favor I ask. Will you do it?"

"Mr. Wilson," said Mrs. Ramsdale, after a long pause, "it isn't for sake of the money, but, if I could help your orphan datter, I'm sure I'd like to do it, if she could put up with our rough fare. But, I'll plainly tell you now, I won't take no body's datter into my house, among my young girls, unless I take a liken to her. Some how, a body sometimes takes a liken to some folks at first sight; an' then again to somebody else they take a dislike, an just think they're a proud stuck up thing, like. Now, I must see your datter, first, before I can give you an' answer; an, when I see her, if I take a dislikin to her, I wouldn't have her in my house no how; but, if I like her, I'm willen to try it a while. But it somehow seems that she'll soon gi'n out. An' then again it seems so odd that your datter should come to live with me."

"I will send for my daughter," said the banker. "You and she can spend the evening together; and, remember, that, if you are pleased with each other, she is to return home with you."

Mr. Wilson rung for a servant to whom he presented the following note which he hastily wrote with a pencil, and ordered the servant to deliver to his daughter.

"Dear Eda, Mrs. Ramsdale is here. You remember who she is, no doubt. She is a remarkable woman. Call her Aunt Rosa, for she dislikes to be called Mrs. Ramsdale. Come to us immediately. Your Papa."

He then turned to Mrs. Ramsdale and remarked to her that his daughter would be present in a few minutes.

"Now, Aunt Rosa" continued he, "it is not necessary that all your neighbors should know whose daughter it is that returns home with you, if she does return with you."

"I hate deceitful ways, an' always did," said Aunt Rosa, "but, it's no body's business, as you say, an' I can't see that there's any need of blabing it all over the whole neighborhood who she is; but if any body should ax me whose datter she is, I can easy tell them that she is the datter of an old acquaintance of the name of Wilson, you know, an there will be no deceit in that, I'm sure."

A light footstep was heard at the door. Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Ramsdale arose to their feet as the door gently opened. Eda was about to enter when her eyes caught those of Mrs. Ramsdale; she

stood still in surprise. The two females for nearly a minute gazed in each others eyes in silence; at length Mrs. Ramsdale reached forward her arms and exclaimed, "You sweet creature!" "Aunt Rosa;" said Eda, and rushing forward, threw herself upon Mrs. Ramsdale's bosom, and, clasping her around the neck, kissed her repeatedly. "You are the picture of your mother," said Aunt Rosa, returning Eda's embraces and kisses.

"She is the very image of Edith Dean," continued she turning to Mr. Wilson with a smile.

"Eda," said the father, "I wish you to take Aunt Rosa to your apartments and, while she remains, to make everything pleasant to her."

"Come Aunt Rosa," said the daughter leading the way, "I am so happy that you have come to make us a visit, and I know that I can make your visit very pleasant to you."

Mrs. Ramsdale exchanged a significant smile with the millionaire, as she followed Eda from the apartment.

The night that followed was a sorrowful one to Edward Wilson. He paced his room until long after midnight. The scenes and associations of his early life passed in review before his mind. Familiar forms and faces came and went, not dimly, but vividly before his memory. Sorrow and sadness overwhelmed and bowed him down. The sting of self reproach, like living fire, burned in his bosom. There is no burden so prostrating to both body and mind as an overburdened heart.

The banker had a thousand times regretted the youthful mistake, prompted by a temporary impulse of pride, which had involved his whole life in sorrow and remorse. He had repeatedly accused himself at the bar of his own conscience, and had as often condemned his conduct without qualification. But in all this self trial, his judgments had reference more particularly to himself as the sufferer from the effect of his misconduct. He had never before so nicely considered, and so accurately measured the consequences of his early misstep upon the happiness and ultimate destinies of others, as now, when he heard the consequences from the lips of another.

For the first time the measure of his folly, if not his guilt, was proclaimed, and his condemnation pronounced from without—by a third party—by a stranger, which imparted a significant and a painful emphasis to the secret mutterings in the chambers of his own conscience. Without mitigation or modification, the sorrow, the despair he had inflicted upon the subject of his early love was present-

ed vividly, scathingly to his mind, in the simple but eloquent language of Aunt Rosa.

Well could he appreciate the anguish of that stricken heart that quivered beneath the shaft that pierced it, for, well could he remember the affectionate tenderness, and the gentle sensitiveness of the heart he had crushed.

To have his own condemnation, and the circumstances of his folly and its effects from the lips of another was a new feature in the history of his sorrow, a master stroke which awoke a keener and a more exquisite anguish than ever before, and with it brought before his memory the sorrow and grief of poor Mary Romain.

Then followed in his memory the family disappointment—the abandonment of life long associations and the removal among strangers—the decease of the sire—the departure to a foreign country—the untimely and melancholy death by shipwreck, and the utter extinction of the once happy family.

“Oh God? Oh God! this was my work!” said he, as these things passed through his mind.

He passed a sleepless night, although, at a late hour he sought his pillow. He found no relief from his suffering, for he could not sleep.

Mr. Wilson came to the breakfast table looking wearied and pale.

“You look ryther onwell this morning,” said Mrs. Ramsdale, as he took his seat at the head of the table.

“I am not well,” said he, “I rested illy last night, and find that I have a severe headache this morning.”

“My man’s troubled that way a heap,” said Aunt Rosa. “He get’s dreadful head aches every little while, an’ when one of the spells comes on he has to lay by ’till it’s over.”

“As we grow older,” rejoined Mr. Wilson, “these infirmities appear to effect us more severely than in youth.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Ramsdale, “to change the subjeck, your datter an’ me have made a bargain, an’ she is to go home with me. La me! it seems so queer that she should go an’ live with us plain folks. It seems so queer that you should want her to go! but, then, as my man says, there isn’t no accounten for people’s notions.”

“When do you intend to start on your return,” enquired the banker.

“To-morrow morning, bright and early,” answered Aunt Rosa.

"Then," said he "we must have a busy day to prepare for Eda's outfit."

Mr. Wilson excused himself, arose, and, without having tasted the breakfast, left the table.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the Michigan Freemason.

ANCIENT RUINS.

Ancient Egypt, Palestine and the East.

BY M. W. ALFRED, A. M., M. D.

CHAPTER III.

KING SOLOMON was the only Hebrew sovereign, whose empire compared with that of Rameses the Scriptural Pharaoh, in extent and magnificence. It was more than five hundred years after the reign of this Pharaoh that the Hebrew kingdom attained to this greatness. The throne of Solomon "was made of ivory, and overlaid with pure gold. And there were six steps to the throne with twelve lions standing thereon, six on each side, and two lions standing beside the royal seat. And King Solomon surpassed all the kings of the earth in riches and wisdom. And all the kings of the earth sought the presence of Solomon, and brought him presents," and "he reigned over all the kings from the river unto the land of the Philistines, and to the borders of Egypt," (II. Chron., 9-26.) Like Rameses, "he built *treasure cities*, all that he desired," (I. Kings, ix, 15,) throughout his vast dominions. Five centuries before this, the captive Hebrews built for Pharaoh *treasure cities* "Pithon and Rameses, (Exod. 1., 2.) The gorgeousness of his ivory, gold-laid throne did not far exceed that of Rameses. When the 73 days of mourning had passed, on account of the death of Seti, the father of Rameses, he presented himself at the palace for public coronation. "Under the main portico stood a magnificent *daos*, or chair of state, upon supports of ebony, carved in symbolical caryatides. It contained a throne of *ivory*, the base of which

represented in gilded relief the spirit, the emblem of wisdom united with strength, and the lion, the symbol of courage.

Of this throne, the colored statues of *Tmei* the goddess of justice ; and of Hor-Meni, the sun god of truth, with outstretched arms and expanded wings, formed the background and sustained the dais.

The exhumed Papyri explain many things otherwise quite obscure, and their statements entirely correspond with the writings of the historians of ancient Egypt, namely, Herodotus, Diodorus, and the later Champollion.

We are apt to speak of the Temple of Solomon as his greatest work, when in fact it was but an inconsiderable part of his labor, and was a very small structure when compared with other national temples.

Solomon built the walls of Jerusalem, Milo, the house of the forest of Lebanon, his own house, which consumed almost twice as much time as the temple, the house of Pharaoh's daughter, and the cities of Hazor, Megiddo, Gezer, Beth-Horon, Baalath, Tadmor, and all the treasure cities he desired, (1 Kings, ix, 15.)

The house of the Forest of Lebanon was a larger building than the temple. It was 175 feet long, 87 feet wide, and 52 feet high. The temple was 107 feet long, and 40 feet wide. The "most holy house," as it is called, in the rear of the temple, was 49 feet square, and the Peristyle, or porch, was 20 by 40, and 220 feet high ; in front of which stood the two famous brazen pillars. If we add to the length of the temple the porch, and the "most holy house," its length will be 183 feet, the porch being 37 feet higher than the whole length of the temple.

The temple then was much in the shape of the letter L. It was a costly edifice in gold and precious stones. The ceilings were covered with beaten gold, and the "most holy" portion was literally lined with plates of beaten gold, of vast thickness and purity. This together with the golden furniture, was a great temptation to avaricious rival kingdoms to destroy and plunder this consecrated house. This was the well known custom of those times, as the numerous ruins in Egypt, Syria, and the East abundantly testify. The temple at BAALBEC, of which six columns are now standing, was a vastly larger edifice than that at Jerusalem.

This temple stood on a raised elevation 25 feet above the soil, its length being 1,000 feet. The portico was 180 feet by 37, (as large as King Solomon's temple,) and its first court was 250 by 200 feet. The apartment in front of the temple proper, was 440 by 370 feet. Fronting this was the *perystyle* 290 by 160, supported by

54 Corinthian columns, 7 feet at base and 5 at top, 62 feet in length, supporting an entablature of 14 feet, making in all a height of 76 feet. The western wall contains stones 64 feet long, and 13 feet five inches square. In the quarries, one-fourth of a mile from the temple there is a stone dressed 84 feet four inches long, 17 feet two inches broad, and 14 feet seven inches deep.

Some have dated the building of the temple of Baalbec prior to all historical record, but King Solomon built Tadmor, the ruins of which appear as antiquated as those of Baalbec, and Tadmor was much the same style of architecture. Moreover we have the Scripture record, that Solomon built *Baalath*.

Now is it not quite probable that both these names specify the same building, and place? Some of the stones are *beveled* in the same manner as those at Jerusalem. These are found in the substructions at Baalbec, and are sufficient to direct the attention of the antiquarian to King Solomon as the builder of this mammoth temple. It is true that we have no knowledge of the city of Heliopolis, where this temple was built, prior to the second century, and then only from medals, unless it is mentioned in the Scriptures as "Baalath" (1. Kings, 9, 15.) The medals date no farther back than the days of the Emperor Nerva, who succeeded Domitian A. D. 96.

John Malala, in the seventh century, ascribes the building of this temple to Antoninus Pius, who was converted to Christianity while Emperor of Rome, in the year 140 of the Christian era. This late date as the period of its erection is probably quite chimerical.

The temple at Jerusalem, as before stated, was immensely costly in gold, and diamonds, and exceeded perhaps in its expensiveness, many of the larger temples. But its arrangement into court, porch and sanctuary, was similar to those built in Egypt centuries before. "In all the great cities of the valley of the Nile, the sacred edifices enclosed within their limits, between the *Pronaos* and the sanctuary of the gods, a spacious hall which, owing to the numerous columns supporting its massive ceiling of carved and tinted granite, received the title of *Hypostyle* from the Greeks. The one that Seti (the father of Rameses) caused to be built in the temple of Karnac is celebrated among them all for its dimensions—one hundred yards by fifty, and its hundred and thirty-four columns, a dozen of which sustained the central part of the ceiling at the height of seventy-two feet from the soil upon capitals of twenty yards in circumference." The richness and grandeur of the columns, reliefs, and moral paintings of these Hypostylic halls of the ancient temples in Egypt, as

restored by the French Commission, exceed all other attempts at display, in Palestine or on the face of our globe.

If Solomon built Baalbec, or even improved it, as was the custom of conquerors in order to immortalize their names, he improved in the magnitude and arrangement of this work very much upon the first temple building he erected at Jerusalem.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

THEY say the professions are crowded
 By seekers for fame and for bread,
 That the members are pushing each other.
 As close as their footsteps can tread.
 But be not discouraged, my brother,
 Nor suffer exertion to stop,
 Though thousands are pressing around you,
 There's plenty of room at the top.

Be true to thy love and thy country—
 The dastard wins never a prize;
 But the earnest are ever the victors,
 And he who on justice relies,
 Who wins the good guerdon by labor,
 Will garner of sweetness his crop,
 And find, as the hills sink before him,
 There's plenty of room at the top.

Oh! let not the evil disturb you,
 There's good if you but serch it out,
 Make pure thine own conscience, my brother.
 Nor mind what the rest are about.
 And whether your work may have fallen
 In sanctum, or office, or shop,
 Remember the low grounds are crowded.
 But there's plenty of room at the top.

THE following distinguished brethren are honorary members of the Grand Lodge of Scotland: His Majesty Charles XV., King of Sweden and Norway; H. R. H. Prince Frederick of the Netherlands; His Majesty William I., King of Prussia, (now Emperor of Germany); His Majesty George V., ex-King of Hanover; the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Zetland, K. T.

DEATH OF HON. WILLIAM M. FENTON, P. G. M.

JUST as we go to press with our last form, the painful intelligence comes to us of the death of Past Grand Master, William M. Fenton, which occurred about 11 o'clock on the night of May 12th, aged 62 years. The cause of his death was an injury done to his person, caused by running accidentally against a hitching post, when hurrying to the fire alarm, which had just been sounded—he having recently been appointed Chief Engineer of the Fire Department. His sufferings are said to have been intense, producing death in about twenty-four hours after the accident.

We shall expect a fuller account of the noble life of our devoted Brother for a future number, and only add the following, which we clip from the *Detroit Free Press*:

“William M. Fenton was born at Palmyra, New York, in 1809. His father was a banker in that village, and a gentleman occupying a high social position. William being his only son, was granted all the educational privileges to be procured, and graduated at Hamilton College in 1830. His health at that time being very delicate, he was advised to refrain from study. He could not content himself with the quietude of a monotonous, inactive life, and accordingly departed for New York, and engaged himself on a merchant ship bound for the Mediterranean, as a common sailor. His intelligence and strict attention to duty in that humble and laborious occupation brought deserved promotion, and on making the second voyage Mr. Fenton, then in his twenty-first year, went as mate. He continued in this career for nearly three years, making several ocean voyages and becoming quite accomplished as a seaman.

“In 1834, his father removing to Michigan, William M. was induced to migrate to the new home. They settled in Genesee county and founded the village of Fentonville, where his father had erected mills and factories, and from whom the place was named. Here Mr. Fenton began the study and practice of law, marrying in 1836 Adelaide, daughter of Judge Beardslee, then residing at Flint, to which place Mr. Fenton shortly removed, His married life was very happy. Mr. Fenton was extremely popular in his county and has held many local offices. In 1846 he was elected a member of the Legislature, which being about the time of the removal of the capital, he took a prominent part in opposition to the measure. In 1848 he was elected Lieutenant Governor of the State, and re-elected in 1850 and 1851.

“At the commencement of the rebellion he became a member

of the State Military Board, and during the war took a prominent part in the organization of the Eighth Regiment, of which he was made Colonel. This regiment, from the number of places it was stationed, acquired the name of the 'wandering regiment.' In 1862, his health becoming prostrated by the rigors of campaigning, Colonel Fenton resigned his position and came home. He was very active in the promotion of all measures that conduced to a vigorous prosecution of the war. The Colonel then resumed the practice of the law, in which he was eminently successful, his strong point being his remarkable influence with a jury.

"Col. Fenton's family consists of two sons and two daughters, his wife having died some three years ago.

"Col. Fenton was in this city on Wednesday last in the best of health and spirits, where he had completed the final arrangements for a trip to Europe, which he contemplated making next September. This tour he designed to continue for two years, and proposed taking with him his daughter and his niece, the daughter of Samuel Lewis of this city.

"Col Fenton had accumulated considerable wealth, and his life has been in every respect one of felicity and success. His domestic and social virtues were of the first order, and as a parent and friend his memory will long be kept green."

IN MEMORIAM.

At a meeting of Paw Paw Lodge No. 25, F. & A. M., convened at Masonic Hall Nov. 1st, A. D. 1870, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted ;

WHEREAS, Almighty God in his wisdom having removed from earth our beloved brother, I. P. Robbins, we his brethren of Paw Paw Lodge, No. 25 F. & A. M., of which he was a just and upright member, recognizing with due submission the Edict of the Master, would in this manner express our appreciation of the virtues of our deceased brother, and tender to his bereaved widow and family our warmest sympathies in their affliction ;

Resolved, That we cordially bear witness that Bro. Robbins was one in whose life and character the principles of our Order were faithfully portrayed ; that his uniform kindness and gentle deportment has engendered in the hearts of his brethren an affection which will extend in perfect fullness to his bereaved family ; that we will in token of our affection for our deceased brother, and our respect

for his memory, adopt the usual badge of mourning for the term of thirty days.

Resolved, That the above be published in the *Michigan Free Mason*.

O. D. GLIDDON,
ALEX. M. HARRISON, } Committee.
A. J. SORTORE.

At a meeting of Paw Paw Lodge No. 25, F. & A. M., held at their Lodge Room March 19th, A. D. 1871, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, Our beloved Order has been called upon to mourn the death of Brother Hiram Richmond, and to pay the last tribute to his memory ; therefore,

Resolved, That in no slight degree we feel the loss of one who as a man was always just and faithful, as a friend, generous and true, and as a brother of the mystic tie, ever foremost in cultivating and honoring the holy principles which bind us together.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the family of our deceased brother in this hour of their great affliction, and while we extend to them all the warmth of feeling which true Masons can cherish, we trustingly commit them to the care of the great Master of the Celestial Lodge, whose hand can lead in the dark as well as in the light.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the *Michigan Free Mason*.

H. D. HARROWER,
A. W. INGYS, } Committee.
A. J. SORTON,

FROM CASSOPOLIS.

CASSOPOLIS, March 20, 1871.

Brother Chaplin:

THE Most Excellent Grand High Priest has granted a Dispensation to a constitutional number of Companions at Cassopolis and vicinity to open and hold a Chapter of Royal Arch Masons at this place. The Chapter thus dispensed is already in good working order, and having a good jurisdiction from which to select material we think our future prospects of a healthy prosperity are encourag-

ing. Our regular meetings are held on Tuesday on or after the full moon in each month, at 2 o'clock P. M.

OFFICERS.

J. A. Shingledecker, H. P.; Asa Kingsbury, K.; Charles W. Clisbee, S.; Jas. H. Farnum, C. of F.; Henry Tjetsort, P. S.; Geo. Shaffer, R. A. C.; Samuel Stephenson, M. of 3d V.; Jonas Mechling, M. of 2d V.; Amos Smith, M. of 1st V.; Wm. Condon, Treasurer; Amos Smith, Secretary.

Our doors will readily open to those who are worthy and well qualified. No others need apply.

Yours fraternally,

J. A. S.

LOSS BY FIRE.

THE following brief note from our worthy and very dear friend, Bro. D. E. Wilson, brings the unwelcome intelligence of the loss our brothers in Constantine have met with, since our last issue. We sympathize with them, but are sure they will come forth, Phoenix-like, and be the stronger for their extra exertions. The courtesies of the Odd Fellows is commendable, and will be duly appreciated, and, when needed, reciprocated:

CONSTANTINE, May 15, 1871.

DEAR BROTHER CHAPLIN,—Our lodge room was consumed by fire Friday night, April 28th. The charter, records, Holy Bible, square and compasses, collars, and jewels, except the Tyler's, were saved. The columns, carpets, stoves, a new chandelier, chairs, aprons, chart, lamps, and a great many little things not necessary to mention, were burned. The Odd Fellows have opened their hall to us until we can procure one, a kindness which we greatly appreciate.

Fraternally yours,

D. E. WILSON.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

DURING the past two weeks we have had the pleasure of visiting several Lodges, and find the craft at work as busy as bees, and very harmoniously. At *Charlotte* we were received with all due courtesy, and cheered by the kind co-operation of the Brothers. Thence we went to *Nashville*, where we read an address to a full house, and were laid under great obligation by the Brotherhood. The Lodge is small, being young, but it is made up of good material, and has a promising future before it. At *Vermontville* we did not more than call. The brethren are said to be too poor to subscribe

for Masonic journals! Only one copy is taken, and that we understand is charged to the Lodge! We told the W. M. we *must* have at least *ten* subscribers, and he promised us an effort. Something must be done for this place, or the Lodge will die of *ennui*. At *Hastings* we found the Brethren wide awake and at work. This, till recently, has been the *banner* Lodge of the State, so far as subscribers to our Journal is concerned, and at this time only two or three Lodges have larger lists on our books. At *Three Rivers*, *Constantine* and *Coldwater*, we have met with kindly co-operation, and return thanks for favors received.

P. M. AND P. H. P. LORD TENTERDEN.—We clip the following biographical sketch of Lord Tenterden, Secretary of the English High Commission, from an exchange. It will be read with interest: "Lord Tenterden, the Secretary of the British part of the Joint High Commission now in session in Washington, is a great-grandson of Charles Abbott, who was the son of a hair-dresser, and born at Canterbury in 1762. In 1781 he was elected to a scholarship at Oxford, where he was distinguished for attainments and good conduct. At thirty-three he was called to the bar, and soon secured a large practice. At forty he published his work on the law of merchant shipping, which is now a standard authority. At forty-six he refused a judgeship, but accepted at fifty-four. Two years later, at fifty-six, he was made Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and in 1827, during the premiership of Mr. Canning, was raised to the peerage, but did not long enjoy the title, having died in 1832. Such is the history of the founder of the house, the dignity of which is worthily maintained by the present lord."

We are informed that the *Trowel* is soon to appear, and that Bro. Reynolds has already received most efficient aid at the hands of the whole-souled brothers of Illinois. Large donations have been made up, and promptly sent forward from the Lodges, the members giving from ten dollars to one, as they felt able. Those subscribers who had paid in advance for the current volume asked no credit, but immediately forwarded advance pay, and our informant thought our good Brother of the *Trowel* was already made whole in a pecuniary point of view, though the loss of valuable books can perhaps never be wholly repaired. We understand that Brother Reynolds has sent circulars into this jurisdiction, asking for aid by way of subscriptions to his journal. We can assure our Brethren that they will get the worth of their money when they take the *Trowel*, and we hope all will do so who feel able to afford the small outlay.

