

**GOLD; SILVER; BRASS; IRON.
OR
THE FOUR MASONIC VALUES IN THE EUCLID LODGE.**

Rob Morris

EUCLID Lodge is a good Lodge for work, and far beyond the ordinary, for practical benevolence and fraternity. Strangers who have visited Watchall county, have declared it to be a matter of surprise to them how so well-governed and so well-informed a Lodge as Euclid ever got there. Although it is not situated at the county seat, and is but one amongst six in the county, yet there is no Lodge in the State with a sounder membership, and it is not at all uncommon for applicants to obtain permission from the Lodges nearest which they live, to come up, from a considerable distance, to Euclid, and, if found worthy, to be made Masons there. The membership of Euclid Lodge, however, is not numerous, but little over the old standard, in fact, for they do not follow the modern notion of making members of all whom they make Masons; * far from it. The last report of the Secretary, Bro. Plumbe, to the Grand Lodge, gives fifty-four Master Masons as the total of membership. The reasons why they have no more, are found in a small handful of black marbles at the further end of the ballot box. Those reasons are considered amply sufficient.

The Worshipful Master of Euclid Lodge, Brother Coverly, has somewhere picked up the following tradition, and seems never so happy as when he is telling it once a month to his brethren in open lodge: "At the building of King Solomon's Temple, bands of the Fellow-crafts, eighty men in each, were sent to Mount Lebanon to examine the cedar trees, while the ten thousand Jews, under Adoniram, followed after to cut them down. Every tree was scrutinized by eighty pair of eyes, and if any one of them observed the minutest defect, such as a crook, crack, wind-shake, knot-hole, decay or flaw of any sort, he marked it, (not being called upon to give his reasons) and that cedar tree stood rejected."

So well known abroad is Euclid Lodge for the virtue of good fellowship, that its representative in the Grand Lodge is invariably appointed chairman of the Committee of Complaints and Appeals, an office for which he is considered well qualified on account of the many compromises he has witnessed at home. For the Supreme Court itself is not better known as a tribunal of last resort than is Euclid Lodge. Whenever a serious difficulty springs up between brethren of a neighboring Lodge, or between a member and one of those amphibious creatures, styled demitted Masons,** it most assuredly finds its way to Euclid Lodge at last; and it is worth any man's twenty-five dollars to see Brother Coverly, sitting behind his monstrous big goggles (he declares that he can't sit up late at night unless he guards his eyes with green glass) presiding at one of these appeal cases. The code of practice at his court is uniform and simple. First, he requires a pledge from both parties that they will stand to and abide by the decision of the Lodge; then he hears both sides with unwearied patience, (it has been whispered that he goes to sleep behind the goggles aforesaid); then he makes both parties acknowledge themselves partly wrong, and shake hands over the holy spot. Then comes a speech from Brother Coverly, a heartfelt prayer from grayheaded Parson Logue, a shaking of hands and handkerchiefs all around, and then the Lodge closes and that's the last you ever hear of it. People outside may go wild with curiosity; it makes no difference-the thing is locked up, and the key lost. They may waylay the Masons on their road home, and try to entrap them with questions; all in vain. " How did that trial come out?" a solemn stare is the only response. " Did the parties make their statements?" No answer. "Didn't Higgs call Diggs a liar?" A gentle whistle, tune, Freemason's March. "Well then, how was the thing settled?" A smile and a turning away, a scratching of heads and a general disappointment. That's just the way they did when Stovall

was accused of kicking Marcus, knowing him to be a Mason, and to this day old Mother Phlote has labored in vain to get at the particulars.

Ah, bless your heart, there's no leaky barrels in Euclid Lodge; the bungs are well drove in, the hoops hammered down and riveted; the whole Lodge is tight as a drum. The members have often enough been cautioned that the manner in which Masons settle their difficulties, is one of the impenetrable secrets of the art. This is in accordance with the well known views of Dr. Oliver, the sage historian of Masonry, who advises that "all differences which may occur amongst us, ought to be kept secret from the world: the degree of Provost and Judge was instituted by Solomon to hear complaints and decide differences."

The amiable character of Euclid Lodge is so noted that the colonies which go out from her every year or two to organize new Lodges, as a beegum expands itself in new swarms, may be recognized by their family resemblance. The sapient Sam Slick, in his book of travels, says "the character of the mother is a sure index to the character of the daughter;" and so it proves here, for no Lodges in the State rank higher on the books of the Grand Lodge than these offshoots of Euclid.

But highly exalted as Euclid Lodge is and deserves to be, it has nevertheless a variety amidst its membership, and this variety it is that has suggested the title of this sketch, Gold, Silver, Brass, and Iron. Four grades are distinctly marked even as these four metals were used in the temple of King Solomon, and we greatly err if it does not prove upon examination that every other Lodge possesses nearly the same variety. Let us commence at

THE IRON VALUE.

Squire Blunt is a fair specimen of this material. He became a Mason principally because his neighbors did, and he continues his membership in the Lodge because he likes to hear it said that he is a Mason. He wears a Masonic breastpin, and has painted a square and compass on his sign, both being for the purpose of affording prima facie evidence to the same effect. He pays his Lodge dues only occasionally; is always astonished to find they have run up so large; is convinced that the Secretary forgot to enter his last payment; hunts over his papers at home for the receipt; fails to find it, then gives it up with a grumble. Whenever he visits the Lodge, which is very rarely the case except at elections, installations, and funeral occasions, he has a resolution to offer that the quarterage dues be reduced one half, declaring that for the life of him he doesn't see what becomes of all the money. He would like very much to hold office, and frequently proposes that Euclid Lodge should fall into the modern practice of holding elections semi-annually, in hopes that his turn would come the sooner.

When a stranger falls into the neighborhood to visit an acquaintance or to look for land, Squire Blunt is usually foremost to hail him as a Mason, to examine him, and then who but he is ready to take him by the hand, introduce him into the Lodge room and boldly vouch for him. Squire Blunt invariably objects on the score of expense, to the employment of the authorized lecturer when he comes around, and as one noisy man can sometimes do much more harm than a score of sensible folks can remedy, he did once succeed in preventing an engagement of this sort, greatly to the injury of the Lodge.

The Squire has no Masonic books, but being fond of reading such things, he depends upon borrowing from others; he adopts the same economical rule concerning Masonic magazines and newspapers.

Squire Blunt has very limited notions of the Cable Tow. It is not more than three miles long in his opinion, and some of the brethren have whispered that the particular rope which he holds on to, is somewhat warped at that- perhaps for the want of use. It was on this account that when Bennington Lodge lost its hall by fire, and when Croswell Lodge appealed to Masonic charities on behalf of their Orphan school, and when the poor Hungarian brother who was collecting means to bring his family to America, came with a recommendatory letter from the Grand Master, none of these things moved the heart of Squire Blunt. He declared "1 they were not within the length of his Cable Tow," and who could gainsay his declaration.***

Squire Blunt is more liable to be imposed upon than other Masons in his vicinity. For instance, he was overtaken one day on the road by a cute Yankee fellow in the rifle trade, who passing himself off on the Squire as a Royal Arch Mason, got a five dollar bill out of him for an old copy of Allen's Ritual, that veritable exposition of all the degrees and a good deal more. But when Squire Blunt brought his costly purchase to the Lodge and triumphantly exhibited it, Brother Coverly put on his large green goggles, looked it through from end to end and then dropping it softly into the stove, he remarked in his sweet mild way, "either this exposition is true or false; if true you have no right to handle the perjured leaves, if false, you have no use for it: in either case you are acting unmasonically to patronize the enemies of morality by paying out your money for these works!"-and so Squire Blunt lost his five dollars.

Brethren, who read this little sketch, have you any member of the Iron value in your Lodge?

THE BRASS VALUE.

Brass is not so much a metal in itself as a compound of other metals, and the mixture is very little like the original. Dr. Swazey is a specimen of the Brass value in Euclid Lodge. Dr. Swazey has many excellent Masonic qualities. He pays his quarterage dues like a hero. His cable tow reaches to the furthest parts of the earth and comprehends all mankind in a single coil. The fact is the Doctor is so good hearted and benevolent to all men that he can hardly proportion his bounties to any particular class above the rest.

Dr. Swazey is extravagantly fond of side degrees. He has got them all, and glories in having them all. He has been ground over in the Button factory degree; burnt his fingers in the Call-and-Answer; plead to scandalous charges in the Blue hen; tussled manfully in the Row-your-own-oar; shot his arrow; eat his words; held on to his cable tow; been down to Joppa; conquered divers temptations-in short, his education in this branch is complete. Finding the thing so easy he manufactured a side degree for himself called the Pestle-and- Mortar;**** but as none but physicians can take it, we are in the dark as to its mysteries; but we have been told that the candidate commences by swallowing twelve pills in succession as a trial of his fortitude.

And here now lies the error of Dr. Swazey, his mental is too much compounded. He has more zeal than discretion.

No person in the Lodge is better prepared to be a bright Mason than he. His library of Masonic books is large, the largest in the district. He has the education to understand them, and the talent to apply them, but his Masonic reputation is not first rate, for he attaches himself to every secret society that springs up, and devotes as much time and means to one as the other. He seems unable to discriminate between an association born within half a century and one that has stood the brunt of twenty-eight centuries. In the tenets of Masonry Dr. Swazey is as apt as any other person, in Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth;

likewise in the cardinal virtues of Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice. But even here his brassy-compound value is visible, for he has got his temperance so much mixed up with temperance societies and his relief with mutual relief associations that for the life of him he cannot see the difference. +

But it is much more pleasant to commend than to blame. The charitable disposition of Dr. Swazey is so well understood by his brethren, that when a contribution is to be made up they always put his name down, whether present or not, and he fulfills their expectations like a Trojan. When Brother Joon died, leaving his family in a destitute condition, the Doctor sent in his account for medical attendance receipted in full, and furthermore declared himself indebted to the estate seven dollars-(it was a falsehood, but the angels smiled over it and refused to report at the heavenly east,)-and he paid over the seven dollars to the widow.

Yet there is another fault this brassy brother has. He has got into the erroneous idea that as Masonry doesn't take away any privileges which a man possessed before he joined the Order, therefore if a person insults you, you may knock him down, Mason or no Mason. This doctrine is not pure gold, like Eclecta's; it is brass. The Doctor is wrong in his premises, therefore he errs materially in his conclusions. He goes beyond the parallels and the book: no wonder then if his orbit becomes in this respect a lawless one.

Brother Swazey belongs to the progressive party in Masonry. He believes in going ahead. He thinks that because King Solomon never heard the puff of a steamboat, nor saw a newspaper, nor smelt chloroform, therefore all the wisdom didn't die with him; and so he is in favor of improving Masonry. He forgets that perfection in the art of architecture is lost. He thinks he has a patent way for the grips; a new kink in giving the signs; one grande flourishe, as the Frenchmen say, for the words. The year he attended the Grand Lodge he made a three hours' speech developing his ideas; but unfortunately that stubborn body voted them down, seriatim, and Dr. Swazey has never been there since.++

Brethren, who read this little sketch, have you any members of the brass value in your Lodge?

THE SILVER VALUE.

Silver is a white, ponderous, costly and pure metal, much sought after, both for mechanical and ornamental purposes. In its nature it is indestructible. It is rather scarce among the fifty-five elementary bodies, but very widely diffused throughout nature.

The finest specimen of the silver value in Euclid Lodge is Parson Logue. This reverend brother comes from a silver family, morally speaking, for his brother Robert was so universally beloved both by Mason and Cowan, that after he died and his poor wife followed him to the grave on account of her grief, their children were raised at the expense of Masons, and more than seven years afterwards, a Lodge, organized in a room that overlooked his grave, was named Logue Lodge in honor of his memory.

Parson Logue is equal to that deceased brother both in morals (Masonry) and religion; and resembles him as well in his holy walk and conversation, as in the lineaments of his face recorded in the portrait suspended on his parlor wall.

The brethren of Euclid Lodge highly appreciate the silver value of this pure hearted brother, and they manifest it by using his talents freely in the various Lodge offices and duties. He has filled all the elective stations so frequently, and it has become so much a matter of

course to elect him, that when an absent brother meets one after St. John Evangelist's day, his enquiry is "and what did you make of parson Jim this time?" In fact he has perambulated the Lodge room from East to South and from South to West so frequently, and occupied all the intervening places so thoroughly, that the work of Masonry comes as pat to him as it does to preach a sermon on Free Grace.

Brother Logue is emphatically a working man. Had he been present at the building of King Solomon's Temple, the King would certainly have employed him, and put him in an honorable station and given him Master Mason's wages.

But there are spots in the sun. We must now turn the picture. The good old gentleman lacks something. We cannot elevate him to the highest standard of Masonry, and it is for this reason, he does not know the lectures and cannot elucidate the landmarks. The consequence is that he is often compelled to defer his judgment to far younger men, and it injures his Masonic character to do so. Furthermore, when he has conferred a degree he depends on some brother present to give the lecture, or in default of that, sends him home without it, which is a fraud (however innocent the motive) upon the candidate. +++

Again, this Reverend brother of the silver value is sadly deficient in the disciplinary regulations of a Lodge. He is uninformed as to the principles on which the most vital questions are founded. For instance, he cannot say what rule governs in avouching for visitors; or whether a fellow-craft Mason is or is not to be admitted into a funeral procession; or whether a motion to reconsider can be entertained after balloting; or how it can be discovered which member of the Lodge cast a black ball.

The definitions of Freemasonry have been numerous, and they all unite in declaring it to be "a system of morality, by the practice of which its members may advance their spiritual interest, and mount by the theological ladder from the Lodge on earth to the Lodge in Heaven." - Albert Macoy

He believes that side degrees are injurious to the interests of Masonry, but he cannot prove it, and this gives Dr. Swazey, who is extravagantly fond of such things, as we have said before, a great advantage in the debate. He thinks that Squire Blunt ought to pay his quarterage dues more punctually and attend the stated meetings more regularly, and study the work of Masonry more completely, but he has no unanswerable argument with which to meet that selfish cry, "It isn't within the length of my cable tow"-and thus the Squire wins the argument.

Yet there are many precious virtues in this silver value of Parson Logue. He preaches all the Masons' funerals in the county, and most beautifully does he perform it too. His independence of thought, his Masonic reputation, his long experience, and his incorruptibleness of character, are a sufficient guarantee to every hearer that he shall have a mental feast. These occasions bring out a large concourse of people who acknowledge their gratification at his success in presenting Masonry so appropriately as the adjunct to Christianity. This excellent brother is generally installed agent in all the Masonic charities of his brethren. Is there a widow to be visited? an orphan family to be provided for?-a sick brother to be comforted? Parson Logue is the man ever ready, always willing, ever efficient. Whole chapters might be written to illustrate his silver value, and a volume of anecdotes paraded to show it up, but a single instance must suffice.

The two Masonic brothers, both amphibious, Thomas Lane and Jacob Hall, had quarreled. The original difficulty was an insignificant one, connected with some church matter, but the sore had come to a head, on a five dollar account which Hall bought up against Lane, and a

bad offensive sore it proved to be. Many a stamp with the foot had well nigh led to a smite with the hand, but thus far the Lord had led them on and they had not come to blows. Mischief however had been heaped upon mischief, and rumor upon rumor, and the breach was every day widening, when Brother Logue, the silver Mason, declared that the quarrel had proceeded far enough, and he would go a frogging himself to settle it. | His first motion was to buy up the aforesaid five dollars account, and present it to Brother Lane receipted in full. Then he took back Brother Lane's thanks and respects to Brother Hall; then Brother Hall's warm good wishes to Brother Lane. Then he brought the two parties face to face at his house (accidentally of course) and the whole thing was reconciled in five minutes, natural as a turnip. The best of it was they both handed in their demits to Euclid Lodge, were elected without a demur, and became active members- thus diminishing the number of croakers by two.

It is just such things as these that the old brother lives for, and if he didn't believe there was a Mason Lodge in the next world, he would care very little about going there. ||

Brethren, who read this little sketch, have you any members of the silver value in your Lodge? "then let every Mason prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another."

THE GOLD VALUE.

Gold is about sixteen times more valuable than silver. Estimating iron at four cents a pound, gold exceeds that metal in value nearly five thousand times; in other words it will nearly take five thousand pounds of iron to purchase one of gold. We do not know the relative value of the four metals in King Solomon's time, but there must have been great disproportion, for we observe the numbers 8, 17, 18, and 100 representing the number of talents respectively that were consumed in the Temple. The division of officers and artificers is also indicative of great disproportion, viz, 3, 300, 3,300 and 80,000.

A fine specimen of the gold value in Euclid Lodge is Bro. Coverly, and would that we could worthily display his character. But who can describe the refined gold of the Temple as it flashed answering back to the god of day, from every pinnacle and spearhead upon the roof. No foul bird was to alight there and defile it no vile flesh was to encumber it: it was to reflect nothing but Holiness to the Lord.

When Brother Coverly first became a Mason (it was long, long ago: not a hand which then hailed him with a brother's grip but is now consumed in death,) he embarked in it as a man would encounter some abstruse science that demands time, and toil and talent to comprehend. He had his choice between the four values, gold, silver, brass, iron. He might have come up to the iron value merely by possessing himself of the grips and a few technicalities of the order; but this had no temptation for him. "Once a Mason always a Mason," is a severe truth, and Brother Coverly early declared " that when a man enters any state of existence either with or without his own consent, prudence dictates that he should make it as tolerable as he may." So he took hold of the thing vigorously and vowed to see the end of it.

He might have attained to the brass value with great facility. By uniting the more obvious beauties of Masonry to those engrafted into other secret societies he could have displayed his talent and gained high honors with the mass. But he declared himself opposed to polygamy; didn't believe in breeding in-and-in; loved pure blood; would sew no new patches upon old garments." Therefore he never joined any other secret society, and jested

at the idea of dipping water from the spring-branch below, when he could have free access to the spring-head above.

He might have gone up to the silver value, and stood side by side with that exemplary brother, Parson Logue.

He had all the qualifications in advance of a prepared heart, a consistent life, a good education, experience for this world, and religion for the next; Masonry can add but little to such as that, to bring her votaries up to the silver value. This little was soon acquired. He learned the work of Masonry in a few days, while after a year's novitiate none could preside with more dignity or wield the gavel with more propriety than he. The honors of the Lodge and of the Grand Lodge were awarded him; the brethren had respect to their own interest in his speedy elevation, and soon Brother Coverly began to be looked upon as an embodiment of the principles and practice of Free masonry both at home and abroad.

But all this was far from satisfying his mind. The silver value, however precious and pure, ranks but second in the scale of Masonic values, and his heart aspired excelsior. Having the beauty and skill of the Widow's son, the strength and fulness of the Tyrian monarch, he sighed for the wisdom of the King of Israel, and he made the gold of Ophir his standard of Masonry. Those who aim high may not hit their mark, but they will assuredly send their missiles to a more extensive flight.

These considerations influencing the mind of Bro. Coverly, he resolved to make three sacrifices on the altar of Masonry, yea four: time, study, will, money. The expenditure of the latter procured Masonic books for his study, and the personal experience of Masons for his guidance. The outlay of the former gave him that further experience of Masons which is recorded in books; to these he added the stock he had gathered in his own person.

The sacrifice of his will - he was delighted with the old symbol, the Masonic slipper-purchased for him one of the principal secrets of Masonry, a secret which thousands who pass through our Lodges, Chapters, Councils, &c., and incur much expense of money never do acquire; ||| and the knowledge of that secret it was more than all the rest which ennobled him. Brother Coverly early adopted the opinion that the work of Masonry is to the senses, what the lectures are to the mind, and that the lectures themselves should only be considered as a text to the development of those principles, wise, strong, and beautiful, which underlie, like the immense stones which were in the Temple's base, the whole moral system.

Pursuing the subject by the aid of tradition, revelation and the study of symbols, he arrived at this sketch of Masonic theology;- that there is a God; that he created man and placed him in circumstances of happiness; that man forfeited his blessings and was banished to an inferior state; that to repenting humanity God promised restoration; that the unrepentant were destroyed by water; that miracles were worked to release the people of God from bondage and to strengthen them with hope; and that a tabernacle and afterwards a temple were constructed on a divine plan to fix the promises by symbols and types. # Who that has stood by him in the sanctum of Euclid Lodge and heard his thrilling illustration of the doctrine of the Resurrection through Judah's Lion, but what has felt like declaring his feelings in Jacob's own words, this is no other than the house of God and this is the very gate of heaven,-and then has gone forth with a firmer faith in the religious tendencies of the order than he had before.

The course of Masonic labor drafted on his Trestle Board, being actively pursued for many years, elevated Brother Coverly to the gold value. He can see why Masons should pay

quarterage dues punctually, and attend the stated meetings promptly, and study Freemasonry diligently. He can tell not only that Masons must not gamble, drink, swear, and fight, but why they must not; and his why is an overwhelming why, irresistible, unanswerable.

In addition to an exposition of the landmarks of Masonry, Brother Coverly has devoted himself at great cost of time and money to the disciplinary regulations of a Lodge. When he commenced the study of this topic it was in vast confusion. The various Masonic journals in America had not touched upon it. There was no standard authority of faith and practice on this head. To acquire the necessary information then, demanded patience, study, correspondence and travel.

But Brother Coverly has it plumbed, squared, and leveled now. He knows whether or not each Lodge must be opened and closed separately; what code of Masonic laws is universal and universally binding; what amount of Masonic knowledge is comprehended in the term suitable proficiency; what are the privileges and what the responsibilities of a demitted Mason; to which Lodge the petitioners for a new Lodge belong; whether an adjournment of the Lodge can be made on motion-and a myriad of the same sort.

Not only is he able to give you a satisfactory answer to such questions, but he advances such arguments and offers such reasons, (all based upon the ancient and admitted landmarks,) that you yourself are perfectly convinced, and you feel able to convince every one else who has got an ear to hear.

Brother Coverly is not an opponent of side degrees as such. On the contrary, he knows too well that all the degrees, save the first three, are in strictness such, ## but yet that some of them are essential to the understanding of symbolic Masonry. Instead therefore of offering a blind opposition to side degrees in mass, he separates such as are instructive from such as are merely impressive and rejecting those (far the larger part) which are neither, he gives their relative place to the rest.

This good brother of the gold value is opposed to all innovations from whatever source or motive they may spring. He opposes such large numbers in a single Lodge; such irregular hours; such a rush of work; so much demitting; opening the Lodge doors so wide; so much gewgaw and tinsel in decoration; the modern bastard politeness in Lodge work; the arbitrary by-laws; and other things not lawful to mention here. He makes his opposition practical. When Triangle Lodge, in his vicinity, imitated the Oddfellows and fixed a sliding pannel in the door of their Lodge room, for the convenience of the tyler, Brother Coverly, being Deputy Grand Master at the time, nailed it up with his own hands, and terrified the members by asseverating that curiosity once killed a tyler, and that he thought another one was in great danger of his life!

There is a tradition afloat in his county that seeing the tyler peep into the room one day while he was presiding, he threw his gavel at him, and with so much precision as to strike that respectable functionary directly upon the forehead, and thus to knock off considerable of the vices and superfluities of his life. Whether this tale be true or not, we know that the tylers all dread Brother Coverly as far as they can see him.

Such is our understanding of the gold value in Euclid Lodge.

Brothers, you who read this little sketch, have you any such in your Lodge? If you have, prize them; for, as our Grand Master saith, wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared with it. You will miss them when they die, and

well for you if the loss do not prove to be irreparable. The same plumb, square, and level, with which you level the footstone of your mansion, will be used to level the block above your grave, but, oh, with what different emotions. So when we assay the metals of our Lodge, and pronounce this one or that to be up to the gold standard, we enjoy far happier feelings than when called upon by the stroke of death to declare in the words of Jeremiah, How is the fine gold become dimmed?

Prize them, brothers, while yet they walk and work and shine among you. Your iron and your brass may be replaced; your silver, although its loss will be greatly mourned, can be supplied; for the mine is large and the metal widely diffused: but who shall replace your fine gold.

Brethren, young and zealous, who look forward to the double aim of Masonry, getting good and doing good, aim for the gold value. Slight the other metals, but strive for the crown, for the pure, yellow, glittering gold of Masonry.

Who amongst you will attain to the gold value. His God be with him and let him go up to Jerusalem, which is in Judah, and build the house of the Lord God of Israel (HE IS THE GOD,) which is in Jerusalem. Amen. So mote it be.

* The Ahiman Rezon declares that "more than forty or fifty members, when they can attend regularly, as the wholesome rules of the craft require, are generally found inconvenient for working to advantage." The declaration is true to this day.

** We intend no disrespect by the term amphibious. An amphibious animal is one that inhabits land and water and looks miserable in both. A demitted Mason never looks happy amidst the brethren and he certainly cannot feel so when he is away from them.

*** Masonry recognizes this moral truth, that every man is endowed by his Creator with a consciousness of right and wrong, and that conscience is his own rule of action.

**** The eagerness with which these nonsensical farces are swallowed by some Masons is amusing.

+ The author earnestly prays that he may not be misunderstood in these remarks. A membership in several secret associations at the same time, is not a criminal offence nor would he so present it; but it weakens the powers of an individual Mason, and so much divides his energies that Freemasonry, a system which demands great study and much time to comprehend it, receives but an equal share with those modern associations which need neither.

++ The landmarks of Masonry were the origin of that principle connected with the laws of the Persians: neither of them could be altered.

+++ Several of the American Grand Lodges have ordered by special enactment that the subordinate Lodges give the whole of the lecture in immediate connection with the degree. The principle is so philosophically correct, and the opposite course so manifestly unjust, that it is wonderful any should neglect it.

| This joke is a ponderous one and requires explanation. Frogs are amphibious, so are demitted Masons. To go a frogging then, morally speaking, is to settle difficulties between demitted Masons! Q. E. D!

|| This remark, though it may sound irreverent to some will not to a wellinformed Mason.

||| "Those who are made Masons for the purpose of learning their secret, may deceive themselves; for they may be fifty years Masters of chairs (Worshipful Masters or Wardens,) and yet not learn the secrets of the brotherhood." - D. Seingalt's Memoirs. There never was a truer sentiment than this.

From Oliver's Landmarks vol. 1., this system of Masonic theology is extracted, but with slight alterations.

By side degrees we mean those that are explanatory of the symbolic. This definition however would include the R.A.

Masonry, according to the general acceptation of the term, is an art founded on the principles of geometry, and devoted to the service and convenience of mankind. But Freemasonry, embracing a wider range and having a nobler object in view, namely, the cultivation and improvement of the human mind, may with more propriety be called a science, inasmuch as, availing itself of the terms of the former, it inculcates the principles of the purest morality, though its lessons are for the most part veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols.

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