and openly passing the highest encomiums upon the Brotherhood.

The Sir Knights upon reaching Fulton Hall took their seats to hear the address of Sir Knight James M. Hopkins, of Pittsburg, Grand Senior Warden and Orator of the day. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present. A prayer was offered up by the Grand Prelate, and the Band played for a short time, after which R. E. Sir William H. Strickland, Grand Commander introduced Sir Knight Hopkins, who will great eloquence delivered his oration, which we give in full.

THE ORATION.

Italy had slept. The fires of poetry and song that once lighted up that fairest portion of the earth had lost their wonted brilliancy. She had drank deep from Lethe's silent stream and seemed to have forgotten all her former grandeur, all her farther glory. Rome had fallen, and from the seven hills of the Eternal City there went up the last and requiem to her departed splendor. The echoes of her matchless eloquence had gone to sleep amidst the mouldering ruins of her desolated forum. The portals and epic heroes of her Augustan age were stilled, as the pulse strings of the mother of nations. A night of centuries, starless, dark, impenetrable, pressed with crushing weight upon the minds and souls of men. But, although no smile from Heaven broke through the overhanging gloom, Jehovah slumbered not, nor slept. While Rome's pride of power and Greece's arrogance of learning had received that humiliating chastisement of being compelled to grope in feebleness and ignorance; and while the pagan and idolatrous world were being so severely taught the utter vanity of all their Gods, the Almighty did not for one moment design to withdraw His face forever from the earth; nor that the truths once planted here should refuse to yield their fruit. To you, Brothers in the mystic tie, it is needless to say how those sacred truths were guarded and preserved through all changes of government and vicissitudes of circumstance. All others may be content to know, that in due time the welcome morn dawned, and the long night slowly gathered its fragments mantle around it and reluctantly departed.

The Order in whose interests we are this day assembled, and under whose banner we all march with glad hearts and ready step, was one of the first and best fruits of that dawn that followed the passing away of the dark ages. It was begotten in the East, whence comes all our physical and spiritual lights, and was the legitimate offspring of that ancient Masonry instituted by Solomon. Its birth place was upon Mt. Moriah, hallowed and historic ground. Here was the threshing floor of Ornan, the Jebusite, where David met the destroying Angel and appeased his wrath, and erected on the spot an altar of worship to the true God. Here was the site of Solomon's magnificent Temple, unequalled in splendor by the most gorgeous dream of poetic fancy.—Here, too, the Calif Omar erected that superb Mosque, which has ever been the boast of Saracen architecture, and from whose lofty dome the crescent proudly waved to mock the builders of the first and second Temple—the Jews and Christians alike. Surrounded by scenes all made forever sacred by the footprints of the Redeemer, it was a fit place for the organization of an Order such as ours. It was the natural outgrowth of that feeling of devotion and chivalry which filled the hearts of the good and brave in the morning twilight of the 11th century. The circumstances and motives which led to it, and the purposes it sought to accomplish are familiar to every student of history.

The third day after the crucifixion witnessed the first pilgrimage, or visit of the faithful to the tomb of the Lord. It was composed of a few devout and strong-hearted, but tearful women, who came at early dawn with sweet spices and ointment, to annoint Him. From that day to this, through the long lapse of more than eighteen centuries, Christian hearts have turned longingly towards Jerusalem, and have reverently pressed forward to enjoy the elevating influence of silent worship amidst those hallowed scenes. It was not mere superstition that prompted such visits to holy places. It sprang from the noblest feelings and affections. It was associated with the tenderest recollections and holiest thoughts. There is but little religion left in the soul, and but feeble patriotism in the heart of that man who has no veneration for the tombs of martyrs, and who can look with indifference on the mounds, battle grounds and monuments of his country's glory. Feelings of reverence for the illustrious dead are natural and praiseworthy among all nations; and much more powerful in their influence when stimulated by a "heart-searching religion." The philosophy of this emotion needs only to be suggested to find a proper appreciation by all who visit the last resting place of their loved and lost. "Where is the man of any holy aspirations, of any tender sympathy, of any love for the good and great, and for things sublime and beautiful in the natural or moral world, who does not wish—even in this, our day—to visit the land of Palestine, muse over ruins of such historic grandeur, and like the Palmers and Crusaders of old, bend his knee at the Holy Sepulchure?" Standing amidst the comforts, conveniences and securities of travel, and the enlightened civilization of the present time, we can scarcely realize the difficulties and dangers which beset that journey in the earlier ages. The hardships and persecutions of the Pilgrims were aggravated and intensified when the Arabs conquered Judea, and the fanatical followers of Mahomet were unchecked in their wild barbarity. But when the Seljuk Turks came swarming from Caucasus and the Caspian Mountains, overrun Arabia and seized upon the Holy City, the Saracen government seemed merciful in in comparison with their savage brutality. The story of these atrocities spread rapidly amongst all the christians of the world, and "a nerve was touched of exquisite feeling, and the sensation vibrated to the heart of Europe." All the emotions of piety that had lain dormant were roused into lively action by a recital of the wrongs inflicted by the barbarians who held dominion over Palestine. The wild enthusiasm of the Hermit, Peter, and the fiery eloquence of St. Bernard sent a clarion blast ringing through Alpine passes and Switzer vales, from the vine-clad hills of France to the snow carpeted plains of Scandinavia. They had a glowing, thrilling theme with which to play upon the heart-strings of the people. "The Turks' proud foot spurned the dust once pressed by the meek footsteps of Christ. Jerusalem was captive. Through her courts and palaces a Moslem strode in defiance and reigned without rebuke. The Saracens' insulting heel was upon the sepulchre of their Lord." Broken-hearted Pilgrims who came from afar with faith and humility to gaze upon those hallowed scenes, were buffeted, scourged and pierced, brained, beheaded and crucified, their religion profaned, their Temples polluted. With these facts firing his own heart with indignation, and with his lips touched with a live coal from off the altar of eloquence, the zealous Anchorite hurried from place to place, from hamlet to city, from court to court, with the touching story of the suffering Pilgrims, until every Christian prince and potentate was electrified, and all Europe was vocal with the battle cry of the Crusaders. The Moslem war drum, the taunting clash of the Turkish cymbals, and the shout of the haughty Saracen gave an answering echo from Lebanon's cedar heights, and Palestine's sacred mounts, baptised in the glory and blood of incomate Deity. The impetuous valor of Europe's chivalry, doubly armed and animated as they were with religious enthusiasm, could not long be resisted. The victory was won; Jerusalem delivered; the polluting infidels, driven from the holy tomb; and the Musselman crescent made to trail beneath the floating standard of the cross. Then came the Pilgrims in increased numbers, of both sexes, all ages and conditions in life. But the Saracens still held many cities and fortresses, the sea shores of Palestine were infested with robbers, and prowling Arabs haunted the dens and forests. To guard the honor of the females and to furnish escort and protection to them, and to all other pious Pilgrims, about the opening of the 12th century nine noble Knights, illustrious for their deeds of valor at the siege of Jerusalem, united in a brotherhood under the Banner of the Cross; bound themselves by solemn compact to devote their lives to the protection of Pilgrims and the defence of the faith. Such, Sir Knights, was the small beginning of our Order, whose achievements brighten the pages of history, and whose muster rolls for more than 700 years have borne the names of the bravest and the best.

Ever since the patriarchal age, Jerusalem has been a place around which have clustered the most momentous events in sacred history. She has been unmistakably marked out as a centre whence should radiate light and civilization. There reigned the Poet King of Israel, whose songs of praise have come down to us freighted with unequalled devotion, and adorned with unrivalled imagery. There Solomon held his splendid sway, and Kings and Queens came to pay him tribute, to look with admiring wonder on his gorgeous grandeur, and to listen with reverential awe to his amazing wisdom. And then, after four thousand years had gone to mingle with the mournful gloom and starry grandeur of the past, that was still to be the focal point of light for you remember the commission of our arisen Lord to His Disciples was to preach the Gospel to all nations, *but beginning at Jerusalem*. And so, too, it was ordained that our illustrious Order with its elevating and ennobling principles should scatter light and civilization to all nations, *beginning at Jerusalem*. There is a peculiar significance in these coincidences in history which may be studied and pondered with profit.

There has been much speculation as to the origin of the connection of Freemasonry with Templarism. But I think there can be no doubt that Hugh de Payens and Godfrey de St. Aldemar, the founders of this Order, were first made Masons, and in establishing this institution, were but adapting ancient Masonry to the practical workings of Christian civilization. The historian Lawrie says, "We know that the Knights Templar not only possessed the mysteries, but performed the ceremonies and inculcated the duties of Freemasons." And Adler, who wrote an account of the Durses on Mt. Libanus, says that the Knights Templar, were, actually members of the Syriac fraternity, which existed during and long after the crusades. It was no accidental thing that the first asylum of the Order was a portion of the Church which had been erected by Justinius upon the ruins of Solomon's Temple. And in after years when they were hunted and persecuted, they found a welcome and safe refuge in the Lodges of Europe, which proves that they had the talismanic mysteries which caused both doors and hearts to be thrown open for their protection.

The Roman Catholic was the prevailing creed of the Christian religion when our Order was instituted, and hence it numbered among its members and patrons Priests, Bishops and Popes. It is a religious as well as a military organization, and the first code of statutes for its government were framed by St. Bernard, the Holy Bishop of Clairvaux, whom Gibbon says, was the oracle of Europe and the founder of 100 converts. These regulations may, in our day, seem peculiarly unsuited for the camp, the march and the battle field. But they strikingly portray the severe, stern piety of those war-scarred heroes. The strictest system of religious exercises, prayers, matins, vespers, self-denial and fasts were enjoined. Rules for diet, sleep and clothing were prescribed; wordly amusements were prohibited: charity and liberality of sentiment commanded; silence and implicit and prompt obedience to the Master's orders were enforced. But the 72d Rule would, I doubt not, be regarded by many present, as the severest of all. I quote it at length.

"We hold it dangerous to all religion to gaze too much on the countenance of women; and therefore no brother shall presume to *kiss* neither widow, nor virgin, nor mother, nor sister, nor aunt, nor any other woman. Let the Knighthood of Christ shun *femenine kisses*, through which men have very often been drawn into danger, so each with a pure conscience and secure life may be able to walk everlastingly in the sight of God." These fierce Knights who could bear the shock of battle, the gleaming scimeter and the piercing lance without a tremor, quaked beneath the glance of beauty's eyes and trembled at her smile. We don't much wonder, for they are more potent,—not to say fearful,—than Sir Armstrong, Dahlgreen, or Rodman's 20 inch. But, Sir Knights, it becomes a serious question, how to reconcile our civilized inclinations with this semi-barbarous rule. I have meditated much upon this, and I know you will thank me for relieving you from observing this tyrannical regulation. The prohibitory clause contains two negatives, which grammarians teach us are equivalent to one affirmative. So, then, to construe this decree by the laws of syntax, instead of reading: No brother shall kiss no widow, virgin or other women, we read the command, "All brethren shall kiss all widows, virgins, &c., provided—they can, and the kiss be pure. The alacrity with which the early Knights submitted to rigid discipline prescribed by those statues shows the self-sacrificing spirit which led to the formation of our famous Order. They were the stuff of which heroes are always made, and right well did they prove it. No dreamy story that fancy ever conjured up, no high wrought fiction that the imagination ever conceived, half equals the brilliant reality of the achievements of the Knights Templar. The history of every battle fought with the infidels to recover or retain possession of the Holy Land, and the thrice hallowed sepulchre, derives its thrilling interest and imperishable glory from the daring deeds of those chivalrous Knights. Whenever a column faltered or the lines gave way thither with impetuous and irresistible fury, rushed the brave charges of the Templars, and then, above the din of arms, was heard the fierce battle cry of *Beauseant!* filling the Heavens with its echoes, and thus the terror-stricken Saracens had as well resisted the course of a crushing avalanche as attempt to stand before the assault of heroes such as those. At the storming of Lilion, at the attack of Ascalon, at Bisan, at the capture of Cæsarea, at Pilgrims' Castle, Safitza and Acre, monuments more enduring than brass were carved to their fame by their own strong arms. Go, search the volumes of history! turn over their musty pages and find me, if you can, a record that will compare with the defence of Acre, in dauntless intrepidity, fearless daring, individual prowess, and the costliness of its holocaust to undying fame. When others fled, the Templars stood unmoved: their breasts made living ramparts in the streets; they stoutly held the place against eight times their number, "and only yielded it when their glorious banner fell from the hands of the last expiring Templar." Nor were those exhibitions of valor confined to the excitements and impulse of battle, nor to the stimulating rivalry of arms. They displayed a moral courage, even more wonderful in its calm decisiveness than the fiery impetuosity of the conflict. No oppression, persecution or torture; no, nor death itself could drive them to apostacy. At the battle of Tiberias 230 of these noble Knights were captured. They were offered life and liberty if they would renounce Christianity. On the other hand, the terrors of a painful death stood gaping, grim, relentless; on the other floated Mahomet's ensign and symbol of his creed. Submit to it, and life with all its charms was theirs; refuse, and their doom was forever sealed. Here was a momentous issue. The historian briefly records the result—"not a man was found base enough to deny his Lord, and each died a Christian Knight." Oh! glorious martyrdom! Thrice peaceful be your slumbers illustrious dead! Thrice brilliant be your immortality!

Their spirits wraps the dusky mountains &c.

For 200 years the Templar's bugle echoed over the plains of Palestine, and the banner of the Cross floated proud on the Syrian breeze. But the fall of Acre took away their last stronghold, and the sepulchre they had rescued and adored, the land they had baptized with their blood must be abandoned, with its melancholy grandeur. But although the crescent again waved over the Temple and from the battlements of Jerusalem, and Mahomedons strode with defiant and undisputed sway throughout the Holy Land, the deeds and fame of the Knights of the Temple continued to rise as grateful incense to the vault of Heaven. Godfrey, Tancred and Rinaldo, each stands a model,

"Whom every man in arms should wish to be."

Their memories have an imperishable record in Tasso's immortal verse, to whom they gave the theme and inspiration of his divinest songs. While the lofty soul and generous nature of Richard of the lion heart have received faithful portrayal by Sir Walter Scott. The sword of De Payens lay beside him in his grove, and the lance of De Pius had fallen from his nerveless grasp, and the Templars were driven from Asia and forced back to their estates in Europe. In passing from the scenes so resplendent with their glory, we pause not to defend much that was worthy of censure. "Their faults were the faults of their age, their virtues all their own." Their motives and results furnish a mantle to cover all the errors. After the crusades, science relit her lamp; art tipped her brush in richer colors; the harp of poetry that had so long hung unstrung and silent, was turned to more enchanting strains. The richness of Asiatic scenery, the magnificence and splendor of oriental princes, the pomp and grandeur of contending armies, the gorgeous pavillions, the display of shining banners and the many deeds of chivalry all blended into harmony and thrilled the poet's soul. Such were the crusades, such some of the effects of those holy wars.

While the Templars were in the zenith of their glory; while they were courted by kings, and consulted by popes, they had acquired immense and valuable possessions. The nobility, the crowned heads and ecclesiastical authorities vied with each other in working generous donations. Hence when they abandoned Palestine, they were still powerful and opulent. Their estates were scattered through Germany, Greece, Sicily, France, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Italy and England. Addison numbers forty distinguished places in France, where the Templars dwelt; the ruins of the Temple Inns, and other chateaux, castles and temples still remain as melancholy monuments to departed splendor; and many places in Europe which were once castles, churches and abodes of Templars, nothing now remains save

"Gray, but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells."

In Castile they had twenty-four bailiwicks; and the towering fortress of Miravel in Estremadena still stands as a grim and gloomy sentinel over the river Narboan. At Rome the Grand Prior of Italy resided in grandeur; at Bologna, Perugia, Cuoca, Placentia and Milan, there were convents, towers and temples of magnificence. In Holland, the Order had many costly possessions. Addison mentions twenty-one of their buildings as worthy of note. And Broverns speaks of the temple at Luxemburg, the refectory, church and stone wall covered with paintings, while the ruins of the preceptories at Treves and Dietrich on the Sauer, still remain as monuments of their attachment to the royal art. And in England too, Templarism had laid its foundations deep and strong, and reared thereon castles, chapels and priories of histone grace, beauty and elegance. At the time of which we speak, the income of the Order was estimated at the enormous sum of $30,000,000.

Such vast possessions could not escape the cupidity of the avaricious, and such immense power could not but excite the envy of the ambitious. Philip, King of France—misnamed the fair—had set his heart upon the destruction of this order of Knighthood. An opportune vacancy occurred in the Pontifical chair at Rome and Philip controlled the choice of the successor. He found a suple tool in Bertrand, Arch Bishop of Bordeaux, whom, under the name of Clement V, he invested with the sceptre and chair of St. Peter. Philip, imposed seven conditions as the price of this advancement; six he named, but the last was not then disclosed. And yet the weak, unscrupulous Prelate made this rash, blindfolded contract, so eager was he to sell his soul for a tiara. That secret seventh condition came to be disclosed in time, and, then church and state united in the disgraceful conspiracy to crush an order which had so greatly benefitted both. The infamy of the object was only equalled by the shameful perfidy by which it was accomplished. The genius of history must have blushed to leave on record for all coming ages, the disclosure of conduct so base and vile. Jacques de Molay was then, and for ten years had been, G. M. of K. T. He was invited by the Pope to meet him in France, and he without suspicion, with full faith in the pretended Vicegerent of God, promptly embarked from Cyprus. While he was being deceived by the hypocritical profession of regard by Clement at Poitiers, the co-conspirator was doing his part in the atrocious partnership in treachery and guilt. Knights Templar wherever found, were suddenly seized and hurried into prison. The rest of the sad story is so well told by one of the most popular writers of modern times that we will let him speak: "The Temple house at Paris whence had issued forth a glorious stream, a host of heroes to defend the Holy Land, was again crowded with gallant Knights, but they were no longer armed for the defence of the Sepulchre. The sword was no longer drawn for the fight; the battle horse bore them no more to the charge. Captives to their fellow christians; in the power of their enemies more pitiless than Saracens, they lay in chains, each in his silent cell, loaded with base accusations and expecting death. All their immense possessions were gone. Their wealth, the gift of pious and admiring friends, filled the coffers of a tyrant, or swelled the purses of his minions; and no one retained sufficient to pay even a hired advocate to plead his cause before the judges. The Grand Master of the Temple himself, had not four sous to buy him bread, and bread was often wanting, for no sort of torture was forgotten."

In order to give a color of reason and right to these iniquitess, false, groundless and absurd charges were preferred against the Templars, but the color given was only a deeper shade of infamy. They were accused of heresy, idolatry, sorcery, and mockery of the Cross of Christ. Think of it! These men all battle-scarred in defence of that sacred symbol, whose blood had dyed the sands of Syria in support of their faith, charged with a want of reverence for the banner under which they had bled and suffered so often and so much! Remember Tiberias! Remember the rack, the faggot and the torch, and all the hellish implements which were bravely withstood by Templars refusing to renounce their faith in Christianity. Remember that in all the list of sufferers and martyrs not a single Templar recanted, and then have patience, if you can, with this pretended accusation of apostacy. But tyranny, bribery and corruption were united, and the devilish purpose must be accomplished. One day 54 Knights, as gallant, brave and true as ever wielded a sword or hurled a lance, were burned to death in Paris. Not one renounced, not one faltered in his faith; but in the midst of their torments and anguish they called upon their God and ours, with a shout of triumph that rang out clear and strong above the crackling and hissing flames, they went up to the grand asylum of peace.

Yet the Grand Master was still allowed to live, but chained to his dungeon and subject to tortures too shocking even to mention. Seven weary years dragged their slow lengths along, and the aged Templar, full of years and honors, without a single stain upon his bright escutcheon, is brought to his execution, or rather to his sacrifice. He was one of the last survivors of the immortal Knights, who for two hundred years had fought for the tomb and faith of the Redeemer. But what of that? He bore many an ugly gash to testify of his presence and courage in the deadly breach. But what of that? His head was white with the frosts of many winters, and nature was fast pouring out the few remaining sands in the hour glass of his life. But what of that? There was the pile of lighted faggots; there on the scaffold stood the Grand Inquisitor and his helpless victims. A solemn mockery of an indictment was read, and the prisoner was begged in the name of his own noble deeds to confess crime and justify his murderers. "But," says Villani, "that magnanimous Knight, shaking his chains, advanced with a countenance full of resolution to the edge of the scaffold, and, raising his voice, exclaimed: "It is but just that in this terrible day, and in the last moments of my life, I should expose the iniquity of falsehood and make truth to triumph." Here was another Zarubbabel asserting at the peril of his life, "*Magna est veritas et prævalebit.*" The immolation of the Grand Master proceeded; he was tied upon the pyre, and from that funeral altar, as his body writhed in agony, his great soul in calmness and severity spoke its creed—*Spes mea in Deo est*—and with his eye fixed upon the home of his hope, the great Templar died. "The tears of the people," says Mezeray, "watered the warrior's ashes, which were carefully gathered up and treasured as a martyr's dust." Despite all the efforts of King and Pope to blacken his name, it may be written as his epitaph,

"This Molay hath borne his faculties so meek,
Hath been so clear in his great office,
That all the angels will cry, trumpet-tongued,
Against the deep damnation of his taking off."

We pause over this, one of the foulest blots upon the pages of history, to mention that the infamous Pope died after a seven years' pontificate of storm and blood; and the no less infamous Philip died of a lingering and unknown disease, wrecked with physicaland mental anguish! all his schemes thwarted, his nobility unfaithful, his subjects rebellious, and domestic wretchedness amongst his children. Thus does the Almighty work out his righteous retribution.

After the martyrdom of Molay, systematic and persistent persecutions of the Order were carried on throughout Europe and England, and wherever the Pope's power could be felt, or Philip's influence could reach. Some of the houseless Templars took refuge in Scotland, and at the famous field of Bannockburn—fought on St. John's day—they did yeoman's service under the banner of the patriot Bruce. Thereby thus proving that their impulses accorded with their early teachings, that wherever cast, and amid whatever surroundings, they were ever ready to draw their swords in a just and virtuous cause; and when drawn, to use them with undaunted valor.

Although the political power of the Templars was broken by the fierce persecution instituted by Philip and Clement, the Order was not extinct, for its destruction was beyond the scope of human power, however bold and daring.

"Truth crushed to Earth will rise again.
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amidst its worshippers."

So this order, in whose ante-chamber we are taught the almighty force and importance of truth, recovered from its partial paralysis, and again grew in strength and vigor, until now, its beautiful banner floats proudly upon every breeze, and gathers under its folds once more, the brave, the generous, the noble of every nation. The age of chivalry may have gone to blend with the mysterious tide of old eternity, but the spirit of chivalry still lives. We, of this age, have no lordly castles, no rich cathedrals, no grand preceptories, no vast estates; we have no such severe duties and vigorous disciplines; but there are achievements as great and victories as brilliant.—During the four years that the war-cloud hung in gloom over our country, and blackened its history, there was evoked as unselfish emotions, and there was displayed as brave and gallant and heroic bearing as was ever witnessed upon the plains of Syria.

I have given you, Sir Knights, a brief, hurried and imperfect sketch of the origin and objects of our illustrious Order, and of the greatness and glory, the sufferings and sacrifices of its founders, and its early members. The moral is manifest—the application easy. Good men's memories are precious, and it is well at times, to hold them up that all the world may see and venerate and imitate. With their generous impulses, their noble thoughts, their acts of valor and deeds of magnanimity fresh in our minds, let us direct in new inspiration, and aspire to a higher and holier life. Remembering what they endured to prove and perpetuate their faith—let it stimulate our hearts and nerve our arms to suffer and sacrifice in the holy cause. Let us be ever ready to give unmistakeable evidence of our faithfulness; whether it be by donning the pilgrim's weeds and leaning on his staff to test our patience and perseverance, or with sword and helmet rushing to the tented field, to battle for the right, and prove our courage and constancy; or by reverently bowing before Immanuel's tomb, and then looking to His throne on high, to show the depth of our humility and the loftiness of our faith.

To you, as Masons, it is needless to say that all these outward ceremonies are but symbols of the inner life. Let the seed of the pure principles of our Order find a genial lodgment in our hearts, and yield abundant fruitage in our daily walks and ways. No higher, holier, or more ennobling objects could animate the souls of men, than those to which we have pledged our lives. To champion the cause of virtue, to protect the helpless, the friendless and the destitute, not only wins the thankful glance from beauty's beaming eye, but causes the grateful incense of the widows and the orphans prayer to ascend to heaven, and find easy entrance through the pearly gates, and bring back the answering benediction of Jehovah's smile. Then, Sir Knights,

"So live, that when your summons come to join,
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death;
You go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed,
By an unfaltering trust, go ye, like those,
Who wrap the drapery of their couch about
Them, and lie down to pleasant dreams."

During the delivery of the address the applause was frequent and at its close strong demonstrations of the pleasure experienced by the attentive audience were made. After a little more music the Sir Knights were dismissed until 8 o'clock, then to meet in Masonic Hall.

THE BLUE LODGE.

Last evening being the regular communication, the Blue Lodge met but soon adjourned to give room for the final session of the State conclave of the Knights Templar. A large number of the delegates attended the meeting.

THE FINAL SESSION.

At 8 o'clock in the evening the final session was held, when the newly elected Grand Officers were installed. It was also decided that the next annual conclave shall be held in Pittsburg.

SERENADING.

The Bethlehem Cornet Band, accompanied by several Sir Knights, went serenading last evening. They commenced with R. E. Sir J. L. Hutchinson, Deputy Grand Commander, staying at Michael's Hotel, afterwards visited Sir Knight Charles M. Howell, Sir Knight Charles E. Wentz, R. E. Sir Robert Pitcairn, at the City Hotel, and R. E. Sir W. H. Strickland, at Cooper's Hotel. They were entertained at the residences of Sir Knights Howell and Wentz. The Bethlehem Sextette Club serenaded Bishop Bigler, of the Moravian church in this city, Matthias Zahm, Esq., Peter G. Eberman, Esq., and R. E. Sir Knight W. H. Strickland. The Ringgold Band serenaded Messrs. B. Mishler, Rowbotham, Johnson, (Swan Hotel), Demuth and Lieut. John Rees. The serenaders were all accompanied by large crowds, and everything passed off extremely pleasantly and agreeably.

In this connection we would congratulate our visitors upon the musical abilities of their bandsmen. We have always thought that Lancaster has reason to be proud of the City Cornet Band, and now think so, but we also feel sure that our visitors are equally proud of their musicians.

THE BANQUET ROOM.

The tables in the banquet room were well filled all day yesterday and this morning with a plentiful supply of viands &c., and well patronized by the gallant Sir Knights. This refreshment department was ably presided over by Brother George Lutz, assisted by some ladies, who, by the bye, did not appear to feel at all alarmed at being in such close proximity to a Masonic Lodge Room.

MINE HOSTS OF THE HOTELS.

Early this morning several Sir Knights called upon us and requested that we should state in our columns, their gratification at the treatment they have received at the several hotels where they have been staying during their visit to the city. We therefore on behalf of the Sir Knights make this record and request Mine Hosts Shober, Michael, Cooper, J. Sprecher, S. Sprecher, Kauffman and Lechler to take due notice thereof.

THE DEPARTURE.

Many of the visitors left last evening, but by far the larger number staid until this morning. All expressed themselves much delighted at their reception and entertainment, and many have been so very favorably impressed with Lancaster and Lancasterians that we may expect to see them again amongst us. If so, we feel sure, that it will be a second edition of the pleasure their first visit has afforded.

CRYPTIC MASONRY.

The Grand Council of Royal, Super-Excellent and Select Masters of Pennsylvana, held its 20th Annual Assembly in the city of Lancaster, commencing June 13, 1866, of which we give a synopsis of the business transacted.

Representatives present from twenty-four Councils.

The Grand Council was opened by the W. P., Alfred Creigh, Grand Master.

A charter was granted to Vallercamp Council, No. 25, to be located at Sunbury Penn'a.

M. P., Grand Master Creigh delivered his annual address, after which the Grand Council elected the following officers:

W. P—Alfred Creigh, of Washington, Pa., Grand Master.

R. P—Christian F. Knapp, of Bloomsburg, Pa., D. Grand Master.

R. P—Isaac Whittier, of Pittsburg, Pa., T. I. G. M.

R. P—W. Chatland, of Brownsville, Pa., G. P. C. of W.

R. P—H. Stanley Goodwin, of Bethlehem, Pa., G. M. of Exchequer.

R. P—Christian Stoltz, of Reading, Pa., Grand Recorder.

Rev. and R. P—J. R. Dunin, of Bloomsburg, Pa., Grand Chaplain.

Rev. and R. P—R. H. Patterson, of Philadelphia, Grand Chaplain.

R. P—A. N. Green, of York, Pa., Grand Marshal.

R. P—C. F. Porter, of Pittsburg, Pa., Grand Sentinel.

The 21st Assembly to take place in Pittsburg, the 2d Wednesday of June, A. D., 1867.

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is agreeable to a law of nature, and is an ordinance of the Creator. Profligates doubt this, but they have not reason on their side. Man is both a gregarious and pairing animal. Marriage is consistent with the finest feelings of man. It began when man began. It is ordained to perpetuate the succession of the human family. It is man's peculiar privilege in this: that it connects him with generations that are gone, with that which is passing away, and with those which are to come. He can contemplate, what no other animal can, that his own memory will be held in honor and that the place of his earthly quiet will be sacred. He only can contemplate that moral and physical wrong will bear his own stamp, in the character and frame of those that follow him; he only knows that a good name will be an honorable inheritance. These are the sentiments that spring from the beneficent gift of marriage.

Marriage is recognized as a contract binding by nature in all civilized nations, and by most considered, from its solemnity, to be of a sacred character, but by some it is deemed only a civil bond of connection The laws of nature and the Divine law agree in holding it to be an irrevocable contract; the laws of the land should also agree.

Marriage is frequently entered into from motives highly reprehensible and sometimes with shocking thoughtlessness. It is from such causes that we see the sacred tie, which should be the true source of the highest happiness, become that inexhaustible fountain from which both parties are daily and hourly compelled to drink, and from the same cup, the bitterest of water.

There is in every human breast a fund of kindness, tenderness and affection, which makes itself known to be there in due time. It demands to be applied. This is the trying and perilous moment in youthful life.—There is some one somewhere, who will take that fund and give back its full equivalent. The external senses and the heart are in search of that one. Happy will it be for the searcher if reason is taken for a monitor to keep the senses and heart in order.

"Begin nothing of which you have not considered the end." Young men cannot be too cautious in the attention which they bestow on unmarried ladies, who, on their part, should be equally guarded in not encouraging the addresses of any individuals whom they would not choose to marry.

We are of the belief that every industrious, active and sober man, will find no serious obstacle in the supposition that he will not be able to support the additional expenses of a wife and family and at the same time fulfil his other necessary obligations. It is from idleness, love of company and intemperance, not from simple expenditure or family necessaries and comforts, that ruin and poverty in the married life are produced. He who marries and settles down as a householder meets with the approbation of the world, because in marrying he gives a guarantee to society for his good behavior.

It is not to be doubted that a young, industrious couple, who are sincerely and affectionately attached, on a sober examination and conviction of each other's worth and suitability to each other, may be happy with means far short of the fashionable standard.

We have been led to make these few remarks as a sort of introduction to the astounding announcement that no less than seven marriages took place in Lancaster on Thursday. From what we have heard, they were all marriages alike creditable to the choices of the brides and grooms. They were not Saratoga Springs, Cape May or Atlantic City matches, but of that good old style of two fond hearts uniting in that tie or contract, which, as we have before mentioned, the laws of nature and the Divine law hold as sacred and irrevocable.

We would say in conclusion, to the fair bridesmaids and groomsmen, and in fact to all our unmarried friends, (including widows and widowers,) choose some congenial and kindred soul and "go thou and do likewise."

LANCASTER GRAIN MARKET, MONDAY, June 18th, 1866:

Family flour, a bar		$12 00
Extra	do do	11 25
Superfine	do do	10 00
Wheat (white) a bus		2 75
Wheat (red)	do	2 50@2 62
Rye	do	1 10
Corn	do	90
Oats	do	70
Whiskey	do	2 23

LITIZ SPRINGS.—On Friday last we visited the beautiful Moravian village of Litiz, where we found the same cleanliness and order for which it is so much noted. Messrs. Lichtenthaler & Sons have been redecorating and refitting their capacious Hotel and are now quite prepared for summer visitors. They have one hundred bed-rooms, and can accommodate three hundred guests. The arrangements in the culinary department are novel and perfect, and the dining-room is large, lofty and well ventilated. The parlors are elegantly furnished, the piano being one of superior tone. The sleeping rooms are airy, and the proprietors have evidently studied the comforts of their guests in the furnishing of them. A plentiful supply of water is conveyed to each floor, and the bath-rooms are large and commodiously fitted up. In fact all recent and modern conveniences have been introduced. The building is entirely encircled by verandahs on the second and third floors, and there is an observatory on the top of the house from which a most enchanting view of "the garden of Pennsylvania" can be had. Everything conducive to comfort and health can be found at the Litiz Springs Hotel, and we know of no more desirable summer retreat than this.

The Spring Grounds, immediately in front of the Hotel, are laid out in the most tasteful manner, with dry gravel and tanned walks. Here perfect shade is found throughout the entire day, upon all parts of the ground, under the many rare and beautiful trees, interwoven with shrubbery, the fruits of many years' culture by the public-spirited citizens of the place.

The Springs, which flow at the rate of over one thousand gallons per minute, from the foot of a rising knoll, are as clear as crystal, of a soft limestone quality, slightly impregnated with iron, being very superior for drinking and bathing purposes. The temperature of the water is from 41° to 43° Fahrenheit.

A very pretty feature about the Springs is a small pond well stocked with gold and silver fish, on the left of the long walk, on the property of Mr. J. B. Tshudy, and fitted up by that gentleman with a great deal of taste. In the centre of the pond, under a neat canopy with open sides, are two miniature turbine wheels which are turned in opposite directions by the water falling on the buckets from several jets. To the wheels are attached small artificial geese, ducks and frogs that float around on the surface of the water. In the same enclosure as the pond, are two fine specimens of the wild goose and also an American Deer. Beautiful panoramic view of the little pond, the Hotel and their surroundings, are produced by looking through colored glasses fixed in frames on the fence. The one through the solferino glass is suggestive of a gleam of sunshine lighting up a spot of limited extent, whilst all around is darkness.

On the 27th instant the 76th Annual Exhibition will take place at the Young Ladies, Educational Institution. It is our intention to be present, and we shall afterwards give our readers some historical account of Litiz, its Academics and Church.

The usual celebration will take place in this village on the 4th of July next, when the Springs will be illuminated and there will be a display of fire works.

THE ODD FELLOWS' VISIT.—Representatives of the Lancaster and Monterey Lodges of Odd Fellows of this city, visited by invitation Earl Lodge No. 412, I. O. of O. F., at New Holland on Saturday evening last. The occasion was a visitation to Earl Lodge of the Grand Lodge Officers, who were met, by the members present of the three subordinate Lodges, at the outskirts of the village, when they were escorted, accompanied by the New Holland Brass Band, to Mr. J. Miller's Hotel, where a handsome collation was furnished. After the Lodge meeting, the party again visited Mr. Miller's and partook of a late supper. The Grand Officers present were George Fling, M. W. G. M.; Richard Watson, D. G. M.; William Curtis, G. Secretary; —— Barrow, Acting G. Treasurer; —— Nagle, Acting G. Marshal, and J. M. Westhaeffer, D. D. G. M. Lieut. Setley was Marshal of the procession.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—Monday, June 18th, was the 51st anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, which might be denominated the victory which restored peace and quietness to Europe after years of warfare and bloodshed.

A treaty of peace was entered into in 1814, when Napoleon agreed to resign the Government of France, and live for the future as only sovereign of Elba, a small island in the Mediterranean.

In March, 1815, Napoleon landed in France and advanced in triumph to the capital. He had been encouraged by various favorable circumstances to attempt the recovery of his throne, and so unpopular had the new government become, that, although he landed with only a few men, he was everywhere received with affection, and on the 20th of March was reinstated in his capital, which had that morning been left by Louis XVIII.

Napoleon's exertions to reorganize an army were successful to a degree which showed his extraordinary influence over the French nation. On the 1st of June he had 559,000 effective men under arms, of which 217,000 were ready to take the field.

A Prussian army of more than 100,000 men under Blucher, and one of about 80,000 British, Germans and Belgians, under Wellington, were quickly rendezvoused in the Netherlands, while still larger armies of Austrians and Russians, making the whole force above a million, were rapidly approaching. These professed to make war, not on France, but against Bonaparte alone, whom they denounced as having, by his breach of treaty, placed himself out of the pale of civil and social relations, and incurred the penalty of summary execution.

After beating Blucher at Ligny on the 16th of June, Napoleon brought his whole force to bear on the 18th of June against Wellington, who had drawn his troops across the road to Brussels, near a place called Waterloo. The failure of a final charge by Napoleon's reserve to produce any impression on the armies decided the day against him; his baffled and broken host retired before a furious charge of Prussian cavalry, who cut them down unmercifully.

Upon his return to Paris, Napoleon made an effort to restore the confidence of his chief counsellors, but in vain; and after a fruitless abdication in favor of his son, he retired on board a small vessel at Rochfort, with the intention of proceeding to America, but being captured by a British Ship of War, he was condemned by his triumphant enemies to a perpetual confinement on the Island of St. Helena in the Atlantic, where he died in 1821.

DISCHARGED.—On complaint of a woman, named Kate Gutchel, Eli Strimmel, of Bart township, this county, was arrested for fornication and bastardy on the 26th of February last. The parties had a hearing yesterday before Alderman Foltz, in this city, when Mr. Stimmel was discharged.

YOU MAY "KNOW A THING OR TWO."—We grant and still be perfectly ignorant of the fact that the "Barley Sheaf," the new Cooking Stove manufactured by Messrs. Stuart, Peterson & Co., of Philadelphia, is really the neatest, most admirably arranged and economical stove ever invented. This stove possesses so many excellencies, indeed, that the demand for it must soon become enormous. We congratulate Messrs. Stuart, Peterson & Co., upon the success of the "Barley Sheaf."

NEW PATENT.—Our friend Mr. Char