

is ever the influence of Masonry when allowed to work out its own mission, unfettered by the chains of political and ecclesiastical despotism.—*World's Masonic Register.*

THE JEWELS OF THE CRAFT.

Who wears the *square* upon his breast,
Does in the eye of God attest,
And in the face of man,
That all his actions do compare
With the Divine—th' unerring square—
That squares great virtues plan.
That he erects his edifice
By *this design*, and *this* and *this*!

Who wears the *Level* says that pride
Does not within his soul abide,
Nor foolish vanity;
That man has but a common doom.
And from the cradle to the tomb
A common destiny;
That he erects his edifice
By *this design*, and *this* and *this*!

Who wears the *G—ah*, type divine!
Abhors the atmosphere of sin,
And trust in God alone;
His Father, Maker, Friend, he knows—
He vows, and pays to God his vows,
As by th' Eternal throne;
And he erects his edifice
By *this design*, and *this* and *this*!

Who wears the *Plumb*, behold how true
His words, his walks! and would we view
The chambers of his soul,
Each thought enshrined, so pure, so good,
By the stern line of rectitude,
Points truly to the goal,
And he erects his edifice
By *this design*, and *this* and *this*!

Thus life and beauty come to view
In *each design* our fathers drew,
So glorious, so sublime;
Each breath's an odor from the bloom
Of gardens bright beyond the tomb,
Beyond the flight of time;
And bid us build on *this* and *this*
The walls of God's own Edifice.

—*Brooklyn Standard.*

THE GRAVES OF BROS. JACKSON AND POLK.

(From the *American Mirror and Keystone.*)

It is among the first sources of honest pride in which our ancient and honorable Fraternity have right to indulge, that nearly all the most distinguished statesmen of the Republic, in the past as well as the present, have been, and are, patrons of Freemasonry.

On the long roll of patriots whose names are so intimately connected with our country's glory, none, perhaps, stand pre-eminent to those of the illustrious Brothers, the subject of the present memorial.

Close associated in relations of personal and political friendship while living, it was eminently proper that their ashes should mingle in kindred dust now that they are dead. Under the watchful custody of the noble State for whose fame and fortune they so long laboured, they now sleep in quiet repose by the banks of the noble Cumberland, and with patriotic devotion to their memory, many are the pilgrims who visit the calm shades of their final rest.

It was a beautiful evening in May that we left the City of Nashville to visit the Hermitage. The road reaches over a romantic succession of hill and dale, through farm and woodland, until, at a distance of thirteen miles, we turned aside from the main thoroughfare into a by-road, following which for a quarter of a mile further, we came to the gate through which had so often passed the Hero of New Orleans.

Nothing could be more quiet and secluded than the spot which the impetuous spirit of the chieftain and statesman had selected for its place of repose, when free from weighty cares which confiding countrymen had imposed upon it. A glance, however, at the surroundings was sufficient to impress the mind that it was the home of no ordinary man that we were visiting. The approach to the house is completely over-arched by the meeting branches of cedars planted on either side of the carriage way, while chains, suspended from cedar posts and reaching from one to the other, formed the only barrier between the path and the lawn. The house is entirely unpretentious in its character, built much after the style of planters' mansions generally, having more an air of solid comfort than cold magnificence. A lofty portico extends across the front end, and here it was that the Sage of the Hermitage would pace forward and back for many an hour when oppressed with the thoughts of state. Here, too, it was, when the "cold hand of sickness came over him, and the sun of his existence, beaming in the mildest mellow splendour on the verge of the horizon, near now to its long farewell," that he loved best to sit and converse with his friends upon the acts of his eventful life.

Since the death of their owner, the premises have been permitted to relapse to decay; but having been recently purchased by the State of Tennessee, it is presumed that they will soon be restored to a condition worthy of the great man who gave them their fame.

We were met at the house by an old servant who for over forty years was a domestic in Jackson's family. Unlocking the garden gate, he conducted us to the family burial place. Shaded by the overhanging branches of fragrant magnolias, a mausoleum, severe in its simplicity, protects the remains of the great man, who rejected the proffered sarcophagus of Alexander Severus, that he might repose in death, as he had lived in life—a plain, unpretending republican.

A gray limestone slab bearing the simple inscription,

MAJ. GENL. ANDREW JACKSON,
BORN MARCH 15, 1767,
DIED JUNE 8, 1845,

covers the vault. By his side are resting remains of his beloved wife, who preceded him to the tomb, inscription upon the slab above—dictated by her devoted pastor—tenderly reciting her many virtues. Around the grave of the Jacksons are buried several relations, an artist friend, who for several years was an inmate of the family.

As we stood beside the silent vault, what a crowd of historical events passed in rapid succession through our mind. The glory of New Orleans, the hand-to-hand fights amid the ambuscades of the Everglades, the triumph in a political contest over partisan animosity such as the country has seldom known, the stern rebuke to nullification, the removal of the depositories, and the final retirement to private life, amid such "unpurchasable homage" of his fellow countrymen as clearly bespoke how deep a hold he had upon their affections. And then again, in after years, when clouds seemed gathering about us, how like the kindly voice of a father to his children came the admonitions of the dying statesman! All these remembrances, and more, crowded upon us; and as we turned away, we could but mentally exclaim, in the language of another, "God blessed him with length of days, and he filled them with deeds of glory."

Though less brilliant, not less patriotic or useful was the career of that other noble son of Tennessee, who in after years was elevated to the Presidency. As it was the pride of President Polk that he had been called to assume the arduous duties of the Chief Magistracy when his country was at the nontide of prosperity, so it was his good fortune to leave it to his successor, made doubly honourable by the distinguished ability with which he administered it.

Our distinguished Brother did not long live to enjoy the domestic quiet to which he retired at the close of his presidential term. "Life's fitful dream

ended." He was buried in the grounds surrounding the family mansion, almost beneath the shadow of the lofty capital of his beloved State. A stone structure, consisting of a dome supported by columns and ornamented with a simple balustrade and frieze, protects a plain obelisk, upon which are preserved to posterity in eulogistic inscriptions the many services of the honoured dead. Funeral cypress trees lend their solemn shade, while the busy hum of the surrounding city is not in unpleasant contrast with the quietness of the enclosure wherein rests all that is mortal of JAMES KNOX POLK. His widow still survives; but soon she, too, will find calm repose in the now vacant vault, by the side of him who has gone before. Then, by the provisions of her deceased husband's will, the title of the homestead vests in the State of Tennessee,—a noble State, that will feel proud to have in her watchful keeping the remains of the two Patriot Presidents whom she so often honoured while living, and who in turn honoured her by the purity of their lives and conduct; and well may the pilgrim to their graves whisper, in the apt language of poesy—

"Seek not for those a separate doom,
Whom fate made brothers in the tomb;
But search the band of living men,
Where shall we find their like again."

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.—He was the forerunner of Jesus, a son of the Jewish priest Zacharias and of Elizabeth, who, as a zealous judge of morality and undaunted preacher of repentance, obtained great celebrity, first in his native country, then in the mountains of Judea, and afterwards among the whole nation. His simple and abstemious manner of living contributed much to his fame, and especially the peculiar purification or consecration by baptism in a river bath, which he introduced as a symbol of that moral purity which he so zealously inculcated. Jesus allowed himself to be baptized by him, and from that time forward John said unto his disciples, that he was certainly the Messiah. The frank earnestness and the great fame with which he preached even in Galilee, soon brought upon him the suspicion and hatred of the court of Tetrarch Antipas, or King Herod, who imprisoned him, and on the 29th August, in the thirty-second or thirty-third year of his life, caused him to be beheaded. The 24th June, his birth-day, is dedicated to his memory through all Christendom. The patron saint of the Freemasons' brotherhood, was formerly not St. John the Baptist, but St. John the Evangelist, whose festival they celebrated the 27th December, upon which day they hold their general assembly probably induced thereto because at this season of the year the members could be better spared from their business or profession. For this reason also they chose for their quarterly festivals, the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, Michaelmas, and the festival of St. John the Baptist, which last festival, on account of the better weather and other circumstances having been found to be more convenient for the yearly assembly, was often appointed for the time on which it should be held, so that it has now become nearly general. Many lodges still celebrate the 27th December, and call it the minor St. John's day.—*Gadichte.*

SCIENTIFIC MASONRY.—The scientific consists in the knowledge of several of the arts and sciences, so far as to enable us to discern the reason for the operations of those before-mentioned instruments, tools and machines, and to the force and momentum of the different mechanical powers; and also to clear up and arrange our ideas in such a manner, as to be able to delineate them so clearly on our tracing board, that, by the help of a proper scale, the brethren of the second degree may make them off and complete our design, and if intended for that purpose, erect a structure, which when finished, shall contain the greatest degree of strength, elegance and convenience, that the quantity of materials and space allowed will admit of; and this is the part of, or applicable to, our brethren of the highest degree of the Craft of Master Masons.—*Dunckerly.*