

He received the Blue Degrees in the year 1851, at Natchez, was Master of his Lodge in 1852, and Grand Master of the State in 1855, which office he held for two years. In 1860 he was Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter, and in 1859, Grand Commander of Templars, of the State. In 1868 he was Grand Master of the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters. In 1859 he received the 33d degree, and became an active Member of the Supreme Council, and afterwards its first Grand Minister of State, which office he held at his death.

For a time he edited the *Acacia*, a monthly Magazine, devoted to the purpose of Free Masonry. In that, and in his addresses and orations, he made valuable additions to the literature of Masonry, to which, above all else, he was devoted.

Brilliant as a writer, as an orator standing near to Prentiss and other distinguished men of his State, he proved himself, also, a brave soldier, devoted to the cause to whose service he gave four years of his life. Duty and Honor were always the stars by which his course over the seas of life was guided. Affection to all, he was the kindest of husbands and fathers. Faithful and loyal, he struggled manfully against adversity when its hand was laid heavily upon him—and even when, endeavoring to recover from the disastrous consequences of war, he saw his all swept away by fire. And during his long illness, when he was hardly able to sit, and should not have left his bed, he toiled daily and nightly as a copyist, to earn for his family a support; but for which labor and constant fatigue he might, perhaps, have recovered.

Thus, dear Brethren, we one by one pass away, and the places that knew us know us no more. We live only to lose those that we love, and our lives are lengthened only upon that condition. The memories of our dead are very dear to us—and they are already many; but no one among them all was more loved and is more regretted than he whose death we now lament. True friend, dear Brother, genial companion, brave soldier and patient sufferer, farewell! You sleep, and are in peace. For us the duties of life are still to be done, and its sorrows to be endured.

*Requiem eternam dona ei, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat ei!*

AMEN AND AMEN!

You will, upon receipt of this letter, wear the violet badge of mourning for the death of your Grand Minister of State during the space of sixty days, and the jewels and furniture of our sanctuaries will be draped in the same mourning for the same time.

ALBERT PIKE. 33°,

Sov.: Gr.: Commander.

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OR.: OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

16th day of ab, A.: M.: 5631.

In the name of the Supreme Council of the 33rd Degree of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, for the Southren Jurisdiction of the United States, The Sovereign Grand Commander, To all Freemasons of the said Rite, of any Degree, within the said Jurisdiction :

BELOVED AND VERY DEAR BRETHREN :

Once more the solemn rites of Masonic burial and the offices for the dead have been performed at the grave of an Officer of the Supreme Council, who has deserved well of the Order; and his body has been tenderly and reverently laid in its last resting place by the hands of those by whom he was well beloved.

Once more!—The third of the seven Dignitaries of the Supreme Council, who parted in May, not fifteen months ago, at Baltimore, has been claimed by the remorseless creditor, death, and has passed behind the veil that hides from our sight Eternity and the better life.

John Jennings Worsham, Treasurer-General of the Holy Empire, died at his residence near White River, in the State of Arkansas, on the thirty-first day of July last, and was buried yesterday by his brethren, at Memphis, in the State of Tennessee. He has passed away out of the life and sunshine of the world; and that portion of him which was material and human rests under the dust, beneath the grass, with the evergreens and flowers, symbols of Immortality, strewn upon his bosom, where now no thought stings, no cares harass, no fears alarm, and no hopes encourage.

The open hand and kindly heart are alike cold and still in that silent grave. There is no memory of love or hate, no sorrow or disappointment—nothing that aspires, or