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THE

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

OF

FREEMASONRY.

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CONSISTING OF

MASONIC TALES, SONGS, AND SKETCHES,

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

BY ROB. MORRIS, K. T.,
LECTURER ON THE LANDMARKS AND WORK OF FREEMASONRY

LOUISVILLE, KY.,
PUBLISHED BY J. F. BRENNAN, FOR THE AUTHOR.
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PREFACE.

To the Masonic Reader.

THIS attempt, the first one ever made upon an extended scale, to illustrate the *principles*, by exhibiting the *effects* of Freemasonry, is respectfully offered to the craft, wheresoever dispersed.

In it I have endeavored to avoid romantic incidents. I have not introduced unnatural or improbable embellishments. But, from a large collection of facts, gathered in my travels through almost every section of the United States, I have prepared, in a plain style, the following sketches.

It has been the desire of my heart, even from the night when I was made a Mason, to return something to an institution that then *promised* so much, that has since *done* so much, for me. To this end I early adopted the practice of jotting down, from the mouth of both friend and foe, every fact and opinion that related to Freemasonry. Having been practiced, from my boyhood, to wield the pen for the public press, I composed, several years since, from these memoranda, various Masonic tales, and published them in the Magazines of the Order.

So extensively were these crude and imperfect productions copied by the newspapers of the day, that while my own estimate of their merits was vastly increased, I became convinced that there was a demand for a volume of such pieces, maturely considered, and carefully written, and that it would be acceptable to the craft. That volume, the result of my Masonic life, is now offered.

In the preparation of these sketches, I have had three principal ideas in view: *First.* To introduce nothing of an important nature, but what is literally true. *Second.* To introduce incidents enough to bear either directly or indirectly upon *every* section of Masonic obligation and privilege. *Third.* To introduce the technical language of Masonry, so far as good authority is afforded me, by standard works.

To understand Masonic land-marks, and upon them to frame a true system of Masonic work, has ever been my earnest desire and study; to avoid a disclosure of Masonic secrets, in this publication, was my principal care.

The former I dare not presume entirely to have attained to, the latter I can boldly and fearlessly avow.

Should my Masonic brethren meet this more elaborate work with the same kindness with which my former sketches, and my courses of lectures, generally, have been accepted, they will render my pleasure and gratitude complete.

ROB. MORRIS.

Hickman, Ky., June, 1852.

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE ROOM

DEATH ON THE SIERRA NEVADA.

THE Indiana wagon-train had crept up one of the long slopes of the Nevada spurs, its front pointed due westward. As the vanguard reined up their jaded mules on the summit, the level rays of the setting sun reminded them that they were full late for encamping; for by the time the three grand requisites of caravan travel could be secured, (wood, water, and grass,) and their own supper prepared, the full moon would be high in the heavens. All day they had journeyed without delay, tarrying not to look at the drifts of human wrecks, the broken wagons, the putrid carcasses, the rifled boxes, or the wolf-opened graves of humanity. Such objects were too familiar to excite the curiosity of men twelve hundred miles advanced on the California road, and even had their curiosity been aroused, the necessity of reaching camp by sunset was too obvious to justify the least delay.

So when a tottering beast fell from exhaustion he had been hastily stripped of his saddle or harness and left to the wolves. When a wheel gave way, the contents of the stranded wagon were transferred to the others, and the vehicle, whose iron and wood had been fashioned in the best shops of Indiana, was deserted to the Camanches. Much suffering had been experienced since morning. Eyes seared with heat and blinded with dust had looked all day wishfully forward to the Nevada peaks that seemed like some evil enchantment to recede as the caravan advanced. Tongues swollen with thirst and past articulate speech, murmured indistinctly of the gushing waters whose moisture and coolness they so coveted. Death was behind, life and hope before, and every nerve was strained to attain the goal of their attempts.

The sun went down as wagon after wagon drew up in its appointed place in the encampment. The animals too weary

to satisfy any craving of nature save the want of rest, fell in their harness, soon as the sting of the long wagon whips ceased to urge them on, and not a few dropped to rise no more. But water and food were now ready for all. Swollen lips and jaded limbs were soon forgotten. The jest and laugh began to ring merrily through the echoes of the hills. With a ready adaptation to emergencies, the Indiana train that had defied all the toils and dangers of the prairies, and sustained their spirits and the ties of their organization, when other companies had broken up, now seated themselves near the Totem spring, and in the merriment of supper banished all recollections of the day. An hour had passed and the whole train might have been seen, dispersed in groups reclining upon the matted grass at supper. The commander of the train, whose mess embraced six stalwart fellows, was loudly called for to come and join them. The word was passed from group to group but no response was heard. "Captain Glass! Captain Glass!" was shouted, until his companions, too hungry for further ceremony, filled their huge tincups with coffee and set themselves voraciously to work. Old Clarke, whose gray head had dodged bullets at Packenham's defeat thirty-five years before, shook it with a sage air, as he held out his hand for a slice of fat bacon and hazarded the remark: "Reckon he's in the wagon with Tolliver yet; he's been with him most all day." "Yes," responded Tilly Hikes, the mule driver, "he's a blamed sight more particular with that chap than he was with me, when the blasted mule kicked me;" referring to an incident that happened a month back, wherein the brute aforesaid shattered three of Hikes' ribs and changed the native graces of his countenance, so that his own mother would hardly know him should he live to get back to her again. "'*Tis* said they's both Freemasons," suggested Cooney Wackes, the Dutch boy. "Oh dang your masonry on the prairies," pursued Old Clarke, pouring out his second cupful of coffee so strong that shot would almost have floated on the surface, "that thing called masonry *may* do in the settlements, and they had a heap of it in Jackson's army at the cotton bags, but it's frostbit in a caravan. It can't blossom here. I knowed a case of a British

officer that was tuck prisoner and brought into New Orleans arter the fight, with all his legs shot off, and the Masons just spread themselves to —" "I knows one of the masons' signs," interrupted Dutch Cooney. "I got it from a boat-man at Cairo for two dimes. It's this'er way;"—and the squabby little chap went into some pantomimic spasms, so hideous that the whole mess broke into a simultaneous roar at the idea of his paying out his money for what any frog could do. In the midst of their merriment the voice of their commander, Capt. Glass, was heard issuing from a wagon at some distance, "Wackes, Cooney Wackes, a cup of water here, quick! move yourself, you lazy hound. No, not that—bring it from the spring;" and as the stupid boy moved along, much too slow for the crisis, the captain jumped down from the wagon, and ran to the ravine in person. The front part of the vehicle was opened towards the west so that the ice-cooled breezes from that quarter, might fan the sick man's brow. Through the vacancy thus left, there was a view of the splendid colors that reddened the sky long after the sun went down. The unfortunate man already referred to under the name of Tolliver, lay there in the last struggles of life. Poor fellow, he had borne up manfully against the hardships of the journey but the flesh, not the soul, yielded at last.

The dreadful fatigues of that long day's march had exhausted his remaining strength. He felt that this encampment was to be his last. His languid eye was fixed vacantly upon the scarlet west and the snowy peaks, but his thoughts went back far toward *the east*, to the land where wife and babes were patiently enduring his absence and praying for his safe return. Oh the unwritten thoughts of humanity in such an hour as that! Oh the vision,—the keen pangs of memory, the despairing cries, the agonized prayers. Who shall know them? who shall presume to describe them? The all-seeing eye that searches man's heart, *it* alone reads them, and in the day when all secrets shall become known, *we* shall understand them too.

The cool draught which the commander brought fresh from the fountain head, revived the dying man for an hour. He expressed a desire to be taken out of the wagon and to lie on

the bosom of his mother earth once more. It was granted. A dozen strong men united their hands to form a living couch, and he was placed tenderly as the sick child on its mother's breast, upon a pile of blankets beneath a thorntree hard by. The word had gone around the encampment that *Tolliver was dying*, and immediately each *brother* in the fraternity of Masons came up to render him the last kind offices. These kind offices of Masonry had been freely dispensed to him ever since his sickness, now of more than a week's duration. The gourd had never been quite emptied by any, for poor Tolliver must have a drink, though others remained thirsty. The strongest mules must be hitched to his wagon, (the one with the square and compass painted upon the canvas covering,) even if other wagons dropped out of line and were left. The care of the company was left much to the lieutenant, so that Capt. Glass might remain by his side to support his languid frame and to hinder him from inflicting any self-injury while under the influence of delirium. And there was good cause for all this; for Laban Tolliver had been one who in his days of prosperity had brightly exemplified the work and lectures of Masonry by good deeds. The various lodges in his district owed many of them their existence, all of them their illumination to his self-sacrificing efforts. Upon the rolls of the Grand Lodge his name was honorably recorded. Upon the memory of the widow and fatherless, the distressed brother, and the neglected orphan, it was indelibly engraved. But misfortune had come in the end. The evil day arrived: the checkered pavement had its squares of gloom. False friends, in whose affairs he had interested himself, for whose pecuniary stability he had become guarantee, made business failures of such a character that while their own property was selfishly secured, the pledge of their endorser was sacrificed. A tornado destroyed a valuable mill upon which he had expended tens of thousands. A boat-load of produce that he had shipped to New Orleans was lost, while running the gauntlet of that river of wrecks. The four messengers, who in one day brought to Job the intelligence of Satan's dealings in the loss of *his cattle*, *his sheep*, *his camels*, and *his children*, had their

counterparts in the hard experience of Laban Tolliver; and when as he sat amidst his beloved family, a letter came to his hand, that the Bank in which he was a Director, had failed and involved him to the amount of thousands beyond his remaining means, it was to the Masonic credit of the man that he too could say with the patriarch, "the Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." Well, everything was at once given up. Houses, lands, furniture, even the wardrobe of his family were resigned to his insatiable creditors. All was done that time and talents and experience permitted, to raise money and pay off the balance; for Laban Tolliver felt that indolence at such a time would be in God's judgment a high misdemeanor.

But when three years had elapsed, and he found that hard toil and anxious scheming scarcely sufficed to pay the interest on the debt, while his family was neglected, and his children were growing up without education, a sense of duty prompted him to engage in something more promising, even though considerable hazard were attached to it. It was the time of golden dreams relating to California. One of those wild epidemics that statedly pervade our country, had fevered every mind, and a company of his neighbors was organizing to glean in the golden harvest. Mr. Tolliver offered himself as a volunteer, and the proposal was eagerly accepted. His wife, resigning herself with woman's patience to necessity's stern decree, set herself at once to prepare for him the most comfortable outfit in her power. His friends came nobly forward and advanced the necessary funds, not by way of loan, but gift, and so privately, that he could not discover the names of the donors. *But they are known in heaven*, and a bounteous usury shall be awarded them there. The last word—the last embrace—the last look—oh! that they should be the last!

And here, on Sierra Nevada, lay Laban Tolliver—the point within a circle—*the point* a dying mason—*the circle* a sun-burnt company, whose hands had not unfrequently pressed his, in the distant Indiana Lodges, with fraternal grips.

As death approached, his soul brightened. His speech, which had been quite indistinct for several days, was suddenly restored. Many a thankful word did he say to each of those who had made him their debtor in his past week's illness. Many a good wish was uttered for their prosperous journey; for a full realization of their hopes; for a safe return to their friends. Many a little token of remembrance was distributed amongst them.

Then came the farewell. It was in silence; not a word expressed it: but *by the grip*—emblem of the Christian's hope in the resurrection of the body, and the immortality of the soul—*by the strong grip*, known and valued by all enlightened Masons, the dying man said more than tongue could say, of the comfort that filled his heart that hour. And now a word to Brother Glass, the patient, the indefatigable, *the true brother Mason*, who, day and night, had watched over him as the nurse attends her helpless charge. It was a brief word, but quite enough; for the strong man suddenly bowed himself; big sighs shook his whole frame; a shower of womanish tears bathed his cheeks, and he could only beseech, "No more, Brother Tolliver, not a word more! I am more than repaid!"

The world recedes; it disappears: heaven opens on his eyes: his ears with sounds seraphic ring. He is done with time. He is shaking off the remembrances of earth, even while he casts off the well-worn garment, his body. His treasure was in an earthen vessel, which is about to be broken, and then he will be free to employ it. A thought of his absent family, never more to hear his returning steps—oh! nothing but that could convulse his face with such an expression of grief! It is over now. Doubtless he has commended the widow and the fatherless to God. Or may be, the solemn pledge made to him by every member in that circle, "to consider his family as their own," has had a soothing influence. For now, all is calm again, and the clay shall be no more convulsed. His eyes turn inward. A few sentences, incoherent, but hopeful, can be heard by those around: "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: thou

hast covered all their sin: the emblem of Providence is fixed in the center; the symbol of Deity in the east; the Messiah taught the doctrine of a resurrection from the dead: arise and call on the name of the Lord: having done all, *to stand:* come and let us build up the wall of Jerusalem, that we be no more a reproach: though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death: but Masonry shines: hand to back: Father, into thy hand I commit my spirit: * * * this body * * again * * the tribe of Judah" * * * *

Midnight arrived. All in the encampment were buried in profound sleep, despite the howling of the wolves, who had gathered that night in immense bands, as if the demon whom they served, had notified them of a corpse in the camp. All were asleep, save the brotherhood, who were engaged at this solemn hour in the burial of their dead. One had decently sewed a shroud, his own best garments forming the materials, and enwrapped the body therein. One had made a head-board, the gate of his wagon furnishing him with a proper plank, and by the light of his last candle, had neatly engraved the name, and age, and Masonic character of the deceased, resting not his hand until it had also executed a striking copy of that Masonic symbol which should mark the resting-place of every Mason. A grave had been dug, east and west, deep enough to bury the remains far beneath the eye of mortal man. A procession was then formed. Two by two the wearied brothers interlocked their arms, and walked slowly to the grave. The bright moonlight glittered on their fronts, and revealed the Masonic jewels, and the regalia, worn in honor of LABAN TOLLIVER, as they had often before worn them in funeral processions at home. The body was lowered with fitting reverence. A roll, containing the name of the deceased, was cast upon it; then the apron he had so often worn; then the sprigs of evergreen, plucked from the shrubbery which abundantly adorns the ranges of the Sierra Nevada. Heavy flat stones were next laid upon the corpse, that the ravening wolves might be disappointed of their death feast. And now, the solemn words of a Mason-prayer, broke the midnight silence. Never will a member of that

funeral group forget the thrilling sentences read that hour above the remains of their Brother. For, at this instant, a band of Indians, who had dogged them all the day, broke out in a yell that curdled the blood of each hearer, and a spiteful volley of arrows was fired upon them from a neighboring hill. And then the wolves, with their glittering eyes fixed upon the clear moon, howled louder than before, while far above them in the west, could be seen the snow peaks of Sierra Nevada, as she looked down upon the unaccustomed rites.

"Unto the grave we resign the body of our deceased friend, there to remain until the general resurrection, in favorable expectation that his immortal soul may then partake of joys which have been prepared for the righteous from the beginning of the world. And may Almighty God, of his infinite goodness, at the grand tribunal of unbiased justice, extend his mercy toward him, and all of us, and crown our hope with everlasting bliss in the expanded realms of a boundless eternity. This we beg for the honor of his His name, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen." And from each full heart there went up the solemn response—So MOTE IT BE.

THE MASONIC BREASTPIN;

A TALE OF INDIAN TIMES

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

"The Moor, the Hindoo, the wandering Ishmaelite, nay, even the *Red man* of the forest, has knelt humbly at our altars, and acknowledged the humanizing influences of Freemasonry."—[*Extract from a Masonic Address.*]

CHAPTER FIRST.

THERE were hurry and disorder in the public square of Catesby, confusion and terror in its dwellings. The morning meal was either unprepared, in the confusion of the hour, or if spread, was untasted by those who had mingled with the multitude around the court house. Women with dishevelled hair and garments all disarranged, men half clad, barefoot and laden heavily with the weight of children, children snatched from their little beds and screaming at the top of their voices at the unaccustomed bustle—such were the objects that filled the western roads to Catesby and spread consternation, right and left, as they came. Every few minutes some horseman would dash furiously by, scattering the mud in the faces of pedestrians, and almost breaking his heart with shouts of *Indians, Indians*, as he came to the suburbs of the town. The great bell in the Presbyterian chuch was rolling and plunging, and rocking about in a most unheard-of manner, confounding all its voices into one stunning din of alarm. The old Sexton, Waifer, whose soul had been buried for many long years in the concavity of that bell, and whose boast it was that it made no signals without a rational explanation (he was tyler of the masons' lodge in Catesby, which fully accounts for his stubbornness in this particular) had just been carried home a cripple for life, from a fall got by holding on spasmodically to the big rope, as the heavy bell made a sudden gyration. Evidences of terror and the effects of fright, in many instances ludicrous enough, were

visible all around. The bank clerk, Mr. Shaw, had left his desk with untold bills lying within the vault, and the vault unlocked. The county recorder, Esq. Williams, whose book cases contained the land titles of the whole county, and whose boast it was that he lived, ate, slept and would die in the apartment which contained them, ran thoughtlessly out, the room all unfastened and the records exposed. Boyett, whose livery stable was the pride of the place, permitted his horses to gnaw the manger, unprecedented neglect, and to whinney unnoticed for better food, while he the negligent, stood with open mouth drinking in the frightful news as water.

And truly the news were frightful, sufficiently so to justify any amount of consternation. For the Indians, who were in pay of those liberal employers, the British, had made a sudden foray across the river the night before, and not only captured much valuable property and destroyed much more, but left fearful evidences of their blood-thirst in the show of eleven corpses, parents, grand parents, and seven children of the Colter family, all slain and scalped by their infernal hands. And all this had happened since the going-down of yesterday's sun, and within five miles of the town of Catesby!

Various reports, some of them highly exaggerated and absurd, were brought in by the country people. Those who lived farthest from the scene of action, and consequently knew the least of the matter, made up in ingenuity what they wanted in fact. The most reliable information was from old widow Bruson, (commonly called styled Granny Grunt) who, living near neighbor to the Colters, was the first to discover the savages, and to look at this display of their ferocity. She described it as a piteous spectacle. "The allduman (old woman) had never crawled out of her bed for seven long year with the roomatty (rheumatism,)" she said, "and the tarnal fants (phantoms) had skulped her as she lay, arter they'd knocked the leetle sense the poor creetur had all outener (out of her). Miss (Mrs.) Coulter had fout the devils like a she painter (panther) twell (until) all the meat was hacked offen her arms. The broom she'd cotched up was chopped in two with their cussed tomahawks. The old man

lay outen (outside) the door with his head clean off. They'd called him outen his bed, seems like, and when he poked his head out to see who was there, they tuck it smack off at the neck. But the most dismallest thing ever you seen, since the Lord made you, was the childer, (children). Seven sweet, precious—" Here the old lady's withered cheeks were bathed in a torrent of tears, answered by hundreds of those who stood around. "Seven sweet, precious babies, who'd come to my cabin only yesterday, to bring poor old granny a gourd of milk—all of 'em dead in a row—close by the fire-place—scalped—little Mary's arms round her twin brother's neck."

Such a tale as this, told in the public square of Catesby to five hundred people, was no everyday affair.

But now a more cheerful cry was heard, "Major Hodges is coming," and upon the back of it, the noise of bugle and drum and the clattering of a troop of horse gave stirring token that something beyond groans and tears might be anticipated.

The doughty Major had received intelligence of the massacre a little after sunrise, and so quick were his movements that within two hours, he had collected about thirty of his neighbors, mounted them, called out the drummer and bugler of his regiment and was here at Catesby, equipped and provisioned for marching against the savages. A tremendous shout from the crowd acknowledged his alacrity, and his zeal that morning was remembered afterwards at the polls when the Major changed the color of his feather and donned a general's uniform.

In war time, and especially upon the frontiers, no man waits for orders or a commission. A very short period sufficed for the Major to open a rendezvous for volunteers and to arrange a plan by which four scouting parties of twenty-five men each should follow up the Indian trail. The Major himself headed one of the parties and the number of *his* mess was soon filled up.

Archimedes Dobrot the town tailor, a famous Indian fighter who had been at the River Raisin, and nearly lost his scalp

with the rest, headed the second; and he too was fortunate enough to fill the ranks without difficulty. The third and fourth companies were not so successful, although an abundance of patriotic speeches were made, enough one would have thought to put the war spirit into a snail.

Kruptos, the attorney, a splendid speaker, a ten hour man, mounted the stump in person and was fast inclining public opinion towards the volunteering point, when his eloquence was suddenly checked by the proposition of an impertinent fellow in the crowd, an enemy of his, who offered to go as volunteer and take his three sons with him, if he, Kruptos, would go too. This disgusting proposal was unworthy of reply, and Kruptos retired amidst the jeers, it must be confessed, of the whole square.

The first and second parties got off shortly after noon. The third contrived to fill its ranks by help of certain spirituous stimuli well known to all recruiting sergeants, and that also dashed off in the direction of the river anxious to compensate for the delay. The fourth company had scarcely a half a dozen members by sundown, and so much coolness in volunteering was evident, that there was even a talk of desisting from farther trial. But this was not so to be. The cowardly determination was changed by the timely arrival of Robert Carnarson who had heard, late in the day, of the danger, and hastened to town on the wings of the intelligence.

This young gentleman was familiar with everybody in Catesby, as appeared by his shaking hands with one half the crowd, and calling the others by name. He was a stout, well-built individual, of some five and twenty years of age, possessing a bland look and one of those fortunate voices, that, without being absolutely musical, pleases every ear, and makes its possessor popular, if only for his tongue's sake.

He was well-bred, and moved amongst the crowd as first among his equals, using such language as betokened a polished education, although not untinctured with the localisms of the borders. His dress like his manners was gentlemanly but not finical; the material being costly, while the make was countryfied and plain. He was furnished with an elegant

sword, holster pistols, and gun, and rode the best horse—so said Boyett, and he ought to know for he had owned him three times—the best horse in the country, by twenty dollars.

That he had come fully bent upon volunteering, could be known by his preparations, and the first words he uttered, "Keep a vacancy for me, Captain Webster, for I am going with you, if you will take me."

Accompanying him were two others, Mr. Socrates Ely and Tim, whose surname no mortal being knew.

The former had graduated in the same college class with Robert Carnarson, and being disposed to literary pursuits had gone west and offered his services in various quarters as a school teacher. Strange to say, he had failed in every application, and always on account of the same cause, his *hand-writing*. It must be confessed that his pen-marks were mysterious ones, and might, some of them, have puzzled Champollion himself, had it been in his day, to solve them. But it certainly argued a poor appreciation of literary valor, on the part of school trustees, to reject a polished scholar, (a curiously wrought stone) and an estimable gentleman, merely on the account of his penmanship. But so they did, and Socrates Ely, A. M., after spending all his loose change in a vain search for employment, gladly accepted Robert's invitation to come and live with him, and there he had remained ever since, studying Euclid by day, and Homer by night, and laying a thousand plans for immortality.

Mr. Ely had volunteered merely to accompany his college chum, and knowing so little of sword and gun, he might as well have brought a deacon's rod from the Lodge room, as the old Queen's arm musket that he had balanced painfully upon his shoulder, to the great detriment of his overcoat.

Tim, the nameless, was a block altogether of a different pattern, being to trades and callings what Socrates Ely, A. M., was to science—a universal adept. It was said, that he became a Freemason to find out something about Hiram, the widow's son, who, the Bible informs us, was a goldsmith, silversmith, iron founder, brass founder, stone mason, carpenter, spinner, weaver, dyer, tailor, and last of

all, engraver. Tim was born with a jack-knife in his hand. He had served apprentice to nine trades (three months to each), and in every instance, excelled his master in practical skill before his time was out. He had made a fiddle at twelve years old; a copper bugle at fifteen; a wagon, out and out, wood and iron, at twenty; taken out eleven patents; dug wells; built chimneys; erected houses; soldered tin ware; shod horses; mended clocks; painted signs, and baked confectionery. He had shaped a perfect model of king Solomon's temple, according to the best authorities, and presented it to De Witt Clinton, who pronounced it the most ingenious work of art he had ever seen.

Tim had enlisted in the present call for volunteers merely because he had never helped to kill a man, and he felt that his education would not be completed until he did.

The accession of these three, and the spirit-stirring oration made by Mr. Carnarson, from the court house steps, soon revived the spirit of patriotism, and filled up the quarter hundred by dusk. As it had become so late in the day, it was agreed upon, by all hands, that the company should now separate, to meet again promptly at sunrise, armed and equipped for marching: and so the multitude broke up, exhausted by the day's excitement.

Let us follow Robert Carnarson, whom we have installed as the hero of our tale.

After a supper hastily eaten at the public inn, he might have been seen immediately afterward, wending his way to the well-known residence of Mr. Baldridge, father of Miss Josephine Baldridge, whose hand Robert had bespoken for the dance of life some months before. This announcement will convince our readers, at the very outset, that we have no love tale for their amusement; the love scenes, the tender question, the blushing reply, the extatic thanks, the sighs, the smiles, and the gripe—all these time-honored landmarks in love's Freemasonry, had been carefully preserved, and the parties had made suitable proficiency in this first degree of the mysteries preparatory to that of the second, or *the marrying degree*. Among that cool and deliberate portion

of our population that live nearest the North pole, it is maintained, that at least six months ought to elapse between these two degrees; nature herself has pointed out the interval to the third.

The love affair, then, between Robert and Josephine, will not detain us long in the recital.

The former, after a rapid walk to Mr. Baldridge's dwelling—if the reader ever visits Catesby, he will recognize it by the green-posts in the portico—rapped at the door with love's own signal, the latter kindly acting as his conductor, answered it, and admitted him; a certain ceremony of reception was gone through with, only understood by the initiated, and they never, *never* reveal it; and then the applicant was led to the very sanctum of the dwelling—the parlor—and into the presence of the family.

When Mr. Carnarson stated the object of his visit to Catesby, there was, at first, a profound silence. Josephine turned pale, and looked as though she would like to dissuade her lover from his warlike purpose. If this were her intention, however, it was forestalled by an encouraging remark from her father, who congratulated Robert on his intention. "It was the duty of every young man," he said, "to come forward at such a crisis as this. Had his knee suffered him to mount a horse, the cowardly youngsters who filled the square to-day, might have clung to their mothers' petticoats, and he would have volunteered himself. He would have been half-way to the river with that brave Major Hodges. The trashy boys, the chuckle-headed babies"—and here a sudden cough intervened to close the sentence.

Much judicious advice was then added, as to the best course for a scouting party to pursue; for the old gentleman had been a volunteer under Mad Anthony Wayne, and he knew all about it: and then the family retired, leaving Josephine and her lover to the uninterrupted use of the parlor. A lover's lodge, in the first degree, was opened forthwith. But it is improper to make a written record of the proceedings. It is enough for the reader to know that these two lovers had been well instructed to keep the

work of each degree to itself, and they governed themselves accordingly.

Being about to part, the young lady, with many a sigh, and tear, presented a token to her lover, and bade him wear it for her sake. She said: "It was the property of poor Aleck (her deceased brother), and was taken from his body after that horrid accident. I know that you were members of the same Lodge, and I feel that this circumstance will impart to it a double value in your eyes. You are going upon a dangerous service, dear Robert, and must take good care of yourself on my account. Remember, you are not your own, for I have accepted you—a poor bargain, I am sure:"—the young lady was making a hysteric attempt at wit—"a poor bargain—and—and—but never mind my nonsense, dear Robert, only take good care of yourself, for you are all—all"—here the prepositions and conjunctions were strangely neglected. "I shall expect to see you back in a week or two; and whenever you look at poor Aleck's breastpin, think of—think of—no matter for the rest."

The breastpin was simply a golden square and compass, manufactured by that Tubal Cain of a fellow, Tim, who had made it for Alexander Baldridge, while the latter was Worshipful Master of the Catesby Lodge.

To his hotel, Robert now returned, to find Mr. Socrates Ely still sitting up, poring over his Homer, although the hour was the very earliest in the morning, and Tim, who had just finished a handsome lion-headed riding whip, expressly for the campaign.

Promptly at sunrise, the cavalcade assembled and set forth. The day's hard riding took them more than forty miles from Catesby, and to the camp of Major Hodges' party, who had preceded them on the march the day before. Here they learned that the Indians, under a noted chief, had crossed the river in much greater force than had been at first supposed, and had done immense mischief in various settlements on the route. Many parties of the whites had been formed to reconnoiter, and, if prudent, to attack them; and nearly half the regiment of the Blues was out endeavor-

ing to intercept them in their return route. The news were stirring, indeed; and the Catesby companies joined camps together that night, fully anticipating, before another, to meet the savages in battle.

It is a thrilling scene—one of these military encampments. The large fires, whose scarlet hue contrasts forcibly with the thick shade of the forest, rendering it even more profoundly black in the comparison, presents one of the most brilliant displays of coloring imaginable. The cheerful jest, unrestrained by the presence of stranger, or woman; the broad opening of heart to heart, by the social influences of the occasion; the symbolic groupings of stars over head; the mysterious voices of the night around; nothing in life's memory dwells longer on the mind of a child than an encampment scene; nothing is so pleasantly recalled to memory, by the retired soldier, as his bivouac in the forest, when comrades were cheerful, and good cheer abundant.

The mess which Robert Carnarson had formed for his own special accommodation, consisted of Tim, the artificer, Ely, his old college comrade, and the two brothers, Ellison, his neighbors, sons of a widow woman—widowed by the pestilence of intemperance. These five had built a fire at a little distance from the rest, or rather, Tim had built it, while the others looked on his handy way with stares of admiration; had cooked a bountiful supper, or rather, Tim had cooked it, while they assisted him with epithets commendatory; and they were now cosily sitting upon some seats that ingenious Tim had fabricated out of the limbs of the oaks that were melting into ashes before them.

The conversation started with a jocular remark from one of the Ellisons, who had observed the square and compass on Robert's bosom. He thought that Bob was *determinated* that folks should know *he* was a Mason anyhow, for he carried his jewel on his breast.

"And where else would you have a jewel worn?" responded the indefatigable Tim, who was fitting a spare spring into the lock of Ely's musket—that essential portion of the mechanism having been abstracted from it years

before. "Where else but on his breast *should* a Freemason wear his jewels? Next to the heart is the place, and if I aint mistaken, that's the very jewel that Aleck Baldridge had in his shirt bosom at the time the coach load of passengers was drowned in Secon's river. I ought to know that jewel, seeing as how I made it; and if you'll press the lower part of the square hard, you'll learn something about it, Bob, that Josephine herself didn't know of when she gave it to you."

His directions were followed by Robert, the others crowding around to see the result; and, to the astonishment of everybody, the square flew apart, and was transformed into a perfect double triangle, on one side of which was engraved, in microscopic characters, the name, age, and Masonic standing of the owner, and this passage of Scripture from 2 Chronicles ii. 14: "*To find out every device which shall be put to him.*" On the other side, a number of Masonic symbols, exquisitely executed; the most prominent of which, was the Mark Master's mark of the fabricator.

"Yes," pursued Tim, when the murmurs of surprise were hushed, "I made that breast-pin and intended it for Dewitt Clinton, but when Aleck waited on me day and night, time I broke my arm, I gave it to him and fixed one up afterwards for Clinton of another pattern. Aleck never knew of that secret spring at all, for I meant to have my own fun out of him some day about it. But poor fellow, he was hurried away to his last account without a moment's warning. We discovered the bodies of the seven passengers in a drift below the ford, more than two weeks after the accident. You couldn't have told your father from your mother, the bodies were so decayed. But I pointed out Aleck's from the rest, for on his breast was this jewel, and I knew it to be the jewel which I had given him as a token of gratitude."

"Tell us, Bob," inquired one of the Ellisons, "what's the rule for trying men who want to be Masons? Father used to say before he took to drink, that the Masons rejected him because he was one-legged." "Ha, ha, ha," roared Tim, "a one legged man a Mason! why how on earth could he—ha,

ha, ha,—how could such a man—that's too good a joke! ha, ha, ha! I think I see him ——"

"Every person desiring admission," said Ely, quoting from memory out of the ancient constitution of Masonry, "every person desiring admission must be upright in body, not deformed or dismembered at the time of making, but of hale and entire limbs, as a man ought to be."

"If you really wish to know our rule," replied Robert, "our published books give it clearly enough. The ancient writer who spoke of a sound mind in a sound body, gave our Masonic model with great exactness. Many a fine house has a despicable tenant, while many a noble soul dwells in a hovel. Now, while Masonry is too much of the building art to endure the shabby cabin for a dwelling, she is quite too nice to accept the finest temple unless the god therein dwells."

"Fact," pursued Tim, speaking with his mouth full of gun screws, "fact, I knowed a man once down on the Olean who was said to have been rejected nine times because he had such a d—l of a temper. The Masons didn't believe they could control him and yet he was the richest man in the place. I'm told he swore he'd get up a political party some day a purpose to break down Masonry and have his revenge; but he can no more injure it than this rotten old lock can injure my new spring." At the word snap went the steel, affording a most unfortunate point to his illustration and occupying all his attention for the remainder of the sitting to remedy it.*

In another hour all was still in the soldiers' camp. The sentinels walked drowsily to and fro in the paths or paused to lean against some favoring tree, and snatched a hasty doze. The sky began to change. Mutterings of distant thunder might have been heard in the region of the south. The wind arose. The voices of the night were all absorbed in the roarings of the blast that portended a storm. The sentinels, widely wakened by the disagreeable prospect, roused up the whole

*This anecdote and Tim's prophetic omen will recall to the mind of the informed reader the circumstances that led to the antimasonic warfare of 1826–33. Many a threat of extermination preceded the baleful attack.

camp to prepare for it. There were no tents, it being a cavalry scout, and the only thing that could be done was to stake down the blankets in the best position to afford a shelter, heap heavy wood on the fires, and await the result. But this preparation was in vain. The gusts increased in violence, tearing away the frail shelters and bearing them far above the tree-tops, and scattering the fire brands as chaff. Then the heavy fall of decaying trunks shook the ground, and the volunteers felt that a hurricane was approaching them dry shod. All around was as the darkness of the land of Egypt, a thick darkness that might be felt.

The pitying stars had withdrawn their rays, unwilling to look down upon such a scene of devastation. The weaker branches from the forest trees fell thickly on every side, threatening both limb and life. A minute longer, and the tempest broke in its fury. Fortunately for the safety of the encampment, the centre of the gale passed a few hundred yards below them, but the elemental force on the edge of the current was a fearful index to the whole. Those who had not taken the precaution to shelter themselves behind the larger trees, were dashed violently to the ground and grievously stunned. The horses suffered severely from the fall of boughs, and several were so mangled that their owners in mercy despatched them. Major Hodges had a leg broken, others were hurt but in a lesser degree.

The duration of a hurricane on land is rarely long. In another hour the frightened party had collected again to compare their losses and as far as possible repair damages.

Tim, who amidst his other amusements had practiced surgery, proceeded briskly to set the broken bones, and then manufactured for himself a blanket cap in place of a hat blown clear away. Fires were rekindled, wet garments dried, and by daylight the encampment was again lost in sleep.

CHAPTER SECOND.

A CAMP of volunteers presents many queer scenes, and they have been worthily described by various pens.* There is a bouyancy of spirits that exhibits itself when the restraints of society are first taken off, that runs out into pranks and humors of all sorts. No where is the gift of a jester so well appreciated as in a camp. No where do broad jokes meet such immediate and ample reward. Although in the process of time this becomes sufficiently wearisome, and camp life tedious and even disgusting, yet it must be confessed that at the outset there is a sparkle in the cup enchanting to the novice.

A few days brought together the four scouting parties that had gone out from Catesby, together with many other companies of volunteers, and a regular officer to command them in the person of Colonel Allings. A skirmish or two had occurred in which the savages had been defeated, and so completely were they interrupted on their return route, as to lose all their plunder and turn them near a hundred miles down the river in their endeavors to cross.

The plan of campaign announced by Col. Allings was a bold one and like that of Jephthah, Judge of Israel, against the Ephramites, contemplated the extermination of the marauding party. Boats had been procured in abundance which he had loaded with the best of his men, and sent down to guard the more usual crossing places (as *the fords* on the river Jordan were guarded by Jephthah's picked men,) and one party of the most experienced volunteers was now to be stationed on the opposite side in the enemy's country. In this latter enterprise, by far the most dangerous, our five friends were placed. Col. Allings had been a staunch friend of Mr. Carnarson, the father of Robert, and being rejoiced to see his promising son in the campaign, at once made him commander

*By none more worthily than by Bro. Geo. C. Furber, late of Germantown, Tenn., now of California, in his excellent work, "The Twelve Months' Volunteer."

of this detachment. Being authorized to select his own men, out of the whole body of volunteers, now increased to a thousand, Robert invited all the members of his own mess, and such others of his acquaintance as he thought best qualified for the duty. It must be acknowledged, however, that such a man as Socrates Ely, A. M., who had never fired a gun in his life, was not the most judicious selection for Indian fighting, and so Col. Allings observed when introduced to him; But Robert felt unwilling to leave him among strangers, especially as he had deserted his books and volunteered at the first, purely for old friendship's sake. So he took him along, Homer, Euclid and all.

A safe and speedy run down the current brought the detachment to the place designated. Here they carefully scrutinized the banks on their own side of the river, searching for any trails that would indicate that the savages had already crossed, but they found none. In a little creek, a few hundred yards from the main stream, they discovered a large number of Indian canoes, carefully concealed, to be ready no doubt against the arrival of the marauders. These Capt. Carnarson ordered to be left untouched, and then his party crossed to the enemy's side, hid their own boats and awaited the coming of the foe.

The solitude around them was perfect, save when broken by the wing of some stray bird, or by an occasional step from a deer that, stealing out of the adjacent thickets, would walk timidly to the water's edge to drink. The position occupied by the rangers was on a group of small hills that overlooked the river for several miles in either direction. Down one of the slopes to the river ran a war-trail well marked, that struck out towards the body of Indian settlements and gave evidences of active use in the present campaign. Opposite, on the southern side of the river, was a peninsula around which the river curved in one of those graceful figures which might have given rise to the first Masonic idea of the Arch: it was on the upper side of this peninsula that the small creek emptied, amidst whose long flags were concealed the canoes for the war party.

For several hours the eyes of the most experienced borderers failed to detect any signals that would imply the presence of man; but a few minutes before sunset a smoke was observed on an eminence nearly opposite, (Jeremiah 4, ,) and one of the party, old Mike Havers, instantly declared, "they'se comin' boys,—we'll have 'em here afore midnight!" As there was doubtless some communication by means of the signal between the warriors opposite, and their friends at home, prudence dictated that the rear of the volunteers should be guarded lest an attack from that quarter should confuse all their own plans and the spider be caught in his own toils. This duty was committed to old Mike, who with some ten others, was ordered to station himself at such points on the hills around, that no savage could possibly approach the main body without being discovered. We shall presently see how this important duty was performed.

Provisions were now paraded, which the party ate cold and hastily. The boats that had brought the whites down the river, while they were now still more carefully concealed, were likewise placed under vigilant guard.

As soon as it was dusk, the whole company, save the two detached parties already mentioned, came down to the bank and stationing themselves, some behind trees, some flat upon the ground, they awaited the coming of the foe.

They were not long held in suspense. About nine at night a plashing of paddles was heard from the middle of the river, and then as if by enchantment, the whole fleet of canoes, some ten in number, came out into the soft starlight about fifty yards from shore. The plan of surprise developed by Capt. Carnarson was simple, yet promised success. The whole party of savages was to be permitted to land and to draw up their canoes on the shore, before a movement was to be made on the part of the whites. Then a general volley, announced by the firing of his own pistol, was to be the signal for a chosen party of twenty to rush upon their canoes and secure them.

Another party would likewise be in readiness to spring down at the same moment, and attack the Indians with tomahawks, in the use of which they were equally expert with the

savages themselves, while the remainder continued on the bank to prevent the enemy from passing into the interior. All this was to prove the shibboleth of their destruction.

The fleet, laden heavily with the Indians, had got within a short distance of the shore, so near that the forms of the men who wielded the paddles could be distinguished, when suddenly a pause was made, and at one impulse every canoe shot back into the darkness.

It appeared that some alarm was suddenly conceived by the savages and they halted in the river and consulted together in low tones as to the cause. As this moment one of Carnarson's party, without any orders from his superior, made a loud noise imitating the snort of a buck when suddenly disturbed. The Indians were re-assured by this expedient and a general laugh went through the canoes, excited as much at the comicality of their fright as at the near prospect of a return to home and safety. Nothing further occurred to alarm them, for they landed, drew their canoes upon the bank as had been anticipated, and began to mount the acclivity. But now the deadly signal was given by Capt. Carnarson, and answered with a roar of firearms. More than fifty guns were discharged as a single piece.

In the height of this consternation the poor savages found a score of white men amongst them, hacking them down on every side without mercy, while others jumped into their canoes and paddled them off, thus destroying every chance of escape. Vainly they endeavored to defend themselves. Too greatly outmatched by numbers even had they not been worn down by the fatigues of the campaign, and their nerves unstrung by surprise, they melted away as snow. Vainly they endeavored to ascend the bank and escape. Showers of balls were rained upon them from above, swords and hatchets clove asunder the skulls of those who succeeded in mounting up the first bank, while loud cries of scorn and hatred from the whites showed them that their enemies were numerous and unrelenting. The party which at the landing consisted of seventy or more, was fast falling, and yet no serious loss had occurred to the whites, when suddenly the tables were turned

and a new feature added to the bloody picture. Old Mike Havers, who, as the reader has already learned, had been ordered to guard against an attack from the rear, had posted his men most judiciously, and for several hours had remained, according to orders, silently listening for tokens of the Indians' approach. Becoming weary of such dull work at last, he had borrowed a canteen from one of his detachment and, the old man having a confirmed appetite for strong drink, and having never learned the speculative use of the compasses (although he was a carpenter by trade,) had indulged quite too freely in the ardent draught.

The effect of this had been to put him first into a drowsy fit which caused a shameful intermission of his vigilance, then into profound sleep. The party seeing nothing of their commander, who had lain down under a thick bush, supposed he was gone in towards the river, and when the firing commenced, having no person to restrain them, each left his post and hurried to the scene of action. This disobedience of orders proved highly disastrous.

A large party of Indians answering the signal of smoke from the other side, had left their village to meet their returning comrades and welcome them home. They had discovered the scouts under charge of Mike Havers, and as it were intuitively comprehended the whole plan of ambuscade. It was too late for them to remedy it, for just as the chiefs were consulting how they should warn their comrades of the impending danger, the noises at the river side announced that the attack had been made. But now the faithless scouts ran in to share the battle, and the whole Indian party followed close behind. So it happened in the very height of the confusion while the attention of the whites was turned towards the river, more than two hundred Indians charged upon them in the rear.

An attack of this sort is doubly dangerous to the attacked party. None are so overwhelmingly surprised as those who are engaged in surprising others. Therefore when the savages, with yells infernal as those of fiends, and with all the desperation of vengeance hurled themselves into the strife, the first impulse of the rangers was to rush to the boats, regardless

of honor or commands. The company sent to secure the Indian canoes behaved manfully enough. They had not shared the consternation of their friends upon the shore, and they busied themselves in picking up those who had jumped into the river and saved many from drowning. But of the larger number, who ran like cowards to the boats, many were overtaken and killed; the rest pushed off from shore nor stopped to enquire as to the issue of the battle until they reached the opposite side. Capt. Carnarson who had exerted himself to stay the dastards, remained with three or four others, bravely contending against a hundred of the foe. But the strife was too unequal. Their weapons were dashed from their hands and all of them made prisoners. Within twenty minutes after this catastrophe, all was over. The wounded whites had been killed and scalped, and their corpses thrown into the river. The bodies of the Indians both living and dead, were placed upon litters made of the sapling trees and carried inland. A faint sound from the other side met the ears of the despairing captives as they were driven along that war-path with their arms bound painfully behind them, to meet a certain death.

* * * * * *

The various scenes connected with Indian life have been too frequently described in history and fiction to call for the aid of our pen. It is known that only one door of escape was ever opened to a prisoner, that was the possibility of his being selected by some parent who had lost a son in battle and who claimed to adopt him in the place of the dead. But no such door was opened to any one of the four who stood bound to stakes at sunrise the next morning, awaiting the signal to die.

In the center stood Robert Carnarson. The loss of blood from severe cuts, the loss of sleep, and the inexpressible horrors of his condition had made deep marks upon his youthful countenance through the lingering hours of the past night; but his heart was yet strong and he felt that he could even die as became a man who professed fortitude to be one of his cardinal virtues.

His thoughts were not there in that Indian village though

hundreds yelled around him, and burned to feast their eyes with his dying agonies. They were with her whose soft hand had thrilled in his; whose pure kiss of betrothal had blessed his lip; who was even then anticipating his speedy return. Then they comprehended her, the aged mother—for he was the only son of his mother and she a widow,—and he felt as he recollected her motherly trust that her pillar of strength was about to be broken, and that her gray hairs would soon go down with sorrow to the grave.

On his right hand stood the unwearied, faithful, ingenious Tim. He had lost his good right arm, skilled in all the mechanism of man's hand, by the stroke of the tomahawk, and the great flow of blood therefrom had enfeebled him and left his countenance pale as the lambskin. But his spirits were buoyant, his voice was steady and he made his remarks upon the scenes and circumstances around him with as much unconcern as though he was but a visiter to the awful drama about to be acted. The manner in which the Indians kindled their fire by rubbing pieces of wood together; the complicated knots tied in the hickory bark that fastened him to the stake; the symbolic representations made by paint streaks on their naked bodies; the songs,—these and many other things aroused his curiosity and afforded him a fund of improvement.

The other two captives were strong men, and had been engaged in many a dangerous combat, but they were totally unmanned now. They could have met death at the rifle's mouth unflinchingly; nay even the disgraceful cord would not have presented overwhelming terrors to them, but the burning, *the burning alive*, and the untold tortues that were to precede even the first application of fire—these were the things that shook them, and big tears fell upon the ground at their feet as they shudderingly contemplated their fate.

The large number of scalps gained in the campaign and those won on the preceding night, were now brought forward suspended upon *cedar boughs*, and were shaken triumphantly in the faces of the prisoners. They were of all sizes, of both sexes, of all hues, from the scanty golden hairs of the precious one torn from its mother's breast, to the frosty locks that had

flowed honorably over the brows of age. This cruel act elicited fresh groans from the two mourners, a severe look from Robert, and a remark from Tim that "the bloody things were villainously mangled in the scalping."

A dance was now performed, such as might fitly have accompanied the vile orgies of Baal Peor, during which every sentiment of native ferocity, obscenity, and hatred that the heart of man can express by words and gestures, was introduced.

And now the tortures commenced. We will not harrow up sensitive feelings by relating them. When a mere boy we expressed our opinion that such details are only calculated to harden readers' hearts, and the observation of maturer years but confirms us in the belief. Let it suffice to say that the two strong men whose tears and terrors pointed them out to the delighted savages as proper objects for an ingenuity of torture, *died at last.* They died, after every imagined means of inflicting pain had been exhausted; after the sensitiveness of human nerves had been so blunted by knife, pincers, and fire, that the victim could stand up and look calmly on and see his own frame dissected limb by limb as a piece of machinery in which he felt no longer an interest. They died; and now the unwearied savages turned to the other two.

"Sure enough, Bob, it's our turn now and no mistake," observed Tim, to his companion. "Now's the time to brace up, for the storm's coming. This fire is like to be as bad on us as the Great Limekiln* was to the Jews. You see a man can bear anything when he has got to. Them fellows who took it so hard at first found they could stand it. Let's take it, Bob, just like a dose of medicine. Death has been grappled with before, and you and I know that we must all die some time."

"Yes, my dear brother," responded his friend, this is no new lesson to us, but don't forget, Tim, the assurances we also have, that these bodies shall live again. The savages may torture us and they may dismember us as they have done

**The great limekiln* refers to the conflagration of King Solomon's Temple which was composed in part of marble or limestone.

these poor fellows, and our ashes may be scattered to the four winds, but the All-Seeing Eye shall behold them, the power of God shall collect them together again, and the Lion of the tribe of Judah shall prevail to raise them from the dead in a more perfect pattern than now."

"Bob," enquired Tim with an anxious look, "do you really think those painted devils have the same expectations of a future state that we have? Can it be that the great Architect of the Universe, whose workmanship is here displaying such miserable evidences of an immortal soul within them, can it be that he will admit them into the grand lodge above. Where and when are they to be prepared in heart? Fact is, Bob, I am getting dismal. My arm pains me so that I can hardly stand. I shall turn coward if I don't do something to strengthen my nerves. Let's sing a funeral song such as we last chimed around poor Aleck Baldridge. These Indians will give us some credit for it at all events. Join me, Bob," and then the brave fellow led off in in a bold manly voice the funeral hymn so often sung by the Masons at Catesby, and Robert Carnarson added a cheerful voice to the words.

MASONIC FUNERAL SONG.*

Wreath the mourning badge around—
Brothers pause! a funeral sound!
Where the parted had his home,
Meet and bear him to the tomb.

While *they* journey, weeping, slow,
Silent, thoughtful let *us* go:
Silent—life to him is sealed:
Thoughtful—death to him's revealed.

How his life-path has been trod,
Brothers, leave we unto God!
Friendship's mantle, love and faith,
Lend sweet fragrance e'en to death.

Here amidst the things that sleep,
Let him rest,—his grave is deep;

*AIR, "*Pleyel's Hymn.*"—MASONIC LYRICS No. 4, by the author.

Death has triumphed; loving hands,
Cannot raise him from his bands.

But the emblems that we shower,
Tell us there's a mightier power,
O'er the strength of death and hell,
Judah's Lion shall prevail.

Dust to dust, the dark decree—
Soul to God, the soul is free:
Leave him with the lowly slain—
Brothers, we shall meet again!

While these notes of mortality were ringing through the forests and comforting the death-doomed by their symbolic cheer, the Indians stood by in profound silence, neither interrupting or seemingly impatient for the end. On the contrary their ferocious looks assumed an expression of delighted astonishment, and when the song was finished a murmur of approval went through the crowd. The white man's deathsong, albeit the words were not understood, was supposed by the savages to contain a synopsis of the events of his life and the hopes connected with his future state. Such are the leading sentiments in the death-song of an Indian warrior.

One of the tormentors, the burly savage who had been the most active in torturing the two prisoners just deceased, now stepped up to Tim, laid his tomahawk on the top of his head, shook him warmly by his remaining hand, uttered some words that seemed to express approbation of his heroism, and then *brained him at single blow*. The act, though unexpected and horrible in itself, was nevertheless done in kindness as a mark of the popular sentiment in his favor.

A short time was spent in mangling the remains of the poor fellow, and then the whole group closed around Robert Carnarson, the last of the doomed.

One silent prayer for strength; one sigh for the absent, a pledge of love and duty; one hopeful thought of sins forgiven and a better world soon to be opened to him by faith in the Redeemer, and Robert resigned himself to death.

It had been resolved upon by his tormentors that he should suffer only by fire. Large piles of brushwood, both green and

dry, were therefore collected and heaped around him. The ends of dry stakes were sharpened and thrust among the coals to be used as brands for the burning.

The clothing was torn off from his lower limbs, that his flesh might be exposed to every degree of heat, and the last act of the drama commenced.

Already the flames were scorching his feet; his breath was already drawing fast and hard in the rarified atmosphere; a roaring sound produced by a flow of blood to the head was in his ears, and like the Saviour amidst the fever of the Cross, the poor captive moaned, *I thirst.* Death impended, and the soul was pluming itself to wing its flight amidst savage yells and crackling flames, when a loud shout from the whole body of Indians and the removal of the burning brushwood, announced some change of plan on the part of the foe.

The rush of cooler air revived Robert; he breathed more freely and opened his eyes. Before him stood an Indian chief. He was dressed in all the gaudy tinselry of barbarian taste, while streaks of paint inelegantly arranged, made his countenance both hideous and ludicrous. Upon his broad chest was suspended by a leather thong, a massive gold medal, from which gazed out the gross unmeaning features of one of the Georges, King of England.

There was an expression in his eye and a dignity in his bearing and royal voice that spoke of a man born to rule. The chief gazed into the eye of Robert Carnarson, and as the pinioned white man returned him unflinchingly, glance for glance, he nodded kindly to him, and called out in broken English, "Good, good, white man brave—white man burn!"

Then turning off, he signed to the tormentors to proceed with their task. But ere he had withdrawn, the light of the blazing furze which had been brought up to rekindle the pile, glanced full upon *the breastpin* before spoken of, which Robert had worn in his bosom.

The jewel had been hidden in the arrangement of his garments until that instant, so that the savages had altogether overlooked it. But as soon as the chief beheld it he turned back with an air of curiosity and laid his hand on it. What

was the surprise of Robert to see him as he beheld the symbolic square and compass, suddenly change his proud fierce look to that of a gentle smile; and then, strangest of all, to make a sign known only to those who have received the intellectual treasures of Freemasonry.* Fettered as he was by his bonds, Robert could only respond to his fraternal salutation by words, —by words well understood however to him who heard them.

Ordering the other savages to a respectful distance, the chief then proceeded to unclasp the breastpin and examine it more closely. New hopes of life now filled the heart of the doomed man, and reaching out his hand as well as his condition permitted him, he took the jewel from the savage, pressed the concealed spring and exhibited *the double triangle*, emblem of the Royal Arch degree. *That also was understood* and a new tie was established between the parties.

It was but the work of a moment now to cut the green withes that had bound Robert to the stake, and then right through the center of the tribe passed the chieftain with his brother Mason, while a low murmur of *broder*, *broder*, was heard from the crowd. This release, however it might have diappointed the savages, was received with perfect deference to the will of their chief, and so the life of Robert Carnarson was preserved.

In a retired wigwam the two Masons sat, unable to speak the language of each other, but each expert in that universal language which clearly conveys the sentiments of *Brotherly Love*, *Relief*, and *Truth*, and teaches the primary virtues of Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence, and Justice; and there they remained together without intrusion until the sun went down. But what was said, and what was promised, and what was done, is it not recorded on the pages of Masons' hearts!

The last rays of the setting luminary glittered on that Masonic breastpin, as Robert clasped it in the chieftain's mantle, and left it there as a pledge to be redeemed some future day.

About dusk a tremendous shout was heard in the camp, a

*It is well known that many of the Indian chiefs in the pay of Great Britain were made Masons in the military lodges connected with the English regiments.

rush was made by old and young to the torturing post, and another prisoner was announced. This was no other than Socrates Ely, A. M., who had escaped the night before by creeping into a hollow log, where he might easily have remained undiscovered, but for want of discretion in concealing his legs, and in controlling a remarkably loud snore which he indulged in while asleep. Around his neck the savages had tied his beloved Homer, companion in all his misfortunes.

Ely was bound hurriedly to the stake, and the pincers, and the sharp instruments, and the blistering flames were all made ready for his torture, when a communication between those Mason-brothers led to his release. Then the rude wigwam witnessed a reunion between friends and an acknowledgment of favors received that angels might have beheld with delight.

* * * * * * *

We will not weary our readers with further accounts of brotherly kindness; their speedy restoration to their friends may be conjectured. Then followed the happiness of many parties at the unexpected return; weeds of mourning were thrown off, and the fatted calf was killed. The union between Robert and Josephine was not long delayed, and thus the second degree of Love's mysteries was happily consummated amidst the heartiest good wishes of all who knew them. In due time the third was announced in the birth of a lovely child, and when last we visited Catesby we heard General Carnarson, now an old gentleman of sixty-five years, declaring to his wife Josephine, a silver-haired lady only six years younger than himself, that Tim, the rogue, their grandchild, had been putting snuff in Mr. Ely's coffee, and he was afraid he should be compelled to give the darling a gentle castigation.

In the graveyard amongst old dilapidated monuments and neglected tombs is one, always in good repair, a path deeply marked around it by visiters' feet, in the pattern of a broken column on the shaft of which lies an open book. Poor Tim! your body may be scattered amongst the unnamed ashes of that sacrificial spot, your spirit may have soared aloft on the sentiments of that hopeful hymn, but your virtues and your genius are indelibly written upon our memories. Peace to

your ashes! May this feeble effort to delineate your character not fail of its reward.

One incident further we will add. About five years after the rescue we have recorded, a strong and noble-looking Indian entered the settlements, now at peace, enquiring for Robert Carnarson. It was the Mason-chief who had come to restore to his brother the breastpin, the pledge of that fearful day. Much fraternal attention was paid him both within and out of the Lodge, and when he retraced his path to Canada, a large gold medal was presented him on behalf of the Masonic body, inscribed with befitting symbols, and with these appropriate words:

BROTHERLY LOVE, RELIEF, AND TRUTH.

THE EASTERN STAR DEGREES.

ANDROGYNOUS MASONRY.

THE five Androgynous degrees, combined under the above title, are supposed to have been introduced into this country by the French officers who assisted our Government during the struggle for liberty. The titles, *Jephthah's Daughter*, *Ruth*, *Esther*, *Martha*, and *Electa*, sufficiently denote the histories comprehended in the degrees. We have but little experience, on this continent, upon the general subject of Androgynous Masonry. The few, so called *degrees* common, especially in the southern portion of the United States, betray their juvenility and their American origin, too palpably to admit a very high estimate of their value. Of these "The Heroine of Jericho" seems to be the most ancient;* after that, following, in the order mentioned: "The Ark and Dove;" "The Mason's Daughter;" "The Good Samaritan;" "The Maids of Jerusalem," and others still more modern. But none of these will satisfy an intellectual woman's desire for knowledge, or shed any light upon the past, or convince their recipients of any peculiar claim they may possess upon the good will of Masons. But if we may believe those who have examined "The five rays of the Eastern Star," there *is* light, there *is* beauty, there *is* knowledge in each.

The following extracts from the published Ritual, translated into English, are in point:

"The Sisterhood of the Eastern Star is manifest to the world by its adorning virtues—*five*. Honor in bright loneliness is the sanctity and moral guarantee of all the obligations of the Eastern Star. This is read by the enlightened in the cabalistic motto of the order.† Upon that foundation (honor) stand the following pillars:—*to be true; to be aiding; to be*

* It is ascribed by the Freemason's Monthly Magazine to Mr. David Vinton, of Rhode Island.

† The cabalistic motto above referred to, is F.A.T.A.L.

counseling; to be loving; to be secret; to be the servant of Jesus Christ. Sweet in its fragrance is the memory of the worthy dead. It *comes up* from the recollection of happy hours past in their companionship; it *comes down* in faith's joyful anticipations of re-union in the home of the Saviour. The members of the Eastern Star will follow to the grave's brink the forms of those who have preceded them to a world of glory."

The whole Ritual seems to be prepared in *wisdom* and *beauty*, and if we may believe what the enthusiastic Masons of Europe say concerning it, the advantage of *strength* was not wanting in its organization.

The following verses are offered by the writer as an humble testimonial of gratitude to those who kindly instructed him in the mysteries of these beautiful Degrees:

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.*—*Judges*, 11.35.

FATHER! father! *the joyful minstrel sung*—
Lo, glad I come, with timbrel and with dance!
Hail, father, hail! thine arm in God was strong!
Hail, God of Israel, Israel's sure defence!
Hosanna! hosanna!
Thus the minstrel sung.

Father! father! *the astonished daughter cried*—
What grief is this, what means that sign of wo?
Dust on thy head? thy gray hairs floating wide?
That look of horror on each soldier's brow?
Bewailing, bewailing—
Thus the daughter cried.

Father! father! *the maid devoted said*—
If thus I'm doomed, if thus thy vow has gone,
Turn thou not back! there's hope amidst the dead,
None to the perjured—let thy will be done!
Hosanna! hosanna!
Thus the maiden said.

Father! father! *the doomed one meekly spoke*—
Be strong thy hand, be resolute thy heart!
To heaven's re-union, I will joyful look
And with a blessing on thy head, depart!
Farewell! farewell!
Thus the doomed one spoke.

* AIR, "*Love Not.*" MASONIC LYRICS, *No.* 7. By the Author.

RUTH.*—*Ruth*, 2. 5.

From Moab's hills, the stranger comes,
  By sorrow tried, widowed by death;
She comes to Judah's goodly homes,
  Led by the trusting hand of faith:
    Ye friends of God, a welcome lend
      The fair and virtuous Ruth, to-day;
    A cheerful heart and hand extend,
      And wipe the widow's tears away.

She leaves her childhood's home; and all
  That brethers, friends and parents gave;
The flowery fields, the lordly hall,
  The green sod o'er her husband's grave—
    Ye friends of God, a welcome lend, &c.

She leaves the gods her people own:
  Soulless and weak they're hers no more;
Jehovah, He is God alone,
  And Him her spirit will adore.
    Ye friends of His, a welcome lend, &c

At Bethlehem's gates, the stranger stands,
  All friendless, poor, and wanting rest;
She waits the cheer of loving hands
  And kindred hearts that God has blest.
    Ye friends of His, a welcome lend
      The fair and virtuous Ruth, to-day;
    A cheerful heart and hand extend,
      And wipe the widow's tears away.

ESTHER.†—*Esther*, 5. 3.

Queen of Persia's broad domain,
  Why this anguish and despair!
Blinding tears like falling rain;
  Sighs and words of hopeless prayer!

Round thee stands a waiting train,
  Wealth and beauty, rank and power—
All to bring relief is vain,
  Queen of sadness in this hour.

* Air, "*Bonny Doon.*" Masonic Lyrics, *No.* 8. By the Author.

† Masonic Lyrics, *No.* 9. By the Author.

For a voice has gone abroad,
  Stern and fearful, filled with doom.
Israel's exiles to the sword,
  Sword and brand to Israel's home.

Lo, that high expressive brow—
  Grand—but what can woman do;
Hark, those words the purpose show—
  "I will save or perish too!"

"To the Sovereign I will haste—
  Robe your queen in purity—
Crown her as in triumphs past—
  Maidens, to the throne with me."

Queen, thy holy aim is won;
  God o'er rules the stern decree;
Sends a pardon from the throne;
  Israel saves, and honors thee.

MARTHA, * *John*, 11. 26.

Low in the dust she knelt,
  Down by the Saviour's feet,
With weeping eyes and hands upraised,
  Up to the mercy seat;
The friendless girl was sad—
  Complainingly she sighed—
Oh, hadst thou come while yet he lived
  Our brother had not died.

The Saviour's gentle smile
  New hopes in Martha woke;
Thy brother, he shall rise again,
  The gracious Saviour spoke:
The living shall not die,
  If in me they believe,
And though they in the dust may lie,
  The very dead shall live.

Into the Master's face,
  The sad one meekly gazed;
There is no *fear* in love, there is
  No *doubt* where faith is placed.
Thou art, thou art the Christ—
  In thee the dead shall live—
Whatever thou shalt ask of God,
  I know that God will give.

* Air, *The Soldier's Tear.* Masonic Lyrics, *No.* 10. By the Author.

Before an open tomb,
  A joyful group is seen;
The grave has yielded up its dead,
  And faith once more is green.
No longer, tears are thine
  Sweet Martha, soul of faith!
Thy love for Christ has found reward,
  Thy brother won from death!

GOLD; SILVER; BRASS; IRON.

OR

THE FOUR MASONIC VALUES IN THE EUCLID LODGE.

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

* 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.

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,

* 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.

(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 "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.

* 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.*

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 metal 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

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

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

* 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.

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

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

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 Revèrend 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.

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

* 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 philisophically correct, and the opposite course so manifestly unjust, that it is wonderful any should neglect it.

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 argumeut.

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

* 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!

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

* This remark, though it may sound irreverent to some, will not to a well-informed Mason.

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 Freemasonry 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

* "These 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. Seingall's Memoirs.* There never was a truer sentiment than this.

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 Cov erly 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

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

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 vicinty, 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

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

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.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

A TALE OF ANTIMASONRY.

It was in the year of light, 5789, the same year and month that witnessed the inauguration of George Washington as first President of this Republic, that Mr. Oliver Lanceroy was installed pastor of the church at Weeconnet. He was then a young man. He had just graduated at the well-known school, even then venerable for its age and character, Harvard University at Cambridge. Many anticipations were formed concerning him; for his boyish promise had been brilliant, and his career at college was with the foremost both for scholarship and good conduct.

Add to this the fact, that Washington himself acknowledged an interest in his success, having stood by the dying bed of his father wounded to death at Trenton, and at that solemn hour pledged his Masonic faith to exercise a supervisory care over the son. When, therefore, the lad arrived at sufficient age to enter the University, it was with a warm recommendatory letter from the General's own hand. And when, with the sand yet fresh on his diploma, he visited Weeconnet, preparatory to meeting of the vestry, it was with a second letter more than sustaining the praises of the first.

So it was not strange that the young minister, pious, learned and coming so well recommended, should have been unanimously called to the pastorship amidst the most confident expectations as to his future usefulness. Nor were any of those hopes falsified.

While Mr. Lanceroy never was a popular idol (he had none of the qualifications of a demagogue) and was never run after as a clerical wild beast or a reverend monster, yet he always contrived to secure the attention of his hearers at home, and a welcomed place in the pulpits of those congregations abroad with whose pastors he exchanged. His pews were rarely vacant. His church membership regularly increased. He

received his moderate stipend with punctuality and subsisted on it with frugal comfort.

In due season, he offered his hand to the daughter of one of his own parishioners, and was accepted. The union was in every respect a fortunate one, for he found womanly virtues as permanent, and love as sincere, as the heart of the fondest husband could desire. Sons and daughters were born to them. The stipend was increased from year to year to cor respond with the increased demands upon it, and while there was but little hoarded up in the treasury at home there was never any real necessary of life in which they lacked.

There is but little in the life of a pastor wherein the superficial observer can find an interest. It seems but a routine of ministerial duty, arduous enough yet practicable, demanding the whole time, the whole attention; but it is a routine whose results, though they may appear scanty and insufficient to the unobserving, are in reality, among the very highest blessings of society. The marriage bond; the baptismal rite; the consolations of religion in hours of spiritual conviction, in hours of earthly trial, and in hours of death; the settlement of disputes; the oversight of education; the calls of popular charity;—these and other charges press from day to day upon the pastor's attention, and in the well-ordering of these, lies the public weal. Such, for thirty-seven years was the life of Rev. Oliver Lanceroy, in charge of the church at Weeconnet. Such is the life of hundreds who oversee the flock of Christ throughout our broadly-extended States. May their reward not be lost in the day of reckoning when each craftsman shall receive his lawful wages.

The lapse of thirty-seven years, though imperceptible in the estimate of an eternity, is a large hiatus in the life of a mortal. It removes one generation into darkness and dust, and places another in their seats. The lapse of thirty-seven years brings down the history of Rev. Mr. Lanceroy—now by the favorable judgment of a neighboring Theological school, *Doctor* Lanceroy—to the year of 1826, year of light 5826, year of darkness 1; that period so rife with anti-Masonic stratagems and discoveries. It was the time when a large

political party made the grand discovery that Freemasonry is an institution established in opposition to all laws human and divine! It was the period when the cunning sought to snatch away her richest jewel, *secrecy*, that they might expose her, unchaste and unbefriended, to the scorn and contempt of the world.

Too well did malice and detraction succeed, and although in the goodness of God it was but for a little while, and the wings of Jehovah were even then sheltering her, yet many a true heart despaired, and many an honest though weak one endeavored for the sake of peace, to untie the indissoluble bonds of Masonry. Some of the symbols on the tracing board temporarily lost their value. *The slipper*, that earliest and most impressive reminder of allegiance was erased; the brilliant star, quintuple-rayed, followed it into darkness and disuse; the daytime labors on the highest hills, nearest heaven, gave place to the toils and self-denial of the unwearied twenty-seven.

We have in another work given at some length a sketch of the evil consequences that resulted from the introduction of Masonry as a religious test. The question of Masonry and Antimasonry in churches and among the pious, proved very detrimental to the craft. The shade that bigotry and superstition gave to the operations of pure morality as displayed in Freemasonry, was well nigh a fatal blow.

Ignorance, and a lust for an unlawful knowledge, had wielded the gauge against her, and thereby inflicted a severe wound; *political ambition*, that hydra of all republics, had followed up the stroke until the very heart of the aged victim palpitated beneath it; but when *the voice of the church* cried out crucify, crucify, a crusade against Masonry at once commenced, as if the Holy Temple were in the Infidel's hands and must be redeemed at all hazards.

During the closing term of Gen. Washington's administration he had presided at the conferring of Masonic honors upon the son of his old friend, and thus Mr. Lanceroy had become a Mason. We have often observed that the most enthusiastic lovers of the royal art, those whose zeal the longest

endures, whose fire goes the most reluctantly out, are those who were the slowest to appreciate the full beauties of Masonry. Such men ponder; they compare; they reflect. They anticipated much from their knowledge of the character of the membership and from the published code of Masonic morals. They were sufficiently conversant with human nature *not* to look for a perfect development of Masonic principles *in any one man* this side of the grave, yet they were prepared to judge the tree by its fruits, *by all its fruits considered in one cluster*. In time their judgments become convinced. If the Lodge in which their membership commenced is a working Lodge, prompt in ceremonies, in explanations, in landmarks, and in morals, they become zealous as a furnace of charcoal, and their zeal burns as long as the fires beneath a mountain.

It was so with Dr. Lanceroy. The earliest East of his Masonry was glorious with light. A succession of enlightened officers in his Lodge at Weeconnet followed up and fixed the impression, and it was not strange, therefore, that a few years witnessed the reverend gentleman himself at the head of the order, not only in his own village, but in all that Masonic district.

Years stole noiselessly, almost imperceptibly, upon him, until he numbered nearly half a century. Then the shafts of death flew suddenly around him and struck down his wife, beloved by all as a mother in Israel, a married daughter and two sons, the staff of his declining years.

The patriarch gathered up the remaining sheaves of his harvest, and from that day withdrew his active participation in the management of the Lodge, declaring that a higher duty now awaited him at home.

It was only a few years after this afflictive dispensation of providence, that the storm of Antimasonry began its ravages. Churches, formerly as harmonious as the Christmas angels, now became like unto heathen temples dedicated to the goddess of discord. The sound of ax, hammer, and many other unlawful weapons rang through the sacred chambers, disturbing the peace and harmony of the workmen. Amongst others, the old congregation at Weeconnet caught the infection.

Whence it started, in whom it originated, none could tell. What wonder in that! what wisdom has traced *the cholera* to its source! what quarantine was ever efficient to wall out *the plague!* There was a Judas somewhere among the twelve, an Arnold among the patriots, and that was enough.

But in whatever source it originated, its course was rapid and violent, and the cry of *Down with all secret societies! Death to the mother of serpents!* soon became popular. Ah! but the wrath of man is a fearful judgment in the hands of God.

By the side of the numerous evils inflicted on Masonry through this persecution, there was nevertheless one advantage that grew out of it. It brought back the decaying lights of the last generation into the Lodge; it called back such retired Masons as Dr. Lanceroy from their hermitage, and placed them around the old altar once more, in the east, and in the south, and in the west.

This was the case with many an aged brother, and of Dr. Lanceroy among the rest. When the first list of renouncing (and denouncing) Masons was presented to him, as he sat in his library preparing his Sabbath discourses, he construed it as the second Cincinnatus had construed his country's summons to the field. It aroused the force of remembered vows; it called back cherished hours, and festive nights, and linked professions. Shadows of the dead, memories of the living, seemed to group around him as he read the perjured catalogue. A voice as from one who had authority, seemed to command him, *Comfort ye my people.* The veteran crumpled the foul sheet in his hand and hurled it from him, as he turned around to write a petition for membership in his old Lodge. Henceforth he was punctual to every meeting, whether stated or special, nor neglected a single opportunity of expressing in public places, as well as in the tyled chambers of the temple, his indebtedness to Freemasonry.

As his congregation received the shameful impulse of Antimasonry from without, they began one by one to withdraw from Dr. Lanceroy's ministry. The unaccustomed sight of empty pews began to pain his eyes, the murmers of alienated friends

his ears. His doors, once like the city gates for publicity, were deserted. Letters from those whose parents had sat beneath his ministry, and who had themselves cherished his ministrations until chilled by this cruel blast, letters always disrespectful, often violent, sometimes insulting, were placed in his hands. He wept over them in his retirement.

The All-Seeing Eye, whom the sun, moon, and stars obey, and under whose watchful care even comets perform their stupendous revolutions, that Eye which pervades the inmost recesses of the human heart, that Eye beheld the drops of mingled mortification and grief that showered from his eyes; but still he endured patiently and he made no complaint.

But when on a certain Sabbath morning as he endeavored to fulfill an engagement to exchange pulpits with an old friend, grayhaired like himself, and was publicly forbidden by the vestry to raise his voice in that church, the cup of his sorrow was full, and Dr. Lanceroy returned home to throw himself on the charity of God, seeing that the hearts of men were embittered against him.

That very week a summons from the officers of his own church was presented him, citing him to appear and answer certain charges of official misconduct that had been preferred against him. The motives that prompted this course were sufficiently obvious. The charges that had been trumped up were intended only as a blind, and whether sustained or not, it mattered little with the persecutor, for reasons enough would be found for declaring his pulpit vacant, and that was the main thing sought for.

With this painful prospect in view Dr. Lanceroy, accompanied by a legal adviser, and the remaining members of his family, took his way to the vestry room at the appointed hour, prepared for the worst.

He anticipated wisely. The scene that presented itself at the place of trial was one that offered some remarkable features. The room was the same in which the church officers had assembled thirty-seven years before, to give the young graduate a unanimous call to the pastorship of that church.

All the old members of that official board, with one

exception, were dead. That exception consisted of Elder Drane, for the last fifteen years in his dotage, favored only with occasional returns to sanity. It was in one of these lucid intervals that, hearing of the pastor's trial, he had demanded to be conducted to the vestry, that he might be a spectator; but long before he reached the door his imbecility returned, and he was now lying at full length in one of the pews, apparently unconscious of all that was passing around him. Besides Elder Drane, there was not one of the church officers present, who had not received baptism at the hands of Dr. Lanceroy, and bowed beneath his heartfelt pleadlings with God, and been joined by him in the bands of matrimony, and shared with him in the happiness of revival seasons, as well as in the distress of spiritual dearth.

As he took his seat with the board there was a marked contrast between the youthful locks of the judges and the gray hairs of the accused.

Before him in the body of the house, a large old fashioned square room, was a crowd densely packed, comprehending not only his own flock (banded against this gentle shepherd) but the residents of the surrounding farmsteads gathered together, some in sympathy, more in curiosity, many, alas! in derision, to witness the trial. Amongst the former his aged eye could see several of his Masonic brethren from the various Lodges in the district, and there was a gleam of hope in the glance.

The charges were read. They were wordy and diffuse, but involved only these propositions: "that the accused had contumaciously resisted the advice both of official and lay members, and had stubbornly published his attachment to Masonry by conducting the members of that order in public processions as well as in their secret meetings; that in this act he had fallen behind both the spirit and light of the age; that the church pews were fast becoming vacant on account of his obstinacy; that spiritual revivals had ceased; that his usefulness in the administration of the word was destroyed, the interest of Christ's kingdom retarded"—and much more of the same sort.

The legal gentleman who had volunteered to aid Dr. Lan-

ceroy, (since become a Grand Master of Masons in the same State,) arose now to speak to the technical points. He answered the charges in a dry business way that while it proved how illegal and unchristian would be the action of the vestry in ordering Dr. Lanceroy's dismissal, it failed in touching any chords of sympathy, or turning the popular current that had set so fatally against his client.

A rejoinder from the lawyer selected by the vestry on account of his violent Antimasonic prejudices, smothered the law and the gospel under a mountain of words that denoted one idea very clearly: "Antimasonry is about to rule the land and it shall rule it with a rod of iron!"

After some further altercation between the professional gentlemen, the presiding officer enquired of the accused if he desired to say anything for himself, before the vote on the charges was taken. A dead silence of considerable duration followed, and as no response was heard, the chairman had again risen, preparatory to putting the question, when Dr. Lanceroy at length arose.

It was with strange difficulty that he gathered himself erect, he had never felt so weak in body before, and he was compelled to place his hands upon his chair for support, even as Jacob in his death-bed injunctions, leaned on the top of his staff.

It was with still greater difficulty that his tongue performed its office. A weight clogged it heavily at the very time when its eloquence was most needed. He had succeeded however in stammering a few incoherent words, and was collecting his ideas into a more rational channel, when he suddenly caught the eye of Elder Drane, the superannuated church officer, the friend of his youth, one of the working Freemasons of the last generation.

This old man had arisen from his seat, and was standing upright with superhuman strength, staring full upon him. His eye was filled with a strange meaning.

A quick gesture came from his hand, to the casual observer it might have seemed as the movement of an idiot. But there was method in that madness, and a gleam of acknow-

ledgment passed over the minister's face as he beheld it. Dr. Lanceroy sat down.

Every eye was now turned in the direction of the Elder, and great was the sensation in that large audience when the veteran, with more than ninety years upon his head, and for nearly a score of them a second child both in body and intellect, opened his pew door and walked with firm strides up the aisle.

The crowd deferentially gave way, and closed behind him. A seat upon the platform was proffered to him, the seat in which he had presided long before. But steadily rejecting every offer, and making no other acknowledgment of the general courtesy, save a dead stare, he at once began to speak.

Never will that strange oration be forgotten while one of its hearers remains alive. In this latter half of the century there abides a tradition among the elderly portion of the population that has preserved the leading points and much of the peculiar language used.*

"Vile pack!" shouted the frenzied Elder with a voice stern and threatening as when it thundered in front of the forlorn hope at Stony Point; "vile pack, that has joined in the howl of Antimasonry as dogs bay the moon, and know her not as their source of light, what would ye of this man! has he ever defrauded any of ye! or stricken ye with his hands! has he fallen away into base doctrines that endanger your soul! lo these thirty-seven years he has gone in and out before ye and your fathers before ye, and served at the table of the Lord, and has one accusing voice ever been raised against him! but he is a Freemason! and has the fraternity of mystics cajoled him to join them in his declining years! I tell you, base descendants of an honored stock, he was a Freemason before ye had any being, and such as he are Masons wherever dispersed around the world, though they may never hear of a Mason's Lodge. He was a Mason in heart, in life, in practice, in aims, though the mystic rites

* A short hand reporter was present, and the writer has read his verbatim copy of the latter portion of the speech.

had never been performed upon him. Ye would have him to renounce Masonry! Fools, do ye know what ye would have him renounce! what shall he recant! ye know not what ye ask! Would ye have him to declare himself the friend of the Serpent and the foe of the Trampler! the opponent of Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice, and the servant of Drunkenness, Cowardice, Indiscretion and Fraud. Shall he quench the bible-light and fall back upon the book of nature! repudiate all yearnings for immortality and, like yourselves, all charity to suffering humanity! I tell you, insensate pack, as I told your granthers, (grandfathers) before ye—well that they did not live to see the generation of vipers that from their loins have sprung—I told them as I tell ye, that an honest man *cannot* renounce Masonry though a hypocrite may!"

The eyes of the veteran here flashed as the eyes of a basilisk, upon Lawyer Savin, the renouncing Mason, the rabid editor of an Antimasonic sheet; and the time-serving lawyer cowered beneath the glance.

"The wolf may cast off the sheep's clothing," pursued the old man in a still higher key, "the sheep's clothing that concealed his marauding errand, and he is a wolf again as he was all the time a wolf, a prowling, marauding, murderous wolf. But the lamb cannot lose its gentle heart, its spotless robe, its meek and loving character, to become a wolf. Masonry in my day was taught as a system of morality, vailed in allegory and illustrated by symbols. Shall he renounce the morality as ye have done! or is it that ye would have the allegory expounded and the symbols explained. Ah, pitiful wretches! there were fifteen like ye in the Wise Man's day who could not wait for the word, and well did they despair, for they found that obstacle in their own hearts which forbade all hope of their ever being recipients of so great a trust. And ye like them would snatch at that of which you are so thoroughly unworthy! but thank God, your unholy efforts are in vain, for from the days of Sanballat Masonry has withstood such as ye.

"Dr. Lanceroy, Pastor, Dear Brother beloved—" the pastor

of well nigh forty years experience, stood up and meekly bowed his head before the veteran who laid both hands, withered, trembling and cold, upon it; "Brother beloved, I warn ye, as a voice from the grave, BE YE TRUE! By the memory of the immortal Washington, by the virtues of the holy Saints John, by the inspiration of Solomon wisest of men, by the strength and beauty of the Tyrian twain, and in the name of the whole fraternity, I warn you let this great trial that is come upon you, fail to shake your integrity. Be fortitude yours. Though your column may be broken in the midst, soul to heaven, dust to earth, yet the remembrance of you, only continuing faithful, shall be treasured in the hearts of faithful brothers, while the name of the righteous shall flourish there as a green bay tree."

Headlong, prone to the floor, the Elder fell, all the powers of nature having given away at one instant. The meeting was of course dissolved in confusion. Upon the next Sabbath the pastor stood at the head of a newly-opened grave, around which was grouped a band of Masons, the last beheld in Weeconnet for twelve years, and there they honored the resting spot of Elder Drane by the significant emblem of the resurrection.

Upon the Pastor's table at home lay the order of dismissal, passed by unanimous vote of the officers of his church.

A few more weeks and he was seen to leave the parsonage with his remaining family. His furniture and effects followed after him, and then the old brick house was tenantless; for his successor, a brisk, finical gentleman, *up to the spirit of the age*, declined residing there, and took his boarding at a more showy place.

Reports were soon circulated that Dr. Lanceroy was removing to a considerable distance westward.

A few months more and the newspapers of the day announced his death by a sudden stroke of apoplexy.

* * * * * * * * * *

Twelve years afterwards the Deputy Grand Master of that Masonic district, with a noble train of brethren and surrounded by an honored band of officers, spoke an eulogy, well deserved

and eloquently declared, upon Dr. Lanceroy, the Mason who was *faithful unto death.*

And then the craft, joining together their means as God had dealt bounteously with them, reared a tombstone, stamped with the symbols of Masonry, to remind coming generations of one well worthy to be their standard in the aims of the order.

And beneath the name and age of the departed, they engraved these solemn charges deduced from the history of the dead; *to sustain a failing cause; to fly to the relief of a distressed principle; to prop the falling temple or to fall with it; to support the adherents, to cherish the endangered secrets, and to honor the slighted virtues of Freemasonry.*

HOW WILL OUR BODIES BE FOUND?

THEY will have been long buried, long decayed. Friends, relatives, yea even our very children will cease to remember "where they have laid him." The broad earth will undergo many changes; mountains will be leveled and valleys filled. The seasons will have chased each other in many a fruitful round. Oceans lashed into fury by the gales of to-day will on to-morrow sink like a spoiled infant to its slumber. Broad trees with broader roots will interlace them hard and knobbed as they are over our ashes, as if to conceal the very fact of our burial; and then after centuries of life they will follow our example, and long struggling against decay, will at last topple down above us and join their remains to ours; thus obliterating the last testimony that humanity has ever rested there. So shall we be lost to the knowledge of man. But the eye of God will nevertheless mark the spot, green as it will be with the everlasting verdure of faith, and when the trumpet's blast shakes the hills to their bases, our astonished bodies will rise impelled upward by an irresistible impulse, and we shall stand face to face with our Redeemer.

PALIMPSESTS.

PALIMPSESTS are rescripts or copies of ancient writings, first written on parchment, but then as the material was costly and scarce, the original writing was partly erased or washed off and a new subject inserted, as it were *above the old.* In more than one striking sense every Masonic symbol may be styled *a palimpsest.*

There is *an outer or evident meaning* which, unlike the hierotic writings of the Nile, may in general be comprehended at a glance.

Thus *the joined hands, the broken column, the coffin, spade and setting maul, &c.*, cannot fail of being understood in their first meaning by every beholder. Then there is a *second or primary concealed meaning*, imparted only to the initiate, which like the first is perfectly natural, rational, and simple. And here, truth compels me to say the majority of the Masonic brethren stop. Like the sinner first converted to Christ, they are delighted with their first view and too often, like too many of those who profess the blood-bought interest, they are *satisfied* with what they see and go no farther. This is is truly unfortunate. It was once the boast of Freemasons "that they were wiser than other men;" now their claim would be "they are *in the way* of more knowledge than other men," but what a falling-off is this. The third meaning, more profound yet equally attainable to every initiate, lies beneath the first two. It is altogether rational, no way forced or unnatural, satisfies the mind, answers a thousand enquiries. It lies at the basis of the writings of the philosophic Oliver* and Scott†,—writings which have imparted a new impulse to Masonry. It is so perfectly harmonious with admitted facts that when received the mind is compelled to wonder that it did not sooner occur to it.

* Author of Landmarks of Masonry, and many other works.
† Author of Analogy of Masonry to Religion.

It is *the sap of the roots* of Masonry without which, root and trunk, and bud and flower must wither. It is this, not the work of Masonry, not the ordinary lectures of Masonry, this that has proved to be *the vitality* of Masonry for more than twenty-eight centuries. It is this that brings to bear the unexampled wisdom of Masonry's royal founder, Solomon, and gives us an insight into that unexampled mind, alas too soon corrupted by wordly influences. In this, however, is displayed his vigor and greenness of intellect, before lust had brutalized or tyranny enfeebled it.

Those who stop short of this, may well enquire, "what to us is the antiquity of Masonry!" they may even declare that "Paul nor John, nor Zerubbabel, nor Solomon, nor Moses, nor Enoch were Masons!" for without this Masonry is but a thing of unmeaning ceremonies and puerile usages, scarcely more elevated than the thousand and one *secret societies* (save the mark!) of the nineteenth century, and it will admit of uncounted innovations, and *improvements*.

The difference between those who teach *the superficials* and *the fundamentals* of Masonry is well illustrated by comparing botanists of the Linnean school with those of an earlier date. The latter taught from the flower *downward*, the former adopted the bolder and more rational process of instructing from the root *upward*, and the progress of botanical science under his method has been unexampled.

What Linnæus was to Botany, philosophical instructors of Freemasonry will be to this science. We may well hope that *more palimpsests* will arise, who can decypher the passages hidden from so many, and bring them clearly out upon the Masonic Trestle Board.

BURNS' FAREWELL TO MASONS.

It was in the latter part of the gloomy 1786, that Robert Burns, the poet and the Mason, gathered up his thoughts, he had but little else to gather up, preparatory to leaving Scotland forever. *Forever!* terrible word to the expatriated! terrible to the poor exile, who turns toward his country as the Jews turned themselves three times a day praying with their faces toward Jerusalem. Terrible in the highest degree to such a man as Burns, who to the most exalted patriotism added the keenest appreciation of home joys and social pleasures. Disappointment had set its mark upon Robert Burns. The indulgence of passions that raged within him as the pent-up fires rage beneath the sealed crater of the volcano, had brought to him its legitimate consequences in the upbraidings of conscience, the forfeiture of friendship, and, worst of all, the loss of self-respect. The *restraints* of Freemasonry had been neglected, while its *social joys* were most keenly relished; in other words, *our tenets* had been faithfully sustained, while *our cardinal virtues* were neglected. The use of *the Compasses* had never blessed his hands.

The fine genius, the unequalled gifts that enabled Robert Burns to conceive and execute *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, could not confine him into the ordinary channels of prudence, and even then he was a doomed man.

Heavy debts had accumulated upon him, such as in that barren, unenterprising country there was but little chance of his ever being able to cancel. He had been summoned to find security for the maintenance of two children, whom he was forbidden to legitimate by a lawful marriage, and as he disdained to ask, or tried in vain to find pecuniary assistance in this his hour of need, there was no other alternative remaining for him but a Scottish jail or a flight from Scotland. He had chosen the latter. After much trouble the situation of assistant overseer on an estate in Jamaica had been secured for

him by one of his few remaining friends. In his own bitter language,

"He saw misfortune's cauld nor'west
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A jillet brak his heart at last
Ill may she be!
So, took a birth afore the mast
An owre the sea.'

He had said farewell to all the friends, they were not many, and to the scenes very many and very dear to their poet's heart. This he did while skulking from covert to covert under all the terrors of a Scottish jail. His chest was on the road to Greenock. He had composed the last song he should ever measure in Caledonia. It is fraught with solemn thoughts and words, as the reader will see :

"The gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scattered coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her ripening corn,
By early winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonny banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore;
Tho' death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierced with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonny banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales,

The scene where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell my friends, farewell my foes,
My peace with these, my love with those;
The bursting tears my heart declare;
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr."

And now, all other remembered subjects having been marked by the tears of the poet, the poet himself being on the road to the port of Greenock to the ship that should witness his last glance at his native land, his heart turned lovingly, involuntarily, towards Masonry. For Robert Burns was a Freemason, *prepared first in heart.* In none of the vast folios where stands the vast catalogue of our brethren, ancient or modern, is there a character shaped more truly by Masonic skill than his. No where one, who in the expressive language of the Ancient Constitutions would "afford succor to the distressed, divide bread with the industrious poor, and put the misguided traveler into the way," more cheerfully than Burns.

He understood right well "that whoever from love of knowledge, interest, or curiosity desires to be a Mason, is to know that as his *foundation* and *great corner stone*, he is firmly to believe in the eternal God, and to pay that worship which is due to him as the great Architect and Governor of the Universe;" and Robert Burns governed himself accordingly. There is many a record in the Lodge books of Scotland that gives prominence to his Masonic virtues; and in the higher Lodge, the Grand Lodge of heaven, we have reason to hope the Grand Secretary's books also bear his name. None lament the weaknesses in his character more than his brethren, but be those defects in number and in extent what they may, his brethren protest in the name of their common humanity, against the inhuman judgments that have been pronounced against him. If the royal dignity, the divine partiality, the unlimited wisdom of a Solomon, First Grand Master of Speculative Masonry, could not preserve that prince of peace from the errors of the passions, who shall dare too cruelly to judge the son of an Ayrshire cotter, nurtured in penury and debarred

the most ordinary relaxations of his age. "Let him that *thinketh* he standeth take heed lest *he* fall."

Lovingly then turned the heart of Brother Burns towards Freemasonry. The happy hours, the honest friends, the instructive lessons, the lofty desires! let the brother who reads this sketch endeavor to place himself in the condition of the poor exile, self-expatriated and almost friendless, and he will understand the keenness of his pangs! There came up a vision of his last Masonic night. The presence of the Grand Master and his noble Deputy; of a gallant array of gentlemen, the chiefest in all the land; and himself with them first among the equals of those who "meet upon the level" to "part upon the square"—there was the cue—it was enough—sitting down by the roadside, he pencilled upon the back of an old letter his Masonic farewell. How many a remembrance of Grand Lodges and Subordinate Lodges and social meetings among Masons, is attached to these well-known lines:

"Adieu! a heart-warm fond adieu!
Dear Brothers of the mystic tie!
Ye favored, ye enlightened few,
Companions of my social joy!
Though I to foreign lands must hie
Pursuing fortune's sliddry ba',
With melting heart and brimful eye
I'll mind you still though far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band
And spent the cheerful festive night;
Oft honored with supreme command
Presided o'er the sons of light;
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong memory on my heart shall write.
These happy scenes though far awa'!

May freedom, harmony, and love
Unite you in the grand design
Beneath the Omniscient eye above,
The glorious Architect divine!
That you may keep the unerring line
Still rising by the plummet's law
Till order bright completely shine—
Shall be my prayer when far awa'.

And you farewell! whose merits claim
Justly that highest badge to wear!
Heaven bless your honored, noble name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear!
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the bard, that's far awa'!" *

It pleased God at this crisis to turn the destination of Robert Burns and to spare to Scotland and the world, this affectionate heart. By a train of circumstances, almost miraculous, certainly unprecedented, he was brought unexpectedly to the notice of the literary circles of Edinburgh, then as now, the most classic and critical in the world, and with one consent that society placed him foremost in the ranks of his country's poets. Fame and profit then flowed nightly unto him. His pen was put into constant requisition, his company everywhere sought after, and his talents met with their due appreciation. The Masonic order added its judgment to that of an approving nation. The Most Worshipful Grand Master Charters, with every member of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, visiting a Lodge in which Burns happened to be present, graciously gave as a toast, "Caledonia, and Caledonia's bard, Brother Burns!"—which rang through the whole assembly with multiplied honors and repeated acclamations.

But he is gone. On the 21st of July, 1796, Robert Burns died. More than ten thousand persons accompanied his remains to the grave. "It was an impressive and mournful sight," writes a spectator, "to see men of all ranks and persuasions, and opinions, mingling *as brothers*, and stepping side by side down the streets of Dumfries, with the remains of him who had sung of their loves and joys, and domestic endearments, with a truth and tenderness which none perhaps have since equalled."

* The fifth verse unworthy of the connection and highly unmasonic, which is appended to the above in some of our American Manuals, was not written by Burns.

He is gone, and here in a distant land, an humble admirer of his genius, addresses his memory in the following lines:

AMERICA'S MASONS TO ROBERT BURNS.*

The sun is uprising on Scotia's far hills
Day's labor is opening, *the Grand Master* wills,
But Lodge-lights are gleaming in cheerfulness yet,
Afar in the west where we Masons have met.
There's song for the tuneful, kind words for the kind,
There's cheer for the social, and light for the blind:
But when we uprising, prepare us to go,
With one heart and feeling, we'll sing thy Adieu.

A melting farewell, to the favored and bright,—
A sorrowful thought, for the sun set in night,—
A round to the bard whom misfortunes befell,—
A prayer that thy spirit with Masons may dwell.
When freedom and harmony bless our design,
We'll think of thee, Brother, who loved every line:
And when gloomy clouds shall our Temple surround
Thy brave heart shall cheer us where virtues were found.

Across the broad ocean two hands shall unite,
Columbia, *Scotia*, the symbol is bright!
The world one Grand Lodge, and the heaven above,
Shall witness the triumph of Faith, Hope and Love
And thou sweetest Bard, when our gems we enshrine,
Thou jewel the brightest, most precious, shalt shine,
Shall gleam from the East, to the far distant west,
While morning shall call us, or evening shall rest.

THE REASON.—Brother Rodd, who has been presiding officer of his Lodge ever since Morgan's time, complaining in his good-natured way that the brethren wouldn't pay sufficient attention to Masonry, declared "that charity impelled him to this conclusion; *his brethren were so afraid the world would acquire a knowledge of their Masonic secrets, they were afraid to learn them themselves!*"

* AIR--"*Flow gently, Sweet Afton.*"—Masonic Lyrics, No. 14, by the Author.

DESECRATION OF MOUNT MORIAH.

The Mahometans, who are in possession of Jerusalem, take every opportunity of showing their abhorrence of the Jewish faith, and their contempt for the Jewish character. Among other contrivances to this end, they have selected that portion of Mount Moriah which tradition points out as the ancient site of *the Sanctum Sanctorum* and made it *a receptacle of filth.* The daily scourings and refuse of the Turkish mosque near by are poured upon the sacred spot with every invective that ingenuity and hatred can invent.

As this appears most sacrilegious to the Jewish part of the population, the object in view, that of giving the greatest possible pain, is fully accomplished.

It has appeared to us that an analogous case exists in our own country, in the base uses to which too often so many of the aboriginal mounds are put. In some cases they are selected as convenient sites for *a vegetable cellar* or *ice house;* in some for a building spot; brickmakers turn them into bricks, and farmers cart them to cover their heaps of compost; a few more thoughtful individuals employ them as family grave yards, while in one case, the vilest of all, we observed a slovenly fellow, an Irishman, by the way, who had ingeniously fenced one in and made out of it a remarkably fine *hog pen!* Shades of the Mound Builders—a hog pen! The Sanctum Sanctorum of some grand edifice, whose builders, and whose plans, and whose purposes, are all lost, desecrated into a hog sty. "To what base uses must we come at last!"

Let none become wrathful in spirit, because of Moriah's debasement, while they thus defile the sanctuaries of a generation past.

CHEERFUL HOURS AT THE GRAND LODGE.

We have visited many Grand Lodges in our day, and have never failed to find a general air of cheerfulness pervading the sittings. If no other advantages accrued to Masonry from these annual meetings, except that of making Masons better acquainted with each other, it would well justify even far greater trouble and expense.

Friendships are there established, more lasting than time. Hearts are cemented into one that would otherwise revolve in a remote relationship. Other advantages are found; jarring ideas are reconciled; comets reduced to planets; crude and imperfect theories corrected; innovation frowned down; errors adjusted; appeals heard and adjudicated; light on Masonry disseminated; but the best of the matter is, that peace and harmony are caused to prevail throughout the bounds of each Masonic jurisdiction.

None can overlook this important fact who has observed the practical effect of Grand Lodge convocations, that however disappointed any may be in the Masonic improvement expected from the visit, good fellowship is vastly increased amongst the members.

Above the many scenes connected with Grand Lodge amenities, and which dwell with peculiar gratefulness in our memory, the following has a cheerful pre-eminence.

At a certain stated communication of the Grand Lodge of ———, there had been an exciting question debated for two days. The members had become exhausted with the discussion; besides being out of all patience with the pertinacity with which the friends of the measure in question pressed it. Night came on. The call from labor to refreshment had been acknowledged; then the sound of the gavel had summoned the craft back to labor again. The long and tiresome speech that had been interrupted by the calling off, was resumed, and so interminable did it threaten to be that by a kind of spontaneous movement a half dozen of the older members slipped out and assembled in the Grand Secretary's room, to enjoy a cosy cigar and a quiet chat all by themselves.

First among them, both in port and manners, was Brother Fenner, long known to the craft, both in this and his native State, as a zealous Mason, but one a little given to novel theories. Having a rather better idea of Masonic work *as he had learned it*, than of the established landmarks, he was a great stickler for some things and a red-hot denouncer of others; in either case basing his attachment or opposition upon preconceived notions not always in accordance with constitutional Masonry. However, he was *Mason all over*, to use the emphatic phrase, with a full purse and an open door to it, a large heart and many chambers therein, a cordial manner and the most polished grace to recommend it.

Next to him on the right, smoking a favorite dutch-headed pipe, was Jackson Burt, Deputy Grand Master, familiarly known to his friends as the grandfather of Masonry in his precincts. It was old Jackson Burt who left his farm and his merchandise, and consumed three months in the year instructing Lodges gratuitously, in the principles and practice of Masonry. If a difficulty got up between brothers, if two Lodges differed on any topic, if a hall was to be dedicated, a brother to be buried, or a case of Masonic conscience to be settled, old Brother Jack was applied to, and rarely refused to come.

Judging from his coat and plain manners, old Jack believed what he preached, that it was not the external qualifications that render a man acceptable to Masonry.

In the corner of the chimney with his feet high up, higher than his head by a yard, and glaring around through a pair of hideous spectacles, was Charley Gaines, formerly Senior Grand Warden, and now a candidate for higher honors. Charley scorned tobacco, detested smoke, looked with contempt upon a cigar, but ate liquorice as a hen eats corn.

Opposite Charley was Brother Herron, the Grand Lecturer, a gentleman whose character in Masonry we shall better understand further on. Brother H. was a great lover of speculative Masonry, thought no subject so important as the obligations of Masonry, wouldn't give a fig for any man's opinions unless he had good arguments to back them with,

and was preparing for a Masonic journey to Europe and Palestine, in pursuance of his favorite theory, "the nearer the East the purer the light."

The other two were representatives of country Lodges, men of experience in worldly matters but young in Masonry.

The room being locked on the inside to prevent intrusion, and an injunction to speak low for fear of the Grand Tyler being passed around, the conversation opened, and several anecdotes were related that have enlivened our note book for many a year.

The Grand Lecturer led the way with a good illustration of

THE CABLE TOW.

"I was engaged during January last year," he said, "delivering a course of lectures to the Lodge at Seville.

"Most of the brethren resided in the country, five or ten miles from the Lodge, and as is usually the case, I saw but little of that part of the membership, during the three days and nights that I spent there.

"The morning after the close of my labors, just as I was preparing to depart, the fraternal greetings so commonly connected with those occasions were interrupted by a messenger, who came riding hard and fast into town, bringing doleful news. A disaster had occurred.

"The house of Brother Logan had taken fire suddenly the night before, and so swiftly had the flames extended that the unfortunate man was unable to save any part of his property. He had rescued five of his children from the fire, burning himself in a shocking manner while so doing, and leaving yet one sweet little girl to the flames.

"His profession being that of a house painter, all his stock had consisted in inflammable materials, and these were entirely consumed in an adjoining shop. In short, the brother was absolutely ruined in a pecuniary sense, nor was it likely that he would ever regain his bodily powers so as to be able to support himself and family.

"Brother Logan was so well known around Seville for an

industrious, honest man, that the intelligence of his misfortunes spread a gloom over the village. Several of the citizens, both male and female, rode immediately out to the place to which the remnant of the suffering family had been conveyed. They took provisions, clothing, and other comforts, with a lively thought of the destitute.

"There are certain calls which the heart must be case-hardened to resist and this was one. The benevolent character of the Seville people had frequently before been tested by their good deeds, nor had the drafts of charity ever been protested. They were honorably accepted in this particular instance. The distressed family was at once supplied.

"My own departure was delayed in view of a Lodge meeting promptly called to consider what action should be taken in the premises.

"After careful consideration, we decided that the son of Brother Logan, himself a Freemason and from his relationship to the distressed man, a fitting agent to arouse public sympathy in his behalf, should visit each member of the order, individually, and solicit contributions, as there was just then a deficiency in the Lodge treasury.

"This benevolent effort it was that first gave to my mind a clear idea of the moral force of *the cable tow*.

"The messenger was successful in presenting his father's misfortunes in a pathetic manner. None offered to resist the claims of their scorched and wounded brother. All were moved by the genuine spirit of pity. Brotherly love in every instance prompted a generous relief. But the difference in the *amount* of contributions was so remarkably contrasted with the relative ability of the donors, that I was unavoidably struck with it.

"Brother Lane, a retired land-speculator, a man of his fifty thousand, if he had a cent, gave *five dollars*. He did it cordially, and his message to the suffering brother was a kind and tender one, for he declared he felt almost glad of the accident, as it gave him an opportunity to show his Masonic feelings towards a brother in whom he had always felt a lively interest.

"But still he only gave *five dollars*, and I had expected of him *fifty* at least.

"Brother Wayten, a young merchant, struggling with the great difficulties connected with the opening of a mercantile business on a small capital, gave *ten dollars*. And the message that accompanied the money was worth as much more.

'Tell your father,' said the noble young man, 'that I would go out and see him in person did my business permit; but my servant shall go, and you shall give him an assurance from me that should he need further aid, if he will send me a notification, I will divide my last dime with him!'

"Professor Oliphant, the teacher, secretary of the Lodge, a widower by the way, with several children and an aged mother to support, an invalid with a troublesome cough, indicative of consumption, Prof. Oliphant also gave *ten dollars*, and with such pure cheerfulness as tripled the value of the gift.

"All, without exception, bestowed gifts as he felt bound in conscience to do. But the widow's two mites were dropped in at the hand of Brother Anderson, a carpenter with a very large family of daughters, a poor man, but a devoted Mason.

"The messenger called at the shop of Brother Anderson and related his woeful tale. The appeal reached a kind spirit. Fraternal sympathy agitated the poor man's heart as with a tempest, and when the story was ended, he rushed to the house, without a word, drained the old stocking of its last coin, and gave it to the weeping youth. Then he saddled his horse and with a hasty remark, that he must go out and see for himself, he rode off. Subsequently I learned that this good Samaritan abode with Brother Logan for ten days, watching with him by night, and laboring in the daytime upon the new house that the bounty of the craft had enabled the unfortunate brother to commence.

"As I rode from Seville the next morning my heart could not resist the contemplation of this subject. Why is there so much difference in the disposition of men towards heaven-sent charity, I asked? Why do the rich stop at a per cent. of donations so much smaller than the poor; so that while the latter bestows one dollar from his scanty purse, the former from

his lordly estate feels himself to have acted liberally if he gives five or ten? Was it not in view of the fact, that *wealth contracts the heart*, that the law of Moses enjoined tenths of all property to be the Lord's? And as so many of the Jewish rites were incorporated into speculative Masonry is it not probable in view of the light afforded us by tradition, that this practice was introduced among the rest? There is nothing on earth more unjust than a per capitam tax, nothing more equitable than a tax of tithes.

"The modern practice of assessing Lodge dues, however convenient in practice, is certainly based upon a very different theory, although the burden being small, and chartered Lodges peculiarly a modern invention, I should not be disposed to make a difficulty upon this head. But when it comes to private donation for the poor of our order, the true intent of *the cable tow symbol* demands the former custom, that of assessment, and wherever speculative Masonry is practiced in its true spirit, we shall find it to be so employed.

"Each Mason is supposed to know the measure of his own Cable tow, and to have estimated its length and strength.

"Then, by the holy guide which lies open upon our altars, we should bestow as the Lord has bestowed on us, and as the charity is that of tithes, so shall be the reward, and he who keeps account of what we say or do in His name, even to a cup of cold water, will see to it that our works shall follow us in the general reckoning of the other world."

After the general applause which followed this appropriate sketch had ceased, and old Jack had wiped his spectacles, they having, in some manner, become dim, the cigars were relit, which had sympathetically gone out, and a movement was observed on the part of Brother Gaines. Winding down his long legs until they came nearly as low as his head, he blew away the cloud of smoke that had gathered maliciously around him, and took the occasion to tell a circumstance connected with

THE JEWS' MARRIAGE RITE.

THERE was a large gathering at the house of one of the wealthiest Hebrews in Hamburg; for his only daughter,

Ruth, was that day to be united in marriage to Israel, partner in trade with the well-known banking house of Vonstein. All the traditional rites connected with the betrothal of a Jewish maiden, had been carefully maintained; for the old man, though devoted to money making as the prime end of human life, was firmly attached to the ceremonials of his creed as the only reasonable preparations for a life to come. All that could be learned from the most experienced rabbis had been adopted, and the wise Rabbi, Ben Aaron, though bending under the weight of a century, had made a journey all the way from Cracow in Poland, to join his experience to theirs. The ceremonial of marriage amongst the Jews is undoubtedly one of the oldest traditions in the world. Much of it, like the cabala of Freemasonry, is only imparted to a favored few and by them transmitted under the strictest pledges of secrecy. Portions of it, it is thought, are not now understood by any living person, the traditions having been lost in the lapse of ages, while the practice has been retained.

Persons who, by some peculiar favor, have been admitted to see it, give a most gorgeous description of the expensive preparations, the solemn responses, and the impressive rites of a Jewish wedding. My purpose at present is to describe but one, *the breaking of the glass*. When the various responses had been duly made and all the traditionary ceremonies satisfactorily performed, a solemn pause ensued. The officiating rabbi, a popular minister of the Jewish faith in Hamburg, withdrew to a seat, leaving the newly-joined couple standing alone in the centre of the room. Then the Rabbi, Ben Aaron, the ecclesiastic of a hundred years, solemnly rose from his seat upon the elevated station in the East, tottered down the steps by the assistance of his servant, and approached the pair. In his right hand he held a glass vessel with a long slender stem and large capacity. Addressing the bridegroom in his deep sepulchral voice he said, "The Lord make this woman that is come into thine house like Rachel and like Leah, which two did build the house of Israel: and do thou worthily in Ephratah, and be famous in Bethlehem: and let thy house be like the house of Pharez, whom Tamar

bare unto Judah of the seed which the Lord shall give thee of this young woman."

To the young bride he next gave directions proper to her change of life, and concerning the obedience due to her husband, then wished for her the happiness of a fruitful and peaceful home.

But now the aged Rabbi addressing them both, assumed a mournful tone, and in the words of the Lamenter, he reminded them how "Zion spreadeth forth her hand and there is none to comfort her: the Lord has cast down his altar, he hath abhorred his sanctuary: for this our heart is faint; for these things our eyes are dim; our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised the Lord, is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste!" At these words the fragile cup was suddenly dashed against the floor, and a deep groan burst involuntarily from every bosom.

The veteran returned slowly to his seat and hid his face in his robe. Another solemn pause, and again the officiating Rabbi who had performed the principal ceremonies, returned to the twain who had been so impressively instructed concerning the destruction of the Temple, and explained to them that this portion of the Jewish history was to be carefully imparted to the children whom the Lord might bestow upon them, to the end that it might never be forgotten.

The subject was rather dull, and Brother Gaines had no oratorical abilities to enliven it. Just as he got through, the Grand Tyler's knock was heard at the door, come to summon the members to the Lodge room. But nobody answered, and after listening a while at the key hole, he went off, convinced that his own ears deceived him.

A general call was now made upon old Jack to sing a song, very popular about that time, relating to the *Albany Antimasonic Convention*, and the Deputy Grand Master did not delay to answer the request.

THE ANTIMASON.*

Oh, there was an Antimason, and his name was Uncle Nick,
And he lived down below, down below,
But he came a visiting a dozen times a week,
He'd a heap of work for to do.
A school to teach and a family to keep,
And a press and a newspaper too,
And never to be idle, nor a wink of sleep,
Was the work, Uncle Nick had to do
Burn up the Bible—let it go!
Come, Brother Anti, give a crow, (*imitates,*)
For there's no more work in the Mason's Lodge—
On the trestle-board, moss shall grow.

Oh, his school was crammed with a thronging class—
There were gentlemen and ladies too;
The one to learn the Mason's pass,
The other what Mason's do.
Old Nick with smiles, in a big book wrote,
What the gentlemen wanted to know;
But he blushed when he turned to the petticoat,
And he whispered a word or two. (*Chorus*).

His family, the pride and gems of the place,
There was *Merriek*, *Seward*, *Granger*, you know!
And a president to rule, and a preacher to grace,—
Six score such a fuss could blow!
On good hot meat these children were fed,
'Twas cooked down below, down below,
And the wines they drank in the goblets red,
From the veins of the Masons flow. (*Chorus.*)

His Journal, filled with smashing lies,
Was sent through all the nation;
Uncle Nick called on his votaries,
"Come, help its circulation!"
On the shelf, on the file, on the table strewed,
Every carrier swift did go;
And in the very house of God,
This Antimason paper strow. (*Chorus.*)

Oh, there *is* an Antimason, and his name is Uncle Nick,
But he stays down below, down below;
For his school's broke up, and his children sick,
And his printers joined the foe.
And the Masons' cause, so gloomy then,
Is bright as the noonday now,

* AIR—"*Uncle Ned.*" Masonic Lyrics, No. 6, by the Author.

And while there's love and truth in men,
The light of the Lodge shall glow.
***Bring out the Bible*, let it glow!**
Come, brother Masons, give a crow, (*imitates*)
For there *is* work yet in the Mason's Lodge,
As the trestle board long shall show.

A roar of involuntary applause followed this fair hit at a defunct party, and old Jack was so well pleased with his own performance that he incontinently added this anecdote:

A large delegation from almost every State in the Union, united in laying the corner stone of Washington's Monument at Washington City, July 4th, 1848. Among the rest was Gen. W——, formerly Grand Master of the State of ——. This gentleman is well known for his contempt of all Antimasons and for having had a fight in his younger days with three of their party leaders at once, in which he whipped them all. After the ceremonies were ended, the General was walking to his hotel, arm in arm with a member of Congress from his own State, when whom should they overtake but one of the men who had been most active in that rascally Albany convention some twenty years before. The member stopped him and just for the sake of devilment, introduced "His particular friend, Gen. W——, to his esteemed friend, Gov. S——!" The ex-governor politely held out his hand, but the General drew himself erect with a stern look of enquiry, and asked, "Did I understand it, *Governor* S.?" "Yes, sir," blandly responded that gentleman. "Governor S. of New York?" "Yes, sir," replied the gentleman in question, drawing back his extended fork, and looking offended in his turn. "Governor S., who was chairman of the Albany Antimasonic Convention?" "Yes," fiercely responded the badgered individual, looking as though he would as soon strike somebody as not. By this time a dozen persons had gathered around, seeing something in the General's face that gave hopes of a fight. "Then, Mr. Ex-Governor S., *if* you are the gentleman from New York, and *if* you were Chairman of the Albany Antimasonic Convention, and *if* after that you could witness a Masonic celebration as you have to-day, all I have got to say is, *if* you'll come to my State I'll help

tar and feather you!" And the General turned fiercely away, nor would he ever have another word to say to his old friend, the member.

Brother Fenner was altogether of opinion that the General served him right. He thought that a list of the members of that Convention ought to be published and sent to every Grand Lodge in the United States.

For his part he would vote against an Antimason for every office from constable up.

Being called upon by the Grand Lecturer to explain what he meant by an Antimason. He said, "any man who would try to make political or other capital by denouncing Masonry." He then related the following touching anecdote concerning

THE SLIPPER.

There were two brothers in the eastern part of Kentucky. Both of them had been members of the Grand Lodge, and noted for their proficiency in the landmarks and adaptations of Masonry. By accident, the elder of the two, in a hunting excursion, wounded himself so severely that he died the same day. He was borne to his house, and his children called around, (his wife having been dead for several years,) to see his departure. His brother came with speed, to lend the last kind offices, and voluntarily proposed to take charge of the children, now doubly orphaned, and to rear them as his own. All that business affairs dictated was soon arranged, for these men had not waited until the death-hour to draw up their wills and to square their accounts with the world.* The interests of the soul were likewise disposed of, for the great Treasurer in heaven had received from the dying man many a deposit of faith and good works and stood prepared, that dying man knew it, to honor any draft that might be drawn with Christ as the endorser. Hands had been pressed, a kiss

* When Brother George Washington was taken ill with the sudden attack that terminated his existence, it was found that all his accounts were balanced, and his papers filed up to the Saturday before. This is the true Temple System, and it is good.

from each wondering child received, and the summoned then closed his eyes patiently to await the call of death. Death was not slow in coming. Soon the tongue lost its power of speech; the limbs refused to obey the will; the sense of hearing failed, and then *to see* was all that remained to one who had been noted for twenty years, as the strong of hand and the swift of foot.

But now, as he lay thus imprisoned in the dungeon of his thoughts, a grief came over him. It was plain, by those heavy sighs, those big round tears, and that look of anguish, that the departure of this Christian soul was not so peaceful as it should be. The brother, who leaned affectionately above his pillow, marked the change with acute sorrow. What had thus oppressed the dying man! what business matter unsettled, what conscience matter undisposed of, was dropping bitterness into his cup of death!

The departing Mason opened his eyes and cast a glance, inexpressibly mournful, upon his children, and then upon his brother. It said: "Brother, I go the way of all flesh, and I leave these lambs with thee; if thou shalt fail in thy care—if thy pledge to me shall be broken or forgotten, whom have they on earth? I have seen the affliction of the fatherless ——" no words were needed to make all this plain; but how should such a doubting soul be answered. All avenues to the understanding were choked up save *the sight*, and that was fast becoming clouded. But with a ready thought the brother stooped and *plucked off his shoe*, and holding it up, full in the view of God, himself and his departing friend, he laid it in his extended palm and thus sealed the covenant with the dead. It was enough, it was understood. A smile of approval that bursting from the heart, forced its way through the stiffened muscles to the face, gave token that the other party acknowledged the symbol—*and so he died.* The smile remained when the coffin lid was laid above it. And now in a mountain grave-yard, where many a tombstone bears a Mason mark, there is one sacred to the memory of WALLACE M. T———, whose symbol is *the plain slipper*, the sealing of the covenant between the living and the dead.

The relation of this circumstance elicited various remarks, in which some difference of sentiment was manifested relative to the real meaning of that ancient Israelitish symbol, *the slipper*.

This being ended, Brother Collins, Junior Warden and representative of Phenician Lodge, No 37, related the following account of

THE MASON'S WIDOW.

There came a widow lady to our neighborhood last May, who said she wanted to make up a small class to teach wax work to young ladies. None of us knew anything of her, and as we are rather poor in our county, we didn't give her much encouragement. After trying for ten days without securing a single scholar, she fell sick at my house. My wife turning over her trunk to get some things she wanted, came across a signet of the ——— degree. Now the old lady is mighty fond of that degree, and she can read the signet like a book, and so she asked Mrs. Lane, (that was the stranger's name) about it.

The widow said her husband had been a Mason and had got her to take that degree, but she thought so little of Masonry, she had never paid any attention to it. However she had kept her husband's demit and diploma and his Mason's apron, and other things, and showed them to my wife, who brought them to me. It didn't take *me* long to get her some scholars, and by the time she got well, we had a good school ready for her, and she has remained in the neighborhood ever since.

The question, as to how far females have privileges in connection with Masonry, and how they can make themselves known when among strangers, and in distress, was now discussed at length.

The Grand Lecturer suggested that if Androgynous degrees are at all allowable, something better should be given to the ladies than the trashy, superficial ones invented by dull wits within the last fifteen years.

This aroused the opposition of the Deputy Grand Master, who had so often conferred the ——— degree, that it was almost bone of his bone.

To close the discussion, which was getting a little warm, Brother Levings, Worshipful Master of Nonmetallic Lodge, No. 106, gave in his experience as follows:

THE DEVIL'S HALF ACRE.

In the upper part of Louisiana near the Arkansas side, there used to be one of the most God-defying sets of people ever heard of. There was no Sabbath day amongst *them*, for they served their master, the devil, *seven days* in a week, with freedom, fervency, and zeal.

Horse racing, cock fighting, and the most cruel sports of all kinds, were their diversions. Fighting, gouging, and murder were common enough. As for such a thing as legal restraint, the very idea was laughed at. Grand Juries were compelled to wink at what they dared not present; circuit judges suffered the grossest infractions of the law to pass unchecked under their very noses; sheriffs and constables were hail-fellows well met with the wickedest of them—such was Louisiana, near the Arkansas line, fifteen or twenty years ago.

The Methodist Conference had long looked eagerly at that region, for the nearer the devil is to getting a man, the more that church tries to save him!

More than once their Bishop had sent an itinerant preacher there, but he was so glad to get away with a whole skin, that he took care to say as little about what happened to him as possible. At last old Father Goolsbury offered to itinerate that field if the Bishop desired it, and the Bishop gladly jumped at the chance. Parson G. was a man of great experience, particularly in a department like this. He had itinerated clear around, from the Falls of Niagara to Red River, keeping right on the edge of civilization all the way, and he was the very man for the place. Nobody could preach oftener in a day than Father Goolsbury, or do it in ruder places. Nobody could eat rougher, sleep harder, ride longer, swim bolder, or

laugh heartier than he. So he offered to go to North Louisiana, and the Bishop appointed him instanter. A collection was taken up to buy him a splendid horse, the only thing in the world except sinners, the old man loved. The kind sisters turned in and made him half a dozen shirts; a new suit of clothes out-and-out was bought for him, and then with a joke and a prayer and a tear, and two stanzas of Wesley's songs, the intrepid parson departed.

Now there was a village in the very heart of this pandemonium, called by the proprietor, Tockville, or some such name; but from the quality of the atmosphere, and the murderous brawls that continually occurred there, the country people had christened it *The Devil's Half Acre.* No traveler ever stopped there twice. No sober neighbor ever visited there on a public day. No respectable woman ever rode through there at all. There was no church and no school in Tockville; but there was a score of grogshops, bowling alleys, gambling houses, &c.; and there was a race course hard by, which, to many a poor fellow, had proved to be the entrance to eternal death.

At this very place, unpromising as it seemed, the old itinerant published his first appointment. He rightly thought that if he could make the thing grind at *The Devil's Half Acre* it would grind anywhere; but if he thought to get an easy grist of it, he made as big a mistake as if he had torn his shirt. For no sooner was his notice posted on the tavern door than it was torn down with rage, and a popular order given to the daring minister to evacuate the village forthwith. Nothing daunted however, he wrote out a second announcement and declared that he would return the next Sabbath, and preach in the public square if he couldn't get a house, for the Bishop had ordered him to preach and preach he would, or break a hame-string trying."

Now Father Goolsbury was not the man to face such a devil's crew as the Tockvillers without some preparation. He had been ducked, and whipped, and tarred-and-feathered too often in his ministerial career not to know where he stood. And when he made his appointment at *The Devil's Half Acre*

his whole plan was well matured. It was nothing more or less than *to make a Masonic affair of it.*

There was a Mason Lodge in the adjoining county, many of the members living near Tockville, and the old man set himself diligently to hunting them up. As fast as he found one, he showed him the necessity for religion in that commu nity; the many efforts that had been vainly made to introduce it; the danger to a brother Mason now;—and other things equally pressing. His summons was answered in the same spirit in which it had been made. So, when the Sabbath morning rolled around, the Rev. Jabez Goolsbury rode into *The Devil's Half Acre*, accompanied by sixty-three mounted Masons, well armed and prepared either for peace or war. It was peace. The Tockville folks were overawed, and not a hand was raised against them. The sermon was a good one, and it was followed up by an exhortation that would have done credit to Brother Maffit himself. At three o'clock a second sermon was delivered, and considerable feeling mani-fested among the audience. At night a general calm was apparent, so promising in fact that the Masons left their pistols at the tavern, and Parson Goolsbury was permitted to preach in one of the bowling alleys in view of a bad cold he had caught. Never was there such a general knocking down of pins in that alley before! The itinerant out-preached all creation. It was a perfect pentecost. The hardest hearts melted. Women screamed. Men groaned and fell on their faces. The Masons generally became convicted. In short, a revival was started that night and it lasted two weeks.

Then came the baptizing. Parson G. organized a church at Tockville, with more than eighty members, and named it *The Plucked-Brand* church, and after he had got through baptizing the people, he threw a handful of water into the air, and said, "Devil's Half Acre I baptize thee by the name of Jerusalem," and ever since that time it has been so styled.

But the best of the whole thing was ———

Here the speaker was interrupted by a loud rap at the door. The Grand Tyler, who had felt all along convinced that there *must* be somebody in the Grand Secretary's room,

had stepped back to the door on tip-toe and listened, until he heard Brother Leverings, just at the break of his story. Then he rapped and summoned them to appear in the Grand Lodge room, and so ended one of the most delightful little episodes of our life.

FEMALES,

THEIR CONNECTION WITH MASONRY.

(Extract from an Address by the Author.)

"Nor can any insurmountable objection be urged, why the fair sex should not participate in the privileges and share the pleasures of this kind of association. (The speaker is referring to the plan of *Loges d' Adoption*, patronized by Josephine when wife of the First Consul Bonaparte.) If it be a claim to possess physical weakness, if gentleness in retirement and dependence in society call for that aid which mutual associations guarantee, surely the female portion of mankind, of all the world, stand upon this footing. * * * *

I would not be misunderstood. I do not ask that the doors of our chartered Lodges should be thrown open to females.

"The very terms of admission, the preparation and the reception, forbid the Mason granting such a privilege to woman, however exalted or deserving. Whatever key to the world's mysteries, and to life's treasures, may be intrusted to her, *the key to the Lodge room* is eternally denied her; its doors are eternally barracadoed against her entrance.

"Her light footstep may thrill upon our hearts, but we must hear it *outside the door*. Her soft voice may arouse passionate emotions within us as she pleads for aid, *outside the door*. The sunshine of her presence may and shall penetrate our walls, and warm our hearts in charity as she shines upon us, *outside the door*.

"But *her* sphere is in the heavens, *ours* within the Lodge, and though her light and warmth may reach us, her form

cannot enter. Then *ask not*, sweet voice, for we cannot grant this boon. *Seek not*, dear form, for you never can pass these portals. *Knock not*, soft hands, for our inexorable guardian is steeled against your approach. Disgraced amongst the world's holiest, and traitors to the highest sense of obligation, we should be as unworthy of your notice as of the companionship of our own brethren, were we thus to betray our trust."

LIBERALITY OF THE JEWS.

Some have wondered at the extreme liberality of this people when a call was made upon them by King David to join him in preparations for building the Temple. Their donations amounted to many thousand talents of gold, of silver, and of brass, (probably copper, as it is not supposed that the compound which goes by the name of brass, was known in those days,) and no less than one hundred thousand of iron. Leaving out all extravagant estimates and taking the talent at its most moderate computation, the value of these treasures was enormous; and the question naturally arises how a class of persons somewhat notorious even then for economy of expenditures, were wrought upon to be so liberal?

In reply, we may offer various conjectures. It was a time of general unity and peace, consequently a time of plenty.

Each tribe had at last settled down with enlarged borders to enjoy the fulfillment of God's promise to Abraham, and each tribe acknowledged that to David's valor and prudence they were indebted under God for this blessing. Then the royal bounty of David himself who, out of his own private treasures, *in his distress*, as he pathetically remarks, gave no less than three thousand talents of gold, and seven thousand of silver, besides brass, iron, wood, and building stones. This liberality of his excited the principle of emulation among the

people to the highest pitch. The desire to erect an edifice more costly than any heathen temple, as Jehovah was above all the gods, this too was calculated to touch their national pride, and call out their more generous feelings. Not to depreciate the Jewish liberality, it may nevertheless be added that this was the first call made upon their purses since Bezaleel fashioned the furniture of the tabernacle out of the spoils of the Egyptians, and although we cannot say in the style of modern philanthropists, "that they had learned to give," yet we may see that the call was one so urgent and accompanied with so many motives to liberality, that it was calculated to break down all the barriers of parsimony, and even of ordinary economy.

LEBANON.

A modern traveler, who spent much time in traveling over the mountain ranges of Judea and Syria, estimates the ancient cedars still remaining upon Mount Lebanon at about *four hundred* in number. They are found in a single group of about three quarters of a mile in circumference. Some of them are very large, as much as one hundred feet in height and forty in circumference, while all bear tokens of great age. Considering the slowness of the cedar's growth, and the indestructibility of its wood by any natural causes, save that of fire, it is not unreasonable to suppose that these scions of a princely race, may have existed and even been of good size when the axes of Adoniram's thirty thousand made the mountain echoes answer back the sounds.

THE CHURCH TRIAL;

OR, JYNIN' THE MASONS.

THE Rev. Baruch Heidleberger was arraigned before the Effete congregation *for jynin' the Freemasons*. People *cum fur and neere* to see him tried. It was better nor a horse race to the folks *in them diggins*, and most as good as a hanging.

The members of the church, many of them, brought their families in wagons *detarmed to see it out*, cost what it *nout*.

Old Miss Slowup, the cake *ooman*, brought her whole stock along; so did free Josh, who makes temperance beer out of whisky and molasses; so did Sock Freelinghysen, who peddles cowbells of his own manufacture. Candidates were there, agents were there, the devil (printer's) was there. The Masons, of whom there are not many among those desolate hills mustered in full strength. Finally, there was a general turn-out, and to conclude, we were there ourself.

Parson Heidleberger's wife, who had gone sick when she *heern tell* that her beloved Baruch had pitched headforemost into *Masontry*, got well again when she found he was likely to be expelled from the church on account of it, and *tuck* her lord's part with infinite vivacity. She had *sarched* in vain for *the brand;* it couldn't be found.

It was the Saturday before the third Sabbath in May. Effete church was early crowded, *chockfull*. Its seats made of rails, whose sharp edges would have aroused the sympathy of a rooster, were crowded thickly on their points of gravity, by human beings painfully balanced. The pulpit was but a pen closed on three sides, but it was crowded by five and one half preachers, come to help the *breethrin* try the case and degrade the criminal. The reverend monster himself was on the spot. He was an old man with thin gray hairs, tall in stature, but with a downcast look like an omphalopsychite; meek in countenance, gentle of speech, benevolent

in visage—who would have thought to see him sitting there, gazing calmly around him, that he, Baruch Heidleberger, for twenty years a zealous minister, who had stemmed the torrent of religious innovations, could so grievously have overstepped church rules and *jyned the Masons*. But he had, and here was the result. What's the world coming to? who knows?

Effete church was not at all like the temple of Luxor, either in shape or magnificence, still less did it resemble King Solomon's Temple. On the contrary it was a low dirt-daubed log cabin of a thing, 40 by 30, plain as linsey and cold as a quaker. As Rev. Mr. Heidleberger arose in it to answer the charges read by the moderator and to plead to the merits of the case, his bald top just reached the cross beams that bound the *cends* of the building together.

The charges were specific; the plea was *guilty*.

A hurried consultation in a hoarse whisper heard to the horse-block, and then the moderator in a confused manner *begged leave to axe the congregation of he should d'clar the guilty brother expended or suspelled.*

Another hurried consultation—during which *cleving* old *oomen*, who wore black bonnets and no shoes, loudly clamored *suspel him, suspel him*,—after which the moderator prudently expressed the idea that had been hinted to him by one of the older members, and told Parson Heidleberger "ef he'd anything to norate in the way of vindicshun he mout."

The criminal acknowledged the courtesy by a low bow and went on in his meek, quiet way to *norate*:

"I feel to admit breethren beloved, (the old man differed from Webster in his ortheopy, as the reader will pereeive,) I feel to admit that cordin to church rules, I done wrong. Yes, I done wrong. Masontry is a seacurt instushun, and you all done gin in your testimonies gin seacurt instushuns, long ago."

A fat sort of a groan from the old ladies, and a general expression of, *yes, praise the Lord.*

"I know that when Bob Clink got drunk and set my bakky barn to fire, you suspelled him, and when you tuck him back, and he quit drink and jyned the Sons, you suspelled him again."

An asservation, contradictory to the intention of the second commandment from the aforesaid Bob, who was present, and the chorus from the aforesaid antiquaries, *yes*, *praise the Lord!*

"But breethern, I want you to zamin this matter, tiklurly by the light of scriptur."

An interruption from the moderator who informed the bad man with great correctness, "that scriptur had nothin' to do with this matter, and eff he'd anything to norate *why* he jyned the Masons he'd better do it to wonste."

"I ollers thought, breethern beloved," pursued the criminal with some hesitation, "I ollers thought that our church rules was the same as scriptur. Leastways that's how I ollers construed the matter for twenty year, that I've been trying to preach the gospel and you never set me to rights afore. Well, breethern beloved, I *have* jyned the Masons and I'll tell you *why*, I did it soze to understand scriptur better and bekase I thought I mout be more useful. I haint found nothing wrong in it so fur. It's a good thing. It's a blessed thing, breethern beloved. You'd all of you say 'twas good if you had it. There's mysteries in it that makes a man think better of hisself, his God and humans. There's mysteries in it. * * * * * Now how many breethern and sisters is there of you here, who'd like to know the mysteries of Masontry? Let em rise at wonste to their feet!"

Up, by a common impulse flew the crowd. Up, in spite of rheumatics and old age, the very foremost of all, flew the old women, with a *praise the Lord*, half out of their throats. Up hopped the moderator, his mouth flung open gate-like from ear to ear. Up bounced Bob Clink with an oath. Up popped the Masons with surprise. Up sprung the rosy-cheeked maidens with cheeks rendered yet more rosy by mysterious conjectures and imaginations. Up hitched the young men who hoped now to get out all the kernel of *Masontry* without having to break the shell.

All were on the perpendicular before the echo of Parson Heidleberger's proposition had ceased to vibrate along the dusty roof.

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The old gentleman glanced benevolently around the church, looked over the pulpit, scanned the moderator's countenance with a half smile, and went on with his exposition.

"Your curiosity, breethern beloved, is just like mine was before I jyned the Masons. Now, the Lodge ain't full yet, and if you'll do like I did, the Masons will may be let you in!"

The hit was too good to be overlooked. A general roar from the crowd acknowledged it. Bob Clink took a duck-fit and was carried out in spasms. The Masons clapped with their hands and stamped with their feet. The maidens giggled. The five preachers and a half (the fraction represents the moderator) and the old women, were the only serious faces.

For half an hour it seemed as if the meeting would break up without further discussion.

Silence was at length restored and old Parson Heidleberger continued his remarks, as he took a spider out of his hair that had been shaken down from the roof.

"I didn't try this plan, breethern beloved, to pick you up —not by no means. I only did it to see whether I stood alone, in curiosity to learn the secrets of Masontry. I am proud to find all the breethern and sistern in the same fix. Then I think, breethren beloved, you ought to bear with me, beloved."

A tear from the old man.

"I have been in and out before you, for many a year, and it's in my heart to live and die with you."

A low shout from Mrs. Heidleberger, and weeping among the women generally, all but the aforesaid antiquated.

"I promise you, breethren beloved, on the word of a Mas——, of a Christian I mean, that my Masontry shall only make me more industrious and praying. I'll love you better, if possible, than ever I did before, beloved. And I pray the Lord to put it into your hearts to deal justly with me, breethern beloved."

* * * * * * * * *

But the Church expelled him forthwith without a dissenting voice, and we came away.

CATHARINE WILLIAMS;

OR, HUSBAND AND WIFE.

'The patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit.''

It was a pleasant summer evening, just as the silence of nature announced that the Grand Master of the universe was about to close his lodge for the day, and to give bird, beast, and man the refreshment of repose. Two ladies, both young and beautiful, walked hand in hand together, down the avenue lined by tall wood poplars (*Liriodendron tulipifera*), which marked the boundary between their respective dwellings. Each was beautiful as we have said, but there was a marked difference in their style of beauty. One was of the modest, retiring order of loveliness, that manner of beauty which *wears* so well, and bears so sacred a place in all the relations of maiden, wife, and mother. Her plain neat dress left no place for gaudy ornament; her low winning tone of voice was musical as a lute; the beholder, while observing Martha Bone, could not but feel that a jewel lay within, richer than all the diamonds of Golconda. The other exhibited a superb, queenly air that at times, in the warmth of conversation, assumed a scornful aspect which augured ill for the happiness of him who should win Catharine Williams. Yet her beauty was most lustrous and bewitching. None could see her black, sparkling eye, her magnificent tresses, or her commanding form, set off as it was with all the splendor of dress and the witchery of female ornament, without feeling impelled to take a second view and then a third. Catharine had been known from infancy as the splendid heiress, and now that her father was dead and there was no restraint upon her disposal of his large possessions, she carried a high air among the more humble beauties of the village.

Walking thus together the two cousins, for such they were, conversed in earnest voice, and thus Martha spoke:

"And is that really your decision, Kate? can you slight so true a heart as Herman's on so frivolous a pretext as that? What! discard an engaged lover because he is a Mason? who ever heard of such a thing? now acknowledge that you are jesting with me all this time!"

"You may call it frivolous or not, just as you please, Martha," responded Kate, as she curled her pretty lip and elevated her brows, in a pet at the words of her cousin; "but frivolous or not it is my decision, and my final one, and so Herman will find it. If he had been led thoughtlessly into the Masonic order I could have overlooked his heedlessness, and forget that he had ever joined them. But he must discard it now, at once and forever, or he shall never possess my hand."

"And you have really told him this?" inquired her cousin anxiously.

"And I have told him this, and told it to him pretty plainly too. I confess I felt that he had treated me badly. He *must* have known my sentiments on the subject of Masonry from the very commencement of our acquaintance. He must have known that dear papa was seriously opposed to it, and for many years took a decided stand against it. Could he expect my father's daughter to do less? Should I not be recreant to every principle of daughterly affection, if I failed to sustain my father in what was the ruling principle of his old age? Long before he died he declared to me that if a daughter of his should condescend to marry a Mason he would never open his doors to her again Judge then of my astonishment when I saw Herman Croswell in the procession yesterday, not merely participating in their nonsensical ceremonies, but acting as their presiding officer, and wearing their childish aprons and scarfs with as much delight as though it were heaven on earth to be a Freemason!"

And did you propose to him to renounce Masonry?"

When he called on me last night I met him so coolly as to give him at once to understand how much I felt aggrieved by his conduct. As to our engagement I told him positively it must be dissolved, for my heart was steel to a Mason. He had shown such a want of confidence by concealing his

Masonic attachments from me, that I could no longer feel any attachment for him. He then begged permission to call to-night and explain his conduct, and so we parted."

This unexpected communication quite took away the breath of the fair questioner. The facility with which the engagement had been broken up was so contrary to all her ideas of love and betrothal, that she walked by Catharine's side until they arrived at the very extremity of the avenue without another word. But then, as the coquettish girl turned towards her own dwelling, with a cheerful good-night, Martha laid a finger upon her arm and detained her:

"Will you not tell me, Katy dear, what are your insuperable objections against Masonry? Perhaps I may have a Mason some day for a lover, who knows! and I should like of all things to be forewarned against committing this unpardonable sin of marrying one! Masonry must be something very horrific to break up your engagement with Herman, so suddenly. Come, dear cousin, enlighten me."

"It would be a sufficient argument for me," returned the heiress, "that dear papa was so much opposed to it. The bountiful fortune that he has left me, ought not to be shared with one whom he would not have suffered even to darken his doors. But I have examined this subject for myself. By papa's request, I read the various authors to whom our country is indebted for exposing the horrid evils of Masonry; and I am thoroughly convinced that there is no baseness but what Masons *do* commit, or at least *are tempted* to commit by the principles of their society. Now I will never marry a man whose secrets I cannot share. When God pronounced concerning man and wife, *these twain shall be one flesh*, he meant that their knowledge and aims, as well as their enjoyments and sorrows, should be mutual. So at least I construe it, and so will I act in regard to it. My head shall never be pillowed upon a casket that is sealed to me, for there can be no permanent affection where there is concealment." *

* Do we not love God? is not our heart tender towards Jesus Christ? do we not rest in faith on his gracious arm? and yet *the secret things* belong to God.

"But do you expect," pursued Martha earnestly, "do you expect that your husband will share with you *all* his secrets? all that is connected with his business affairs, with his worldly plans, his combinations, his dealings with men, often running into altercations, harsh and perhaps unfeminine? How will you be able to comprehend these things, not having a man's experience for them? how can you desire to know them, not having a man's taste for them? how" * * *

Here a sudden noise as of approaching feet, caused the warm-hearted speaker to stop, and before the two ladies could step out from under the shelter of a large grapevine under which they stood, they distinctly heard, in spite of an instinctive desire *not* to hear it, these words:

"Now, if my wife were to hear of this it would render her very miserable; but we must carefully conceal the matter from her."

The remark came from Mr. Hoggs, the venerable clergyman of the village, one of the oldest ministers in all the land, and one too who was known as an opponent, though a mild one, of the Masonic cause; it was adressed to one of his leading parishioners who was riding by his side.

Observing the young ladies, and knowing that they must have overheard him, the good parson stopped his horse, and after a friendly greeting, remarked to them in a serious tone:

"My dear Miss Catharine and Miss Martha, as the words which you so unintentionally overheard, may have sounded strangely to you I will ask permission to explain them.

They relate to an affair that has lately occurred in which Mrs. Hoggs' brother is deeply implicated. The difficulty at one time threatened to be serious, but we have contrived thus far to hush it up, and it is now in a very fair way to be compromised.

In Mrs. Hoggs' present state of health the knowledge of it might be highly dangerous to her; at all events it is not a matter for a woman to meddle with. I shall therefore hope, my dear young friends, that no indiscretion on your part will expose me to inquiries from Mrs. Hogg on this subject, and so, fair maidens, good night." And bowing gracefully to the

cousins, the good old gentleman rode off with his friend, renewing the conversation at the point at which it had been interrupted.

Martha looked up triumphantly to Kate, while a merry twinkle danced in her eye, and remarked:

"Now, coz, could anything have been more opportune than that. How perfectly does it corroborate the declaration I was about to make, that husbands have things to do and to know in the affairs of life, of which their wives must and should remain ignorant."

"If you like to be thrust aside in that manner, Martha, you may submit to it," responded Kate with an air of annoyance: "and I hope to goodness gracious that you'll get a husband whose chest is locked with a triple key. For my part I shall be satisfied with less mystery and more candor. So once more, dear Mat, goodnight, and here's a kiss to seal my love, and convince you that I bear you no malice on account of your opinions."

Each then took her way to her dwelling; the heiress to her splendid mansion adorned with luxury and grace, the other to the more humble but far happier home of her parents. Each meditated as she walked, the one reflecting on the manner in which she should meet Herman's request, and how she could most gracefully conclude the engagement that had long existed between them; the other wondering within herself if that could be *true love* which was about to be so readily cast off.

At the proper hour Herman made his promised call. This gentleman was known as a man of good means, a good profession, good morals and character, and one whose father before him had been a Mason, even Grand Master of Masons in his native State. This fact of course had its influence upon the son, and even before he was eighteen, he could have declared in all sincerity that he had long entertained a favorable opinion of the order.

About that time he commenced the practice of employing a half hour each day in studying the manuals of Masonry and reading the elaborate works of Oliver, Preston, Hutchinson,

and others who have devoted themselves to this holy cause. Here is a good proof that in Masonry as in religion, children should be trained up in the way they should go. As Herman had only recently moved to Fountain Green, although the engagement had existed for two years or more, Catharine had remained ignorant of the fatal fact of his Masonic love, until the very day before our history commences.

It is probable that Herman had heard of her antipathies on this behalf, but if so we presume he depended upon time and the influences of love to wear it off.* From this expectation he had been suddenly dashed down by the harsh and unmaidenly words which, as we have seen, Catharine addressed to him the night before.

All through the day his mind had been revolving on the means of escaping from his present dilemma. He had fallen deeply in love with Catharine, and built up a thousand hopes for the future based upon their union. How could he bear to have them so rudely overthrown.

Besides that, he anticipated all the annoyance and mortification naturally connected with the idea of being thus summarily rejected. To renounce Masonry!—that he could never do; the very suggestion of the serpent-tempter on this head was hurled from his mind as a shot from the cannon's mouth nor ever permitted to return.

To withdraw his membership from the Lodge, notifying his brethren of the cause, and to stand aloof from Masonry until the marriage bond should give him a claim, and marriage affection a power to overcome Catharine's opposition; this, at first view, seemed practicable, and he turned the thought frequently in his mind. But then how dishonorable such a course! His Masonic brethren at Fountain Green had just elected him to be their presiding officer for the ensuing twelvemonths, and he would feel disgraced in his own esteem were he to adopt the suggestion. Nevertheless his mind was vacillating on this topic, and it is hard to say what would have

* Many instances are in the writer's knowledge, where the prejudicial influences of an Antimasonic education upon the mind of the wife, have been entirely eradicated by the gentleness and forbearance of the husband.

been his conclusion, when a letter was handed him in the handwriting of his old friend, Mr. Shoster, which contained these appropriate lines:

THE CONTRIBUTING MASON.*

A place in the Lodge for me;
A home with the free and bright;
Where jarring chords agree,
And the darkest soul is light:
Not here, not here is bliss;
There's turmoil and there's gloom;
My heart it yearns for peace—
Say, Brothers, say, is there room!
A place in the Lodge for me, &c.

My feet are weary worn,
And my eyes are dim with tears;
This world is all forlorn,
A wilderness of fears;
But *there's one green spot below*,
There's a resting place, a home,
My heart it yearns to know,
Say, Brothers, say, is there room!
A place in in the Lodge for me, &c.

I hear the orphan's cry,
And I see the widow's tear;
I weep when mortals die,
And none but God is near;
From sorrow and despair,
I seek the Mason's home,—
My heart it yearns to share,
Say, Brothers, say is there room!
A place in the Lodge for me, &c.

With God's own eye above.
With brother-hands below,
With friendship and with love,
My pilgrimage I'll go:
And when in death's embrace,
My summons it shall come,
Within your heart's best place,
Oh, Brothers, oh give me room
A place in the Lodge for me,
A home with the free and bright;
Where jarring chords agree,
And the darkest soul is light.

*Air—"*A life on the ocean wave.*"—Masonic Lyrics, No. 1, by the Author.

Mr. Shoster was known in that vicinity as a rhymster, and hearing of the dilemma into which his Brother Herman had been thrown the night before, he had smoked innumerable pipes of tobacco over the matter and penned the above lines. The result was more successful than tobacco poetry in general, for it determined Herman's mind to retain his membership in the order, to face the matter boldly, and to trust in love to bear him out.

CHAPTER IX.

"There is a time when one man ruleth over another to his own hurt."

HERMAN walked up the marble steps and knocked at the mahogany door. He was received by the obsequious servant, and ushered promptly into the sitting-room. Catharine was not there, but she sent him a message by her waiting maid that she would presently be down.

To while away the minutes, and by occupying his mind to banish painful thoughts, Herman approached the center table and began to turn over the books. To his surprise they consistedly entirely of works professedly written against Freemasonry. His artful mistress had purposely arrayed them in their present position, and Herman well understood now that her delay in receiving him was to allow him time to inspect them.

This omen was significant of evil. Here was "J. Q. Adams' Letters to Stone," the writer expatiating upon topics he had not the light to understand, while Stone, the seceding Mason, must have laughed over the whole affair in his retirement, as supremely ridiculous.

Here was a Bernard, minister of the gospel of truth, hanging upon the horn of his own dilemma, and placing himself in an attitude before the world that must necessarily have led to

the destruction of his usefulness as a preacher and his happiness as a man.* Here was Morgan with his speculation in morals equaled only in respectability by the peddling of a pirate's last confession.

Here was Allen, wondrous divulger! self-sacrificing denouncer!

And here, to rise far higher in the scale of falsehood, here, filled with splendid engravings and costly fancies, were such works as Robinson, Pritchard, Carlisle, Finch, Lambert, &c.; together with bound volumes of the various Antimasonic journals filled with all the carrion and garbage of a reckless political party, now, thanks to the God of truth, defunct.

From the abundance of marginal notes, and the well-thumbed appearance of the books, they had been carefully read and compared with one another, having doubtless served as texts for many a denunciatory tirade against Masonry.

Herman turned away from this valley of Jehoshaphat with a sigh, and as he heard the step of his mistress in the hall, he prepared himself for the worst.

His reception was barely civil. The proud girl only curtsied to him at entering, declined his offered hand, and seated herself on the end of the sofa, nor would she permit him to approach her side.

So they sat face to face. A momentary silence followed, during which Catharine, with an air of offended dignity, looked towards the ceiling as if waiting that explanation which was the object of their present meeting. Herman began by inquiring: "Catharine, your reception is so chilling that it seems almost unnecessary to ask you, is your determination of last night sustained? is our engagement, from which I had anticipated so much happiness, is it to be dissolved, and that only on account of Freemasonry? had the affection you have heretofore acknowledged, no better foundation than to be over-

* Bernard, in the preface to his book, styled *Light on Masonry* (never was there a greater misnomer) says "If the institution is corrupt, I am under a moral obligation to break my oaths and reveal its secrets to the world." The unhappy man was really placed on the horns of this dilemma; either he must perjure himself or lose his congregation. He unfortunately preferred the good things of this life, and chose the former alternative. *Note to Oliver Landmarks, Vol.* 1.

thrown so easily? Come, dear Kate, consider,—what *can* there be in Masonry that should prevent a man from making a fond lover or a devoted husband? I declare to you upon my honor, more sacred to me than life itself, that every benefit connected with this institution will accrue to you, as my wife, which I as a Mason can enjoy. It is in this as in all the other burdensome affairs of life, that while men perform the toils and bear the burdens, their families share with them to the last penny in the advantages. Then if there be no weightier cause for your cruel determination, consider. By all the memories of our past happiness, by your plighted faith, by the pure kiss that sealed our engagement, by ———"

"Hold, hold Herman Crosswell," hastily interrupted Catharine, as with flushed cheeks and a tone of exquisite pathos her lover was awakening the buried hours into life; "let there be no more such words as these. You have said more than enough. It is not well that these things should be mentioned in our present relation to each other. I consented that you should call on me to-night at your own urgent request, although I declared to you that my mind was irrevocably fixed against you the moment I saw you in a Masonic procession. You have deceived me, sir, and there is but one thing that can justify you in using such language to me again, that is *to renounce Masonry at once and forever.* I have confidence yet in your honor, that if you bind yourself to this thing you will perform it. Will you then here, upon this Bible, solemnly repudiate all Masonic obligations, and at an early opportunity, make a public declaration to the same effect: and will you pledge the faith of a gentleman never again to renew your engagements at a Masonic altar? furthermore—for this is not all—nor can I consent to a reconciliation unless you give me evidences of perfect confidence in my discretion—will you forget the foolish vows which have enchained you to the absurd secrets of Masonry, and answer me honestly whatever questions I may ask you concerning it."

"My dear Kate," commenced Herman in reply, but he was haughtily interrupted by the maiden, who with flashing eyes forbade him addressing her in that strain, and

demanded a precise a answer to her conditions. "Then madam," slowly replied the justly offended gentleman, "since there is no other alternative but one, and that one such as no honorable man could accept, you may truly say, here ends the matter.

"All my Masonic engagements, of whatever nature, are founded upon that *honor* of which you profess to entertain so high an opinion. How you can reconcile a pledge of honor with the demands you have just made surpasses my understanding to conceive, though you were aided with all the false logic of these detestable books. When I go back to that Holy Word to renounce my vows, may my right hand forget her cunning! Could the heart that beats within my breast, could it even *conceive* such a thought I should feel unworthy of your hand. But it does not. And since it has come to this that I must choose between honor and Catharine, I select the former. Here, Miss Williams, are the evidences of our betrothal, the tokens of an attachment that I once thought stronger than the pillars of heaven, but have found to be so frail."

He drew from his pocket a package of letters, and a miniature, and laid them upon the table with strong emotion.

"There is nothing left, Miss Williams, but to say farewell. In the unknown future, should a regretful thought occur to you concerning this night's work, I would have you to know, Catharine, that the reflex of our Masonic teachings is *forgiveness*, and that I do sincerely bestow mine upon you for the wrong you have done me, however mistakenly, to-night!"

He was gone. The sound of his retiring feet was heard as they crushed the gravelled walks down the avenue. The heiress leaned back in her seat and for many hours remained in silent thought. The tenderness of a woman was taking the place of that scornful indifference. The fire burned low in the grate; the candle flickered dimly in the socket; the waiting maid put her head again and again within the door, and endeavored to attract her mistress' attention. He was gone. The breach was now irreparable. There upon the table were love's pledges, vain mockeries of a frozen faith. He was

gone. His parting words rang prophetically in her ears. Forgiveness! what had he to forgive! did Masonry teach him this? Such was not the morality of Masonry as she had learned it from Bernard! Thus she meditated, and long years afterwards when the crushed hopes of her youth were brought up on the wings of memory the recollection of that night added poignancy to her solitary lot.

Great was the astonishment, active the scandal, loud the street talk, when the citizens of Fountain Green learned that Catharine Williams had discarded Herman Croswell. A hundred conjectures were formed, all of them about as near the mark as such things usually are, by those who having no business of their own to do, disinterestedly adopt that of others and then nurse the bantling to death. Catharine vouchsafed no replies to the numerous questions propounded her, for save her cousin Martha, she had no confident. Herman gave no hints as to the cause of his rejection. But this gave more room for the imagination. The invention of Miss Hannah Rice, a spinster of forty-five, hopeless and hateful, is a fair specimen of the blunders made on this head, and deserves preservation if only for its ingenuity. It was oracularly delivered at a tea-table party of the Fountain-Green-Female-Benevolent-and-Social-Club at one of its semi-monthly convocations, and came forth in this wise:

"You see I larnt it of Kersiah, Miss Kate's waiting maid. Kersiah was dusting the cheers in the next room and heern every word Mr. Crosswell said. Kersiah declares that Mr. Croswell, *he* cried like a whipped puppy, and *he* begged Kate *not* to gin him the mitten. But Kate, *she* declared that *she* could never marry a man who was caught in such a snap, and *her* money shouldn't never support *such* a monster. And then Mr. Croswell *he* tuck his hat and left, and that's all about it."

While public opinion was thus agitated with all the violence of a tempest in a teapot; Herman, to dissipate the unpleasant recollections connected with the affair, made a journey across the Atlantic, which occupied his attention for nearly three years. The members of the Lodge who were in the secret, kept the matter close, for there was not a leaky barrel

amongst them, and in a few months some other wonderful event took its place.

The news of Herman's departure fell with heavy weight upon Catharine's mind. Martha, with a gentle fervor, had adopted the cause of the rejected lover, and earnestly endeavored to make peace between the alienated pair. But her advice was so haughtily received and such an insulting answer given from Catharine, as to produce a coolness between the cousins, and their long and confidential walks beneath the poplar grove were forever ended. Deprived of her old friend and confidant, the heiress desponded. Her proud spirit fell back upon itself, and in the secret recesses of her splendid mansion there were gloom and sadness that poorly corresponded with the magnificence of the interior.

The determination to which she had arrived by means of an unfortunate prejudice, the result of education, was not calculated to compensate by any thing within itself for the loss of a devoted lover; nor could the perusal of Antimasonic books or the consideration of arguments against Masonry, however incontrovertible, drown the recollection of a heart blighted and manly virtues slighted through her decision. She became morose and neglected herself. Deserted by all whom she loved, she cared not that her parlors were thronged at evening with the gay hangers-on of fortune.

In their smiles she found no light. In their words there was no cheer. Her costly piano, struck by her own skillful fingers, gave back no answer to alleviate her regrets. She listened when any allusion was made to Herman, for her heart was with him in his lonely pilgrimage, and there were times in the hours of retirement, when reflection had so subdued pride, that her tongue would gladly have spoken his recall. But the roar of the Atlantic was between them and it was too late. Labor became a drudgery, books a burden. She ceased after a few months to entertain company at all, and then the gossips of Fountain Green had another morceau of scandal in the fact that Catharine was about to shut up her splendid house and spend the summer, in company with a distant relative, at Saratoga Springs.

The last Sabbath at Fountain Green before her departure, Rev. Mr. Hoggs preached an elaborate discourse upon the subject of Church relations. The reverend gentleman took the scriptural positions and sustained them well, that a difficulty between brethren should, if possible, be reconciled by the parties themselves *in secret;* that in case of failure two or more church members, mutual friends, should be called in to adjudicate the matter and bring them together *in secret;* that in case of a second failure the church session should try the cause of difficulty *in secret;* and that if all these efforts failed to compromise the matter, then the church in its congregational capacity may be called in to give their private action in interlocutory meeting, that is, *in secret.* Now, as this good man was noted for his opposition to all secret societies, there seemed to be a slight discrepancy between the two positions, and so Catharine told him the next day. But the subtle ecclesiastic was not to be overthrown by a straw lance from a lady's hands, for at once with great spirit he drew the sword polemic and showed Catharine how that Christ went aside *in private*, prayed *in private*, commissioned his disciples *in private*, instructed them *in private*, lived thirty years *in private*, rebuked Peter *in private*, appeared to his disciples after his resurrection, *in private*, led them out to Bethany *in private*; in short, the Rev. Mr. Hoggs so effectually demolished the lady, that if not convinced by the weight of the arguments, she was altogether annihilated by the ponderousness of the words.

CHAPTER III.

"Wo to him that is alone when he falleth, for he hath not another to help him up."

THREE years bring many changes. Three sun-circuits through the vast orbit of the heavenly Lodge, witness many a fall and many an uprising. Disappointments come and are overcome. Hearts are depressed and hearts are buoyed up again. The Mason's Lodge receives new material for its spiritual walls, new wisdom to its wisdom, strength to its strength, beauty to its beauty; likewise the brothers bear many a polished block to lamented graves. Up the mystic steps untried feet are continually passing. At the sacred portals, trembling hands are still knocking. Within the guarded and secluded chambers, very nigh to heaven, the hallowed fire is yet burning. The call from labor to refreshment and from refreshment to labor, is still heard resounding; while the field of graves has always some freshly upturned earth that marks a new tenant who sleeps beneath the sprigs of evergreen with which his comrades defied the power of death.

Three years—the mutability of time affects us all. Those who formed the rearguard, called to be last, become the first, while many who were the first, exchange places with the last, outstripped in the race of knowledge.

Three years brought its necessary changes to Catharine Williams. For more than a twelvemonth after her summary rejection of Herman, her heart had remained unoccupied.

The haughty beauty could not discover in any of those who crowded around her with their attentions, a worthy substitute for one for whom now that he was lost to her, she felt more tenderness than she would willingly have acknowledged. At last however she yielded.

The conquerer was a certain Colonel Kirkham, well known throughout the district as a hanger-on upon the great, a candidate for the hands of heiresses in general, and a servile friend to all who had means or influence at their command.

This notorious character had first gained her eye by a timely display of boldness in relieving her from her horse, which was making some furious demonstrations of terror. The thankful glance she bestowed upon him, revealed his person in a gentleman of some thirty-five years of age, of polished exterior, with a soft, flattering tongue, and a most respectful deference to the wishes of the alarmed lady.

The walk home, for which she thankfully accepted his proffered arm, confirmed her first impression of him, and when at parting he begged permission to call the next morning, and enquire after her health, she cordially assented. This visit was followed up by another, then by a third, and soon Col. Kirkham became her stated attendant, escorting her to balls, parties, and the other scenes into which she had again plunged to drown remembrances of her former lover. In a few months this assiduity was so generally noticed, that the affair was popularly considered a match. The swarm of admirers that had previously buzzed around her, withdrew their attentions, thus tacitly acknowledging themselves defeated. Then came a proposal of marriage from the gallant swain. At first it was declined, but so soft was the tone of refusal that the petitioner could but continue his addresses. A second proffer was urged with increased vehemence and fervor. This met with the same result, but in a still more hesitating manner. A third trial followed, for Col. Kirkham had become too much accustomed to things of this sort to allow his zeal to be dampened while there was any hope of eventual success, and *faint heart never won fair lady*, was the motto of the gallant swain. This time, with much doubt, much delay, the tender confession was at last made, and Col. Kirkham rode proudly off that night as the affianced lover of the wealthy Catharine Williams.

The marriage in due time was consummated, and the first letter Herman received as he entered Rome, contained the startling announcement.

"Your old flame, Kate W., is spliced hard and fast. And of all the world, who do you think? you would never guess, never in a month of Sundays. Not Charley L——, nor Gus.

——, nor Tom C. T——, nor any of the Fountain Green boys. But of all the suitors in the world, that old fortune hunter, Col. Kirkham, who has been oftener rejected in his search for a rich wife, than any ten men in the State. Poor Kate, I pity her! she can't possibly be happy long with such a man. She wants a husband who will give her his entire confidence! now I'll venture to say there isn't a lawyer on the circuit with half so many bad secrets in his possession as Col. K——, and though I wish her no evil, I predict this step will prove the bane of her life. * * * * The Masonic brethren are very anxious you should return. Our new Hall is dedicated, and a beautiful affair it is. The lower apartments are to be used for school rooms, and the Lodge has agreed to pay the expense of educating eight children, session by session. This will enable poor Terry to school his boys without further difficulty. Poor fellow, he is not long for this world. The brethren are desirous you should see Dr. George Oliver, when you return to England, and propound those questions to him which we debated the night before you left. His elucidation in 'The Landmarks' is beautiful, but not sufficiently extended.

"Pick up all the French and German authors on Masonry you can find. Our Masonic library has already reached one hundred volumes, and has done much good. * * * *"

The third year brought Herman back to Fountain Green, where he resumed the practice of medicine, for which, by his European studies he was now eminently qualified. He had stood at the base of Mount Moriah, and looking up towards the consecrated spot, hallowed by the three grand offerings of *faith*, *repentance*, and *devotion unto death*, had mourned over the changes produced by time and sin. He had walked through the valley of Jehoshaphat, the figurative deposit of all rejected cowans.

He had examined the fords on the river Jordan; searched for the clay grounds anciently lying on its banks between Succoth and Zeradathah; walked all the way from Jerusalem to Joppa and back, to measure the time and distance with his own limbs. He had handled the sword of the immortal Godfrey

so carefully preserved in the Sacristy of the Holy Sepulcher. He had plucked a branch from one of the few remaining cedars on the snowy peaks of Lebanon, and a sprig of evergreen from the valley of Gihon. He had pitched his tent amidst the ruins of Tyre, once the center of maratime and architectural enterprise, and spent many days in the now deserted capital of the powerful King Hiram. At Malta he had inspected the remains of the great Knights who once bore the banners of the Templars into the thickest of the arrayed strife.

Returning to Europe, he had made acquaintance with the most distinguished Masons in the different kingdoms, and familiarized his mind with the peculiarities of the various rites. Possessing ample means, he had accumulated a valuable stock of Masonic publications, and now he returned home, laden with the stores of a well-filled mind and an unusually large collection of authors. These things endeared him greatly to the hearts of his brethren. There is no class of men more grateful than Masons, or readier to acknowledge an obligation of this sort. The efforts of an enterprising brother will assuredly be rewarded.

His own Lodge, with which he had kept up a regular correspondence during his three years' tour, acknowledged their indebtedness by placing him once more in their Masonic east. The Grand Lodge endorsed their favorable judgment, and elevated him by regular graduations to the highest honors at her command.

And while basking in the confidence and esteem of his brethren, Herman was not unmindful of the duty he owed to his own heart. Time had effaced every regretful memory connected with Catharine Williams.

The ungentle treatment of one in whom his love had centred, changed his whole feelings towards her, and when at his return he called upon her at the request of her husband, it was with the unconcern of a mere acquaintance.

But a new chain was about to be wound around him, far more enduring than the former. The fair enchantress was no other than Catharine's gentle cousin Martha, whose warm

defence of Herman formed the opening sentences of this sketch. The manner of their engagement was as follows:

Martha had a brother who resided in a neighboring town, a medical gentleman like Herman, and likewise a member of the Masonic order. They were frequently thrown together both professionally and fraternally, and soon became intimate friends. A Masonic procession was announced for a certain day, connected with a public presentation of a full set of robes to the Royal Arch Chapter of Fountain Green by the liberal-hearted ladies. The lady selected to deliver the address, was Martha Bone, and our friend Herman consented to make the reply. During the young lady's remarks, she had occasion to allude to the weakness of that argument so frequently offered by cavilling spirits, that Masonry places a barrier between husband and wife. This subject she disposed of so handsomely and with so much delicacy and propriety withal, that Herman, who was to respond, could not help admiring not merely the argument itself, but the kindled look and sparkling eye that rendered it so irresistible.

The ceremonial being ended, he could not do less than accept the invitation of her brother, Dr. Bone, to dine with them. So he conducted her home, and the hour spent in that neat, happy dwelling, confirmed his destiny. For there Martha reigned as queen in the hearts of parents, brothers, and sisters, and he saw at a glance that her's was no common order of mind.

The acquaintance was assiduously followed up and ere long strengthened by a direct offer of marriage. No objections or grounds for delay could be made, and soon after the village paper announced the marriage of Dr. H. Crosswell to Miss Martha Hargous Bone. A general expression of good will from all their friends followed their marriage, for it was clear that so far as human foresight could extend, the twain had every prospect of a happy union. In this popular expression we must however record one dissenting vote, that of Miss Hannah Rice, not yet married, but not yet despairing. This experienced spinster was never so distressed, it was said, as when the number of marriageable females was reduced in this

way. Scandal whispered that the true reason was, not that she loved females less, but that she loved males more; and that in every case of this sort she felt as if she had been defrauded out of her own. Be that as it may, the glib-tongued damsel, at a called meeting of the Fountain-Green-Female-Sewing-Benevolent-and-Social-Club, expressed her sentiments, "that it seemed strange to *her* that a man like Herman Croswell *could* patch up his affections, (she was then engaged in patching up a bedquilt for the distressed Pawnees) *could* patch up his affections in this way, so soon after having them lacerated by the *scorn* of Kate Williams. For *her* part she thought it surprising *how* easy *some* folks *could* get over a thing of *this* sort; *she* was sure *she* never, never could—no *never*, *never*,"—and so thought all her friends.

But was Catharine happy in her marriage with one who possessed so few qualities to render a union permanent? Alas, the honey moon was hardly at an end when the fatal mistake she had made became evident. That Col. Kirkham had married her for her fortune alone, did not admit of a doubt. That he had totally failed in imparting to her that full confidence which she had expected from a husband, she read in the fact that no sooner was her marriage with him announced than his creditors, whose claims had been carefully concealed from her until this moment, one and all sent in their accounts to her and clamored for payment. There were bills running back almost to the period of his maturity. There were tailors' bills, board bills, bills for every article of clothing, bills for luxuries of all sorts, bills for horses and horse hire, and bills for borrowed money. Nay, worse than that, there were gambling claims, bets on races, debts of honor, &c.. and such a startling sum-total did all these demands present, that the outraged wife at once declared she would never pay them.

From this determination however, Catharine was driven by threats from the creditors that they would expose the claims for sale at auction at the court-house door, unless she settled them, and this brought her reluctantly to terms. More than five thousand dollars were consumed in this operation, and the

foundation for a permanent misunderstanding between husban and wife was deeply laid.

A year rolled by, and the birth of their child promised to unite the parties, between whom a sad incompatibility of temper was now manifest. There was more tenderness then on both sides. The bickerings which had become too common, now ceased, and when the pale but happy mother took her first drive through the poplar grove, after her confinement, and gazed from the face of the lovely infant into that of her admiring and certainly well-featured husband, she felt as if there was yet something in store for her. But it was not so to be. The little one, in whom so many hopes were centered, sickened and died. The old strife was rekindled by the presentation of several heavy bills made by the Colonel within a month after their marriage, *and without informing her of the act.* Things were fast hurrying to a crisis.

One night after she had retired, her secretary was broken open and a large sum of money abstracted ; and although Col. Kirkham made loud and bustling threats against the robbers, and even had two of the servants imprisoned for the theft, yet in her heart Catharine could not help believing that his own hands had committed the deed.

There was something on his mind too that she could not comprehend. In his dreams he muttered words of tenderness that had no reference to herself, and of fears of which nothing that she had been informed of could be the subject. What an entire failure had she made, in carrying out the principle, that in her maiden days, she had established for herself! how far was she from the declaration recorded in the first chapter, "my head shall never be pillowed on a casket that is sealed to me."

As the childless mother, unable to sleep from sadness, mused through the weary hours of night, while her partner tossed and murmured mysteriously at her side, she felt in her heart of hearts, that an ill-assorted marriage is a hell upon earth. But it was too late. She had mingled the draught with her own hands, and she must drain the cup, bitter though it was.

The unexplained reserve in her husband's manners, fast

increased. He took long excursions from home and when he returned would render no account of his absence. Visitors with rude manner and loud voices, were often closeted with him for hours together, and although the subject of their conference was concealed from Catharine, yet she heard enough to be sure that these men had some mysterious claim upon her husband which he could not shake off.

One evening too as she walked out all alone in the poplar grove, the scene of so many happy hours in former days, she observed Col. Kirkham in company with a strange female, whose despairing gestures spoke of a deeply-wounded heart.

Husband and wife became more and more estranged. They no longer occupied the same apartments, scarcely, indeed the same house. Servants were permitted to hear their mutual upbraidings, and the scandal of it went abroad, delighting the heart of Hannah Rice, but paining every other hearer.

Then followed a full explanation of the mystery. A warrant from the Governor came down to arrest Col. Kirkham for forgery committed long before, but concealed thus far by pensioning the witnesses. New developments followed hard and fast. A young woman, the same who had fallen under Catharine's observation in the poplar grove, called at the splendid mansion now so desolate, and brought ample testimony to the horror-stricken mistress, that a legal marriage between herself and Col. Kirkham had been entered into more than two years prior to Catharine's marriage. This was the crowning point of her grief. A divorce was at once sued for and obtained, but although she thus became free from the marriage chain so wickedly wound around her, the heavier chain of self-accusation, and of a crushed heart, pressed her beneath its weight and the links thereof entered her soul.

POSTSCRIPT.—We had not thought it necessary to add a moral to this tale, but the opinion of esteemed friends who had perused the manuscript, changed our plan. We therefore appear as the apologists of King Solomon.

We declare then by way of postscript, that while as Masons, we make no unnatural reservations between husband and

wife, sharing no blessings among ourselves from which our beloved partners are debarred, seeking for no gratification or advantage, but such as will enable us to make them happier, yet there must be, not only in the constitution of Masonry, but in the very constitution of the sexes, in their different spheres of action, in their different tastes, capacities, and temptations, *there must be, and there is*, a history for each, which the other is forbidden to know, and which nothing but an unclean curiosity ever induces the desire to know. Practically, this is well understood in every domestic circle. Nay, it is well understood even by that open-mouthed class of feminine Antimasons of which Harriet Martineau is leader.* In the very claim which females set up, and which, by unanimous consent among civilized nations is allowed them, in their claim for extraordinary attentions on the score of physical inferiority, this position is confirmed.

It is only when the abstract question comes up, why is not Masonry open to the female sex, that hard feelings arise and the female class is inclined to take ground against us. But we contend that this is not the form in which the question should be started. To which sexual sphere is Masonry adapted? that is the shape we propose for it.

Now the answer may be gained by reference to the very origin of Masonry. It originated among *men*,—was designed to protect laboring *men* in their rights,—to add the lightness of superior knowledge to the inherent hardships of their profession,—to enable *men* to overcome the peculiar temptations to which in their exposed position they were peculiarly liable.

Then the answer must be this, Why is not Masonry open to the female sex? because females are not *men*.

In general, it is only those viragos who yearn for a beard, and who unsex themselves in their conventions for Woman's Rights, it is only these in general who make the demand placed in the mouth of Catharine Williams in the second chapter.

* Miss Martineau took ground in 1836, against Freemasonry.

Of such an one that facetious writer, Lawrence Sterne, says, Vol. 4, page 271, "She would have stood a shot any time to be made a Mason!"

It was such an one who published abroad her indignation in the Antimasonic times, because our Ahiman Rezon associates woman in this manner, "Rule 17, No woman or enuch, or old man in his dotage, can be made a Mason."

To such females we only commend patience under the lot to which providence has subjected them. Their greatest hardship in life is an unfeminine curiosity—cured of that they will be at ease.

But to that vast multitude of the gentle sex who are content to walk modestly in their own sphere and be verily a help *meet* for man, here's a Mason's hand and heart.

For you, bright sharers of our joys, sweet consolers of our affliction, for you shall the golden harvest of Masonry be gathered, although we may not demand your presence in the tiresome sowing or in the hot reaping. For you our gavels shall resound, our symbols shall shine, our monthly labors shall be continued, and while one chord can vibrate within our bosoms, to your love it shall be fondly attuned.

"Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us; for thou also hast wrought all our works in us." Amen. So mote it be. Amen.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF FREEMASONRY.*

WHEREVER man is tracing,
The weary ways of care,
Midst wild and desert pacing,
Or land of softer air,
We surely know each other,
And with good words of cheer,
Each brother hails his brother,
And hope wings lightly there.

* AIR—"*The Feast of Roses.*" Masonic Lyrics, No. 3, by the Author.

Wherever tears are falling—
  The soul's dark wintry rain—
And human sighs are calling,
  To human hearts in vain,
We surely know each other, &c.

Wherever prayer is spoken,
  In earnestness of faith,
We're minded of the token,
  That tells our Master's death:
We pray then for each other, &c.

Wherever man is lying,
  Unknowing and unknown,
There's one yet by the dying
  He shall not die alone.
For then we know each other,
  And with good words of cheer,
Each brother hails his brother,
  And hope wings lightly there.

WASHINGTON.

A MASONIC POEM.

1.

GLORY TO GOD, IN COURTS OF GLORY HIGH!
EARTH, BALMY PEACE! GOOD WILL, GOOD WILL TO MEN!
O'er the still plain, beneath the starlit sky
Ring the glad tidings; and, again, again,
GLORY TO GOD, TO GOD! the dewy plain
Echoes the notes; the midnight solitude
Wood, mount, and waters, catch the glowing strain!
Ah ne'er was heard such note since Satan stood,
Sad hour, in Eden's groves, and worked to man no good!

2.

Heaven's joy that night was perfect: Christ was born,
Immanual, Prince of Peace and Son of God.
New grief to demons, wailing and forlorn,
Grief to their spirits as a venomed sword.
To GOD ON HIGH—thus the accord—
ON EARTH, GOOD WILL AND PEACE. GOOD WILL AND PEACE.
Now far ascending, singing as they soared.
The angelic brothers vanish; echoes cease,
And from their wondering trance the Shepherds' souls release.

3.

Spirits of peace, since that bright Christmas eve,
Have oft descended from the ladder's top,
And brought to those who suffer and believe
The priceless blessings of the Christian's hope,
That soon humanity will cease to grope
In doubts and darkness as in days gone by.
And follow Him, the Peaceful, journeying up,
From Bethlehem to gory Calvary,
Who died that we might live, and lives to eternity.

4.

Heaven sent a Washington: there was much need—
Ages had rolled along, and hearts had bled,
And liberty downtrodden as a weed,
No shelter found for her defenceless head:
Peace lay like Lazarus in sepulchral bed:—
God raised up Washington, and freedom smiled;
Once more to yearning hearts the angels said,
GOOD WILL TO MAN, OF GRACE THE FAVORED CHILD!
GOOD WILL TO MAN; that voice shall never more be stilled.

5.

On Trestle-board divine the plan was traced,—
The Master Architect his work surveyed—
Each virtue in its proper balance placed;
Each ornament of purest metal made;
Each block in symmetry exact was laid;
And there stood Washington the Mason-man,—
Wise unto warfare's sanguinary trade,
Wiser to PEACE such was the Master's plan!
And Wisdom, Beauty, Strength, through all the Temple ran

6.

Caution his chiefest care; the outer gate
Was strictly guarded; through its portals came
Naught could betray; prudent, deliberate,
Each messenger bore out undoubted claim
To instant reverence and deathless fame.
Thus, tyled with care, his sanctuary kept
Unstained its altar, unforgot its flame.
While sentinels on other watch-towers slept,
And PRUDENCE o'er the ills of sad indifference wept.

7.

Sober in all things. TEMPERANCE, the spring
Of human strength, was paramount in him
There was no vile excess or lust to bring,
Untimely feebleness to manly limb.

Or dull his ear, or make his eye grow dim.
Like him of old, the leader through the sea,
Floated no changes on life's rapid stream,
Age brought him death but not infirmity:
Bore hence the vigorous frame unshaken by decay.

8.

How great his FORTITUDE! protracted war,
Caused patriot hearts to sink dispirited—
His bleeding army cast in flight before
A taunting enemy—his hopes betrayed—
How great his FORTITUDE! firm, undismayed
The pillar of his suffering country stood.
By night a glow, by day refreshing shade,
A column fixed, broken but unsubdued!
Plumbed by the Master's hand,—by him pronounced GOOD.

9.

Excellent he in JUSTICE; if to do,
In all that life presents, from day to day,
To others as you would they do to you,
If this be Masonry a Mason he!
Unswerving to the right or left, his way
Was onward, upward; in his hand the scale
Of righteousness was equipoised, to pay
Homage to God—hail, great Creator hail!
JUSTICE to man—for man was *brother* beloved well.

10.

But not these sterner virtues only stand
Around this good man's life; true BROTHERLY LOVE,
Such as the ancient brethren cherished, and
RELIEF that does both pain and wo remove,
And TRUTH, an attribute of God above,
Clustered like dropping vines on Washington.
What marvel that admiring Masons strove
To catch the light from such a matchless sun,
Or claim the mantle ere the godlike chief was gone.

11

Henceforth the Christmas song need not be stilled!
The conqueror, ere the battle's turmoil cease,
Turns from the glory of the encrimsoned field
And bends in homage to the Prince of Peace.
GLORY TO GOD—that anthem shall increase;
ON EARTH such lives proclaim GOOD WILL TO MAN.
Henceforth when angels sing Immanuel's grace
We'll strike the harp and recognize the plan—
Oh that our earth might yield such Temple-work again!

12.

Lo the sands swiftly run! behold, our lives
Dropping like foliage to a solemn close!
To-day the bud bright expectation gives,
To-morrow blossoms to a transient rose,
Another morn and its whole beauty goes:
Its leaves are scattered wastefully around,
No heart remembering; another glows
Upon the stem; another hope is crowned;
And this is human life, the life the dead have found.

13.

Count well the moments then; fill up the day;
Brothers, let wisdom's hand your life plans trace.
The Temple will be finished though *we* may,
Not see the stone exalted to its place:
It is enough that God will see and bless:
Labor while it is day; there's work for all;
The Trestle-Board proclaims it, and alas!
Too soon will night spread its hueless pall:
Too soon *the grave, the grave!* for which there's no recall.

14.

Clouds may obscure us; slander may detract;
The foes of truth and rectitude unite;
But while within our mystic sphere we act
There lives no power can hinder or affright.
The Master's eye still oversees the right;
Heaven's books record it with angelic pen;
And when death summons calls us up the height,
A full reward for labor shall we gain,
In God's own Temple freed from sorrow, toil and pain.

15.

Man of a thousand virtues, Washington!
Thy model lent from heaven we prefer;
Our deeds upon that high design begun,
Shall merit praise tried by the Chief O'erseer:
Master of men! hear thou a Mason's prayer!
Breathe in our spirits a true love of peace;
Teach us a brother's bonds and woes to share;
Enlarge our charity, our faith increase,
And save us all in Christ, the Mason's righteousness!

THE BIRTH, LIFE, AND DEATH

OF

STONE-SQUARERS' LODGE, NO. 91.

PART FIRST.—THE BIRTH.

Ye are the salt of the earth.—Ye are the light of the world.

"Now eff this don't make the old man chaw his backy fine, I'm a Guinea! He's done fowt the Masons ever sense we've been together, now gwine on forty year, and to have the drotted things stuck here right under his nose at last, 'twill be the death on him, sure as shooten!"

These words, portentous of evil, speedy and vast, were addressed by old Mrs. Mowthphoole, (currently known in the Bend as Granny Mouthful,) to her grand-daughter, Hepsibah Truck, who had just brought her the startling tidings, by way of neighbor Serkses', "that the Masons had *done detarmed* to start a lodge, and set the *masontry-mill* to grinding, next Saturday, come three weeks!"

Mrs. M. was a finished specimen, from the old-fashioned anti-masonic trestle-board: she was one of that most-gone set who did the talking, and evil speaking, and dirty work of their grand master, the devil, before a political party in 1826 took it out of their hands, nor ever returned them a thankee in the way of recompense. This lady was a member of the church—that class always is—which approaches nearest in doctrine to pure fanaticism. There is no institution that so plainly inculcates the duty of *works* in evidence of *faith*, as Masonry; therefore, none is so obnoxious to fatalists in general.

In her apparel, Mrs. Mowthphoole was as peculiar as the Masons themselves. She wore the covering and adorned herself with the ornaments whose counterparts had served her ancestors generations before.

Her frock (not to invade the arcana) was homespun and home-made, but alas! the skill of the widow's son was

visible neither in the web, nor in the cut, nor in the make. (2d Chron. ii. 14.) The pattern was the same to which nature cuts all *her* coverings; that is, *the frame itself;* and with curious fidelity did the garment follow the curves and angles, (the hills and valleys), for which the steel had prepared it. As this old dame was reduced in flesh, this dress, so suggestive of the jewel it inclosed, forcibly reminded you of the bark on a cherry tree, and for the life of you, you yearned to pull out your knife and cut it open, that the imprisoned body might be released.

Her shoes were of —— they were locked up, in fact; for the weather was too warm for horseskin.

Her head, naturally rejoicing in a sandy mat for a covering, was now enfolded in the additional envelop of a red flannel cap, made upon the principle that causes glass-makers to color their junk bottles so, that is, *that they may use the coarse materials.* Iron spectacles, a string of purple glass beads, (*purple* as denoting a union of bad taste with —— no matter what,) and a cob pipe, completed both her attire and adornments. In brief, Mrs. Mowthphoole was what that disrespectful young male, Sammy Stokes, calls *an old she*, and the big- mouthed Professor Lerose styles a *chondropterygian!*

The reader will see our motive in describing this venerable dame at such full length, (she was just five feet nine and a half long,) when we agnize him that in that vicinity there were fourteen other old women who also wore red woolen caps; incased themselves in cherry bark frocks; were wealthy in glass beads; smoked cob pipes; locked up their horseskin in sultry weather; belonged to the Mohammedan style of church membership, and were ardent antimasons. (They styled themselves *ampisamsons*, but we presume it means the same thing, in Dutch.)

One word as to Mrs. M.'s house, and we'll go along faster. Of course it was *log*, dirt-daubed, etc.; many an excellent Mason lives in no better, and *we* have no better for us and ours; but then Mowthphoole's tenement was such a mean sort of one. The census-taker thus sketched

it for us: "The mud, hit was put in in frosty weather, and was always fallin' *out*, while the bark from the poles, they being cut in summer weather, hit was always fallin' *in!*" Around the room hung four Dutch paintings of Clay, Webster, Jackson, and one that was labeled "Banviewrin," which latter, from the fact of its having no top-knot, was probably intended for the ex-President from Kinderhook. The mouth of Clay was like a buffalo's, (the fish, not the quadruped,) while Jackson's face was sharp enough to open oysters with. There was a bureau in the room, on which the thin veneering stood in incurable blisters, and there was the usual quantity of old rickety furniture around. And now let's hear something further from Mrs. M., as she murmurs through her cob pipe.

"I'll be dogged eff it don't kill the old varmint [she meant her husband] plum dead, fee-ee-ee, the minute he hears it. And who's the no-counts that's getting it up? Lots and gobs on 'em, I'll be bound! Parson Ellyphant, did you say? Fee-ee-ee! I'll be bound he's one. Yes, fee-ee-ee. Such a feller — tall assurance. His fingers ollers minds me of a hanful of possom-tails. Oh, my ring-tailed monkey, diddle, fee-ee-ee. Eff there's enny one thing I *wouldn't* marry, it's a sarkut rider; fee-ee-ee. Eff I couldn't be a too-seeder, I'd be a see-seeder, but neverdi marry *him*, not by a jug full; fee-ee-ee."

These reflections, the result of profound investigation, were interspersed with periodic sucks at the pipe, in acknowledgment of which the smoke and vapor gurgled antagonistically through the cane tube, accompanied with noise.

"But here's the old varmint himself. It'll kill him, I know it'll kill him plum dead! Leastways it ought to!" And with praiseworthy resignation the dame seated herself in the chimney corner, in a position to afford her a view of the catastrophe, come as it *mout*, and continued her amusement through the hollow cane with increased zest, despite her anticipated widowhood.

He was not a tall man, old Ben M. wasn't; that is, he

might have been tall once, but, if so, he had *sunk doun.* There is no architectural term for exactly such a building as he. The Egyptian order, which delights in the massive (Byron terms it "the colossal copyist of deformity"), has something like it in those pillars which bulge out in the middle, as if the weight on top was too much for their shoulders. Such, though on an enlarged scale, was Benjamin Mowthphoole, or if it *wasn't*, there is nothing else that was.

The dress of this worthy patriarch (he resembled the patriarch Jacob in two things, the number of his children, and the way he raised them up); the deacon's dress, we say, resembled that of his antiquated partner, except that "the bifurcated garment with an anterior door" (Miss Slap's definition of breeches), which he sported from the ribs down, were dyed with sumac juice, fastened with copperas, and that he wore shoes, untanned and home-made, of course, *and* a coonskin cap. Both had evidently kept the same grand principles in view, viz: to confine the scissors to the ancient landmarks, and to let no man or body of men (or women either), make innovations.

His first movement, on entering his dwelling, was to the barrel of red-head always on the tap in the corner of the room. Thence, he drew a cupful of fluid, originally concealed in the shape of corn, but very differently flavored now from any corn in the world. This he drank, and the effect of the potation was cordial. There was an increased glow of the countenance, and a loosening of the lingual cable-tow. He had not heard the dreadful intelligence that was certain, and as his expected demise was postponed, Mrs. M. relaxed in her attention, and resumed her work. This was to turn a pile of old garments, by means of a cast-off pair of Surgeon's shears, into slips for a rag-carpet, to be exchanged for "store truck."

It is annoying to observe what an affectation of wisdom, ignorant old men will put on, while uttering their nonsense. The deacon, relaxed by the cornjuice aforesaid, commenced an interminable dawdle, all about a heifer

he'd been all the way to Redbook's to trade for—and how the sorry thing had the hollow horn when he seed her—and how some young mules chawed off his horse's tail, every hair of it—and how old Marm Swett was battling her clothes down't the branch as he come past—while her no-count gals was rubbing snuff at the house—and how there'd be a late spring this year, *caze* Easter come so late—and a heap of rubbish all to the same purpose.

Fortunately in this instance, the dawdle was prematurely nipped. A halloo at the fence was heard; a rattling of chairs from the house answered it; a peal of dogs from every corner followed; a flock of dirty children, black, white and composite rushed to the door; while over all loomed the gray hairs of Deacon Mowthphoole.

It was nobody but neighbor Serkses, a mortal of the same class, order, genus and species with himself.

The riot was quelled with chunks and bats, and the visitor ushered hospitably into the house, a long train of hounds following and comparing notes among themselves by sight and scent, keen as a drunkard's nose, concerning him.

Billy Serkses, figuratively speaking, was down at the heel. As himself said *he wasn't so pooty well as you mout imagine!*

A cupful of the juice failed to make his heart glad, the first failure of the sort unto him ever known. A second was equally unsuccessful for Billy sat silent, only batted his eye (the other was in North Corolina—gouged), looked solemnly at the deacon, and shook his head. It was so dry a head and so much resembled a dead gourd, that you naturally expected to hear the seeds rattle when he shook it, and you were disappointed because they didn't. A third operated more powerfully. With a reckless disregard of human life he blurted out, "Deacon I come over to tell you—the Masons is gwine to start a lodge at Swipsey's—right off—I'll be dogged eff they aint!" and he reached out his hand for a fourth cup.

The human mind is telegraphic in its nature. It calls

up the past, it anticipates the future with equal rapidity. That of Deacon Mowthphoole, flashed with inconceivable speed as it took in at a glance all the evils of this step. Not even the penman of that lightning verse, "Adam, Sheth, Enoch," (1 Chron. i, 1.) could dart over the centuries more swiftly than this experienced antimason. In the gloomy perspective he saw it all—schools would be established; whisky-drinking abolished; improvements in farming, in dress, in manners, in religion; churches built on free grace principles; a neglect of old-fashioned things and old-fashioned people like himself; these and other mischiefs would assuredly follow upon the establishment of a Mason's Lodge.

But the deacon was no child of yesterday. Exacerbated as he was he remembered that one man can destroy an edifice which exhausted the skill of a thousand builders. Therefore he did not faint. He did not die *plum dead* as his yokefellow had predicted. Bad as he rather undeniably was he did not even lose hope—he only took a cupfull of cornjuice and in a resolute voice declared, "Eff they try it they'd better not!" In that phrase he expressed the sentiments of all the antis in Squashes' precinct.

The report thus conveyed to the auricles of Deacon Mowthphoole was genuine. The six stray sheep of the masonic fold who lived in the Bend *had* resolved, that to go twenty miles to attend lodge at Elgin, was too great a sacrifice for them, and they must have one nearer home.

The idea was by no means novel; indeed it had long been entertained. Years before, there was a petition started by that enthusiastic young brother, McLesky, who proposed to erect a hall at his own expense, so anxious was he to see Masonry planted in the Bend. But his sudden and melancholy death closed the scheme.

Then Elder Flint, who had held a quarterly conference at Swipsey's Chapel, and had been half starved for want of temporal and spiritual accommodations, recommended

the Masons to organize a body there, if only for religion's sake, and offered to help them. Next the Grand lecturer, Bruce, who was on a visit to his uncle, Parson Moses, joined his solicitations to the others and proposed, if the brethren would go into it, to stay a week among them and give them instruction gratis.

But although the demand was urgent, and these offers tempting, the Masons were slow to move. None of them in worldly matters were unembarrassed, however affluent they might be in masonic wealth, and they feared the expense. At last a motion became visible, as we have said, and at a stated meeting in Elgin Lodge it was decided by the six, that if the town Masons would come out and give them a start, and lend them funds to begin with, and recommend them to the Grand Master, they would shoulder the burden, and strike in the name of the Lord. The town Masons shook hands with them as a token of acceptance.

The enterprising six were, Parson Moses,* an old man but young in Masonry, who had been expelled from the fatalist church the year before, a church in which he had preached from his youth up, for becoming a Mason; Mr. Alexander Boxton, the schoolmaster and class leader at Swipsey's Chapel, so rigid in doctrine that he had more than once declared himself, "Methodist warp and filling, drove up by a beetle!" Thomas Houghton, carpenter, and like all carpenters, the father of many living children; and the three brothers Bell, of whom it had been pleasantly said that, if ever three bells *were* cast to the same note, they were Saul, Noah and Isaiah Bell, so well did the

* We were once visiting a Lodge in a certain state capital, and saw the principal officers of the state, the governor, ex-governor, secretary, supreme judge, auditor, attorney general, adjutant general, etc., all Masons, and members of the Lodge, while the Lodge itself was governed as follows: the W. M. was a journeyman printer; S. W. a carpenter; J. W. a painter; Secretary a tinner. It is known that George Washington himself never rose to distinguished Masonic honors, and for the good reason that he never attained to what is technically styled *the work* of Masonry.

Masonry values no man on account of his worldly wealth or honors.

Bells agree in everything. Such was the seed of the new Lodge.

The three principal sources of opposition to be encountered were these: *First*, the neighborhood, as the reader has already learned, was offensively antimasonic. The professing Christians in the Bend (all except the few who met at Swipsey's, and a couple of Cumberland Presbyterians), belonged to Deacon Mowthphooles's church, a church of which it may be truly said, that *the creed is not written*, and for the sufficient reason, that *ink is not dark enough to indite it;* but which is as well known to friend and foe, as though it were printed in "Harper's Library of Select Novels."

Second. There were four licensed grogshops and a distillery in the Bend, the full-egged nests of vice and strife. Beside this, the housekeepers generally, kept a barrel of red-head for family use, bought at the distillery of Deacon Mowthphoole. The stereotyped excuse for this was (did ever a mortal purchase strong drink without some good reason for it? a liquor-seller hears as many confessions as Father O'Riley, but not quite so many promises), the excuse was, that *the milk-sick* was in the hills, and a barrel of liquor cost less than a cow anyway! This apology was about equal, in point of application, to that of the Dutchman, who said he put eggs into his sugar-water to get out the *purities*.

Third. Beside those two sources of antimasonry, than which none is more destructive than the free use of strong drink, and therefore it is, that temperance comes first in our list of cardinal virtues, there was a whole nest of abandoned women on the river-side, and a splendid game country in the hills, opposite, the one spreading licentiousness, the other idleness, all through the Bend.

Then, there was no house fit for Lodge purposes, nor could the feeble half dozen who were about to shoulder this heavy burden, bear the expense of building one. This difficulty had appeared insurmountable ever since poor McLesky's death, but on the second coming of

Elder Flint, that whole-souled Mason suggested, that another story might readily be built on Swipsey's chapel, and to start the thing handsomely, he pledged himself to raise fifty dollars toward it, if the brethren in the Bend would advance the rest. So powerfully impressed was this experienced minister with the importance of throwing a moral restraint around that abandoned district, by the aid of Masonry, which religion, single-handed, seemed inadequate to do.

The brethren agreed to the latter proposition, although, as the chapel was of logs, and had been erected ten years before, the additional story looked like a new French bonnet upon a venerable dame of ninety. The title to one half the property was henceforth vested in the Grand Lodge, the other half in the General Conference of the church.*

An election for constable, held at Squashes' grocery, enabled the settlement to learn amid the picking of banjoes and the torturing of feline viscera, that the Masons, with Parson Moses in the van, had got a dispensation from the Grand Master (a *disposition* public report styled it), and would begin next Saturday. Much blasphemy and some threats followed upon the news. The former fell unnoticed. The latter (which had reference to the unlawful application of fire), was met in a decided manner by Mr. Boxton. He took down the names of those who had dared to hint at arson, and gave it out that if Swipsey's chapel *should* at any time catch fire, a couple more should go from Gowan county to the penitentiary. As Gowan already had eight there, learning to make trace chains, this remark stifled farther threats, and Daddy Hook, who had been one of the incautious, never saw a thundercloud pass over for a twelvemonth afterward, but he prayed *it might not hit Swipsey's.*

* This will appear to some a singular coincidence. But we have reason to believe that the ancient masonic usage on this head, guided Wesley's mind, in arranging the title-deeds to the chapels and other church property in the connection.

A consultation meeting had been held at the house of the Rev. Dockery Moses, his excellent wife being previously and most unfairly decoyed away, on an imaginary report of a neighbor's sickness. This convention was opened by reading the Scriptures, and prayer.

The first thing to be settled at it, was the name of the new Lodge. There were four prevalent notions to consider. The parson first suggested the name of the Grand Master, by way of policy, but the other five opposed that, especially Boxton, who protested against using the name of any living person, on the ground that we don't know what a man will come to, before he dies. He cited three instances of Lodges that had been compelled to *change* their names, because the persons who had been thus honored in Lodge nomenclature, were afterward *expelled* from Masonry for gross offenses. Boxton proposed the title of *Conference Lodge*, as being euphonistic and not un-Masonic. But the others voted that down with a shout. It was sectarian, they said, and would be so construed by the public.

Brother Houghton was of the opinion that *Temperance Lodge* would be a good hit. Declined unanimously. The three brothers Bell agreeing, as usual, offered *Convexity Lodge* as just the thing. What idea they had connected with the term convexity, is inexplicable. The other three refused it. So they did the various substitutes of *Bible Lodge*, *Compass Lodge*, *Square Lodge*, *Bend Lodge*, *Swipsey's Lodge*, *Chapel Lodge*, *Flint Lodge*, *Level Lodge*, *Gavel Lodge*, *Trowel Lodge*, *Moses' Lodge*, *Globe Lodge*, *Lodge of the Two Pillars*, and many others. It did really seem as if the brethren would disperse on the question of naming.

At last, Mr. Houghton, who was turning over the leaves of a family Bible with marginal notes, that lay on the table, called the general attention to the word *Ghibbrin*, translated from the Hebrew, *Stone-Squarer*, and suggested the adoption of that word. Weary with the debate, it was

accepted, and resolved that the new Lodge should be styled *Stone-Squarers' Lodge, U. D.*

The next subject was quarterly dues. The members generally having large families and small means, a minimum charge for Lodge purposes must be adopted. But how much? Boxton said fifty cents a quarter. Too much. Noah Bell said fifteen cents, the other two Bells assenting. Too little. Then forty, thirty, twenty cents, were severally proposed and discussed. At last, by way of compromise, the latter was adopted, and eighty cents a year agreed upon.

Then came up the code of by-laws. Printed copies of those in use by the surrounding Lodges had been furnished them by Elder Flint, and some judgment was needed to adopt the better portion and reject the rest.*

A very stringent section concerning immorality in general, and the vices of intemperance, fighting, blasphemy, and gambling, in particular, was inserted by unanimous consent.

It was also resolved, *nem. dis.*, to have a chaplain as a standing officer, and that acting preachers, of whatever denomination, should receive the degrees gratis.† This (the general custom in the United States) was done with reference to the fact that preachers are rarely remunerated for their labor as other men, and therefore in charitable contributions they should be spared.

The stated meetings were now set for the Wednesday night after each full moon (to give the members light homeward), and thirteen meetings a year — the old rule.

Time and place being then satisfactorily designated, the few other necessary preliminaries were arranged, and the consultation was closed, as it had been opened, with

* It is to be regretted, that in many States no constitutional form of By-laws for the use of subordinate Lodges, has been furnished under Grand Lodge authority.

† In 1788 the Grand Lodge of Scotland decreed that the clergy should be initiated into Masonry free of charge. We opine that the cause of this will continue to exist till the millennium.

prayer. Rev. Dockery Moses was nominated first Worshipful Master, Bro. Boxton, first Secretary. The two elder Bells were made Wardens, and the younger, Treasurer, on the Grand Lodge principle, that a man of worldly substance should fill that office. Let them reconcile the principle to any constitutional principle who can. Another error was committed, a very usual one, that of making Houghton, who had no capacity for committing or delivering a sentence, the senior Deacon, one of the most important officers in a Lodge. Three of the Elgin Masons, whose names had gone with theirs on the petition, were taken to fill out the list of officers.

As funds were scarce, a few strips of tin, procured at the tin shop, were ingeniously shaped into the form of Lodge jewels, though, like the Egyptian hieroglyphics, they required an expounder to give their true intent.

A few yards of bleached goods and tape served for masonic aprons, after passing through the discipline of scissors and needle in the hands of the forgiving Mrs. Moses. Houghton made a beautiful G and gilded it, also some turned pillars, an altar, the necessary seats and stations. In framing the latter, he was Freemason enough to avoid the idea of pulpits, and substituted the true masonic principle of thrones. Miss Snaile, sister-in-law of Boxton, who was in possession of a small income of her own (old man Snaile, her father, being dead), presented the Lodge with curtains having the square and compass neatly embroidered thereon with her own fair fingers; also, a bucket and dipper for water; a big Bible, having the name and age of the new Lodge under the head of BIRTHS; and a cushion. This liberality on the part of the maiden, we are happy to say, met its own reward; for Saul Bell, who was all his days inclined to be over-bashful, took her generosity as a password, entered the door of her dwelling with masculine boldness, filed his petition for marriage, and astonished everybody by wedding her on the Wednesday after the second meeting of the Lodge. As the three Bells prided themselves on striking the same

note, the other two were driven in less than a twelvemonth to the same desperate act, and little Bells jingled forthwith.

The necessary notice had been forwarded to town, and the following announcement appeared conspicuously in the Elgin Courant:

MASONIC.

"The members of Stone-Squarers' Lodge, U. D., will organize at Swipsey's Chapel, in Pickett's Bend, Wednesday, May 5, at 2 P. M. Brethren from other Lodges fraternally welcome."

The day set apart for this august ceremony proved pleasant. Every omen was favorable. The sun rose clear; the breeze was balmy but not too fresh; the birds sounded the passwords, and made the signs their ancient brethren had done before them since they followed Eve out of Eden. By noon there was a large collection of people on the hill, which was crowned by Swipsey's chapel. The reader will please accompany us thither.

That old cataphracted man, whose tobacco-stained lips match his sumac-stained breeches, *that* is Deacon Mowthphoole. Some persons might feel a delicacy in hanging round a Masonic Lodge this way, but he has none to feel. He says *he's gwine to larn suthen*, and from his stupid appearance, it is certainly time he did. Luckily he's a trifle deaf, or something might slip through the large crack in that upper room, and he hear it!

That bony-looking young man, with Gen. Lewis Cass on his breastpin, and a pack of hounds on his coat buttons, *that* is Henry Herz. Henry has already put in his petition to be made a Mason, and can't be persuaded but that he'll be put through before midnight. He once paid a quarter to see an elephant, he says, and he got to see him right off. Why, then, should the Masons make him wait?

Those two chunky fellows on the log yonder, with eyes like a locomotive, are Rossini and Auber Linley. Their father once played his clarionette at a Mason's funeral, and he brought his sons up to worship the very idea of some

day joining the Masons. They are sitting there watching brother Ranwed's saddle-bags, from which they suppose *the branding* irons will be drawn. Ah, if they can only stand *the burning*, what Masons they'll make!

And hurrah, here comes the Elgin brethren, thirteen of them, all in a row, a real baker's dozen, and merry as griggs! That's Lee's voice! Bless us, you'd know it a league. He has just finished a joke, a real oyster of a thing, and see, Chandler looks pale and exhausted, as though he had been spitting blood, and the rest of them talk huskily; they've laughed so hard. Lee will be immensely wealthy whenever sound jokes are taken at par, but meantime he must stick to press-board, goose, cabbage, and needle.

There's Graylet. To look at him, wouldn't a man think he had lost his grandfather lately? And yet that man, Graylet, does dryer wit and enjoys it better than any other in his chapter. But he laughs *inside*, as though he was swallowing tobacco juice, and keeps his enjoyment tyled as close as he does the Royal Arch Degree itself.

Here they come; make way for them, for they are the salt of Elgin. Here's a body of Masons that Masonry may well glory in. Every one of them is a temperance man; not one of them swears. Every one of them has his little pasteboard box, inclosing his regalia, brought down in honor of the new Lodge; not one of them but what belongs to some church. Good-fellowship lightens the orient of every eye. Fraternal feeling glistens through the pores of the face, and their very tongues ring with it. God bless such Masons as they. Not one of them laughs at the funny-looking bonnet of a thing, perched up there on top of the chapel; for they all understand, 'twas the best the brethren could do, banished as they were to the banks of the Euphrates. Oh! such a sinewy grip as their hands can give; they would almost lift up a dead body. They forbear to laugh at the hieroglyphical jewels so economically got up, and at the general rudeness of arrangements, for each visitor knows the heavy burden these enterprising

six have shouldered ;—yes, and each one has brought down a V in his pocket-book, to loan them. Therefore, instead of fault-finding, there is an expression of gratified surprise, that so much has been done, and so well done too; and many an encouraging prophesy is ventured, and many a pledge of aid is offered, if aid be required, and many—Oh! God bless such Masons anyhow.

The crowd of cowans, by this time, has now increased to a tumult. Jehoshaphat! only look at 'em. Here's the whole Himmel family to the third generation! Here's Bull Argot, the grocery keeper; in his case curiosity has prevailed over covetousness, and dragged the spider from his den. Here's Zelmira Jones, who teaches; and Parson Longfellow, who preaches. Here's *all* the boys and girls of the band. Here glistens two-bit calico, under the glaring meridian, gay as a peafowl's tail expanded. Here do greatly abound glass beads, gaudy ribbons, red-leather shoes, artificial flowers (of the Heliotrope genus), bandana handkerchiefs, and other things; concerning all which we may safely say, that King Solomon was not so decorated. Yonder lady wears four dozen chickens in her ears. Her sister, by her side, whose *Christian* name is Jabesh-gilead, has three geese and a coon represented in her breastpin; eight pairs of socks in her lace vail; a whole onion patch in her bonnet.

Surely these folks must suppose that Stone-Squarers' Lodge is to be organized in public; else why that remark from the philosophic Mowthphoole, echoed by Billy Serkses at his back, that *he'd larne suthen bout the dratted things fore supper, gawl swizzled eff he didn't!* What wonder that Brother Ranwed thinks, "No person has half so much curiosity to learn Mason-secrets, as the real red-hot anties; and if they would take such pains to acquire Masonry in a lawful way they would beat Solomon himself!"*

* A celebrated jester, no Mason, once published handbills in a locality like this, that he would deliver an address on a certain day, exposing all the Masons' secrets. An immense crowd gathered. Some came two days

But Swipsey's chapel now is full of them. They are not the sort to be driven away; they've come for something and something they'll have, before they go!

After a whispered consultation behind the house, it is considered best to ask them all up into the Lodge-room, and let Lee give them a talk. Agreed. He mounts the horse block, and in his loud comic way invites all within sound of his voice (two thousand yards if a fathom), to congregate *upstarrs* and hear a masonic discourse. Horrors what a rush! Houghton the carpenter, closes his eyes in dismay, that he may not see the *starrs* fall. They were never made for such a strain as this. Many accidents occur. Deacon Mowthphoole, first at the start, but failing in the outcome, has his glasses broken and his wife her pipe. Miss Zelmira Jones is heard to utter a naughty word as her tenderest corn is flattened under a behemoth's foot. Bull Argot, who rarely swears to a preacher, condemns Parson Longfellow in characteristic language for treading upon his. The parson, who has dropped his hat, is borne upward by the current without it. The peddler Jochalfrosa loses his card of masonic breastpins that he had bought for sale, and it is supposed that one of Mike Mack's sons abstracted it, for the whole Mack family started to Texas that night, and wore masonic breastpins all the way. Behind the rushing cowans, appears a long trail of crushed beads, broken sashes, fragments of ribbons, colored garters, and a small round cushion, for which no Mason can possibly imagine a use. The Masons come last, purple with laughter at the whole scene, and that stolid Graylett, who never cracks a smile, brings up the rear.

In the Lodge-room sits curiosity personified in a hundred forms. Eyes, not pedunculated like a crabs, therefore obnoxious to an overstrain, *are* overstrained in fixed stares, first at the open Bible (rare sight in Picket's Bend), then

journey with families and wagons. But the joker did not appear, and the multitude dispersed, flea-bitten and disappointed.

at the aprons which hang on the walls, then at the golden letter G. But we must hurry on.

Brother Lee calls out in stentorian notes that the Rev. Dockery Moses will address the Throne of Grace; whereat the Masons rise like civilized beings, and the Benders sit still, as the Indians did when Columbus first celebrated mass in their presence. Prayer being ended, the inveterate punster Lee, entertained the audience for an hour with just such a broken disjointed talk, as suited the audience around him. The pith of it, if it had any, was to show by the *reductio ad absurdum* (as Euclid hath it), what masonry is *not*. It is *not* religion, he said; it is *not* vice; it is *not* free; it is *not* costly; it is *not* easy of access to the bad, it is *not* difficult of access to the good. He illustrated with many rib-bursting anecdotes, and several that were pathetic, at which latter Miss Zelmira wept a weep, and old Billy Serkses shouted an amen.

The congregation, supposing all to be done, now went home quietly. Deacon Mowthphoole, "deklarrin on his voracity that afore he'd had his own eyedis 'bout Masons, but now he knowed they wan't the clean thing caze they bragged so, and he'd give 'em goss yet; see eff he didn't."

The hill-top being quiet, and no sign of humanity visible, save the neglected graveyard on the dark north, the brethren proceeded to organize in regular form, and this was the birth of Stone-squarers' Lodge.

The following song was furnished them as a comprehensive sketch of masonic duties, connected with their new engagements to God, to the Order, and to each other.

BROTHERLY LOVE.*

Let brotherly love continue.

By one God created, by one Savior saved,
By one spirit lighted, by one mark engraved;
We're taught in the wisdom our spirits approve,
To cherish the spirit of Brotherly-love,
Love, love, Brotherly-love—
This world has no spirit like Brotherly-love.

In the land of the stranger, we Masons abide,
In forest, in quarry, on Lebanon's side:
Yon temple we're building, its plan's from above,
And we labor supported by Brotherly-love.
Love, love, Brotherly-love—
This world has no spirit like Brotherly-love.

Though the service be hard, and the wages be scant,
If the Master accept it, our hearts are content;
The prize that we toil for, we'll have it *above*,
When the Temple's completed, in Brotherly-love.
Love, love, Brotherly-love—
This world has no spirit like Brotherly-love.

Yes, yes, though the week may be long, it will end,
Though the temple be lofty, THE KEYSTONE will stand:
And the Sabbath, blest day, every thought will remove,
Save the mem'ry fraternal of Brotherly-love.
Love, love, Brotherly-love—
This world has no spirit like Brotherly-love.

By one God created—*come, brothers, 'tis day!*
By one Spirit lighted—*come, brothers, away!*
With beauty, and wisdom, and strength to approve.
Let's toil while there's labor in Brotherly-love.
Love, love, Brotherly-love—
This world has no spirit like Brotherly-love.

* AIR—"*Home, sweet Home.*" MASONIC LYRICS, No. 17. By the Author.

PART SECOND.

THE LIFE.

"At that time, day by day, there came to David to help him, until it was a great host like the host of God." "Blessed are the PEACE-MAKERS, for they shall be called the Children of God."

STONE-SQUARERS' Lodge, U. D., was now like "a good deed in a mighty world," a pure thing though surrounded with evil and contumely.

The plans of annoyance, adopted by the antimasonic crew of the Bend, were multiform and actively pursued. The first development was in a copy of some clandestine book, Bernard's, or some other quite as reliable, which was procured by Deacon Mowthphoole, at the cost of all the coonskins his boys had gathered that season. Immense was the popular chuckling when the good man announced in church meeting, "that at last he'd larnt what he'd long longed to know, all the secrets of Masontree, from *a* to *izzard!*" Considering the source from which these sacred treasures were obtained, the enlightened reader will not greatly despond if we add the Deacon's opinion—"That now he'd larnt em all, he was bound to confess they warn't much!" But such as they were, the rejoicing was enormous, especially at the Grocery, and down among the Cyprians by the river, and wherever any were found who wished evil to Masonry. Bill Argot, the liquor-seller, had the impudence to go to the Lodge, and try to get in by the passwords. Uncle Billy Serkses, made the grand hailing-sign in meeting-time; and even the Cyprians aforesaid, got to practicing the five points of fellowship on Bernard's system.

'Tis true that Argot missed getting in; instead of admittance, the Tyler gave him a sound kicking, and would have thrown him over the railing but for the others. 'Tis true that Uncle Billy's sign was more like a lizard's than a Mason's, and that such expositions could not affect the

integrity of Masonry in the least. Still the brethren were annoyed by them, and by the pertinacity with which the foe continued to use them; and so, Brother Bronson proposed an ingenious countermine. This was to order forty copies of an edition of Morgan, published by some hawk-and-buzzard in the northern city, and to distribute them gratuitously through the Bend. It was done at the lodge cost, and with most marvelous success. The very audacity of the scheme, paralyzed all opposition. The Deacon, after comparing Morgan with the book for which he had sacrificed a year's peltry, and finding these two veritable gospels differing more widely than the poles, threw Bernard into the distillery fire, and incontinently got drunk about it. The gifts were all condemned as "no account," and in a few months, so unpopular had masonic expositions become in the Bend, that when Jochalfrosa, the peddler, tried to sell a "Crafts," he was nearly mobbed by the exasperated anti to whom he had offered it, in the retirement of his stable; and he was cautioned "not to do that again at the risk of his peril."

The very first step taken by the new Lodge, in the way of permanent business, was to vote an invitation to Brother Bruce, the lecturer, to give them a thorough course of instruction. This was done by the advice of the Deputy Grand Master, who advanced these opinions in a letter he wrote them: "That they had adopted a price for the degrees, as high as any Lodge in his district; as high in fact as those which had been at work for twenty years, and were thoroughly skilled. That as the Grand Lodge edict was stringent on this subject, and applicants in their vicinity *must* apply to them, as the nearest Lodge, it behooved them, in common honesty, to do good work or reduce their prices." This plain principle of ethics he illustrated by referring to a neighboring Lodge, which had never expended ten dollars for books, jewels, regalia or lectures, yet charged as high for the degrees as another close by, that had expended more than two hundred dollars for these things.

Brother Bruce accepted the invitation. This man was none of your common spouters, who memorize a few questions and answers, and poll-parrot them off, as if Masonry were a form of words dry as a cork. He did not limit his instructions to a mere detail of technical work, important as this certainly is. Lectures and work had their appropriate place in his plan of teaching, but then came the larger divisions of *morality*, *sound old landmarks*, based upon a rock, and *the obligations*, so comprehensive yet so just. These are the things he said, which distinguish the Royal art from all other associations, and give it a zest which superficial lecturers appear to be ignorant of.

The points assumed by this gentleman in his first lecture were; "That *Masons* are increasing much faster than *Masonry;* that every Mason should be familiar with the landmarks, history, obligations and work of the Order; that every Lodge should be furnished with jewels of legal pattern, ample furniture, a library, and a comfortable well-arranged apartment; that the people in the vicinity should be enlightened as to the intentions of Masonry, and the qualifications of a candidate, together with the other exoteric instructions laid down in the Book of Constitutions, the Bible and elsewhere."

Upon these principles as a basis, he commenced his course of lectures, public and private, and occupied all the evenings of a week. To the public he gave three addresses, one on the origin of Masonry (deducing it of course, from Mt. Moriah's first temple), the second on the history of Masonry, and the last on the present bearings of Masonry upon the world. To the members, he expatiated upon the origin, structure, philosophy, and obligation of each degree; the masonic universal language involved in the symbols; the duties of each officer respectively; the proper answer to antimasonic cavils; the true principles involved in opening, closing, dispersing and resuming a Lodge; and other topics of which the very titles may not be named in print. He devoted many

hours to *the discipline of a Lodge*, giving it as his experience, that more difficulties arise in our Lodges through ignorance upon this subject than any other.

He thought that the Worshipful Master, should be so familiar with masonic jurisprudence, as to meet any question as it arises. So doing, serious misunderstandings could never occur; difficulties between brethren would be nipped in the bud; the weeds of prejudice would be uprooted as soon as they appeared; and the Lodge would be the abode of peacemakers, such as those who have a blessing in reserve for them, by their heavenly Master.

Such a course of lectures could not but give good headway to the young Lodge. The members of Stone-Squarers' went forward with vigor. The recital of a comic scene at Deacon Mowthphoole's, will keep us posted up as to their career.

It was a warm day, and the old lady had a quilting party. All the women of the community were there, they and their children. The chattering therefore was incessant; the brawls of the young ones almost overpowered the croup-like notes of the chickens in the yard. The subject of debate (among the females, human not gallinaceous), was "this pesky masontree business."

"Who'd 'a believed it," bawls Granny Farian, a centenarian from the mountains of North Carolina; "who'd 'a believed I say, that ever Parson Longfellow *would* a jined the Masons. His wife too, so 'posed to it, poor creeter! They say, she let on mighty when his petishin went in. That's no wonder."

"Let on or not," struck in Zelmira Jones, in her shrill way; "I seen her only last Saturday was a week, going to the Lodge with a whole cahoot of 'em to get some degrees." At this startling announcement the younger women snapped their needles in two with agitation.

Mrs. Mowthphoole screamed; "Digreez, did you say? its a 'lusion; its all a 'lusion; its nothin' but 'lusion, I tell you. Fee–ee–ee; giving digreez to women's all a 'lusion, I tell you. Women can't be made Masons—fee–ee–ee—

and I know the reason, but I aint gwine to tell!" And resigning herself to the pipe with an air of determination, she locked up this valuable secret in the casket of her breast, and we fear the thing is forever lost.

"I've heern say," resumed Granny Farian, "that if a Mason's wife can only diskiver *the brand* before it wears off, the Masons gives in beat, and lets 'em have the digreez."

"They say the Lodge has taken in twenty new members a'ready;" this was from Mrs. Brownlow, a conciliating sort of a body, whose brother, Simon Fabs, had lately got through, and given her a high opinion of the institution; "There's the two Linleys, and brother Simon, and the Parson, and Arks Whittemore, and Charley Lane, and old man Fish ('yes,' murmured his dissatisfied wife, who was present, 'he'd better tote his *fish* to some other market), and Durham, and Joabert Smith, and Hottinger the circuit rider, and Micah Foesus, and—"

"I don't keer if every fool in the Bend jines 'em," jumped in Mrs. Mowthphoole, snappishly, "they's an ungodly set, and they'll come to no good with their raps and their flaps, see if they don't—fee-ee-ee!"

Is that enough of the sort, friend reader. The influx of so many applicants enabled the treasurer to make a good report of his department. Heeding the last advice of Grand Lecturer Bruce, that Masons pay for light, and that masonic light is best dispersed through the standard mediums, the amount of thirty dollars was furnished for a good, heavy set of silver jewels, and that fancy fellow Talbert sent the old ones, with the Lodge's compliments, to Deacon Mowthphoole, who threw them into his spring, and afterward drank them up in the form of iron rust.

An appropriation of fifty dollars was likewise made, to buy a few standard books, as the commencement of a library. This small amount paid for Olivers', Rollin, Josephus, some authors upon Moral Philosophy, a large Master's carpet, and a dozen manuals; also the subscription to a couple of masonic magazines. The By-laws were next printed, but the proof sheets at the Elgin Cou-

rant Office, being looked over by men not familiar with the technical language of Masonry, they were so full of mistakes, as to be almost useless for practical purposes.

Time rolled on, and the month came round for Brother Moses Worshipful Master, to wend his way, dispensation in hand, to the Grand Lodge, there to render an account of his stewardship. The Secretary's books of Stone-Squarers' Lodge U. D., were then carefully inspected, and save a few errors, all trivial, they were approved by that respectable body. The petition for a charter was granted, and now, No. 91 might exult in her legal existence. Verily she did exult; for she forthwith decreed that her hall should be publicly dedicated, and a free barbecue given as a token of her happiness. Ten dollars was appropriated for the relief of some orphan children, left by a man named Cowan, who had been one of the warmest anties. The Lodge could now afford to forgive and forget. Ten dollars was also forwarded to the Washington Monument Association, or some kindred enterprise of that day. Genial hearts always expand under the influence of prosperity. No materials as yet, but the good and true, had been worked up into the Lodge.

The dedication and installation of officers, were set for the same occasion.

Intervening with that, new and handsome stations were set up in the Lodge-room, and a great improvement was made upon the general appearance of the house by weather-boarding it completely in. This took away the French-bonnet contrast spoken of in our first chapter. The charter was neatly framed and glazed, and some better aprons manufactured than before. A general invitation was published in the Courant, so that when the day came around. not less than a thousand people were present.

The orator was Colonel Niveblaid, a famous speaker on Masonry, whose address before the Grand Lodge, three years back, was the best thing ever spoken there. The Grand Chaplain, Roussel, also came down in the stage, expressly to grace the occasion, and as he was an Episco-

palian, and of course apt at prayer-writing, his prayer was well worth publishing.

We cannot insert Colonel Niveblaid's oration entire, for it took two hours to deliver it; but we vouch for it. It was plumbed, squared, and leveled. It gave such satisfaction, that a copy was procured for publication in the Elgin Courant.

Unluckily the Courant only had eighty subscribers, and the oration was thus lost to the world more effectually than if he had preserved his copy. There was one good anecdote in it, however, which we have culled for publication:—

"My father was a captain in the Maryland Levy, during the revolution. (Here old Billy Serkses, woke up. *His* father was also a revolutionary captain, but *on the scarlet side.*) My father was ordered, one morning, with a small detachment, to search for provisions for the starving continentals. Intelligence had reached the Commissary General, that a large lot of bacon was stored up at a farmstead, some ten miles from Washington's head-quarters, and it was to secure this, that he was sent out. He obeyed without delay, found the spot with little difficulty, and was happy to discover the meat as represented. The place was occupied by a wealthy old Tory, one Corney Apperson, who, having long been suspected of playing double with our folks, the Commissary had given my father a hint to keep a good lookout, or the whole intelligence might prove a trap. There was not a soul in the place. My father stationed his small force as best he could, and commenced cutting down the big sides and quarters of meat, with his own hands, and loading the horses. But in the very act, the whole enterprise failed. The sentinels ran in, hotly pursued by a large company of tories on horseback, accompanied by an English officer, and several of them were shot down in the race. There was not the remotest chance for resistance. The tories outnumbered the patriots ten to one. So, my father quietly surrendered his sword, and asked for quarter. The tory captain was an infamous

scoundrel, named Scott, who had been whipped by our soldiers on a former occasion, and branded by the civil authorities as a horse-thief; since which, he had pursued a systematic revenge by murdering the Continentals whenever he got an opportunity. They laughed at my father's demand for good treatment, ordered him bound and stripped, and setting up a sheaf of bayonets, helped to toss the unfortunate prisoner upon the points.

"The first throw he escaped with a thrust through the arm; the second well nigh dispatched him, but as they were preparing his cruel bed for a more certain effect, my father caught the eye of the British officer, who seemed to wear a look of disgust, and heard him utter an imprecation at such d——d barbarity. This sight encouraged the bleeding prisoner to try a Mason's sign. No sooner was it beheld, than the noble fellow sprang over the fence, drew his sword, and placing himself by my father's side, swore that he should have quarter, or the two would die together! And he had his way, despite the noisy complaints of the tories. The whole American party was safely conducted to camp; and within a few months afterward, my father had the double gratification of returning home upon parol, and seeing the tory, Scott, swinging from an oak limb, at the hands of the provost-marshal."

With such valuable and original incidents, this very excellent address was filled. The too-frequent ingredient of such orations was omitted, that is, the Colonel did *not* say that all the generals *in* the revolution, except Arnold, were Masons, for it is not true.* But he did show that Masonry differs from all other secret societies, in the absence of all solicitations to those without; in the want of a door of escape to those within; in a perfect adaptation of its emblems to a common plan, and to each other; in the qualifications requisite for membership; in the unfrequent change of its officers; in the simplicity of its decor-

* Benedict Arnold *was* a Freemason, while several of the other American generals were *not*.

ations; the dignity of its origin; the grandeur of its aims; its body of illustrious living and dead; and its modesty of benevolence.

Altogether, it was the very thing wanted in many another Lodge beside Stone-Squarers'.

In its proper place, the following song was introduced as a part of the ceremonies:—

LIGHT FROM THE EAST.*

Light from the East, 'tis gilded with hope;
Star of our faith, thy glory is up!
Darkness apace, and watchfulness flee;
Earth, lend thy joys to nature and me.

Chorus.—See, Brothers, see yon dark shadows flee;
Join in His praise, whose glories we be!
Now, let these emblems ages have given,
Speak to the world, blest Savior, of thee.

Lo, we have seen, uplifted on high,
Star in the East, thy rays from the sky!
Lo, we have heard, what joy to our ear,
Come, ye redeemed, and welcome Him here!

Chorus.—See, Brothers, see, etc.

Light to the blind, they've wandered too long;
Feet to the lame, the weak are made strong;
Hope to the joyless, freely 'tis given;
Life to the dead, and music to heaven.

Chorus.—See, Brothers, see, etc.

Praise to the Lord, keep silence no more!
Ransomed, rejoice from mountain to shore!
Streams in the desert, sing as ye stray!
Sorrow and sadness, vanish away!

Chorus.—See, Brothers, see yon dark shadows flee;
Join in His praise, whose glories we be!
Now, let these emblems ages have given,
Speak to the world, blest Savior, of thee.

* Air, "*Maid of Cashmere.*" Masonic Lyrics, No. 12. By the Author.

The whole affair went off handsomely, with the slight exception that the Stewards had neglected to provide corn, wine and oil, according to orders, and as there was no time for delay, they substituted oats, whisky and melted lard. As none but the Masons knew the odds, it was not of much consequence, only Uncle Billy murmured, "'Tis a cornfed shame to spill so much good liquor about their Mason nonsense."

The barbecue was the best ever known in the Bend. The Lodge had sent all the way to Gen. Antick's, to borrow his nigger Ned, famous at a barbecue, as Bonaparte at a battle, and when the thirty-seven fat shotes were lifted out of the pit, cooked to a turn, and flavored to a T, a general roar of admiration came from the crowd, in which even the Mowthphooles assisted.

Grace was asked by Rev. Brother Roussel (threescore of the Benders had already begun to gorge), and then the thousand set to with sharp teeth and good stomachs.

The general result of this day's doings, was to implant a more favorable opinion of Masonry. As the people returned home, glad and merry in their hearts, their ideas inclined greatly toward the favorable side. Several anties were converted. Josephine Sagbut, who had thus far held aloof from the ardent Jackson Sokan, because he was a Mason, now succumbed, surrendered herself, soul and body to his clutches and ran away to the parson's with him, that very hour. Her example was contagious throughout the circle of her acquaintance.

Young Masons of moral character were in demand. Old Brother Moses, whose daughter Marietta was the desire of many hearts, became perplexed with the numerous applications from young men, to be recommended to the Lodge. The green ones hoped, through Masonry, to secure some sort of claim to her hand. Even Bull Argot put in a petition to the Lodge, and as there were only twenty-eight black balls (the whole number present that night), his prospects seemed favorable.

The Lodge adopted the practice of spending one day in

every two months, as a Lodge of instruction. This kept them bright as the uneclipsed Sun. Surrounding Lodges got warmth at this hearth, and light at this candle. The prospect for a long and harmonious career, seemed so clear, that few were hardy enough to deny it.

But now a misfortune befell Stone-Squarers', an affliction of a nature calculated to leave a permanent mark.

The good Brother Bronson, most faithful of Christians, most indefatigable of class-leaders, truest of Secretaries, warmest-hearted of Masons, was summoned up by the Grand Tyler death, and a hearth, a home, a class, a Lodge, left suddenly desolate. The circumstances of his departure were very painful. One of the vile women, down by the river bank, had died, leaving a gang of orphan children in horrid destitution. Several Masons got together in called meeting, and deputed Brother Bronson to gather up the deserted children, and have them provided for at the Lodge's expense. He found them in a condition mocking all description. Nothing deterred by this, however, the good man took them to his own house, had them cleansed and clothed, and by his wife's consent, incorporated them with his own family until permanent situations could be secured. But his reward was in another world. The small-pox, which had somehow been contracted by the children in their filthy hovel, broke out with violence upon them, and was communicated to the whole household. It proved fatal to the philanthropic father whose good act, done to destitute humanity, became a passport to the land of rest. The announcement of his death, aroused the most active sympathy throughout the district. The decease was accounted that of a martyr. A SORROW LODGE was held under no less auspices than that of the Grand Master himself. At the funeral were delegates from sixteen neighboring Lodges. Brother Flint, the presiding elder, preached the sermon, and preached it in a style that few could equal; and as the blood of martyrs was the seed of the ancient church, so the good man prayed, might this dispensation prove to Masonry, in

awakening the membership to increased zeal, and causing the community to adopt a more favorable judgment concerning the order. Of the deceased brother, he drew an affecting portrait. Around him, he said, there had been a cluster of masonic virtues, very beautiful to the mind's eye. In him were found due caution against intemperance and excess; and a lively courtesy toward every brother, however lowly in station; and a deathless fidelity; a proper cultivation of the social virtues; and a warm desire to extend the Royal art; and a knowledge to manage it with skill; and a desire to impress its dignity and importance upon the world.

In the Lodge Bible, the gift of the enterprising lady referred to in the first chapter, was entered the name of Bro. Boxton, with the full preamble and resolutions passed by his Lodge, under the head of DEATHS. A neat monument was then erected above his cherished remains. This, which was done at the individual expense of the brothers, bore his favorite symbols, the Urn, the Sprig, and the Open Book; and there with his feet to the East, awaiting the resurrection,* he sweetly rests. At the instance of Brother Houghton, one quarter of an acre around him was fenced in, and entitled "The Masonic Cemetery."

It was the parting desire, the last fond wish of the deceased Secretary, that the Lodge should establish a school under its auspices. He left a legacy of two hundred dollars as a nucleus for a school fund. This legacy was accepted, and the Lodge fraternally set to work to fulfill his wishes. The Brothers Bell, harmonious in this, as in all other things, were made school trustees on behalf of the Order. They hired a teacher, furnished a room, secured scholars, and the thing was at once accomplished.

A Sabbath school agent called in opportunely just then, and persuaded the craft to add a Sabbath school to their

* One of the characters in the novel of Guy Mannering, by Brother Walter Scott, refers to this old masonic practice, of burying *feet to the East*.

plans. The effect of this was brilliant in putting down Sabbath-breaking among the children. Henceforth, the catfish multiplied in the river. The muscadines swung untouched from the vines. The very negroes would spend their Sunday mornings listening to the school exercises, to the neglect of bull-pen, and marbles. A new leverage of morality was thus established in the Bend.

Many of the technical phrases of the Order were adopted into general use, such as "acting upon the square," (though it must be admitted, that the *words* were better understood than the *practice*), "govern yourselves accordingly," "high twelve," "call off," etc.*

As yet there had not been a single application for a demit, save in a case or two of removal. In fact, the idea had been so thoroughly indoctrinated by Brother Bruce, that there is no provision made in the ancient constitution for more than two causes of demitting, (removal, and organizing a new Lodge), that when Eben Barney applied for one on the score of unwillingness to pay Lodge dues any longer, the Lodge refused it. Barney appealed, but the venerable mother Grand Lodge confirmed the decision.

A pretty thing was early adopted in Stone-Squarers' Lodge, worthy of general imitation. In a gilt frame over the J. W.'s seat, was suspended a list of the wise, the good and the great, who, in their respective day, had been initiates of our Order. At the top stood, by rights, George Washington; at the bottom their own well-beloved Brother Bronson, the martyr of benevolence. Around the scroll, were King Solomon, King Hiram, the Widow's Son, Zerubbabel, Haggai, Jeshua, Pythagoras, and the Saints John. In handsome ranks stood Franklin, Clinton, Warren, Putnam, Livingston, Lafayette, Marshall, Marquis Hastings, Jackson, Burns, Dugald Stewart, Locke, David the Sweet Singer of Israel, Daniel the Seer, De Molay the Martyr, Anderson, Ashmole, Walter Scott, Desaguilers, Wolsey,

* Lamb, in his Essay by Elia, has the first named phrase: a proclamation to prorogue the Canadian parliament, by Sir Alexander Banverman. Kt., May 31, 1852, has the phrase, "and govern yourselves accordingly."

Bonaparte, Nelson, Hogg, Sir John Moore, Col. Jno. Daviess, Hooke, Sidney Smith, Talma, Cambaceres, Talleyrand, George III., and George IV., Dodd, and many others.

This catalogue was a perpetual remembrancer to the Brothers, to emulate the virtue, intelligence, or usefulness, of these departed worthies.

We will not unnecessarily draw out the thread of Stone-Squarers' history. The life of every Lodge has its vicissitudes; but, for many years, this one seemed proof against change. While it might be said that "mercy and truth were met together" in their quiet dwelling, above Swipsey's chapel, surely the remainder of the quotation applied to them also, inasmuch as "righteousness and peace kissed each other."

Stone-Squarers' Lodge, No. 91, prospered beyond precedent. The excellent commencement given them by the Grand Lecturer, and the tenacity with which the membership retained their first love, and the form of sound words given them, enabled them, during the lifetime of Brother Moses, and the original members, to resist every attempt at innovation, and every inclination to decay. Had not another race risen up, who "knew not Joseph," it had not been our unpleasant lot to indite a chapter concerning its death. It prospered, we repeat, beyond precedent. The Deputy-Grand Master, paying his official visit, reported, "The work in all the degrees, is well understood by all the members;" and the same was entered on the Grand Lodge records, as worthy of preservation. The influences of the Order fulfilled the worst prophesies, of Deacon Mowthphoole, in our opening pages. Portable Pigpen, Esq., Justice of the Peace, etc., quit drinking, and took to tobacco.

The old fatalist church staggered under its influence. Bull Argot, after being twice more blacked, sold out his grocery, and vamosed; we are happy to add, he is now in the trace-train business, at the seat of government. The abandoned women (jauntily styled Cyprians), expe-

rienced the full rigor of the law, and were compelled to leave the county. They went to California, married highly respectable diggers, and did well.

Other schools grew out of that which the Masons had started, as the strawberry plant sends forth many creepers. Other Sabbath-schools were instituted in the Bend. Every denomination known in that district, got up a revival, and organized a congregation there. Clock-peddlers came in, and set every log cabin to ticking on the brass principle. Property doubled in value. A plank-road from Elgin to Tanner's landing, was built. Mowthphoole's distillery *cotched* a-fire (so he *deklarred*), one night, and all but nine red-heads, were happily burnt. Counterpanes began to take the place of quilts, and store truck of home-made. As coons got scarce, and the venison range thinned out, people turned their attention to respectable labor, and then domestic improvements began. The big cracks were stopped, gates were substituted for slip-gaps, wells for wet-weather springs, coffee for buttermilk, and water for whisky. Formerly, no man could get his logs rolled, or help for raising, unless a jug of whisky was furnished; now, the fashion changed, for the Sons of Temperance started a Division, which, with true cryptogamous vigor, swelled and absorbed, until it groaned with a hundred members. The county which had formerly sent seven or more annual delegates to the penitentiary, ceased to supply that industrial establishment with laborers. Briefly, the Bend became an exponent of *Freemasonry, rightly practiced.*

But, the reader must not suppose that antimasonry was dead, or that its fangs were extracted. The serpent only slept. Every black-balled applicant became an anti, ready to act when properly called out. The old set of fatalists could no more help being antics, than they could help loving stimulants. The same four classes of opponents found around every Lodge, existed here; the four, well named, from the apocryphal book of Baruch, *Bats*, *Swallows*, *Birds*, and *Cats*. The *Bats* are neither bird nor beast,

but have the evil qualities of both. They slander Masonry behind its back, and slander antimasonry behind *its* back. Neither party owns them, but those who love darkness best, get the most good of them; so, they are termed *Bats*. Then the *Swallows;* they skim through the air, watching for, and picking up the motes, the flies, and the fluff of the Order. These have microscopic organs, and can detect all the lapses of Masonry, but fail to see its virtues, though as big as a door, and tall as a tobacco barn. The carrion *Birds* come next. These are they whose appetites are so ghoul-like, and stomachs so capacious for garbage, that it well nigh turns a decent man to think of them. As there are many people who will exaggerate a *crim. con.* case, in conversation, because they love to think and talk of sensuous matters; so do these *Birds* exaggerate every case of masonic defects, and make them of the size and flavor they so dearly relish. Deacon M. was the file leader of this class. Last of all, we note the *Cats*. The idea is, that of a thing with predatory habits, and a prowling nature, indulging in practices unmentionable to ears polite. There was a liberal representation of antimasonic *Cats* in the Bend; and it will be found, by those who have the patience to peruse our third part, that the combined forces of all these, had powerful weight in the eventual downfall of Stone-Squarers' Lodge.

DUTIES OF THE CRAFT.*

"To afford succor to the distressed, to divide our bread with the industrious poor, put the misguided traveler in the way, are duties of the craft, suitable to its dignity, expressive of its usefulness."—ANCIENT CONSTITUTIONS.

Come, and let us seek the straying—
  Lead him to the shepherd back;
Come, the traveler's feet betraying,
  Guide him from the dangerous track,
Come, a solemn voice reminds us—
Come, a mystic fetter binds us—
    Masons, here your duties lie—
    Hark the poor and needy cry.

Come, and help the worthy poor—
  Break to him the needed bread—
Longer he cannot endure—
  Come, ere famine mark him dead:
Bounties rich to us supplying,
To the poor are oft denying;
    Masons, here your duties lie—
    Hark the poor and needy cry.

Come, where sorrow has its dwelling,
  Comfort bring to souls distressed;
To the friendless mourner telling,
  Of the Rock that offers rest.
What would life be but for heaven?
Come to us this message given—
    Masons, here your duties lie—
    Hark the poor and needy cry.

Band of Brothers, every nation
  Hails your bright and orient light!
Fervent, zealous, free, your station
  Calls for deeds of noblest might!
Seek—the world is full of sorrow,—
Act—your life will end to-morrow,—
    Masons, here your duties lie—
    Hark the poor and needy cry.

* AIR, "*Gently through the balmy air.*" MASONIC LYRICS, *No.* 16. Author.—Continued.

PART THIRD.

THE DEATH.

SAY unto them which daub it with untempered mortar, that it shall fall. If the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and to be trodden under foot of men.

MASONRY has wonderful powers of self-healing. Her flesh is all sound. Her vital current is pure. Her habits temperate from youth; her constitution is firmly toned and regular in maturity. Thus it happens, that the deepest gash, the darkest bruise, the most ragged thrust, heal over so soon and so surely. They may leave a scar, but they leave no permanent effects, much less do they disable. But these remarks only relate to that sort of Freemasonry which is of the heart, and not of mere form. The common term, "making Masons," (Robert Burns uses it in one of his letters), conveys a sentiment that is not strictly masonic. *God makes the Mason;* the Lodge only pronounces him free and accepted; *free* to her privileges, *accepted* to her breast. It has been said that, *a poet* is not made, but born one. We say not that a man is born a Mason, but we affirm that the real speculative work of Masonry, to which all our emblems, implements, etc., point, is a thing between the Mason and his God, and not of the Lodge. Of what avail, then, it may be asked, is the masonic system, and where the advantages purchased at the cost of so much time and money? In this, oh, critic! that *Masonry indorses the man*, and makes him current; Masonry puts him into congenial society, where his affinities are available, and his light may shine to advantage; Masonry removes him from the grosser, lower structure of humanity, where the cowans are and the bad spirits, and the rejected ashlars and the imperfect trunks, to a higher, rarer, purer ether, where (so far as human caution may go in selecting the good, and purging out the bad), he will fraternize with his equals; Masonry makes him happier by humanity, and makes humanity happier by him.

Wondrous powers of self-healing has Masonry, when in the hearts of such men. Time wears out his gnawing teeth in vain on such. Change leaves it for objects more available. Death acknowledges himself conquered here, except so far as the flesh is interested, and he suffers from gloomy doubts as to the final destination of that. Oh, that our golden circle inclosed no spirits, save those of Masons *prepared first in heart!*

Yet, with all the vitality of Masonry, there are causes which, although they cannot destroy it, will retard its course, and temporarily clog its usefulness. It will exist—it is a principle, and death has no power over a principle—but like Christianity, during the long Middle Ages, it will only live in secret. Its fires will lie hidden in caves. Its altars will be reared in secret places. Its solemn words will resound through the depths of solitude.

We are about to record the sad tale of a Lodge's death. It is no new story; thousands will recognize its principal features in their own hard experience. It is no romance; hundreds of working Lodges, once the most brilliant, the most active, the most pure, the most benevolent, the most harmonious, have passed through similar disasters, and met a similar fate. Oh, may *the living* lay it deeply to heart!

The beginning of evil, said the wisest of Masons, is like the letting out of water—the beginning of evil at Stone Squarers' Lodge, No. 91, was *going in debt.** How it happened, nobody can recollect. All was going on well. The gavel sound was regular; it was perfectly recognized; it was promptly obeyed. Peace and harmony prevailed. The old hall was good enough; it was central; it looked well enough since the new clapboarding was put on; it was capacious; it had become endeared to many as their home, sweet home; yet, after a few years, when prosperity had somewhat enervated the Order in the Bend, a pro-

* There is a denomination of Christians that will not dedicate a church until it is *paid for!* That's the true masonic principle.

position was made by somebody, to build a new one! Who originated the thought cannot be told. All the old members repudiate its parentage, and as they anxiously opposed it from the start, the fault must not be laid at their doors. "A man of wicked devices God will condemn." We do not venture to say, that the motive here was a wicked one; but it is singular that no one would father the project. Perhaps Brother Moran, if not the progenitor, may be styled the earliest patron of it, for he rode over the highest hills, and through the lowest valleys, and all over the Bend, and across the river, (for Stone-Squarers' now had several members on the other side), and exerted all his influence as an individual Mason, to accomplish the scheme.

We doubt whether such a course is masonic. We question whether any brother has a right thus to prejudice the minds of the craft, out of the Lodge-room, either for or against a proposition. *The open Lodge* is the place to which a candid, well-meaning brother, should come to give his opinions, display his trestle-board, and answer the objections, if any there be. This log-rolling and pseudo-frankness in the fence-corners, may serve in corrupt political-partisanship, but Masonry acknowledges it not.

At an October meeting, the day being stormy and cold, and the attendance scanty, the plan was first openly broached. A committee, of which Brother Moran was chairman, made their report at the next stated meeting, in favor of building a new house.

The vote, however, was postponed, owing to the strenuous opposition of the three Bells, and Brother Moses, the Pastmaster, who loudly declaimed against the injustice of such a course. Some cool words passed, (so different from anything ever before heard within those walls, that the portrait of Brother Bronson started aghast with surprise), and bad feelings took root that hour, which were never eradicated.

There was a full attendance at the December meeting, and a serious struggle. The debate was unmasonically

warm. Every one of the original members braced himself up against the project. There were present no less than fifty-one of those who had received the degrees in Stone-Squarers'—and, as these were, for the most part, undecided concerning the matter, they afforded an ample field for persuasion. A most ill-favored omen had met the eyes of the brethren as they rode up—old Deacon Mowthphoole sitting on the horse-block, and looking happy as a bridegroom! Could the old vulture have scented the carrion thus afar off!

The arguments of Brother Moran and his party were, that Stone-Squarers' Lodge was now so popular that it was due to herself and the order, to treat herself to a good house; that by laying out the funds in hand, and incurring a debt of only about one thousand dollars, a magnificent edifice could be erected, sufficiently large for a store-house, and offices below, superior to any other in the country; that this enterprise would still further increase the popularity of the Lodge in the Bend, and probably by means of fees from new members, the whole amount could be raised in three years. Reference was made to the large memberships of the Sons of Temperance, and of the Odd-fellows, who, by this time, had established themselves in the vicinity; and comparisons, depreciatory to Masonry, were made upon this head.

In reply it was contended by the old members, that their present hall was comfortable, sizeable, and best of all, *paid for;* that there was no other building spot within two miles, and should the Lodge be removed so far as two miles, it would occasion much inconvenience to the members; that going in debt was usually fatal to charitable institutions everywhere; and finally, that the present scheme had its origin in an uneasy desire for novelty, and not in the genuine spirit of Masonry.

So the debate ran high until long past midnight. Warm words were uttered, verging closely upon personalities, despite the Worshipful Master's cautious care. The vote was taken—it exhibited a majority of twelve, to build a

new hall. After a silence of a few minutes a resolution in regard to place and plan came up, and excited still warmer feelings: when the majority decided to accept a spot on the plank road, three miles south of Swipsey's chapel, and to appropriate sixteen hundred dollars to the building (an expenditure which would involve the Lodge more than one thousand dollars in debt, a place far from being central or appropriate). Old Mowthphoole, sitting as he was on the horse-block, and a little hard of hearing into the bargain, distinctly heard the vociferous demand of more than one of the brethren, for an immediate demit.

The hall of course was erected, and in speedy time, for the unholy spirit which originated the project is a *working spirit*. It was a beautiful edifice, beyond doubt, and worthy the craft, but at its dedication there was no "God speed you;" no delegations from abroad; no presage of prosperity; its beams were disunion, its foundation unfraternal discords, its capstone disorder. Mowthphoole, as he returned home drunk from the ceremony, imparted this prophetic secret to his venerable wife; "the beer's a-working, old woman—the thing will run 'bout right, jiss as I told you;" comparisons drawn between the calling of a distiller and an antimason, which portended small good to the Order.

A permanent debt was henceforth entailed on the Lodge, the first consequence of which, was a slackening in the mode of investigating the character of applicants. Large expectations had been predicated upon the fees of new members to liquidate the debt, and for the first time in the history of Stone-squarers' Lodge, No. 91, these fees were made a paramount object.

The blocks soon began to come in from the quarry, neither hewn, squared, nor numbered, in a masonic sense. Rough ashlars were inartistically laid in the wall, the Master-Masons endeavoring, by their trowels, to smooth over the imperfections of shape, and want of polish, by means of much mortar. Instead of well-concealed joinings, so close that the eye could not detect them; instead

of a general surface of wall, that should seem more like the handiworkmanship of God than man, large cracks were left, so glaring and unscientific, that even the abundance of mortar could not hide them. This showed a want of affinity among the members, and that the applicants were not in a state of heart-preparation so essentially necessary in speculative Masonry.

Heretofore, Stone-squarers' Lodge had held a proud preeminence in the Grand Lodge, for punctuality in sending up annual dues; now for the first time and to the keen mortification of the Bro. Moses, the representative, a petition went up instead of money, humbly asking a remission on the score of a costly building, and a heavy debt. Of course the venerable mother granted the request, but the financial character of Stone-squarers' was forever lost.

Death now stepped in, as death will, when least wanted, and weakened the arms of the Lodge. He called Brother Moses from labor to refreshment, and the faithful brother obediently arose. He called two of the Bells, leaving the third broken-hearted that he could not follow, and they too cheerfully left the quarries, and marched up to the Grand Overseer to render in their accounts.

He called the faithful carpenter, and the faithful carpenter dropped the tools which his sinewy arms had wielded so long and so well, and joined the shadowy host, who approach the Grand Orient where there is *more* light.

In the Lodge Bible, the column of DEATHS began to exhibit a painful array. The decease of Brother Boxton, recorded in the second chapter, had only bound the order together, but now there was a real hiatus which could not be filled. The loose methods of business, lawful in the other secret societies around them, the facile *ins* and the easy *outs*, were working evil to Masonry in the Bend, and though the order every month grew larger, it every month grew weaker. "Cases of emergency," as they are facetiously styled, cases in which the applicant about to travel, impatiently desires the three degrees in a single month,

began to thicken, and now it was but rare that any applicant was more than two months going through. "Suitable proficiency," a subject on which the Grand Lecturer had so well instructed them, was construed to mean a private examination, by some good-natured brother who would easily vouch to the Lodge that the candidate was apt.

Will the reader be surprised now to learn, considering that this masonic temple had got so much unmasonic material in it, that a quarrel, an unbrotherly fracas, happened between two of the members, a quarrel, in which horrid words passed on both sides, in which, oh that our hand should record it, blows, cruel blows, such as felled the gentle Abel to the earth, were interchanged.

A Lodge of inquiry met promptly to investigate the case. All the older members in whom remained the spirit of the craft, suggested the application of the rigid law to both (for blows between Masons came next to the unpardonable sin), but the majority refused to discipline the members, beyond a mere reprimand. This drove the patriarchs from the Lodge, for they declared, they could now hear the cracking of the temple-walls preparatory to its fall.

There began now to circulate, instead of the legitimate masonic coin, slanders, bickerings and scandals. To save any sensitiveness of conscience, that might be left among the members on this subject, a change was made in the form of engagement, concerning evil-speaking; so that what was originally a strongly worded injunction against slander, was softened into a weak, ambiguous clause, which, if it meant anything, left doors of escape large and numerous as the gates of Thebes.

The heavy debt hanging over the Lodge, dried up all the channels of charity. We are not certain but that this was the worst of all. An appeal from the brethren of a neighboring town, destroyed by a tornado, was rejected on this account; the three widows, whose meritorious labors with their needles, had been aided by the Lodge to support, and educate their children, drew no

more from that source. The school, the dying bequest of Brother Bronson, was permitted to cease its operations, and the well-informed instructor to leave the Bend, and seek elsewhere for employment.

And now that the morality of Masonry had degenerated, the code of by-laws must be altered to correspond. There was a general complaint against the old ones, especially against that clause, which denounced blasphemy and intemperance, under severe penalties. It was asserted, that there were many worthy Masons (?) who practiced these things to some extent, and that as the by-laws could not be put in force, therefore they should be modified; also, that many persons who would make valuable Masons (?) were restrained from petitioning the Lodge, on account of these stringent by-laws. There was salt enough among a few to oppose these sentiments in the true spirit, but the majority sustained them, and a committe appointed to revise the by-laws, left the obnoxious clauses out.

Oh how the anties laughed when they heard this. The old deacon rebuilt his distillery at once, and at the raising of it, was largely assisted by Masons' hands. It was rumored the next week, that several who got drunk on that occasion, *wore the brand*, but the boys couldn't find it, though they *searched* faithfully.

When Elder Flint heard this, he sent the Lodge a written discourse from the text, "Fear and a snare is come upon you, desolation and destruction;" but the Lodge refused to hear it read, and it was hove over among the rubbish. When Grand Lecturer Bruce heard of it, he wrote them a long letter, which they could not refuse to read, in which he quoted liberally from the first great Light of Masonry, in such passages as these: "The work of a man, God will render unto him, and cause every man to find according to his ways." "Shall he that hateth right, govern?" "I will pay thee my vows, oh God, which my lips have uttered, and my mouth hath spoken."

The erection of the distillery, or rather the deterioration

of public morals in which it had its origin, led to the establishment of a grogshop on the plank road, under the very nose of the Lodge-room. The Sunday school was of course discontinued, and the children resumed their Sabbath-breaking, their fishing, and their romping unchecked.

There was yet one good masonic feeling in the Bend, worthy of notice. Most of the wives and daughters of the Masons, had shown their fixed regard for the Order in its purer days, and their appreciation of its merits, by consenting to receive the various androgynous degrees in vogue among them, and they had met statedly, once a quarter, in the Lodge-room, for instruction on this subject. But now that men were made Masons, with whom they could not associate *out of the Lodge*, they one and all took a stand (was it not a noble one, confess it brother Masons?) against it. They refused to meet in the Lodge-room any more. They refused to acknowledge the signs and token of recognition. They returned their medals, destroyed their regalia, and abandoned *such* Masonry forever. All honor to female purity for the act!

With this, also fell through the regular Lodge of instruction, which had been sustained for several years.

The necessity of raising money to pay interest on the amount of debt, and to meet instalments of the principal, was now the most urgent one in the minds of the fraternity. It led to many other evils than those referred to. The Lodge, dropping the oldfashioned system, part by part, began to confer degrees on a credit, in cases where the applicants had not funds convenient, and soon it was understood, that if no other objection appeared against petitioners, the want of cash in hand would be overlooked. Promissory notes were taken for fees. These being indorsed by the Lodge, were sold at a discount to the Lodge creditors. Some of them came back unpaid, which led to bickerings, trials, and in one instance, to expulsion.

By this time, the Division of Sons of Temperance, had died out. The Oddfellows, too, had discovered that the Bend was not the field for their plow; and the charters of

these two organizations being surrendered, their members, who had got a slight taste of secret societies, came one and all, claiming to be made Masons. Very few of them were refused. The absurd plea, that any good Oddfellow, or good Son of Temperance, is good enough for Masonry, was admitted; and by their accession, a large part of the crushing debt was liquidated.

It has been said, that the immense national debt of Great Britain, binds her heterogeneous materials into one mass, as the heavy rider, on our western fences, holds the mass firmly down; but this cannot be said of masonic debts. Possibly, the remainder might have been paid off in a year or two, but unfortunately, Brother Watch, the Treasurer, died, leaving his accounts in such unmasonic confusion, and his estate so insolvent, that the fraternity could never reclaim a dollar of their funds, in hand at the time of his death.

As an instance of the loss of Lodge-pride, since the first year of its organization, Brother Robinson, who went to the Grand Lodge as representative, and advanced his expenses out of his own pocket, could never get the amount refunded! He entered suit against the Lodge, and was expelled for it!

About this time, there came through the Bend a lecturer from a distant State, a young, finical genius, who, having somewhere picked up a few hundred questions and answers, snarled up like a hank of silk at that, came into the Bend, and offered his services to lecture. They were greedily accepted. His superficial views were so eagerly received, that serious changes, serious enough at least to call for the attention of the Grand Lodge, were made in the work. The ancient landmarks were shamefully disregarded. Additions—distortions—omissions—how painful to see such unmethodic marks on the old Trestle-board. The modern orders of architecture were introduced to the weakening and disfigurement of the whole temple. Oh, for a Solomon, to drive all such unauthorized Master Builders from the hill!

The memberships had now become so numerous, that even had the original by-laws been continued, it was perhaps impracticable to govern them with true masonic discipline. There were many whom the Worshipful Master did not know by sight. More than one hundred Masons, bound by insufficient by-laws, governed by timid officers—what result other than disaster, could be anticipated. Instances may possibly be found, where as large a number have lived together for awhile in peace, but the cases are too rare to justify the experiment and the risk of failure.

The very prosperity of the Bend, with its plank-road and other improvements, by making many of the older Masons wealthy, drew their attention from Masonry. Strange ingratitude! how unworthy of the Order!

In our second chapter, we pointed to an instance in which the Lodge refused to let a member demit unless he was preparing to remove. This is, doubtless, the ancient mode; but it was long lost in Stone-Squarers' Lodge, No. 91. Since the liabilities incurred for the building, the annual dues were necessarily raised in amount, and this afforded an excuse for more than a score of the members to demit. At festival occasions, and at funerals, they were out; and they anticipated masonic honors over their own remains; but Masonry henceforward, got nothing out of them.

Oh, that this painful death scene of a Lodge, were over! Our pen moves unwillingly as it thus records the shadows of Freemasonry.

If it be a subject of distress to survey the ruins of palaces and cities, the piles, shapeless and black, left by the destructive conflagration; if the sight of a battle-field, heaped with the dead, and quivering with the dying, and scarlet with the gore, be terrible to human sensibilities, what, when we behold moral desolation! what, when we stand by the wreck of moral enterprise! what, when we gaze upon the body and the blood of moral death!

Such were our feelings a twelvemonth back, when we crossed the river into the Bend, and through it, up the

hills, toward Elgin. At the hospitable mansion of Brother N——, one of the last members of Stone-Squarers' Lodge, No. 91, we received that fraternal attention that never blunts by use. From his own mouth we gathered the closing events in the career of the ill-fated Lodge.

Remarking, that all the moral interests of the Bend had retrograded, he informed me that five places, in which strong drink was retailed, were now to be found along the plank-road; that the various Evangelical denominations, barely sustained their organization; and that another distillery had been started near Mowthphoole's. He said the antimasons shouted over the destruction of the temple, and sung doggerel songs concerning its fate. He said, with a sigh, that the old fatalist church was daily rising in importance, and that Deacon M. had given up whisky-making to his sons, and taken to preaching, his text for all sorts of sermons being, *the evils of Masontree.*

The immediate downfall of the Lodge was thus stated:

A difficulty had occurred about the election of officers—so serious in its nature as to attract the attention of the Grand Lodge. That body appointed a committee of three to settle it. Of this committee, Brother Bruce, Grand Lecturer, was chairman. The affair seemed to be in a fair way of adjustment, for the committee had taken testimony both in and out of the Lodge, and had finally decided that the parties should compromise the quarrel, and resume masonic friendship regardless of the past.

The injured party, an old Mason, declared that he understood it to be a masonic duty to submit to the Lodge, so he walked clear across the room, and offered his hand, with the kindest feeling, to the offending brother. Would you think it? can you believe it of a Mason? The other party, one of the new batch, one who knew nothing more binding in Masonry, than in those societies where men *receive* privileges, but *yield* none, utterly refused the hand, (the symbol of fidelity, in all ages recognized and acknowledged), and declared the compromise unsatisfactory! The adjustment was not pursued farther. The committee re-

turned home in disgust. The Grand Lecturer, reporting to the Grand Lodge, said there was no remedy for Stone-Squarers' Lodge, No. 91, *but death;* that it was an incurable consumption, and the patient must speedily sink under it.

His prediction was soon fulfilled.

For several months, a quorum would not sit to organize the Lodge. At last, a few came by common consent, sold the house to the creditors, sold the jewels and regalia, divided the library out by lot among the members, and retired to return no more.

That very night the building caught fire, and when the sun arose, (that great luminary, whose life-giving, and light-giving rays had been so misrepresented there), he beheld but a heap of coals and ashes, where once stood the boast and pride of the Order.

So perished Stone-Squarers' Lodge, No. 91, an institution organized for usefulness to man, and honor to God. It will be a generation before Masonry can again rear its head in that quarter. In the meantime, all the interests of religion, morality, education and progress, are neglected. Who is responsible for this? To whose charge will irreligion, vice, ignorance, and lethargy, be laid in the final settlement? God knoweth. May he be very merciful to the sons of men.

THE NARROW ESCAPE.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

Upon one of the lovely farms that lie along the Delaware, dwelt Israil Israel, and his fair young wife Althea. The blast of war, which was desolating the land, long delayed to reach their borders, and as yet, each true-hearted American, their neighbor, dwelt unmolested under his own vine and fig-tree. It is true, that many of the young men, the forward, the enterprising, the crossed-in-love, and the bowed-down with debt, had enlisted; and their communications, blood-stained, from the various battle-fields, awakened sympathy and gladness by turns, among their friends at home. But Mr. Israel felt no call to leave the blooming wife, and the merry twins, whose voice was his home-music, for the stern music of the war. He served his country in a more quiet, but perhaps equally efficient manner, by working sedulously in his vocation, paying the large taxes incumbent upon the war-drafts, making an occasional loan to government from his thriving treasury, and nursing up the promising twain whom Providence had vouchsafed as the fruits of wedded love.

But the sounds of strife began to come nearer his district. The defeats upon Long Island, and the dark season that followed, sent many a poor fellow back to his neighborhood, maimed or ragged, or starving, to tell how the heart of the great Washington was nigh despairing at the glooiny prospect ahead, and to ask an alms of the full-handed farmer, for God Almighty's sake!

Such appeals were not suffered to fall unheeded. There was bread and to spare in the buttery; there was raiment and to spare, in the old clothes-press; there was shelter and to spare, in the big gable-roofed house: these were bountifully dispensed to the suffering patriots at the hands of the kind-hearted Israel or his affectionate spouse. For Israil Israel was a Freemason. It is with such as he, that

our pen is most pleased. There is a freer flow at its point when it glides upon this topic. There is an inner gate, rarely opened; an interior vail, not frequently drawn up; a kind of ninth arch seldom entered, which opens, rises, and is entered, as the character of such a man comes before us in review. Brother Israel was a Freemason. He was what a writer styles, in one of his favorite analogies, "A *born* Mason; a Mason in the bud and flower; a Mason in the milk and grain; a Mason in the lint and thread, in cloth, dye and garment, thoroughly a Mason!"

Therefore, the man was liberal—it is one of the virtues of Masonry to be liberal—and patriotic; the world-wide attachments of the order do not, in the least, blunt the delicate home-sympathies which are natural to us all.

The masonic lodge in his vicinity, acknowledged the superior ability of Mr. Israel, and placed him at the head of the various finance Boards, relief Boards, emergency Boards, etc., which that emergent season demanded. This position, necessarily, made him the medium of payment for the masonic charities of the district. It must be confessed, however, and the circumstance is related not to disparage the other brethren, but to show the general state of poverty and distress prevailing, that the drafts drawn upon the lodge-treasurer, for the aid of the poor at home, and the prisoners in the prison-ship at New York, were usually cashed from the pocket of Mr. Israel himself. Quarterly dues could not be collected to keep pace with the demand; there was too much pressure from without, to justify a resort to harsh measures for collection; so Mr. Israel trusted to the future consideration of his brethren, and favored the orders from his private funds.*

When the suffering patriots passed near his residence, on their disastrous retreat from Long Island, an opportunity was afforded for a liberal display of his disinterestedness; for although provisions were scarce, and com-

* At the close of the war, when a general settlement was made with this noble-hearted Mason, as Chairman of the Relief Board, it was found there was more than two thousand dollars due him, for money advanced, in gold and silver.

manded a high price in the best markets of the count yet, on the personal application of Gen. Washington, M Israel supplied the American forces with fifty lar beeves, contenting himself with a plain Commissar receipt, in lieu of the more negotiable funds, the ha metal.

The war drew further and further South. Philadelpl was occupied by the British. The surrounding country w daily ravaged for their sustenance. Although the En lish officers were noted for their prompt payments, a even generosity where their own friends were concern yet, if the slightest suspicion of a disposition favorable the patriotic party, rested upon a farmer's head, woe his possessions! He was well escaped if the foragi parties contented themselves with stripping him of l beeves and grain. An empty roost, a vacant stack-yar untenanted stalls, were but a light infliction. It w oftener the case, that the stalls were fired, the dwelli consumed, and the poor farmer, whose highest crime w to love his country better than his country's foes, was l far off to commence the world anew.

While the dark cloud yet rested over the patriots' pr pects, the Roebuck frigate anchored in the Delaware, r far from Mr. Israel's house, and a detachment was sent shore to capture that gentleman, and secure his catt Mr. Israel was easily taken, for he rather put himself the way of the party, thinking no further evil than th his property would be subjected to a heavy draft. Mu to his surprise, however, the soldiers seized him rudel bound his hands, led him to the boat, and sent him board to be tried by court-martial, that very day! A this happened in plain sight of his wife, who stood in t doorway; and no sooner did it pass, than she instant divined that mischief was brewing. To prevent the s diers from capturing the stock, she hurried to the co yard, turned out all the cattle, and set the big house-d after them. He soon ran them out of sight into the wood The horses in the stables, were liberated in the san

manner. By this time, the party had arrived at the gate, and seeing her plan, they fired their muskets at her, but without effect.

Some harsh language was then used; but a British officer is a gentleman, however stern he may be in executing orders, and as the one in command of this detachment had no instructions to damage the property, he soon recalled his party, and the strong-hearted woman was left to rock her little twins, and ponder upon the dangerous condition of her husband.

Let us follow Mr. Israel to the frigate. As he was pushed unceremoniously up the ship's side, and allowed to stand a few minutes by the gangway, while the boat was rowing round to the stern, a common sailor approached him, and in a low tone of voice inquired, "Hark'e, friend, ain't ye a Freemason?" What prompted the question in the man's mouth, cannot be known; but the reader will presently perceive that Mr. Israel's life was involved in the answer. Startled by the inquiry, but feeling new heart at the very word *mason*, Mr. Israel whispered in reply, that he was. "Then," pursued the sailor hastily, for an officer was approaching where they stood, to order the prisoner below, "then you'd better remember it, for the officers will hold a lodge in the cabin to-night."

A very few hours sufficed to prepare an indictment, summon officers enough for a court-martial, and commence proceedings. As Mr. Israel was led from the forecastle to the cabin, he observed certain ominous preparations, in which a block, a rope and a yardarm were striking features. In truth, a short trial and a speedy shrift were in store for the rebel; and the rebel took a glance across the still water to his pretty homestead, which he felt was not long to claim him as its proprietor. It may be sufficient to account for that very unsoldierlike sob and tear with which he entered the cabin, that he saw Althea distinctly gazing upon the ship, and in her arms something that he could not fail to recognize, having so truly its father's form.

The trial was a mere formality. Witnesses testified to anything that was desired of them. The Judge Advocate evidently felt that the whole matter was beneath him; he asked but a few questions, and those in a careless tone. The judges leaned back listlessly, and whispered to one another on frivolous topics, or read English papers; but there was a pre-determination in all this, and it spoke of death. One witness, as a crowning point to his testimony, averred, that when Lord Howe sent a messenger to Mr. Israel, offering to purchase his fine beeves with specie, that rebellious individual returned for answer, "that he would rather *give* his cattle to Washington than receive thousands of British gold!" and that his whole course, from the beginning of the war, had been calculated to encourage the revolutionists.

"What have you to say in plea, prisoner?" inquired the senior officer; in the same breath giving a low order to the sergeant which hurried him on deck, where the rattling of the block, now fixed to the yardarm, could be distinctly heard. The rattling ceased. A file of marines marched across the deck. Something there was, awful in all this, and Mr. Israel's lip paled as he answered. He made a manly defense, avowing his predilections to the patriotic cause, but solemnly averring that he had never taken protection or given any encouragement to the British authorities that he would do so. He was a plain man; loved his home; loved his country; thought no harm to any one; and hoped the court would not deprive an innocent man of his life in the very presence of his family and home.

At the conclusion of his last remark, which was pathetic enough to call the attention of the whole court, he gave the sign of the brotherhood. A hasty whisper passed among the judges; an evident interest took the place of their former listlessness. Their haughty bearing was changed; and the senior officer, in a tone of voice strikingly contrasted with his former abruptness of manner, ordered the Judge Advocate to call back the witnesses.

This being done, the members of the court by turns, cross-examined them most searchingly. It was not difficult now to sift out of their testimony so much malice and envy that the senior officer finally dismissed them with a stern rebuke, "for seeking to hurt so honorable a man as Mr. Israel!"

The verdict was unanimously, *not guilty*. The court being dismissed, a private meeting was held, and within half an hour (the fatal block still dangling from the yard-arm), Mr. Israel was sent on shore in the captain's own barge, and with a splendid present to the heroic wife, whose coolness, in defending her husband's property, had been already reported to the officers.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that he returned to the ship after dusk, and was not allowed by his hospitable entertainers to take his accustomed place by Althea's side until nearly day, nor then until a strong scent of French wines betokened that the brothers had sealed their mutual acquaintance with something stronger than water.

So long as the Roebuck retained her position in the bay, there were frequent communications of this sort, and no evil of any description was ever inflicted upon the fortunate man.*

THE CUT DIAMOND.

The Diamond, in its native form, is but a shapeless, unsightly object. But when applied to the wheel and shaped by the art of the skillful lapidary, it becomes brilliant and beautiful through the loss of its outer and unimportant parts.

* Lossing, in his very excellent publication, the Field-Book of the Revolution, (a book, by the way, that should be on the shelf of every American householder), refers to the above incidents, and adds, what we were not previously informed of, "The records of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania show that Isrnil Israel, for many years Grand Master of that State, was saved from an ignominious death by the use of masonic signs." He cites Mrs. Ellet's Women of the Revolution, a reliable and valuable book, to the same end.

To some minds, sorrow and disappointment serve as the wheel to cut deeply within their substance and bring out latent beauties. As trials, losses, bodily afflictions, deaths, come successively upon them, they do not *sink* but *glow*. They become reduced, but more precious. They acquire that form which the skillful Lapidary in heaven would have them to possess, that his light may shine out more clearly from them, and display his glory more perfectly.

We were once familiar with a *cut diamond* of this class. It was a beloved brother of the masonic order, Oliver S——. In his youth, he possessed fortune, friends, ambition. His fortune melted away under the adverse season of 1837, and he was left poor. Struggling with a yet smiling heart, he was for a time successful, and his head began to appear above the billows again. A beloved family of his own sprung up around him. Sons and daughters, fair as olive plants, encircled him, and wound durable links around his heart. This was his happiness.

But the diamond was as yet uncut! His wife was called away from his arms. Sickness blighted his own form, and condemned him to drag out a lingering life with joints filled with pain, with an aching head and desponding heart. But he made no complaint, and his countenance was yet smiling as ever. Then the messenger selected, one by one, with most cruel precision, the little lambs of his flock, beginning with the fairest. He struggled against his destiny, struggled earnestly, but in vain. One by one, they were dragged out of his bosom, and out of the fold by the heartless wolf, until there was not one left, and he stood alone in his dwelling—

Alone! helpless, poor, afflicted!

The diamond, for it *was* a diamond of purest water, was now cut by the Divine hand. Divested of the superfluities of life, it was now that it began to sparkle before men's eyes. Every facet was an angle of reflection, that sent back some heavenly ray to the observer's eye.

The sufferer put his trust in God, having found life's staff to be a broken reed.

The remaining years of his pilgrimage were spent in exhibiting the mercies which the Heavenly Father yields even in such times as that. The smile never left his face, though the form was bent and the hair gray. His voice was ever full of hope and comfort to others, even when his own body was writhing in pain. His last words were the same patient expression of the afflicted patriarch's, "The Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

THE VEHICLE,

WITH ITS THREE PASSENGERS.

MASONRY may be viewed in the light of a vehicle for the conveyance of three passengers; morality, science, and religion. To understand the masonic system in all its bearings, it must be taken in this three-fold sense.

Those who so fiercely denounced it in the political anti-masonry of 1826–'36, denied it all claim to the title of moral, scientific, or religious. Others, who have written against it, at various times, have attributed to it, some the one, some the other of those three qualities, while one witty opponent declares it to be now *the vehicle*, merely, *emptied of all its passengers!*

Each zealous Brother, however, whose views have not been distorted by anti-masonic prejudices, or restricted by the ignorance of those who are placed in the seat of instruction, will maintain, not only that the vehicle was designed for the three, but that *the three are still there*, though many of our brethren may have failed to discover them.

Morality on a basis broader than Paley's; *Science* in its great principles, surer than Bacon's Inductive Philosophy; *Religion*, divested of its sectarianism and exhibited in a few saving principles; these form the skeleton of the masonic system. Without them, it is no system, nothing but a farrago of unexplained symbols and unmeaning ceremonies!

The following lines, adapted from a foreign writer, are beautifully in point:

"Masonic links compose a sacred chain
Of holy brightness and unmeasured length;
The world with selfish rust and reckless stain,
May mar its beauty but touch not its strength."

The worst evil that can befall Masonry, is in the house of its friends; it is the *neglect* of its votaries, and that neglect the result of ignorance.

Oppositions, slanders, evil speakings, violent persecutions; all these have bound, and do bind, the holy ark more firmly together.

But the disappointed look of those who have not found, within the sanctum, those moral principles and that priceless knowledge which were promised them; and the averted eye that such persons cast on the object they were accustomed to revere; these are the things to blight Masonry in modern days.

Mere declamation cannot take the place of reality. Our members, if they *seek*, must *find*, or they cannot be blamed for giving evidence of their disappointment. Now these three passengers are in the vehicle, and who shall forbid that he who submits his character to the rigid scrutiny, who donates of his means the liberal fee, who passes obediently up through the portico, and through the middle chamber, and by the road of peril, even into the sanctum sanctorum itself; who, we say, shall forbid such a man from forming the acquaintance of these three, and securing their aid in the grand struggle of life.

The following, from the preface to Bush's Millennium, applies well to Masonry:

"Not that we count on the practicability of all classes of readers becoming equally well versed on this subject; for, as this revelation (Masonry) is couched in a language (symbolic) which has ceased to be vernacular to the people of any nation, superior insight into its disclosures will ever accrue to those who make themselves familiar with the sacred tongues; and as the facilities for this attain-

ment are constantly increasing, and light is pouring in from numerous other sources, upon the interpretation of the inspired writings (Freemasonry), it is easily conceivable that each successive generation shall advance far beyond its immediate predecessor in every department of the subject. In seeking, therefore, for that blindness in part which hath happened to the religionists (Masons) of every age, we cannot be mistaken in referring it, in a great measure, to the neglect of the original tongues of Scripture (the masonic landmarks)."

Were the genuine mines of Masonry worked as those of classic lore or of physical science have been, we should hear little of renouncing Masonry, or wearying of Masonry, or disappointment at Masonry. As the matter stands with thousands, the real secrets, the priceless treasures of the Order, are never discovered. Such persons resemble a traveler who would stop in the entrance-room of a beautiful gallery, look around wishfully, arrange his features into a form of disappointment, and then quietly slip out. The three passengers are there, dear Brethren, depend upon it! and they sociably offer themselves to your companionship.

MYSTERIOUS ABDUCTION.

MASONIC MURDER.

About the year 1829, when the whole country was convulsed by the politico-antimasonry of the day, a counter-blast was prepared by a few Masons, in the village of Y——, which exhibited the tactics of the opposite party, to perfection.*

Those who are familiar with the facts connected with the Morgan affair, must have been struck with the slender

* We would not be reckoned apologists of this comic trick. To do evil, that good may come, is not Masonry. Deceit, however vailed, is nevertheless deceit and a crime. We only relate the affair as it occurred.

thread of evidence, on which such sweeping denunciatory charges were made to hang. It is a notorious fact, that for years, the anti-masonic leaders were in constant trepidation, lest the veritable William Morgan himself, murdered and outraged as he was, in a hundred savage ways, should return *in propria persona*, to give the lie to their tragic drama, acted at such cost of money and truth.

There was a young man in Y——, who, for his morality's sake, had been made a Mason. But all the Masonry in the world, could never tame him, or overcome his incorrigible habit of jesting. Provoked at the illiberal, illogical method pursued by the anti-masonic party, in establishing their positions against the order, he devised the following pleasant revenge, and by the aid of a few others, put it into operation.

It was given out (in strict confidence of course), that Mr. C——, the gentleman in question, was about to secede from Masonry, and that his withdrawal would be accompanied by a publication, very severe and highly reliable against the order. Every one who had perused the various and conflicting expositions of Masonry, was previously convinced, that something must be left untold. That something was now to come from Henry C——, and it was expected to be THE GRAND SECRET about which the cowan-world had talked so long.

Sure enough, Henry came out with a book, a veritable exposition; but such a farrago of nonsense, such queerly-constructed sentences, such wild thought, such grotesque caricatures of pictures, as were never imagined by sane man before. This work, handed around in manuscript, from hand to hand, among the antis, (always with a pledge of secrecy), soon became the grand topic of debate in the clubs of the party. It must be published, of course—all were agreed on that. The party must throw in liberally, and get it out in good style. Mr. C—— must be protected in his patriotic cause; all this was settled *nem. dis.*

But now, threats began to be heard from the other side. The two or three Masons who were in the secret, talked

loudly, yet mysteriously, of their determination, in the event of the book being published. Broken bones, and bleeding arteries, they said, were the least of their projects of vengeance! A placard was posted by night, on the door of the club-room, offering a reward of fifty dollars for any one who would procure the manuscript from the hands of that vile Henry C——, the perjured wretch, the unfaithful monster!

A few weeks of this, and then, to the horror of many, and the delight of more, that unfortunate gentleman suddenly disappeared!

What an opportunity for political capital! "Masonic murder! another victim! brutal vengeance! Who is safe now! Let the country awake!"

The two or three Masons who were in the secret, declared, with extravagant boldness, "That they were glad of it! 'twas nothing more than he deserved! hoped he had got what would stop his expositions! thought 'twould be a good lesson for the others!" Horrid wretches, thus to sport with blood and murder!

The attorney for the district, was an anti, and therefore, needed no further stimulus to awaken him to exertion. The Club, however, feed two Counsel, to aid him in ferretting out the abductors. Warrants were issued, returnable at the next Court, to arrest the two or three Masons already mentioned, and some others who were thought to be implicated in the dreadful affair, or deep in the cruel secret.

These gentlemen submitted to their heavy bail-bonds, very quietly; and just as the case was called, and the Court was about to order a jury impannelled, Mr. Henry C——, himself, entered the Court, and informed the Bench, in his most demure manner, that he had only been on a trip to New Orleans, and had that morning returned!

But to this day, there are many persons, members of that old party, who cannot be made to believe that the thing was all a hoax from the beginning, or that Mr. C—— ever did really return!

OLD WILLIAM WALLACE LODGE NO. 19.*

These walls are tottering to decay;
  There's dampness on the stair;
But well I mind me of the day,
  When two score men met here:—
When two score Brothers met at night,
  The full round moon above,
To weave the mystic chain of light
  With holy links of love.

But now the lightest of the train,
  In deep, deep grave, is bowed;
The chain is broke, the holy chain,
  The Master's with his God!
The wailing notes were heard one day,
  Where cheerful songs were best,
And two score Brothers bore away
  The Master, to his rest.

The South—that cheerful voice, is still,
  That spoke the joys of noon;
The West—that told the Master's will,
  Has set, as sets the sun.
The sun may rise, may stand, may fall,
  But these will stand no more,
No more the faithful craft to call,
  Or scan their labors o'er.

I'll weep the passing of the train;
  The Savior wept his love;
I'll weep, no power shall restrain
  The tears that memories move.
Where two score Brothers met at night.
  There's solitude and gloom;
Let grief its sacred train invite,
  To this old haunted room.

* Air, *Graves of a Household.* Masonic Lyrics, *No.* 20. By the Autl

WE ARE BROTHERS ALL.

[Rendered into prose from a song by ROBERT NICOLL, a Scotch writer.]

WHAT a cheerful little home would this world prove to us if we could only agree, and whether residents of cottage or palace, would acknowledge the fraternal relationship we bear to each other. There is no reason why we should quarrel; seeing that concord produces so much real happiness, 'tis surely the best way, when we meet, to meet as *Brothers all.* My coat may be coarse, and yours fine; you may drink wine, and I water; but both of us can show a true, unspotted heart; and we are *Brothers all.* You despise the rogue and the unfaithful one; having truth on your side, you would stand firm as a rock; so would I; and thus we are *Brothers all.*

You would scorn to do falsely by man or woman; I always hold by the right, and do as well as I know how; thus, in our joys, and our affections, and in everything else that is good, we are *Brothers all.*

Your mother loved you as only a mother can love; my mother did for me what none but a mother can do; there is but one of us at last, whether high or low, for we are *Brothers all.*

The same fair and sunny day, is beloved by us both, we both enjoy our *home*, and oh! that we were there; we draw life from the same pure air of heaven, therefore we are *Brothers all.*

Old age, frail and trembling, will soon come over us both; death will creep along after him, and summon us both away; then, into the same graveyard we shall both be borne. Come, neighbors, your hands here—WE ARE BROTHERS ALL!

THE MILITARY CHEST.

"Truth shall spring out of the earth and righteousness shall look down from heaven."

THERE had been a sharp engagement during the day, between the American and British forces, and many valuable lives had been lost on both sides. Much property had been left behind by the retreating foe, in the form of camp equipage, military wagons, chests, officers' baggage, etc., all of which was seized upon with avidity by the suffering Americans.

It was now night, and Washington sat in his tent with no other company than his confidential secretary. The commander-in-chief was looking intently over a mass of captured documents, principally soldiers' letters, old muster rolls, and lists of military stores, when his eye, wearied with the useless lumber, fell upon a large parcel, strongly sealed with wax and marked, "Secretary's papers of—Military Lodge; Package, No. 3." The address attracted his attention. On further search, package No. 1 and 2, came to light, and the General was conversing with his secretary, concerning the circumstance of their capture, when the servant announced one of the Colonels without, who requested an interview. It was granted, and the officer entered. He was courteously greeted, a seat was tendered to him, and nodding to the secretary to retire for a moment, Washington gave him an opportunity to make known his business.

It seems that in one of the baggage wagons, a curiously wrought chest had been discovered, triply-barred and locked, on the sides and top of which were written, "Masonic chest of——Military Lodge." From its weight it contained the jewels and possibly the cash funds of the Lodge.

Now the Colonel who had made this discovery, begged the commander to instruct him, as to the proper disposition of so singular a piece of property.

After a pause, General Washington directed that the chest should be carefully guarded and preserved intact until the morrow. Before dismissing his anxious brother-Mason, he assured him that he would see the chest restored to its owners.

A few weeks afterward, a flag was sent from his camp, with the property in question. Accompanying it, was a letter most fraternally worded, in the handwriting of the distinguished chief, in which he expressed his favorable sentiments toward Masonry in general, and the military Lodges in particular, and concluded with the fervent hope, that the principles of the Order might fructify to the increase of humane sentiments throughout both armies.

When the —— Regiment returned to England, the chest thus remarkably preserved, was exhibited at a meeting of the Grand Lodge in London, and the letter of the distinguished philanthropist was read, with general and loud applause.*

THE CEDAR OF THE TEMPLE.

THERE is an interesting thought connected with the cedars furnished from Lebanon's rugged sides, for the house of the Lord. *It is indestructible to decay, but peculiarly obnoxious to fire.* By this we may understand it was the purpose of God, that his house should be established in perpetuity. The best materials that the surface or the bowels of the earth could afford, were to be lavished upon it, and find their most honored use therein. But it was always exposed to the torch of the incendiary, that its watchmen might be vigilant; to the ravages of an invader, that its guardians might be valiant; to the hand of judgment, that its supporters might be held responsible. The analogy between the attributes of the temple-cedar and the human soul, is too fearfully close to be overlooked.

NOTE.—In connection with this interesting fact we observe, floating through the press during the present year, the circumstance of a Bible formerly used by General Washington in the Lodge ceremonies, being recently exhibited in a masonic celebration at Manchester, England.

THE PEEPING COWAN AND THE TRUSTFUL DOG.

A SERIO-COMIC POEM IN NINE PARTS.

PART FIRST.

Describes the Lodge-room; also the Lodge.

Way down in Ralepenn, where the Diction flows,
There was a Mason-Lodge, the story goes;
A real rope-tying, branding, swearing set,
As ever in the middle chamber met;
Their tyler, Bigbadd, was his sobriquet.
Hern Mott, their master—a queer, bustling fellow,
Who always looked as though he *might* be mellow,
So red his nose, so thick his speech, so odd,
He wabbled as he walked along the road.
He 'd been a sailor in his younger days,
Braved many a tempest on the billowy maze,
And sailors never lose their sailor-ways.
The Senior, H. or T., was Wahley Brown;
The Junior Gavel-master, Thomas Towne.
The Ralepenn Lodge worked in an upper room,
Once the thronged banking-house of James Vannoom.
When James broke up, and fudged, and ran away,
And nobody was left to square and pay,
The house was sold for what 'twould fetch, one day,
And the Lodge bought it. 'Twas a brick concern,
Two stories high, too tight to break or burn.
The iron vault was in the second story,
All empty now, stripped of its silver glory,
Cobwebbed and dusty, mildewed, dark and hoary.

PART SECOND.

Describes the Shoemaker.

The lower room was let to Funkle Anck,
A Dutch shoemaker; chatty, tall, and lank;
Right down good workman; honest, sober, rich,
But with such symptoms of *the peeping itch*,
That every time he heard the gavel sound,
It set his very soul to peeping round,
While awls and lapstone tumbled to the ground.

PART THIRD.

Goes on with the Lodge; likewise with the Shoemaker.

Moon after moon waxed full; the masons met
And entered, passed, and raised a goodly set.
Some moved, some died; a few got burnt with drink;
But, on the whole, this Ralepenn Lodge, I think,
Was rather better than the ordinary,
Although a few hard-cases they might carry.
Poor Funkle Anck, he all this time was frying
To get a peep, a taste, a smell, a trying,
If but a word 'twould do, but not a crumb
The masons dropped—their pass-word, it was MUM.
Funkle then bought some books, the property once
Of Michael Hum, a numbskull and a dunce,
Who thought our secrets could be noted down
As easy as the sign-boards of the town.
Funk bought them, as I tell you; and he read
The bundled nonsense clean from lid to lid.
Then to a Lodge clandestine, down in Brente.
This peeping cowan, for such knowledge, went.
As Morgan failed to discover or invent.
He paid an X, at Brente, for three degrees,
Worked on the principle of *perfect ease*,
But still dissatisfied, he yearned for more;
The Ralepenn Lodge was No. 64;
He scaled its windows, they were curtained o'er—
Climbed to the skylight, it was fastened down—
Walked up the stairway, met the tyler's frown—
The crazy, simple, peeping, stingy cowan.

PART FOURTH.

Brings in the dog Fides.

Hern Mott, the Master, in his sailor ways,
Cherished a dog ('twas rumored in his praise,
He 'd saved Miss Clarry's life, when like to drown,
And ever since, Mott loved him as his own).
This dog, a spaniel of undoubted blood,
Was rough and shaggy, bandy-legged, and rude,
But ne'er a dog more gentle in the land,
Nor one more perfectly in good command.
Fides and Mott were always seen together,
No matter where, no matter what the weather,
At church, at town, to plow, to fish, to hunt,
Yea, to the very Lodge bold Fides went.
There, at his master's feet, he saw such sights,
Pricked up his ears at such terrific frights,
Such awful phantoms, on the meeting nights,

That had he not been dog, and dog of Mason,
I guess that *Fides* would have lost his reason.
The Masons called him *Brother*, well they might,
Since one more faithful never saw the light.
The Tyler, Bigbadd, always had a bone
To cheer up Fides, when the work was done,
Likewise some cheese, when other things were gone.

PART FIFTH.

Something about a Key and a Lock-up.

Poor Funkle Anck, at last, hatched out a plan,
By which to get the secrets of the clan.
'Twas not so honorable as some things are,
But little does a peeping cowan care
If once our mysteries he can but share.
He 'd found a key, all coated o'er with rust,
Mislaid, no doubt, in rubbish and in dust,
That fitted nicely to the vault above;
Right in that vault the sneaking fellow dove
And locked the door inside——

ART SIXTH.

The Lodge meets.

——————The Lodge assembled—
(Oh how Masonic angels must have trembled!)
Mott called to order, officers their places,
Brothers their aprons, solemn words and faces,
Tyler his sword, deacons their gloomy rods,
Join now and supplicate the God of gods!

PART SEVENTH.

The dog smells something.

But bark! that dog! that thundering, deafening howl!
That yelp! that bark! that scratching! what a growl!
Will no one stop him! Tyler, kick him out!
Beat him, Oh, deacon! mercy, what a shout!
What! has he bit you? Tyler run him through—
He 's mad! he 's mad! kill him or he 'll kill you!

PART EIGHTH.

The Catastrophe.

The cruel point pierced through poor *Fides'* breast;
His life-blood answered; must I tell the rest?
Prepare then for a tear—poor *Fides* crept
Up to those feet, where oft-times he had slept
And eyed his master, while his master wept.

He licked the extended hand his master gave—
Could he refuse his faithful, dying slave?
Then moaned a parting wish for one he loved,
Cast one kind look around, then slowly moved
To the vault-door—scratched feebly—tried to bark—
Looked back (the room to him was growing dark)—
Growled—whined once more—a dying token tried,
And, with his feet extended, *Fides* died!

PART NINTH.

The Discovery.

Not slow those sorrowing men to read it now;
The truth was written on his dying brow;
With bar and hammer, threat and many a blow
The massive hinges yielded; there he stood
The peeping cowan, guilty of the blood,
Of one, more human, more of man, alone,
Than hundreds such though welded into one.

PART TENTH.

The Memorial.

There was no Lodge that night; but should you go
That thriving little town of Ralepenn through,
Call at the Hall; there, on the eastern side,
You 'll find a monument—stop there and read—
"*Faithful unfortunate! thy cruel lot*
"*Shall teach to us that* CAUTION *we forgot!*"

FINIS.

JOHN CALLIS, THE FREEMASON,

OR

THE TURNING OF THE SCALE.

CHAPTER I.

"Thou art beautiful, Oh! my love, as Tirzah; comely as Jerusalem; terrible as an army with banners."

THAT there is a time, an hour in the life-passage of every man, which, appreciated or neglected, decides the temporal, perhaps the eternal destiny of the individual, it requires no Shakspeare to inform us.* That experience of men, more practically available than an Alexandrine library, demonstrates this truth beyond contest. *Why* such an occasion is bestowed upon us, seeing we cannot foreknow it, or even recognize it as such, till it is past, remains among "the hidden things that belong to God." Yet men are called wise and prudent, or ignorant and imprudent, as they employ this golden opportunity; although more fortunes have been lost, hearts broken, and discouragements engraved on human souls by the very endeavor to recognize and seize this flood-tide of fortune than by any other means. It is the *ignis fatuus* that allures millions to their ruin and blesses only the few. No lottery is more illusive, no gambler's game more uncertain.

But he, the true-hearted, who is determined, in all tides, ebb or flow, *to do right and to row on;* he who, without resting upon his oars to *wait*, is always vigilant in his activity; that man, though he may not grasp a fortune or rule a kingdom, will do more: "he will deserve one!" Give us such men for companions on the

* "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at its flood, will lead to fortune."—SHAK.

journey of life, and those who tarry for the flood may tarry till doomsday, while we, with our stout boat's crew, will heave ahead, *and move*.

Beside this pre-eminently important period, so taken and accepted in each man's life, there are occasions of minor importance, in which the results of the past seem to be so concentrated that the work of a moment confirms or undoes the labor of years. Temptations to commit a wrong, opportunities to perform a right, great advantages to be secured, great losses to be encountered, are thus *suspended upon the scale* of an instant, till it would appear as if life itself might be exhibited as some writers exhibit geology, "a succession of convulsions," revealed to us only by resultant mountain-ranges.

In all such hours of trial, how good it is, to worthy brothers and fellows, to have an abiding principle of holiness within them, that, if it does not always designate *the policy*, will infallibly point them to *the honesty* of a thing.

With such a monitor in the heart, no man can materially err. Temptations to commit a wrong, however disguised they may approach us, however cunningly their guiltiness may be concealed, will spend their force upon us in vain.

These thoughts lead the enlightened craftsman naturally enough to the conclusion, that in the principles of Freemasonry may be found this moral prompter, so desirable to those who feel their own insufficiency. In Freemasonry there are both *guard* and *guide* to the worthy initiate—the one shielding him from the unavoidable ills of life, the other enabling him to select, where many roads separate, that one which alone will terminate in happiness. *Such is Freemasonry*. Such is not the phantom that perjured expositors have conjured up as Freemasonry. Such men as Morgan, Bernard, Allen, and Stone could no more describe such a pure thing as Freemasonry than the debauchee can describe virtuous love. Such is not the Freemasonry

that the over-curious pant for, when, passing through our ceremonies with eyes and ears expanded, they hope to catch some fantastic mystery that we never promised them, nor could bestow upon them. Yet *such is Freemasonry*, never denied—the system that the pure and good, who were prepared in heart to receive, have received in all ages, and in all ages *will* continue to receive, if they continue to seek with a humble heart. And such is Freemasonry, as it was found by brother John Callis, the subject of our sketch.

There is nothing in the early history of this brother particularly worthy of the reader's notice. He was freeborn, like Paul, the apostle, educated in a moderate way for a farmer; the theory prevailing in his youth, as now, that farmers need less knowledge than the members of any other profession; and sent forth of lawful age, neither naked nor clad, to seek his own fortune, and entirely under the tongue of good report. He sought it, and found it, after many years of effort, in the cultivation of the soil. Mother earth is a treasury that continually invites, "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you;" and but few pursue this avocation perseveringly who do not realize the promise. Guided by prudence, as well as love, he early married an industrious, thriving creature, whose character we will give in his own language further on, who, keeping the *indoors* as snugly as he did the *out*, made him a happy home, presented him with nine healthy children, and then "passed up higher," leaving him a widower in the descent of life, with an unblemished character, good possessions, and great acquirements in Freemasonry. It may readily be conjectured that it is this latter qualification that gives him a place in our volume.

In the early part of his life, very shortly after he became of age, he had been led, by religious motives, to pursue a searching inquiry into the history, genius, and operations of Ancient Craft Masonry. His earnest and

prayerful desire was to discover in them some principles auxiliary to the doctrines of Christ. It happened, at that period of his life, that he was thrown among neighbors who were deeply tinctured with skepticism. A certain collegiate, who had passed through all the phases of free-thinking and finally settled down upon Deism, was located in the vicinity, and, as he was both a reading and a communicative man, and withal as liberal in charity as the sun, his influence over his neighbors was such that infidelity ran riot. This went to the heart of brother Callis, and caused him to bring everything to bear to strengthen himself in Christianity. A casual remark from an aged minister, which he had overheard when a boy, led his mind to the investigation of Freemasonry as to a system of morals that leads to Christ. It was: "If Christianity is the only lake into which Freemasonry flows, Freemasonry is the most liberal fountain that Christianity possesses." And so, after a long process of study, brother Callis found it. In his efforts, made in the scanty hours of leisure permitted by hard labor, he was aided by the older writers, Anderson, and Desaguilers, and Preston, and by several of more modern date, all agreeing in this one thing, though they might differ in others. Had his Masonic education been gained in these latter days his labors would have been greatly lessened by the writings of Oliver, Mackey, Moore, Scott, Tannahill and the host who are leaving their marks like good craftsmen on many a perfect Ashlar, to be transmitted as good work to future ages; nor would the objections and misrepresentations of a Stone, an Adams and a Bernard, have been valueless in such a pursuit, seeing that much talent and ingenuity were consumed by those writers to exhibit *the flaws* of the work. The discovery—for it was a real discovery to John Callis—exerted a powerful influence upon his life. As a Christian (as honest and sincere a one as any other), he had found the difficulty that many another has found, before him and after him, of bringing the principles of

religion to bear upon human affairs. It was *not* difficult for him to seek and to find God in prayer, for Jehovah "is not far from every one of us," and His ears are ever open to our prayers. It was *not* difficult to engage in the ordinances of religion and to draw great religious enjoyment therefrom, "to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ." But it *was* difficult, and to many a person the difficulty has appeared insuperable, so *to reduce religion to rule* as to bring it to bear in the most trivial affairs of life. This is one application of Freemasonry, as Brother Callis discovered it and practiced it, from the hour when he was first led to the Lodge-room door and made to give the usual signal for admission. The present tale is designed for a two-fold purpose, to show that the practice of this system of morals will naturally control every action in a good man's life when once fairly adopted. *Secondly*, to exhibit its powerful efficiency in a time of "the turning of the scale." May the subject, by certain signs exhibited to the enlightened reader, prove as productive of good thoughts to him as it has done to the writer.

Our visit to the residence of Bro. John Callis was on this wise: An invitation had been circulated through the Lodges in the counties adjacent to Carrolton, to attend the obsequies of a distinguished Mason, deceased in Mexico, whose body had been brought back to its native soil for more decent interment. Passing through the place, a few days previous, and being fraternally pressed to join in the obsequies, we had been induced to return and take part in these last tokens of honor that Freemasonry can bestow upon her illustrious dead. Anniversary processions, corner-stone celebrations, and festival occasions, present but few charms to us. They indeed rarely call us out from our humble dwelling. But when the summons is *the echo of death;* when the greeting to be paid our brother is not the grip, nor the signs, nor the word of Masonry, but the solemn farewell, there is no power within us to remain absent: for *we*, *too*, *have worn*

the jewel, and the solemn band have encircled us lowly laid and still.

The exercises of the occasion were conducted with uncommon solemnity, and in sad meditation we turned ourselves Lodge-ward to dissolve the assembly, leaving our departed brother upon the level from which He alone, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, can raise him.

In the procession, we had observed a man whose thoughtful countenance betokened profound feeling and marked out a character worthy of our study. We have rarely found a heart that could feel intensely but what was also a deviser of good things; so true it is that "the good alone know pity." Upon inquiry, we were told that this venerable man was John Callis, father and grandfather of nine Masons in that procession. We had often heard of him as a practical Freemason, remarkable for nothing so much as his successful performance of what others teach, and had felt a warm desire to make his acquaintance. So introducing ourself, with that freedom which is a part of our mysteries, we at once acceded to his request to return home with him that evening. We cannot better describe the perfect points in his character, than to inform the reader of such things as fell under our observation during the visit.

The mansion, outwardly, was a plain frame building without mouldings or scrolls, constructed, as he informed us, "strictly by right angles, horizontals and perpendiculars." It was in the form of an oblong square, the length of the house being from east to west and the main approach from the east, sixty feet in length, thirty in breadth, and twenty in height; two stories high. These dimensions expose the model of the structure of *King Solomon's Temple*, substituting feet for cubits. On the side of entrance was a handsome portico guarded by two large pillars, one painted black, the other white, cut of Italian marble and by the best artists of the country. These pillars stood severally upon a plinth and pedestal, their tops being elaborately carved into lacings, flowers

and fruits. Upon each was a large globe. Within the portico were statues of Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice, the latter hoodwinked, in accordance with the ancient idea of that goddess, and Charity with naked left breast. There was also a stairway within the portico constructed in a most ingenious manner to wind in and about the wall, being mostly concealed in the thickness of it, and forming a passage to the second story. This stairway was divided into three flights or divisions of steps, the first flight having three, the second five, the third seven. We are scarcely architect enough to describe the building itself, but will endeavor to give the general plan. The prominent idea fixed in the owner's mind during the building and embellishment of the house was *one grand combined symbol*, composed of the several symbols of ancient craft Masonry, so connected into one that each distinct part taught an important lesson, yet united in harmony with those upon either side of it. The projector proved that he was worthy and well qualified, as far as the designs upon the trestle-board were concerned, while the builder gave evidences that he had made suitable proficiency in all branches of his art ere he undertook it.

Over the main entrance, were emblems of Freemasonry, the Trowel worked in black Egyptian marble, wrapped around by the Cable Tow inclosing the square. The four windows on the south side had severally the Gauge, Gavel, Level and Plumb carved above them. The Portico being passed, we entered a room or place styled the Hall, which was laid with alternate squares of black and white marble, a five-pointed star of mosaic work in the center, and surrounded at the borders with a highly ornamented work. Now being first divested of our heavy cloaks and other incumbrances, we were shown into a room upon the left, its walls hung thickly round with Masonic engravings and covered with paper-hangings of emblematic devices. Here we observed the Slipper, Grasped Hands, and Lamb; the Compass, Sacred

Roll, complete and incomplete Ashlars, perfect Cube, point within the circle and others. The engravings and paintings suspended in frames, represented the more common emblems of an entered Apprentice, such as the Hill, the Valley, principal Supports, Theological Ladder, three Lights, Trestle-board, Holy Writing, etc., all of them being of the finest English and French workmanship, and duly and truly prepared by Masonic hands. Passing to a room beyond this we came to the Library, a small but beautifully arranged apartment, in which was the best collection of Masonic books we have ever seen.

We had long wandered in darkness as to the amount and value of these literary treasures, so essential to a full understanding of the Royal Art, but were now brought to light upon the subject, by beholding more than *five hundred works* for and against Freemasonry, in the English, French and German languages. Many of them, especially the French volumes, were exceedingly costly, and we admired to hear that our entertainer had studied French in his old age on purpose to peruse them in the original. Is it of his own free will and accord that any member of our Order will deprive himself of such a luxury as Masonic books, when they are so abundantly spread before the world? No set of men, however duly assembled as Masons, can work the ancient mysteries correctly with a weight of ignorance about their neck. But we digress. On the ceiling of this room was a beautifully gilded representation of a letter G—an emblem of plenty; and the five ancient orders of Architecture.

Entering the second parlor or third principal room into which we had been conducted, we were informed that it represented the Sanctum Sanctorum, or Holy of Holies of King Solomon's Temple, and was never entered by any except his particular friends. It was floored with a magnificent Brussels carpet, at least half an inch thick, figured with Masonic devices. The cost of this, as we were informed, exceeded one thousand dollars. Over the

mantle-piece, the work of an English artist of great celebrity, was the most chaste and perfect thing we ever beheld,—THE BROKEN COLUMN, on canvas, four feet square. The paper-hangings of this room were embellished with such emblems as the Pot of Incense, the Beehive, the Guarded Book of Constitutions, Naked Heart pointed out by a sword, the All-Seeing Eye, with the sun, moon and stars, the Anchor and Ark, Euclid's 47th, winged Hour-glass, Scythe, and the usual emblems of mortality. The ceiling was adorned by a gilded representation of the Ineffable Name, surrounded by a radiance. Such being the arrangements of the house, it will not be difficult to comprehend how this enterprising Freemason carried the Masonic system into his domestic affairs, the government of his children and servants and the management of his farm.

We had never before appreciated the *practical* character of Freemasonry. By receiving the benefits of this visit the reader will, like ourselves, be struck with its applicability.

The time of Brother Callis was primarily divided into *his own* and *God's*, each seventh day being strictly consecrated in word, act and thought, to the great I AM, being spent in divine exercises, spiritual instruction and in walks through field and wood with his domestics, whence frequent opportunities were afforded them of contemplating the glorious works of God and adoring the great Creator.

While taking the obligations of life upon them, this must have been of infinite service in settling their minds upon a religious bias. The six working days of the week he divided respectively into three parts, whereof one was found for the necessary labors of life—and industriously did the old man perform that duty which alludes to the penalty, the earliest curse inflicted upon our race—one was found for religious exercises, visits to the sick and distressed, especially to those deprived of all metallic substances; the remaining part, say ten

hours, was all that he allowed himself or his family for refreshment and sleep.

From year to year, through all the vicissitudes of life, this system had been rigidly pursued. The results of such a course became visible to all his acquaintance, even to those who were opposed to his religious and Masonic doctrines. Such persons, unwilling to give credit for his uniform prosperity, to principles that they abhorred, ascribed it to his industry and caution; but they overlooked, as such philosophers always do, the fact that hard labor is nothing without a well-settled method to direct it, and that neither will effect anything to make a man beloved and popular without a well directed system of philanthropy, good morals, and a God-fearing heart. The society in which John Callis found himself at his first settlement in life was, as we have before intimated, deistical in a high degree, and it was one of the first motives that prompted him to become a Mason, that he might be *a better Christian*, and thus be enabled to combat the arguments of skepticism with which he was daily assailed. He tried all the instrumentalities of the day in vain. He instituted prayer-meetings, circuit preachings, and other means of grace; but his prayer-meetings were attended only by his own family; his religious books were refused, and as for the efforts of the circuit rider, the chief of the godless crew arose, after sermon, and asking leave to make a few remarks totally overthrew all he had said, by such a vein of argument and sarcasm that the discomfited itinerant never showed his head again in the settlement! Other ministers, some of them possessing superior ability, were invited to preach, but their attendance always led to a protracted debate and such a war of words, that, finding not a person in the vicinity to second his efforts, our good brother concluded to seek a new plan for assault, one that peradventure might prove more available. Not that his efforts excited any ill-will among his neighbors; on the contrary, his disinterested zeal, united to his amiable manners and

large benevolent heart, made him universally popular, although he would intrude his religious views "in season and out of season." This at least was encouraging. Of this general popularity John Callis now took advantage, by proposing to start a just and legally-constituted Lodge of Ancient York Masons in the vicinity. The bait took. There was no Lodge at the time within fifty miles of the place, and the few scattering Masons gladly agreed to form some rallying point for their own preservation as well as for the extension of their cherished principles to others.

So a Lodge U. D. was established at Bro. Callis' house, himself being appointed first Master, in deference to the evident pains he had taken to qualify himself, and work in abundance was offered at once. The leading skeptics of the neighborhood at first stood aloof, disliking that display of the Bible which is so truly Masonic; but so many poor, blind candidates from their ranks came forward, and reduced their numbers so much, that, not to be thrown too far in the rear, they followed the example, and agreed to meet on the platform of "faith in God, hope in immortality, and charity to all mankind."

The Lodge soon became quite as popular as such institutions ought to be. Men of all ranks, so their moral character was beyond dispute, were admitted by the three distinct raps, and society soon felt the impulse.

Intemperance was reduced; for one of the bye-laws declared that intoxication should be deemed a penal act. Blasphemy, for the same reason, was greatly lessened. Quarrels, formerly so common in the vicinity, became rare, and good fellowship reigned. Education prospered under the special care of the Lodge. The teacher, being also a Gospel minister, was permitted to hold prayers in his school, and occasionally to preach. One of his occasional sermons aroused the minds of several hearers. A spiritual revival ensued, which shook the pillars of infidelity till its temple tottered again. The leader, Mr. Zelner, unexpectedly came to his death-bed, and, for

fifteen days and nights, wrestled with the conqueror, while brother John Callis, at his bedside, wrestled in prayer for his soul's salvation. The conqueror prevailed; but not till the terrors of the tomb had been overcome, and Zelner, the skeptic, the scoffer, the Saul among persecutors, passed to the world of shadows, with a shout that rung to the hearts of all who heard it.

Such a defection on the part of their chief was humbling. Another occasional sermon, preached by the old schoolmaster at the grave of the converted infidel, brought down every pillar of Baal's temple, and a general change of sentiment took place on the subject of religion. The despised Nazarene was now crowned King by acclamation, and from that hour to the present nothing further has been heard in that settlement concerning Tom Paine, Voltaire, or the progress of the Age of Reason.

CHAPTER II.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright."

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful; but his delight is in the law of the Lord."

We have alluded to the manner in which John Callis disposed of his time, and performed his duties from week to week. The present chapter will represent such squares in the checkered pavement of his life as were particularly devoted to deeds of philanthropy. "To do good and to communicate forget not," was inscribed on the tablets of his heart in characters not to be eradicated. He had now passed that period of life which may be said allegorically to represent the middle or inner chamber of existence, and, having fortified himself by the profound lessons of wisdom which may be gained there, he was able to put them into active exercise. Prosperity continued to attend him. He had but to touch an object, and, Midas like, he turned it into gold. Yet he was not inclined to rashness or speculations. On the contrary,

when his neighbors, aroused to frenzy by the excitement of certain periods, involved themselves in profoundest depths by the wild pursuit of wealth, his head remained cool and his purse hermetically sealed. This enabled him to draw out many a drowning victim, when many a drowning victim could be found in the land. His own language was, "Twice in my life everybody said I was unfashionable; once when I refused to make debts while others were making them; afterward when I paid my debts while others paid not." But, although our friend had no disposition to speculate, he was not deterred from embarking in an object because it was distant or seemed impracticable to others. The views which his TWO GLOBES gave him of *universality in enterprise* influenced him in various business operations.

It was so with his philanthropy; world-wide and enterprising, a foreigner who had suffered the loss of his fortune by an earthquake, ten thousand miles distant, possessed the same claim to his charity as one whose house had been burnt but ten.

His dwelling was situated about half way between two county towns, some twelve miles from each. Passengers who have traveled that way will not readily forget the circumstance of their stopping opposite a handsome gate, and being accosted by a small, active man, with a pitcher of coffee and a tray heaped full of provisions, who kindly pressed them to eat, with the remark, "'Tis twelve long miles to town yet!" Such was his practice to all dusty-looking travelers, who seemed to have come a considerable distance. There was always a cool drink of water for them, or milk, if they would have it, and a generous slice of bread and meat, with that best of relishes, a warm-hearted welcome, which sent them on their way, elastic and trim, to conquer the remaining hardships of the road.

The same motives induced him to dig a well at a noted level a few miles from his house, where the road stretched through a long, dry barren, a perfect Sahara, in the sum-

mer time, and "a slough of despond" the rest of the year. Here he erected a comfortable log-house, with the motto "Free for all," painted on it; also a stable and a stock yard. For the well he provided bucket and rope. These were stolen the first night, as everybody said they would be. Nothing daunted, he put the other bucket and the other half of the rope on (having provided for such a contingency), and made a second trial. The articles remained more than a week, and the triumph of philanthropy seemed complete. But it was a time of much travel; the negro wagoners were thievish;—these also disappeared. Away went John Callis to town, and bought another pair of buckets and rope rather better than the others. The third set was fastened to the windlass, remained for a month, and they too were stolen. By this time public sympathy was aroused by such unexampled patience, and some of the neighbors at the ends of the road, gave it privately to be understood that the next theft of the sort would be strictly followed up by the "posse comitatus." That was the end of the contest. Bucket and rope remained until they wore out, and a touching incident is recorded of a certain man, moved by conscience, calling upon John Callis with *the three ropes*, *the buckets*, and a flood of penitential tears, making acknowledgment of the whole offense.

The county in which he lived was formerly notorious for its inefficient laws. Its bridges were mere traps to the unwary; its roads were the terror of travelers far and near; and sign-boards there were none. After many efforts with the County Court, John Callis determined to try how far a single hand could go to remedy such evils. so he commenced by painting upward of two hundred sign-boards, which he put in their proper places in his various excursions through the county. At first they were somewhat slighted, being contemptuously styled "Callis's Primers;" but as all travelers expressed gratitude for the favor, the residents let them stand; and erelong began to be interested in the "primers," sufficiently so, at least,

to nail them in their places when mischievous lads knocked them from the trees.

Between roads and bridges, both sadly wanted, our philanthropic brother selected the latter as the most practicable object of improvement. He made tours through all parts of the county, and spent his leisure days, for several years, in visiting the houses of voters with petitions to the County Court, memorials to the State Legislature, subscriptions for stock to turnpike bridges, and other means for effecting his ends. Time, patience, and perseverance, accomplishes all things. The results were, that at the time we made his acquaintance, there were ten large and costly bridges in the county, and every low marshy place along the prominent roads, had its causeway to bespeak John Callis's praise.

These may appear small matters for the historian's pen, but we offer no apology. They are tokens of that Masonic undercurrent which prompted him to act as occasion offered. Such things were not always understood by his fellow-citizens; nay, they did not always come even under the tongue of good report; often he was misrepresented; his motives misconstrued; his labors imputed to a meddling disposition, or an electioneering trick. But as their author waited his time with patience, the true motives generally appeared in the end, and if they did not, he put his trust in God, and *worked on*. Noble spirit of Freemasonry, that prompts its votaries to wait until the answer from the Master in Heaven shall be returned to the door of request; that answer we already know: what can it be but "Let them enter this place of my approbation, and be received among those who have worked their way hither before them!"

The cause of Temperance, that noble effort of Freemasonry, early engaged his enthusiastic favor. At his first settlement in life, there was a large distillery within a few miles of him, the prolific fountain of idleness, poverty, and bloodshed. To abolish this he strove, with several other persons who had felt the searchings of its fiery

furnace. Many a moral lever was necessary to upheave it from its solid base, before it could be effected. Many an appeal to the proprietor, and to his miserable victims, was thrown away, as vapor upon a granite crag, yet success is in God's hands, and those hands, figuratively, open wide at prayerful efforts. A happy accident threw the distiller upon John's hands for several weeks, during a desperate fit of illness, and the hospitality of his house, aided by the spiritual unction of his prayers and exhortations, so won upon him that he pledged himself to abandon the traffic upon recovery. He did so. The distillery was turned into a camp ground, and the distiller into a circuit preacher! The smoke of this sacrifice was the origin of the first Temperance Society in the county. The ball being then set in motion, accumulated with such rapidity, that when lecturers from the organized state society visited that district, they were astonished to discover that the work was done to their hands, and it only remained for them to reap the golden grain. In more modern times the affiliated temperance association has found less difficulty in sustaining its ground in this quarter than in any other.

Sabbath Schools formed another of John Callis's *pets*. He early foresaw their success, grounding his opinion upon their self-evident adaptedness to an unoccupied field.

It was his conviction that, to effect any extensive moral or religious movement, we must *commence with the children*, the parents being mostly fixed in immobility, and hardened by habit. *Carrying this opinion*, according to his usual Masonic custom, *into practice*, he set himself to the perusal of the few books then published upon this novel topic, and as soon as the plan became clear in his own mind, he established the first Sunday School. He gathered the children together; built a school-room; purchased a library, appropriating a number of his own books to fill the shelves; and as teachers would not volunteer to his aid, he became superintendent and teacher, both in

one. In a few years he had educated his own children, and other pupils, to be teachers, which enabled him to extend his operations upon *the globe system;* that is, to unite other localities in his plan, so that his personal labors might be principally devoted to lecturing and supervising. In a single year, according to the report of the Sabbath School Union, he established twenty-seven flourishing schools.

There was no sectarianism in all this, not a shadow of it. John Callis, although cherishing in his heart his peculiar denominational views with warm attachment, was a Masonic Christian in every public enterprise, and knew no sect, no country, no restrictive bounds.

Would that, in the various *isms* which have divided the body of Christ, there was more of *Masonism* as displayed in the practice of this man!

The large-minded enterprise of supplying each family in the world with the Holy Scriptures, the first great Light of Masonry, which now forms a prominent object with the various Bible Societies, was practically carried out by our good brother in his plan of operations. The secrets of Freemasonry can never be understood without constant reference to the grand Trestle-Board of God's designs toward his intelligent creatures. All our sanctions must be *in the name of the Lord;* only those whose trust is in God can know their faith to be well founded; and when we stumble upon the rough way of life, what voice shall say to us, *Arise, follow your leader, and fear no danger*, but the voice of the Spirit speaking through THE WORD. Such were the views of this well-informed Brother, who distributed more than a thousand bibles with his own hands, together with an immense amount of tracts, books, and religious newspapers. As the spirit of improvement reached these latter vehicles of knowledge, a corresponding interest was aroused in his mind concerning them, and then the idea occurred to him, "a religious newspaper to every person, old or young, who knows how to read." The scheme was not altogether so practicable as

he anticipated; but as the archer must aim at a loftier object than *he expects to hit*, so on some occasions did our friend; and he found in the present instance that if the target was too high, his shaft at least made a good flight. Our active-minded brother was much attached to every *due and ancient form*, and as such was an admirer of the *sayings*, if not of all the *doings*, of our Grand Master, King Solomon. Amongst these he particularly fancied the passage, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." He rightly judged that there could be no torture to the flesh equal to that experienced by the mind and conscience of the parent who had neglected this duty, and suffered his offspring to become dissolute and slightful of God. In his own domestic government, he neglected nothing that belonged to *the way a child should go*. We were struck with this on being conducted regularly around the room formerly occupied as the sleeping apartment of his children. There we observed the various Christian graces, and all the prominent incidents of Bible history, and the old sets of the prodigal son, Hogarth's two apprentice boys, etc., arranged in such a way that their last look at night, and their first in the morning, brought them some good moral lesson.* The same idea was beautifully exhibited in the garden, where each one of the domestics had a row of corn, or potatoes, or watermelons, or vegetables of some sort labeled "For the Tract Society," "For the Bible Society," "To help to repair the Church," "For the circuit rider," etc., etc.; and one that touched us most of all, "For widow Fluellan's blanket!" Poor old widow! she joined her husband in death, our entertainer informed us, before the frost ripened the grain that was to help to buy her winter blanket;—but the lesson to us was invaluable, exhibiting his anxiety to train up each member of his family *to learn how to give*.

Many an anecdote is related of him with reference to

* Our readers will be reminded, by this incident, of Doddrige's mother teaching him Scripture history by means of the figures painted upon some Dutch tiles.

that practice of *always* carrying his Freemasonry with him. So prominent was this trait, that it was jocularly said by his neighbors, "We don't want any better insight into the secrets of the Order than to watch John Callis!" On a certain occasion he had accidentally fallen in with a party of his county people, in an obscure corner of the settlement, who had dodged off to have *a gander-pulling* all by themselves. They were petrified at beholding Callis amongst them, and he equally so at their unholy intentions. But each party tacitly agreed to put the best face upon it, the pullers generously inviting him to participate. He acceded with so much cheerfulness, as to excite many a sly wink at his expense. It was plain that honest John didn't know what a "pullin'" was! He examined the gander with great interest as it swung by the neck from a white-oak limb; made many careful inquiries into the *modus operandi* of the sport, and so busied himself with the thing, that some impatience was manifested among the *pullers* that the pullin' should commence. Being thus re-called to recollection, honest John, who had consented to act as judge, and give the signal, called up all hands, gave them their charge, and then gravely added: "You know, neighbors, that it is my custom, at the commencement of every great and important undertaking, to pray! let us address ourselves to a Throne of Grace!" Down he fell, upon his knees. Down fell the *pullers*, ashamed to refuse; and if ever a parcel of vulgar wretches received the benefits of a Lodge-prayer, it was then and there. When John arose, and turned to depart, the gander had been cut loose, and the greater part of *the pullers* were streaking it on their way homeward. That affair dried up "gander pullin'" all about that range of hills.

In the same ingenious and inoffensive manner he put a stopper upon horse-racing, formerly so prevalent in the country. There was one noted race-track a few miles from his dwelling. Brother John had observed that several of the brethren were rather too fond of the sport. Not but what he was partial to cheerful and manly games, and to

any innocent amusement that promoted health and happiness; but racing, to his mind, was promotive of nothing, in that vicinity, but dissipation and breaches of the peace. He got a deed of a small tract of land that cornered in upon the race-track, taking it out, however, in another person's name. This he leased to a North Carolina emigrant for a nominal sum, and set him to clearing forthwith. By the time of *the Spring Races* one quarter of the track was cleared, fenced and plowed, so that the sport could not come off. Another place was immediately selected, but the same *block-game* was played by Brother John, with the same effect, no one suspecting all this time that it was anything more than accidental. Two such disappointments turned the sporting current into another channel, and thus the county was relieved of its Race Course. So well was the brother known, by this time, that when the true state of the case appeared, it was received with a general smile of approbation.

We would not willfully divulge any of the secrets of this interesting man—interesting to us in a peculiar degree, for he was the exemplar of Masonic practice. What we have recorded, floated to our ears on the current of familiar conversation with himself, and afterward with his county citizens, and will injure no man to be made public. In the latter years of his life, after his children had mostly grown up and settled upon the division of his property, generously appropriated to each; after the death of his wife and the realization of all the prominent plans of his younger days, he devoted his time, and an ample remnant of his fortune, to making small loans to persons in indigent circumstances. In this, he plainly copied after a noted brother of the last century, Dr. Franklin, who in his long and useful life proved how much can be done by a single individval bent upon *doing good.* The loans made never exceeded one hundred dollars to a single individual, and were always for a specific object—as when a young mechanic needed a chest of good tools; a young physician or lawyer, struggling with poverty, lacked a

small sum to complete his course of study, or his library of books; a farmer had lost his plow nag, and had no money or credit to buy another; some neighbor's smoke-house was empty, and beef-killing time had not come—or something of that sort.

These loans were made either with or without interest, as the exigencies of the case seemed to require, and the time of payment was extended when circumstances demanded it.

It is to the credit of human nature, that although he had often upward of five thousand dollars thus invested at a time in small sums, and much of it without security, only a few of his loans were lost. Many of them, it is true, as time rolled round, and the prospect of payment became hopeless, were changed into donations; but, in such cases, that had been probably John's intention from the first, therefore there was no disappointment. One only, a young man of taking manners, who had made his way into the good brother's heart, shamefully deceived him. He effected a loan of money under pretense of a sick mother, borrowed a valuable horse, and absconded to Texas. Brother Callis took the matter, however, very patiently, would suffer no pursuit, and did not change his monied operations in the slightest manner. In due course of time a dying message of repentance made its way back, and John Callis felt no further regret at the circumstance, than that the young man had not repented toward God as heartily as toward his fellow-worm. It was his doctrine through life, that the deceiver has always a harder bargain in evil transactions than the deceived; for he stands as upon the point of a sharp instrument, that if it does not pierce his conscience at the time, will assuredly do so in his dying hours. In connection with his habit of making small loans, he became the repository of such sums of money as his neighbors from time to time had accumulated. It has long been a matter of observation, that the poor spend their money as fast as they earn it, *because they have no safe place to keep it in*. Brother Callis, to

encourage the practice of laying up small sums, took charge of them at the request of his poorer neighbors, and gave them ten per cent.,—not that he had any use for the funds, much less any that would justify so large an interest, but to convince that class of persons how fast their hoards will accumulate, and how speedily they can provide in this manner against a rainy day. The idea, as the reader will readily see, is that of the Savings' Bank System, but upon a more limited scale. It was a most fortunate operation in the hands of John Callis, especially to a large Irish population that lived near him, whose habits of improvidence and extravagance were quite conquered by the practical display of *ten per cent. accumulations*, and soon there was scarcely man, woman or child, but what held John's certificate *for moneys in bank*.

One more feature, and we close this chapter. In all his plans for the benefit and improvement of others, he was never idle in increasing his own intellectual stock. Having been educated according to the false standard of a former (we must add also of a latter) day, that farmers need less instruction than others, he was led by experience to reverse the adage, and he governed himself accordingly. He kept up with the progress of the age in all his agricultural operations; used improved tools, improved seeds, improved breeds and improved ways; followed the pathway marked out for him by his correspondent Skinner—(poor Skinner! would that he could have taken some road to wealth, who was so fortunate in directing others!)—and made his grounds so far to exceed his neighbors' in productiveness, that they were provoked by a spirit of emulation to do better.

This soon led to an Agricultural Society, one of the few still sustained, and so prominent were the advantages of this improved course, that, although but few could be brought up to the elevated standard set for them, yet few returned to the exploded theories and wasteful husbandry of the past.

Read this chapter the second time, dear reader! It is

a history of Freemasonry, divested of its emblems, yoked to the wagon of every-day life, and made to *do good service to man!*

CHAPTER III.

"Above all things, let us have tenderness of blood; and it is yet too little not to hurt unless we profit one another. We are to relieve the distressed, to put the wanderer into his way, and to divide our bread with the hungry."—SENECA.

WE would not fear disgusting the reader with these details, even though we were to extend them tenfold.

When an infant is first brought to light in this sad world of ours, the thoughtful friend, looking at its feebleness, and viewing its possible destiny for gigantic good or evil, may well make certain speculations or inquiries concerning it. Those who, under Providence, are to be its conductors through the first stages of its career, are expected to vouch for it, that it will not prove a burden to community or a nuisance to society. At the three principal stations of life the individual will do well to pause, of his own free will and accord, and listen if, in fancy at least, like questions are not now propounded to him as at the door of his entrance. But, now that he has taken his destiny into his own hands, it will be well for him if he can return like answers.* For, if not—if his day of life has been idly spent, and the shades of evening fall upon a seared conscience and a blighted heart—how will he be able to reply to that additional question so solemnly to be propounded to him at the judgment bar, "*Whence comest and whither going?*" If his journey has been one of vanity and error, if his talents have been hidden and his time misspent, it will be too late then to recede. No order to *return to the place whence he came, and reapproach in a proper manner*, can be anticipated. *Nulla retrorsum* will be the dictum then. But if the work of life has been well done, if by faith in the Lion of the

* There seems to be an enlargement of this idea in the mode of sponsors in baptism adopted in the Episcopal Church. The enlightened craftsman will readily understand us.

tribe of Judah the corruption of an evil heart has been conquered, the craftsman may sit him down in old age quietly and make known his wishes for translation to glory in constant prayer, and wait till the Worshipful Master in heaven is informed of his request.

But we must resume our detail of the domestic habits of brother Callis. The every-day life of a man is an index to his character, more reliable than a few great virtues or public merits, possibly only trumped up for show.

A clock-work regularity, not oppressive but facile, pervaded everything within and without doors. Each inmate of the household fell into this so naturally that the results of long and unwearied drilling seemed rather the effect of personal choice. Nothing was done out of place nor out of time; it being considered, in general, as much an infringement of good discipline to do work out of time as to leave it undone. This he referred to the principle embraced in one of the bye-laws of his Lodge, requiring that body to convene exactly at the specified hour. Each out-building upon the premises was numbered and had a catalogue posted upon the door of the articles of domestic economy stored within. Every member of the family who could read was furnished with a written charge of daily duties, and, as each kept a journal of daily performances for weekly exhibition, it was easy to trace any flaw or defect to its proper source. In all this, the model of imitation was the building of King Solomon's temple, as we have it in the written Word and tradition: "There was not the sound of ax, hammer, or metal tool heard" during the erection of that edifice, unequaled for beauty and perfection. We were particularly struck with the manner in which Freemasonry was interwoven with his family devotion. After the reading of a chapter, by one of his aged domestics, from "the Mason's guide of faith and practice, the Holy Scriptures," the patriarch himself opened the book of Ancient charges of the Masonic Order, an old edition of 1722 or thereabouts, and read

various passages from that as a comment upon the other. Then rising, he addressed the Throne of Mercy in strains that denoted great earnestness and devotion. Every subject of general or special interest passed under his notice; but it was with great propriety that, in the conclusion of his petitions, he prayed for "Master Masons, wherever dispersed round the globe," that "they might understand their trust, and be faithful to their trust; that the humanizing influences of the Order might be largely extended into the benighted corners of the earth, and that each Masonic Lodge might be a great moral center, radiating peace and love."

The family having retired, we were entertained with some details of brother Callis's views upon the origin, history, and principles of Freemasonry. In recalling them, partly from memory, partly from notes, we shall have regard only to that connection of the subject which will serve to avoid monotony.

As a basis for his historical views of Masonry he had committed to memory many hundred biographical and other dates, of which the following will serve as specimens:

Isaiah wrote B. C. 760; Daniel, 607; Haggai, 520; Habakkuk, 628.

French Rite of Masonry established A. D. 1786.

Earl of St. Alban, G. M., A. D. 1663.

Lodges of Adoption established A. D. 1774.

Tower of Babel built B. C. 1775.

First R. A. Chapter in America, at Hartford, Conn., A. D. 1778.

Gen. G. R. A. C., of U. S., established A. D. 1806.

Book of Constitutions compiled A. D. 1722.

Prince Edwin summoned the Masons to York 926.

Grand Lodge of France established 1756.

First Grand Lodge in U. S., 1733.

Lodge of Herodim, 1758.

King Solomon's Temple commenced B. C. 1012.

Order of Knights Templar established A. D. 1118.

Bull of Pope Clement fulminated against Masonry 1738.

Masonic Persecutions in Holland, 1735.

Grand Lodge of Mexico established 1825.

So many chronological points being fixed in his memory gave him great facilities for explaining passages of history which refer to the Royal Art. Further upon this subject we will hear his own words: "I commenced my Masonic studies under the conviction that everything in Freemasonry may be made practical, and that, too, to the most ordinary mind. That was my point of departure, from which I have *logged*, as the sailors call it, the whole journey. It seemed to me that this *must be true*, from the fact that our Order originated with *working men*, and was, for thousands of years, a *working society*. Well, when I got this notion fairly into my head, I began, on a small scale, to practice it. One of the cardinal virtues, *Prudence*, cautioned me to do nothing rashly, but to follow *Temperance* in all things; while *Justice* certified me that I could not demand of my children and domestics a strict Masonic regularity till I had first drilled them upon Masonic principles; and, having undertaken this, in spite of considerable opposition, I went through it with *Fortitude;* so there were my cardinal virtues all in full practice. *Brotherly Love* grew rapidly out of my ardent desire to serve God by doing good on earth. The readiest mode of doing it was by *Relief;* and, after laying a certain portion of my time and income at the feet of the Redeemer, for his service, I remembered the fate of Ananias and Sapphira, and performed my vows in *Truth*. *Faith in God* was my motto from the beginning; *Hope in Immortality* my anticipation of reward; *Charity, or Love to man* my ardent desire. A division of time was one of my most successful measures; a division of labor the next.

Among my children and servants, I sought for those who appeared by nature to be qualified for particular duties, and, when I found them, I set them rigidly to perform those duties. As fast as I established a new principle in my family government, I raised its symbol either in painting or sculpture, so that all could see it, and I then explained the meaning to them. This was of much

advantage, serving not only to remind them of the duty, but to admonish them of the punishment justly due them for its neglect."

Interrupting him here, we inquired, if he thought that the explanation of our symbols could be properly given to those who were not initiated into the Order. "The interpretation of Masonic symbols," he answered, "walks neither barefoot nor shod. In one sense, it is open to the world, and would that all the world clearly understood it! But there is a mystical or second sense, not contradictory to the first, but extending further within the vail, which is limited to the craft. I should say to a *portion* of the craft; for how few make the subject their study, so as to arrive at this sweet kernel! There is enough, even in the former, to make Freemasonry what it claims to be, *a universal language*. But in the latter lies *that* which gives the zest to the discoveries of a zealous brother. And this leads me to say that I have but a moderate opinion of Masonic lecturers in the mass. I have scarcely found one, in all my acquaintance, who had dug below this superficial stratum of which I spoke. Instead of bringing out those elegant and essential truths which lie underneath, and fill the veins, and make up the wealth of Masonry, they are engaged, from year to year, in an exhibition of the *mere work;* and, for the most part, have but little to teach, save a sort of memorized lectures, that, with Dr. Oliver, I attribute to a date less than a century back, and which I know to be highly unsatisfactory to an ardent mind. This is the species of *parrot Masonry* palmed upon us of late years, which renders it so difficult for the initiate to distinguish between essentials and non-essentials. Brother Mackie, in his Lexicon of Freemasonry, has elegantly said that "the Worshipful Master of a Lodge should have nothing to learn." How much more properly may this be applied to a lecturer, who is to instruct the Worshipful Master! All Masonic law should be at his tongue's end. Every mooted question, every doubtful rendering, every double symbol should be so familiar

to him that he can never be at a loss to give the best received exposition extant, and, what is quite as necessary in regard to a mooted point, *to give both sides.*

If Freemasonry is universal, unchangeable, and a thing for all time—(and the more I examine it the better I become satisfied that it is)—it certainly cannot consist in a form of questions and answers, given in a different manner in every country of the world. This would be to reduce it to the level of those modern societies whose sphere of operations is confined to a narrow field. I would, indeed, pay due attention to the ritual of the Order, and give to the lectures their proper place, for form's sake, but my great aim as a Masonic lecturer, would be to bring out the principles, display the landmarks, and to refer all "disputed points to their legitimate and acknowledged standard." We asked him what standard could he find to settle mooted points in Masonic practice? "Indubitably, the building of King Solomon's Temple, as tradition has handed it down to us. Any question which cannot be referred to some detail of that magnificent structure, is, in my opinion, not a subject of debate." But if the *vexata questiones* of Masonry can be thus easily settled, why have we so many of them? and how is it that the minds of the craft are so divided? "For the reasons just advanced. Our lecturers are superficial, not radical. Since the Science has been taught as a thing of words, these traditions have lain dormant, and instead of being held up as the true standard of opinion, we have the opinions of some Grand Lecturer offered us for a standard!" And here Brother Callis specified a variety of topics on which lecturers are divided, and proved how each difficulty may be solved by applying it to the standard referred to. "Were there not some Plumb, Square and Level of this sort, to prove the angles and positions of our work, all our operations now-a-days would be at random. The designer being long since deceased, and no designs drawn upon the Trestle-board, whereby the workmen can labor, all the business of the Temple-building would stop, and

the craft fall into confusion. But the Spirit that descended into the Sanctum Sanctorum, and occupied it, has not left this important matter to the conflicting and fluctuating opinions of men." Recalling a remark made a few minutes before, about modern affiliated societies, we asked his opinion concerning the two or three that have come out so prominently before the public in the last thirty years. "I confess myself unable," he replied, "to see the advantages which have been anticipated from them. Mind, now, I refer to the *affiliated feature;* that which brings them under the class of *secret societies.* If Freemasonry is what we claim for it,—*an ancient and perfect system of morals, symbolized*—I cannot conceive how these modern institutions, professedly modeled on the Masonic pattern, and without any of the prestige of antiquity, dignity of origin, or universality of aim, can supply any place that we have failed to occupy. Curiosity may be gratified; the mass may be fraternized, by open doors and easy means of initiation; a taste for show may be cultivated by costly regalia; nay, certain virtues, each one in itself prominent, may for a time be patronized by the spread of these associations, and much good be temporarily effected thereby, but I greatly question whether any one of them now existing will last as long, or effect as much, as several of those which sprung up in the eighteenth century, and promised for a time to supersede the Royal Art itself. However, I would not be thought uncharitable in judgment. By becoming a member of every affiliated society in the State, I have proved my desire to get light. By continuing my membership, and paying my stated dues, I give evidence that I think they are all doing good. But I candidly avow, that I have not found a single virtue or principle in any one of them that was not already appropriated as some block, beam or pillar, in the structure of speculative Masonry.

"As soon as I became of lawful age I married. God favored me, as he had favored his servant of old, with a

wife of his own selection, and I embraced the best woman that ever comforted man's heart. In times of business difficulties; in the hours of mental depression; in times of family distress; or in the days when the light of His countenance was withdrawn from me—I had only to go to her as to an exhaustless fountain of sympathy. I can give you no better description, in a single word, than to say that she was an "Electa" in sincerity, hospitality and patience; never petulant under any accumulation of trial; never discouraged by any weight of disappointment. Well, like the flowers of earth, she drooped when the summer was past, and died. I stood by her coffin, covered as it was by the emblem of innocence (for I would not allow the hopeless *black* to be laid upon it), and I prepared myself to take a last look. The hour was one of unmitigated anguish. There had never been a harsh word or an unkind look between us. I mourned not for her, but for myself and my children. Where should I look for comfort! It seemed to me that my religion, precious as it had been to me in other times, fell short of a scene like this. Ordering the room to be cleared, and drawing a chair near to the marble form of my departed love, I leaned forward, my right hand resting upon the Holy Bible, which lay upon the coffin, and went into profound thought. All before me was lonely and cheerless. When death breaks the tie that has long bound an aged pair together, there is no common pang for him who is left to walk solitary over the earth. Time cannot soften the sorrow for his irreparable loss. Circumstances, those heralds of hope to the young, offer him no hope.

"Thus I reflected, and my sighs and tears spoke aloud of my heart's deep anguish. I turned me earnestly, groaningly, to religion. My departed love was doubtless in heaven: great joy *to her;* but my selfish heart refused to find comfort in that. What should *I do* without her! whither look! whither go! Nay, though I should soon rejoin her, as I humbly trusted, and do always trust, yet

only in a spiritualized form could we meet, and I asked myself, with the poet,

> 'How shall *I know thee* in the sphere that keeps,
> The disembodied spirits of the dead?'

"The thought distracted me. For the moment I could almost wish for annihilation both to her and me. I murmured at the providence that had separated us, at the scanty hope that awaited us.

"Then another thought possessed me. I turned to *Freemasonry*. I revolved its signs and symbols in my mind for something that might confirm me in my weak faith. One by one I conned them over. *Fortitude!* that was weak here; it is but the strength of a tyro, an apprentice in the affairs of life, and I demanded something loftier. *Science!* it was weak here; though it might elevate a fellow-craft in the scale of intellectuality, my soul found it barren in this mighty grief of mine. Further and further into the temple I advanced, scanning the pillars, estimating the diversified pavement, numbering the steps, admiring the columns, reading golden sentences in each emblem, but yet passing unsatisfied still onward, until in the very sanctum sanctorum I stood, and what think ye I found? Ah, joy! here was the desired emblem! Involved within it, as the germ lies within the rose-leaf, was a living truth! *Now we should meet again, and face to face.* Not in some unaccustomed guise, though far more glorious, but with the cast-off tenement refitted and perfected. For in that striking emblem, the last of a matchless zodiac, I read, that 'although after my skin worms destroy this body, yet *in my flesh* shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and *mine eyes shall behold, and not another!*'

"Through that emblem I could recall the solemn scene, wherein, after earthly strength and wisdom fail, after a series of discouragements enough to sink the heart of man into profoundest despair, strength is found in the Star of Israel, the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, which *shall prevail*, and the body shall be raised. Here my sad heart found

hope. For, be our dust hidden, wherever circumstances may cast it, the eye of God shall mark its place, and one atom of it shall not be lost. 'In that symbol,'—pointing to one, elegantly painted, above us,—'in that symbol the expression is, life and immortality brought to light in the gospel;' and to this my heart, at that hour, was irresistibly attracted. Now I could raise my head from its drooping. I withdrew my hand from its position, and raising it to Heaven, while my left hand supported the Holy Book, fountain of all my hopes; my swelling heart gladly acknowledged this clear revelation. So, after imprinting a last kiss on the pallid lips of her, with whom I had spent so many happy years, I resigned her with cheerfulness to the dead level of the grave, feeling assured that I should one day witness her resurrection. Since that period I have never had one painful thought upon this subject."

We make no question but what some who read this sketch, will count our Brother a Masonic enthusiast, and maybe draw unfavorable conclusions concerning his intellect. But this would be rank injustice. "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh." Those who have observed the votary of Mars to talk of battles, and martial arts and aims, and the sailor to speak of nothing so delightedly as the scenes of the sea, and the man of science of his discoveries, and the farmer of his grounds, should allow the same privilege to one whose heart is in the cause of Masonry. If not weakness nor egotism in those, it is not in this.

There were only two tunes that John Callis delighted to hear, one, *the Freemason's March;* the other, that fine air of Handel's, *Unvail thy Bosom.* So it was with many of the minor matters of life, and he smilingly confessed to us that he had been made the victim of several amusing deceptions, owing to his Masonic garb, that he would not put off.

We need scarcely inform the reader, that it was his invariable practice to prefer Freemasons in all matters

of trade or employment, other things being equal. This course he thought vindicated itself to every enlightened brother. In making purchases of goods, in employing an overseer, in taking passage on a steamboat, in selecting a public house, in voting for a candidate, in making donations to distressed objects, in recommending applicants to the charity of others; in short, in the complicated machinery of human transactions, this principle prevailed with John Callis, never to the exclusion of worthy non-masons, but to the preference of a brother when there was a choice. "Even church members," he argued, "made a practice of this; the discipline of the Methodist Church expressly enjoins it; strange then that the members of an affiliated society, should hesitate about it. No well-informed Mason need to doubt what is his duty in the matter."

We retired to rest at his standard hour, nothing but urgent necessity being allowed to interfere with that, and in the morning resumed our journey, with a glow of pleasant satisfaction to find *Freemasonry made easy* in the life of this good man. The badge of a Mason had been worn by him for so many years that it had become the habit of nature. Whether kneeling before God, or standing erect before a gazing world, or stepping off upon the foot of duty, this man, freeborn to all that is noble, gave assurances at this latter end of his life, that he had kept inviolate the obligations which he took upon himself at the very commencement of his career; and which, clearly, had not interfered with any duty he owed to God, his neighbor, or himself. How appropriately was such as he, presented with the Lambskin, who so well understood the length and strength of the Cable Tow.

Upon our departure, after a substantial breakfast, he mounted his old horse, his companion in many a benevolent ramble, of former days, and as we arrived at a cool spring a few miles upon the road, we seated ourselves in company, and took a farewell conversation. In reply to my question, what Masonic duty he prized the highest, he answered, *Honesty*. That is illustrated to my mind by

our striking symbol, the Cable Tow. Never to wrong a Mason, nor a Lodge, is equivalent to being honest to all men; for no person can be strictly honest to one, or to one set, or to one association, unless he has "the root of the matter" in himself. Yet they told us, in 1828, that all our morality was wrapped up in this, to be honest to one another. One of them, a big fellow in their ranks he was too, came to my house expressly *to convert* me! But I answered him by saying, that not to wrong a Lodge is not to violate its principles, and that is equivalent to obeying all the precepts of the Bible; so that I was glad to find we were agreed on our great Masonic principle, at any rate.

"We are now, my dear brother, to part, probably to meet no more on earthly ground. Your journey of life is but just begun; my journey, in a higher sphere, is about to commence. You have walked to the east but a little while; my pathway has been over many a mountain and valley, and I begin to feel the bottom of the river, and it is good. A new glory will shortly be ushered in, and then I shall better understand the purpose for which I have lived so long. Before we part listen to an incident of my life, which will serve as a full answer to the inquiry you just made of me. And should you, at any future time, stand at *the turning of the scale*, as I did, you will realize the benefits of this principle."

CHAPTER IV.

"It shall be given unto you in that hour what ye shall say."

"It happened," said brother Callis, "but a few months after I was raised to the Master's degree, that a serious and unexpected misfortune befell me in my pecuniary affairs. It would be of no interest to you to be told its origin or the circumstances connected with it. It is enough that it was a serious affair and threatened to involve the loss, not only of all the property I possessed, but also that of several orphans which had been intrusted to my keeping by

order of court. For a while I made no mention of the matter, but looked cautiously about me for a door of escape. The public had no intimation of it; for, from motives of policy, I had thought best to hold it back as long as possible. You know how a man will act under such circumstances. He will delay, and delay, and shuffle it on a little further, in hopes that some unexpected good fortune will turn up, he knows not what. I actually caught myself dreaming, sometimes, that I should find a bag of silver, or a gold mine, or something of the sort, that would pay the whole debt in a jiffy! Yet the end of the year was drawing nigh, when the year's debts were all to be provided for; and several thousands would be demanded of me on New-Year's day, where I was only prepared with hundreds.

"Miserable days and sleepless nights—what sufferings ye brought me! Why will these worms of the dust thus fret out their little life for such trivial matters? My beloved wife endeavored in vain to win from me the secret of my uneasiness. For the first and last time in my life, I sealed my lips to the partner of my bosom; and the few hints which I incautiously threw out, so far from satisfying her mind, only rendered her more unhhappy—unhappy in a double sense; because she saw that I was so; again, because I seemed to think her unworthy of my confidence. Later experience in life has convinced me that it is both cruelty and weakness to conceal pecuniary difficulties in this way. The wife has a *right* to know what is impending; for who, more than she, needs time to brace up her mind against it? And it is certainly an evidence of weakness to hide it from her; for it must come to her at last; and who so competent to break it gently to her mind as he whom fortune has involved in the same difficulty. Misfortune has no Masonic secrets in which woman may not share. But to return.

"My neighbors readily saw that I was in some sort of distress; but, as no one dreamed of my pecuniary embarrassments—my property appearing ample, and my busi-

ness calculations having been heretofore made with great deliberation—it was put to the charge of ill health, and passed off as such. There are *months* in which we live *years*. There are seasons when every hour is fraught with uneasiness, and the mental strength, most needed on such occasions, is frittered away in vain schemes for release or forgetfulness. So it was with me. The month of October arrived—too near the close of the year for further procrastination—and I began to contemplate my approaching ruin with fearful distinctness. I commenced preparing a schedule of property, contemplating, on New-Year's day, to place it in the hands of trustees for equitable distribution among my creditors. While thus engaged, a gentleman called upon me to ask my advice in pointing out and valuing some wild lands in the vicinity, which he wished to purchase. Glad at any opportunity to escape from my disagreeable task, and my more disagreeable thoughts, I took my horse, and, after riding over the lands with him, I proposed a week's excursion further out, proffering to show him more valuable, unoccupied tracts than those he had seen. This offer he gladly accepted. His name was Walcott. He was a native of Massachusetts, and, as I afterward discovered, an enthusiastic Mason. He was remarkably reserved in his manner. It was not till we became somewhat intimate that he imparted to me the following particulars of his life. When quite a young man, he was engaged in marriage to one with whom he had been acquainted from boyhood. The marriage-day was set. The parties were already upon those familiar terms comprehended in New England by the expression, 'ENGAGED.' A sailing excursion upon one of the lovely inland lakes of Massachusetts terminated in an accident which cost several of the party their lives, and, among the rest, his betrothed. From that hour, Walcott, who had not remitted his exertions to save her, till she sank to the bottom, senseless, became a moody, reserved man, not misanthropic, but eccentric, particularly so in his attachments. As an instance of

this, I have observed him in company with men for a whole day, not uttering a word, except briefly in the way of reply. At other times, he would single out some chain-carrier, and make him a subject for conversation. But to Masons, and upon the subject of Freemasonry, his heart was ever ready to open affectionately. He observed to me, there was no place, to a lonely man like him, which seemed like home, but the Lodge; there was no person who appeared like a brother, save a Mason.

"Talking of the Order, its principles, progress and developments, he would never weary, though night ran into day, while he expatiated. And when he found that I had but lately entered the Fraternity, and was eager to improve—although ignorant as a child—(for, to tell the truth, our Lodges, in those days, were very ignorant in everything save the ritual, and too much so in that)—he exerted himself to instruct me. It was from him that I learned the things which have been most valuable to me in my Masonic career. He had traveled much, and visited many foreign countries, with the view to investigate this single subject. He had seen the Order as well in its vigor of operations as where it languished in obscurity, or existed, as in some parts of Europe, under the ban of religious and civil persecution. From him, I first received the true exposition of that secret language of signs, or marks, much in vogue among foreign brothers, so erroneously laid down in Allyn's Exposition, and so foolishly ascribed to Aaron Burr! From him, also, I gained the true lectures, and learned to walk, understandingly, over the Master's carpet.

"When the object of our investigations was accomplished, he accepted my invitation to remain another week with me, and gave me tokens, in all his actions, that he had formed a remarkable attachment for me. It was necessary for me to impart to you these facts concerning Mr. Walcott, that you might understand what follows.

"When he was about to leave, he, to my great surprise, informed me that he had concluded to purchase the lands

we had been examining, to the amount of some thirty thousand dollars, and wished me to act as his agent, to get the title-deeds, and pay over the money. Upon my accepting the trust, he counted out the necessary funds into my hand, taking only my simple receipt, unattested by witnesses, and departed, as he said, for Massachusetts; first, however, enjoining the strictest secresy as to the whole transaction.

"The very next day the painful intelligence reached me, that the boat on which he had embarked had been burnt, and every passenger, twenty-two in number, lost either in the fire or water. I immediately hastened to the river, and spent many days ranging the banks upon both sides, examining the sandbars and the river-bottom, and making every possible effort to discover his body. All was in vain. His trunk was found, and delivered to me. It contained a few articles of clothing, some Masonic books, and the identical receipt I had executed for more than thirty thousand dollars. Everything conspired to convince me that he was dead. I advertised in all the journals of the vicinity, and in several of the eastern papers, that his relatives might come forward and receive his effects; but there was no reply. I knew that he had no relatives except distant ones. Public interest soon declined, and then Mr. Walcott was forgotten.

"In the meantime, the beginning of a new year arrived. I made an unexpected arrangement, by which my payments were postponed five months longer; and this, too, without exciting any suspicion, on the part of my creditors, that all was not right in my affairs. Why I thus procrastinated, I cannot, at this late day, explain; but this temporary halting-spell availed me nothing. The fatal first of May arrived. My creditors were to call early in the evening. The drama was to be wound up, and no one yet had dreamed of the embarrassments of my position. I retired to my room to deliberate. My Deed of Trust, which had lain so long unexecuted, now demanded attention. I commenced turning over the papers in my port-

folio, to find it. While doing so, my eyes fell upon a soiled and crumpled slip of paper, *the receipt from Walcott's trunk*, the only existing voucher that I had ever received his funds. Those funds had not, of course, been applied to the original purpose, nor had I said a word to any one about their being in my possession, for I was forbidden by himself to do so. Yet, here they were, and more than enough to extricate me from all my embarrassments, and to make me a free man again! Like lightning the thought traversed my mind. My dear brother, may God spare you from such a moment! Ever, Oh! Gracious One, be merciful, and lead us not into temptation! It nearly overcame me. I rushed to the door, and locked it, trembling in every limb; feeling, and doubtless looking, like a murderer, who is seeking to conceal his victim. Then I sat down, pale and exhausted, and for a while my mind vacillated with inconceivable rapidity. Then I walked to and fro violently; tore up the Draft of Trusteeship; regretted the act the next moment; commenced another; bowed down and prayed; my mental faculties in the greatest confusion. I will spare you a detail of all the absurdities I committed.

"At last I came to a decision. Blush for me, if you will, dear brother; I have blushed for myself a thousand times, when I reflected upon it; *I resolved to appropriate the sacred deposit, and to clear myself from incumbrances.* I need not tell you all the arguments I maintained against my better nature; they will readily occur to you. It was no part of my intention, I solemnly avow it, to use this property as my own. On the contrary, I resolved to make my will immediately, so that the heirs, if any ever appeared, should be able, some day, to receive their rights, 'with usury.'

"As soon as my mind was made up, I became calm, though as weak as if I had passed through an attack of sickness; and then I prepared to put my design into execution. With this view, I brought out the money from the iron chest, in which I had deposited it six months

before. I counted it out into the various sums that in a few hours would be demanded. This being done, I awaited in solemn silence the coming of my creditors.

"And here, now, is the triumph—the *suggestive triumph* of Freemasonry. The *turning of the scale* of my life now depended upon a grain of dust. All that I had ever done; all that was laid out for me in the future, by the Divine Designer; the happiness of my family; my own usefulness in society; all, all was placed *where a breath could displace it.*

"For as I leaned back in my seat, and closed my eyes, the thought occurred to me in a phrase of fire, *I was pledged to deal honestly by my Brother Mason!* It electrified me! I sprang from my seat in horror! Where was I? What had I done? Was it too late? Could the mischief be recalled?—The very last lecture that Walcott had given me, the parting words, prophetic as they now appeared to my mind, related to this subject, *Honesty, the grand Cable Tow of the fraternity.* Could he have been aware of my embarrassments, and placed this sum in my hands to prove me? Alas! how had the fine gold become dimmed? How had I fallen? How should I ever dare again to look an honest man in the face?—But, it was not yet too late! The die was not cast; for Freemasonry herself, fair vision, had hovered over me, and dropped this good thought, in due season, to save me—'deal honestly by thy Brother!' I seemed to hear those parting words in which he recapitulated, in his most beautiful and impressive style, all the bearings of this great subject.

"It was enough. I was saved. All my good powers, only dormant, not dead, were awakened into action. The combination of selfishness and policy that had so well nigh overcome me, was overcome; and I stood once more in the might of manhood and Masonry, determined *to let God rule my affairs*, and to do what was right. From that moment my mind was irrevocably fixed. My first action was, of course, to restore the money to the chest. Then I drew a second draft of the Deed of Trust, executed

it before witnesses, and sent it to town to be recorded. Now, it was time that my long silence to my dear wife, should be broken, and I informed her, but with great mental trepidation, of all that had been done, and how we must leave our happy home to begin the world anew. Vain fears! She received the tidings without a sigh: she only chided me for my unkindness in keeping her so long in ignorance, and kissed away my doubts. Then, with a smile that an angel might covet, she declared *we were yet rich, very rich*, for we had one another's love! and hand in hand we would go, as our first parents did, and all would be well with us. I cannot recollect any more, except that I wept like a child, while she thus played the man over my weakness.

"So the day passed on while we waited for the creditors, who were hourly expected. But now, I pray you, mark the providence of God! Some delay, in the falling in of a bridge, hindered their coming until the next morning. And then, before those dreaded guests arrived, there came one, who, of all the living or dead, was least looked for, even Archibold Walcott himself—the lost one found!

After our astonishment, not unmixed with awe, was over, he informed us that he had been almost miraculously preserved, in the burning of the boat, by lashing himself to a box, and floating for a long distance down the river. Upon landing, and finding that the receipt I had given him, was lost in his trunk, he concluded, in one of his fits of waywardness, to make trial of my Masonic integrity, by leaving me free to act as I would with his money. He had returned to the vicinity of my residence, but kept himself concealed from me, and now, being fully satisfied, he had come back to claim the deposit.

"With what a gush of pleasurable emotions I restored it to his hands, none can tell. But imagine my surprise when he said that he had become cognizant of my pecuniary embarrassments, and that it was now his request that I should borrow of him the sum of thirty thousand

dollars, on an annual interest, for ten years, and apply a sufficiency of it to clear myself of embarrassments! Furthermore, as this was a small part of his means, he should ask me to carry out his original plan of land purchases, for which he would place other funds in my hands. And, to crown the whole, he added, that, as henceforward he should consider my interest his, I was at liberty to draw upon him in all my business operations, and that my drafts should be duly honored.

"Henceforward my way of life was smooth. God smiled upon me in all my turnings, my goings out, and my comings in. Long ere the ten years expired I had cleared myself of embarrassment, and was again well to do in the world, with experience to warn me, with ready finger, against all rash speculations.

"My benefactor died in my arms, leaving me a legacy. The world, that had forgotten my narrow escape from ruin, gave me credit—far too much credit—for the possession of every virtue; and you have seen how Masonic theory, aided by Masonic practice, has crowned my life with blessings.

"And now, dear and friendly brother, farewell! May the blessings of the Supreme Grand Master crown your life with goodness, length of days, and a comfortable departure to the region of light! Remember that God rules; that his laws, though rigid, are just; that these laws, as so many parts of the spiritual temple which we are erecting to his honor, are laid down upon the Trestle-Board of his revealed will; that there is a woe pronounced, in this world and in the next, against those who violate them; that honesty, the best policy, even to the Cowan, is to the Freemason a principle, never to be broken, nor to be slighted, nor to be forgotten. Farewell; and if, in the change of time, strong temptations should ever beset your path, let my experience weigh upon your recollection, and, believe me, that all I am, and have, and expect to be in this world, is the result, under God, of one Masonic thought at *the turning of the scale!*"

THE BROKEN TESSERA.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE REVOLUTION.

"Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labor."

When Philadelphia was about to be evacuated by the British army, under Sir Henry Clinton, June 18, 1778. there was a merchant, one Hubbard Simpson, largely engaged in the sale of English goods, who had become highly obnoxious to the American residents, for supplying the British commander with mercantile facilities and with information, that had been used to the detriment of the American army.

This man was in high repute with Sir Henry and his immediate predecessor, Lord Howe. From the former he now received a notification in time to enable him to sell his goods and depart under the protection of the British army.

It was not possible, however, to dispose of so large a stock at short notice. To sell upon a credit was impracticable, so far as any of the American merchants were concerned, and as for those in the tory interests, they were not to be trusted. To make a cash sale, in the present state of the funds, was impossible. Thus Mr. Simpson revolved the matter in his mind till the very day preceding the evacuation. A final notice from Sir Henry found him undecided, sitting in his crowded warehouse, soon to be devoted to spoliation and fire by the incensed Americans.

Now, this man was a member of the Masonic fraternity. Before the breaking out of strife, he had held a distinguished place in the provincial Lodges. Although his understanding of right and wrong, in the present war, differed from that of the majority of his countrymen, yet the most zealous patriot could not accuse him of inconsistency or turpitude. What he had professed to be from

youth—a warm loyalist—he still maintained; and this had led him to adopt the unpopular side in the revolutionary struggle, and to follow the British army, even at the expense of a large part of his property.

As things now stood, he was likely to lose more. Already he had begun to contemplate the idea of throwing open the doors and departing, when a rap was heard without, and, in answer to his invitation, an old friend, Mr. Jonas Lee, entered, and asked for a conference.

This gentleman, come at so critical a moment, was a person of note in the city—one who had suffered more than most others for his attachment to liberty—and a zealous Mason.

For three years and upward no intercourse had been held between the pair, once fraternally intimate; they had only acknowledged each other's acquaintance by a nod of recognition when they met in the streets.

The object of the present call was stated in a few words.

"My old friend and brother, I have heard of your approaching danger, and am come to offer you a service. We have taken opposite sides in politics; but you have sustained your choice, like myself, at great sacrifices; and, while I can but regret that you are arrayed against our common country, I yet respect your honesty of purpose. Masonry knows no principle but duty, and this is your hour of depression; therefore am I come. My influence is now in the ascendant, and I hereby offer it to you in brotherly truth. For old time's sake, I will take charge of your property, otherwise the spoil of our soldiers, before to-morrow morning, sell it for you at the best time and advantage, and hold the proceeds subject to your order."

The grateful merchant was profuse with his thanks.

"None of that, brother Simpson. My own heart is a sufficient reward. You can say all that when we meet again. Time presses. You are in immediate and great danger."

A clear sale was forthwith made of the whole property, amounting to more than fifty thousand dollars. No documentary evidences relative to the debt were retained by Mr. Simpson. Prudence pointed out this, as the only course, that promised a successful result.

At parting, while yet the boat was waiting at the pier, and the drums of the American advanced-guard were sounding in the suburbs of the city, Mr. Simpson took a gold piece from his purse, broke it in two parts, and handing one to his noble-hearted friend, observed: "You and I used to debate the purpose of the ancient *tessera;* now we will make it a practical question. Whoever presents you with this fragment of gold, to him I authorize you to render up whatever in your hands belongs to me. Farewell."

Years rolled by, and Jonas Lee heard no more of his old friend. With great difficulty, and by the aid of powerful friends at Head Quarters, he had succeeded in disposing of the property without much loss; and by a judicious use of the money, he had become rich. Old age then crept upon him. His daily walks about the city began to be shortened. The almond-tree flourished. The grasshopper began to be a burden. From year to year, he drew nearer to his own mansion, and finally confined himself within his retired apartment, to wait for the Summoner of all flesh.

One day, as he was reclining in the listlessness of old age, with but the Word of God, and the person of his good wife, for companionship, and the voices of his grandchildren ringing from the next room, in happy harmony, he was accosted by a beggarly-looking young man, who prayed a gift of money, "for a poor shipwrecked foreigner, who had lost his all, and barely escaped with life itself."

Jonas Lee was not a person to refuse such a demand. He made him a bountiful gift of money, clothes, and kind words. But when the foreigner was about to depart, he walked up to Mr. Lee's couch, and pressing his hand with

thankfulness, he dropped into it a worn and ragged piece of metal, and asked him if he would accept that piece of gold as a token of a poor beggar's gratitude?

There was something peculiar in the foreigner's tone, which led Mr. Lee to draw out his spectacles and examine the offering intently. What was the surprise of his wife to see him rise from his chair, draw a similar fragment from his bosom, where it had been suspended by a ribbon for a long time, and applying the pieces together, to hear him triumphantly declare: "They fit, they fit! the broken *tessera* is complete! the union is perfect! thank God, thank God, my brother is yet alive!"

The foreigner turned out to be the youngest son of Mr. Simpson, who had been shipwrecked, as he stated, to the great hazard of his life. Preserving the golden fragment, he had landed at Philadelphia, ragged and poor, charged by his father with a message to Mr. Lee. Why the former had so long delayed his claim, does not appear. The history informs us, however, that he had followed the British army through the remainder of the war; amassed a large fortune, by some successful government contracts; gone to England; embarked in extensive speculations there; and finally, retiring from business immensely wealthy, was made a baronet, for his loyal services.

His son was received with open arms, and introduced into the first circles of Philadelphia. Report, concerning the Masonic part of the transaction, became public, and gave a new impetus to the Order.

But, when a full account of his stewardship was prepared by Mr. Lee, and the property, both principal and interest, tendered to the young man, the proffer was met by a letter from Sir Hubbard Simpson, just received, in which he declined receiving a shilling of it, and presented it, with his warmest regards, to his old friend and brother, Jonas Lee.

"ALL HAIL TO THE MORNING."

"Man knoweth not his time." Eccles. ix, 12.

THE dying man lay in his last dream. For several days his mind had wandered—for Judge Leverett was very old, and he had seen much trouble, through the latter half of his life. Therefore, in the chambers of his imagery, there was not anything that was now passing around him, nor anything with which the present generation had to do. The very hired nurse, whose unconcerned face looked down upon him, to mark the present change, felt as much sympathy for him and his sorrows, as he felt for anything that now lived upon earth.

Judge Leverett had seen two families grow up by his side, weave themselves as threads in the warp of his existence, and then, member by member, fall away in death. No child out of nine; no grandchild out of two-score, was left to pen an epitaph for his tombstone. Not that he was forsaken in the world. Heirs he had for his vast estate—greedy expectants—the room below was full of them—and friends, too, as the world goes; but one true one, on whom his soul could rely in this perilous hour of his fate, there was not one this side the boundary, Jordan!

For several days past, the lower apartments had been thus occupied; and fancy might have likened the company waiting there, for death to fling the estate into their hands, to a band of wolves, encircling the noble bison, bullet-struck, and staggering to his final fall. The hard-featured nurse had watched over him; the undertaker and the sexton had waited anxiously for a summons to prepare him for the grave. But now, it was plain, there would be no longer delay. Private messengers were dispatched, as by agreement, to all whose interests demanded their presence in the hour of his decease; for there was that in his eye, and on his face, that spoke of a speedy dissolution.

It was night. The residence of the invalid was in the

suburbs of a considerable town in Virginia, nigh to a three-story building used by various associations for a place of meeting. The window of one of the larger rooms looked directly down upon the sick man's chamber; and to-night, this warm, sultry night of his death, the sash was raised, and through the thick curtain, painted with mystic emblems, a flood of light broke, that told of a brilliant source within.

The nurse had raised the invalid's head, that he might draw his remaining breath more easily; for now the room was filled with the heirs-at-law, and it behooved the woman to make a display of her attentions, in view of the expected reward. Greedy looks, and whispers aside, relative to the heavy safe, and the mahogany secretary in the room, passed from man to man.

The position in which Judge Leverett was reclining, gave him a distinct view of the painted curtain in the large bow-window above him. Something there was about it, or beyond it, that seemed to draw his attention. Was it that the nearness of death had sharpened his faculties of sight or hearing? Who shall know?

But now, as his languid eye partially lightened, and his face expressed this last gleam of interest, there came out from that open bow-window, as if from a door in heaven, the full-voiced anthem of a Mason-lodge. And, as the floods of melody were backed up and sustained by judicious harmony, every person present could distinctly hear these words:—

"All hail to the morning that bids us rejoice;
The temple's completed, lift high every voice;
The capstone is finished; our labor is o'er;
The sound of the gavel shall hail us no more.
To the power Almighty, who ever has guided,
The tribes of old Israel, exalting their fame,
To Him who has governed our hearts undivided,
Let's send forth our voices, to praise his great name."

What the effect of this beautiful stanza may have been upon the avaricious crew thus assembled, would be difficult to conjecture; but upon the veteran himself, it was

electrifying. Without any aid; without any apparent effort, he raised first his head, then his whole form, from the arms of the nurse. He sat upright. His thin hands waved to and fro through the air, as if to mark the rhythm of the song. His face glowed with eagerness. His eyes were strained intensely upward. There was a trembling upon his lips, as though he would once more sing the song of his earlier days. Like Bunyan, at the close of his unmatched allegory, he seemed to say, by his expressive gaze—"which, when I had seen, I wished myself amongst them."

It was not long. Nature was too heavily overtaxed, and presently his nerves were as suddenly unstrung, never to be braced again. But three words passed his lips—"the temple's completed!" that was all. As the words of the last stanza, "Almighty Jehovah! descend now—" came slowly and solemnly downward to his ears, his spirit passed to the land where all types are fulfilled; all mysteries made clear; all work finally approved or rejected. It was but a dying scene; the close of a man long demitted from the Order, whose latter days had been spent in accumulating the tens of thousands, over which the heirs should now growl, and hate each other. But it bears testimony to that deeply-rooted, almost ineradicable impression, made by the ceremonies of Masonry, upon the minds of her votaries.

THE THREE BUDS OF THE SWEET BRIER.

A TALE OF THE DYING GIRL.

[NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—This touching incident was received from the lips of an accomplished English lady, herself the partner of a distinguished Mason, who distinctly recollects, in her childhood, seeing the gentleman referred to in the sketch.]

"FORGET you, dearest!" and the pathos of the strong man's voice was like that of a tender mother, as she

hushes the moaning of her sick infant to silence; "forget you!"—

"Nay, my father, I know that my place in your heart is secure, while that heart remains above the sod, so soon to cover mine. Desolate you will surely be, until we meet again in the garden of delight. Full well, dear father, I know how our souls have been joined, and thine will be agonized by our separation. Yet, I fear the influence of time upon your memory; although I rejoice that it may assuage your grief. I dread the intervention of other thoughts. As years roll away, my image will lose its brightness upon your memory, and when our re-union comes, as come it surely will; and we stand together once more, safe through the Redeemer's love, you will not recognize me, father, as you behold me now!"

"Be not troubled, oh, my daughter, with such thoughts. Calm this dangerous agitation. The fever is consuming you, and you need rest. With this fond kiss, let me commend you to sleep;" and he pressed his lips to her cheek with a look of such intense love, that it would have been pain to behold it.

"No more, my father, leave me no more until you turn from the mound that on to-morrow will be heaped above me. It is my hour, and I bid you stay. I see them waiting and beckoning, and they cannot be restrained. A moment longer, bright ones, and I come! Father, rememberest thou the hour when my mother departed from amongst us, and severed the three-fold cord? Then you said you could never forget her. Rememberest thou the gleam that flashed over her face; the beaming love in her eye! Feelest thou yet the last pressure of her faded hand! Nay, father, but six years have gone, and yet her features are faded from your memory! *She remembereth you*, for she is in a world where change has no influence; but already have her lineaments, beautiful in death, vanished from your recollection; and she abideth with you only as a formless spirit, the resident of an unknown land. Father, is it not so?"

The desolate man hid his face upon the bedside, and groaned in exquisite anguish.

"And now, dear father, your Helen is called away, overborne by one whom she cannot resist. Would that the message had embraced us twain! that together we might have walked the valley of the shadow of death! But I must tread the way alone; and, oh! my father, knowing this, and feeling, in my heart of hearts, that we shall meet again, I slumbered not through the silent hours of the past night, considering how best I might impress my image, as you now behold it, upon your memory. Father, weep not; but hear me. Incline to your beloved once more, and hear me."

The father obeyed her wishes, and, bending over her, gazed upon the radiant face which gleamed with feverish animation, and set himself carefully to attend the words which were so evidently to be her last.

Helen Broomsgrove was the only child of an intellectual, highly-educated, but early-stricken mother. Being confined, for several years, to her apartments, by the disease that prematurely snatched her from life, that mother had devoted herself with a most affecting attachment to the education of her daughter, and with marked success. Helen grew up, before the eyes of her fond parents, beautiful in mind as in features and form. Her body, matured amidst the bracing breezes of a hilly region, seemed to defy the insidious monster that so cruelly preyed upon her mother's life. Her tongue, restrained by no artificial usages, caroled, like any glen-bird, the rich airs in which the refined taste of her parents instructed her. Light and swift of foot, it was no ordinary vision to see the fair girl brushing away the early dews, herself the sweetest bud of the morning. Her passion for flowers was touching to see. Whether the ordinary forms of pasture and woodland, or the rarer gems of the cliff-side, or the obedient train-bands of the garden, Helen cherished them with an affection as large as it was pure and fervent. Distant collectors had acknowledged her severe judgment in the

arrangement of botanical species; neighboring horticulturists bowed deferentially to her skill in all garden lore; and the getters-up of fairs looked for nothing fairer than the bouquets furnished by her kindness and arranged by her taste. As she drew nearer to womanhood, all her love for nature and art seemed to concentrate in this, till botany became her passion, and she might be said to live amidst flowers. Thus passed the years till her nineteenth birthday, when we find her stricken by a lurking fever-shaft in her own spring month, and about to surrender her spirit to the guidance of stern death.

And now her father drew his ear closely to her face, that he might catch the faintest notes of that expiring music, and thus the dying girl addressed him:

"Bid Ella bring me, from my earliest rose-plat, *three young buds of the rose-brier*. These shall be tablets, my father, on which I will stamp my image, and time shall not bedim it. In the years gone by, in the long, happy winter evenings, when we three lived and loved together, I have often reclined upon your knee, dearest father, and heard you speak of the Mystic Brothers. You said that a Freemason never died, never faded, never was forgotten. You said that his virtues, green as the acacia, were engraved upon the memory of his brethren, and endured as the uncrumbling granite. You spoke of the wonderful facility afforded them by signals and true words to communicate their mutual sorrows or joys. I know that my sex debars me from your circle, and leaves for me no niche in your sacred temple; but, though I do not expect that my form will be followed to the grave by a band of brothers, yet I feel free to invoke the skill which devised so perfect a system. Father, I determined last night that the *three buds of the sweet-brier* should henceforth be consecrated to the memory of the early dead; that on each petal of these half-opened objects you should behold, as though hovering like a shade, the features of your departed Helen; that in the graceful curve made by these stems with the parent stock should be found the

sign of this degree, and that, so abiding amidst nature's fairest works, I shall never fade from your memory. In this symbol the parent shall behold the child; the heart-broken lover, inhaling the fragrance of these wild buds, shall be reminded of the undying virtues of her whom he loved; and the words which I will whisper in your ear—words suggestive of heavenly contemplations—shall be the *passwords of this degree.*"

The parent drew still closer; for now her face grew ghastly pale, and her voice was tremulously low.

"I must hasten, dear father; for they grow impatient for my coming! To you I leave it, that my dream shall prove no vain fantasy; for I feel that you comprehend my wishes, and that the charge will be accepted. In those beautiful lessons with which, as a Freemason's daughter, you have intrusted me, I found that woman has a part to bear in aid of your sacred Order, and I would, dear father, that my dying wishes may be fruitful in your hands to produce such results. I am going to the land where hearts shall be read and desires known. Then let my last wishes be fulfilled. Make it your duty—I know it will prove a pleasure—to impart it to those of my sex who are worthy; and if, among your brethren, you find any who would like to be instructed in it, refuse them not the privilege. *Let its symbol be three young buds of sweet-brier; its recipients, worthy wives and daughters* of skillful craftsmen; *its consecration, the memory of the early dead; its lessons of instruction, memory undimmed and faith unshaken.*"

Her voice was silent for a moment, but swelled again to a gentle whisper:

"Let this be the sign whereby they shall hail each other, to consider the lessons my emblem teacheth, and let these words be the passwords to the degree, till, amid unfading flowers of Eden, they and I shall exchange congratulations and part no more forever."

So passed away the queen of floral lore, and over her grave the traveler may see a marble monument, spotless

as her own pure heart, on which no empty words dare mock at human grief. The single name, "Helen," will guide you to it, should you ever walk in that retired church-yard of distant England.

Beneath her name is sculptured an emblem—since well known to fame—*the three buds of the sweet-brier;* and they rest at the foot of a Christian cross.

Her father lived but a few years after her departure. His was not a nature to walk life's rugged ways alone. He yearned for a congenial spirit, but found it not anywhere on earth. He listened for voices that were nowhere stirring this lower air, and then, like one early reclining his head upon a welcomed pillow, he gladly sunk to rest; and the clods of the valley were sweet unto him. The few years allotted him were spent in obeying the dying bequest of his gifted daughter; for he devoted himself, with a touching earnestness, to disseminating a knowledge of the degree she had founded.

Wherever a fond heart bled at the vanishing of some loved form; wherever a wail of woe arose from the bedside of the true; wherever a knee was drooping by the grave of the early stricken; there was to be seen that sad mourner, with his tale of one, the loveliest of her sex, early smitten, who went out from her flowers, herself the fairest, and lay down upon a pillow of sickness, and, with voice and understanding snatched for a moment from impatient death, taught the living to read the best lesson ever breathed from a fragrant bud. And sighs were restrained and tears dried at his tale; for all acknowledged that his grief exceeded theirs. But when, to the deserving, he revealed the beautiful system conceived by his daughter, and explained the emblem which she had adopted to characterize the degree, when he taught them the holy lesson, not of this world, which lay at the foundation of the plan, it was as the voice of comfort and hope that they received it, and parents beheld the lineaments of their daughters and lovers of their beloved, dead to all else, in the opening petals of the sweet-brier.

Now, by the side of his departed Helen, slumbers the weary father, refreshed long ago in heavenly streams. Above him bends shelteringly the rose-tree of his daughter's choice. Season after season it has shaken off the snows of winter, clothed itself in greenness, and adorned its bending boughs with unmatched buds. It meets and entwines with a sister tree, a few years its senior, that springs from near the headstone of Helen's grave. They tell to all visitors the solemn tale which we have related. They send their mutual fragrance far and wide, and the birds have no place of resort so lovely as this. They bend beneath the passing breeze; they bow submissively to the gale. The winter drifts may bend them, and the summer rains overweigh them with their profusion; but never do they falsify their trust; for, beneath breeze or gale, summer rain or winter snow, as they overshadow those twin graves, they are ever observed to give *the hailing sign of the Order of the Sweet-Brier.*

Among the female relatives, the sisters, wives, and daughters of Freemasons, are many ingenious systems calculated to interest and instruct the mind. They bind together those who remember the obligations connected with them; and they place the worthy recipients in more intimate relationship to the Mystic Band. But none amongst them all carry with them *a fragrance from the dead, nature's most graceful line, and an allusion to the highest truths*, like the one we have described.

We knew a woman, fair and virtuous as Helen, stricken down, like her, in early prime, who remembered the *sweet-brier* upon her death-bed, and was refreshed by the recollection.

As we returned home, after attending the procession that bore her to her long rest, we sketched the following lines, and named them,

THE DIRGE OF THE FREEMASON'S DAUGHTER.*

The green-waving willow mourns over thy tomb,
Bewailing the maiden who passed in her bloom;

* Air, *What Fairy-like Music.* Masonic Lyrics, *No.* 11. By the Author.

And soft dews of heaven bathe lightly the bed
Where the fairest and dearest lies low with the dead.

Though fond hearts are breaking no passion from thee;
Through sorrow's wild burden thine, lost one, is free;
But where is the smile that woke riches of light?
It has faded—ah! faded—and dark is the night!

We miss thee; for nothing is left us so fair;
We miss thee; this earth has no spirit so rare;
We miss thee; we pine for the eye and the tongue—
For the eye that was summer, the voice that was song.

The voice of thy parting swells round us again;
The acacia's bright story adds joy to the strain;
For emblems, though sad, twine with Faith, Hope, and Love;
With the pure in God's favor we'll meet thee above.

THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF MASONRY.

LESSON FIRST.

QUESTION 1. What is Masonry?

Answer. Masonry is the art of building up; the science of labor; the medium of human progress and improvement.

Q. 2. Into how many parts is Masonry divided?

A. Masonry is divided into two parts—*Operative and Speculative.*

Q. 3. What is Operative Masonry?

A. Operative Masonry is the art of erecting and adorning all structures for sheltering the body, for worshiping God, and for commemorating important human actions. It likewise comprehends the whole range of manual labor and the whole subject of mechanical progress.

Q. 4. What is Speculative Masonry?

A. Speculative Masonry is the art of building, adorning, and improving the soul and mind. It comprehends

the whole range of ethics, as displayed in the light of nature, the decalogue, and by all inspired men, in all ages.

Q. 5. What was the origin of operative Masonry among men?

A. Operative Masonry among men originated in the necessity for the first sheltering-wall that Adam reared when from Eden's rosy bowers driven; or, as food is demanded before shelter, it dates from the first hour's search for sustenance to the body.

Q. 6. What was the origin of speculative Masonry among men?

A. Speculative Masonry among men, originated in the first throe of mortal sorrow for sin; in the first vow of repentance; in the first prayer for divine forgiveness and aid.

Q. 7. What are the earliest records concerning operative Masonry among men?

A. The earliest records concerning operative Masonry among men, are these: Adam tilled the ground from whence he was taken; Cain was a tiller of the ground; he likewise builded a city; Jubal made tents; Jubal manufactured instruments of music; Tubal-Cain was a master of artificers in brass and iron; Noah made an ark of gopher wood, divided into many compartments, the whole being three hundred cubits long, fifty cubits wide, and thirty cubits high; Ashur builded the cities of Nineveh, Rehoboth, and Calah, together with the great city, Resen; the united descendants of Noah commenced to build a city, and a tower whose top should reach heaven, afterward entitled Babel.

Q. 8. What are the earliest records concerning speculative Masonry among men?

A. The earliest records concerning speculative Masonry among men, are these:—Cain and Abel brought offerings unto the Lord; after the birth of Enos, men began to call themselves by the name of the Lord; Enoch walked with God; Noah found grace in the sight of the Lord; he likewise built an altar to the Lord.

Q. 9. What fundamental idea lies at the root of all Masonry? whether operative or speculative?

A. The fundamental idea that lies at the root of all Mason, is *the idea of labor.*

Q. 10. What is the leading object of all associations among men?

A. The leading object of all associations among men, is, by combining human efforts, to effect more, and more easily, than by single hands.

Q. 11. Into what divisions may all human associations be arranged?

A. All human associations may be arranged into two divisions, *moral* and *immoral;* those formed for good purposes, and those formed for evil purposes.

Q. 12. What is the groundwork of all moral associations among men?

A. The groundwork of all moral associations among men, is the glory of God and the increase of human happiness, according to the revealed will of God. These principles comprehend the release of mankind from mental and physical bondage, and the dissemination of intellectual and religious knowledge; and this is the basis of the pure Freemasonry.

Q. 13. What is the groundwork of all immoral associations among men?

A. The groundwork of all immoral associations among men, is fraud both upon the rights of man and of God, displayed in their selfishness, ignorance, violence, and irreligion. This is the basis of the spurious Freemasonry, both of ancient and modern times.

LESSON SECOND.

Q. 1. Whence arises the opposition, ancient and modern, to speculative Masonry?

A. The opposition, ancient and modern, to speculative Masonry, arises mainly from the instinct which is in corrupt humanity to oppose itself to all good, and from a

native indolence to spiritual improvement, which partakes of obstinacy.

Q. 2. How does opposition to Masonry exhibit itself?

A. Opposition to Masonry exhibits itself in three prominent heads:—1st, in ignorance; 2d, in thoughtlessness; 3d, in malice prepense.

Q. 3. Wherein does *ignorance* prove itself a foe to Masonry?

A. Ignorance proves itself a foe to Masonry in manifold particulars, of which a few only are here subjoined: 1, in confounding it with other associations, that have nothing but secresy, or some of the minor virtues, in common with it; 2, in judging its fruits without an understanding of its springs of action; thus bringing to bear upon it only the conclusions of man's erring judgment.

Q. 4. Wherein consist the chief evils of confounding Masonry with other secret associations?

A. The chief evils of confounding Masonry with other secret associations, consist in—1, the measure of all other secret associations is human, while that of Masonry is divine; 2, the aims of other secret associations are essentially economic, industrial, social, and, at the best, charitable, while those of Masonry superadd moral, and, as many fondly deem, spiritual; 3, the binding tie of other secret associations is durable only at the option of the wearer, while that of Masonry is indissoluble, save at the option of the binder; 4, other secret associations, in general, receive to their membership individuals whom restraints may amend, while Masonry receives none, knowingly, save the good, and receiving only such, makes no provision for their exit.

Q. 5. Wherein does ignorance work its greatest evil to Masonry?

A. Ignorance works its greatest evil to Masonry in this: 1, as none but a Mason can know the moving power of Masonic actions, or the weight of influence that the moral and spiritual teachings of Masonry should exercise upon the minds of the craft, so the judgment of ignorance must

greatly exaggerate or depreciate the force and importance of Masonry: if the former, it elevates Masonry as high as religion; if the latter, it depresses it as low as morality.

Q. 6. May not the system of Masonry be judged of by its manifest fruits?

A. Masonry, as a system, *may* be judged by its manifest fruits, with this understanding, that in the prominent results none but God, and the enlightened, have knowledge to trace the fruits to their legitimate source; for the motive-wheel of Masonry is concealed beneath the visible machinery.

Q. 7. What assurances has the world that Masonry is not subversive of social and national interests?

A. The world has these general assurances concerning Masonry: 1, its published code; 2, the declarations of its members that its published code is in nothing contradicted by its secret teachings and works; 3, the character of its membership; 4, the character of its pious founder; 5, its vast age, and the marvelous tenacity with which it retains its hold upon the affections of the wise and good.

LESSON THIRD.

Q. 1. By whom was Masonry organized in its present form?

A. Masonry was organized in its present form (the union of operative machinery with speculative ends), by Solomon, King of Israel.

Q. 2. What advantages had Solomon, King of Israel, for this undertaking?

A. The advantages of Solomon, King of Israel, for this undertaking, were four-fold. 1, immense wealth; 2, uncontrolled power; 3, the friendship of Hiram, King of Tyre, Grand Master of the Masonry then extant; 4, an illustrious character for wisdom and philanthropy throughout the world.

Q. 3. What personal qualifications had Solomon, King of Israel, for the work?

A. The personal qualifications of Solomon, K
Israel, for the work, were five-fold. 1, A thoroughl
ledge of revealed religion (true Masonry), as the r
God had divulged it; 2, a knowledge of the false r
(spurious Masonry), then extant; 3, great acquisit
moral and physical science; 4, a remarkable gift f
municating instructions to others; 5, unprecedent
in the cause of God for the good of men.

Q. 4. What aims did Solomon, King of Israel,
to accomplish in the organization of Masonr
extant.

A. The principal aims proposed by Solomon, K
Israel, in the organization of Masonry, were: 1, t
true religion to the heathen; 2, to teach science
(especially architecture), to the Jews; 3, to unit
and heathen, by the principles of Brotherly love,
and Truth.

Q. 5. What have been the principal results of
ganization of Masonry?

A. The principal results of this organization
sonry have been: 1, religious; 2, moral; 3, soc
scientific.

Q. 6. What have been the religious results of M

A. The religious results of Masonry have been
render Atheism less popular; 2, to exalt the name
hovah, as an object of reverence; 3, to induce a b
some sort of revelation; 4, to call the marked at
of mankind to the Holy Scriptures, in preference
other systems of revelation.

Q. 7. What have been the moral results of Mas

A. The moral results of Masonry have been: 1
cumscribe human passions; 2, to square human a
3, to render the conscience more sensitive.

Q. 8. What have been the social results of M

A. The social results of Masonry have been: 1
sen the frequency, and reduce the horrors of war, l
ing the children of men to become better acquaint
each other; 2, to inspire mutual confidence, philan

the O——'s clerks, one after the other, to come round in front of her and glance at an ornament that was suspended on her neck, and then walk back to enter upon a whispering conference with the other two. What could it be? Not that graceful form, half exposed through her scanty covering? nor those cheeks, crimson with answering blushes? What could it be? The same attraction called old Captain G——, rough and tough against Cupid's arrows as he was, to go through the same maneuvers. It must have been a powerful magnetism to the old boy; for he gallantly pulled off his overcoat, got a blanket from one of the deck passengers, and dressed her up as warmly as if she had brought her own cloak and shawl ashore, and was going a sleigh-riding. The next morning Miss Emily was sent to town the first load. There the clerks procured her a full wardrobe, jam-up, and, to this day, her father can't discover who paid the sixty-five dollars for it. Each of the clerks sincerely and solemnly swears (it's a pity steamboat clerks *will* swear so!) that *he* didn't, and Captain A—— stiffly affirms that *he* didn't. The whole five of them are Masons, that's a fact; but what could it be that attracted those clerks to the shivering girl? Be it what it may, *she wears it yet*, and declares she will never marry any man who cannot explain it. The next person who sees her in her night-dress will make a note on't.

QUOTATIONS.

Tupper.—Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man when all the rest had failed. *Reason* he parries; *fear* he answers blow for blow; *future interests* he answers by present pleasures; but LOVE—that sun against whose melting beams winter cannot stand!—that softening, subduing slumber which wrestles down the giant!—O, there is not one human creature in a million, not a thousand men in earth's quintillion, whose clay heart is hardened against LOVE.

Dow.—How are we to be happy and contented while

we stay here? This is easily solved by the simple rule of common gumption. Multiply virtuous actions, divide good from evil, and subtract lots of vices; the quotient will be the answer, *contentment*, and the remainder, if any, a small overplus of happiness, to be used as occasion may require.

Anonymous.—The *intention* of Masonry is peace on earth; the *principles*, benevolence and love; the *disposition*, good-will toward men; the *laws*, reason and equity; the *religion*, purity and truth.

BUENA VISTA.

On this awful battle-field a certain officer from the Kentucky regiment was stricken down by a ball. His friends were compelled to give way, and, although with great reluctance, to leave him to the lance and knife. As the unfortunate man saw his fate in the ferocious looks of the advancing Mexicans, he endeavored to secure an interposing hand, if haply there might be a brother in that phalanx, and with trembling limbs made the silent appeal.

It was noticed by a Mexican officer who rushed forward with shout and blow to save him. His comrades saw it all—the silent gesture—the generous act, then the dark curtain of battle closed around. The next day they went back with anxious quest for him, but his body alone was there, gashed and horribly mangled—*the interposing hand had come too late.*

ACTIVE BENEVOLENCE.

A widow woman with a band of children wishes to leave the city of L—— for a distant town where her relatives reside. Her landlord attaches her clothes for a paltry remainder of four dollars. The fact comes to the knowledge of a couple of *active* masons. One of them, an enterprising man with a full stock of what phrenologists would call *vitality*, stands in his store door and begs from every passer-by "A quarter dollar for a distressed

widow and her family—Captain—Colonel—Squire—Doctor—Parson, a quarter for a poor widow and her family!" Being known to every body, and universally popular, his appeal in every instance was successful, and in a very short time he makes up fifteen dollars, (none being called on for more than a moderate donation,) and the distressed ones went on their way rejoicing. Wasn't that *active* charity?

CAN IT BE SO?

"I called on him," said a widow lady, "again and again for my money. It was only twenty-five dollars, a small matter to a man. Were I one, I would go out and earn it directly. But a widow woman cannot go out to earn money as a man, and I was really in want of that twenty-five dollars. I told him so; I plead with him. You can borrow this money, said I, for you have friends and they have advanced you money in your business. I told him that my husband was a mason, buried masonically, resting under a tombstone covered with masonic emblems, and I showed him the diploma, the apron, and all the evidences. I told him that my father was a mason, that he had reared me up to love and reverence masonry, and to believe that masons were good men and true, and I showed him my father's well-worn medal. And I, a widow with a large family, a mason's daughter and a mason's widow, I plead with him, a young man with no one but himself to support, and he, a freemason, refused to pay me the money!"

RUINS OF BAALBEC.

To form a correct idea of the mechanical art which the ancient masons possessed, the reader should peruse the following: "Blocks got out, hewed, squared and numbered in the quarries of Baalbec but never removed to the city, measure from forty to seventy feet in length, other parts being in proportion. There are still to be seen in the ruins, at heights of twenty-five feet, blocks as large as

those. It is a strange sight to behold these pieces, just as they were left by the hands of the quarry-men. An amusing tradition, still extant among the Arabs, shows how unaccountable to moderns are the means used by the craft to transport such blocks. They say that on one occasion all the men of the kingdom failed to remove a certain stone, still to be seen there. A *woman* standing near, after jeering them for their failure, laid hold of the stone, lifted it on her back and with it trotted off to Baalbec, where she laid it down by the wall! Demanding an enormous sum for the service, the Sultan refused to pay it, so the fair one resumed the block, carried it clear back, dropped it where it now lies, and went off dancing!"

LOCAL TESTS.

Nothing is more calculated to limit the universality of Masonry and render a stranger more uncomfortable than the application of local tests. These are no less pernicious than useless: *pernicious*, because what was at first adopted, for temporary convenience, becomes in the next generation incorporated into the permanent work; and *useless*, because the ancient test is abundantly sufficient to protect the fraternity against impostors and expelled Masons. The localities in which these modern tests principally flourish are inland points, which foreign brethren are not likely to visit.

A LATE CASE.

The widow of a master Mason, not long since, applied to the Lodge in which her husband had held his membership, and prayed for relief. This was in the good city of P——, where there are many Lodges occupying the same hall. The Lodge in question, appropriated forty dollars, and pinned the petition to the pedestal.

The next night another Lodge opened, observed the call, and donated ten dollars. The next night, twenty was given, then five, forty, thirty, etc., until more than one hundred and fifty had thus accumulated. The whole

was then collected, and poured in the widow's lap, moistened by the widow's tears.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Three excellent Masonic tales could be written from 2d Maccabees iii. 28.; *ib.* chap. vii.; *ib.* vi. 18., etc.—a tale of Masonic kindness from 2d Chron. xxviii. 10., etc. John Shuff was a bright Mason—married—asked Lucy might he attend Lodge—she said yes, but looked no—did'nt go for a year—then the baby—he must nurse it—before it got big baby, another baby—he must nurse that—then a third, a fourth, a fifth, etc.—until John merged his speculative Masonry into pure operative, and he has never been to the Lodge since. Did King Solomon ever visit the Arabian Gulf, or any tide-water? if so, the Bible is silent on the subject. In memorizing subjects, how convenient to learn them in threes. Poor T— went deranged—was on his way to a lunatic asylum—stopped at J——, his old residence—chapter night—he was so well, they permitted him to visit and preside—he never did it better—died shortly after, quite insane. Masonry was planted in Mexico the year Brother J. R. Poinsett went there, as minister plenipotentiary. When Pope Clement XII. issued his Bull against Masonry, the craftsmen continued to meet, but under the assumed name of Xerophagists—those who live without drinking. No dispensation authorizes a Lodge to confer more than two degrees upon a candidate, at the same meeting.

THE ECHO AND THE FLUTE;

A TALE OF SPECULATIVE MASONRY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER FIRST.

"I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living."

THERE is a *season* that blooms, even outside the battlements of Eden, that awakens every gentle thought in the human heart; that causes every grateful outpouring to flow, a pure freightage of thanks, up to the beneficent Deity.

There is a *month*, the month of first flowers and fresh songs, of birds newly arrived from groves of orange, of fragrant scents, of mysterious motions in earth, and air, and water, of motion indicative of life and joy. Then the despised clod beneath us, acquires a strange claim to our admiration; we place our foot upon it with respect, because it is the birth-bed of the new year.

There is *a day* when the sun-rays begin to dart more vertically from the heavens, improving upon that wintry-like obliquity, the abhorrence of the enlightened craftsman. Then we may read; Brother Masons, hearken! we may read, in the symbols of nature, many of those pregnant emblems which have adorned our tracing-board from ancient days. This *deep green* tells us of a new year, to-day to us born, and speaks, solemn monitor, of the frosts and snows of its termination; and whispers, bright comforter, of the fond hopes beyond. In every sign and sound of mother-nature, there is a mystic line for us; illustrious companions! yes, for us: in every *contrast of light and shade;* in all *entwining vines;* in *falls of water;* in *the tracery of webs;* in *steaming vapors;* in *the shallow pools;* in *the cohesive clay;* in *the fruitful bush;* in *shifting clouds;* in *the burning sun;* in all *moving shadows;* in the *animation* that publishes WORK, WORK, LABOR, LABOR, as the voice of nature; in the hidden pro-

cesses beneath; in *the woody shaft, and the leafy chapiter.* Are these things concealed from any of you, oh, ye sons of light! Open, then, the eyes of your mind, to rejoice in the beauties of such a day, ere the night of death cometh —for there is such a day, and it is vouchsafed to all—but how often we shall witness its return, no man knoweth, saving Him that receiveth it.

There is an *hour* when this sweetest of seasons, and most delightsome of days, most gratefully gloweth to the marking eye. Then all the senses, the five paths of human knowledge and gratification, tell one harmonious story of delight. Then the newly-come birds, and the teeming earth, and the buds bursting under the life-giving sun, and the symbols on nature's vast tracing-board, conspire to raise a more excellent song of adoration to the Divine Giver—it is the closing hour of day.

At such a season, at such an hour, through a long stretch of woodland, than which nothing could better exhibit the beauties of the renovated year, might have been seen the approaching carriage of Mr. Norwich, now the homeless and disconsolate widower, late the owner of Norwich Cottage, and the thrice-blessed husband of its accomplished mistress. Within the vehicle reclined the mourner, accompanied by his little daughter, the last of three, the thoughtful, low-voiced, golden-haired Ruth.

At such an hour, the traveler relaxed his pace, and gave way to his emotion. The tired horses, at first changing their trot to a rapid walk, and that to a slower one, suddenly took heart to bring up at a dead halt. This gave the travelers an excuse to dismount, and to sit awhile on the old beech tree, that the last January winds had dashed headlong from the perpendicular, never more to stand erect, a prince of the house of the forest trees, again.

The contest between father and daughter of the Norwich family was painfully striking. In the parent there were evidences of approaching death. A cough oppressed his breathing and brought sad discords into the music of his words. Occasionally, as he spoke, a deep

unnatural tone startled the hearer with thoughts of the grave—of the grave that would soon silence all this. The hectic flush upon his cheek was as the flower that is soon cut down; that cheek will erelong be paler than the lily's hue. Deep wrinkles, furrowed prematurely, but none the less conspicuous for that, channeled his brow. Gray hairs sprinkled the summer of his life with the snows of December. Alas, none better than Henry Norwich, had realized the masonic sentiment, "Man of woman-born is brief of life and trouble-filled."

In the child were the elastic tread, the clear, ringing tone, the serene eye, the uncorrupted faith—"Of such," said the Son of God, remembering well the companionship which he had exchanged for his sorrow-mission,—"Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

The loss of all his children, all but the priceless one at his side, and of his wife who had for so many years absorbed his very soul's life into hers, opened to Henry Norwich a broad avenue to the land of shadows. The blighted heart entered it cheerfully and made ready for death. As our Savior sent his disciples in twos to labor and to suffer, so it seems that tenderest hearts from earth may enter the kingdom together.

But who should rear the little bud, swinging thus solitary upon the tree! How should it be strengthened to withstand the blights and snows and tempests of the world!

Mr. Norwich, keenly alive to the importance of this subject, "while yet the evil days came not," sold all his possessions, took the proceeds in money, and with that and the little girl who now occupies her place beside him, on the old beech-tree, started to a distant State to place the two deposits in charge of a faithful and only brother.

Little Ruth derived her name from the damsel that came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab. Her mother, in her maiden days, had possessed an unusual talent for drawing. She had sketched a portrait of Ruth, as she imagined the pious gleaner appeared to Boaz when

he approached to do her kindness in his barley-field. And when the little birdling came to her nest, with all the features of that fancy portrait, golden hair, arching brow, dimpled chin and eyes of blue, she styled it Ruth, and she said that, God willing, it should be a child of His.

As the two thus sit, father and child, hand in hand, cheek to cheek, there is the measure of one generation of human life between them; she at the beginning, he at the close of a mortal's career.

As little Ruth will occupy a conspicuous place in our tale, the reader must know that she was a child of remarkable acuteness and possessed uncommon powers of observation. An early formed judgment, an exact memory, a silent, unobtrusive manner, these were the peculiarities of her character which will be most distinctly brought out in this tale. Her father had so highly valued these precocious traits, that he had accustomed her to accompany him in all his social calls, and afterward to repeat the conversation heard during the visit. So retentive was her memory, that she invariably preserved the leading thoughts.

The reader will not comprehend the amiable disposition of Henry Norwich, unless informed that for many years he had shaped his life by the implements of speculative architecture. He was a Freemason in whom there was no guile. Although not what is denominated a working Mason, (an appellation, by the way, easily earned, that conveys in itself no exalted idea of masonic attainments,) yet in the purely speculative department there were few more skillful.* Since the death of his wife, he had found great comfort in renewing his masonic studies, com-

* Brother Douglas, G. M. of Florida, happily says, "The great mistake of the present day is to suppose that what we technically term *the work* Masonry, is Masonry itself. This is a serious error, and should be at once corrected, for it is lowering the importance and dignity of Masonry, and degrading as well her character as her mission. Masonry is an organization of principles; of principles drawn from the highest sources of human reason and divine revelation; of principles in their nature profoundly philosophical, and in their practice of untold value to the human family. It is a system of symbolic mysteries, full of allegory, wisely designed to attract, enlighten and purify." Was ever Freemasonry better *defined or defended?*

menced long before, and the book in his left hand as he reclines on that fallen trunk, is a treatise on the Ethics of Masonry. He culls these passages and reads aloud, while little Ruth listens:

"Even though the last known copy of Holy Writ were destroyed, as once occurred during the first captivity, nevertheless there is enough of the Divine law involved in the symbols of Masonry to point out a Mediator and a Savior through divine grace." "Hoodwinked in the darkness and distress of this ground-floor, human life, man hears a commanding voice issuing from the heavenly East and calling upon him to rise from the groveling position into which sin has flung him, and to follow his Divine Leader with the South on the left, (as Israel followed the pillar led by the hand of a heavenly guide,) and obeying God's precepts, tracing divinely marked footsteps and noting accurately, revealed ways, to fear no danger."

"It is to be expected that there will be an increased, an intense anxiety, when the bondage of flesh is about to be removed from the spirit's eyes, and the mortal is about to be brought to immortal light. The heart will naturally incline to sink and the flesh to falter. Uneasy thoughts of his own unworthiness will doubtless oppress him. Nevertheless, relying on the same powerful arm that has led him through all the circuits and across all the variegated squares of his changeful life, he may brace up the loins of his mind, and take courage. Yea, he may even triumph in the reflection 'His rod and His staff they comfort me!'"

"There is no mystery, strictly speaking, in the symbols of Masonry, unless it may be the mystery of ignorance. Every wreck of human works; each expanse of water; each dashing cataract; each hill-summit that is crowned with the labor of man's hands; each sunrise that gilds the east, each solemn southing and each scarlet setting; each star that marks, as with a grain of diamond-dust the midnight sky—all things indeed that strike the eye or ear, or enter the brain through any channel of the senses, all these are *symbols*, if you will, to which some hidden mean-

ing may be attached, whose elucidation shall only be to the enlightened. How many of these were thus pressed into masonic use while Speculative Masonry was assuming its present form, we shall never know."

As the consumptive man paused to clear his lungs, he observed that Ruth's eyes were attracted to a little drama passing in the hazel grove close by. The actors were nothing but a pair of wood doves. It would seem that they had made their nest on the prostrate beach, and three little eggs were already engaging their parental sympathies, when some rapacious bird attacked them; tore their nest in pieces and broke the wing of the female. She was now perched in her agony, upon the lower limb of a bush, while her mate hovered close by, wondering at her inability to move. It was the actions of the male that had excited the girl's attention. He seemed perplexed in the highest degree. He tried various arts to arouse her. But his loud, pathetic moan was without effect; so were his signals, full of meaning even to the dull eye of humanity. The flutterings of his wings, the sun-rays sparkling upon his gay feather-spots, his coquettish twistings of neck, the rustling of leaves under his pink-colored feet, his mournful glances, all passed unobserved. The world was fast receding from the ear and eye of the bruised thing. For even as the intruders gazed, her little frame shook with an inward convulsion, then there was heard a faint gasping, answered by a loud, triumphant cooing from her mate, then one feeble attempt to extend the broken pinion, and then she fell from the perch-stone dead upon the grass below.

The sight of death cannot fail to move upon the heart of the dying.

Mr. Norwich, pressing his beloved one fondly to his breast, commented tearfully on the untimely fate of the bird. "This painful scene, my daughter, aptly explains what I was reading. For as the book says, every thing in nature may be made symbolic of some interesting truth. The death of this poor dove, and her mate's efforts to give

relief, ever associate them, dear daughter, with this calm evening hour, when you sat here with your dying father, upon this beech tree. Then the one will symbolize the other, and you will never look at a dying bird, or a fallen tree, but your memory will recall him, who loved you, as long as he had life to love, aught but the Savior. So that Savior, on the night when he was betrayed, took bread; and when he had given thanks, he brake it and distributed it among his disciples, and exhorted them, *As often as ye do this, do it in remembrance of me.*"

Then the father and child, prompted by a similar impulse, the remembrance of sacramental enjoyments in the little church at Norwich, sang together this stanza:

"Jesus, thy feast we celebrate!
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb."

Mr. Norwich then read the extract, "There is no mystery, etc.," the second time; and, according to his usual custom, required her to repeat it after him.

All this consumed the evening hour, and brought the sunset nigh to hand. They now arose to resume their journey and seek lodgings for the night, when a singular sound, not far distant, caused them to halt in surprise.

It was the music of a flute, but so curiously managed by the performer, that whether it proceeded from the right or left, below or above, it defied a listener to tell.

Looking down the road in the direction they were pursuing, it seemed to come from the left; turning to the left, it was above; facing around, it clearly sprung up from beneath! Was it a strain of that music, unheard save by the dying, and by the spirits of the just made perfect, which echoes around that throne, before which, one of them at least, was soon to stand?

Their silent amazement was interrupted by a traveler who came down the road behind them, with an ax upon his shoulder. He was a man some fifty years of age; dressed in the shabbiest style of the country; he bore the appearance of extreme destitution. When he spoke,

which he did as soon as he arrived within hearing, his face gleamed with one of those smiles, that remind us of an artificial rose, badly constructed, lying upon a snow drift.

His cast of countenance, in short, was so repulsive, that the child (children are instinctive and infallible judges of such natures), clung to her father's side, while he answered the stranger's inquiry concerning the direction they were journeying.

Having done this, Mr. Norwich asked an explanation of the mysterious music, which, however, had ceased when the new-comer commenced speaking.

"Oh,"—repeated the new-comer, with a careless tone, and one of his treacherous smiles—"that's only Carney, the blind boy, in his sycamore. That's all. His chapel's not but a little piece off."

As the explanation only served to increase the puzzle, he went on to say, "that Carney was a poor boy, a bound boy, mole blind, who, having no work to do, but fond of music, spent the whole time, day and night, in the woods, except when he went to the house for his meals. That he *used* in a large sycamore a little piece off, and lay there blowing a flute, while honest people was abed. If the little gal would like to see him, he would take her to Carney's chapel, as folks called it, terreckly."

Mr. Norwich assented, and turning to the right, a hundred yards from the road, his attention was called to an aged sycamore tree, hollow, as usual with that kind, but sound, and on the outside, entire. Pointing out a hole fifteen feet up, their conductor observed, "Yon's the door where Carney goes in, but I'll rouse him out in a hurry." Then striking the shell rudely, with his ax, he called Carney by name, and ordered him to show himself to the little girl, remarking, in a side tone to Mr. Norwich, that it was a sight for strangers to see him.

On the inside, a rustling followed that resembled the fluttering of swallows in their night quarters, then the boy was heard to climb the trunk, and soon his head appeared at the opening before mentioned.

Mr. Norwich started involuntarily. It presented the most singular combination of youth and age he had ever beheld. The lower part of the face, from the cheek-bones downward, might have belonged to a lad of fourteen, not more; while the upper hemisphere, the eyes, wrinkled brow, and gray hair, betokened sixty. Drawings have been frequently made, over which, by an ingenious arrangement of the artist, an extra forehead and eyes are dropped by means of a flap, over the face, and instantly the age, sex, and character, are changed by the substitution. So it was, that looking at that blind boy, as the sunset rays glanced over his head, thrust through the singular entrance to his den, it seemed as if two heads had somehow been united to form his, of which, only the lower part corresponded with the attached body. In addition to these peculiarities, his fingers were long and attenuated as an ape's. His dress was but a patchwork of rags. His voice alone, was pleasing, as if it had caught the enchantment of his music; and the hearer, listening to its winning tone, felt called upon to bestow that sympathy which his unsightly appearance had otherwise denied him.

Poising himself skillfully upon the narrow ledge, he rapidly drew up a long pole covered with knots, which served him for a ladder, and planting it on the outside, boldly, as if he knew the ground, he was soon standing amidst those who had summoned him. Addressing the shabby man by name, Tarver, he respectfully asked what he wanted.

"Tell this clever gentleman, and his sweet gal," replied Tarver, turning around with one of his hateful grins, "what you was doing up there in the chapel. They heern you play, and didn't know what to make of it. Come, wag your tongue a bit, maybe the gentleman might give you something."

The boy, without raising his face, answered in his melodious way, "I heern you singing, sir, and it's a long time sense I heern anybody at that, I cotch the tune terreckly,

and played it, that's all; I ollers cotch a tune mighty quick."

Then raising his flute, a handsome instrument, of ebony, that must once have cost a considerable sum, he struck into the piece that Mr. Norwich had sung (Rockbridge), and played it through. The style was masterly, and the lad made so proper a use of the keys, in his perfect melody, it was a treat to hear. Ruth turned to her father, and begged him for a dollar from her purse, to give the poor boy. He granted it without a word—the notes had called back vanished hours, whose memory imbittered the present enjoyment.

Then the kind-hearted child took the hand that hung listless by the poor boy's side, and laying the coin in his palm—"Take this for your music," she said, "I am very sorry you are blind. It must be dreadful to be blind. I wish you could see"—and she followed her father's steps to the carriage.

There were several men standing around the vehicle, waiting his approach. They seemed to be trying its springs, with much familiarity, and were handling the harness and whip, and criticising the points of the horses, with practiced skill. In fact, the intimacy was closer than was prudent, considering that, in the carriage-box were several thousand dollars in gold, whose weight could not fail to betray itself to such accurate observers. But Mr. Norwich gave no intimations of his uneasiness, if any he felt; he saluted the company with politeness, and while he prepared the horses for starting, asked directions to the nearest house at which travelers' accommodation could be procured. The question was promptly answered by an elderly person in the circle, humpbacked and homely, but dressed more becomingly than the rest, who offered his own dwelling to the gentleman, if he would accept it. It was but half a mile, and directly on the road which the gentleman was traveling, he said, and if he would put his horses to their paces, he could get there in a few minutes.

The proposition so courteously tendered, was not declined, and the father and child drove off at the rate indicated. But could he have seen the covetous look that flashed across each face as a sudden jolt brought a metallic sound from his carriage box, he had been better warned of the character of those who followed him.

And now that sweetest hour of the brightest season of man's earthly year was passed. Nature's tracing-board became dim. The entwining vines, the speaking green, the shifting cloud, the fruitful bush, were now covered with the curtain of night. The lodge of day was closed. Although we may know God in the darkness as well as in the light, yet the means of recognition are of quite a different nature. They are all of a distressful cast. Darkness was gathering over the land. The voices of light being silenced, those of night claimed dominion. The owl, the whippowil, and their gloomy brethren that flit through the midnight and avoid the morning, had begun their rove. The day was passed, the last that Mr. Norwich should ever behold with the eyes of flesh.

A short drive brought them to the place described. It was a frame house of large dimensions, formerly of some appearance. Built a quarter of a century before, and no paint or other preservative having been used upon it, much of the woodwork was in that fibrous state which is the delight of the hornet and wasp. The shingles upon the roof were hidden by a dense growth of moss that seemed to have been transplanted there from the barren yard. The sills of the building, exposed by the dropping off of weather-boards, had that hoary appearance expressively termed in the language of botany, *canescent*. It spoke eloquently of the fox-fire that would glow along its surface all through a damp, dark night.

The scene of desolation around the dwelling, matched the appearance of the house. There were broken fences; unpruned orchard trees; fragments of farming utensils drifted from the wreck of twenty-five years; litter from house and kitchen strewn heedlessly about the yard;

bones gnawed by hungry dogs; gates with one hinge and gates with none. Weeds flourished rank in the corners. Piles of rails and decayed logs made a platform for the lizard by day and the cricket by night.

What ideas of domestic happiness can be associated with such a residence—alas! too often found even in the country where civilization secures domestic happiness to all who will receive it?

The loud-mouthed dogs, of which there was a multitude, seemed by their hoarse, unwelcome bark, to warn travelers to pass by and tarry not.

But the proprietor of this dilapidated place bustled forward with notable hospitality to remove the big gate and admit the carriage into the yard. Driving off the dogs with pebbles and sticks, and laying aside various obstacles in the water-channeled path, he finally landed his visitors at the door. They were met on the threshold by a woman whom he introduced as his wife. She welcomed them with much propriety of speech, and conducted them to her own room. A bountiful supper was prepared, more neatly spread than was to be expected from a general view of the place, and after partaking, the two guests seated themselves in a pleasant corner hand-in-hand, as befitted those inseparable friends.

The valise from the coach-box had been brought in, its weight and jingle betraying its contents to the most casual observer.

The conversation between Mr. Norwich and his hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Bloom, was not protracted or interesting. It is the error of intellectual men, in general, that they will not familiarize themselves with topics that are interesting to the mass: it is the misfortune of the mass, in general, that their catalogue of conversational topics cannot interest the intellectual. Having therefore so few points in common with his entertainers, Mr. Norwich could only make the insipid inquiries concerning the health, the weather, the crops, which are conventional with all classes, and then the conversation flagged.

From the next room he could hear the noisy colloquy of the party that had followed the carriage to the house. Noting the soft voice of Carney, the blind boy, amongst them, he asked permission of his host and invited him to entertain the party with music.

It was not that his notes excited pleasurable emotions. The heart of the solitary youth was too much breathed into his instrument to echo anything back that was enlivening. But by one of those inexplicable traits of human nature, the very pain was dear to the melancholy hearer, and he leaned back in his seat and hid his face, as for an hour the lad awoke most expressive music.

Since the days of the Irish harpers, whose impassioned songs called up rage and love by turns, never was the very lawlessness of music made more effective than by this untutored performer. The peculiar echoes of the old sycamore hollow, in which, day and night, he had so long trilled through all the variations of his flute, had become a part of the performance itself. The warmth of his sensibilities and the hopelessness of his condition, poor and friendless and blind, gave tone to every phrase of his music, while the native acuteness of his ear enabled him to avoid those harsher discords or irregularities, calculated to pain so practiced an amateur as Mr. Norwich.

His own list of airs being exhausted, Ruth was directed by her father to hum over that of "Pleyel's hymn," and as soon as Carney had caught it, they sang together his favorite lines.

A THOUGHT OF DEATH.*

By the pallid hue of those,
Whose sweet blushes mocked the rose;
By the fixed, unmeaning eye,
Sparkled once so cheerfully.

By the cold damps on the brow,
By the tongue, discordant now;
By the gasp, and laboring breath,
What! oh tell us, what is death!

* AIR, *Pleyel's Hymn*. MASONIC LYRICS, *No.* 19. By the Author.

By the vacancy of heart,
Where the lost one had a part;
By the yearning to retrieve,
Treasures hidden in the grave.

By the future, hopeless all,
Wrapped as in a funeral pall;
By the links that rust beneath,
What! oh tell us, what is death!

By the echoes swelled around,
Sigh and moan, and sorrow-sound;
By the grave, that opened nigh,
Cruel, yields us no reply.

By the silent king, whose dart
Seeks and finds each mortal heart;
We may know, *no human breath,*
Can inform us what is death!

But, the grave has spoken loud!
Once was raised the pallid shroud;—
When the stone was rolled away,
When the earth in frenzy's play—

Shook her pillars to awake
Him who suffered for our sake;
When the vail's deep fissure showed
Choicest mysteries of God!

Tell us then, thou grave of hope,
What is He that fills thee up!
"Mortal, from my chambers dim,
Christ arose—inquire of him!"

Hither, to the faintest cry,
Notes celestial, make reply:
"Christian, unto thee 'tis given,
Death's a passage into Heaven!"

His wishes being gratified, and a second donation having been made the performer from Ruth's own little purse, that was in her father's keeping, Mr. Norwich entered into conversation with him, and asked for his history. It was a sad tale, that of the poor boy, yet not an uncommon one. His mother, a widow, in good circumstances, had reared him up delicately, until his tenth year. Then she suddenly left the country, allured by the devices of a villain, who coveted her property. She left friends, and

self-respect, and character, she left even her blind child, who had no other friend but God. But when, after a year's abandonment to folly, she returned, a cast-off mistress, reduced to poverty, and dying with shame; it was to find her boy the pauper of the county, and to hear her own name used before him as a pass-word of depravity. And then she died. And ever since that time, the authorities had preserved him from starvation, by binding him out to the lowest bidder, by public outcry. And having nobody to care for him, and nothing to care for, except his flute, the last remnant of his father's wealth, he had addicted himself to lonely rambles, and to the wild music of, the sycamore-hollow, where the gentleman had first heard him playing.

To this tale, well calculated to arouse commiseration in the hearers, little Ruth listened with an intenseness of interest, that spoke of a feeling heart. The boy heard her sobs, as he sat with his head bowed upon his breast, and then he arose, came straight forward to the corner where she was, and respectfully reaching out his hand, took hers, freely offered, pressed it to his lips, and left the room.

Movements toward retiring, now prompted Mr. Norwich to propose religious exercises as a suitable close to the day.

His offer was received with confusion; and a glance of peculiar meaning, passed between husband and wife. The hesitating reply, that there was no bible in the house, was met by Mr. Norwich's offer to use his; for he always carried one with him, he said, for company's sake; and no further objections appearing, the well-worn book was produced; a chapter was selected, which Ruth stood up to read, and an evening hymn was sung by the pair. Then the philanthropist offered up a fervent prayer, and the family separated for sleep.

The bedside devotions of such a Mason as Mr. Norwich, are worthy of imitation. There is a general earnestness in the prayers of dying Christians, that speaks

of the spirit revealed to the apocalyptist John, when he saw the four and twenty elders divest themselves of their resplendent crowns (tokens alike of God's approval, and their own noblest reward), and dash them, as worthless baubles, at the foot of the throne, and cry in heaven's own language, Glory be to God ALONE.

When the good man enters the sanctum sanctorum, for the last time, and we know that death stands at every door to intercept his retreat, the language of his heart is eminently worthy of our notice. The Mason-prayer which went up from the lips of Mr. Norwich, that night, was one that is used by many another faithful Brother around the globe. It comprehended five topics: supplication for his dear daughter, her who was *nearest* to his heart; for the good of Zion, and the spread of Christian and Masonic light; for his enemies, and the enemies of Masonry, if any such, anywhere, could be found by the All-seeing Eye; for his friends and acquaintances, and Masonic brethren, far and near; finally, for himself. Such an asking, doubtless, met the Divine ear, and sweet should be the rest to follow upon it. His beloved one, who reposed in the next room, sunk to sleep while yet *the first* subject of *her* prayer, the weal of her father, was warm upon her heart.

And now they sleep. And the owl is hooting from his lonely hollow. The bat flits wildly to and fro. Dark clouds are rising to obscure heaven's glittering tracing-board from the sight. We must change the scene from the chamber of innocence and piety, to a room in a distant part of the house.

Here were congregated the various individuals whose cupidity had been so keenly aroused by the souud of Mr. Norwich's gold; and here they had met to contrive how they might secure that gold for themselves.

Bloom, the master of the house, sat smoking; his face pale with the bad thought. Ever an anon, he turned to the table, on which stood a large decanter of whisky, and the bad thought grew bigger in his mind, as he drank it

off like water. His ugly hump loomed high upon his back, and the blood nestled round his heart, while he contemplated the dark subject.

The shabby man, Tarver, he with the hypocritical smile, was earnestly whispering to a young man, whom he addressed as Gabe Keys. The nature of the conference, might readily be surmised, for there was an answering oath from the person addressed, and an earnest expression that slipped out unawares, "No, no, I can't do that. Dam'me that's too much—do it yourself, if you want it done!" Three other men, young and old, completed the group. They had applied themselves to the bad thought, and to the decanter, until they had reached that state of stupefaction, in which the maudlin ruffian can lean back, and stare, and let others do the talking.

But who reclines yonder, crouched in that dark corner, concealed in the gloom and the folds of her apron, so that were it not for an occasional sob, her presence would scarcely be known to the villains around the table? What part has woman to bear in such a conference as this? It is Mrs. Bloom, whose well-chosen words and genteel housewifery had called forth the approbation of her guest. Yes, and the well-chosen words which that Christian man had used when he prayed, "for choicest blessings upon this family,—and that in Thine own good time, oh Lord! they may be persuaded to turn to Thee and be saved"—the recollection of these words, conflicting with her evil heart and an unfeminine greed of gold, was now convulsing her frame with emotion. She could not, without a pang, see her pious guest defrauded, much less murdered, as had been brutally suggested. It was long since the voice of prayer had gone up from her dwelling. No good could follow such an act. Yet an opportunity to acquire so large a sum at a blow was not likely to be offered again.

Unhappy woman! through the long years since she had left her father's quiet home to follow a lawless adventurer, the more generous emotions of her sex had evaporated.

More than once in her dreary rove, childless and friendless, save for him for whom she had sacrificed all things, she had seen blood upon her husband's gold, nor ever inquired from whose heart it flowed, nor ever received it with any the less greediness.

So she sat, the hardened woman, and wrapped her apron tightly about her face and crouched in the dark corner to hear the plan that was to transfer the coveted property to her hands.

"I'm thinking, boys, there's nigh on to five thousand dollars in that valise! It was more'n I could do to tote it in without help. Five thousand dollars in gold! *In gold*, boys! no taking numbers, mark you!—no stopping payment at the bank—no getting big bills broke. Gold! Well, now, the question is, boys, shall we let this pile slip when it's safe, as one mout say, in our own hands? If we do, we ought to get us mattocks and grub stumps the balance of our days. What say you, boys?"

These words, as may be supposed, were from Bloom. They were offered in a tone to bring all the ideas of the conspirators to a head. The shot was effective. Every one straightened himself up, rested his elbows upon the table, and put on a cruel look. Tarver, the shabby person, replied—"I say no, Hezekiah Bloom; no grubbing for me. I've had enough of that in my time. No letting things slip. That's been done too much already. That man upstairs is a dying man, and a month hence he'll have no use for the gold. His little gal can be raised on a heap less money than five thousand dollars. I go in for the gold, let come what will come." "Let come what will come," was the general response, and the matter was settled. The woman ceased her sobbing. But how was it to be procured with safety?

"Oh set the blamed old house afire! 'taint worth a hundred dollars at best. While the fuss is gwine on, two on us will slip into his room and grab the gold."

But the woman objected to this. With the attachments of her sex and her dread of danger, she objected. She

had lived too long in the old mansion, and she loved it, and it should not be burnt. So the idea, popular though it was, must be abandoned.

"Then let Nyram jam a pillar down on his face, and hold it thar a few minutes. That'll settle the matter and nobody the wiser."

But Nyram demurred. It was only last court that his neck had escaped the gallows by a legal flaw, and he was afraid.

"Then give him a drink of spiced liquor in the morning. The madam thar can fix it for him, and he'll never want to leave her arterwards."

But the woman knew he wouldn't drink it: didn't they all see how he looked when he told her to take the decanter off the supper table?

"Oh knock him in the head, and be d—d to him," was the impatient conclusion from Lansby, a repulsive-looking fellow who had kept his lips closed thus far, but opened them now with passion at the slow procedure, "what's the use of foolin'? we want the money; we don't want *him!* One lick will do the business. We can bury him so's nobody but the little gal will see him. She'll never know but what he died naitral. I'll do it myself, d—d eff I don't!"

Bloom passed the decanter to each of the company, glanced keenly round the circle to mark the effect of this brutal speech, and finding no appearance of dissent, he shook the ruffian's hand heartily, and accepted the proposition.

The woman breathed still more freely. The prayer was forgotten. The gold filled her heart. She sat erect.

The minor arrangements were soon completed. A club was procured and all made ready for the midnight murder, when suddenly, from the very chamber of the man whose life they were thus plotting away, there came out a shriek so loud, so filled with agony, that the most hardened hearer started to his feet with terror. The table was overturned in the general confusion, and the light extin-

guished. Another and another cry followed. The woman fainted from her chair, but there was no hand ready to break her fall, and so her head struck heavily upon the floor. All waited in fixed amazement, their very life-blood's flow stopped while they drank in the sounds that were becoming more connected and more human.

"'Tis the little gal," at length gasped Tarver, with great effort,—and the spell being broken, the whole company, save the senseless female, arose and rushed toward the scene of distress.

The door of Mr. Norwich's chamber was open. A candle, burning with a half-smouldered flame, stood on a chair. The invalid had raised himself partly erect and was reclining in his night-clothes against the wall.

The paleness of his countenance indicated death very nigh at hand; while the floor, and the wall on which he leaned, and the very bed spotted with his blood, gave the history of his sudden attack.

In his arms lay the screaming girl, soon to be left all alone in the wide world. She had been aroused from sleep by her father's cough, and hurrying to his beloved side had beheld him thus erect, bathed in crimson and with that death-mark on his face. Crying loudly with horror, she had nevertheless climbed upon his bed, and was now clinging convulsively to his neck as if her childish strength could restrain a departing spirit. And if human love *might* confine an immortal spirit to clay, surely, surely that of her father would not desert poor Ruth. For in that dying eye was such concentrated affection—upon that face all paled over with death, such an expression of passionate yearning—oh death! heartless and deaf! green may be the fields of Canaan beyond thee, but the waves between are dark and stormy, and the parting on this hither bank is a rending of hearts to those who love!

No eye has the dying man for aught but Ruth, no ear for sounds, save her affectionate words. No, although the thievish band were even now removing the golden trea-

sure from the room; although forms invisible in life or death to such as they, were hovering above, he was conscious only of her presence. In that parting moment, with a last effort which brought torrents of blood from his lungs, he could still take a medal from its concealment on his breast and suspend it around her neck: he could reach to his coat for a package and place it with a meaning look, in her hands, and thus guide the shrewd girl to conceal them both so that even the harpies around failed to mark the act.

In a few minutes all was ended, and Ruth was torn, amidst the wildest passion of grief, from the body of her father. Few scruples had the hardened ruffians to complete their work. The gold was immediately hidden. The horses were hurried from the country, to be sold at a distant point. The carriage and harness were destroyed by fire, only the incombustible portion being concealed in a private apartment of the house.

By daylight the body was laid out for interment. A rude coffin, made in the room below, concealed it from the eyes of the little girl, who yet stood hour after hour watching over it as the angels watched over her. A score of neighbors was called in, shabby and depraved like the rest, and by their assistance the emaciated frame was carried to the nearest hill and buried. A pile of logs and rails heaped over it formed its only monument, and then with loud jests and riotous laughter the company returned to the house to carouse. The drinking bout, which had been interrupted by this duty, was renewed with additional gusto, and then, through all the day and through the following night, that desolate orphan sat on the bedside in the chamber where her father had so recently died, and wept and shuddered. But although alone, and the house reverberating with the noise of fiends, there was a good presence around her and she got no harm.

About sunrise she fell asleep, and when Mrs. Bloom came up to call her to breakfast, the gentle creature was smiling in the imagery of so sweet a dream, that the

woman turned away with a softened heart and durst not disturb her.

A week now elapsed, and it was yet in debate among the ruffians, how they should dispose of Ruth.

Being artfully interrogated by Bloom, she had displayed such a knowledge of her father's circumstances, and especially of the amount of property in his possession, at the time of death, and had exhibited so clear an appreciation of her own rights, that the alarmed man reported the facts to his comrades, with dismay.

The proposition of the brutal Nyram, to put her out of the way, was negatived on all hands. Her amiable manners, inherited from her Masonic parentage, her sad state of orphanage, together with the immense loss she had sustained, gave her a sort of claim, anomalous as it was, to their protection. Even Tarver himself, acknowledged, "'Tis enough for her to lose her daddy, and five thousand dollars! let the poor, little thing live!" Mrs. Bloom would willingly have adopted her as her own daughter, but for the danger of eventual discovery.

As a substitute for all the rejected schemes, it was at last proposed by one of them, Soper by name, to take her clear out of the country. In the State of Connecticut, he said, he had a sister, an old woman, unmarried, and poor, and for the matter of a hundred dollars, or two, she would do anything he wanted of her. If the worst came to the worst, the girl could never be traced back again, and for his part, he couldn't think of anything better. So said they all, and the project was unanimously adopted.

All this time, Ruth, unconscious of their vile plots, was wondering why she did not see anything of the blind boy, Carney. More than once, as she lay awake, in the dark nights, she had imagined it was his flute that breathed so sweetly beneath her window—but then, it might have been the angels;—she hoped it was. With more than youthful prudence, she had refrained from speaking of him, ever since she had overheard a fierce remark from Tarver, concerning him. But she watched and listened

closely—for the orphan girl had somehow associated the idea of friendship with Carney, and expected some sort of aid at his hands;—is it not always so, that we feel a friendship for those to whom we have been compassionate and kind?—and she longed very much to see him.

She had several times started to walk down to the old sycamore, but Mrs. Bloom kept such an eye upon her movements, that although she was too inexperienced to be suspicious, she could not avoid a feeling of constraint, and her uneasiness increased. On one occasion, as that person was attending to some unexpected call in household affairs, Ruth took her little bonnet, hastily, and left the house.

She had no difficulty in keeping the proper road, and none in finding the tree. Arrived there, breathless, she was disappointed in not getting an answer to her call, for she had no thought of Carney's being absent. She sat down, and wept with grief. Then rising, she started to turn back, when, to her great joy, she saw him coming through the woods, toward her. It was wonderful to see the firmness and precision with which he trod; the *faith* with which he traversed that forest. Without any path, or apparently anything that could furnish a clue to his course, he threw his feet boldly forward, avoiding the trees (perhaps warned by the slight hillocks around their bases), pushed aside the undergrowth, and strode, straight as the bee flies, to the old sycamore. Discovering, by some perception, that we are unprovided with, that Ruth was standing there, he at once addressed himself to her in his rude backwoods' speech.

"I'se glad you come, Miss! I'se been looking for you gwine on a week. I played every night, loud as I dar, under your winder, hopes you mout hear me. Poor little Miss, you'se all alone, now." This abrupt remark occasioned a tempest of sobs, at which the lad added hastily: "No, no, poor gal, don't cry! I didn't mean that *nobody* don't keer for you. Don't you 'member what your daddy

said, night he prayed? You'se not *all* alone. But say, little gal, did Mr. Bloom hand you over any of your daddy's things? money, nor nothin?"

"Not a cent, nor anything."

"And say, little gal, was this all the money you had; that, that you gave me?"—taking out the two silver dollars that Ruth had so kindly presented him with.

"No, I had some more, but father kept it for me, and I don't know what became of it when he died."

"Poor gal, you must take this back then. I can't keep it,"—and as she drew back to decline, he insisted—"yes, you must keep it, for you'll want it now; but don't let Mrs. Bloom see it, 'caze she loves money so well. Now eff you don't take it, I'll throw it in the branch! That's a good gal. Hide it away keerfully. But I hear somebody comin', and I must leave. It wouldn't be good for you to be seen with me, caze the folks at the big house has got somethin' agin me. But one thing, Miss, I'll come under your winder every night; and if they offer you any liquor, don't you drink it."

And away the lad hurried into the thickest of the undergrowth, traversing the woodland as well in the dark, as any Mason could do in the light.

Scarcely was he concealed, when Ruth was hailed by Mr. Bloom, who, discovering her absence, had hastily mounted his horse, to search for her. He took her behind him, his ugly hump appearing still more disgusting, as she was constrained to clasp her arms round it to maintain her seat; and sternly demanded why she had left the house. He, moreover, threatened her, if she did so again, with the severest punishment.

It was only the next morning, that Mrs. Bloom prepared a cup-full of hot spirits for her, under pretense of her having caught cold by her walk, and directed her to drink it as medicine. The cautious child, remembering Carney's warning, took it to the window, under pretense of cooling it, and threw it out. She was immediately put

to bed; and for several hours, Soper stood at the door of her chamber, as if prepared for travel, waiting for her to sleep.

But as she continued awake, the plot was necessarily postponed for the day. At night, Mrs. Bloom brought her a suit of plain garments, that she had made for her, and told her to lay aside the costly clothes she had worn, and put on these cheap ones. As this involved the discovery of her father's package, she was put to much distress. There was no way to conceal it, and yet, if she understood her father's dying look, it was important for her future welfare, that it should be preserved.

Happily, as she sat musing in the dark chamber, she heard the wailing notes, low and soft as the night wind itself, from the ground beneath, and understood that the blind boy was there. His was the voice of a friend. A sudden thought—the lonely tree, the solitary lad; no one would ever think of searching for it there—perhaps some day she could find a better place—she would trust him with the package; and raising the old sash carefully, she dropped it out.

The attempt to stupify her with drugs, was renewed the next morning, Mrs. Bloom insisting upon her drinking the cup-full of spirits, under her own eye. Ruth was thus driven to the bold step of refusing it; and although the interested parties threatened her, and even struck her with severe blows, the brave girl persisted in her determination.

That band, however, was not to be thus baffled, and other means, more effectual, were resorted to. At supper, in taking her cup of milk, Ruth observed a bitter flavor, but unwilling to be troublesome, or fearing to speak of it, she drank it up as usual. It was enough. She fell at once into a profound sleep. While in that senseless condition, the woman wrapped her up in her large cloak, placed her in a light wagon, by the side of Soper, and by daylight, she stood on the banks of the Ohio river, her ideas floating in the wildest confusion, and no living person. but Soper, in view.

CHAPTER SECOND.

'Charity (Love) is kind; never faileth... and now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.' "Faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone."

FORTY years since, and western New York was a wilderness, uninhabited, unresorted to. A journey from the Atlantic coast to Lake Erie was usually accomplished on British soil; or if the fearless traveler ventured upon the four hundred miles of land carriage over his own State, it was as one would undertake an arduous, dubiously-safe campaign.

In that day, there arose a man of large intellectual capacity, a Freemason, by name De Witt Clinton. It has been suggested that this person should have been born at a later period. It has been made a matter of sympathy with some, that he, and others such as he (to-wit: Copernicus, Socrates, Fulton, and the like,) should not have been cast in a generation that would have appreciated them better and done them more honor. But do not these cavilers at God's allotments know that such men as Clinton *sowed* this age? Do they not know that the harvest *we* are reaping, golden and ample to *our* sickles, is the result of the mental toil, the fruits of the far-seeing wisdom of such as he? It was for *us* they lived and toiled—*they* are reaping in the fields further on!

In that day arose Clinton and proposed a communication between the great sea of the East and the inland ocean of the West—and lo, the rough and rugged road was made smooth! He lived to see his gigantic plan accomplished. He lived to glide, bedecked in full masonic costume, surrounded with a vast company of Masons of all degrees, 363 miles on this artificial channel, and to mingle the brine of two seas with the softer waters of the lake.* But he was not spared to witness the full blessings of the work; and how innumerable farms and villages

* A bottle of water from the Pacific ocean had been furnished by one of the naval commanders.

and towns and cities sprung like magic along that grand artery of mercantile life; and how tier upon tier of counties on either hand were enriched by its genial flow; and how by means of branches and roads, every portion of the State, however inaccessible, was tied to it—Clinton died while all was green around him, and, as we have said, he reaps his reward in another sphere. He died before eminent success proved him to possess the genuine spirit of modern prophesy; the results of sound judgment and an intimate knowledge of the character of the race. Peace, peace to the memory of De Witt Clinton! He sleeps well. Freemasons, he was a tried friend to your order.

Between the same grand centers of trade a railroad in later times was constructed; and it is upon that road we locate the second chapter of our story.

It was within sight of one of the flourishing towns that draw sustenance from the road as the ivy from the oak, that a small party of country people had gathered, one morning, to see the train pass up. The sight of a locomotive was as yet a rarity, and the shrewd York farmers were giving a luncheon to their curiosity by scrutinizing every part of the strange thoroughfare, its rails, timbers and rivets, before the much-talked of monster should approach. Many and sage were their speculations upon the wonderful power thus applied to land carriage. Keen was their guessing at the earliest period when their very wheat harvests should be gathered by steam!

Upon a pile of decayed logs, partly hidden in briers, close by the gravel-bank on which the party was clustered, was a dove upon her nest. This was the day set apart, in the order of things, for her little eggs to disclose their mysteries; and as a gentle chipping and chirping and commotion had been going on beneath her, all through the night, it may well be supposed that her maternal anxiety would forbid her leaving them for an instant. So she sat still while the noisy people threw pebbles carelessly about and jerked their whittlings upon her very back, unconscious of her proximity.

The time at which the train was due had arrived. An ingenious member of the party, who had studied elementary philosophy *and nothing else*, laid his ear to the rail to be first in announcing its approach. From that dangerous position, however, he was incontinently dragged by his affectionate mamma. The *locomotor might* come before he knew it and cut off his head! No great loss to the country, but considerable to him and to her!

Let us go a mile or two westward and enter the passenger car of the train. It is full, quite full. The company is one of those mixtures readily made by taking fifteen heroes from Dickens's novels, uniting them with fifteen from Bulwer's (neutralizing the *very* romantic of the one with the *very* natural of the other,) pouring in a few from Cooper, Ingram and Arthur, then ladling out the stuff by seat-fulls.

About half-way the car, there is a superlatively *Irish* Irishman, dividing his time between drawing in clandestine whiffs of tobacco smoke from a dirty pipe, concealed in his coat-sleeve, and blowing them out again through a hole in the window. Nobody knows *who* is smoking. Everybody knows *somebody* is smoking. The seven seats back are nauseated horribly, and stomach-sick with the stench; and two or three women declare, they shall faint clean over. The conductor foams and frets—nay, he *looks* as if he swears. But he cannot discover the offender. *That* Irishman, Pat Lymp is his cognomen, has violated car rules too often, to be caught at it now.

In front of Mr. Lymp, sits an individual, seedy in garb, neglected in person, who is uneasy about something more than tobacco-smoke; for if he has scanned the countenance of every person in that car once, he has done it fifty times, and whenever the enraged conductor claps him on the shoulder, to look at his ticket (which he does every twenty minutes), he starts up in terror, as if it was the high sheriff himself. "That man has got something on his mind," remarks the tall, hatchet-faced gentleman, two seats back, as he catches his eye for the fifty-first time.

By the side of the seedy man, sits a sweet little girl. The peculiarity of her dress, is its neatness, *a freshness*, so to speak, that the coarse calico, and the cheap shawl, and the home-made bonnet, would hardly justify us in expecting. Her golden hair, scarcely visible for the ill-shaped bonnet that swallows it up, is so sunny, and so pretty, that it tempts every beholder to take a closer peep. That child is not the child of the seedy man, for see how lady-like the creature sits, with her feet firmly covered, her hands, little as a doll's, clasped upon her lap, and her sweetest of eyes glancing modestly toward Mr. Bertisor, the hatchet-faced man, who is talking very loud to two lawyer-looking people, behind him (just from court), as he takes out, and puts back a whole carpet-bag magazine of things, to get at a small book, which, with the usual obstinacy of a carpet-bag, has been encouraged to hide itself in the most distant corner of the same.

Mr. B., is somewhat hoarse, for three hours' steady talking in the cars is calculated to dry up the larynx (or whatever the doctors call it), and to distress the bellows below. But little does the hatchet-faced man regard hoarseness. He talks on, and on, and on, and you can hear him in broken doses, clear to the lanterns, in such words as *enthymematical*, *collusory*, *architectural redundancies*, and the like, heavy artillery of speech to be sure; and you can be certain that he is interested, if not interesting, for his face is very scarlet with earnestness, very indeed. But what does Mr. Bertisor want with that little book? Surely, he can't write in the cars! Yes, he turns to the window, pencil in hand, and in a palsied style of calligraphy, notes down and numbers there six thoughts: "No. 5. The tender that we passed this morning, had *the broken column* painted on it. 6. Goethe's last words were, 'more light.' 7. The phrase, 'there's nothing new under the sun,' which bothers the commentators so, and meets such frequent contradictions at all hands, only means, that Solomon fixed Masonry just as he wanted it, and *nothing new* (that is, nothing of the character of inno-

vation), could possibly be admitted into it—that's all. 8. Religious people have two words in use: *professors* and *Christians*—sometimes very different characters. In our order, unfortunately, we have but one term, *Masons*, although two are badly needed. 9. Joseph was a carpenter—query, *Mason?* 10. When a little boy, I heard my father say, that a good Mason was worthy to sit on the right hand of God." While Mr. B., is thus writing in paralytic characters, the various thoughts suggested by their conversation, one of the lawyer-looking gentlemen observes, in a railroad-whisper, "That man is either crazy or he is a Freemason!" Now, a railroad whisper is considerably louder than a thunder-clap, and so, the prim little lassie, whose hair is so golden, hears it. Poor creature, what's the odds to her! Why does she start that way, and flush her cheeks like a peony, at the word *Mason!*

On the same page of Mr. Bertisor's memorandum-book, are four other queer, disconnected ideas, viz.: "No. 1. Over Lawrence Sterne's grave is a monument, erected by two Freemasons, who say, in the epitaph, that although he did not live to become a member, yet, his all-incomparable performances prove him to have acted by rule and square. 2. There are two great masonic secrets of olden time, now lost (I fear forever lost), to the craft, *lifting immensely heavy stones, and making imperishable cement*—no persons need try to originate a secret society, to compete with Masonry, until they re-discover those two lost essentials. 3. Was there not something peculiar in the sign made by our Savior, in breaking bread? See Luke xxiv. 30–35. 4. Horne's Introd., ch. 5, has, "To believe that God exists, is the foundation of all religion."

The memorandum-book itself, as we can see from the title-page, is styled DAILY HALF SCORES. The general arrangement is that of a Diary. Ten or more thoughts are diurnally recorded there. On the page back, which has yesterday's date affixed, are these ten, numbered like flour barrels: "No. 1. Washington, in his letter to Gates,

Feb. 24, 1778, uses the words, 'peace and harmony.' 2. Our pledge *uninfluenced by mercenary motives*—does it not run counter to the mercenary practice of the ancient Jews, in turning the courts of the temple into markets and brokers' shops? 3. Samson, for revealing the great secret with which God had intrusted him, perished. 4. Side degrees may be compared to the apartments around the temple, which leaned upon it, but were not mortised or jointed in it (1 Kings vi., 6). 5. Queer chap, yesterday—said he wasn't afraid of perishing on his road to Masonry—he'd seen lots of folks made Masons, and never missed any afterward! 6. As a Mason is a person who both *knows* and *does*, who promises and performs, therefore, there can be no such thing as *a seceding Mason*. 7. If somebody would get up a neat chart of masonic events, handsomely mounted on rollers, it would be of real utility to the craft. 8. That was an amusing blunder Lymp made, between French *rites* and French *rights*. 9. G. L., of Rhode Island, June 24, 1835, took a banquet *without spirits!* 10. In England, a man may hold membership and office, in several Lodges at once."

Into this little book, then, the gatherings of his daily experience in Masonry, Mr. Bertisor enters the gleanings of the morning, and then looks up to catch that prettiest pair of eyes, fixed wistfully on his, while Mr. Lymp, his servant, is coughing himself into the last agonies of strangulation, at a cubic foot of tobacco smoke he has accidently inhaled. Retributive justice!

So goes the little world within the passenger-car. The York farmers are looking amazedly at the approaching train. The town is in plain view. The brakes are put on and the speed is lessening, when lo, an accident! An axle breaks, and the little world is instantaneously flung from its orbit.

It tears along as though such a matter as a broken axle were nothing. It tears along, to the utter destruction of metal and wood, the deep channeling of the hard gravel pan, the crushing of human bones, and the bruising of

human flesh; the shattered car tears along twice, thrice its length, then stops short, an unhappy pile. And now there is an awful state of affairs within it. The seedy man has left the side of the little prim lassie; has been hurled forward as a pebble from David's sling; has besmeared the gravel pan with his white brains. The Irishman's cough has been checked, and himself, pipe and all, gone a great way forward through the sash. The masonic itemizer striving, in obedience to the laws of momentum, to follow Mr. Lymp, has been suddenly stopped by a projecting bench, and found himself with the golden locks, and the sweet little girl happily clasped in his arms, both quite unhurt, while his carpet-bag has flown on before. The lawyer-looking gentleman, has described various curves, hyperbolic, parabolic, and catenary, and are now selecting one another from the dense mass of bodies, male and female, which fill the wreck. The York farmers, soon as their freight permits them to move, move with stout arms, to release their fellow-beings, if happily, it be not too late. The mother-bird leaves her chicks, all struggling in their shells as they are, too much terrified by the thunder of the steam-pipe, and the crack of wood and metal, to heed aught else.

An hour passes, and four hundred people are on the spot. The dead are found to be only two in number, and they are both men. The seedy one lies on the gravel-bank; his head wrapped in the little cloak that the lassie has spared him, so that the protruding brains and eyes may not be seen. The other is a manlier corpse, one over which not more than thirty summers have passed. He has a domestic look; his linen is so pure and neat; his clothing has been so well looked to, that nobody doubts but what that ruddy lip of his pressed one still ruddier at parting the day before—one that, alas! will never press his ruddy lip again. His death, the doctors say (and they have already four theories hotly contested, concerning it), was from a severe blow over the heart. But the blow has not distorted his features at all. For as he lies by the

side of his partner-corpse, there is a smile on it, as if all this bustle were but a pleasant dream, from which he would awake, by-and-by, refreshed. Mr. Bertisor has taken in charge his pocket-book, and from something discovered there, has become much interested in the corpse. He is making a host of memoranda. He has written out an accurate statement of the manner of death with legal precision, also an exact description of the corpse, etc.; has had the paper signed by five respectable persons, the lawyer-looking gentleman among the rest, and a magistrate is taking their legal acknowledgments of signature. Mr. Lymp has got a new pipe and is smoking it, off a little way, telling four and twenty Irishmen all about the accident, between the puffs.

The sweet little lassie, what has become of her? Yonder she is, by that dove's nest, the mother bird having hastened home again, upon that pile of logs, and never was dove more tender than the little girl is. For somehow, one of the little ones had got crowded out of the nest, and was well nigh choked to death in the grass. But little golden-hair, she picked it up, and put it under its mother's softest wing, noway alarmed at the act, (why should it be?), and is now watching with dewy eyes the gentle family.

Among the passengers there is even yet great consternation. This railroad traveling was a new thing to them, and the accidents of course much exaggerated. The women are wringing their hands, crying, and casting fearful looks at the two corpses stretched out there on the gravel-bed. The wounded, quite a number, are staunching their blood-flow and closing their gashes and submitting to have displaced bones replaced, and patching themselves up as well as they can. One man, an exchange broker it is hinted, had passed marvelously through a ten-by-twelve window frame and suffered much loss of face thereby. He is employing the two lawyers to draw up his complaint in ample form, to secure *good* damages from the company.

Another hour has passed. The relief train has come down from the nearest depot, and nearly all the passengers have hurried to seats, the danger passing from mind, the true Yankee desire *to get on* becoming prominent. The broker has left the remains of his face upon the shattered glass, and with the document that is to give him swinging damages at the legal tribunal, has entered the car. The two lawyer-looking men are there already, each with his fee carefully pocketed. Only Mr. Bertisor and his servant Mr. Lymp, and the corpses, are left behind. Only them and the little girl, still watching the doves, toward which her eyes seem drawn with an irresistible attraction. The mother-bird has gone a little way for exercise, for all her eggs are hatched now, and well she knows that no evil can befall her offspring while that sweet one keeps tryst.

The hatchet-faced man is sitting, book in hand, by the side of the dead. Between writing memoranda and observing the actions of his selfish fellow-passengers, he has made himself very busy. Glance with us over the book. "No. 1. How debased is the first position, how commanding the second! 2. How could a man who believes in purgatory, be a consistent Mason? we deal in threes, and *earth*, *hell* and *heaven* constitute the triad of our existence. 3. Curious that the old masonic magazines said so little about Masonry. 4. There are two parties in opinion respecting our antiquity. It will be found, on inquiry, that those who maintain a modern origin, have no higher view of Masonry than the notion of a charitable institution. 5. If language and peculiar turns of thought prove anything, it would be easy to show that St. Paul was a Mason. Many of his remarkable escapes, and much of his unprecedented success as a missionary among the heathen, may rationally be referred to this fact. 6. The idea advanced by Carlos, that 'David's orders concerning Joab's death had reference to the latter's breach of masonic faith in killing Amasa,' is worth considering. 7. Masonry, like religion, must be studied more from principles than prac-

tice—more from what it *might* do than what it *d*
The same argument, so frequently applied to the re
liberality of Masons, applies to all benevolence.
Indian custom of burying their dead on hills, i
traced to Masonry. 10. The anti-masonic exc
commenced in New York in 1826; it reached Ma
setts the next year, and was at its height in 1830-1

But now the conductor, who has lost an ear, rub
somehow, notifies the memorandum-maker that t
are about to start. At this, he goes hat in hand
passengers with "Please, ladies and gentlemen, h
desolate girl! she has no friend in this vicinity, an
very poor! help her for His sake who has so me
preserved you this day!" The appeal succeeds.
is a general movement toward purse and pocke
shock has not quite left the spirits of the compa
and they all feel the force of his appeal that "th
been mercifully preserved that day." They gave
were able. Those who were most mangled, gave
those without a bruise, the least. The broker of
gave nothing. He rather seemed to take it as
sonal thing that he should be asked. Altogether,
received fifty dollars, to which the one-eared co
added ten, and the hatchet-faced man then retire
these words: "So may God Almighty deal wit
ladies and gentlemen, as you have dealt with th
deserted thing to-day!" and he resumed his seat b
the corpses and resumed his writing as before!

Cars ready, sir! About to start! The last
You'll be left, sir!—and away speeds the train
shriek and a yell, as if the ghosts of all railroad s
were giving utterance in one dreadful voice. T
sound died away on the ear just as the hatchet-face
finished No. 5 of this batch: "No. 1. The French
viation for these words, 'To the Glory of the Grand
itect of the Universe,' is A. L. G. D. A. D. L'U.
L'O. signifies The Grand Orient. 3. Singular tha
speare says nothing of Masonry. 4. The Ark wa

feet nine inches long, two feet three inches wide and deep. 5. The *science* of Freemasonry is Geometry, the *art* is Architecture."

And what says little golden-hair, as the crowd, so lately her fellow-passengers, forsakes her, while she sits there on the log-pile with the little birds! Has she no fears for the future? Where is she to go? Who will be kind to that sensitive nature, which feeds on kindness as the humming-bird on sweets? Was there not one, out of all that five hundred, to go up to the lonely thing and kiss her and say a word of sympathy for dear Christ's sake? Not one. Sympathy were only wasted on a child with coarse frock and home-made bonnet! Not one. And the crowd has separated; and now there are no others in sight except the dead bodies and Mr. Bertisor and his servant Lymp, and the doves, old and young.

A wagon drives rattling up. The corpses are laid within it. It drives rattling away again. And the mother-bird has come back home, and settling her downy wings over the brood, has unthankfully dismissed little golden-hair from her charge. And now rising up, happy from the domestic scene, she looks around upon the solitude, and it does verily appear to her affectionate heart that the wide, wide world is lonely.

A constable, a rude official, approaches her, and with his coarse voice, tells her to follow him to the poor-house. Would rather not? poor thing, what will you do? Would rather stay here? Silly lamb, there is no one here to feed you. God will take care of you? Ah foolish one, how little you know about it! Come, follow on. Yonder big red house is the place. There's a hundred boys and girls there already. The rude man, who never had a little girl of his own, and knows nothing how tenderly little girls are constructed, jerks her hand roughly, and so, humbly as becomes a thing in coarse attire, she walks after him. She walks after him, past the wreck, and past the spot where her little shawl has been thrown away with all the horrid red and white stains upon it, and close to

the hatchet-faced man, who with his servant (smoking tobacco) is sitting under an oak tree watching her. Strange man, that! He has written the rest of the half score. "6. The G. L. of England keeps St. George's day, which is April 23; the G. L. of Scotland, St. Andrew's day, Nov. 30. 7. A master's gavel, in olden times, was very appropriately styled a *hiram*. 8. The hours of work, from the vernal to the autumnal equinox, should be from seven to ten; the other six months, from six to nine. 9. A half shekel of silver was paid by every Jewish male, on coming of age, as a poll-tax to keep up the temple and temple service. 10. The star in the Texan coat-of-arms, was adopted on purely masonic considerations." It seems that whenever he gets excited on any subject, nothing but half-scores brings him down again. Yet he has never for an instant taken his attention from that little girl, not for a single instant since he lifted her so tenderly from the broken car. Not an instant but what he had a half glance toward that log-pile on which she and the birds sat together.

But, strange man, he has not spoken a single word to her, not one! Now, as the constable is walking past, he stops him. What he says is not recorded. None heard it but Lymp and the constable and the golden-haired girl. But its effect was considerable; for Lymp runs on to town, with a tear in his eye and the pipe in his mouth. And the surly constable, smiling graciously over something round and yellow that has been dropped in his hand, walks off toward the poor-house. And then the hatchet-faced man leads the poor creature back again to the log-heap, and one sitting each side of the dove's nest, he hears all her pitiful story.

It was about a young thing, who, only a few weeks back, had a large doll and a doll-house; and a dear mamma, and a dear papa, and a dear home, and books, and a garden. But her dear mamma died; and then papa sold the home, and started away off to see uncle Lorenzo, and on the way he died, too, and he was all bloody. And the cruel people buried him; and then they took away her doll, and her

fine clothes, and made her put on these coarse ones; and then Mr. Soper brought her a great way to this place, where he got killed.

And there was a good deal more of it—how dear mamma had named her Ruth; and told her never to fear, but what God would make friends for her wherever she went. And she believed what her mamma said, and she never would be afraid.

"And will little Ruth go with me, and be my little girl, and show me how to trust in God, too?"

Yes, little Ruth thought she would like to go with the gentleman, for he looked as if he was good; and she thought he was the friend that her mamma had told her about.

All this was protracted through the space of several hours. There was so much of the romantic and beautiful, so much that was sublime in the pure faith of the orphan child, "who never would be afraid," that it seemed as if the hatchet-faced man would never weary with hearing it, never rest his pencil with recording it in jots and items. But when he had, at last, crumbled it all into his memorandum book, and the little hand, all glowing with trust, was laid in his, when he heard her resolutely affirm that she was ready to go anywhere with him, the mother-dove fluttered her wings with fright at his loud voice, and the emphatic gesture with which he declared: "Oh, God, Thou hearest! I will never leave thee, dear child, while breath is breath!" And so, the pair walked together to the town, leaving the big, red poor-house, far to the left, and to the apartments which Lymp had prepared for them. Mantuamakers were set forthwith to work, and by the supper hour, so indefatigably did the Irishman urge on the ladies with his presence and his pipe, that a perfect metamorphosis was produced in the appearance of the girl, by means of new and becoming garments. There was not a person in the house but what could now see the propriety of Mr. B.'s adoption. Mr. B. himself, had forty-nine items ready by the supper-bell. "No. 1.

Sailors present a remarkable anomaly in Masonry, for while they have the social and benevolent traits of the order in perfection, they are singularly addicted to four of the faults, particularly reprobated by us: swearing, intemperance, fighting, and Sabbath-breaking. 2. Those who say that Masons do not divulge their secrets, *because they have none*, may as well say, that a virtuous female will not dispense her favors to all, *because she has none!* 3. The very idea of "Once a Mason, always a Mason," forbids innovations; therefore, it would be unconstitutional to suspend a demitted Mason, merely because he will not affiliate himself. 4. A comical reason why females cannot be Masons, is that our regalia is too plain. Symbolic Masonry authorizes no adornments. 5. The following seems to be an unanswerable argument why Masons should attend their lodges punctually, and not demit; they must associate with, aid, and speak kindly to all Masons: they are furnished with an effectual means of keeping out those to whom they could *not* thus extend fraternal favors; therefore, they should be on the spot to guard their own interests, as well as those of the order."

The next day and the next, and whole weeks passed, happy days and weeks to Ruth, in spite of sad memories and thoughts of the lost. A daily visit to the doves, now growing finely, and big enough to begin to be afraid of her; a few hours to swing; a few to reading; a few at that lightest of all garden rakes—and so passed the hours from sun to sun.

The hatchet-faced man, in the intervals between memorandum-writing, superintended the burial of Soper, and paid the bill. He placed on record all the circumstances relative to the death of the other passenger. This was a Mr. Newhall, on whose person he had found two important documents, to-wit: a policy of life assurance and a masonic diploma. The latter had secured his fraternal service. He made himself acquainted with the Masons of the vicinity, and engaged their assistance to make the life assurance valuable to the widow. The policy (so sen-

sible a thing in a man going a far journey, and leaving a family behind, whose maintenance was contingent upon his own life), he took in charge, gathered the legal proofs, as we have seen, and then accompanied the body, with a gentleman delegated by the lodge, all the way to the disconsolate family, near Cleveland. The president of the life company paid over the cash on sight, and the twain had the pleasure of handing fifteen hundred dollars to the survivors, as a commencement for the widow's new career. All this was life to Mr. Bertisor, who returned to his little charge, with the pleasing consciousness of having performed his duty to the widow and the fatherless, and with his memorandum-book nearly full of items.

It is time that the reader made a better acquaintance with him. Oliver M. Bertisor is of English descent, his father having immigrated first into Canada, then into Rhode Island, shortly after the close of the revolutionary war. He there accumulated a considerable fortune in his trade, that of a silversmith, all of which he left to his only son Oliver. The elder gentleman had received masonic light in one of the old London lodges, one of the four original lodges which, at the time of the establishment of the Grand Lodge, stipulated that their ancient rights should not be infringed upon under the new organization. The rules of entrance and advancement in those lodges being very rigid, he had imbibed peculiar views concerning Masonry, and was not backward in expressing them. They were such as these: that the order was never designed, as modern orders are, to become *popular*, but to be *exclusive*—that 'tis worse than folly to advance a candidate while anything behind him is unlearned, etc., etc. In such views, he had instructed young Oliver, so that at years of manhood, the youth was in possession of such an education, physical, mental, and masonic, that the lodge could not hesitate to receive him, even on the rigid basis proposed by his father.

The old man then furnished him with funds to travel, and examine Masonry as it exists abroad. The oddities

in his father's character, harmless enough but striking, were strictly inherited by the son, and it might be said of Oliver, that from the time he began to think for himself, he neither acted nor spoke like any one else. He wrote sketches of travel and character (the embodiment of his ten thousand memoranda), with which he supplied the best presses in the land, but in no instance permitted his name to go before the public. He selected his companions from the middle class, though his wealth and his classical education gave him rank with the highest. He refused the graduation honors offered him at college. He traveled through Europe alone and on foot, though thousands were at his command. At the time of his father's death, he was engaged to a young lady who was without property. She unexpectedly came into possession of a large fortune. Oliver immediately wrote to her that he would not marry a woman richer than himself, and broke off the match! The lady, quite his equal in many things, donated every cent of her legacy to benevolent societies, and wrote to him that she was now as poor as ever! This of course renewed the engagement, but the affectionate woman died a week before the time appointed for the marriage.

The bias received from his father, and his long travel and masonic studies, had set his heart firmly upon the subject of Masonry. He reverenced it. He carried it farther than any other person. He placed it above all other objects of human attachment except religion, and for several years preceding the incident which has brought him to the reader's notice, he had devoted his ample means and time to disseminating masonic light. Having a shrewd, well-trained eye and an indefatigable habit of labor, he collected statistical facts concerning Masonry, noted down millions of half-scores of masonic thoughts, wrote masonic sketches and tales, and at all times, in all companies, magnified his office and his order. His last project had reference to a critical examination of the facts connected with Morgan's disappearance in 1826. He had

traveled for three months, examining the localities, collecting the local traditions, and preparing himself to inform the craft *knowingly* upon this head. One or two of his half-scores concerning the Morgan excitement, will not be out of place here. "No. 1. W. M. was born in Culpepper county, Va., 1766. 2. By trade a stone-mason. 3. Forsook his trade, opened store in Richmond, Va., married Oct. 1819. 4. Wife, Lucinda Pendleton, daughter of Methodist preacher. 5. Removed to York, Canada, 1819, commenced brewing. 6. Establishment burnt; moved to Rochester, N. Y., resumed old trade. 7. Removed to Batavia; disappeared in 1826, leaving wife and two children. 8. Aug. 9, 1826, Canandaigua paper advertised him as swindler and dangerous man; advertisement copied into two Batavia papers, and various others elsewhere. 9. With David C. Miller, commenced republishing English book styled 'Jachin and Boaz,' with alterations. 10. July 25, 1826, taken in custody by sheriff and imprisoned within jail limits for debt." "No. 1. Sept. 10, 1826, warrant issued to arrest him for theft. 2. Sept. 11, taken before magistrate and discharged; new warrant obtained on civil suit. 3. Sept. 12, released from jail. 4. Sept. 13, seen at Hansford's landing. 5. Governor of N. Y. (Clinton) at the request of various persons, all rabid anti-masons, issued proclamation offering reward of — dollars for correct information on the subject. 6. Governor of Upper Canada did the same. 7. Body of Irishman, Monroe, washed ashore from Lake Erie, *recognized as Morgan's*, shaved up and for season answered same purpose as if it had been. One T—— W—— took active part in shaving, etc. 8. Widow (?) supported several years by anti-masonic party. 9. Married R. A., Mason, after which antis dropped her. 10. Summary of evidence: Morgan absconded, to avoid imprisonment for debt, and possibly by advice of Masons."

The reader has already been introduced to Mr. Lymp. This individual was found some years before by Mr. Bertisor, thrown among the rubbish in a very dangerous con-

dition, his head being broken in an Irish quarrel between the Whiteboys and Blackboys. Mr. B. had taken him up and befriended him; since which he had been the companion of his journeyings, and the faithful almoner of his bounties. With a very unpromising exterior, Pat carried inside of him as true a heart as ever beat below ribs, while his admiration of his master was unbounded. The only thing that aroused his irritability (spite of all the good lessons Mr. B. had given him, both in and out of the lodge, for Lymp, too, wore the brand), was to hear his master insulted. This brought out his Irish jewels, and woe to the offender's head, if he had any! Our sketch of Mr. Lymp, though strikingly correct, does not flatter him. There were five orders of architecture introduced in the getting of him up. His eyes were ferrety, wildish, but not ferocious; on the contrary, amiable. There was a degree missing between his lips; which gap, at a profile view, was cuneiform; this resulted from scarcity of material. The type for his teeth were from different fonts, and set up loosely at that. His hair cannot be described without the use of botanical terms, and these would not be intelligible without a glossary. The back part of his head simulated the stern of a Dutch ship, or, more exactly, a large piece of chalk. The nose, originally a failure, had been damaged in various County Cork combats. The figure was short, squabby, but graceful (that is to say, with an Irish grace precious to the heart of Catholic damsels). His feet and hands, being modeled for hod and ladder service, were large. Such was Mr. P. Lymp, confidential friend of Mr. Bertisor, the Speculative Freemason!

And now Mr. B. himself has returned from Cleveland, and from the burial of the dead, and is at liberty to pursue such other subjects in the charity line as may offer themselves.

The Masons at the railroad town, have fallen in love with his zeal and attainments, and passed unanimous

resolutions inviting him to give them a St. John's Address. He has accepted the call.

Little Ruth is his left-hand companion all day long, the memorandum-book and pencil occupying the right. She has wōund herself around his heart, until you cannot perceive the joinings. She sits on her little stool at his feet; reads to him at his command; listens, if he prefers it; or whispers over the painful story of her wrongs.

His heart, from the first, was stirred at the recital of these. He at once felt a burning desire to redress them. But how? The difficulty of finding the persons who had thus injured her; the great distance she had traveled with Soper; the speed of travel allowing her few opportunities to notice the way; the child's ignorance of any landmarks that would serve to guide her back, or of any circumstances that would enable her to identify the robbers, if she returned—his mind, active as it was, could not devise a promising plan.

He, however, advertised the affair in various journals, west and south, and opened a correspondence with persons informed at distant points, but made no discoveries.

Engaged in this humane enterprise, the weeks rolled on. Mr. Bertisor had become so well pleased with the masonic character of the community, as to engage a house and housekeeper, and to declare his determination to abide with them for a few months at least, while he should write out the history of the Morgan affair. Then he put little Ruth to school. St. John's day arrived. A full attendance of the craft waited on an excellent address at his mouth. The subject opened in the form of a comment upon that passage of Isaiah, "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them."

Within the body of the address, he incorporated these *half-scores:* "No. 1. Many of the most frequent customs of society may be traced by the enlightened craftsman to

a masonic origin; as the wearing of breast-pins. 2. The marking of boxes, barrels, etc. 3. The law that if the mother is free so is the child. 4. Three or more to get up a riot. 5. Mourning for seven days. 6. The manner with which a soldier hails his officer. Popular custom of painting stars with five points. 7. Public buildings and graves east and west. 8. The use of the gavel in public assemblies. 9. The common door-rap. 10. The use of the No. 3." "No. 1. The qualifications necessary for a masonic lecturer are many and great. He should be well versed in hieroglyphic and symbolic language. 2. Familiar with the varieties of masonic work throughout the world. 3. Profoundly read in all masonic books, especially the Bible. 4. Familiar with the various controversies in which Masonry has been so fiercely attacked. 5. Act out in his own life the professions of the order, especially in the four cardinal virtues. 6. A man of talents. 7. Of profound education. 8. Fond of reading and study. 9. Having attained to all the authorized degrees. 10. Good at public expression."

"Touched by the true masonic spirit of seeking good in all things, the lover of God finds entertainment in every display of his works. To him *the rush of mighty waters* is not merely a physical display, but an emblem of God's strength, which controls the powers of nature, and of his beneficence, which renders those powers subservient to the use of man. To him, the *broad expanse of water* is the mirror in which he sees the reflected face of Deity. *The high hill* crowned with man's labors, *the low valley* inclosing many mysteries, each speaks of a profound wisdom, or an exalted glory. *The wreck* of human efforts is not alone a source of grief, though the true Mason sympathizes warmly with his fellow-man; but in it there is a lesson which, by contrast, teaches him the stability of God's handiwork. All things to the enlightened eye, as to the true poet's, are symbols that speak of the various attributes of God, and they tell us that all those attributes are *good*."

During the walk to the lodgings, little Ruth was un-

usually thoughtful and silent. In conformity with her old habit, she had memorized the greater part of the address, especially that portion relative to symbolic suggestions. Her mind was running upon the subject, for it had stirred a chord rendered sensitive by her father's words upon the old beech tree. *The fall of water—the expanse of water—the building on a hill—the wreck*—these things served as a clue to carry her back, in fancy, every mile upon her journey.

Her kind guardian, marking her unusual taciturnity, inquired the cause. "Why, sweetheart, you must have had a Mason for a father, you seemed so much interested in my speech!"

A thought of *the medal* flashed over her mind, of the medal which she had worn next to her heart ever since that cruel night. She had never dared to remove it from its concealment. Now was the time. Her kind guardian ought to see it. He would not betray her confidence. Perhaps he could explain its meaning. So she drew it out, tremblingly, as if doubting the propriety of the act, kissed it with sobs and tears, and handed it to her benefactor. "It was dear papa's—he gave it to me a few minutes before he died."

Fortunate Ruth! fortunate as your illustrious namesake in the barley-field, when Boaz recognized her claim to his kindness! fortunate Ruth! the medal is a lexicon of good words, a memento speaking of things unknown to you, a claim for kindnesses and extraordinary aid at the hands of two hundred thousand Masons, which money and blood could not purchase! 'Tis a masonic medal on which, amidst the emblems that shone on Zion's ancient walls, were inscribed the name and standing of your father, for you, little golden-hair, are *a Mason's daughter!*

The surprise of Mr. Bertisor was scarcely over, when Ruth spoke of the clue that his address had given her of the return route. She thought that if her friend could find a large water-fall, and a broad water-sheet, and a high hill crowned with a tower, and the wreck of a steam-

boat, and some other objects which she named from memory, that she could guide him within a day's ride of the house in which her father died.

It was not long until Mr. B. followed up the mental clue to its source, and satisfied himself that it presented a feasible scheme. He immediately made preparations for their departure. The water-fall was of course to be referred to Niagara. But how Soper could have come from the southward by way of the falls, was a remarkable difficulty to be solved.

The building upon a high hill, it was decided, must refer to Quebec, and this route, so circuitous and unusual, must have been taken, if taken at all, to secure him from pursuit.

That Mr. Norwich had died somewhere to the south, was clear from Ruth's memory of the flowers, the dove's nest, and a thousand other incidents which her childish eye had noticed.

The steamboat wreck, then, was on the Ohio. Perhaps the Mississippi? no, the water was not muddy. Some of the steamboats had a wheel at the stern, she recollected that, and one had the words "GENERAL PIKE," for she had read it, and she remembered how he was killed in the moment of victory.

A month was passed in solving this riddle, and then the party, consisting of Mr. Lymp, Ruth, and himself, found themselves on an Ohio boat, downward bound, looking out anxiously for the place at which Soper had come on. In the meantime, Mr. B. kept up his memorandum-writing; and here are some of the fruits:—"No. 1. If our masonic manuals were left to stand on their own merits, some of them would have but little to stand on. 2. The Gothic cathedral, says an eloquent writer, is a blossoming in stone subdued by the insatiable demand for harmony in man. 3. If we discover the dead body of a friend, or even a stranger, being framed in our own model, we remove it from the loathsome place, into which accident has cast it, and give it, by a decent interment, that honor, that

due respect, to which the image of God is ever entitled. 4. How finely, Young, in his Night Thoughts, has brought in the phrase, 'Silence; silence and darkness!' 5. The masonic system, says one who has only to handle the pen more, to become a powerful writer, is so tenacious of vitality, that it accommodates itself to that which it cannot eject, and leaves the intruding tenant to work its way to life's final overthrow. 6. An amusing verse from Howett's poem, 'The Monkey:'

'Have you no traditions, none,
Of the court of Solomon?
No memorials, how ye went
With Prince Hiram's armament?'

7. 'Tis impossible for Masonry to degenerate; the worst evil that can befall it, is the neglect of its friends. 8. A Mason dying, has a right to expect his brethren will attend his obsequies; for if his conduct in life has not been plumb, square, and level, the craft should have cast him out, while yet alive. 9. As there is a natural and revealed religion, so with Masonry. 10. Westminster Abbey, from E. to W. is 375 feet; N. to S. 200; height 101. St. Paul's Cathedral, 500 E. to W.; 285 N. to S."

CHAPTER THIRD.

"They helped every one his neighbor; and every one said to his brother, be of good courage. Seek and ye shall find. He hath showed thee, oh, man! what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

HALTING at the various landings, to make observations, interrogating the countrymen, whether deck or cabin passengers; holding frequent conferences with the gentle orphan; watching the events of each hour with a praticed eye; and filling up the leisure by writing *half-scores*, until his carpet-bag became plethoric with memorandum-books, the hatchet-faced gentleman pursued his voyage of discovery. He was now enlisted for life, in Ruth's cause. The

masonic medal, a remarkably ingenious one, rich, and full-voiced with symbols, had told him so much of the history of Mr. Norwich, her father, as was calculated to spur his mind to the utmost zeal. The incident of the package, dropped into the blind boy's hands, was an additional fact that promised to subserve a valuable purpose, if it could be recovered. In fine, there was just enough in this whole affair, to excite intense interest, and to keep the mental powers active.

We fear that we have not yet done full justice to the character of Mr. Bertisor. Our description of his bustling habits, his apparently unsettled life, his loquacity (to some persons whose knowledge-box was already full, almost annoying), and his queer habit of jotting down his thoughts on every occasion, until his soul's cloud was sprinkled down in a very shower of ink; all this we say, would give but an imperfect idea of the man, unless it be added, that his liberality was boundless as the sea, and his bustling industry applied more frequently to practical, than speculative purposes. The disappointment of heart, experienced in the death of his betrothed, years before, had truly unsettled his purposes, and changed his aims from the ambitious hopes of his youth, but it was only to higher and nobler objects. Standing over the grave of the attached woman, he had resolved to live, hereafter, less for himself than others. He may have erred, but he thought the hand of misfortune was an indication of God's will. He had, therefore, vowed, that of the good gifts of God, time, talent, and fortune, should be liberally shared by the destitute and the erring. Doubtless, much of his conduct appeared extravagant to the ordinary eye. Perhaps it *was* extravagant, measured by the standard of a selfish age. It was certainly better adapted to that chivalric time, when it seemed but a thing of course, for men who had means, leisure, and opportunities, to devote them to ameliorating the condition of our race. But Mr. B. was not one of those who groan under the weight of an overwrought ideal, lacking the ballast of patient thought.

There was more of the practical, we repeat, the utilitarian, in his life, than the speculative; and although he strictly obeyed the injunction of the DIVINE MAN, relative to *the two hands*, yet his good deeds could not always be hid.

That the enlightened reader may comprehend this apparent contradiction in his character, this mingling of the practical and the speculative, let him compare this half-score, from his note-book, with the incident that follows. Mr. Bertisor has come down from the cabin of the splendid New-Orleans packet, and is sitting amongst a group of deck passengers; on his lap is the head, matted with blood and dirt, of a poor laborer, who has been grievously wounded in a drunken row. Mr. Lymp is making a pot of coffee for the poor man's children. Ruth holds the water-cup, her face pale with emotion, for it recalls an awful scene in her own history. For an hour, the man has lain in profound sleep, and thus watching, the speculative Mason writes:—"No. 1. In Mantua, at a former period, no building could be erected until the design had been examined and approved by the talented architect, Giulio Romano. 2. When a distinguished man dies, it is out of all reason for Masons to seek, in the actions of his young days, proofs of his masonic attachment. If he has forgotten, or neglected the order, ceased his affiliation, or permitted his name silently to pass from the masonic catalogue, we may render his memory all deserved honor as *friends*, as *politicians*, as anything else, but as *Masons* our hands are tied. King Solomon himself, was not buried masonically, neither, indeed, could be. 3. *The Society of Cincinnati*, grew out of the remembrance of masonic advantages, experienced by the revolutionary officers. 4. As a Masonic Lodge rises preparatory to discussion, so with Christian congregations. 5. The English lodges have inner guard and tyler. For the Deacon's jewels, a dove; for the inner guard's jewel, cross-swords. 6. The Texas Grand Lodge authorizes Scotch and French-rite Masons, to visit at her communications. 7. Grand

Lodge of Louisiana, formerly published, in her annual report, fac-similes of the signatures of her grand officers. 8. Grand Secretary of New-York says, December 2, 1835: 'Ten years ago there were five hundred lodges at work in this State; in 1830, not two hundred in existence.' 9. If one strike an organ without skill, it produces the harshest of notes. In Masonry, we must learn the succession of notes first, then their combination; first melody, then harmony; first the degrees separately, then connectedly. 10. No one can *work* so well in Masonry, as he can *imagine*. The principal difficulties to be investigated in the third degree, are ——" Here the poor Irishman awoke. His mind, which had been wandering for several hours, becomes clear again, for he is going to die, and when life's lodge is about to be closed, no matter what amount of masonic disorder and confusion may have been previously allowed, there *must be* stillness and harmony amongst the faculties.

He drinks of Ruth's cup—poor O'Halloran, how it reminds him of boyish days in ould Ireland—and he takes a thankful glance at his fellow-countryman, who has poured out bounteous draughts of coffee for the children; and he says, in a low voice, strongly Irish, but softened into very sweetness by his physical debility: "Sir, I have little time to thank you for all this! I've hardly got time to say to you, that yon's four childher, who, in a few minutes, will be left with neither kit nor kin. Sir, I know I'm to blame for this! I should have left the dhrink alone! My poor wife, she died, sir, with the cholery, and its barely a month gone, she made me promise, on her deathbed, to dhrink no more whisky. But I broke me pledge, and I'm a dead man! Sir, there are me four childher! Now, you can do anythin' for them, they're yer own; if not, they're the divil's, and no mistake!" And so, the poor victim of intemperance died.

Now, all this has only one point of connection with our story, that is, it illustrates Mr Bertisor's character. He took *the childher*, as the dying drunkard instinctively

guessed he would. He stopped at the next town with them, and bought them clothes, while the splendid packet went on her way. By advice from an eminent lawyer there (a mystic, like himself), he placed them in charge of the county, binding himself, in a sum of money, that they should not become a public burden; and before he departed, he saw them all apprenticed to good trades. And poor O'Halloran, the pledge-breaker, the victim of a drunken brawl, he had him placed in a decent coffin, beneath a decent slab, to lie there till summoned forth by the King of kings.

Is the reader yet sufficiently acquainted with this speculative Mason? if so, will he not pity us, the admiring friend, compelled to condense into a few dwarfish sentences, the illustrations that demand a thousand!

This event consumed a week, and then downward-bound upon the river again.

Four days on a sand-bar, threw the party, on the evening of Saturday, opposite a small, dingy village, erected in hard times, and inhabited by a hard race. Mr. Bertisor declared he would not travel on the Sabbath, and demanded to be set on shore at this place, according to a clear, previous engagement. Vigorous opposition from the officers, who declaimed against the very unnecessary labor and delay. Vigorous opposition from the passengers, who declaimed against such very unnecessary scrupulousness. Vigorous opposition from the denizens of the ladies' cabin, who had, one and all, become charmed with his many noble traits of character, and united in a flattering protest at his departure.

It was all in vain, a mere waste of effort. *Sabbath is at hand*, and Masonry, he says, has taught him to remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy. So, by dint of extraordinary efforts, mental and physical, the small party is landed, and the Sabbath-keeper saluted with a parting cheer from his fellow-passengers, and a parting curse from the mate. The hotel (tavern, the proprietor calls it), is a grog-shop, with wings, under one of which, a very leaky

one, he deposits the two gentlemen; under the other, a very crowded one, the little Ruth.

The body itself, is full of liquor-barrels, wooden and human; and a rich, alcoholic effluvia pervades the entire Bird. "The place is noisy, is it not?—disagreeable, ha!—disgusting, eh! Don't you think, now, you had done better to stay in that floating palace?" Thus murmurs Mr. Lymp. But just let the angry, and fretful Lymp, look over his patient master's shoulder, and read:—"No. 1. None need be surprised at Solomon's idolatrous fall, when we consider, that his temple, built under such solemn auspices, at such great expense, for such a high and glorious purpose, and accepted with such peculiar marks of God's favor, was pillaged and dishonored within less than thirty years of his death. 2. To those who profess themselves unable to discover the influences of Masonry on general society, say, there is many a forest-path only discoverable as the terminus of a forest-fire. 3. The whole idea of 'The charmed circle,' in Der Freschuytz, is masonic. The tradition is very ancient. 4. To avoid the European error, of too much feasting, we, American Masons, have approached the other extreme. Moderation is not conviviality. Sociability demands good cheer. 5. As the Jews styled it going *up* to Jerusalem, from whatever quarter, so we say, going *up* to Grand Lodge. 6. The arch enabled the ancient builders to work up *inferior* materials. Our speculative idea of the Arch, demands *superior*. 7. Dr. Anderson, in 1722, gathering up masonic traditions for publication, was like the favored Moses, who first committed to writing, the traditions of 2500 years. Ezra occupied the same position at a subsequent day. 8. The marriage tie, indissoluble, save at the will of the governing power, is analogous to the masonic tie. In both cases, the legal presumption is, that the parties engage *for life*. 9. It were as easy to write the secrets of love, the description of a color, the influence of a tear, as to reveal Masonry on paper. 10. Elias Ashmole, was initiated October 16, 1646."

The Sabbath morning, solemn and suggestive, arose

over the dingy village, and summoned the little party out to acknowledge Him, the bounteous source, the constant joy-giver.

The wings come together, refreshed by sleep; Mr. Lymp, full of regret for his unhappy state of mind the evening before; little Ruth, full of salutation and song; Mr. Bertisor, full of anxiety to strike out some place by which the Lord's day, might be turned to account, in that intemperate and abandoned place. As the three walk thoughtfully up the single street, and scan the dilapidated cabins, with their rickety doors and filthy thresholds, his heart is stirred within him, to introduce some benevolent scheme that will effect a reformation.

"Well, sweetheart, little"—thus he denominated his adopted sister—"well, what shall it be? how shall we keep these naughty girls from quarreling so? and how shall we teach these boys how wicked it is to go fishing on Sunday?—Come, a plan, a plan!"

"Seems to me, sir, a Sabbath-school."

"Happy thought, sweetheart little! but that would cost a great deal of money."

"No matter, I've got all the money you gave me; I'll give it all to the Sabbath-school."

"Benevolent heart, sweetheart little! but it would cause a delay of two or three weeks, in this dirty place; and your business could not go on.—Ah! that's not quite so palatable."

"Maybe we could come back here again, and start the Sabbath-school some other time."

"No, it must be done now or never. Mr. Bertisor will not promise to come back again; and then, all these dirty, quarreling girls, who use such bad language, will grow up to be naughty women, like their mothers. And the boys will be swearing, whisky-drinking, Sabbath-breaking men!"

"Rather than that, let's stay! It will be right, will it not? and what is right, is always best. Let's stay three weeks, sir, and start a Sunday-school."

Stay three weeks and start a Sunday-school, is the

agreement. Mr. Lymp breaks his pipe in loud and stormy assent. Mr. Bertisor calls together the citizens to hear a sabbath-school address that evening. The Bird is crowded full, and the attention is unremitted from the exordium (in which he described a moral, temperate and religious village, blessed with churches and schools), to the close, in which he held up before them their own dilapidated, degraded, and shameful condition. If the citizens would furnish a room, he said, he would furnish the furniture for a Sabbath-school. If they would furnish scholars, he would secure books, and a teacher. The proposition was accepted, after a general fight, which overcame all opposition. The carpenter was set to work the next morning, and being drunk only four days in six, he contrived to have the benches and table ready by Saturday at midnight. The books from the depot, thirty dollars' worth, had come down, and the new volumes were piled *knee-deep* (as Ezekiel has it), on the table. Several gentlemen from the county town (nobody but Mr. Lymp and his master knew how they got notice of it), obeyed the summons, and were on the spot to help organize; and from the way they rolled up their sleeves (morally speaking), and took hold of the work, you would have said they were accustomed to being in places where perfect order and discipline prevailed.

Little Ruth did the singing. Mr. Leth, from the county town, read the Scriptures. Mr. Shibbough made a feeling exhortation. Mr. Bertisor prayed, and read the constitution he had prepared for the occasion. A subscription was taken by Mr. Lymp, to buy a set of Bibles. The collection amounted to two dimes and three gold pieces (Pat and the lassie contributing the silver). Mrs. Jaye, from the vicinity, a lady who had seen better days, took the female class; and Mrs. Kinn, who expected to see better ones, the smaller boys. Upon the whole, the thing went off well. Mr. Bertisor spent that whole week grinding up the subject.

The next Sabbath, a larger delegation from the county

town, another address, and some more gold pieces. The third, and a subscription paper to build a church, was circulated, seeing that the school was getting too large for the house. Dimes were multiplied now, and the townspeople, one and all, took stock in the building.

So the thing was accomplished. Its results, its putting down of sabbath-breaking, blasphemy, intemperance, idleness—are they not recorded in the Grand Secretary's books above? When we all go *up* there, we will examine!

And did not the heart of the faithful Mason, whose hands were made instruments for so much good, did not his heart expand with pride at these results? with pride, no; with humble gratitude, yes! and he took passage on the next boat with his little party downward-bound, pouring out that gratitude in memoranda, of which we can only cull those that relate to the mystic art. "No. 1. There are five avenues to knowledge opened to us, seeing, hearing, smelling, touching and tasting. Any one of these being obstructed, the material is not adapted to *our* temple. 2. Franklin being first G. M. of Pa., Aug. 5, 1749, how ridiculous to say that Masonry in the last century was but a festive association! Was old Ben a proper man to preside at festive meetings? 3. One powerful hold which Masonry maintains upon human affections, is its honorable attention to the dead. Each of us has a yearning love for our own clay-tenement, though compelled to leave it behind us when we depart, and we would fain have some one to preserve it and show it respect. 4. No auxiliary or side degree is of value unless it is masonic, ancient, practical, and generally diffused. 5. If our symbols were better taught, we should less need side degrees. 6. In Europe, where the population is dense, many become Masons for *relief;* in America, where it is scanty, for *brotherly love*. 7. Those who feel like smiling at masonic ceremonies, had better read Exod. xii. 11. 8. The oldest lodge in the world, is Antiquity Lodge, London. In 1685, they ordered: 'Charge IV. You

shall call all Masons your Fellows and Brothers, and by no other names.' 9. Pythagoras well observes, that 'Discipline should precede Philosophy,' as the degree E. A. P. precedes the F. C. 10. The task of Anderson and Desaguillers resembled that of the divines who first arranged the canon of Scripture."

The same evening after this third embarkation, the boat had stopped for an hour to take in fuel, and the hatchet-faced man was walking the guards in contemplation, when an incident occurred which changes the whole current of our story.

Little Ruth had already given her adopted guardian his good-night kiss; had said to God the simple prayer her mother taught her; had resigned herself to the care of the chambermaid to be put to bed. The passengers, generally, were gathered on the deck forward, engaged in the usual rapid interchange of words (not ideas), that answer travelers' purposes. Suddenly, the conversation, as by one consent, ceased. For there came out from the squatter's cabin on the bank a note of music, so long-drawn, so thrilling, so peculiar, as to arrest every ear. It passed over a considerable space of time, then ceased. Scarcely had the astonished crowd drawn breath, when the sound took another form, and electrified them by a *staccato* movement so sparkling, so sharp yet beautiful, that but one idea pervaded every hearer, a shower of music-sparkles. This, too, was changed, and now there came an effort of musical ventriloquism, in which all manner of echoes, and forest sounds, and the various tones of the human voice, were imitated both singly and in combination, until the very cotton-wood on the river banks seemed to still their leaves into listening.

Among the passengers grouped together in very awe, was a distinguished musical amateur from New Orleans. He was first to break silence, which he did by the characteristic expression: "Kyle himself couldn't beat that! that's no mortal voice, nor flute! it's the devil!"

Mr. Bertisor had been interested like the rest. His own

passion for music was not extravagant. The Second degree of Masonry, involving the science of Music among the seven, had first set him upon the subject of studying it in his European travels; he had tarried at the more celebrated music-schools in Germany and Italy. But it required no finely cultivated ear to perceive that this performer, whoever he was, handled his instrument, whatever it was, with the very mastery of skill and perfection. And as the unseen player struck into the stern heavy notes of Old Hundred, with a grandeur that harmony itself could not excel, he joined his full assent to the merits of the performance, and added his plaudits to those around him.

But his assent and the plaudits of the crowd, and the enthusiastic expressions of the amateurs, were interrupted by the sudden appearance of little Ruth. Her manner was excited, and even startling. Her beautiful tresses had escaped from the simple night-cap, and under the folds of her white robe could be seen the pure white bosom heaving with the wildest emotion, as, forgetting all things but one, she pointed with both hands to the old cabin on the river bank and cried out to her guardian: "'Tis he! 'tis the blind boy, Carney! oh don't you hear his flute?"

And so it was! The county pauper, the music-gifted Carney, had wandered away from his hollow sycamore and his legal guardians, and was blowing these unaccustomed notes for the entertainment of a rude squatter's family on the Ohio banks!

The importance of this discovery was at once realized by Mr. Bertisor. He went up to the log-cabin, took the lad aside, and exciting his interest by some questions concerning little Ruth, and a timely gift, he persuaded him to go on board, and open his heart as to the situation of affairs at Mr. Bloom's.

At first, the awkward and sensitive boy was slow to communicate. The events connected with Ruth and her father, and the severe whippings he had received, in consequence of the interest he had already taken in the

former, had made him cautious. But the persuasions of Ruth, who had now dressed herself and come to her guardian's side, and the assurances of the captain that he should not be harmed, gave him courage.

Before his story commenced, however, a general call was passed around the passenger's circle, inviting all members of the masonic order, and no others, to take part in this investigation. The number who proved their title to the name of Brother was seven, beside the captain and some of the clerks. The after part of the cabin was then duly tyled, and old Captain R——s being placed in the chair, Mr. Bertisor opened the purpose of the meeting. He began by speaking of the circumstances of his first acquaintance with Ruth. He described her companion from his memorandum-book so clearly, that Carney unhesitatingly pronounced his name, Soper. He spoke of the remarkable clue, which a masonic address had supplied to the mind of the little girl, and how, amidst a score of difficulties, the thread had been correctly followed thus far. He exhibited the medal, warm from the bosom of the dear child, and by its silent eloquence, he, a Mason, bound to aid the orphan child of a Mason, claimed the aid of every faithful Brother in that convocation.

The chairman then requested Carney to relate his history since the night Ruth had dropped the package into his hand.

It was brief, but of great import to the interests of the orphan girl. He had carefully hidden the trust in a cavity of the sycamore, and returned every night to the house expecting further confidences. No tokens of recognition having met his ears, he ventured to blow his instrument one night, rather louder than prudence permitted, and was consequently set upon by the pack of dogs, and roughly handled. Worse than that, he was followed to his den, next day, by Gabe Keys, who, discovering that he was interested in Ruth's history, gave him a cruel beating, and nearly murdered him.

This rendered him a cripple for several weeks, during

which time he had been nearly starved to death, being unable to go to his daily meals, and subsisting only upon fragments of old bones, and the like. But this inhuman usage had not quenched his desire to learn something further of the sweet-voiced child, who had awakened in his heart a deathless interest, by the unaccustomed words of kindness.

His first thought was to search every room in the house, and thus satisfy himself, whether she was present or absent. Guided by his wonderful recollection of localities, he had entered it one stormy night, and while the thunder shook the decayed tenement from roof to foundation-blocks, he had gone, point by point, over the whole dwelling, examined every bed, every garment at the bed-sides, or in the wardrobes; listening to each sleeper's breathing, or each startled waker's voice, until he became convinced that Ruth was not there. Then, with fearless heart, he visited the place of Mr. Norwich's burial, uncovered the grave, and sought whether the ground had been newly stirred, or a new tenant laid near by.

The reader has anticipated the faithful boy's failure in all these efforts. To add to his grief, at the total disappearance of Ruth, an order of Court had been issued, probably through the connivance of Mr. Bloom, to have him removed to another part of the county, his flute taken from him, and himself set to working at brush-making. An utter refusal to leave, added to inquiries concerning Ruth, had brought upon him another severe whipping. This it was, which set him on the plan of running away. Taking one more nocturnal survey of the old frame house, and satisfying his mind that Soper alone, of all the usual residents, was absent, he collected provisions, sufficient for several days, took his cherished instrument, and Ruth's package, and struck boldly out, determined not to be taken. Traveling only by night, concealing himself in thickets and hollow logs, by day, pursuing a straight course by aid of such directions as the mossy trunks, and his almost supernatural instinct afforded him, he had finally reached

the Ohio river, as we have seen, and was exchanging some unmatched music-notes for a supper of coarse food, and permission to lodge for a single night.

"And was there none of my clothes at the house? nor my little trunk? nor the doll?"

The only thing that the spy had discovered, which could be referred to Ruth, was a doll's garment, which he drew out of his pocket, and handed her. She recognized it, and hugged it to her heart, with a gush of grateful tears. Dear mamma had made it for her just before she died, and these beautiful stitches were her own handiwork; this graceful pattern, this brilliant trimming, the gay ribbons, she recognized a kind word, or a kiss, in every particular.

"But where is the package? after so much pains, you have not lost the package?"

No, it was safe. The ragged youth drew it out from some mysterious corner of his habiliments, but would deliver it into no other hands but Ruth's; Ruth into none but Mr. Bertisor's.

Instructed by the chairman, this latter gentleman turned to the title, to read it aloud. It was a small package, not larger than a thin duodecimo volume, sealed with much care; but the only characters written on it, were:

A SQUARE AND COMPASS. A KEY-STONE.
A COFFIN.
AN ARCH. A DOUBLE TRIANGLE. A CROSS.

Each member of the company took it, by turns, in his hand. Each character spoke a language, familiar to one or more of them; and it was easy to see by the peculiar glance of intelligence, or the peculiar look of bewilderment, how much instruction each Mason had received in this symbolic lore. The old Captain, and Mr. Bertisor, were the only members of the group who entered into the full cabala; but there was enough of one general thought, running through the whole, to excite the personal interest of each. The package was opened without hesitation; and the enlightened reader already knows, as well as we do, what it contained.

This was enough for one sitting; and the convocation of charity was called to refreshment.

After breakfast, next day, it resumed its work; and a full plan of a campaign was matured. It is needless to say, that the whole train of operations was placed in Mr. Bertisor's hands, installed as he had been, generallissimo from the first. But letters of introduction, and cash funds, were provided him, to an ample extent; and the New Orleans amateur, who, for the good of Masonry, was a brother of the order, originated a means to give poor Carney a lift in the way of good fortune. This was to bring him out before the passengers for an improvised performance, himself accompanying the flute solos with the violin.

At first, the bashful youth did small credit to his recommendation, but becoming warmed up with exercise, and carried away with the perfect support of his patron's cremona, he soon forgot listeners, and everything else, in a storm of music. This was followed up by a pecuniary appeal from the amateur, which was answered by more than one hundred dollars from the delighted passengers.

The campaign, as settled by that company of traveling Masons, was to be an aggressive one. It was very certain that a large amount of money, in gold, had been divided among the persons who witnessed Mr. Norwich's death. This gold, or so much of it as remained unspent, was to be recovered, and the poor and penniless orphan put in possession of her heritage. Mr. Bertisor was to stop with the members of his private company, at the large town which they would reach before noon, there to secure the best legal advice, the most powerful official aid and a communication from the Governor of the State. With these he was to approach the neighborhood of Bloom's house, enter it by the assistance of Carney, securing the inmates if possible, without a struggle, and make a thorough search for the stolen property.

This plan being happily arranged, and all the necessary documents prepared, our hatchet-faced friend resumed his half-scores, which had been neglected in an unprecedented

manner, since the night before. The reader will be eager for a peep:—"No. 1. The idea advanced by Brother Burns, in his song, Ye favored and enlightened *few*, has lost its force in latter days. Masonry is becoming too popular. 2. The most perfect opposition of motives, that occurs to my mind, is that to be drawn between the convention which met at Jerusalem to organize Masonry, and at Le Roy to uproot it. 3. The Jews still commence their annual festivals by opening the Ark, taking out the Roll of the Law, and elevating it in sight of the people. 4. Even the hop-vine follows the mystic round. 5. Where Paul says: "I will come the third time unto you"—it was perhaps to raise them to the third degree. 6. James, Cephas, and John, are styled pillars; how well they might be labeled, W. S. B. 7. On Gibeon, the Lord asked Solomon what he most desired? he answered, *light*. 8. To all J. Q. Adams's arguments, against the present advantage of Masonry, we may say, that such a system to a learned, moral man, having an occupied mind like his, *may be* unnecessary. The fed man accepts no food, not even a feast. 9. December 4, 1799, G. M., of Rhode Island, ordered all Masons in his jurisdiction, to wear crape on their left arms, in honor and memory of Brother George Washington. 10. As in the Creation, evening came before morning, so in our mystic work." "No. 1. Those who have read the various Expositions of Masonry, believingly, have inquired with considerable propriety, what is there in all this? Where's the secret? How should this win men's affections, and bind them together? Strange that none of them came to the truth of the thing, that the real secrets of Masonry cannot be written, *because they cannot be received by a breast that would reveal them*. 2. To assert, that Masons killed Morgan, shows so little knowledge of human nature, to say nothing of masonic morals, that it argues the man a fool or a knave, who says it. 3. Masonic institution for boys, instituted in London, in 1798, is now in active operation. 4. It seems by comparing Luke xix. 31st with 34th verses, that the disciples

answered in the exact language of their master. 5. Col. G——, who informed me that he had withdrawn his active co-operation with Masonry, for these reasons: 'That in the present state of society, it was useless, and that it is too often used for selfish purposes'—must think he is living among the antediluvians! Does not the generation go out in thirty years! is he living for himself alone, and not for his children! he may as well throw aside Christianity on the same principle. But the farmer, when the planting season is ended, preserves his tools for the next spring service. 6. The best Biblical Commentator, for a Mason's use, seems to be Clark's. 7. The Chinese plan of alternating house and court to the number of three or four, is the Solomonic style. 8. The cuneiform character is compounded of triangles, and was used by the Persians. They bound the Jews with triangular links, for some mysterious reason. 9. The theological idea of 'A double sense,' in the prophetic books (well explained in an old number of The Princeton Review), is closely masonic. 10. So is the Scriptural idea of mankind being formed of one blood, although some modern Naturalists are opposing the doctrine." "No. 1. Among the various amusing superstitions prevalent among midwives, and others, in different parts of the Union, these have come under my notice: that child-birth is more dangerous with those who have taken any of the androgynous degrees in Masonry! 2. That the careful observer can easily distinguish a man while he is going through the degrees; *he will limp*, as if one leg were shorter than another! 3. A lady who has been the wife of two husbands, both Masons, may expect her sons to have a small scar somewhere on the left breast! 4. The infant of a Mason who has taken one degree, most generally exhibits a black mark across the throat for several days after its birth! 5. If of two degrees, the mark will appear directly over the heart! 6. If of three degrees, across the stomach! 7. A male child, the son of a masonic father, will have some mark on the inside of the left foot! 8. If the mother be a Mason's daughter as

well as wife, the mark will be on both feet! 9. A dog shut up accidentally in a lodge-room, over night, will never bark again! 10. Rats and mice will not touch food, however tempting, which is left on the floor of a lodge-room!"

With these delectable morsels, the reader will be prepared to follow our speculative hero to the end of the piece. We are half afraid that the fair eyes which have kept up with the tenor of the tale thus far, have disparaged these precious bits of masonic wisdom, by skipping them over. That fear extends further, and embraces many of those who call themselves Masons, because they are admitted into the lodge-room while at work. To the latter we declare our will and pleasure, that if they have so depreciated Mr. Bertisor's half-scores, the result of years of travel, study and experience, as to pass over them merely to follow the thread of the sketch, they do forthwith return from whence they came; be invested with that patience and desire for wisdom of which they have evidently been divested since their masonic making, and read every memorandum thrice over. That inimitable sketcher, Alexander Dumas, says very masonically:* "Artistic organizations possess an electricity which is communicated in a moment, by word, look or touch." Now if the masonic reader has the true artistic organization, he will read in each of these scraps the important lesson that lies under the surface, or is to be symbolically evolved by wisdom from the superficial idea seen by the unenlightened.

For the former we offer this apology, that the very title of the piece, "A Tale of Speculative Masonry," demanded something more strictly masonic, than the other pieces in this volume.

There was no difficulty, and but little delay, in procuring a search-warrant, legal advice of a high order, the services of experienced officers, and a document from the

*We have no legal evidence that Mr. D. is a Mason. But from a hundred thousand masonic turns of word and thought in his numerous books, we presume that he is.

vernor, who to his acknowledged patriotism
/arm attachment to the things and the persons
of r... asonry.

The party then proceeded to that section of country which Ruth had visited a few months before, under such different circumstances. The road was for many miles the same over which the carriage of Mr. Norwich had passed with the dying father and his faithful child. The new year, however, was no longer fresh and promising. It was worn; it exhibited the effects of wind and drought and death. Many a leaf that had sung its infant hymn over the heads of the pair as they passed along that forest road, was now lying shriveled and yellow under the horses' feet. The sun-light had broken through many a leafy canopy, and scorched the tender flowers beneath. The spring birds had forgotten their music and their attachments. They were moping, solitary and tuneless, only intent upon the daily food that sustained life, and half wishing for the first frost, that they might find excuse to depart southward. Near the old beech-tree, the dove still wandered. The party saw him peering around on every side, seeking everywhere for something he never found, uttering at times a plaintive chirp, which expressed his desire, but childless and disappointed, the very wreck of the beauteous creature which had so delighted Ruth's eyes the season before.

It was night before the party came into the vicinity of the frame house.

A tent had been thoughtfully provided by one of the officers, which being pitched, furnished ample accommodations for the party. It was well that this provision was made; for there came on early in the night, a heavy storm of rain which deluged the woods around, swelled all the streams to the size of floods, and accompanied by terrific peals of thunder, gave them a fearful intimation of what their sufferings would have proved, had they been unsheltered.

As the rain partially ceased, the thunder still bellowing

at a distance, Carney approached Mr. Bertisor, who was arranging a pile of saddles so as to keep little Ruth from the flooded soil, and suggested that it was just such a night as he had selected once before, to ransack the old frame house, and if the gentleman would permit it, he would go there now, and find out who was at home.

After a short debate, it was concluded to accept the proposition, with this addition, that three of the officers and Mr. Lymp should accompany him, and, if thought advisable, should enter the house through the doors or windows that Carney might open from within. Mr. Bertisor and the rest would stay at the tent until daylight to protect the little girl, then join the party, if in possession of the house.

Trampling knee-deep through the mud, guided by the frequent flashes of lightning, and preceded by the ungainly figure of the blind boy, who walked on with as much confidence as the naval captain upon his quarter-deck, the little band was not long in reaching the house and surrounding it. As previously arranged, Carney entered by a narrow window in the kitchen, just large enough for his lithe form, and passing through the house to the front door, endeavored to open it for the admission of the others.

But to his surprise, a new and powerful lock had been fixed upon it, the key of which was probably in the pocket of Mr. Bloom. Boldly, without a shadow of fear, the lad, after a whispered consultation with one of the constables through the kitchen window, sought the sleeping apartment to search for it. Entering it, he became aware that some one was awake. Those uneasy motions of the body, and that peculiar impatience of the breath which denote sleeplessness, were not lost upon his acute organ, and this fact embarrassed his operations. Could he but know that the room was *not lighted*, he might safely venture in, for his step was noiseless as a cat's, and he avoided every obstacle with unerring correctness; but, alas! *the road of*

light to him was obstructed, and the lad was at his wit's end for a plan.

His thoughts were rapidly revolving the case, when a loud shout from below gave a new turn to the matter. It seems that Lymp, the Irishman, impatient as an Entered Apprentice, and blundering like all his race, not satisfied with having lit his pipe at the imminent risk of discovery (for the Hibernian gentleman always would choke with his tobacco smoke, and, choking, he would cough), but he must be prying at the door with a handspike, to break it in. Going on, from bad to worse, from prying to punching, and from punching to pounding, he had got up quite a little uproar at the front entrance, and finally startled the dogs that had prudently gone to the stables to avoid the rain. The consequence was, that Mr. Lymp found himself surrounded in a jiffy by a dozen curs, of various sizes, with a neat bit of a fight on his hands. It was no great thing, however, for a gentleman from his part of Ireland, to keep off twelve dogs, being fortunately in possession of a pro. tem. shillelah, in the shape of a handspike; but unfortunately for the success of his friends, he felt it to be in accordance with the ancient Irish landmarks, to accompany each blow that he gave with a yell. This was undoubtedly prudent, so far as the canines were concerned, for he soon killed the fiercest, and drove the rest away, though at the cost of his lower garments, and part of the flesh they had been designed to conceal; but it aroused the inmates of the dwelling, and within five minutes collected the whole band of desperate men to the defense. There was Bloom, just as we left him three months before. There was the shabby Tarver, still shabby, and more hideous, as his hypocritical grin shone over the candle he held in his hand. There was the repulsive Lansby, who smacked of blood; and the escaped criminal Nyram; and Gabe Keys, whose cruelty to the blind lad we have already recorded.

With a jaded, melancholy air, there stood Mrs. Bloom,

whose uneasy movements and painful vigilance had been marked by Carney. She looked as though she had not slept for weeks; and her words, "They've come at last," gave a faithful indication of what her care had been.

It was sufficiently plain, that this attack had been expected, and provided against. Whether any intimations of Bertisor's intentions had really come to their ears, or that this was only the natural uneasiness that follows upon the commission of a great crime, we cannot say; but every door was strongly fastened, and there was an extraordinary supply of fire-arms in the house, and a ferocious determination in each countenance to resist *to the death!*

"Open, in the name of the commonwealth!" was followed by a pistol ball which grazed the officer's cheek. Such summary method of reply naturally stopped further debate. The besiegers contented themselves with lying closely by until day, at the same time sending one of their number to the camp for aid, and thence to the adjoining county-town for the sheriff and *posse comitatus*. The inmates of the dwelling, on their part, piled furniture against all the entrances, and prepared themselves for a protracted siege.

Daylight exhibited the matter more clearly. By the time objects were fairly visible, Mr. Bertisor had brought up his forces, amounting, in the aggregate, to four bold officers, beside Mr. Lymp; with these, he entirely surrounded the house.

The tent for little Ruth was pitched in a ravine hard by, and then our hero boldly approached the house, search-warrant in hand, and demanded admission in the name of the law. Being repeatedly warned off without avail, he was saluted by a volley of balls, and the first blood was drawn. He received three wounds, one of the balls having broken his arm.

The day passed without further movements, on either side, save that a physician was brought in from the nearest settlements, and the injured man made as comfortable as the state of the case would permit. A handkerchief,

fastened to a stick that had been thrust through a hole in the rotten roof, was a sign that Carney was somewhere in the dwelling, though whether a prisoner or not, could not be discovered.

All night a careful watch was kept up, both in and out of the house. That the inmates were sustaining their courage with strong drink, appeared in their loud songs, and boisterous quarrels. The party in siege drew around the house, sheltered by the darkness, and heard enough, through their wild snatches of revelry, to assure them, that all which had been alleged against them, concerning the robbery of Mr. Norwich, was true, and that the general sentiment of the robbers was, "No surrender!"

The second day brought the sheriff and a score of men. To the great comfort of Mr. Bertisor, now hardly able to walk with pain, it was found that the popular sentiment had been powerfully excited against Bloom's party. So many thefts and outrages had been committed for the twelvemonth past, the perpetrators of which, had thus far remained undiscovered, that the general rage demanded an outlet, and a victim. It readily accepted the present occasion for both; and there was that in the glances of the armed horsemen, as they rode up, and scanned the dwelling, which foreboded no good to the besieged.

Within an hour after the arrival of the reinforcement, an attack was made from all sides, upon the house. But the ringing of rifle-shots from without, were so resolutely answered from within, that the attacking party was compelled to draw off by sundown, with the loss of one killed, and several wounded. Blood was likewise flowing within the walls, but it was not known how serious were the wounds, or whether the number of the defenders was reduced.

At midnight, the exasperated sheriff made his final charge. Heavy levers were simultaneously applied at the four corners, to break off the rotten planks. The windows were dashed in with missiles, and one of the besieged

party, he with the hypocritical smile, who had ventured too far into the light of the torches, received a ball through his cheeks, which stopped all further smiles.

Still the defense was brave and obstinate. Every person in the dwelling seemed actuated by a desperation, inspired by the knowledge of the fate which awaited him. Even the female forgot her fears, and labored with the men, loading and cleansing their pieces, and bringing them food and drink as they demanded it.

Three more of the besiegers were killed or mortally wounded; and it is even yet questionable, whether their purpose would not have miscarried, had it not been for the presence of mind of the lad Carney, who was all this time snugly housed away in the garret. On the first alarm, made by the blundering Mr. Lymp, he had fled from the door of the bedchamber, and concealed himself (as Joshua's two spies did in Jericho, three thousand, two hundred and eighty years before him), under the roof of the dwelling.

Being half-starved during the protracted siege, he had, at last, ventured below, and in the uproar of the final attack, had found himself in the kitchen, used now as well for ammunition as provisions. Without a thought for his own safety, he had snatched up the cannisters of powder which lay open there, for the use of the besieged, emptied them, all but one, into the water-cask, placed a train from the remaining flask to the door of the next apartment, and touched it off with a coal from the fireplace. The outer wall of the kitchen was immediately blown away, and the house shaken to its very foundations. The heroic lad rushed through the breach, and joined his friends, escaping a ball fired after him, only by the skin of his teeth.

The contest was soon decided. Bloom and two of the party, were taken alive, badly wounded; the others met an easier death, arms in hand; and when daylight again arose, the struggle was over.

The excitement of mind which had sustained Mr. Ber-

tisor, having now subsided into success, he began to see that the victory in reality, had done but little toward furthering his plans. The death of the marauders was not, by any means, a part of his scheme. To discover what disposition had been made of Mr. Norwich's property, that it might be honestly restored to the Mason's daughter, had been his motive, and he really began to look with dismay upon the prospects.

By noon the next day, every part of the house had been searched, as well as the outhouses, and yet no trace of Ruth's property had come to light. Not a single gold coin, nor any of the clothes taken from Ruth or her father, nor any remnants of the carriage—a total blank, in fact, comprised the whole subject.

He questioned Mrs. Bloom in vain; her mind, well nigh crazed with her preternatural efforts during the siege, added to her past distress, now gave way, and she could only sit by her husband's side, and fix her sad gaze upon him, and sigh.

Bloom was on his way to another world. A bullet's path had been traced directly through his lungs. He had barely life sufficient to breathe, and to keep his attention upon surrounding objects, without speaking.

The other two—we blush to say it, but the strong arm of the law is oftentimes too slow for public indignation—the other two had been led a little way down the hill, to a spot where a large oak sent out its horizontal arms to a great distance, and then, without a kind word or look, without a prayer to cheer them in their dark journey, they had been suspended by the neck until they were dead. And their bodies buried in a kind of natural grave, formed by the uprooting of a tall poplar, gave a name to that spot which it will probably bear a thousand years after the tradition, in which it originated, is forgotten.

The scene presented toward the close of that day, was a remarkable one. There were gathered, as if by magic, (for it would not seem that there were so many settlers in

the county), hundreds of persons, bilious in color, ragged in attire, burnt up, and prematurely mummified by the use of whisky.

There were the carriages, come to bear away the bodies of the unfortunate officers, whose zeal to sustain the law had met such unfortunate reward. With these were relatives and friends, thirsting for revenge, and doubly wrathful that there were but two left, Bloom and his wife, upon whom it could possibly be wreaked. The former was carefully guarded by the Assistant-Sheriff, who had declared that, he should die in peace. The latter, with a true American deference toward the sex, was declared free to come or go, as she pleased; for the most violent advocate of lynch-law, would not harm a woman.

Little Ruth was crying piteously, as she looked on the hideous scene, and thought of the sad fate of her father. She had already accompanied her guardian to the grave, into which that precious dust had been so disrespectfully cast, and had heard him declare, that it should be raised for more decent interment, and laid by her mother's side. But the orphan girl was very lonely and sad. Her doll, which she had fully expected to recover, her wardrobe, precious on account of many girlish recollections; and most of all, because each garment had been wrought by her mother's hands—these seemed to have vanished forever.

Mrs. Bloom was lying in a profound sleep, her head upon her husband's arm. He wished it so, he whispered. It did not hurt him much. He should die no sooner for it; so the officer humored his wishes, and the exhausted woman slept on.

Mr. Bertisor was endeavoring, with every suggestion of ingenuity or experience, to gain from Bloom what had been the disposition of Ruth's property. All in vain. Only a grim smile answered the earnest request. It was evident that death would soon step in, and the secret be lost; that Bloom knew this, and made it a subject of rejoicing, even in his death moments. Mr. Bertisor

motioned Ruth to the evil man's side, and directed her to second his requests by her own sweet voice. It awakened no relenting thought. The ruffian turned his face away, and closed his eyes.

A sudden idea flashed over our hero's mind; it was one of those gleams of semi-inspiration, which are sometimes given to us, and he carried it into effect. As the woman who lay near her husband's breast, made a loud moaning sound in her slumber, the dying man again opened his eyes, and turned his face toward her, and necessarily toward Ruth and her guardian. The latter took advantage of the instant to draw the medal from Ruth's bosom, and hold it up so that he could not avoid seeing it, pointing at the same time with his finger to the masonic emblems, and then to the orphan girl.

Blessed language that speaks in death as well as in life! That says to him, who has long wandered from the paths of rectitude, *restore ye fourfold for the wrong ye have done!* that promises forgiveness to the worst of sinners, through faith and repentance. Blessed language, that is independent of alphabets and artificial lexicons! that is not subject to change! nor to misunderstanding! nor to neglect! Glorious spirit of an order that, however she may eject the unworthy from her bosom, still restrains them by a mystic cable tow, never releasing them from their solemn engagements; hopes, that though the inherent defect renders them unworthy of the spiritual temple below, that He *who makes the material* which is but given us to fashion, may work such changes in their nature, as to enable them to pass *the grand test* of the judgment day.

The trial, made at random by Mr. Bertisor, was successful beyond any hopes he could have formed.

Bloom was too weak to give utterance to his thoughts. But he pointed toward a distant part of the house, said plainly three times, " 'tis there," and so expired.

That the painful portion of our history may be at once disposed of, we will add, that the slumber which had seized upon the unfortunate woman, was the sleep of

death; she awoke only to rejoin her husband in another sphere. May the worn and stained spirits meet there a more merciful judgment than they will receive from any of our readers here. One grave contains them both. For him she had left all things. For his love, bartered parents' love, sisters' love, brothers' love; and forsaking all other things, had cleaved unto him only, nor did death them part.

The clue thus furnished, was not so easily traced up, as had been anticipated. That there was some secret place in the house, which contained the treasure, or a part of it, had struck our friend from the first. But the house had been most carefully searched. The floors had been torn up, the chimnies thrown down, everything, movable or immovable, that could possibly conceal a gold coin, had been examined, with no restrictions as to damaging the property; still not an object had come to light.

The present so delayed communication, only increased the labor, without adding to the success.

Another rummaging among the furniture, ended in the total destruction of chests, bureaus, bed-posts, etc.; and then the exhausted, dispirited party, met in the large apartment, which had formerly served for a dining-room, and entered into consultation.

A proposition from the sheriff, to tear the house entirely away, was negatived, as promising no benefit.

"Well, Carney, what have you come in for? what plan can you give us? Come, we have run out of ideas, and we will hear yours, let it be what it may!"

Carney thought, and said, in his peculiar *patois*, that he was sure there was some *concealed closet* in the house, and he had been examining all the rooms, except this, to find it! But this was no new plan; examining rooms had been the business of the party ever since sunrise; had he nothing new?

His way, he said, was to examine them *by the echo* made by a flute-sound from the walls! He had frequently

observed—but then, it took an ear acute as an electroscope, to observe it—that he could point to every hollow and defective place, in his sycamore tree, merely by this. But, as he said before, he had tried every room in the house, except the dining-room, and made no discoveries.

His patron declared the idea to be practicable, and ordered him to carry it out, in his own way.

Carney directed all the furniture to be removed from the room, because, he said, it deadened the sound. The company, except two or three, were ordered to go outside, from the same considerations.

Then, commencing at the door, he passed slowly around the apartment, keeping his right shoulder near the wall, and blowing his most sonorous notes. A slight pause at a point near the chimney, and then he resumed his circuit. The second round, he paused a longer time, at the spot near the chimney; the third, decided him that there was something odd about that part of the wall. He stepped backward and forward; approached it; departed from it; while his strangely-featured countenance became more and more animated, and his voice thrilled through the tube like a mocking-bird's; then, stopping and pointing to the wall, with the gesture of a prophet, he declared there was a closet hid near the old chimney, and they'd know it, if they'd just break in the wall!

By this time, the sheriff had got fairly into the spirit of the thing, and he shouted for an ax, with a stentorian voice. With his own hands, he dashed in the fragile ceiling, and thus became the first to gaze upon the treasure. There it was; the bags of gold; the metallic portions of the harness; the bundles of clothing worn by Mr. Norwich and his daughter; and, among the rest—joy to the screaming girl—the precious doll! Gentle creature! how she did embrace the inanimate thing, and call it by its pet name, and talk to it, as though, in good sooth, it could reply! There was not a dry eye in the room. Even the sheriff, a rugged, weather-beaten man—who was

never suspected of such a thing before—smuggled a big, round tear; then wiped it hastily off with his coat-sleeve, and looked severe again.

Our drama is winding up. The Echo and the Flute have done their part. Restitution has been made. The lost is found. All parties concerned in this pleasing conclusion, have been bountifully rewarded, and dismissed; and then, the old frame house is left to the mercy of the elements, no more to be tenanted, by aught save the bats and the owls.

Time has taken the form of years. Let us bring our characters upon the stage together, to say good-bye to the audience. Mr. Lymp has been sent to Ireland, with the Nation's Offering—a ship-load of provisions—to relieve Hibernia's famine; and has returned, satisfied that America is the best place, after all. He will live and die in the service of the hatchet-faced man. Ruth has been conveyed to her uncle's dwelling, in the distant State; and, although at first, she found it hard to be separated from her adopted guardian, his own judgment pointed it out as the better course. Carney is at one of the best schools in New England; and, as his patron has promised, if he will learn to read and write well, he shall then be trained to become a musician, he is striving, with all his might, to do so. We venture to predict, that the night on which he salutes a public audience with that unequaled echo-note, and his wild, unearthly countenance, will be noted as the debut of a second Paganini, or a Lind, in talent and success.

A closing page or two to him, the pure-minded, the philanthropic, the enterprising Mr. Bertisor. Will the religious reader forgive us, that we have been more intent upon exhibiting his works than his faith? No one, who knows anything of human nature, will believe, that a man of talent, fortune and name, like this, would give them all away in a very extravagance of benevolence, were he not actuated by a religious spirit! Though we have said nothing of this, preferring to reserve our "good

wine until the last," yet we now declare our adhesion to that system of faith comprised in the passage, "Every good and every perfect gift cometh down from the Father," and that the spring of impulse of the gentleman whom we have sketched, is purely religious as it is masonic. Were it not so, we would have told you before. Were it not so, his character, eminent as it is, for philanthropy and Freemasonry, should have had no place in our volume.

Mr. Bertisor still lives, to do good and to get good. At his beautiful mansion, where he spends one-half the year—his lovely valley-home (he styles it Beth-Shillah, the House of Acacias)—charity is localized. On his various journies, lengthy or brief, Charity accompanies him—works love in his heart, and wisdom in his head; causes his hands to dispense bountifully; makes his feet active on the errands of the distressed; and so occupies his moments, that with him, we think there will be no hiatus of life; no tarrying of the chariot-wheels of old age; but an immediate transmission from labor on earth to refreshment in heaven. Still does he retain that regard for truth which we all have for self, as an object never to be lost sight of, or allowed to sink even half-mast high. The Scriptures are still his study, and will be, until he meets the Divine Expounder in the Heavenly East. May his example be prolific in raising up a host of champions in Speculative Masonry.

We cannot better make our farewell with this accomplished Brother, than to record a few more of his cherished thoughts:—Scotch rite seems named *lux e non lucendo*, that is, there never was any of it in Scotland. There are three things every Mason should know; the landmarks, principles, and traditions which are acknowledged among us to be reliable; the best usage upon all controverted points; and the practical effects of Masonry. The facts which seem to be embodied in the various lessons of Masonry, as we now possess it, are; that King Solomon was its originator, and is the true standard of a Mason; that the first temple on Mount Moriah was the

first lodge, and that all lodges are its representatives; that there were four primary motives for establishing this institution:—1. To teach true religion and morality to the heathen. 2. To teach the various sciences, especially architecture, to the Jews. 3. To teach both Jews and Gentiles, brotherly love. 4. To preserve the traditions relative to the Holy Temple.

That a true Mason will become a true religionist, need not be said; that he must be a true religionist before he can claim the title of a true Mason, comes nearer the truth. A belief in a Messiah by faith, in whom our sins are to be remitted, our souls made happy, and our bodies raised, is the great truth of truths, which shines through each part of the ancient system of Masonry." So mote it be.

SYMBOLIC LESSONS IN CHURCHES OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Dumas, in his Sketches in France, thus allegorizes:—"The churches of the fifteenth century are admirable, because, in their details as in wholes, they are in harmony with the mysteries which they are designed to see performed. The two turrets on the front, represent the two arms which the Christian lifts to heaven in prayer. The twelve chapels, the apostles; the Roman cross, formed by the columns which sustain the porch, the image of that of Golgotha; the choir, inclined a little more to the right than the left, that our dying Savior leaned his dying head on his right shoulder; the three windows, that there are three persons in the Godhead."

GEOFFREY WELD.*

OR, FIDELITY TO THE ORDER.

A MASONIC TALE.—BY AN ACACIAN.

CHAPTER FIRST.

"There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen; the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it." "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or favor, or wickedness, or peril, or sword?"—*Extracts from "The Great Light of Masonry," books* 18 *and* 45.

It has been happily said of the Royal Art of Freemasonry, that the ability of its members to keep its secrets inviolable, lies in the fact that *secrecy is itself a masonic virtue*, one of the earliest taught, and the first great care of congregated Masons.

As in the church of God, those who profess to have experienced his love shed abroad in their hearts, have grace to sustain their profession, and to emit religious light in many pious actions, because religion is the ground-work of their profession, the Alpha and Omega of their craft; so in the fraternity of Masons, secrecy can be maintained with the utmost exactness by all worthy brothers and fellows, because it forms one of the strongest ligaments, not only to unite each member to the Order, but to bind together the Order itself into one grand sheaf, ripe, and golden; thus fortifying it as well against the persecutions of its enemies as the more dangerous assaults of pretended friends: secrecy is among the chief dignitaries, personified in Freemasonry.

* This tale was first published in that excellent magazine, the Masonic Review, by Bro. C. Moore, Cincinnati, O. The original plan of our book, as indicated by the title-page, was, to publish *none but new pieces*. In this case, alone, have we departed from it. Our motives are, that the great labor which Geoffrey Weld cost us, in the preparation, and the valuable historical facts contained in it, give it a claim to a permanent form of publication. This is the judgment of many friends. It will not be a serious digression, to add, that Bro. Moore has evinced, by his readiness to engage the services of the best pens for the Masonic Review, the genuine spirit that should actuate a Brother who places himself in the seat of the Scribe.

It is owing to the fact that our brethren are thus tutored, not only in the ceremonies of their initiation, but in all the after process of illumination, that they justly claim to be better qualified than other men for all stations in which a prudent heart or a cautious tongue is requisite: for a place like this, Freemasons excel all others; and here is presented an instance, but one in a thousand which might be offered, of the theory of the lodge-room being practically exhibited in the out-of-door phases of human life.

The art of secret-keeping is no contemptible art, lightly as the frail and leaky vessels around us may esteem it. Well were it for our comfort and happiness, if men and women were better skilled therein; well for the sacred marriage relation; well for the tender intercourse of lovers; for friendship between friend and friend, christian and christian, merchant and merchant, heart and heart.

For whence arise the heart-burnings and the bickerings, the conscience gnawings, and the pungent self-upbraidings, that imbitter so many hours of our pilgrimage below! Is not their origin, right often, in some incautious words, uttered in a moment of confidence, to be remembered, with sorrow, in all the moments of after life?

The following tale is offered to illustrate the importance and ultimate reward of fidelity, *the essence of secret-keeping*—let its lessons sink deeply into the hearts of the fickle and incautious, who may honor it with a perusal.

Geoffrey Weld, the person whose history forms the staple of this sketch, had honestly earned the license to practice law, awarded him by the Circuit Judge, and had settled down in his native village of Colmar, Pennsylvania, to wait for that share of business anticipated as a fair return for the seven years' preparation and large expenditure required to elevate him to a fit standard of legal qualifications.

"Nothing sowed, nothing to reap," had been his motto, and at the very outset, there was not a member of the bar on his circuit better skilled in the theory of law than young Weld. Patience, and a courteous demeanor, and

devotedness to the sessions of court, as well as to reading in the recesses, erelong opened a way before him. Clients were sharp to detect a fact so interesting to that sanguine class of individuals, that 'Squire Weld had *larning* enough to arrange their cases, and *gift of the gab* to exhibit them.

A three years' practice, therefore, enabled him to remove from the little office he had at first rented, to keep within his means, to an eligible location in the Court House itself. Here the usual signs of legal thrift appeared in large bundles of papers mysteriously bound with red tape; and in various tin boxes suspended on the walls; and handsome additions to his well-thumbed library, and many other particulars.

It had been generally understood by the bar, from the very outset, that the studious sharp-eyed young lawyer who was winning so many cases, and pocketing so many fees, was not to be held back, but *allowed*—that is the word—allowed to go on to eminence as fast as he thought proper.

In addition to the more legitimate business of his profession, Geoffrey had opened an interesting case of his own, by becoming suitor for the hand of Miss Amanda Lowry, spinster, of those parts, whose charms were somewhat famous among the youthful males of Colmar and the adjacent territory. Although the usual order was here reversed, for the lawyer himself had become client, yet perseverance carried the day, and Geoffrey succeeded, first in winning the approbation of the parents, then of the maiden herself; and engaged to his own behoof the hand, together with a little trembling heart that accompanied it. The thriving young lawyer, forgetting all prudence, pressed for an early marriage; but the family decided otherwise, and postponed it until he could secure a comfortable home for a wife. All the world, however, had heard of the engagement, and it added quite a feather in his cap, that the only daughter of the well-known Gen. Lowry was his affianced bride.

Thus all things shone brightly around the pathway of the talented, honest, and industrious lawyer. With an eye not over sanguine, but clear and cautious, he could look ahead and see his position defined at an honorable grade in his profession, with domestic comforts to cheer his leisure, the good will of his fellows to encourage him, and the approval of God high over all. Can any one discover a cloud in the prospects of Geoffrey Weld? Is there gift of prescience among any of you, talented readers, by which you can read these bright anticipations darkened, these buds blasted, these hopes prematurely nipped? Yet, wondrous are the ways of God with man. The gold of the second temple was not fastened with nails of gold, as in King Solomon's system of architecture, but cemented with wax to the cedar walls. Does not this teach us the brief and uncertain tenure of mortal things! Ah! "let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

The period at which our hero commenced his legal career, was during the short administration of the second Adams, at a time when two large political parties were arranging their respective forces for a campaign, to exceed in violence, acrimony, and party cruelty, everything heretofore recorded in the history of politics. To American Masons of the third degree it was as the time of Jacques de Molay to Templar masonry, substituting the tongue of malice, however, for the sword and fagot of extermination.

The election of 1824 had terminated in an appeal to the House of Representatives; a movement in itself calculated to arouse every evil sentiment in the nature of parties, the decision of an umpire, especially of an *interested* umpire, being fated to cast oil upon the flames of civil strife, and not to quench them. The gloomy presage, announced by many in the Convention that framed our Constitution, in relation to this portion, was amply fulfilled in both cases that required its use, but especially in the latter. In the proposed scheme of political contest,

it was contemplated by the wire-pullers of either party, that every person in the land should engage, and means were devised to this end. Never perhaps was this arrange ment, always announced at the commencement of a polit-ical campaign, so generally successful as now; for the bar, the pulpit, all the interests of commerce, agriculture, trade, and the industrial pursuits, even science itself, yielded their forces to swell the tide of party conflict.

Party issues, as such, there were none; the records of that period sustain the assertion that *not one great principle was introduced into the canvass.* The war was simply a war for spoils; a strife between the *outs* and *ins*, without even an ostensible virtue to sanctify a host of vices. In all the glorious future that seems to open before the Republic, let us ardently pray that such scenes may not again be enacted as disgraced the presidential campaign of 1828.

A contest of mere selfishness, naturally develops every base principle in the human heart. As it was with the infamous tories of the Revolution, all the hatred and covetousness that exist in the vicinity, rise and oppress the good, when no laws of fear, or courtesy, or gratitude, restrains them. Character is unscrupulously assailed; black mail openly levied; burnings, and slaughterings, and hangings of all social enjoyments occur, until we can almost wish that some superior power would grant us a king, even at the expense of republicanism, and all personal freedom.

But the most baleful incident of this period, as indicative of the most heartless cruelties, that which exhibits the character of the strife in its blackest hues, was the *introduction of anti-masonry as a platform*, not of principles, but of warfare. In the sheer absence of other aliment, the spirit of opposition seized this, and never was there a *negative* carried before to such extremity.

All the disappointed and the revengeful; all who had ever provoked a black-ball from a Mason's hands; all who knew their own unworthiness too well to run the risk of

rejection; all who, like the Greeks of old, became wearied with hearing our ancient society styled "the good;" and the remnants of defeated parties, and sections of parties, united, with one accord, under this pirate's flag, whose motto was "extermination—death to masonry," whose standard-bearers were the defeated politicians of old,—whose heroes were seekers of spoil.*

"On this occasion," says a masonic writer who faced the storm for eight years, "on this occasion the whole masonic fraternity was charged with guilt; the Institution and its members were denounced as dangerous; churches, families, and friends were divided; and the whole social system, was, for a long time, uprooted and dismembered. Every man of eminence, known to be a Mason, was called upon to renounce his connection with the society, or stand branded as a traitor to the laws of his country. No means were neglected to bring the Order into disgrace and ruin, right or wrong. The fears of the timid and ignorant attributed the crime of the guilty to a necessary consequence of masonic obligations; the political intriguant reveled in the prospect of the overthrow of his prosperous rival; and the crafty political jesuits labored in their vocation at the polls."

This quotation refers to the anti-masonic strife in New York, consequent upon the so-called abduction of Morgan; but the same highly-wrought description applies correctly enough to the other States to which the excitement extended.

Unfortunately for the cause of morality and peace, the spirit of anti-masonry had found an early lodgment in the quiet town of Colmar. The masonic Lodge of that place, one of the oldest on the books of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, had always sustained an excellent charac-

* It is pleasant to be told, as bearing good testimony to the adage, "honesty is the best policy," that in their base ends, these buccaneers were disappointed; and that out of the large number who made up the Albany Antimasonic Convention, well styled "The holy Pirate's League," not exceeding three of the seceding Masons present, ever raised themselves from the pit, into which the common consent of all parties hurled them.

ter for its knowledge of masonic principles, and its correctness in carrying them out. Amongst these, brightest of the Craft, was Geoffrey Weld. Descended from ancestors who had preserved a masonic medal, as an heirloom, for three hundred years; having the immediate example of his father, grandfathers, all his father's brothers, and many other relatives, both in the paternal and maternal lines; having furthermore seen, in his professional practice, the good effects of Freemasonry in allaying strife and restoring concord, he was a Mason *in heart*, long before his age permitted him to enter the Order; and when that auspicious period arrived, and his eyes were opened, he became at once a consistent Freemason, irrespective of all personal considerations. Yet it would be too much to say that he had not derived any personal advantages from Freemasonry. Some of the best clients on his list, and some of the most honorable openings heretofore afforded him, and many a generous fee beside, had come to his possession through the recommendation of his brethren, who, of all others, could best know his worthiness and qualifications. Gratitude then combined with hereditary feeling and personal admiration, to attach Geoffrey Weld to the Royal Art. The enemies of the Order did well, therefore, to place him near the head of their list of proscriptions, and to mark opposite his name this ominous note—"to be broken down at any expense!"

A sketch of the anti-masonic operations at Colmar, is a history of the general policy adopted in all the States of Pennsylvania, New York, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, Maine, and a few others. We shall therefore give particulars, without the fear of being esteemed tedious.

Large subscriptions of money were taken up, ranging sometimes as high as a thousand dollars from a single individual, who was a member of the party. These sums were applied to the general purposes of the campaign under the instructions of a branch of the central committee located in that place. A newspaper press was set up, an editor salaried for a year or more, and a weekly journal

started "on anti-masonic principles"! save the mark! Large issues of this sheet, filled from end to end with misrepresentations and lies,* were published *for gratuitous circulation*, and pamphlets and broadsides of the same character flowed from the same foul source, in boundless profusion. Agents, who operated upon the modern plan of spiritual colportage "to sell where you can, and give where you cannot sell," were employed in the circulation of these documents, visiting every house and—not *praying*—but *lying*, in every one. Orators of all grades, from a Wirt to a Hodge, rode circuit through city, town, village, and neighborhood, scattering their arrows of pestilence on every side as they passed. Pulpits were not free from the infection. As we have seen in these latter days, clergymen of the first ability boldly denounce law and government which oppose their peculiar view, so it was in the days of which we write. Schools felt the same evil excitement, for teachers lent their influence to swell it, and little boys and girls were taught the amazing evils, not of ignorance or prejudice, but of Freemasonry!

Such things have their effect in a country where every man is free to read and talk. Soon the weekly meetings of the anti-masonic club in Colmar began to be largely attended. Speeches from eloquent men, invited from neighboring towns for this purpose, made the meetings interesting to all classes. Then the fourth of July—that day sacred to freedom of thought and action—was desecrated by a public dinner, got up by the party; and it was here that the abominable falsehood, the vilest of all the pack, was first uttered,—a falsehood that should have blistered the tongue that earliest spoke it,—"that although George Washington *had been* a member of the Order—they could not deny that—yet he had become so well convinced of its pernicious tendencies, as to warn his fellow

* The perusal of a file of anti-masonic papers of that period, will convince the most obstinate that the powers of evil ruled. It is astounding to see of what open, *careless*, lies that party availed itself, to overthrow Freemasonry; but the wall they raised crushed themselves at last.

countrymen against it." This shameless lie was bolstered up by garbled extracts from the Farewell Address of that illustrious brother, and, thus sweetened, the pill was readily swallowed; thousands believed it!

A certain clergyman who had run through all the *isms* and *heresies* of the thirty years preceding, and had finally settled down into *convenientism*, was now persuaded to preach an ultra anti-masonic sermon from his pulpit. In this he likened Freemasonry to the beast with seven horns; to the harlot on her seven hills; to anti-christ; and to a variety of other things equally ingenious and respectable. This lucid discourse being reproduced at the anti-masonic press, was mailed to every clergyman in the land, and strange to say, its doctrines became *the test* on which many evangelical (?) churches divided. In addition to this, there was printed an edition of a small work that had formerly had an immense run in England, and afterward became the basis of Morgan's work; we refer to "Jachin and Boaz." Being issued as a veritable exposure of the secrets of Masonry, and sold at a merely nominal price, it reached every hand; and soon it became a common amusement for dram-drinkers and loafers, who hovered around grog-shops, to mock Freemasons as they passed, with the signs and passwords, and true words, given with such *astonishing accuracy* by that author!

The few cases of intemperance that had occurred among the Craft, and come to the public knowledge, were gathered up and published as faithful illustrations of the immorality of the Order. Thus, that which was peculiarly the vice of the age, was marked as a peculiarity of an Institution whose list of cardinal virtues is headed with Temperance.

One more note from a writer whose experience of Freemasonry runs twenty years beyond this gloomy period, and we close the chapter.—"During the continuance of this excitement, the newspapers teemed with the most violent invectives against the Order. Anti-masonic magazines, reviews, and almanacs, found eager and ready pur-

chasers. The press groaned with publications of every grade, from the broad sheet to the thick octavo, in which was presented to the public, the lamentable sight of apostate Masons of all ranks, publicly avowing that they had solemnly sworn inviolably to keep certain secrets which, in the subsequent pages, they deliberately revealed, and confidently *expected* that the public would believe them! The theater; the show-box of the exhibition of puppets; the orator from his platform, and the mountebank from his stage, all presented a series of ridiculous and burlesque ceremonies which they asserted were the ceremonies of a masonic lodge; while the notorious Major Allyn wandered about the country, as an itinerant lecturer on the mysteries of Masonry, which he publicly advertised to expose. Ministers of several sects and denominations, made the awful avowal from their pulpits, that they had sworn to conceal the secret practices of the fraternity, and in the same breath, in the presence of their Maker, publicly revealed them to their wondering congregations. And one, as an apology for his apostasy, accused Masonry of infidelity and atheism, and its members of horrid crimes; and in his sweeping censure did not even spare the worthies of old, but charged Drs. Anderson and Desaguliers, men of the first rank in their respective professions, of being men of low character and base spirit."

CHAPTER SECOND.

"Come with us, let us lay wait for blood; let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause; let us swallow them up alive as the grave; and whole as those that go down to the pit; we shall fill our houses with spoil." "The Lord doth hate a lying tongue—a heart that deviseth wicked imaginations—a false witness that speaketh lies."—*The Greater Light of Masonry, book* 20.

Amidst the storm of vituperation and malice, the innocent objects of persecution said and did but little to meet the torrent of invective. Their numbers were few, their means limited, their time engaged in necessary avocations of support; how could they successfully resist measures

so artfully contrived and sustained at such expense of time and money? Another reason prevailed. It is a golden legacy from our masonic fathers, "to leave opposition to run its course, assured that, like the lava torrent which causes human destruction, its period is short." One hath said, "if smitten on the one cheek, turn ye the other also—and he that taketh away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also—and he that compelleth thee to go a mile, go with him twain." Such wisdom, although too wonderful for man to have originated, is not too abstruse for his practice; and it is this, the practical exhibition of *submission under injury*, that forms the key to the silence so generally maintained by the Masonic Order, during every season of persecution.

In the Colmar Lodge not a voice was heard by way of retort, nor "railing for railing," but all "committed themselves unto Him that judgeth righteously." No exposure was made of the misdoings of their prominent enemies, although they were recorded on the Lodge books in damnatory colors. Scarcely a protest was made, while the storm was sweeping away pillar after pillar, drying up their revenues and paralysing their arms; but meekly and silently, when the tempest could no longer be endured, they resigned their charter to the illustrious body from whence it emanated, concealed their records, destroyed their furniture, closed their doors, and with a tear each turned to his home, under a whispered pledge that when the good times should return, which even then they foresaw, their masonic banner should be exhibited, and the Order re-established in Colmar. Where does history present a more brilliant example of endurance? Well may the brotherhood look back with pride to that era, when our best principles shone out amidst the storm. Yet such has ever been the case with Freemasonry. If there be a proneness, as some think, to boasting and extravagant claims in the time of prosperity; if disorganizing doctrines obtain followers, and thus strength begets weakness, let an occasion for trial arise, let the trumpet be blown through the land, and the

cry raised, "the Philistines be upon thee, Sampson," and lo! the strong man begirds himself for the conflict? Freemasonry then puts on the armor of proof, her unflinching endurance, opposes her impenetrable shield of patience to the foe, and be her struggle long or short, hers is the victory in the end.

But truth compels us to declare that much chaff is blown away in these periodical storms. All is not gold that goes into the furnace, though pure and bright shines the metal after the assay. In other words, there be many in the ranks of Masonry, who, by whatever false declaration on their part, or carelessness in the Craft, they gained admission, will not stand the hour of trial. And so it proved in Colmar. Would that our pen could be spared this chronicle, this task of recording the shameful misconduct of those "who went out from us because they were not of us;" and, oh, disgrace to Masonry! openly seceded, cast off their vows, repudiated their obligations, joined the ranks of her enemies, and raised unfilial hands against her.

True, the greater part of those who withdrew from the Lodge excused themselves by an honest desire to avoid strife; and it was plainly seen by the after conduct of such, that their esteem for the Order was unabated; yet many in Colmar took the traitor's place, and led the vanguard of opposition.

Out of the whole list of fifty-four on the books of the Colmar Lodge, twenty made a public announcement of their withdrawal from Freemasonry in the columns of the anti-masonic paper, and nine openly avowed themselves seceders and opponents. These numbers scarcely express the average of secession in neighboring Lodges, but this is readily accounted for by the fact that the ballot-box had been more carefully guarded here than elsewhere, and there was consequently less chaff to be eliminated. This lesson may well be laid to the heart *of the living*, for it is pregnant with good thought.

We observed that the traitors led the opposing forces.

With the true instinct of traitors, they worried and devastated where others hesitated to advance; where others paused, they took another step; where mendacity failed in others, theirs was fresh and vigorous in its coinage.*

But it is time we returned to the history of Geoffrey Weld, of whom we have partially lost sight in these details. It was not long until the coalition found a means of attacking him in a most sensitive part, his suit to Amanda. Her father, a man of consequence, as we have remarked, in the community, an old man easily wrought upon by fears for his daughter's happiness, had early become alarmed for the reputation of his future son-in-law, and advised him to shun the storm by withdrawing from the Order in good season. To this Geoffrey gave an instantaneous refusal, accompanied, however, with such arguments as were calculated to mollify his anger, while it convinced him that nothing could be done in that quarter. Being disappointed in this, he engaged the aid of his daughter, but with no better effect; for Geoffrey, however yielding he might be to his betrothed bride in other things, was firm "to sink with the ship that had safely borne him and his so long."

All this came to the knowledge of the Anti-masonic club, and put them upon a plan of bringing Gen. Lowry into active co-operation with their party. His age and disinclination to business would have served as a foil to their efforts, and the club, hesitating at nothing to effect their purpose, elected him vice-president, and thus won him by that cheapest of baits, flattery. Henceforward his entire time was spent in the reading-room of the club, or the sanctum of the editor, and no small sums of money were squeezed from his purse under various pretenses.

It may easily be foreseen that this state of affairs threw infinite obstacles in the way of our hero's marriage with Amanda. As the engagement had so long been made

* In more than one Lodge of Pennsylvania and New York, we have seen "black lists" containing the names of these traitors, posted conspicuously in the Tyler's room.

public, and the crime of being a Mason, however base a thing politically, was a small matter morally, it would not answer to forbid him the house, but there were many means of annoyance, such as cold looks, crabbed words and the like, which were freely used by the family in hopes to induce him to break off a connection, now disagreeable to them. As for Amanda herself, she had not learned to rend asunder her solemn vows so readily, and she continued the same smile and kind words which had always greeted his appearance; and together they lovingly trusted that this storm would soon be spent, and all things become restored to light and peace.

This was a great disappointment to his opponents, for although they had greatly diminished Geoffrey's happiness, they had failed in this attack upon his engagement. Other methods, however, were more successful in wounding and injuring him. False charges of incompetency and dishonesty were whispered privately about, told as great secrets, only to confidential friends, to go no further. Soon the ears of the Judges themselves, perhaps tainted with the anti-masonic virus, were poisoned in the same manner, and their kindly feelings towards Geoffrey were warped. His clients, if at all disaffected on the subject of Masonry, were easily cajoled by tempting offers to withdraw their papers; if not, they were terrified with some whispered charges, their witnesses were tampered with, and themselves insulted and hindered in the prosecution of their claims. Such a course industriously pursued, if only for a few months, could not fail to draw off much of Geoffrey's business, and he saw with dismay that the contemplated period of his marriage, viz., when his profession should enable him to place his bride in a comfortable home, became more and more uncertain each month that passed.

But to a mind like his, difficulties act only as the spur. With much of that foresight which the contemplation of masonic principles engenders, he antedated the hour when all this structure of pasteboard would fall to the ground,

and common sense re-assert her sway. In these anticipations he was correct; but unfortunately for his own interests, he erred in common with many brethren of that day, *in setting the period too nigh;* like apocalyptic expositors, assuming months instead of years. There has been no prophet but the prophet Isaiah, to whom it was given to enumerate the years of masonic fulfillments!

Fortified with hope, Geoffrey did not perhaps permit himself to be discouraged. As business diminished, and he saw it falling into the hands of his envious rivals, he eked it out by contributions to the presses of the larger cities, also by copying, and various other expedients. He at the same time devoted his leisure to reviewing all his legal studies; and then, as his means of support became more and more restricted, he contemplated turning his attention to teaching, until the fire should cease to rage against him. Said we not well then, on a former page, "let not him that girdeth on his harness, boast himself as he that putteth it off." Here was a young man well set out on the journey of life, his foundations well established in industry and truth, his foot-steps correctly taken and secured, now thrown back, and without any fault of his own made to contemplate the resignation of all his hopes, by the systematic malice of his enemies.

The most inveterate among those who had taken it on themselves to work Geoffrey's downfall, was a petty lawyer of the place, one James Macklin,* a seceding Mason, though not of the Colmar Lodge, a competitor with Geoffrey in business, and what had sharpened his envy to the keenest edge, a rejected suitor for the hand of Amanda. This individual, contrived a plot that could not fail in its aim; but before we can bring it to the knowledge of the reader, it will be necessary to turn back for a short period, and relate some scenes in the closing hours of the Colmar Masonic Lodge.

It was a gloomy hour when the members obeyed the

* Certain of the Jews banded together, and bound themselves under a curse, that they would neither eat nor drink until they had killed Paul.—*G. L. book 44.*

Tyler's summons to meet for the last time "by the will of the Worshipful Master;" a gloomy hour and a sad. The few adhering members as they picked their way through the mud and darkness, to that hall which had been so long the scene of innocent pleasure, felt as if under a ban from the powers of darkness. Not a smile was visible on that circle of faces, that had sharpened each other "as iron sharpeneth iron," for many a long year past. The opening of the Lodge was as a funeral occasion when some well beloved *frater* has passed away. The words of charge, so cheerful though oppressive, were as a death dirge.

But now the motion being made and seconded, and thirded, to resign the charter and to dissolve the Lodge,* an important question arose concerning the disposition of certain beneficiaries, who had long been sustained, either in whole or in part, by the funds of the Lodge. One of these was a veteran of the Revolution, who, having a scanty property of his own, was enabled by small contributions from his masonic brethren, to make a fair shift of living. It was thought that this old brother could be most comfortably accommodated in the almshouse, according to his own expressed wish, so soon as he understood the condition of the Lodge. So this matter was settled, and the veteran took up his quarters, retaining a warm veneration for the Order in which he had lived for forty years.

The next case was that of a family, originally consisting of five orphan children, but now reduced to two by indenturing the others to good trades. These were soon disposed of, for a certain generous brother who had no children of his own, agreed to take charge of them, and if they proved worthy, to adopt and rear them. The Lodge voted him a resolution of thanks, and proceeded

* An instance is on record in a New York Lodge, of an aged brother falling dead with an apoplectic stroke, just at the instant when the presiding officer announced as the result of the vote, "this Lodge is therefore dissolved and its charter to be resigned."

to the next. This was decided in a summary way by a liberal contribution from the purses of the brethren present, the sum thus bestowed being deposited in the bank, and serving as a generous means of support to the recipient, a poor widow woman, so long as she lived.

The most embarrassing case was reserved till the last, and was one to which the serious attention of all the members had been turned. It was that of Mary Bellingham, a young lady, daughter of a distinguished Freemason who had died in embarrassed circumstances some eight years before. Mary had been at the charge of the Craft ever since that distressing event. She was at this time about eighteen years of age, of exquisite form and beauty; the pride of the Lodge that had reared her, and of the brethren whose liberality had preserved her from abject poverty and placed her in the first rank of society. With their practical understanding of Christ's injunction, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," it had never been told to the public that Mary was an object of charity; indeed, so ingeniously had their arrangements been made, from time to time, for her education and support, that although she certainly suspected the truth, yet she had no direct evidences of it. So the funds, free-will offerings to the memory of a father beloved of the Order, which never forgets to be grateful, gave her sustenance and knowledge and station among the brightest and best of the village.

From the outset it had been a settled matter that Mary should receive the best educational advantages of the day, and these were secured, regardless of expense, by placing her at a well-known boarding-school in a neighboring county. When the established course of studies was accomplished, Mary returned to Colmar to take her station, with the air of one who had a right to it, with the elite of the social circle. She speedily became popular, for the charm of her manners was indescribably sweet. No party or social gathering was complete unless her ringing laugh and fairy step were there. Every benevolent

project set on foot to relieve distress at home or abroad, received the seal of her approval before it became popular; and as her stamp gave it currency, her personal efforts were foremost to give it success. The world-wide philanthropy which, in that day, adopted the cause of the suffering Greeks, and for a period, fed and clothed a nation, enlisted her warmest sympathy. As president of the Colmar committee of relief she devoted many months to this noble charity, and no small part of the cargo that sailed from the port of Philadelphia, was made up under her special supervision.

With these amiable qualifications to recommend her, it will be readily seen, that the disposition of such an interesting young woman involved no ordinary difficulty. To cut her off just at the time when she was emerging into womanhood, and to throw her upon her own resources at a season when she most needed protectors, was not to be thought of for a moment, nor did any person present at that farewell meeting propose it. Yet the Lodge revenues were destroyed, and all relief from "that flowing breast of charity's sweetest milk" was henceforth stopped. After much debate, it was agreed that a committee of conference and relief should be formed to represent the Masons present in their individual capacity, to visit Miss Bellingham, and make her acquainted with the circumstances of the case. Geoffrey was appointed chairman of this committee, and it was made his special duty to call upon her monthly, and offer such advice as her condition might require. And that there might not be any diminution of her pecuniary resources, each of these noble hearts, before they parted, signed his name to a written obligation binding himself to pay a stated sum quarterly for the maintenance of Mary Bellingham, so long as she remained unmarried or needed their charitable aid.

And now the last item of business was transacted, and it only remained, the record being approved and duly signed, to declare in that silent room—a mote of dust would have startled it, falling upon the floor—it only

remained for the Master to declare the Lodge dissolved. The rain poured upon the roof; the September winds howled around the Hall; but a colder chill was upon every heart as the command went forth, and each officer and member resigned his badge, no more to resume it. Yet the concluding charge fell not upon heedless ears—"Brethren, we are now about to quit this sacred retreat of friendship and virtue, to mix again with the world. Amidst its concerns and enjoyments, forget not the duties which you have heard so frequently inculcated and so forcibly recommended in this Lodge. Remember that around this altar you have promised to befriend and relieve every worthy Brother who shall need your assistance. You have promised, in the most friendly manner, to remind him of his errors and to aid his reformation. These generous principles are to extend further; every human being has a claim upon your kind offices. Do good to all. Recommend it more especially to the household of the faithful. Finally, brethren, farewell; be ye all of one mind; live in peace, and may the God of peace love and bless you"—for the sentiment sank deep in their hearts, and was profitable to them in many an after hour of persecution and distress.

In accordance with the plan, Geoffrey, at the head of the committee, called upon Mary the next day, and, amidst her tears of gratitude, explained to her how that her deceased father in his life-time had built broad and deep and high his Mason's temple of morality; how in his dying hour he had bequeathed to his grateful brothers his only child; how gladly the sympathizing band had accepted the trust and fulfilled the conditions; how cheerfully they had reared and educated her, opening their stores as to their own dear child, and watching over her welfare with ceaseless vigilance; how "the evil days, days of bitterness and woe, had drawn nigh" to them as Freemasons, and rendered it necessary for peace's sake, to give way for awhile under it. Then he informed her that the brotherhood dearly prized the virtues and esteemed the

merits of their sweet beneficiary, and that they would continue to watch over her so long as she needed a protector; that with masonic frankness they had come to assure her that their purses were symbolic of their hearts, and that both were opened wide to her, and should be, God willing, so long as she and they might live.

This duty being done, the committee informed her of the arrangements for her support, paid her the first monthly instalment, and retired, leaving her to fall upon her knees, and in the silence of her pure heart to adore the Giver of gifts for an institution like this.

CHAPTER THIRD.

"Can any hide himself in secret places, that I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Woe unto him that buildeth his house by his unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong."—*The Greater Light of Masonry, book* 24.

It was through the medium of this holy charge which devolved upon Geoffrey Weld, that the cruel blow was struck which prostrated him. His visits to Miss Bellingham had been punctually made until public notice was drawn to them; and then, fearing that unjust suspicions might be aroused, he changed the hour to one later in the evening, so that he might not be observed. But there was one, vigilant in hatred, who marked every visit, and watched to draw some evil conclusions detrimental to Geoffrey's character. The occasion came. It happened that his stay was protracted on a certain evening for an hour beyond the usual time. Then a call of relief from a sick family, at a considerable distance, was received by Mary,—one that required immediate attention. His escort was proffered, purely as a matter of courtesy, and when the pair returned to her boarding-house, the hour was midnight. During the walk, he had several times fancied himself followed, and more than once determined to turn back and see if such were the case; but the subject passed by without remark, and Geoffrey retired to his rest, more than ever admiring the amiable girl who was the hand-

maid of charity. But the next evening brought him a verification of his suspicions. He *had* been watched, and already the report had gone out that his engagement to Amanda was disgraced by a *liaison* with Miss Bellingham. This was communicated to Gen. Lowry, and aroused him to the highest pitch of passion. He immediately wrote a message filled with invective, requiring him to meet the outraged family that very hour, and receive his final dismissal.

It was with a heavy heart that the young man prepared to obey the command. That day had been spent in reviewing the operations of the last year in which he had witnessed so many hopes overthrown, so many bright prospects blasted. His affairs were far more perplexed than when we last viewed them. A shameless thrust at his professional character lay before him in the columns of the foul sheet published by the anti-masonic club. A heavy debt was hanging over him, one for which he had become responsible by the baseness of these very men who were now engaged in traducing his character, and the sum was much larger than his personal resources could reach. The only resort that presented itself to his mind was the sale of his library, cherished as only a man of his temperament can prize books. But a week or two before, the Circuit Judge had gone out of the line of his duty to make a remark highly ungenerous, based upon one of the whispered reports before referred to, nor could Geoffrey get an opportunity to refute it, so effectually were all the channels of redress closed against him. So it was with melancholy forebodings that Geoffrey put the insulting message into the fire, and walked over to Gen. Lowry's dwelling.

The view that met him on entering was anything but encouraging. Amanda stood weeping by the window, her audible sobs indicating her emotion; but she gave him no look as he closed the door. Her mother sat in all the outraged dignity of her sex, maintaining a stern silence. Gen. Lowry was pacing the room with hasty steps, and

stopped to glare at him as he entered, like some wild beast disturbed in his den. Three grown brothers, who were lounging upon the sofa, returned his look of inquiry with a stern glare of defiance. But there was one present, who, like Satan among the sons of God, had come "from going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." Seated by the fire-side, with a grin of gratified malice upon his countenance, was Macklin, the author, as Geoffrey rightly judged, of many an attack upon his character, both in the newspaper and in the way of whispered scandal.

"And now, sir," abruptly broke in the gray-haired father, "we have unearthed you, cunning reynard as you are! the cause of your wonderful attachment to Masonry has come out! your devilish hypocrisy is unmasked; knave and scoundrel as you are, we have been too much for you, little as you thought of us. So, sir, it was the pretty orphan girl that cable-towed you; she could draw the quarterage out of all your pockets, whilst honest women went begging; but your sanctimonious looks shall no more protect you; your prayers, which are an insult to Deity; your fool shows, your fine speeches, are all done, sir. And as for you, hound and villain as you are, we will make an example of you, for your name shall ring from one end of Pennsylvania to the other as ——" and here the aged speaker lost breath through the violence of his attack, and was compelled to pause; but a significant motion toward the door showed the nature of his wishes.

It was a trying scene for Geoffrey. His first impulse was the one prompted by nature itself, to fell the slanderer, gray-haired and venerable as he was, to the ground; nor was it the presence of a hundred men that could have restrained him. But he observed that the gentle form of Amanda, partly concealed by the curtains of the window, was trembling with emotion at her father's violent address, and the sight restrained him.

His next thought was toward the spy who had brought this evil upon him, and it required all the reflection that

he could summon up in that moment, to hinder him from a personal attack upon the villain.

The next moment brought nobler thoughts, and with a dignity that bespoke the pure soul within, he fixed his eye upon the old gentleman, and replied: "Gen. Lowry, your insulting manner and words are so unbecoming a man of your years, or an audience of this kind, that I can only comprehend it by supposing that you labor under a temporary derangement. Why have you sent for me, sir! Nay, scowl not, young man," he pursued, fiercely turning to one of the sons who had started up in passion, "keep your fiery looks to yourself. This quarrel is not with you. The privilege I have accorded to the gray hairs of your father shall not protect you for an instant if you presume to interfere. I demand to know, Gen. Lowry, why you have sent for me?"

The deliberate manner of the young lawyer had a restraining influence upon that individual, who, recovering his breath, resumed in a much milder style.

"I have sent for you, sir, to tell you that your baseness is exposed. That your clandestine visits to Miss Bellingham, have been observed. That such visits at a midnight hour admit of only one explanation; and that henceforward your engagement with my daughter is as though it had never been. Here are the presents that she has received from you. Would that her hand had rotted ere it touched them. Furthermore, I have summoned you here to tell you openly, for I scorn your sneaking morality, that we will publish you in every paper in the State. And now that you have heard my reasons and my determination for the future, there is the door, and you are at liberty to depart this instant."

Up to this moment Geoffrey had remained standing like a statue, calmly receiving the hot words of his accuser, discovering by no look or gesture that he was aroused from his habitual manner. But now he placed a chair by Amanda's side, gently forced her to sit therein, took another near by, and deliberately responded:

"Gen. Lowry, your accusations being proved false, all your determinations must fall to the ground. When Major Bellingham stood with you and my deceased father, side by side in the defense of Baltimore, you pledged yourselves, each to the others, that if either should fall, the surviving two should be as fathers to his family. Here is the paper signed by yourselves on that eventful night."

He drew a tattered document from his pocket and held it up. The old man gazed upon it with a start, and covered his face with his hands, for it recalled a train of memories long stilled in the depths of forgetfulness.

"My visits to Miss Bellingham, sir, were as chairman of a committee on behalf of my brethren, to offer her that relief that you, with all your sense of justice, have neglected to bestow. Ever since her father's death, she has been supported solely by the bounty of Freemasons.—Since the groundless strife against our Order has driven us into retirement, we have felt that it would conduce more to her quiet to make our calls at a time when we would not be observed Last night a call from a suffering widow drew her out at a late hour, and I could not refuse to offer my services, though I feared at the time that cowans and eaves-droppers were abroad, and that the whole affair might be misrepresented. We were dogged by vile feet, and spies have caught up the affair and brought it here to prejudice your minds against me. Such spies have been active against me, and have done me inconceivable harm, but they abide beneath the All-seeing Eye, and I await my time.

"Gen. Lowry, for the sake of Amanda, and for your sake, I am glad this affair has occurred, for it gives me an opportunity to bring our acquaintance to a more reasonable understanding. I have not been ignorant of your growing disinclination toward me, although as long as you treated me with civility, I could not openly complain of it. Now we will come to plainer terms. As to my engagement with your daughter, and the disposition of

these presents, they are both beyond your control. Amanda is of age, and has a voice in this affair which shall be to me an oracle.

"Amanda, dearest, forget the cruel words that have been said to-night, and let us for a moment stand toward each other in the same relationship as formerly. I am rejoiced to be permitted the privilege of addressing you before your whole family, and can hardly regret even so unpleasant an occasion, since it has favored me so far beyond my expectations. You see the situation in which I am placed by the villainy of men; my business thwarted by day; my steps waylaid by night; my character assailed by the vilest calumnies through the public press; my heart's best affections outraged;—you see what it will be to become a Mason's bride! And now, in the presence of both your parents, of your brothers, of this vile hound who will make public your choice, now I offer you again this hand, unstained by crime, or to restore you your plighted troth. If you can receive me, poor and embarrassed as I am, with prospects all darkened before me till God shall give me light; if you can breast with me the storm of anti-masonry while it may last; if you can encounter poverty and reproach for the sake of a love, honest as human heart ever was, here I am, all unchanged by what has passed, and this arm of mine shall be strong to battle for you in the fiercest fields of life. Here I am. Let the farce of a protracted marriage cease. To-night, love, choose for yourself, and your decision shall be final to you and me."

A solemn pause ensued. On the part of the parents there was a feeling of reproach at the injustice they had extended toward one of whom they had once thought so highly. The brothers felt nothing but indignation at Geoffrey's boldness, and regret that his innocence had appeared. Since their father's devotedness to anti-masonry, they too had taken arms and entered into active connection with this vile partisanship; and its influence with them, as with all others, was to blight every feeling

of justice that exists in the human breast. As for the visitor who had stepped in to witness Geoffrey's dismissal, his feelings may be better imagined than described.

After the short interval of reflection, Amanda spoke, and in a low trembling voice observed, "that she could do nothing to oppose her parents' wishes; that her own feelings, as she had often assured him and them, were unchanged, and the events of the night had but confirmed her high estimate of her lover's worth; that she had felt confident for a long time that Geoffrey was the subject of base misrepresentations, principally directed, as she verily believed, by the very man who now sat in her presence, the bearer of the present scandal, a man for whom she felt only contempt." All these things she candidly avowed, though with flushing cheeks and faltering speech; nevertheless she owed a sacred duty to her parents, and to them she must refer him for his answer.

The young lady ended by falling on her knees at her mother's feet, then burying her face in the breast that had nurtured her infancy, she sobbed aloud. A mother's heart throbs sympathetically at a love passage in the life of a favorite daughter. Mrs. Lowry said nothing, but mingled her tears with those of the distressed girl, and the twain turned to Gen. Lowry for his decision.

It would be uncharitable to say of him that he felt no compunctions for his violence, or that the manly, honest declarations of Geoffrey had not touched his heart. The ordinary revulsion of feeling consequent upon the events of the evening, prompted him to be kind, but a certain obstinacy that is so fatal in the old, and forms such a hateful drop in the cup of human malice, restrained the first gush of his more generous feelings. He was silent for an instant, and in that instant the tempter approached Macklin, whose calculations had been so nearly overthrown, rose from his seat, hastily approached him, and whispering a few words in his ear, left the house. These words formed the clue to his reply.

Commencing with considerable hesitation, he admitted

that he had been too violent, and hoped Geoffrey would overlook it, in consideration of his supposed provocation. Had the charge been true, and he honestly supposed it to be so at the time, the injury to his daughter would have been irreparable, and justified the harshest measures. But now it was satisfactorily explained; all his former sentiments of esteem were renewed, and he would gladly restore Mr. Weld to old and intimate friendship, were it not for his obstinate attachment to the institution of Masonry. He took advantage of the occasion to state in a comprehensive manner the prominent objections to that evil system, now on its last legs and tottering to decay;* and hoped that Geoffrey would carefully consider them. They were eight in number, and as they have constituted the staple of invective in modern times, we will record them, though we spare the reader the prolixity with which Gen. Lowry delivered them.

The *first* was, that, admitting for the sake of argument, such a brotherhood might have been useful in former times, the present state of the world does not require it, that is, *the necessity of Freemasonry has ceased*. *Second*, secret associations, in their very nature, are anti-republican, and consequently dangerous. *Third*, the ceremonies laid down in Mason's ritual, treat religious subjects irreverently, therefore the institution is obnoxious to religion. *Fourth*, the tendency of masonic meetings has always been to festivity and intemperance, consequently Masonry is immoral. *Fifth*, the legislature provides for all real objects of charity, and all men are morally bound to benevolence, therefore, charitable associations like the masonic, are superfluous. *Sixth*, the exclusion of females alone, should condemn the society in this age of light and

* Writers of that period say that "the character, the usefulness, and the respectability of the Order are now gone; its officers and members would act wisely to bury all their tools and implements, and inscribe *Ichabod* upon their cope-stones." "You may as well place your hand on the sun, on a summer's morning, as prevent the downfall of the Order." "Henceforward no two Masons will dare look each other in the face."

Folly of follies, whose folly is like that of fools?

knowledge. *Seventh*, if there be a tithe of the advantages resulting from Masonry, which its initiates claim, they should throw it open to general participation. *Eighth*, Christianity will accomplish all, and far more than Masonry proposes, therefore society can spare such a fraternity.*

Warmed up by this lucid exhibition of anti-masonry, as he had a hundred times drawn it while in his official place at the club, Gen. Lowry thus continued:

"Now, Mr. Weld, you have heard a portion of the reasons which move me to say that I can never willingly resign my daughter's hand to an active Freemason. I respect your virtues, I esteem your talent; your father and I pledged inviolable friendship in the hour of peril, and I would fain redeem that pledge and do a kindness to his son. I will give you the means of regaining my favor. I will do more; not only shall your marriage be hastened, but I will take care that your business shall be no more molested. The daughter of my deceased friend has been too much overlooked, and I will charge myself with her future support. All these things I will cheerfully do, and still more, if you will perform what I desire. Say then, Geoffrey Weld, son of my deceased friend, betrothed of my only daughter, will you secede from the masonic Order, and give us your influence to root up the accursed system, root and branch?"

Amanda, who had eagerly awaited her father's proposals, dropped her eyes, for she knew too well what would be the lover's response.

Geoffrey, without an instant's hesitation, replied:

"The Order is one of kingly origin and of heavenly aim; God has placed it temporarily under a cloud: I will not desert it now!"

"Then will you openly withdraw from it, and let us announce that you will never visit a masonic Lodge again, or converse masonically with one of its members?"

* See these points lengthily and forcibly illustrated in Chandler's Masonic addresses.

"I will *not* withdraw openly or privately; I will not refuse to answer the signals of a brother wherever and whenever made!"

"Will you inform me whether or not the expositions of this book are correct"—taking down the copy of "Jachin and Boaz" before referred to, and turning to its statement of masonic obligations so *faithfully* recorded there—"are they true or are they false?"

"The question will never be answered. If true, the author is by his own confession, a perjured man, and as such, unworthy of credence; if false, let the lie be upon his own head. You have frequently asked me this question before. My lips are sealed, and that you very well know."

"One more inquiry, then, Geoffrey Weld, and know that upon your reply depends the character of our future connection. You have refused to accede to my reasonable requests, yet a last opening will be left for you, despite of your obstinacy, and then I am done. The coming election is one of immense interest to every well-thinking man. The prime question will be definitely settled, shall bands of men organize in midnight darkness to plot their conspiracies against order and government. Will you pledge yourself *to stand aloof* from all party connection, be totally inactive in the coming election, and do nothing by word or sign to weaken our hands?"

All eyes were now turned upon Geoffrey, for all felt that this was the crowning point in the night's adventure. The old man retired to a remote part of the room and sat down. Well might the young brother hesitate ere he turned his own destiny, irrevocably. There was much to win his assent to this proposition, so ingeniously and temptingly stated. He had never been a partisan, for politics as a system, he abhorred. It would therefore be no compromise of principle for him to remain neutral; many a man who had *filled the East* in distinguished places, had done as much as that without reproach. Here too was offered the hand of one whom he tenderly loved,

suspended upon his reply, and the restoration to her father's favor, and his probable success in after life. These were motives to the warm nature of youth that required great power to resist them.

For a little time the scale of thought was equipoised, and the paleness of his countenance, scrutinized by many anxious eyes, indicated the working of his thoughts as the present, the past, and the future, were successfully held up to view. But again the rich red mounted to his forehead, and higher and nobler views began to rise before him. The masonic Order, whose dignity of origin and nobleness of aim had so long been his song, was truly tottering to its base under the combined attacks of its enemies; how could he, the son, the grandson, the scion of a masonic ancestry,—how could he keep silence? How should he ever after dare raise his head among the wise and good, who lacked courage to speak a word for the right, when right was overborne by wrong. It could not be. The shades of his ancestors forbade it. Sweet memories of the past forbade it. Honor and fidelity forbade it; and all temptations vanished from his mind, even the form of his beloved faded before the effulgent light that for the instant enraptured his soul, FIDELITY TO THE ORDER.

He arose now, for the contest was ended. Instinctively, as if they had an intimation of his resolve, all arose at the same instant. With the dignity of a *man resolved*, and in brief words, "You have had my reply," and he advanced to Amanda, took her hand with a mournful look of farewell, and thus departed. The great act of his life's drama was ended. Well for all of us could we thus resolutely abide God's time, and *do the right.*

The next issue of the party sheet related the whole affair, with such exaggerations as tended to cast ridicule upon Geoffrey. It said, "the engagement of a certain whilom distinguished lawyer in this vicinity had been broken up; and said broken limb bids fair to be of trouble to its friends, as business fast follows character, and both will shortly be among the missing." Party hacks else-

where took up the cry; the world laughed at the witticism; even the little boys in the street, who had heard the tale, passed it from hand to hand, and more than once annoyed Geoffrey as he passed by, singing some doggerel verses maliciously composed in relation to the circumstance.

Geoffrey now deemed the cup of his affliction full. Nor did he refuse to drink it, bitter though it was; but with a moral heroism, not unfrequently imitated in those days that *tried men's souls*, he went manfully on his way, his heart uncrushed, his brow firm, and calmly bade defiance to scorn and contumely from traitors high or low. The cup was now *to be filled*. The debt to which we have alluded, fell into the hands of his staunch pursuers, and was pressed upon him without one hour's delay. By mortgaging his library and other personal effects, and a forced sale of his property, he was just enabled to satisfy this claim, when several others, individually small, but in the aggregate caused trouble, and which had been bought in for this purpose, were presented for immediate payment. The cruel scheme succeeded. His means were exhausted. A writ of attachment was at once procured, and before the brethren could even know of his distress, the walls of a debtor's prison held the body of him whose fidelity to the Order had marked him out as a prominent object of persecution.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

"I have been young, and now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."—*Book* 19.
"The days of your slaughter and of your dispersions are accomplished."—*Book* 24.

NEVER was that diabolical engine, imprisonment for debt, more unjustly applied than in the case of Geoffrey Weld. The law offered no means of escape save the payment of the debt, not even an oath of bankruptcy; the prison key was in effect held by the creditor, and when, as in the present instance, that creditor had sought the station, actuated solely by malicious views, a protracted

incarceration was the only aspect. Geoffrey knew all this, and he felt his heart sink within him as the hinges grated in the rear, and he took his way through that dismal aisle, so often trodden by him on errands of mercy or of business, and extended his wearied limbs on the debtor's bed.

Blighted hopes, uncertainties for the future, the loss of property and character, the distress of his friends,—all these thoughts, and the myriads that throng the mind with painful images in its hours of depression, weighed down his spirits; and could Macklin, and the anti-masonic band, who rejoiced, demon-like, at his downfall, have seen him as he lay in that darkened room, with his hands rigidly clasped above his burning forehead, or pressed upon his heaving breast, they had been more than human or they would have relented.

And it was not so much the number or weight of these trials; they could have been borne; yea, they have been borne by many a brave heart, and cast off at a convenient time like dew-drops from the lion's mane, if only *a state of action* had been allowed him. Could he but breathe the fresh air, and put his various talents into exercise; or could he apply those muscular limbs, lithe and hale with a temperate life, all the past might be forgotten, and going forth to some distant land, where the cry of his enemies could never reach him, he could commence a new career and carve out a name and fortune among the highest.

But here in this debtors' prison; with this narrow cell; with no associates but his own gloomy thoughts; here, with nothing to read, nothing to do, nothing to *think*, would not his mind turn in upon itself in his despair, and move him to some personal violence, or be thrown from its balance in a fierce struggle for resignation!

Already he imagined he could realize the incipient horrors that possessed the soul of that unfortunate wretch who, on the edge of insanity and under the pressure of calamity, had committed suicide in this very prison; yes, now he came to think of it, *in this very room!* He had

attended the inquest as a juror; and he well remembered how a hideous pool of blood had filled that hole by the window, and dared he examine the spot now, he should doubtless see the stain.

Shuddering, he turned his head to the wall, and a new train of ideas swept over him. One of his former clients who had committed murder, and whose trial had been for a long time protracted, so that public sentiment might be calmed concerning it, had occupied a cell in this prison. And lying here month after month, he had become deranged, a madman, mouthing and foaming, seeing sights and hearing sounds not of this earth.

Closing his eyes forcibly lest he should see something that would chill his blood, Geoffrey became sensible that an unusual heat was upon his face. Soon afterward, a burning thirst oppressed him, and after a while his mind wandered in the regions of delirium. Visions, but not of horror, he beheld; visions of well-known and well-beloved objects; emblems of architecture; symbols that spoke volumes; men robed in innocent white; processions of such. Where was he? Who gave that signal of authority? had not his own voice declared the Lodge closed? was not the charter rendered up? who dared thus in his absence to open it? * * * *

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Days and weeks rolled by, and Geoffrey lay still overwhelmed in the toils of brain fever. But there was no kind hand to wipe the damps from his stone-cold forehead, for not one of all the brethren who so gladly would have crowded to his relief, knew where he was. No confidential ear gathered in the mysterious words he uttered; for the jailer and his assistant, and the prison doctor, all three heavily bribed to keep his imprisonment secret, performed the duties of absolute necessity around him daily, and then closed the iron door against all intrusion. Sickness within, soon perhaps, to terminate in death; all among his friends without was consternation. No person had seen him conveyed to the jail; he had had no time to leave a

message, written or verbal; his illness followed closely upon his imprisonment, and no tidings had been furnished them by the venal jailer. The anti-masonic paper announced his disappearance in such ambiguous terms as to lead the public mind to suppose he had absconded to avoid his creditors. For humanity's sake we will suppose its editor was really as ignorant as he appeared.

The Masons of the place, while they loudly protested their belief in his innocence, in secret mourned doubtfully. They dispatched messengers to all the surrounding towns to make inquiries, examined the books of the hotels and steamboats, and left no means unemployed for his discovery; but all in vain; and after much time and money were thus expended, they dropped the search, and regarded the loss of their late master and brother as inscrutably mysterious.

But there was one, who, having remained still while others were active, aroused herself to energy when others ceased. This was Mary Bellingham, of whose character and disposition we have thus far said little; but who being awakened into new being by the danger of her friend, is now to appear in her true character. There are some females who, to a delicate form add such a masculine mind in the hour of difficulty, that we can almost find it in our hearts to regret their exclusion from the masonic order; of this sort was Mary. From the hour when Geoffrey had notified her that she had been for many years the child of the Lodge, an elemosynary upon its treasury, she had resolved within herself to remain no longer a burden to the craft.

Her first operations were secret, for she shrank from a public display of her plan until its fruits might appear. Among the varied feminine accomplishments that made up her education, she was remarkable for her proficiency in painting, an acquisition heretofore displayed in the albums and center-books of her friends, but now to be devoted to the more noble and glorious purpose of redeeming her protector. This she decided upon for trial,

and locking herself in the retirement of her own room, the resolute girl set herself to the task of painting a Botanic series of one hundred objects. By incessant application, denying herself to her most intimate acquaintances, and taking no exercise save an occasional stroll to the fields and woods for specimens, she was able in a few months to complete the set, and forwarded them at once to a friend in Philadelphia, for sale. The answer was expected on the very day that Geoffrey so inexplicably disappeared.

In common with his other friends, Mary indignantly repelled the charge that he had absconded, and accounted for his absence in many other ways. She felt assured that some accident had befallen him, and she so expressed herself. By dint of importunity, she forced the editor to publish a half-way retraction of his first notice, and inserted a card over her own hand, to the effect that Mr. Weld had left a considerable sum of money in her hands above the amount of masonic donations, and therefore no such calumny would stand; furthermore, she proposed to pay all legal claims that might be presented against him. So soon as the general mind had ceased to be agitated on the subject, and those who were sent out had returned from the north and the south, the east and the west, without tidings of the lost brother, her heart, still hopeful and elastic, she resolved to take up the search in person. She would unravel the mystery or die in the attempt. He should be found, or his body raised to light; or at least his name should be cleared of the foul charges, or Colmar should know her society no more.

The answer to her proposition for the sale of her pictures was highly encouraging. It was accompanied with a flattering letter of approval from one of the first artists of the city, and a remittance of two hundred dollars, together with an offer to purchase all she could execute, at the same rate. This put her in good funds, and what was still better, *in good heart*, and she could now commence her efforts to the best advantage.

Her mind had been early drawn to the conclusion, either that he had been murdered or taken seriously ill; and acting upon these suppositions, she visited the various farm-houses and villages in the vicinity, and made careful inquiry and rigid search both in person and through agents hired to assist her. A few weeks at this exhausted her means, but not her hopes; so returning to Colmar, she went to work to recruit her finances as before. The task had gone prosperously on, and she was looking forward to its speedy completion, when a happy incident spared her further search and led to an unexpected denouement.

Walking one evening, near twilight, in search of certain flowers that grew near the jail, she was startled by a voice from one of the windows that seemed familiar. She stopped and listened eagerly, then changed her position, throwing back her bonnet and exerting herself to catch the sound again, but in vain; all was still. It could not be a fancy, so approaching the jail door, she asked who was confined in that ward. The keeper, though he put on an air of indifference and boldly denied that the cell was occupied at all, could not avoid a something in his manner that satisfied Mary there was something to be concealed. She therefore returned the next morning with a female friend, and passed as a mere visitor around to the different apartments, looking in at every cell, as her custom was, giving a trifling donation to many and a kind word to all. The most rigid scrutiny, however, failed in bringing any facts to light that concerned the welfare of him in whose fate she was interested, and she was about turning off with the belief that the keeper's asseverations were true, when from a cell situated in a remote corner of the jail there came a plaintive sound that thrilled her heart. It was as if a sick person were complaining to himself in a low voice, and though it was almost inaudible, it could not be mistaken. This was instantaneous proof to Mary that some vile deception had been practiced upon her, yet she had self-possession to pass on as if she had not heard

it, and to return home with her companion, who was entirely uninformed as to the original motive of her visit.

Arrived at her room, she dispatched hasty notes to several of those who had been most active in the search for Geoffrey, and implored them to call upon her within the hour. She also, as a matter of precaution, placed one of her late agents near the door of the jail, to see that no person should be carried out without her knowledge; for from the course that had been taken with Geoffrey, she could not know what steps might be pursued if the object of her late visit were suspected.

The brethren delayed not for an instant in obeying her summons, although with great surprise, which was still further increased, when she told them what efforts she had made to discover the fate of their brother, and what strange developments had come to light through her exertions that morning. The party at once proceeded to the jail, and opposed the keeper's continued denial with so bold a front that he was compelled to acknowledge what was now so plainly brought to his view. But when all together proceeded to the debtor's ward, and the cell door was opened which exposed the unfortunate prisoner, emaciated by disease and want, and squalid for lack of due attention, every heart was shocked. Poor Mary could not bear the view; as he turned upon his miserable couch and cast a languid look upon them, moaning in that touching tone which betokens "a strong man in his agony," she fainted and was borne from the apartment. The strong heart that had sustained her amidst the toil and fatigue of her protracted efforts, was feminine now and gave way.

But the occasion permitted no delay on the part of the brotherhood. Summonses, were at once forwarded to all the craft in the vicinity, and ere midnight a sufficient sum was raised, not only to release the unfortunate brother from confinement, but to pay every existing claim against him, and to secure him from want for several months in advance; two enthusiastic craftsmen mortgaging their little patrimonies to effect the object.

This devotion in good sooth was not misplaced or unnecessary. Geoffrey was but a wreck. Body and mind, alike were prostrated. The brilliant powers which had excited the admiration of the leaders of the Circuit; the indomitable energy; the inexhaustible play of wit and repartee; the ready stores of learning acquired in years of reading and study, seemed departed forever. It was several months before he arose from his bed, although medical skill the most eminent, and friendly attention the most devoted, were bestowed upon him without stint; and when with slow step and pale face he walked out beneath the sun, it was observed that the jet black hair which formerly crowned his head *was quite gray*, *frosted prematurely* by the wrongs of his fellow men!

The friends of the ruined young lawyer instituted suits, both civil and criminal, against all parties concerned in these inhuman proceedings, creditor, jailer, and physician. Evidence of this collusion in guilt was produced sufficient in times of reason's reign to have convicted them of a high misdemeanor; but juries were under prejudice; the judge's charge was lukewarm and ungenerous, to say the least of it;* political bias swayed all minds, and so drowned the voice of justice, that in the criminal cases, though the grand jury readily found a true bill, the verdict was "not guilty;" in the civil suits judgment was rendered "one dollar damages and costs." The time of reason and justice had not yet come.

All through this period the war of extermination raged. Battalion after battalion wheeled into line, through the length and the breadth of the land. Parties merged names and organizations into one, and styled it the *anti-masonic*. Masonic Lodges, by scores and hundreds, went down before the torrent, and were swept away; in the State of New York alone, upward of four hundred Lodges, or two-thirds the entire strength of the craft,

* We are prepared to hear the remaining members of that defunct party deny this, and are equally prepared to prove its truth. Yea, and if they will listen, they shall hear harder things than these, before our series is complete.

became extinct. Presses lied, orators foamed at the mouth and roared like lions or hissed like serpents, as strength or cunning prevailed. Pot-house politicians gnashed their teeth as honest men passed by, and swore their overthrow. Would-be literati wrote imposing books with a range of titles from "Letters on Masonry," dedicated to some distinguished man, to "Destruction to Masonry," dedicated to nobody at all. Still the men of peace held silence, or whispered "Masonry bides her time, dear friends, and God reigns yet."

Here will be the best place we shall find to insert a remark that we cannot well omit in this tale, although we propose to amplify it in a subsequent volume of the series. It will be a matter of surprise to some, and of indignation to a few, that this ancient Order of Freemasons having strength and ability of her own, did not *strike back*. What was there in all the malice of an Adams, a Stone, a Grainger, a Merrick, or a Seward, that could overthrow the structure sustained by a Clinton, a Chandler, a Dallas, a Lafayette, a Jackson *living*, or a Washington, a Franklin, and a myriad of such, *dead?* The answer lies in those principles, overlooked by all who have attempted to write the history of those eventful times, that "the servant of God must not strive," and "I say unto you that you resist not evil." The moment Freemasonry should take the sword and spear, and oppose the torrent of her foes persecuting her, that moment she would cease to be Freemasonry. In all history, written or unwritten, in all experience recorded or unrecorded, no example is given of Masons, *as Masons*, turning upon their oppressors. Therefore, in the gloomy times in which our tale runs, there could be no such thing as *a Masonic party*, and when the enemy who hoped to build themselves a party on her ruins, besieged her city, the brothers *fled to the mountain* and left all things to her foes.

Mary Bellingham had devoted herself with untiring assiduity to the care of her sick friend. The first dawnings of recovered intellect had revealed to him his patient

watcher, ready by night or day, to attend his smallest wishes, never fatigued, never out of patience, never without a hopeful word of recovery, though the bloom of her cheeks had departed, and her bright eye had become languid with the exertion. And when he had gained sufficient strength to sit part of the day in his chair, she was ever at his side, reading from her favorite authors, or singing some spirited air, or creating with the magic of her pencil, fairy forms that even now glow from the walls of the finest parlors of Philadelphia, prized as their first adornments since the history of their production has become known.

Then, with the true heart of woman, she kindled up his soul with words of the future, showing him that from time's records how no combinations of bad men had ever stood only so long as it had pleased God to try the faith of his people; how "the men of Belial" gave present evidence, in their own backbitings and slanderous charges against each other, that the tower they were erecting, would be unfinished at the "confusion of tongues," even now at hand; and how God had plainly reserved him, Geoffrey, for some inscrutable purpose which would enable him to triumph yet over his opposers. And Geoffrey listened with moistened eye as his grateful heart acknowledged the reasonableness of the arguments and the warmth of the encouragement she afforded him.

Matters thus continued, until his bodily strength enabled him to look forward to some reputable business that should place it in his power, not only to maintain himself, but also to return the large and generous donations that his brethren had bestowed upon him. In this he had the true spirit of a brother; further proved by the fact, that when the Grand Lodge of the State, hearing of his misfortune and its origin, forwarded to him a handsome donation, he gratefully returned it, accepting only the large measure of condolence and sympathy that had accompanied it.

It was not long until he found employment suited to

his partially restored strength, and the close of the year, a year that had opened with prospects brilliant as the summer's sun in June, witnessed his settlement in a country location, at the head of a school, supported mainly by a wealthy Freemason who had determined that Geoffrey should locate near him.

But Geoffrey did not leave Colmar as a single man. Our fair readers have quite anticipated this part of our tale, and have already learned that the devoted attentions of Miss Bellingham, through so trying a period, needed no set-off of beauty or talents to win a heart which, like Geoffrey's, was peculiarly susceptible to emotions of gratitude; and when with the flattering voice of a true-hearted lover, he offered her a share in his ill-health and broken fortunes, the lovely woman made no hesitation to say, "thine, and thine forever." And they were married the evening before their departure to their new home. It is true that they required no marriage settlements; and no long line of congratulating friends followed them; yet as they joined their hands for a life-long grip, there were a few companions, kindred by mystic ties, united to them by the memory of trials past, who, with glad voices, bade them be happy, and followed up the clergyman's benediction with a hearty "so mote it be."

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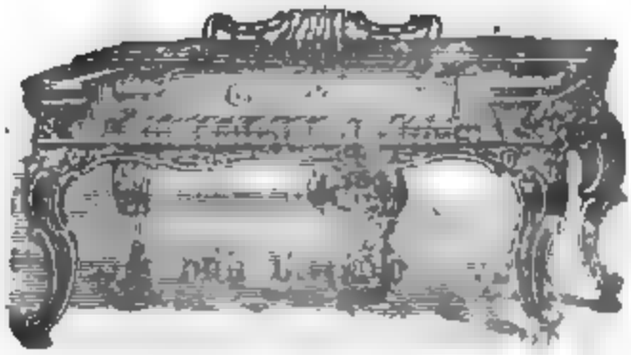

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Louisville May 20, 1850. E. W. SEHON. E. STEVENSON.

From Doctor L. P. YANDELL, Professor of Chemistry in the Louisville Medical College.

"I have looked over the list of ingredients composing John Bull's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla, and have no hesitation in saying that they form a safe compound, and one that promises well to chronic diseases, to which it is applicable."

Louisville, June 6, 1848. L. P. YANDELL, M. D.

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Louisville, March 20, 1849. M. PYLES, M. D.

Resident Physician at the Louisville Marine Hospital.

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Cancer.—I can cure the pure, open, eating Cancer, in all its forms and complications, and all the Cancer family, wherever located and of whatever length of standing ; provided the constitutional powers are not gone or giving way. My method is to kill them off, root and branch, and so medicate the system as to free the constitution from every vestige of cancerous contamination, so that there will be no danger of its ever breaking out again in the same, or any other place. I will specify some of the locations for cancer, viz :

CANCER OF THE WOMB.—This is certainly a curable disease, and admits of appropriate treatment for its cure. Hundreds of females are laboring under chronic uterine diseases, which, if not cured, are liable to run into this hither to fatal disease, cancer of the womb. The treatment, in these cases, is free from pain or danger.

CANCER OF THE EYE AND EYE-LIDS,—These locatians for cancer are certainly very dangerous and remarkably difficult to cure, without destroying the eye itself. I seldom or never interfere with the sight of the eye by my operations for cancer in this part, but preserve the integrity of the eye unimpaired, provided the sight has not already been injured.

CANCERS OF THE FEMALE BREAST, may all be cured although they are in an ulcerated condition.

The removal of this organ by the knife never cures the constitutional cancer, but leaves its roots severed, to become so many more additional cancers—pain irritation and hectic fever, together with the ravages of the cancer animalculæ, send the unfortunate sufferer to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." The disease being constitutional, has to be treated both by local and general remedies.

CANCER OF THE FACE, Nose, Lips, Chin, Mouth, Tongue, Cheek, Neck, Head or Forehead, Shoulders, Back, Breast, or Extremities, or any other particular part or location, are all curable—it matters but little to what size they may any of them have attained.

CANCERS OF THE BONES, called *osteo sarcoma*, &c., wherever located, are also curable.

All persons who want the benefit of my practice in cancer cases, must consult me in person,

Scrofula.—This disease, often called *King's Evil*, and a great variety of names by authors, according to its location, has been a scourge to the afflicted, and a withering reproach to the healing art for ages past, but has at last been compelled to yield to the sovereign power of skilful and well-directed medication.

I cure every curable case of this disease, whether in its ulcerated stage or not, and remove the scrofulous tumefactions, wherever located.

Carbuncles.—These troublesome, and often fatal affections, are in a large majority of cases curable.

White Swellings.—The true white swelling is always scrofulous—frequently affecting the joints and bones—often runs on for years, producing stiff joints, hectic fever and a lingering death or suffering and miserable life.

The treatment in these cases is both local and constitutional, free from pain or danger.

Chronic Rheumatism.—This disease has often a very extensive influence ranging over the entire system, rendering every joint stiff and immoveable, and confined to the muscles merely, notwithstanding the pains may be very great, it can be perfectly cured. Those joints which have become stiff by this disease, may be rendered limber and suple, provided a bony formation has not produced anchylosis.

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Bladder.—Diseases of this organ, where functional, I cure with certainty and safety ; but where the disease depends upon the presence of calculi (stone) in the bladder, it is incurable without an operation.

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Heart.—Many affections of this organ are curable.

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