

THE

MASONIC MISCELLANY

AND

LADIES' LITERARY

MAGAZINE.

A PERIODICAL PUBLICATION

Devoted to Masonic and General Literature.



VOLUME I.

FROM JULY 1821, TO JUNE 1822, INCLUSIVE.

LEXINGTON, KY.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

WILLIAM GIBBES HUNT.

1822.

Soc 65 13.10

$\frac{2110}{14}$

1860. June 14,

Care of

Rev. John B. W. Ware
of Cambridge.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

MASONIC.

Address to a Senior Warden	- - -	376
Address to Freemasons in general	- - -	381
Abiman Rezon	- - -	340
Amos' Masonic Oration, extracts from	- - -	445
Ancient York Masonry	- - -	121, 201
Attack upon Masonry	- - -	452
Atwater's Masonic Oration, at Circleville, Ohio	- - -	241
Atwell's Oration, at Providence, R. I. extracts from	- - -	371
Brief Charge to the Chapter at Winchester, Ky.	- - -	290
Celebration at Columbia, South Carolina	- - -	456
Cloud's Masonic Sermon	- - -	321
Cincinnati Lodges, Resolutions of	250, 408,	413
Communication from Cincinnati	- - -	327, 413
Connecticut, Resolution of the Grand Chapter of	- - -	294
Constitution of the Masonic Missionary Society at Louisville	- - -	417
Cook's Oration at Sandusky, Ohio, Extracts from	- - -	257
Cross's Templar's Chart	- - -	337
Dalcho's Elegant Apology to the Ladies	- - -	256
Dalcho's Masonic Sermon, Extracts from	- - -	297
Defence of Free Masonry	- - -	453
Dedicatory Ode, by a young Lady	- - -	218
Demitted Masons, Rights of	- - -	330
Description of Free Masonry	- - -	420
Epitaph on a Free Mason, near Bagdad	- - -	118
Error Corrected	- - -	255
Expulsions, on the mode of publishing	98, 176,	255
Free masonry in Tennessee, History of	- - -	96
-----South Carolina, History of	- - -	161
-----New-Hampshire, History of	- - -	210
Friendship	- - -	335
Grand Chapter of Connecticut, proceedings of	- - -	294
-----Virginia, proceedings of	- - -	292
Hints, Valuable	- - -	375
Importance of disseminating correct masonic information	- - -	134
Intelligence, Masonic,	38, 78, 120, 159, 199, 240, 278, 317,	358, 400, 440, 480
Introductory Remarks	- - -	1
Jenkins' Masonic Address at Lexington	- - -	41
Lectures at the conferring of degrees	- - -	380
Letter from the Grand High Priest of Virginia	- - -	292
Lodges under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of S. Carolina	- - -	175
Mark Lodges	- - -	214

IV.

CONTENTS.

Masonic Duties	- - - - -	181
Masonic Lecturer	- - - - -	5, 92, 215
Masonic Prayer, by Dr. W. Smith	- - - - -	141
Masonic Precept	- - - - -	142
Masonic Science, an Extract	: : : : :	300
Masonry and Religion	: : : : :	8, 50
Masonry in South Carolina	: : : : :	58
Mead's Address, at Natchez	: : : : :	206
National Grand Lodge;	: : : : :	378, 418, 441.
Odes, Masonic	: : : : :	119, 218, 219, 336, 451
Origin and Progress of Masonry	: : : : :	401
Osgood's Sermon, Extract from	: : : : :	140
Palestine Masonic Missionary Society	: : : : :	416
Power's Oration, Extracts from	: : : : :	138, 177
Pittsburgh Synod, Report of a committee of	: : : : :	9
Protest of the Lodges at Pittsburgh	: : : : :	51
Richards' Oration at New London, Con. Extracts from	: : : : :	401
Rights of Demitted Masons	: : : : :	336
Rights of Lodges	: : : : :	56, 409
Rights of Visitors	: : : : :	16
Royal Friendship Society	: : : : :	449
Secrecy, Reasons for Masonic,	: : : : :	419
Song, Masonic	: : : : :	18
Vinton, David, Proceedings relative to	: : : : :	291
Ward's Sermon at Cynthiana,	: : : : :	81
Washington Lodge, Georgia, Communication from	: : : : :	295
Willard's Sermon at Richmond, Virginia	: : : : :	281
Yates' Oration, at Schenectady, New York	: : : : :	361

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Acrostic, to a young lady, sick	: : : : :	355
Advice to the Fair Sex	: : : : :	158
Advice to Wives	: : : : :	236
Affecting Anecdote of a Guahiba woman	: : : : :	192
Anecdote of Dr. Smollet	: : : : :	73
Anecdote of a girl romantically in love	: : : : :	114
Anecdote of Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden	: : : : :	107
Anecdote, Ludicrous	: : : : :	24
Answer to an Enigma	: : : : :	198
Apology for female loquacity	: : : : :	35
Beauty without Merit	: : : : :	111
Buried Alive	: : : : :	312
Can't please the ladies	: : : : :	29
Charades	: : : : :	57
Clerical Anecdote	: : : : :	477
Contemporary Female Genius	: : : : :	155

CONTENTS.

v.

Coral Grove	:	:	:	:	430
Cruel Sport	:	:	:	:	474
Cypress Crown, a tale	:	:	:	61, 100,	143
Devil Outwitted	:	:	:	:	31
Dignity of Deportment	:	:	:	:	115
Dissipation	:	:	:	:	399
Dreams	:	:	:	:	398
Earl of Leicester	:	:	:	:	274
English High Life, Specimens of	:	:	:	:	430
Enigma	:	:	:	:	117
Exile's Dream	:	:	:	:	76
Farm House, a Village Tale	:	:	:	:	301
Female Academy in Lexington	:	:	:	:	74 70
Female Cowardice	:	:	:	:	384
Female Dress	:	:	:	:	154
Female Pleading	:	:	:	:	471
Female Society in India	:	:	:	:	148
Fire side	:	:	:	:	196
Force of filial affection	:	:	:	:	268
Fragment found in a skeleton case	:	:	:	:	356
Frivola, History of	:	:	:	:	22
Fortunes of Nigil, a Novel by the author of Waverley	:	:	:	:	476
Gaudenzio di Lucca, Memoirs of	:	:	:	:	464
German Precept	:	:	:	:	315
Golden Mean	:	:	:	:	71
Graceful Deportment	:	:	:	:	115
Graves of the Forest, a Village Tale	:	:	:	:	266
Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden	:	:	:	:	107
Hymn to Hope	:	:	:	:	36
Improbable, yet true	:	:	:	:	472
Impromptu, by a lady.	:	:	:	:	356
Insensibility, lines on	:	:	:	:	237
Introductory Remarks	:	:	:	:	21
Lawyer, The	:	:	:	:	237
Letters from Tennessee	:	:	:	185, 221, 261,	349
Lexington Female Academy	:	:	:	:	74 70
Lines, written on the banks of the Wabash	:	:	:	:	398
Lines addressed to Julia	:	:	:	:	198
Literary Memoranda	:	:	:	:	354
Louis XI, and the Prior of Cosmo	:	:	:	:	304
Ludicrous Anecdote	:	:	:	:	24
Matrimonial Happiness	:	:	:	:	151
Mimic Mortified	:	:	:	:	117
Mistake Rectified	:	:	:	:	469
Modern Attorney, History of	:	:	:	352, 382, 421,	461
Mother to her daughter, going to be married	:	:	:	:	30
Music, lines on	:	:	:	:	158

VI.

CONTENTS.

Notice to Correspondents	:	:	:	360
No woman without her value	:	:	:	22
Ode to Honor	:	:	:	478
Ode to Spring	:	:	:	355
Ode to Winter	:	:	:	276
Old Bachelors	:	:	:	182
Pirate, a novel by the author of Waverley	:	:	:	341
Prudent Judge	:	:	:	69
Recollections of a Soldier's Daughter	:	:	:	306
Retort Courteous	:	:	:	357
Russian People	:	:	:	428
Singular Clients	:	:	:	475
Smiles of the Fair	:	:	:	197
Songs	:	:	:	275, 316
Sonnet	:	:	:	275
Spy, an American Novel	:	:	:	393, 424
Superstitions Credulity, instance of	:	:	:	189
Sweets of a home	:	:	:	195
Tattling and Tale-Bearing	:	:	:	27
Tyrol Wanderer	:	:	:	224
Valerius, a Roman Story	:	:	:	231
Youth's Anticipation.	:	:	:	238

0
2
8
15
6
12
1
19
6
7
8
5
7
6
5
1
1

THE
MASONIC MISCELLANY

AND

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1821.

No. 3.

A SERMON

Delivered before the brethren of St. Andrew's Lodge No 17, at Cynthiana Ky on the 25th of June 1821, being the anniversary of St. John the Baptist; by the Rev. JOHN WARD, of the Episcopal Church.

(Published at the request of the Lodge.)

LUKE, CHAP. 3D, 5TH VERSE.

“Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth.”

I STAND before you, my respected brethren, impressed with a due sense of my inability to satisfy the laudable wishes and solicitous expectations of the members of a society, venerable from its antiquity, highly respectable from its accumulated mass of general intelligence, and peculiarly interesting to the enlightened, the candid, and the humane, from the elevated sentiments and principles which it maintains and exemplifies, to the divine glory, the honour of our privileged nature, and the melioration of human sufferings.

Of those secret springs, which produce such noble and beneficial results, in whatever part of our habitable globe masons are to be found, I am entirely ignorant. The beauty and significance of the various emblems which distinguish your order from all others, which exalt your feelings and sentiments in view of the Grand Architect of the universe, I am unqualified to describe. Hence much of the interest, usually taken by those, who have been accustomed to investigate, to ponder, and admire, must be

the present occasion be lost. But, notwithstanding the manifest disadvantages under which I appear before you, it is a source of much confidence and satisfaction, that whatever may be my deficiency, that mantle of charity, that "clothing of wrought gold," which you keep in constant readiness, which you so highly value, and so often employ, will be promptly laid upon the defects and errors of my present address. In building the temple of masonry, the solid fabric of virtue, which is the ornament and happiness of moral beings, you not only have proper materials furnished to your hands, but, also, skill derived from the intelligent, the laborious, and the experienced, to put them together for comeliness, grandeur, and permanency. You have apprentices to hew and to smooth. You have Masters to square, to polish, to arrange, till the work is brought to perfection. As you have not a master of your craft to aid your contemplations at this time, suffer one, who is responsibly engaged in the momentous work of adorning temples to the honor of him whom you reverence and adore, even temples for the residence of the immaculate spirit to inhabit forever, to bespeak your serious and candid attention to a number of observations, which he believes of vital importance to all in this house, whether they are members of the masonic fraternity, or whether, through the consecrated way, they are earnestly seeking for glory, honor, and immortal felicity, in that celestial city, "which has foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

Masons as such, and as disciples of Christ Jesus the Saviour of the world, unite this day, with a large portion of Christendom, in commemorating the nativity and exemplary life of John the Baptist, who was ordained, by the wisdom of providence, to precede and make ready the way, by the preaching of repentance, for the ministry of our incarnate and adorable Saviour, who, for us men and our salvation, emptied himself of his essential glory, submitted to the deepest humiliation, and offered his precious life a vicarious sacrifice upon the painful, the ignominious tree.

The conception of St. John was truly wonderful. It remarkably evinced to the astonished few, what the celestial messenger declared to the mother of our Lord, "that nothing is impossible with God." It demonstrated to the world, that he, who works according to the adorable counsels of his own will, can make

the laws of nature yield to his sovereign mandate, and aid in the accomplishment of his blessed purposes of love and mercy to men.

Sanctified, and separated from the womb, to become a burning and a shining light to many, who sat in darkness and in the shadow of spiritual death, He, whose words are faithful and true, declared that, "among them who are born of women, there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist."

Under antecedent dispensations, many eminent persons had appeared, successively, to instruct, enlighten, and reform mankind; but, at the opening of the evangelical dispensation, the grace of God was more abundantly imparted to the ministers of his paternal goodness.

In dignity of office and in spiritual discernment, the Baptist stood far before the Patriarchs and Prophets. It had been the anxious desire of those privileged persons, who saw the promises at a distance, to see and hear those things, of which now, in the fullness of time, the forerunner of our incarnate Redeemer was the astonished witness. But this could not be granted them, consistently with that mysterious plan of heaven into which the glorious intelligences of its sublime courts desire to look, but cannot pry.

They pointed to him as an object at a distance, and of uncertain approach, but he, knowing that Immanuel was present upon the theatre of his stupendous exertions, pointed the public to him, with the emphatic exclamation, "behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." With sufficient reason, my brethren, might those, who witnessed the wonders which attended the birth of him, whose holy and exemplary life we this day commemorate, say to each other in the language of astonishment, "Behold what manner of child shall this be?" He was indeed a peculiar child; and he was a wonderful man! He was destined, sent, and upheld by an irresistible arm, to announce the rising of the Sun of Righteousness with healing in his wings, upon a blind, a wayward, and a perishing race of accountable beings. In holy contemplations,—in abstinence from those unsubstantial gratifications which charm, delight, and captivate all sexes, and ages, and conditions,—the appointed messenger of heaven's unconquerable beneficence to our unworthy race passed his days,

till the period of his manifestation unto Israel. His raiment was of camel's hair, coarse and uncomely, and his customary food was locusts and wild honey, such as luxury loathes. Pure was his life: devout and holy were his daily contemplations. He surveyed the stupendous works of the Creator around him, with a master's eye, and admired the skill of the Infinite Architect. But principally, and with all the assembled powers of his mind, he contemplated that spiritual work, about to commence with more full and perfect manifestation, under the care and agency of him, who came to create the moral world anew. He viewed the mighty fabric of our redemption, in its height and depth, and length and breadth, as resting upon a corner stone, elect and precious; as composed of materials transcendentally beautiful and imperishable. He knew that the material system, so expansive, so complicated, so perfect in all its parts, would one day be dissolved and fall into ruins, while the system of grace, the spiritual work of omnipotent love, would remain forever, splendid and ineffably glorious.

The contemplations of this wonderful man upon the prospect of his earthly pilgrimage, could present nothing to a mind, less devoted and sincere, but trials and sufferings. He was obliged to address himself to a generation luxurious and effeminate, puffed up with spiritual pride—bigotted and hypocritical, utterly averse to penitence and the virtues of a regenerate life. When he entered upon the arduous duties of his sacred office, there were none of those things, which usually animate to popular eloquence. There were no plaudits of a learned and honourable audience to excite ambition. In the wilderness, or thinly inhabited country, by the side of a bubbling stream, did this holy man address himself, in earnest and solemn exhortation, to those whom, either a sense of their demerits in the sight of heaven, or eager curiosity, had brought together. He called upon them, without exception, to flee from the wrath to come, by doing works meet for repentance. Of those who manifested contrition, on account of their past transgressions, he required submission to the significant rite of baptism, by which they made a public acknowledgement of their need of spiritual washing. Our time

will not allow me to mention all the particulars of the baptist's preaching and doctrine.

In no instance did he preach himself, or seek his own glory. There was one at hand, whose way he was sent to prepare, before whom he felt himself as a servant. When his Master appeared, though meek and lowly in heart and demeanour, the Baptist knew him, and, by a divine impulse, exclaimed to the surrounding multitude, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." As if he had declared, I am nothing but an imperfect mortal, who declare unto you the spiritual truths, which have been committed to me for your instruction in righteousness; but behold, before you, the true paschal Lamb, the propitiatory sacrifice, which alone can remove the guilt and penalty of sin.

From the time that our blessed Lord attended upon the preaching of his faithful delegate, the Baptist persevered in declaring his own inferiority, and assured the people of his utter unworthiness, even to perform for him the most menial service. Filled and impressed with this becoming humility, and convinced that his temporary fame, as an inspired teacher of righteousness, would be lost in the blaze of a more perfect light, this excellent instrument of good to immortal souls, modestly retired from public view to meet with patient resignation the bitter persecutions which awaited him. When occasion offered and duty required him to speak the words of truth and soberness, he promptly stood forth, uninfluenced by greatness, and unawed by power. He proclaimed the impending and tremendous wrath of heaven against those, who, elevated to rank and authority, dared to violate its sacred will. For this dauntless and unwavering fidelity he was cast into prison by the injustice of persons, who, so far from being offended at his message, ought to have trembled for their souls, and repented in sackcloth and ashes.

Thus restrained from addressing himself to the multitude, who regarded him as a prophet of the Most High, the holy man possessed his soul in patience, and supported himself by the reflection that the most glorious and triumphant effects would result from the ministry of that unrivalled Teacher, before whom he had been sent to prepare the way. How would his privations

and afflictions be alleviated, in view of that glory to God and good will to men, which would result from the benevolent exertions of the glorious Prince of salvation? Upon this "God with us," the eye of his mind was constantly fixed! To his unrivalled dignity, power, and grace, he gave daily and ample testimony from the gloomy and solitary abode of his confinement. Then true to the noble, but arduous cause which he had espoused, and looking for that final enlargement, which leaves the immortal spirit free to range in the boundless domains of a blessed eternity, the holy Baptist, the prisoner of Jesus Christ, calmly waited for the bloody catastrophe, which was to terminate his labours and his woes. The catastrophe did not linger. Wounded pride and stubborn guilt, fostered by deceitful pleasure the bane of human honor and repose, clamoured with restless importunity for the lingering moment of ample vengeance. An intelligent and well informed audience must be acquainted with the circumstances of that disgraceful scene, which led precipitately to the death of an excellent and innocent man.

But he fell in a good cause, lamented and honoured by all who knew his worth. I am not surprised, my brethren, that you, of the masonic fraternity, who profess to admire sublimity in character, as well as in the works of nature, providence, and grace, should commemorate the virtues of a man, who exhibited so many finished patterns, for the imitation and benefit of your sublime order. The aims of genuine masons, according to their own declarations, are elevated and worthy of the distinguished faculties with which the wise and beneficent Creator hath endowed his rational children. Truth is their search, that perfect and eternal principle, which "warms the soul and fits it for the skies." But how do they profess to seek this precious jewel? Is it by the languid, desultory effort, that they expect to secure a prize so inestimable? Far from it. The significant emblems of your profession, if they convey any appropriate meaning to those who are ignorant of many things which belong to your ancient art, evince, to the full satisfaction of the candid mind, that after you have, by diligent labour, procured the proper materials for erecting the temple of truth and of virtue, you are convinced, that the structure can neither advance nor be brought

to perfection, without the exercise of temperance, of skill, of persevering and laborious exertion. The compass and the square, the hammer and the trowel, are emblems of intelligence, of rectitude, of temperance, and of industry. They are useless, unless properly employed. To animate and guide your endeavours in the laudable and beneficial object of improving your talents, you have wisely selected John Baptist, as one pattern for your imitation. He was sincere, ardent, serious, bold, temperate, and industrious. No difficulties discouraged,—no dangers appalled him! That effeminacy of mind, which yields to the claims of inglorious ease, he promptly spurned. With the hammer of truth, he beat off the excrescences of vice—by the square of rectitude, he shaped the materials, and with the trowel of industry he laid on the cement of charity, and thus completed an edifice beautiful and imperishable.

For a few minutes let us cease our reflections upon the exemplary virtues of the holy person, whose nativity supplies an interesting subject for this day's contemplation, not only to the members of the masonic fraternity, but also to a multitude of people, whose language and customs essentially differ, but who follow as their only hope of salvation, the banners of the cross of Christ Jesus our Lord and Saviour. Let us, leaving virtues which we mutually admire, attend to the import of those memorable words, which I have placed at the head of a discourse, that must necessarily fall short, in interest, of those which you have been accustomed to hear from the initiated in the mysteries of your art. "Every valley shall be filled; and every mountain and hill shall be brought low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth." This, as you doubtless recollect, was originally uttered by the evangelical prophet Isaiah, as a prediction of the advent of the Messiah, and of the blessed consequence of his divine ministry on earth. In the person of John Baptist we have a precursor of our Lord, to prepare the way for his heavenly instructions. When oriental monarchs determined to visit any province of their domains it was customary with them, to send a sufficient number of proper persons to make their passage not only practicable, but also easy and pleasant. They levelled the way by lowering hills, filling

up vallies, cutting down trees, and removing every other impediment to the retinue of their sovereign. Thus also, in a spiritual acceptation, was John destined to go before the Prince of salvation, the Lord of life and glory. It was his peculiar office, to remove from the minds of men, by the preaching of repentance, or reformation of heart and life, every obstacle to their acceptance of the gospel of God. How far he effected this great purpose, you may judge from the result of his earnest appeals to many and diverse characters, who flocked around him, under a deep conviction of their guilt, and a restless anxiety concerning their immortal welfare.

Those who are acquainted with the history of our holy religion, must be convinced of its transforming efficacy. They must see that it is powerful in casting down the vain imaginations of the human mind, in subduing the rebellious passions of the human heart, and in restraining the obliquities of the human will. The gospel claims to be the power of God unto salvation, unto all who believe and obey it. Its energy is displayed in the transformation of that heart and life, which were corrupt and wayward, in love with vanity; "deceiving and being deceived." It produces a radical and total change in the whole man, elevating his views and desires and hopes, above terrestrial objects, and fixing them upon heavenly things. Such is the efficacy of the religion which the baptist partially taught, and which the incarnate Saviour fully unfolded to the sons of men. It levels the pride of man with the dust; corrects the crooked devices of the carnal heart, and smooths the rugged way of man's probation. Brethren, it would be a delinquency of responsible duty, were I not, upon this interesting occasion, to declare my full and unwavering conviction, that the principles of masonry however excellent and beneficial to mankind, are insufficient for the true and permanent happiness of those who possess them, if they exclude an entire dependence upon the blood of expiation, which was once offered in sacrifice upon the altar of the cross. In this inspired volume, which contains the words of "eternal life," it is declared, that "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," but that of Jesus Christ. This is a declaration perfectly accordant with many others from

the same high and unquestionable authority. "I am the way, and the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the father but by me." These also are words of an unerring Instructor, even Christ. He moreover says, "he that hath the Son, hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." You perceive, brethren, that something more is requisite to your future and eternal felicity, than the exercise of the benevolent affections of your nature. We are required to embrace the Saviour whom God hath appointed, and to receive salvation from him as a spontaneous and unmerited gift. We are required to obey all his commandments, in dependence upon his gracious assistance; and when we have done all in our power, in the way of obedience, we are to feel and acknowledge, that we are "unprofitable servants," destitute of any equitable claim to the happiness after which we pant. Could that saint, whose nativity and virtues we this day commemorate, address us from the seat of immortal glory, which we trust he has attained, he would, we doubt not, testify to this momentous doctrine, and urge us to receive it, as worthy of all acceptance. Such is its vital importance, that it would have been criminal in me, as an ambassador of a greater than John, had I kept it out of view upon the present occasion. During our Lord's ministry, he said to a young man of amiable dispositions, and exemplary morals, who also was pious, according to the light received, "thou art not far from the kingdom of God." He was, notwithstanding all his acknowledged excellencies of heart and life, obliged to receive the Lord Jesus Christ, as his only hope of pardon and salvation, in order to become a member of that church or kingdom, in which alone are the covenanted promises of eternal life.

I persuade myself that all whom I am allowed to address, are convinced of the serious moment which the scriptures attach to a doctrine, believed by many professed christians to be fundamental in the last and most glorious dispensation of grace, mercy, and truth to men. There are few, who, in seasons of sober reflection, when as connected with the view of an eventful futurity, they examine their hearts and lives, do not feel distrust concerning their meetness for the glory hereafter to be revealed. They dare not trust to their own righteousness. They dare not confide

their all, in those deeds of benevolence which they have performed to the relief of the necessitous. There appears a fearful void, which they are tremblingly conscious of their inability to supply. Here it is that the Saviour which God hath provided, appears in all the grace and fulness of his proper character as a complete and everlasting Deliverer. The soul spontaneously embraces him, as the only refuge, and rejoices in its escape from dire and impending ruin. To this dear refuge, let me prevail upon you all to hasten, if you have not done it already. Make Jesus your confidence, your "all in all." Let your labors and exertions be directed to the attainment of the "one thing needful." Love and cherish as brethren, not only those who are united with you by the ties of masonry, but those likewise, who have an equal interest with you in the merits and benefits of the great atonement. I am disinclined to believe that there are any present who are indisposed to acknowledge with gratitude of soul the inestimable advantages of the gracious dispensation which the holy baptist proclaimed, as the forerunner of him who came to "put away sin by the sacrifice of himself."

The principles of masonry are highly esteemed by those who understand them, because they are calculated to exalt their minds and their character, by leading to a rational contemplation upon the stupendous and perfect works of the Infinite Architect, and by stimulating to the exercise of benevolence towards their fellow men. I would observe to the honourable body, at whose desire I have gladly appeared upon this occasion, that I am not insensible of the very unfavourable light in which masons are regarded by many belonging to the various denominations of professing christians. I am aware that narrow and self-sufficient bigotry, were it clothed with power, would cast forth as a heathen man and publican, every one who should presume to join, or refuse to renounce all fellowship with your ancient and respectable brotherhood. You know that whatever zeal is manifested against your society is a zeal destitute of knowledge, and of that amiable quality which binds you together, and stamps the character of heaven upon your labours. Possessing as ample means of judging, as any person can have, who has not been admitted to membership in your association, and, I would

hope, as sincere concern for the truth, "as it is in Jesus," our common lord and master; I hesitate not to declare before this assembly, and before the Christian world, that I can discover no just cause for hostility to your order, on the part of those who name the name of the generous and benevolent saviour. You do not, it is true, make a full discovery of your principles, and the advantages of your art to the world at large, for then your society could no longer distinctively exist; but you do manifest the excellence of your principles by the most convincing proofs, by deeds of charity and brotherly love. You do not, for adequate reasons, admit females as members of your society, but you guard most sacredly the honor of lovely and interesting woman. You dry up the tears of the widow and the orphan, by extending the hand of benevolence and sympathy, when the means of support and consolation are withdrawn through the sad and painful bereavement. No proof has been given me, of any evils arising to general society, or to the morals of individuals, from the profession of masonry, while I am sure that much good has resulted to both from the same. When I reflect how many men of eminent abilities and undoubted piety have been connected with your society, from the time that their faculties were mature until called away to receive the reward of their labours in the temple above, as a disciple of the new commandment, I am bound to think favourably of your principles, and, from a heart solicitous for human happiness, to wish you God speed in all the beneficial labours of your craft. Go on therefore, with animation and persevering industry, in the noble business of your profession. Take the holy baptist for your pattern of sincerity, of courage, of fortitude, of concern in human happiness. Be firm, be stedfast, in that which is good. "Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity." Silence those, who are watchful in finding occasions of reproach against you, by the commanding dignity of your lives and conversation. But particularly, be careful, so to finish your probationary work that it may stand immoveable in the great day of final decision.

Mark out your way by the line of equity and truth. Cherish and follow that perfect canon of the best of instructors, "Do unto all men as you would have them do unto you." Your faculties are noble. Your talents are many. The eye of your final Judge is ever upon you; and magnificent scenes await you, beyond the limits of your mortal ken. O! ponder well the exalted privileges of your being, and exert yourselves in the race set before you. If you acquit yourselves to the satisfaction of him who demands your love, homage, and obedience, he will receive you to the bosom of his everlasting favor, and crown you with a diadem of glory. In the temple not made with hands, in the august courts of the living and true God, you will admire forever, and forever adore, the infinite skill displayed in the works of nature, providence, and grace. In harmonious and blissful concert with all who have here wrought faithfully after the pattern given by the Grand Master of the universe, you will rejoice and praise, world without end.—*AMEN.*



THE MASONIC LECTURER.

No. 2.

The unenlightened world is apt to imagine that the substance of masonry is nothing more than empty show, that lodges meet only for purposes of conviviality or childish amusement, and that intelligent and high minded men in all countries and ages have been so strangely infatuated as to join in a grand combination to deceive the rest of the world. Unfortunately too, the ignorance and misconduct of many of the fraternity, and the bad management of some lodges, are but too well calculated to confirm this erroneous impression. The mere glitter of the external dress, the splendor of the paraphernalia, the grandeur and sublimity of the forms and ceremonies of masonry, so strike upon the senses and arrest the attention of the superficial and inconsiderate observer, that he looks no further, but regardless of the allusions which constitute their real value, directs his attention to the external decorations and mysterious rites, rather than to the soul and spirit of the order. This unhappy propensity, so prevalent

among mankind, to please the senses rather than to enlighten the mind, has led to the neglect, so much to be lamented, of the beautiful and instructive lectures in the several degrees. In many lodges the practice has been so general and long continued, of omitting their rehearsal altogether, that they are actually unknown to the best informed among the members, and when introduced by a stranger, are considered as innovations. In many parts of the western country, not a mason can be found, able to rehearse an entire lecture in either degree, and the most enlightened Past Master cannot tell to what the description of the three sections of the first lecture, as contained in the *Book of Constitutions*, was intended to apply. Perfectly well do I recollect the interest, with which, when I first entered the vestibule of the lodge, I referred to the *Book of Constitutions* for instruction, the pleasure I felt in perusing its description of the lectures, and the disappointment I experienced, when, on application to the Master of the Lodge, by whom I was initiated, for an explanation of its allusions and a recital of the first lecture, I found that he understood it little better than myself. Precisely similar, I have no doubt, must be the feelings of every inquisitive entered apprentice; who passes through the ceremonies of initiation without receiving a full lecture. Many an enlightened and honorable man, who has been allured to the Lodge by a knowledge of the characters of its inmates, and whose expectations have been, perhaps extravagantly, raised, has retired disappointed and disaffected, merely for want of the beautiful and satisfactory explanations contained in the first lecture. How different would have been the result, had his attention been properly directed to the useful lessons intended to be inculcated, to the singular appropriateness of the allusions, to the strong and impressive reasons for every step in the ceremony, and to the facts and circumstances upon which it was founded! I cannot therefore withhold the renewed expression of my hope, that the lectures will no longer be neglected, but that the friends of masonry will be aroused from their lethargy, and inspired with an ardent zeal to give to the order its genuine importance, and to render it, as it was intended to be, the school of science, the abode of virtue, and the vestibule of Heaven.

With the first section of the first lecture scarcely any mason is suffered to remain long unacquainted. In some form or other, he is substantially taught it, and is required, in almost every lodge, to make himself familiar with it. "It consists," as we are correctly told in the Book of Constitutions, "of general heads, which though short and simple, carry weight with them. They not only serve as marks of distinction, but communicate useful and interesting knowledge when they are duly investigated. They qualify us to try and examine the rights of others to our privileges, while they prove ourselves; and as they induce us to enquire more minutely into *other particulars of greater importance*, they serve as an introduction to subjects *more amply explained* in the following sections." While therefore I admit the value and essential importance of the first section, I am compelled to regard as still more valuable and important those which succeed it.

The second section "maintains, beyond the power of contradiction, the propriety of our rites, while it demonstrates to the most skeptical and hesitating mind their excellency and utility." The allusion to the manner in which Solomon's temple was erected, "without the assistance of an axe, hammer, or other metallic tool;" the notice of an ancient Israelitish custom, long revered by the craft; the reasons assigned for the darkness which obscures the first step of the mason; the happy reference to the consolatory three-fold promise given by our Saviour in the gospel; and the impressive manner in which piety and devotion are called to the aid of the initiate, cannot fail to rivet the attention, and to satisfy the curiosity of the intelligent and inquisitive entered apprentice. In fine, every clause in this interesting section is fraught with the most appropriate and useful instruction, and tends to confirm the truth of the assertion, that "every character, figure, and emblem, depicted in a lodge, has a moral tendency, and inculcates the practice of virtue."

The third section, though less important than the second, should certainly be familiar to every mason. The information it contains, relative to the form, supports, covering, furniture, ornaments, lights, jewels, proper situation &c. of a lodge, cannot with propriety be neglected by any one, who aspires to a place, however humble, within the confines of the order. Those truly

masonic virtues, BROTHERLY LOVE, RELIEF and TRUTH, are also inculcated with peculiar force, and the entered apprentice is directed to practice them, not with languor and reluctance, but with the utmost *freedom, fervency, and zeal*. This section "strengthens those which precede it, and enforces, in a most engaging manner, a due regard to character and behaviour in public, as well as in private life; in the lodge, as well as in the general commerce of society."

The CHARGE delivered at initiation is contained at full length in the Book of Constitutions, and deserves not only to be frequently read, and diligently studied, but to be carefully committed to memory, and to be made the rule and guide of the *practice* of every mason. It embraces, within a narrow compass, a comprehensive view of our duties and obligations. It points out the course we should pursue, in relation to our maker, our neighbours, and ourselves; inculcates piety towards God, charity to our fellow men, and temperance in the indulgence of our appetites and passions. It enforces our duties as citizens, and as masons, and urges us to the strictest regard of the laws of genuine honor and integrity, and to the faithful preservation of the mysteries of the order. Could the injunctions it contains be uniformly observed by those to whom it has been officially delivered, masonry would cease to be disgraced by the characters of its votaries, and would assume the rank, in the estimation of the world at large, to which by its intrinsic excellence, it is so eminently entitled. Hypocrisy is always despicable, yet what but hypocrite can we call the man who delivers from the oriental chair, or gravely sits by and sanctions the delivery of a solemn charge, the injunctions of which, when abroad in the world, he habitually neglects and treats with contempt? Is not that man a hypocrite, who, with an air of affected solemnity, reads from the Book of Constitutions, a charge to his newly made brother, never to mention the name of Deity "but with that reverential awe which is due from a creature to his creator," and who is yet, in his ordinary intercourse with his fellow men, grossly and shamelessly profane? Is not that man a hypocrite, who enjoins the necessity of "acting upon the square, and doing to our neighbour as we wish him to do unto us," and who, nevertheless, is selfish and unjust in his

dealings, and ready on every convenient opportunity, to circumvent and injure his neighbours? And what better name than hypocrite shall we give to him who, condemns, in the impressive language of the charge, "all irregularity and intemperance, which may impair our faculties or debase the dignity of our profession," and who is yet the most conspicuous in the midnight revel and debauch? It is time indeed that masons began to think more seriously of these things. It is time they should realize the awful responsibility they have assumed, and the essential injury they do the order, as well as the cause of morality generally, by every deviation in practice from the admirable rules enjoined in the masonic lectures and charges. One more hint must suffice for the present number. The members of lodges are not sufficiently cautious in the election of their officers. None but strictly moral men, none but those who respect the order for something more than its outward forms, and endeavour to live up to its principles and injunctions, should ever be elevated to places of trust and influence. Indiscreet and immoral officers bring discredit upon the order, disgust and drive away the most valuable members, and place weapons in the hands of the enemies of masonry.

FOR THE MASONIC MISCELLANY.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF FREE MASONRY IN
TENNESSEE.

PREVIOUSLY to the 27th of December A. L. 5813, A. D. 1813, the lodges in the state of Tennessee, (eight in number) worked under charters from the Grand Lodge of North Carolina. On that day representatives from the Lodges of Tennessee assembled in Grand Convention at Knoxville, when a charter, or deed of relinquishment, from the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, bearing date the 30th September, A. L. 5813, was laid before the convention. This instrument relinquished all authority and jurisdiction over the several lodges in this state, and gave assent to the erection of a Grand Lodge for the state of Tennessee.

The convention having been duly organized, a constitution

and by-laws were adopted, and the following brethren elected and solemnly installed officers thereof, viz:

The M. W. Thomas Claiborne Esq. *Grand Master.*

R. W. George Wilson, *Deputy Grand Master.*

R. W. John Hall, *Senior Grand Warden.*

R. W. A. K. Shaiffer, *Junior Grand Warden.*

W. Thomas M'Corry, *Grand Treasurer.*

W. Edward Scott, *Grand Secretary.*

On the first Monday in October, A. L. 5814, the Grand Lodge met at Nashville, (the then seat of government of the state,) when the M. W. *Thomas Claiborne Esq.* was re-elected Grand Master.

October, A. L. 5815. The M. W. *Robert Searcey Esq.* was elected Grand Master, and re-elected October 1816. At the meeting of the Grand Lodge in 5816, charters were issued to a Lodge at St. Louis, Missouri; one at Blountsville, Tennessee, and one at Natchez, Mississippi.

October 5817. The M. W. *Wilkins Tannehill Esq.* was elected Grand Master. During this year charters were issued to four lodges in the state of Tennessee, and one at Port Gibson, Mississippi.

October 5818. The M. W. *Wilkins Tannehill Esq.* was re-elected Grand Master. This year charters were issued to one lodge in the state of Tennessee, and two in Alabama.

On the 24th of June 1818, the corner stone of a Masonic Hall was laid in the town of Nashville, with appropriate ceremonies, by the Grand Master, assisted by the officers of the Grand Lodge and the officers and members of Cumberland Lodge No. 8. In the corner stone, together with the coins of the year, was deposited a plate of copper, with the following inscription:

On the 24th June, A. L. 5818, A. D.
was laid

THIS FOUNDATION STONE

of a

HALL,

To be erected by the

MEMBERS OF

CUMBERLAND LODGE

No. 8.

"Behold, with the Lord God, I have laid in Zion, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone; a sure foundation."

This building is now nearly completed. The funds for its erection were raised by lottery and individual subscriptions.

October, 5819. The M. W. *Oliver B. Hayes Esq* was elected Grand Master. This year charters were issued to five lodges in Tennessee, two in Missouri, one in Illinois, and one in Alabama.

October 5820. The following (who are the present officers) were elected and installed, viz.

The M. W. Wilkins Tannehill, *Grand Master*,
 R. W. Edward Ward, *D. Grand Master*,
 R. W. George Wilson, *Senior Grand Warden*.
 R. W. Wm. G. Dickinson, *J. Grand Warden*,
 W. Moses Norvell, *Grand Secretary*,
 W. E. H. Foster, *Grand Treasurer*,
 Rev'd. John Cox, *Grand Chaplain*,
 Br. A. H. Wood, *Grand Senior Deacon*,
 " James Irwin, *Grand Junior Deacon*,
 " Thomas Hyter, *Grand Sword Bearer*,
 " M. L. Dixon, *Grand Marshal*,
 " E. Cooper, *Grand Steward*,
 " Duncan Robertson, *do*.
 " Samuel Chapman, *Grand Tyler*.

In the town of Nashville is a Royal Arch Chapter, under the jurisdiction of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States. The following companions are the officers thereof, viz:

E. Wilkins Tannehill, *High Priest*,
 E. E. Cooper, *King*,
 E. Stephen Cantrell, *Scribe*,
 Comp. John Spence, *Treasurer*,
 " George Shall, *Secretary*.

ON THE PROPER MODE OF PUBLISHING EXPULSIONS.

Extract from a letter to the Editor of the Masonic Miscellany.

"I HAVE recently received a letter from a distinguished member of the Masonic family in the western part of the state of New York; by which I learn that the site of the Grand Lodge

of that state has been lately removed from the city of New-York to Albany. My correspondent informs me, that while master of a Lodge, he received an official circular from the Grand Lodge of that state, containing some edicts and rules for the government of the craft, among which was the following:

"No Lodge under this jurisdiction, nor any member thereof, shall publish or in any manner make public, except to the fraternity or within the walls of a Lodge, the expulsion of any member."

On reading the above extract, I must acknowledge I was seriously put to thinking. I should feel the utmost delicacy in impeaching either what I had considered an *ancient usage* of the fraternity, or the *wisdom* of the Grand Lodge of New-York. If you deem it a proper subject for speculation in the pages of the "*Miscellany*," I should be gratified to read your opinions on the propriety or impropriety of the above edict."

REMARKS.

WE confess we do not see the propriety of the regulation adopted by the Grand Lodge of New-York. Mercy, it is true, is a leading principle of Masonry, but when once an erring brother is suspended or expelled, duty to the character of the order, as well as justice to the condemned, requires that the suspension or expulsion should be made known as extensively as possible, to the world at large. There may have been reasons actuating the Grand Lodge of New York, to the adoption of this measure, which do not occur to us, but we are really unable to discern any good argument in favour of keeping secret, or forbearing to publish as widely as possible the expulsion of any unworthy member. We cannot but be aware of the readiness with which the enemies of the order array against it the characters of those among the fraternity, who are guilty of base and disgraceful conduct. When such men therefore are expelled, every principle of justice appears to require that the fact should be extensively made known, in order that the imputation so illiberally cast upon the order for having bad men within its sacred asylum, should be, as far as possible, removed. We wish not to see the private concerns of masonry blazed abroad to the world, but we wish to see the order vindicated from the charge of tolerating immorality, and spreading its mantle over base and unworthy conduct.

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

THE CYPRESS CROWN,—A TALE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69.

He had once more become tranquil, and looked for a long time into the beautiful garden, which at night appeared for the first time inhabited; for Wolfe now plainly marked some one slowly moving up and down through the obscure walks. Sometimes the form stood still, and lifted its arm, as if beckoning to some one to follow. Wolfe could not distinguish the figure narrowly enough; for the rising veil of vapours often concealed it as if in long white robes; and the more anxiously he fixed his eyes upon it, the more faintly and glimmeringly one object, as it were, melted into another. At last, Wolfe came from the window, and, leaving it open, threw himself into bed. The now dry leaves of his cypress wreath, which hung upon the wall, fluttered and rustled over him in the draught of the window. Wolfe started up at the sound, calling out, "Who's there?" and he bethought himself, but half awake, where he was. His eyes now chanced to rest upon the window, and *there* he could not help believing, that he beheld the same form that had before appeared in the garden, looking in upon him. "Devil take your jokes!" cried our hero, becoming quite angry, not only with this intruder, but still more with himself, for the death-like tremour which came over him. He then drew his head hastily under the clothes, and from fatigue fell asleep under loud audible beating of his heart.

One hour, as he believed, (but a longer interval, perhaps in reality,) had the mysterious influences of the world of dreams reigned over his senses, when a strange noise once more alarmed him. The moon was still contending with the light of day, of which the faint gray dawn was visible; and now a low moaning sound was again heard close to our hero. He instantly tore the clothes from his face, and set both his arms at liberty. Then with one hand stretched out, and the other lifted up for combat,

he forced his eyes wide open, and stared about him. He was at first not a little terrified, on beholding a great white dog, with his two fore-feet placed upon the bed, and stretching up his head, with large round eyes fixed upon him, and gleaming in the twilight. This unexpected guest however wagged his tail, and licked the hand that was stretched out to drive him away; so that Wolfe could not find in his heart to fulfil his intention; the dog fawning, always came nearer and nearer; and, as if through customary right, remained at last quietly in the same position. "Probably he must belong to some one here," thought our hero, stroking him on the back; "and now believes that I am his master. Who knows what inhabitants may have left this apartment to make room for me?" Scarcely had he said these last words when the dreams out of which he had just awoke regained all their influence, and he could not help believing that there had really been some important and preternatural visitant with him in his chamber. Reflection on this subject, however, was too painful and perplexing to be continued. He therefore sprang out of bed, and, as it was already day break, he began to put his accoutrements in order, and prepared himself to go to the stables. The dog continued snuffing about him, and attentively watched and imitated his every look and movement. Wolfe twice showed him the door, which the troublesome animal had opened in the night, and which still stood open; but he showed not the slightest inclination to retire from the presence of his new master.

In the court all was now alive and busy. The butcher's men went gaily about, whistling and singing, some of them pious songs, and others, such as they had learned at the ale-house.—Wolfe stood at the window, and brushed the dust from his foraging cap, now and then looking down at the mock-fighting, wrestling, and other practical jokes of these sturdy companions. One of them, who appeared somewhat older than the rest, and moreover wore a morose and discontented aspect, drew from the stable a poor old withered hack, buckled on a leathern portmanteau, threw himself into a faded shabby great coat, and with a large whip in his hand, twisted his fingers through the mane and bridle; fixed one foot in the stirrup, and endeavoured to bring up the other with a violent swing. However, the poor worn-out animal, who had not

recovered from the effects of his last journey, kicked and plunged to prevent himself from being mounted; while the awkward horseman, in a rage, checked and tore him with the reins, kicked him with his feet in the side, and with his clenched fist on the head. "Infamous scoundel!" said Wolfe, whose blood boiled with indignation, "if the fellow can't ride, what business has he to meddle with horses!—It is a miserable thing to see a fellow in this situation, who has never been a soldier!" At last, the despicable rider got himself seated in the saddle, drew a white felt cap over his eyes, and jogged away, bending his body almost double as he passed under the outward gate-way. Wolfe was glad when he was thus fairly gone; yet his absence had not continued long, when our hero again heard the long-legged old gray horse trampling over the stones. The rider had forgotten something. He shouted, whistled, and cursed alternately; then rode up with much noise to an under window, and demanded, "if no one had seen Lynx?" This honest creature now lay growling at Wolfe's feet, and showed his teeth angrily, every time the well-known voice called him from below. Wolfe was by no means inclined, on account of his new friend, to enter into any quarrels; however as he stood at the window, and patted Lynx on the head, he took the trouble of calling out—"If it is the great white dog that you want, here he lies in the room with me. I did not bring him hither, and do not wish to keep him; but he will not go away." The bawling fellow stared at him, with his mouth wide open; once more pulled down his cap; and, without saying another word, rode away about his business. "So much the better" thought Wolfe—stroking briskly the rough hair of Lynx; "Stay thou here, my good old dog, and take care of my knapsack whilst I am absent." The dog looked at him, as if he understood every word—drew his hind legs under him, and with the fore-legs stretched out, he laid himself across the threshold of the door, with his head lifted up, and keeping watch attentively.

Wolfe then went about his professional duties, endeavoring to forget the painful night that he had passed; and assumed an appearance of merriment, which he was in reality far from enjoying. In currying and rubbing down his horse, however, he sung one song after another, while his comrades about him, in the

mean while, had much to complain of in their reception, and wished for the return of better days. "There he is, in high spirits," said they, pointing to Wolfe. "But then," added they, "a bird that sings so early in the morning, the vulture will catch before night!" "It may be so!" said Wolfe gravely; for from the first he had expected nothing good from his residence with the butcher; and it always seemed as if there was yet to come a violent dispute and quarrel with his host. "Well now,"—said another, "thou say'st nothing all this while about thy quarters and how thou hast been entertained. Now is the time to speak out!"—"What's the use of talking?" answered Wolfe, "that will not make one's vexations a whit less. I knew very well before, the people here use so many high sounding words—and try to appear so polite and important; but unluckily most of them lag devilishly behind in making good all their professions. 'Soldiers billeted!' think they—that gives us no trouble—we can entertain them in our own way—for no one knows or enquires any thing about them—and as to what the poor hungry devils themselves may say—no one will believe them. For such gentry, in their own opinion, there is never any thing good enough!" "Very true!" cried they, all laughing. "There you hit the nail on the head. So it is, indeed!" "But," continued one, "with the green trumpery—the leaves and flowers that they threw to meet us—*there* they were quite profuse and splendid. But not even a horse—much less a man, could live on such provender—yet one cannot feed on the air—*this* they should know still better than we do." "Let all this alone," interposed Wolfe, "and don't make such a fuss about a few morsels, which, when they are once swallowed, are forgotten." "Nay—nay," said a non-commissioned officer, "it is for the want of due respect and honour that we find fault. A soldier ought to be respected." "Respect!" replied Wolfe, "that indeed is an idea which would never enter into their head. Out of mere shame, they are full of poison and gall, and would, therefore, wish to degrade us even in their own eyes. Therefore a bayonet or sabre appears to them like a sword of justice; and out of sheer vexation they become insolent." "All this will soon have an end," interrupted the serjeant; "you, my good friends, will be paid off; then every one will live on his

money as well as he can." "Thank God!" exclaimed our hero, "I shall gladly, with my sixpence a day, *buy off* their long faces and sullen tempers." "Ay—ay!" shouted a jovial companion. "Then we shall have enough for ourselves, and spend it freely, and give these gentry a share of our wealth as long as it lasts!" He then struck up the old song—

"And if then our cash and our credit grow low,

"Fair ladies adieu"—through the world we must go!" &c. &c.

All laughed at the song, (of which we have given but the first two lines,) and Wolfe among the rest; for indeed it now seemed to him as if an overpowering weight had been lifted from his breast. "In a few days, thought he, all will be well. Our present restraints and difficulties will be at end."

Through the day he avoided being too much at his quarters. Louisa, at all events, would not let herself be visible; and as to the rest of the household, he had no wish to meet any of them.

It was now late in the evening, when he stood under the doorway, and looked about him through the street. Not long after arrived the savage rider, who had excited his indignation in the morning. He came in at a short jog trot; and, without perceiving Wolfe, rode straight forward to the stable, whither the poor old hack, of his own accord, was steering with all his might. Having dismounted,—shaken himself two or three times,—and beat his old slovenly boots together, this elegant squire at last betook himself to the low parlour within doors, to wait on Meinherr John. Wolfe had now stepped out into the street, and walked up and down before the house. In a short time he heard loud voices within, and involuntarily looked up to the window—The fellow seemed in violent altercation with his master—He held an empty leathern purse in one hand, and beat with it violently now and then on the table that stood before him. Meinherr John, meanwhile, walked up and down with gestures of evident mortification and perplexity, while the other exclaimed in a loud voice, "What the master wastes on cards and dice, must never be reckoned or thought of!—*that* one of us must be driven to make up for; but he had better not begin with me; for on my soul I won't suffer it!" The butcher would now have interfered again; but the fellow, over and over, with the red flush of anger

in his countenance, persisted: "What the devil! shall I allow myself to be abused in this manner for such a paltry sum—I that have helped him, in my day, to gain so much?"—"Now, now, this is all very well," said the butcher in a conciliatory tone; his opponent, however, came a step nearer to him, and holding up his clenched fist in his master's face—"Let him forget another time," cried he, "that I have him in my power, and, whenever I please, can make him as cold as a dead dog!"

To Wolfe it now seemed as if an ice-cold sepulchral hand had been drawn over him.—He ran up to his apartment, and locked himself in; for he felt exactly as if he had fallen into a den of murderers. His faithful adherent Lynx now came up to him crouching; he caressed the animal as a companion in adversity, and looked into his honest open eyes for consolation.

It was plain that ever since our hero came under the roof of his present abode, a heavy, resistless, and unaccountable weight had pressed upon him. He could enjoy nothing,—had no command over his thoughts,—and could not apply to any pursuit for pastime. Mechanically he measured the small room with his steps a hundred times over; and did not lay himself for the first time to sleep till it was late in the night.

When, on the following morning, the trumpet blew for feeding the horses, with a feverish timidity and trembling, he started from his sleep, out of the obscure world of dreams, by whose influences his senses, in a kind of half-consciousness, had been ruled and agitated. He sprang disordered out of bed; the small fragment of mirror that he had in his knapsack exhibited his countenance, pale as death, and the features swollen, relaxed, almost metamorphosed, on which the traces of a miserable internal conflict still were but too obvious. Even through the whole succeeding day his endeavours to recover himself were in vain. His comrades looked at him anxiously and perplexed; asked questions, and urged him for an answer—but he remained invincibly reserved, and would by no means enter into any explanation. Meanwhile he went about all his affairs and professional duties as if he were in a dream, managed (or mis-managed) every thing under the greatest distraction; and encountered the reprimands,

that he received for such conduct, without shame, and indeed with apathy.

So passed over the whole day. In the evening he sat with several of his comrades on a bench before the guard-house. It was now very misty, and a thick oppressive sky hung over them. All seemed in good humour, and occasionally joined together in the chorus of several excellent old songs. Wolfe listened, or seemed to listen, in truth without perceiving any thing that passed around him; but when at last his next neighbour started up, and said, "now, it is time, every one must to his quarters!" his heart began to beat, and his knees tottered under him, so that he could hardly support himself. His comrade, however, had been observing him for a long while, and believing that he was certainly ill, now seized him by the arm, and they loitered along for a considerable distance together. When they had come at last to the neighbourhood of the butcher's house, Wolfe suddenly stood still, and, inwardly shuddering, heaved a deep sigh. "No!" said he to himself, "I shall no longer bear undivulged these obscure and horrible thoughts which have rendered my conduct so reserved and extraordinary; and which, buried in my heart, torment me to death!" "Now then," cried the other, "only resolve boldly.—Come! out with it from the heart, fresh, and without any reserve or qualification!—What have you to tell?" "Don't laugh," said Wolfe, "it was a dream, such as might render you and me and every one insane that hears it!" The wild eyes and faltering voice of our hero involuntarily startled his comrade—both looked fearfully and pale at one another. When at last they had arrived at the butcher's house, and entered together the mysterious apartment; "Here then," said Wolfe "look attentively round you. In this room has appeared to me now, for these two nights past, a gray white spectre, with features blood-stained and emaciated, worn and gnawn away by the mouldering damps of the grave. This apparition seats itself on that chair before my bed; and, with its head leaning on its hands, looks at me imploringly. I wake not—I sleep not—I feel and see, and yet cannot move a limb. After a while the figure makes signs to me, and points to that garden, which you may perceive yonder over the walls. The spectre moves not its lips, and

yet it appears to me as if I heard a voice directing me: "There, near the ruined ice-house, under the two lime trees growing out of one stem, shalt thou go and search!" It ceases not to make signs and to supplicate, till the daylight once more glimmers on mine eyes; and I awake—I cannot say to self-possession, for these horrible impressions are indelible!"

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Anecdote of Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden.

AFTER the death of Steno, the administrator, and the bosom friend of Gustavus, and the consequent murder of the senate, a price being set on his own head, the future deliverer of Sweden retired to the mountains of Dalecarlia, hoping he might hide himself in the woods with which that country is covered, and imagining that it would not be difficult to stimulate the inhabitants to revolt against the tyrant Christiern, as they had always shown themselves averse to the Danish yoke. At that time there was not one good town in the whole province, and hardly any thing but small villages situated on the borders of the forests, or on the banks of lakes and rivers. Some of these villages depended on the noblemen of the country, but most belonged to the crown, and were governed by the peasants themselves, the elders supplying the places of judges and captains. The national government durst not send either troops or garrisons into this province; nor did the kings themselves enter it in a legal manner till they had given pledge to the mountaineers to retain their privileges. On these independent people, therefore, Gustavus placed a firm confidence.

Disguising himself as a peasant, he set forth on his way to Dalecarlia, accompanied by a boor who was to be his guide. He crossed over the whole country of Sudermania, then passed between Mericia and Westmonia, and after the fatigues of a long and dangerous journey, arrived safe among the mountains. He had no sooner entered the province, than he was abandoned by his guide, who absconded, robbing him of all the money he had provided for his subsistence. He wandered up and down amongst

these dreadful deserts, destitute of friends and money, not daring to own that he was even a gentleman. At length the inhabitants, then hardly more civilized than savages, proposed to him to work for his livelihood. To conceal himself from discovery, and to support nature, he accordingly hired himself to labour in the mines at Fahlun, and for a long course of time did he toil in these caverns, and breathe as his common element the air, one respiration of which seemed to bring the summons of death.

Near Fahlun, on a little hill, stands a very ancient habitation, of so simple an architecture, that you would have taken it for a hind's cottage, instead of a place that, in times of old, had been the abode of nobility. It consists of a long barn-like structure formed of fir, covered in a strange fashion with scales, and odd ornamental twistings in the carved wood. But the spot was hallowed by the virtues of its heroic mistress, who saved, by her presence of mind, the life of the future deliverer of her country. The following are the circumstances alluded to; and most of them were communicated under the very roof.

Gustavus having, by an evil accident, been discovered in the mines, and after being narrowly betrayed by a Swedish nobleman, bent his course towards this house, then inhabited by a person of the name of Pearson (or Peterson) whom he had known in the armies of the late administrator. Here, he hoped, from the obligations he had formerly laid on the officer, that he should at least find a safe retreat. Pearson received him with every mark of friendship; nay, treated him with that respect and submission which noble minds are proud to pay to the truly great, when robbed of their external honours. He seemed more afflicted by the misfortunes of Gustavus, than that prince was for himself; and exclaimed with such vehemence against the Danes, that, instead of awaiting a proposal to take up arms, he offered, unasked, to try the spirit of the mountaineers; and declared that himself and his vassals would be the first to set an example, and turn out under the command of his beloved general.

Gustavus was rejoiced to find that he had at last found a man who was not afraid to draw his sword in defence of his country, and endeavoured by the most impressive arguments, and the prospect of a suitable recompense for the personal risks he ran,

to confirm him in so generous a resolution. Pearson answered with repeated assurances of fidelity; he named the gentlemen and the leading persons whom he hoped to engage in the enterprise. Gustavus relied on his word, and promising not to name himself to any while he was absent, some days afterwards saw him leave the house to put his design into execution.

It was indeed a design, and a black one. Under the specious cloak of a zealous affection for Gustavus, the traitor was contriving his ruin. The hope of making his court to the Danish tyrant, and the expectation of a large reward, made this son of Judas resolve to sacrifice his honour to his ambition, and, for the sake of a few ducats, violate the most sacred laws of hospitality, by betraying his guest. In pursuance of that base resolution, he went straight to one of Christiern's officers commanding in the province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner. Having committed this treachery, he had not courage to face his victim; and telling the Dane how to surprise the prince, who, he said, believing himself to be under the protection of a friend, (shame to manhood to dare to confess that he could betray such a confidence!) he proposed taking a wider circuit home, while they, apparently unknown to him, rifled it of its treasure. 'It will be an easy matter,' said he, 'for not even my wife knows that it is Gustavus.'

Accordingly, the officer, at the head of a party of soldiers, marched directly to the place. The men invested the house, while the leader, abruptly entering, found Pearson's wife, according to the fashion of those days, employed in culinary preparations. At some distance from her sat a young man in a rustic garb, lopping off the knots from the broken branch of a tree. The officer went up to her, and told her he came in King Christiern's name to demand the rebel Gustavus, who he knew was concealed under her roof. The dauntless woman never changed colour; she immediately guessed the man whom her husband had introduced as a miner's son, to be the Swedish hero. The door was blocked up by soldiers. In an instant she replied, without once glancing at Gustavus, who sat motionless with surprise, 'If you mean the melancholy gentleman my husband has had here these few days, he has just walked out into the wood on

the other side of the hill. Some of these soldiers may readily seize him, as he has no arms with him.'

The officer did not suspect the easy simplicity of her manner; and ordered part of the men to go in quest of him. At that moment, suddenly turning her eyes on Gustavus, she flew up to him, and catching the stick out of his hand, exclaimed, in an angry voice: 'Unmannerly wretch! What, sit before your betters? Don't you see the king's officers in the room? Get out of my sight or some of them shall give you a drubbing!' As she spoke, she struck him a blow on the back with all her strength; and opening a side door, 'there, get into the scullery,' cried she, 'it's the fittest place for such company!' and giving him another knock, she flung the stick after him and shut the door. 'Sure,' added she, in a great heat, 'never woman was plagued with such a lout of a slave!'

The officer begged she would not disturb herself on his account: but she, affecting great reverence for the king, and respect for his representative, prayed him to enter her parlour while she brought some refreshment. The Dane civilly complied; perhaps glad enough to get from the side of a shrew; and she immediately hastened to Gustavus, whom she had bolted in, and by means of a back passage, conducted him in a moment to an outhouse, which projected from the side of the house close to the bank of the lake where the fisher's boats lay, she lowered him down a convenient aperture; and giving him a direction to an honest curate across the lake, committed him to Providence.

While he made his way to a boat, unmoored it, and rowed swiftly towards the isles, so hiding himself and his course amongst their mazes, the lady returned to the Dane laden with provisions, and amused him by a well spread table till the soldiers brought back the disappointing intelligence, that their search had been fruitless. The observations of the officer, and his new directions, soon apprised the heroic woman of the vileness of her husband; and therefore when he appeared, which was shortly afterwards, even to him she kept true to her first statement, that Gustavus had gone out into the wood. The circumstance of the chastised servant seemed so insignificant to the officer, that, as it had occasioned in him no suspicion, he never mentioned it. And

as guilt easily believes itself suspected, Pearson acknowledged with vexation to the Dane, that he had no doubt Gustavus had suspected his design, being aware, notwithstanding their mutual friendship, of his impregnable fidelity to Christiern (*measureless Merit*) and had accordingly taken the opportunity of his absence to escape. As none were in the lady's confidence, the new retreat of Gustavus remained undiscovered, till assisted by the good curate, and other friends to liberty, he appeared openly at the head of the brave Dalecarlians, and gave his country freedom.

BEAUTY WITHOUT MERIT.

THAT women have more tongue than brains, is what some men, who have as much satire as judgment, have endeavoured to prove. How far they have succeeded, I shall not at present contend. There are, however, many exceptions to this character; but at the same time we must candidly acknowledge, there are also many, who too much resemble it. The reason I take to be this: Those ladies, who are ever the goddesses to whom the sacrifice of adulation is offered, are as often willing to be thought celestial, as the empty coxcomb is to declare them so.—This is the unhappy case of *LESBIA*; she observes that her beauty and dress command respect; and concludes, the only method for her to increase what she is so extravagantly fond of, is to augment the finery of the one, and procure every *cosmetic* to assist the other. But here she is mistaken: her dress is expressive of the futility of her mind, and by adding a brighter tint to the rose of nature, she has almost ruined that enchanting glow, which once gained her the appellation of beautiful. Nor do the pernicious effects end here. It not only spoils the natural beauty, but is prejudicial to health. It is well known that Lady Coventry, a celebrated beauty in England, fell a martyr to the *cosmetic* art.

Being in company with *LESBIA*, with my friend *Amator*, he seemed suddenly smitten, and desired to be introduced to her. *AMATOR* is a youth, given more to sentiment than gallantry; and had rather find a good heart, and real sense in a woman, than the most shining beauty, or *legant negligence*.

I complied with Amator's request, and left him *tete a tete* with the lady. Meeting with my friend soon after, and guessing his disappointment, I requested him to give me without reserve, his opinion of Lesbia. "These lines," says he, "will inform you in a much shorter compass than I am able."

"When LESBIA first I saw; the heavenly fair!
 With eyes so charming, with that awful air;
 I thought my heart that durst so high aspire,
 As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire.
 But soon as e'er the beauteous Ideot spoke,
 Forth from her coral lips such folly broke;
 Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
 And what her eyes enthral'd, her tongue unbound."

I shall not endeavour to gain the esteem of my fair readers or make them in love with my writings, by flattery; the insinuating method of a prating beau, or a camelion-like coxcomb; but like a true friend, which few ladies, I believe, ever find but in a husband, I shall inform them of their little foibles and weakness, wherever I find them. They are the avenues for detraction and adulation; those turbid streams which imbitter life.

To return. Beauty, though often the cause of love, is but a weak foundation for the support of it; for unless the beauties of the mind are united with the beauties of the person; unless merit is blended with external attractions, the love raised upon the latter will last no longer than the frail basis upon which it is founded. That woman must be weak, who places her whole confidence in mere exterior, the graces of her person and the battery of her eyes; while she is inattentive to the elegance of her sentiment, and the refinement of her intellectual powers. Though the former may attract the attention, it is the latter alone that can secure the heart. As narrative is more pleasing than sentiment, and striking examples more convincing than dry precept, I shall relate an anecdote of a young lady, which I think will sufficiently evince the truth of the preceding observations.

MYRANDA was handsome; an hundred beaux had told her so an hundred times, and her looking glass convinced her of the truth. Her features were indeed beautiful, and her person captivating; but her actions were accompanied with that conceited,

supercilious air, which *conscious* beauty never fails to assume, Pride and vanity were her predominant foibles. It is natural to suppose that a lady of this description would make a sudden impression upon the hearts of all who were susceptible of exterior charms. Very true, but the first impression was the only one. She wounded at the first glance, but not having the good sense to hold what her eyes had caught, the wound was soon healed, and the conquest lost. ALONZO, a gentleman from the southward, saw her at the ball room. He danced with her; and it is supposed he lost his heart at that time; as he was carrying down the "*Innocent Maid*" with Myranda. Alonzo had an independent fortune, and sprung from a great family. Here he exceeded our heroine. But love is blind, and Alonzo was just about tumbling into the gulf of matrimony; when, being bantered about his intended wedding with Myranda, it was observed in the company, that "it was advisable not to be precipitate in matrimonial affairs, for many had been ruined by a too hasty connexion." Whether this was only an incidental remark, or an intended hint, Alonzo was unable to discover; but he wisely resolved to turn it to his advantage. He had already observed several malapert airs and innumerable extravagancies, quite unbecoming Myranda. Though not less frequent in his assiduities, he knew by degrees more of her real character. Matters began to draw nearer a crisis; and in a few weeks Myranda thought herself sure of our hero's unalterable affections. Pleasing was the idea! The attention, the deference of Alonzo, were a convincing argument, that her conquest was certain. She wished for the triumph; to sport with the heart of her beau, before she was bound to obey him forever. I shall not trouble the reader, with the many little causes, that united themselves to part the lovers. Suffice it to say, that Myranda, in one fatal moment lost the heart and love of Alonzo. By her own folly convinced, and by experience grown wiser, she has determined to pay a due regard to the improvement of her mind, which has been too much neglected for the adornment of her exterior. The high opinion she entertained of herself, she is also convinced, was the result of her own pride, vanity, and attention to adulation rather than to sincerity. As to Alonzo, he has been heard to declare, that if Myranda were to turn out a modern Xan-

tippe, as in all probability she would, to judge from her present temper, he had not the philosophy to withstand her. Thus end the loves of Alonzo and Myranda.

I must here acquaint Miss Talkative, that, notwithstanding her fine eyes and personal attractions, the insipidity of her conversations, and her vain repetitions are always disgusting. There is a kind of *chit-chat* or small talk, which forms the common topics of common conversation; this is what we often look for in ladies; and for my part I would not wish to hear any of them disputing about logic, astronomy, mathematics, or the arts of war. But I would have them strive to acquire that virtue and merit, which will charm mankind when beauty is faded; for beauty alone "palls upon the sense," unless understanding and good nature maintain it. BEAUTY will ever attract our notice; MERIT always interest our affection; but beauty and merit united, must be the perfection of human nature, and an epitome of divinity.

Interesting Anecdote of a girl romantically in Love.

"But, oh! there wants to crown my happiness,
Life of my empire, treasure of my soul!"

I have noted an account, says Kotzebue, which is said to have happened very recently, and which will touch the feelings of most of my readers as it did mine.

She was playing on her harpsichord, and her lover used often to accompany her on the harp; he died, and his harp had remained in her room. After the first excess of despair, she sunk into the deepest melancholy; and much time elapsed ere she could sit down to her instrument. At last she did so, gave some touches, and, hark! the harp, tuned alike, resounded in echo! The good girl was at first seized with a secret shuddering, but soon felt a kind of soft melancholy. She thought herself firmly persuaded that the spirit of her lover was softly sweeping the strings of the instrument.

The harpsichord, from this moment, constituted her only pleasure, as it alone afforded her the joyful certainty that her lover was still hovering about her. One of those unfeeling men, who want to know and clear up every thing, once entered her apart-

ment; the girl instantly begged him to be quiet, for that very moment the dear harp spoke most distinctly. Being informed of the amiable illusion which overcame her reason, he laughed, and, with a great display of learning, proved to her, by experimental physics, that all was very natural. From that instant the maiden grew melancholy, drooped, and soon after died.

GRACE.

THERE is in the manner of some females, a certain familiar, yet distant ease, which instantly seizes our admiration and esteem, and of all other female accomplishments leaves the most powerful and permanent effect upon the mind. It is generally stiled *dignity of manners*; but, incapable as it really is of any determinate definition, we may still define it more intelligibly, or rather comprehend it more clearly, by resolving it into one of the qualities of *Grace*. In the pictures of Corregio, Guido and Raphael, indeed by all our sculptors and painters, ancient and modern, Grace has uniformly been distinguished into two distinct species, the *majestic* and *familiar*; the former they have usually expressed in their attitudes of Minerva, the latter in those of Venus. Xenophon too, in his choice of *Hercules*, has made the same distinction in his personages of Wisdom and Pleasure. As the harsh dialect of the Greek may not strike the female ear so melodiously nor in some instances perhaps so intelligibly, his masterly description in the following lines may be read as a translation:

“Graceful, yet each with diff’rent grace they move,
This striking sacred awe, that softer winning love.”

Nor has the father of the sublime, in his inimitable portrait of our venerable first parents, shown that he was insensible to these different species of grace; but the majestic, so peculiarly becoming to female manners, it seems he has considered as a necessary requisite in completing his beautifully descriptive character of *Eve*:

“Her heavenly form
Angelic, but more soft and feminine;
Her graceful innocence; her ev’ry air
Of gesture or least action;

Grace was in all her steps; heav'n in her eye;
 In ev'ry gesture dignity and love.
 Speaking or mute, all comeliness and grace
 Attend thee; and each word each motion forms."

In this well drawn picture of primeval ease and simplicity, every requisite to command our admiration and esteem may be read in the most legible characters. The original, although viewed in mere semblance through the dim mirror of ages, like the sun in the firmament, may yet impart some rays to our amiable sisters. Ancient as the model may appear, I will venture to assure them, that it may yet correct their modern manners. When I recommend this species of majestic grace as the most commanding trait in their external behaviour, I would caution them against that studied *reserve*, which they often-times assume in its stead. This never fails to disgust even the blindest of our sex. To the discerning it is more frightful than deformity itself. But the kind of reserve I would recommend, is more the result of a refined understanding, a mind which feels conscious of its own worth, and at the same time conscious of the surest method to secure that worth in the opinion of others. As grace is the mere operation of the passions, and receives its shape from them, it is more the effect of nature than of art. Its influence upon the external behaviour can never therefore fail to please, and while it pleases it will always secure the female character from the overbearing advances of sycophants and flatterers, whom I am sorry to say, they too often suffer to dangle in their train. Our love too should always be tempered with respect; and here I must observe, that we generally respect those females the most, who awe us by their chastity, and command us by their self reverence.

"Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
 That like a rude and savage man of Inde,
 At the first opening of the gorgeous East
 Bows not his *vassal* head, and, stricken blind,
 Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
 What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
 Dares look upon the heaven of her brow
 That is not blinded by her majesty?"

THE MIMIC MORTIFIED.

Mr. Garrick and a friend went one day to visit Foote, the comedian. Sir Robert Fletcher, an officer who had served with reputation in the East Indies, accidentally came in and joined the party. They partook of a pleasant dinner, and when Mr. Garrick called for tea, Sir Robert arose to depart, but did not retreat far, when from a motive of curiosity, he stopped behind a screen which stood between the table and the door. Foote, supposing him to be gone, began to *play off* his departed guest. In the height of his merriment, Sir Robert, bolting from behind the screen, cried out—"I am not gone, Foote; spare me till I am out of hearing; and now, with your leave, I will stay till these gentlemen depart, and then you shall amuse me at their cost as you have amused them at mine." A remonstrance of this sort was an electric shock, that could not be parried. No wit could furnish an evasion, no explanation could suffice for an excuse. The offended gentleman was full as angry as a brave man ought to be with an unfortunate wit, who possessed very little of that quality, which he abounded in.

 POETRY.

AN ENIGMA.

If it be true, as some folks say,
 "Honor depends on pedigree;"
 Then stand by—clear the way
 Ye sons of heroes, fam'd of yore;
 And you, the sons of old Glendower,
 And let me have fair play.

And ye, who boast, from ages dark,
 A pedigree from Noah's ark,
 Painted on parchment nice;
 I'm older still, for I was there,
 As first of all I did appear
 With Eve in Paradise.

And I was Adam, Adam I,
 And I was Eve, and Eve was I,
 In spite of wind or weather:
 But mark me—Adam was not I,
 Neither was Mrs. Adam I,
 Unless they were together.

Suppose then Eve and Adam talking—
 With all my heart, but were they walking,
 There ends all simile:
 For though I've tongue, and often talk,
 And legs too, yet whene'er I walk
 That puts an end to me:—

Not such an end but that I've breath,
 Therefore to such a kind of death
 I make but small objection;
 For soon again I come to view,
 And tho' a Christian, yet 'tis true
 I die by Resurrection.

A FREEMASON'S EPITAPH NEAR BAGDAD.

TREAD softly here, or pause to breathe
 A prayer for him who sleeps beneath,
 Tho' savage hands in silence spread
 The nameless sand that hides the dead;
 Yet here, as wand'ring Arabs tell,
 A guardian spirit loves to dwell!
 'Tis said, such gentle spirits seek
 The tears on widow'd Beauty's cheek,
 And bring those precious drops to lave
 The sainted Pilgrim's secret grave.

Tread softly! tho' the tempest blows
 Unheeded o'er his deep repose,
 Tho' now the sun's relentless ray
 Has parch'd to dust this holy clay,

The spirit in this clay enshrin'd
 Once mounted swifter than the wind;
 Once look'd, O Sun! beyond thy sphere,
 Then dar'd to measure thy career,
 And rose above this earth as far
 As comets pass the meanest star.

Tread softly!—'midst this barren sand
 Lie relics of a bounteous hand!
 That hand, if living, would have prest
 Thee, wand'ring stranger, to his breast,
 And fill'd the cup of gladness here,
 Thy dark and dreary path to cheer;
 O spare this dust! it once was part
 Of one all-kind, all-bounteous heart!
 If yet with vital warmth it glow'd,
 On thee its bounty would have flow'd.

Tread softly! on this sacred mound
 The badge of brotherhood is found!
 Revere the signet! in his breast
 Its holiest virtue was confess'd;
 He only liv'd on earth to prove
 The fulness of a Brother's love.
 If in thy bosom dwells the sign
 Of Charity and Love divine,
 Give to this grave a duteous tear,
 Thy friend, thy brother slumbers here.

MASONIC ODE.

Was it a charm by Fancy wrought
 In fascinating guise?
 Was it, oh could it be, a thought
 The poet's heart should prize?
 "Friendship is but a name!" "A shade!" ah, no;
 It is a beauteous gem, design'd
 By Heav'n to grace and bless mankind,
 A balmy soother of our cares below,

We band of brothers feel its rays,
 And pay our tributary praise:
 Long may our Craft its influence prove
 In wisdom, beauty strength, and love.
 The Mason's rights invade no sacred code;
 His highest glory is, His trust, in God.
 Charge, brothers, charge.—*In ev'ry clime*
May Masonry last, as long as Time.



MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Annual Communication of the GRAND LODGE OF KENTUCKY WAS held in Lexington, during the last week in August, 1821, and the following brethren were duly elected Grand Officers for the year ensuing:

- M. W. John M'Kinney, Jun. of *Versailles*, Grand Master,
 R. W. David G. Cowan, of *Danville*, Dep. Grand Master,
 W. Asa K. Lewis, of *Clark County*, Grand Senior Warden,
 W. John Speed Smith, of *Richmond*, Grand Junior Warden,
 William T. Barry, of *Lexington*, Grand Orator,
 Caleb W. Cloud, of *do.* Grand Chaplain,
 Daniel Bradford, of *do.* Grand Secretary,
 Michael Fishel, of *do.* Grand Treasurer.
 David C. Irvine, of *Richmond*, Grand Senior Deacon,
 Robert Talliaferro, of *Paris*, Grand Junior Deacon,
 John H. Crane, of *Louisville*, Grand Marshall,
 Thomas Smith, of *Lexington*, Grand Sword Bearer,
 John D. Halstead, of *do.* Grand Pursuivant,
 Francis Walker, of *do.* Grand Steward & Tyler.

At a meeting of WEBB ENCAMPMENT of Knights Templars and the appendant orders, held at Mason's Hall in Lexington on the 22d of August the following Officers were elected for the ensuing year.

- M. E. Sir David Graham Cowan, of *Danville*, Grand Commander.
 E. " Isaac Thom, of *Louisville*, Generalissimo,
 E. " Thomas Nelson, of *Lexington*, Captain General,
 " William Gibbes Hunt, of *Lexington*, Prelate,
 " John H. Crane, of *Louisville*, Senior Warden,
 " Edward Tyler, Jr. of *Louisville*, Junior Warden,
 " James Graves, of *Lexington*, Treasurer,
 " James M. Pike, of *Lexington*, Recorder,
 " Harry I. Thornton, of *Frankfort*, Sword Bearer,
 " Anthony Dumesnil of *Lexington*, Standard Bearer,
 " John Trott, of *Louisville*, Warder,
 " Francis Walker, of *Lexington*, Guard,

THE
MASONIC MISCELLANY
AND
LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

FOR OCTOBER, 1821.

No. 4.

ANCIENT YORK MASONRY.

BRETHREN in other parts of the United States are not universally aware of the importance which we, in Kentucky, attach to the phrase "*Ancient York*" in our intercourse with Masons. None but those, to whom that appellation properly belongs, are recognized by our regular lodges as genuine masons, nor can we, consistently with our established regulations, associate masonically with any others. It is, therefore, a matter of vast importance to ascertain, if we can, the true meaning of the phrase, and to be careful, on the one hand, not to violate our duty by communing with those who are not properly connected with our order, nor, on the other hand, to exclude from our intercourse, in consequence of any erroneous construction, those who are in every respect entitled to our masonic sympathies and fraternal regard. We do not believe that this subject is as well understood by the fraternity generally as from its importance it deserves to be, and we shall therefore endeavour to throw some light upon it, soliciting of those among our brethren, who think they discern any errors in our remarks, at least their candid indulgence, and, if they think proper, the prompt exposure, through the same channel, of what they may consider incorrect. Our object is to elucidate, if possible, a subject somewhat obscure, and as we conceive much misunderstood. In making this effort, we are deeply impressed with our own liability to err, and shall be happy to receive the corrections of better informed brethren.

Our first remark on this subject is, that we ought to be governed by a regard to *things*, and not merely to *names*. It may so

happen, that masons in every respect as much entitled as ourselves to the appellation of *Ancient York*, may be utterly unacquainted with the phrase, and unable to recognize themselves by that name. If however, notwithstanding they disclaim the title, we can ascertain that, according to our understanding of its meaning, it properly belongs to them, we are bound to receive and associate with them as brethren. We have frequently met with masons, made in respectable lodges under the jurisdiction of some Grand Lodge in a sister state, which is fully recognized by us as genuine, who were yet unable to tell whether they were York Masons or not. They were totally unaccustomed to the term; they had not been taught to regard it as an important appellation belonging to all with whom they had a right to associate, and yet they were undeniably precisely such masons as we are, and entitled to claim our notice as brethren.

Another distinction, which it is of some importance we should bear in mind, is that which exists between *modern* and *clandestine* masons. The latter we cannot regard as masons at all. They are totally unacquainted with our rites and mysteries: they have no regular lodges, but having adopted some mystic forms of their own, have usurped and misapplied the name of masons. Modern masons, however, are of a totally different character. They originally sprang from the same source with ourselves, but having introduced some modern innovations and lost sight of some of the ancient landmarks, have raised a wall of partition between themselves and us. In many instances they have become conscious of their errors, have retraced their steps, and have been received back again into the ancient fold. In other instances, as in England and in the state of South Carolina, a compromise has been effected between them and the ancient York Masons, and a complete and permanent union has been the result. Both the Ancient York and the Modern Masons may trace back their history to the same common source. Their separation is of comparatively recent date, as a recurrence to history must convince us. In clandestine masons, on the contrary, we recognize nothing in common with ourselves, but the name, which they have usurped.

In order that our readers may have a clear and distinct un-

derstanding of the original distinction between Ancient York and Modern Masons, we shall make some quotations from "*Preston's History of Masonry in England &c.*" a work, the correctness and authority of which are, we believe, universally admitted. After tracing the history of Masonry through the reign of Alfred the Great, the author observes:

"On the death of Alfred in 900, Edward succeeded to the throne, during whose reign the masons continued to hold their lodges under the sanction of Ethred, his sister's husband, and Ethelward, his brother, to whom the care of the fraternity was entrusted. Ethelward was a prince of great learning, and an able architect; he founded the university of Cambridge.

"Edward died in 924, and was succeeded by Athelstane his son, who appointed his brother Edwin, patron of the Masons. This prince procured a charter from Athelstane, empowering them to meet annually in communication at York, where the first Grand Lodge of England was formed in 926, at which Edwin presided as Grand Master." p. 141.

In a note on this passage Preston remarks;

"From this æra we date the establishment of Free-masonry in England. There is at present a Grand Lodge of Masons in the city of York, who trace their existence from this period. By virtue of Edwin's charter, it is said, all the masons in the realm were convened at a general assembly in that city, where they established a GENERAL OF GRAND Lodge for their future government. Under the patronage and jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, it is alleged, the fraternity considerably increased, and kings, princes, and other eminent persons, who had been initiated into Masonry, paid due allegiance to that Grand Assembly. But as the events of the times were various and fluctuating, that assembly was more or less respectable; and in proportion as Masonry obtained encouragement, its influence was more or less extensive. The appellation of ANCIENT YORK MASONS is well known in Ireland and Scotland; and the universal tradition is, that the brethren of that appellation originated at Auldbury near York. This carries with it some marks of confirmation, for Auldbury was the seat of Edwin.

"There is every reason to believe that York was deemed the

original seat of masonic government in this country; as no other place has pretended to claim it, and as the whole fraternity have, at various times, universally acknowledged allegiance to the authority established there: but whether the present association in that city be entitled to that allegiance, is a subject of inquiry which it is not my province to investigate. To that assembly recourse must be had for information. Thus much, however, is certain, that if a General Assembly or Grand Lodge was held there, (of which there is little doubt if we can rely on our records and constitutions, as it is said to have existed there in Queen Elizabeth's time,) there is no evidence of its regular removal to any other place in the kingdom; and upon that ground the brethren at York may probably claim the privilege of associating in that character. A number of respectable meetings of the fraternity appear to have been convened at sundry times in England; but we cannot find an instance on record, till a very late period, of a GENERAL meeting (so called) being held in any other place beside York.

"To understand this matter more clearly, it may be necessary to advert to the original institution of that assembly called a GENERAL OR GRAND LODGE. It was not then restricted, as it is now understood to be, to the Masters and Wardens of private lodges, with the Grand Master and his Wardens at their head; it consisted of as many of the fraternity AT LARGE as, being within a convenient distance, could attend, once or twice in a year, under the auspices of one general head, elected and installed at one of these meetings, and who for the time being, received homage as the sole governor of the whole body. The idea of confining the privileges of Masonry, by a warrant of constitution, to certain individuals, convened on certain days at certain places, had no existence. There was but one family among masons, and every Mason was a branch of that family. It is true the privileges of the different degrees of the order always centered in certain numbers of the fraternity, who, according to their advancement in the Art, were authorised by the ancient charges to assemble in, hold, and rule lodges, at their will and discretion, in such places as best suited their convenience, and when so assembled, to receive pupils and deliver instructions in Masonry; but all the

tribute from these individuals, separately and collectively, rested ultimately in the General Assembly, to which all the fraternity might repair, and to whose award all were bound to pay submission.

“As the constitutions of the English Lodges are derived from this GENERAL Assembly at YORK; as all masons are bound to observe and preserve those in all time coming; and as there is no satisfactory proof that such assembly was ever regularly removed by the resolution of its members, but that, on the contrary, the fraternity still continue to meet in that city under this appellation, it may remain a doubt whether, while these constitutions exist as the standard of masonic conduct, that assembly may not justly claim the allegiance to which their original authority entitled them; and whether any other convention of Masons, however great their consequence may be, can, consistent with those constitutions, withdraw their allegiance from that assembly, or set aside an authority to which not only antiquity, but the concurrent approbation of Masons for ages, under the most solemn engagements, have repeatedly given a sanction.

“It is to be regretted, that the idea of superiority, and a wish to acquire absolute dominion, should occasion a contest among Masons. Were the principles of the Order better understood, and more generally practised, the intention of the institution would be more fully answered. Every Mason would consider his brother as his fellow, and he who, by virtuous and generous actions, could best promote the happiness of society, would always be most likely to receive homage and respect.” pp. 142—144.

It seems then, if this history be correct, and it has all the appearance of authenticity, that Ancient York Masonry originally derived its name and its existence from the General Assembly held at York in England, in the reign of Athelstane, which has been continued from time to time in that city until the present day. As however, we in this country are under no obligations to look up to any Grand Lodge in a foreign land, we derive our title of Ancient York Masons, not from any acknowledged allegiance to the assembly now held at York, but from being able to trace our history to the same common source, from having drawn our authority and obtained all our prescriptive rights

from the Grand Lodge originally assembled there, and from having preserved the same ancient landmarks. Modern Masonry dates its existence from the reign of Queen Elizabeth; for Preston informs us—

“The Masons remained without any nominal patron till the reign of Elizabeth, when Sir Thomas Sackville accepted the office of Grand Master. Lodges were held, during this period, in different parts of England; but the General or Grand Lodge assembled in York, where the fraternity were numerous and respectable.

“The following circumstance is recorded of Elizabeth. Hearing that the Masons were in possession of secrets which they would not reveal, and being jealous of all secret assemblies, she sent an armed force to York, with intent to break up their annual lodge. This design, however, was happily frustrated by the interposition of Sir Thomas Sackville, who took care to initiate some of the chief officers which she had sent on this duty. They joined in communication with the Masons, and made so favourable a report to the queen on their return, that she countermanded her orders, and never afterwards attempted to disturb the meetings of the fraternity.

“Sir Thomas Sackville held the office of Grand Master till 1567, when he resigned in favour of Francis Russell, earl of Bedford, and Sir Thomas Gresham, an eminent merchant, distinguished by his abilities, and great success in trade. To the former, the care of the brethren in the northern part of the kingdom was assigned, while the latter was appointed to superintend the meetings of the south, where the society had considerably increased, in consequence of the honorable report which had been made to the queen. Notwithstanding this new appointment of a Grand Master for the south, the General Assembly continued to meet in the city of York as heretofore, where all the records were kept; and to this Assembly appeals were made on every important occasion.”

“The queen being assured that the fraternity were composed of skilful architects, and lovers of the Arts, and that state affairs were points in which they never interfered, was perfectly reconciled to their assemblies, and Masonry made a great progress at

this period. During her reign, lodges were held in different parts of the kingdom, particularly in London, and its environs, where the brethren increased considerably, and several great works were carried on, under the auspices of air Thomas Gresham, from whom the fraternity received every encouragement." pp. 170, 171.

"On the demise of Elizabeth, the crowns of England and Scotland were united in her successor James VI. of Scotland, who was proclaimed king of England, Scotland, and Ireland, on the 25th of March 1603. At this period Masonry flourished in both kingdoms, and lodges were convened under the royal patronage. Several gentlemen of fine taste returned from their travels, full of laudable emulation to revive the old Roman and Grecian Masonry. These ingenious travellers brought home fragments of old columns, curious drawings; and books of architecture. Among the number was the celebrated Inigo Jones, son of Inigo Jones, a citizen of London, who was put apprentice to a joiner, and had a natural taste for the arts of designing. He was first renowned for his skill in landscape painting, and was patronized by the learned William Herbert, afterwards earl of Pembroke. He made the tour of Italy at his lordship's expense, and improved under some of the best disciples of the famous Andrea Palladio. On his return to England, having laid aside the pencil, and confined his study to architecture, he became the Vitruvius of Britain, and the rival of Palladio.

"This celebrated artist was appointed general surveyor to king James I. under whose auspices the science of Masonry flourished. He was nominated *Grand Master of England** and was deputed by his sovereign to preside over the lodges. During his administration, several learned men were initiated into Masonry, and the society considerably increased in reputation and consequence. Ingenious artists daily resorted to England, where they met with great encouragement. Lodges were constituted as seminaries of instruction in the sciences and polite arts, after

*The Grand Master of the North bears the title of GRAND MASTER OF ALL ENGLAND, which may probably have been occasioned by the title of GRAND MASTER OF ENGLAND having been at this time conferred on Inigo Jones, which title the Grand Masters in the South bear to this day.

the model of the Italian schools; the communications of the fraternity were established, and the annual festivals regularly observed." pp. 171—173.

The two Grand Lodges thus established in England, the one at York and the other at London, continued for many years to maintain the utmost harmony and fraternal affection in their intercourse with each other. No distinction was made between the Masons who were initiated under their respective jurisdictions. All were regarded as brethren. In process of time however dissensions arose and a breach was made. Those who recognized the authority of the Grand Lodge at York retained the appellation of Ancient York Masons, while those who adhered to the Grand Lodge at London were denominated Modern Masons. But let us recur once more to the history.

"While Masonry was thus spreading its influence over the Southern part of the kingdom, it was not neglected in the North. The General Assembly or Grand Lodge at York continued regularly to meet as heretofore. In 1605, under the direction of Sir George Tempest, bart. then Grand Master, several lodges met, and many worthy brethren were initiated in York and its neighbourhood. Sir George being succeeded by the Right Hon. Robert Benson, lord mayor of York, a number of meetings of the fraternity was held at different times in that city, and the grand feast during his mastership is said to have been very brilliant.

"Sir William Robinson, bart. succeeded Mr. Benson in the office of Grand Master, and the fraternity seem to have considerably increased in the North under his auspices. He was succeeded by Sir Walter Hawkesworth bart. who governed the society with great credit. At the expiration of his mastership, Sir George Tempest was elected a second time Grand Master; and from the time of his election in 1714 to 1725, the Grand Lodge continued regularly to assemble at York under the direction of Charles Fairfield esq. Sir Walter Hawkesworth bart. Edward Bell esq. Charles Bathurst, esq. M. P. John Johnson, M. D. and John Marsden, Esq. all of whom, in rotation, during the above period, regularly filled the office of Grand Master in the North of England.

"From this account, which is authenticated by the books of the

Grand Lodge at York, it appears that the revival of Masonry in the South of England did not interfere with the proceedings of the fraternity in the North. For a series of years the most perfect harmony subsisted between the two Grand Lodges, and private lodges flourished in both parts of the kingdom under their separate jurisdiction. The only distinction which the Grand Lodge in the North appears to have retained after the revival of Masonry in the South, is the title which they claim, viz. *The Grand Lodge of all England*; while the Grand Lodge in the South passes only under the denomination of *The Grand Lodge of England*. The latter on account of its situation, being encouraged by some of the principal nobility, soon acquired consequence and reputation; while the former, restricted to fewer, though not less respectable members, seemed gradually to decline. Till within these few years, however, the authority of the Grand Lodge at York was never challenged; on the contrary, every Mason in the kingdom held it in the highest veneration, and considered himself bound by the charges which originally sprung from that assembly. To be ranked as descendants of the original York Masons, was the glory and boast of the brethren in almost every country where Masonry was established; and, from the prevalence and universality of the idea, that in the city of York Masonry was at first established by charter, the Masons of England have received tribute from the first states of Europe. It is much to be regretted, that any separate interests should have destroyed the social intercourse of Masons; but it is no less remarkable than true, that the brethren in the North and those in the South are now in a manner unknown to each other.* Notwithstanding the pitch of eminence and splendour, at which the the Grand Lodge in London has arrived, neither the lodges of Scotland or Ireland court its correspondence. This unfortunate circumstance has been attributed to the introduction of a few modern innovations among the Lodges in the South. As to the coolness which had subsisted between the Grand Lodge at York and the Grand Lodge in London, another reason is assigned. A few brethren at York having, on some trivial occasion, seceded

*This was written before the union which has recently been effected in England.

from their ancient lodge, they applied to London for a warrant of constitution; and without inquiry into the merits of the case, their application was honoured. Instead of being recommended to the Mother Lodge to be restored to favour, these brethren were encouraged in their revolt; and permitted, under the banner of the Grand Lodge of London, to open a new Lodge in the city of York itself. This unguarded act justly offended the Grand Lodge at York, and occasioned a breach, which time, and proper attention to the rules of the Order, only can repair." pp.207-210.

Another source of dissention is thus mentioned:

"The Earl of Crawford seems to have made another encroachment on the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge in the city of York, by constituting two lodges with their district; and by granting, without their consent, three deputations, one for Lancashire, a second for Durham, and a third for Northumberland. This circumstance the Grand Lodge at York highly resented, and ever after viewed the proceedings of the brethren of the South with a jealous eye. All friendly intercourse ceased, and the York Masons from that moment considered their interests distinct from the Masons under the Grand Lodge in London." p. 223.

We are also subsequently informed, that

"The Marquis of Carnarvon, afterwards duke of Chandos, succeeded lord Darnley in the office of Grand Master, was duly invested and congratulated at an assembly and feast held at Fishmongers' hall on the 27th of April 1738. At this assembly, the duke of Richmond; the earls of Inchiquin, Loudon, and Kintore; lords Colerane, and Gray; and a numerous company of other brethren, were present. The Marquis shewed every attention to the Society during his presidency, and in testimony of his esteem, presented to the Grand Lodge a gold jewel for the use of the Secretary; the device, two cross pens in a knot; and points being curiously enamelled. Two deputations for the office of Provincial Grand Master were granted by his lordship, one for the Carribée Islands, and the other for the West Riding of Yorkshire. This latter appointment was considered as a third encroachment on the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge at York, and so widened the original breach between the brethren in the North

and the South of England, that thenceforward all future correspondence between the Grand Lodges has totally ceased." p. 227.

Some of the consequences of these unhappy differences between the two Grand Lodges in England and their respective adherents, are thus detailed.

"Some disagreeable altercations arose in the Society about this period. A number of dissatisfied brethren separated themselves from the regular lodges, and held meetings in different places for the purpose of initiating persons into Masonry, contrary to the laws of the Grand Lodge. These seceding brethren taking advantage of the breach which had been made in the friendly intercourse between the Grand Lodges of London and York, on being censured for their conduct, immediately assumed, without authority, the character of York Masons. The measures adopted to check them, stopped their progress for some time; till, taking advantage of the general murmur spread abroad on account of innovations that had been introduced, and which seemed to authorise an omission of, and a variation in, the ancient ceremonies, they rose again into notice. This imprudent measure of the regular lodges offended many old Masons; but through the mediation of John Ward, Esq. afterwards lord viscount Dudley and Ward, matters were accommodated, and the brethren seemingly reconciled. This, however, proved only a temporary suspension of hostilities, for the flame soon broke out anew, and gave rise to commotions, which afterwards materially interrupted the peace of the Society.

"Lord Raymond succeeded the marquis of Carnarvon in May 1739; and under his lordship's auspices the lodges were numerous and respectable. Notwithstanding the flourishing state of the Society, irregularities continued to prevail, and several worthy brethren still adverse to the encroachments on the established system of the institution, were highly disgusted at the proceedings of the regular lodges. Complaints were preferred at every succeeding committee, and the communications fully employed in adjusting differences and reconciling animosities. More secessions taking place, it became necessary to pass votes of censure on the most refractory and to enact laws to discourage irregular associations of the fraternity. This brought the power of the

Grand Lodge in question; and in opposition to the laws which had been established in that assembly, lodges were formed without any legal warrant, and persons initiated into Masonry for small and unworthy considerations. To disappoint the views of these deluded brethren, and to distinguish the persons initiated by them, the Grand Lodge readily acquiesced in the imprudent measures which the regular Masons had adopted, measures which even the urgency of the case could not warrant. Though this had the intended effect, it gave rise to a new subterfuge. The brethren who had seceded from the regular lodges immediately announced independency, and assumed the appellation of *ancient* Masons. They propagated an opinion, that the ancient tenets and practices of Masonry were preserved by them; and that the regular lodges being composed of *modern* Masons had adopted *new* plans, and were not to be considered as acting under the *old* establishment. To counteract the regulations of the Grand Lodge, they instituted a *new* Grand Lodge in London, professedly on the *ancient* system, and under that assumed banner constituted several new lodges. These irregular proceedings they pretended to justify under the feigned sanction of the *Ancient York Constitution*, and many gentlemen of reputation were introduced among them, so that their lodges daily increased. Without authority from the grand lodge at York, or from any other established power in Masonry, they persevered in the measures they had adopted, formed committees, held communications, and appointed annual feasts. Under the false appellation of the York banner, they gained the countenance of the Scotch and Irish Masons, who, placing implicit confidence in the representations made to them, heartily joined in condemning the measures of the regular lodges in London, as tending in their opinion, to introduce novelties into the Society, and to subvert the original plan of the institution. The irregular Masons in London having acquired an establishment, noblemen of both kingdoms honoured them with their patronage for some time, and many respectable names and lodges were added to their list. Of late years the fallacy has been detected, and they have not been so successful; several of their best members have deserted them, and many lodges have renounced their banner, and come

under the patronage of the Grand Lodge of England. It is much to be wished, that a general union among all the Masons in the kingdom could be effected, and we are happy to hear such a measure is likely soon to be accomplished through the mediation of a Royal Brother." pp. 228-231.

"Soon after the election of the marquis of Carnarvon, the Grand Lodge took into consideration a complaint against certain brethren for assembling without *any* legal authority, under the denomination of *ancient masons*; who as such considered themselves independent of the Society, and not subject to the laws of the Grand Lodge, or to the control of the Grand Master. Dr. Manningham, the Deputy Grand Master, pointed out the necessity of discouraging their meetings, as being contrary to the laws of the Society, and openly subversive of the allegiance due to the Grand Master. On this representation the Grand Lodge resolved, that the meeting of any brethren under the denomination of Masons, other than as brethren of the ancient and honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons established upon the universal system, is inconsistent with the honour and interest of the craft, and a high insult on the Grand Master and the whole body of Masons. In consequence of this resolution, fourteen brethren, who were members of the lodge held at Ben Jonson's head in Pelham-street, Spitalfields, were expelled the Society, and that Lodge was ordered to be erased out of the list." pp. 243, 244.

"Many regulations respecting the government of the fraternity were established during lord Petre's administration. The meetings of irregular Masons again attracted notice, and, on the 10th of April 1777, the following law was enacted: "That the persons who assemble in London, and elsewhere, in the character of Masons, calling themselves *Ancient Masons*, and at present said to be under the patronage of the duke of Athol, are not to be countenanced, or acknowledged, by any regular lodge, or Mason, under the constitution of England: nor shall any regular Mason be present at any of their conventions, to give a sanction to their proceedings, under the penalty of forfeiting the privileges of the Society; nor shall any person initiated at any of their irregular

meetings, be admitted into any lodge without being re-made.* That this censure shall not extend to any lodge or Mason, made, in Scotland or Ireland, under the constitution of either of these kingdoms; or to any lodge or Mason abroad, under the patronage of any foreign Grand Lodge in alliance with the Grand Lodge of England; but that such lodge and Masons shall be deemed regular and constitutional." pp. 258, 259.

We have thus endeavoured to furnish, from an authentic source, a concise history of the circumstances which gave rise to the distinction between Ancient York and Modern Masons. The space which these extracts have occupied, compels us to defer to another opportunity a reference to the history of Masonry in this country, and a notice of the union, which has of late been effected between the two great divisions of the Masonic family, both in England and in different parts of the United States.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF DISSEMINATING CORRECT MASONIC INFORMATION.

At the late Communication of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky* a proposition was made to appoint a lecturer, or lecturers, whose duty it should be, to visit the several lodges in the state, to inspect their work, and to endeavour, under the direction of the Grand Master and Deputy G. Master, to produce uniformity and correctness. This proposition was opposed with much zeal on several grounds, and at length rejected. It was contended that the accomplishment of the object was impracticable; that no mason could be found at once capable and willing to devote his time and attention, so extensively as would be required, to the improvement of the craft; that, even if such a person could be found, the service could neither be expected nor desired without adequate compen-

*REMARK BY PRESTON. This censure only extends to those irregular lodges in London, which seceded from the rest of the fraternity in 1738, and cannot apply to the Grand Lodge in York city, or to any lodges under that ancient and respectable banner, whose independence and regular proceedings have been fully admitted and authenticated by the Grand Lodge in London, in the Book of Constitutions printed under their sanction in 1738."

sation, and that the funds of the Grand Lodge could be much more profitably and usefully employed in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, than even in furnishing masonic instruction to the ignorant and misguided among the fraternity. This may be plausible reasoning, but to our apprehensions it is by no means conclusive. The forms and ceremonies of masonry, the mystic rites and traditions of the order, are, we admit, of inferior importance to the great cardinal principles and moral duties which it is intended to enforce. But it does not therefore follow that the rites and ceremonies are to be treated with contempt. They are valuable, not only in themselves, but as means of impressing upon the mind solemn and interesting truths, and of cultivating the noblest and most generous feelings of the heart. To us it does really appear a matter of some importance to disseminate pure masonic light, to enable the mason of every grade not only to work correctly and according to the ancient rules and landmarks of the order, but to understand the true allegorical meaning of the forms and symbols of the several degrees. We do not believe it impracticable to effect this object. The experience of other states shows that it may be accomplished, and why may not we in Kentucky be as successful in such an enterprize as our brethren have been in other parts of the union? It is not, to say the least, any evidence of the existence of energy among the craft, that we should despair of finding an individual at once sufficiently enlightened and public spirited successfully to engage in so laudable an enterprize. We do not believe that the interests of the order are at so low an ebb among us. We are confident it will not require much seeking to enable us to find a sufficient number of brethren, who are amply qualified and who would not be reluctant to undertake the task, at least in their respective neighbourhoods; and if the expense is mentioned as an objection, we can point out a mode by which a sufficient sum may be raised for the object, without encroaching on the funds of the widow or the orphan.

The question first to be decided is, whether masonic instruction is needed in our lodges. Upon this point there seems to be scarcely a difference of opinion. It is indeed contended that in all the *essential* particulars the craft is sufficiently well informed,

but upon many collateral and incidental points, it is uniformly admitted, they require correct and systematic instruction. The mode of working in different lodges is by no means uniform, although, in all, the most important landmarks are probably adhered to. Indeed, uniformity and correctness of work cannot reasonably be expected unless some measure, similar to that now referred to, be adopted by the Grand Lodge.

The next question is, whether that information, which is undoubtedly wanting, is of sufficient value to render it worth while to attempt its diffusion. On this point we cannot think it necessary to dwell. If Masonry itself be of any value; if those mystic rites which constitute its peculiar characteristics be worthy of preservation; if its traditions and allegorical instructions be entitled to respect; it surely cannot be a matter of slight importance whether the craft be enlightened on those subjects or not. No one, who has witnessed the difference between a correct and intelligent manner of conducting the business of a lodge, and the course too often pursued by those who are unacquainted with their duties, can for a moment doubt the value of accurate and judicious instruction. We proceed therefore to enquire, in the next place, whether it is practicable to adopt and carry into effect a system for the universal diffusion of the much needed and much to be desired information. Let us look at what has been done in other places, and let us not despair. In almost all the Atlantic states lecturers have for many years past been employed by their respective Grand Lodges, and with eminent success. In some of them, District Deputy Grand Masters are appointed, each of whom has the superintendence of a single district, within the limits of which it is his duty, from time to time, to visit all the lodges, minutely to inspect their work, to correct their errors, and to communicate the instruction they may severally require. In our neighbour Ohio, a younger state than Kentucky, the Grand Master is personally engaged in the same important work, and a very extensive improvement throughout the craft has, we understand, been the result of his exertions. It is true former efforts in this state have failed, but it requires only a little energy and perseverance to render similar efforts successful. At any rate, we ought not to be discouraged by former failures.

If we have any love for the order, any genuine masonic ardour, we ought rather to be roused to additional energy, and to resolve, by manly and resolute perseverance, to command success. If the state were divided into districts of convenient extent, and one enlightened brother were appointed in each district, we confidently believe the object might be accomplished. There are surely scattered throughout the state, a sufficient number of masons, capable of acquiring and retaining accurately the lectures of the three first degrees, and disposed to devote a reasonable portion of their time to the promotion of the best interests of the order. Let us at least make the experiment. If we fail, we shall do no injury: if we succeed, we may accomplish much good.

But we are told that the experiment will subject us to expense, and that our funds can be more usefully and profitably employed. In reply to this suggestion, it need only be remarked, that a rigid economy on the part of the several lodges, and a retrenchment of their unnecessary expenses, would easily enable them to accomplish the object here recommended, without intruding upon the funds devoted to more sacred and more important purposes. Let the spirit of improvement only be excited, let a noble emulation and true masonic ardour be universally enkindled, and pecuniary resources will no longer be wanting.

But let us not be misunderstood. We do not mean to intimate that the interests of masonry among us are regarded with indifference, or that a cold and heartless apathy pervades the fraternity. On the contrary, we believe there is no section of the union, where the order is in higher esteem, or where a desire to promote the diffusion of its interests is more prevalent, than in Kentucky. Our lodges are numerous, respectable, and well attended. A zeal for the acquisition of masonic knowledge, as well as a love for masonic principles, is, we trust, extensively felt; and whether the system we have recommended be adopted or not, we have no fears for the ultimate prosperity of the institution.

Extracts from an Oration pronounced by T. POWER, Esq. at the Consecration of Monitor Lodge, Waltham, Mass. June 25, 1821.

The march of intelligence is still onward. The social, moral and intellectual condition of man is still to be improved. There are irregular passions to be subdued, vices to be resisted, habits of virtue to be formed, kind affections to be encouraged, generous and elevated sentiments to be confirmed, and distress to be soothed, and relieved. With these views we associate, and these are the objects which we believe our institution is fitted to effect. This assurance is a sufficient justification for our frequent assemblies, and were our meetings always secret and exclusive, there would be no obligation on our part to defend and vindicate them. But whenever any association or body of men, having a common interest, or professing to be united by a common bond, present themselves to general observation by public services and ceremonies, it is expected of them to make good their claims to public approbation and patronage. The more exclusive and secret, therefore, the precise points which distinguish such associations, the higher the obligation becomes to give a fair and unequivocal exposition of those principles and views by which they expect that approbation and patronage. It is not by a splendid and imposing pageant, that shall amuse an idle hour and disappoint reasonable expectations. It is not in the power of declamation that exhausts itself in vapid rhapsody, and leaves the heart untouched, the affections unsubdued, the understanding still clouded with uncertainty. This would be as insulting to good sense and sound judgment, as it would be unworthy of us. We would conciliate the good feelings of all men, because the tenets of our profession teach us "to regard the whole human species as one family;" we therefore have made our services public. We would convince you by unequivocal example, that the object of our order is to enforce the practice of moral and social duties; you have therefore witnessed the solemn ceremonies of constituting a new lodge and installing its officers.

It is an interesting inquiry to the Masonic antiquary, to mark the affinity of our Institution to the celebrated mysteries of Eleusis, the feast of Isis, or the Druidical solemnities. It is curious

to trace its origin, its early design and fitness to the state of society when the wants of men were few, when barbarism covered the earth, when the noble powers of man were not yet developed, and mutual protection was the only bond of association. He pursues it to its union with science and the useful arts, and sees it ministering to the comforts and elegancies of life. But to the Mason who marks its influence on our moral and social condition, the subject becomes more interesting, as its relations are of a higher nature. He beholds it mingling with the hopes of the blissful, and the fears of the disconsolate and wretched; giving a higher relish to intellectual and social enjoyments, and dashing the tear of misery from the cheek of misfortune. He feels it appeal to the passions and affections, and that it leads from the errors and follies of this life to the hope of a better life hereafter.

While we may claim something for the antiquity of our Institution, we claim more for the purity of our system. While something may be claimed for its general diffusion, more may be claimed for its adaptation to the condition of man in all countries, and under all circumstances, learned or unlearned, rich or poor, of humble or exalted station.

* * * * *

Although the Christian Mason claims kindred with the scorned and despised Jew, although he infuses no poison in the chalice he affectionately offers to the follower of Mahomet, although his compassion tames the wild spirit of the Arab—is he therefore recreant to his religion? How poor a comment is such a supposition on the precepts and examples of the benevolent Founder of his religion, who established its basis in the principles of universal good-will.

While art presents to the admiring world her magnificent monuments, while science erects her splendid temple, while ambition exalts its column of victory, Masonry too raises her triumphant and imperishable pillar. It is triumphant, because there. Charity by liberal means subdues the harsh, discordant passions; there, Humanity presents the pure and holy offerings of grateful hearts; there the consecrated mitre, the warrior's plume, and the sceptre of kings, are laid on the level of equal-

ty. It is imperishable, because its base is fixed in the kind and generous affections of man; its capital rises, in hope, to the throne of God.

Extract from a Sermon, delivered at Sacket's Harbour at the Installation of Athol Lodge, August 6th, A. 5818, by Brother EMORY OSGOOD.

EZEKIEL, xliv. 5.

"And the Lord said unto me, Son of Man, mark well! and behold with thine eyes, and hear with thine ears, all that I say unto thee concerning all the ordinances of the house of the Lord and the laws thereof—and mark well the entering in of the House, with every going forth of the sanctuary."

The Masonic Society, in its ancient purity, resembled the building that was reared by its art. *The stones were hewed and squared in the quarries, the timber prepared in the forests of Lebanon, so that the materials, when they were collected, were found to be prepared in such beautiful order and proportion that it came together without the sound of axe, hammer, or any tool of iron; and had more the resemblance of the handy work of the supreme architect of the universe, than that of human hands.* Such was ancient Free Masonry, when none were admitted to participate in its sublime mysteries but the worthy and meritorious.

To mark well the entering in of the house in a masonic sense, is to observe well the institution of Masonry.

In the temple of Solomon, there were guards placed at the different gates to see that none passed without they were duly prepared. In like manner, those who are placed as guards in our masonic temple, are to pay particular attention to the character of those, who present themselves as candidates for the mysteries of our order.

Do we see a man possessed of a covetous disposition, with a manifest desire to monopolize all to himself? mark well the entering in of the house?—admit him not, he will neither have any affection for the general good, nor unite in any probable means to obtain it.

Do we see a man often in difficulty with his neighbours, and

first in his own causes, and right in his own eyes? mark well! if he is admitted, he will have no regard for good order and subordination.

Do we see a man spending his time idly, intemperate in his habits, neglectful of his family? mark well the entering in of the house. He is not a good husband, he is not a good citizen, and he can never be made a good Mason.

Do we see a man cruel and oppressive, over-reaching his neighbour? mark well the entering in of the house. If he is admitted he will have no affection for the object; the widow and the orphan will never have the tear of sorrow wiped away with such a hand; the poor and penniless will never find a home under such a roof.

Do we hear a man often speaking reproachfully of his neighbour, trumpeting abroad the faults of others? mark well—a brother's character is not safe on his tongue.

“Do we hear a man speak lightly of religion, and deny the inspiration of the Scriptures, and the mediation of the Lord Jesus? mark well the entering in of the house—let every gate be duly guarded.

The introduction of such *strangers* to the genuine principles of Masonry, is calculated to make *confusion* among the craft—they are not *fit materials* for the masonic edifice; they are neither *oblong* nor *square*; they will answer none of the *dimensions* nor *weight* of masonry; neither can any of the *working tools* of the craft be adjusted upon them.

Weigh them in the *balance*, they are found wanting; *TRUSS* must be written upon them.

By reason of the introduction of such strangers among the workmen, our ancient and honorable institution is brought into disrepute among the pious and candid. Let our actions and our morality, therefore, be such as to silence the tongue of slander, and blunt the dart of envy.

MASONIC PRAYER—By Dr W. SMITH.

FATHER of light, of life, and of love! Supreme Architect and Ruler of Heaven and Earth! Infinitely glorious God—Thou, at

the beginning, willing to communicate happiness, and to establish beauty, order and harmony, didst, from the womb of thine own awful eternity, give birth to time; and, commanding the jarring elements of matter to cease their strife, didst marshall them into an universe complete! Then, while the heavenly hierarchies, with voice and harp, sung the loud anthem of joy, thou didst crown thy glorious work, by breathing the breath of life into thine own image—Man!

Be thou with us at the present beginning, and to the end. In thy name we assemble, and in thy name we desire to proceed in all our doings. Let the wisdom of thy blessed Son, through the grace and goodness of the Holy Ghost, so subdue every discordant passion within us, so harmonize and enrich our hearts with a portion of thine own love and goodness, that the lodge at this time may be a sincere, though humble copy of that order, beauty, and unity, which reign forever before thy heavenly throne.

We thankfully acknowledge that thou hast loved us, O Lord our God, with an exceeding great and eternal love; and hast chosen us out of every people and language. Our fathers trusted in thee and were not ashamed—for thou didst teach them the statutes of life, that they might do of thy good pleasure with a perfect and willing heart. As thou didst unto them, so do thou unto us; still remembering thy gracious promise, “that where two or three are met together in thy name, thou wilt be in the midst of them.”

By thus seeking and loving thee, and by loving each other for thy sake, shall thy blessing and peace be upon us from the four corners of the earth. Thou shalt put understanding into our hearts, and make us diligent to hear, to teach, and to do, all the words of thy law in love—So shall we be built up a spiritual lodge, never to be shaken; but cleaving to thy great name, and united to thee in love, and praise, and freedom of soul forever!

Amen! so may it be, for the sake of Christ our Saviour!

Masonic Precept.

Look down with pity upon the deplorable madness of those who turn their eyes from the light, and wander about in the darkness of accidental events,

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

THE CYPRESS CROWN—A TALE.

Concluded from page 107.

Both, for some time, remained thoughtful and in silence; while, from the doubt and perplexity of his companion, Wolfe found himself, by contrast, growing more energized and resolute. "Should it appear again to night," said he, "I shall follow the ghost. I must cut this mysterious knot with one bold stroke, otherwise it will continue to fetter and enervate both soul and body." "Indeed! are you determined?" said his comrade—"Why not?" said Wolfe. "This requires consideration," said the other. "Who knows what you may come to see there!" "That's all one," said Wolfe; "I must know the secret import of this visitation, otherwise I can have no rest." His comrade played with the tassels of his laced helmet, and was silent. It now lightened at a distance, and began also to rain. Wolfe stepped to the window—"You must go now!" said he to his comrade; "for, at all events, your presence cannot be of any service to me in this affair. A ghost seldom deals with more than one individual at a time." He took leave of his friend, therefore, after having escorted him to the door; and said, at parting, "have no fears on my account—the goodness of Heaven will support me!" He had scarcely uttered these words, when, with great emotion, he recollected how visibly near to him Providence had frequently been in battle; and how often, amid difficulty and danger, a short, tranquil prayer had stilled the anxiety of his heart, and recalled his wandering senses. When he had returned from seeing his comrade down stairs, scolded Lynx into quietness, and summoned all his self possession, he extinguished the light, knelt in a corner of the room, and, with heartfelt devotion, said a pater noster. After this his tranquility was perfectly restored. He had even a degree of pleasure in listening to the majestic thunder that sublimely rolled over the yet living town, and attracted the attention of its varied inhabitants, whose eyes, from time to time, were dazzled and blinded by the sudden and vivid lightning.

Towards morning, (though there was yet no daylight) Wolfe began to close his eyes, exhausted and harrassed. Not long after, his nightly visitant once more placed itself near him. Its gestures were now more earnest and anxious; and it appeared to Wolfe, in his sleep, as if Lynx barked very loud, and seized and dragged him by the arm. He was fearfully agitated in a vain strife between sleep and waking, with the inability at first to break from his dream. At last a frightful gleam of lightning filled his apartment, and forced him out of his almost deadly combat. Instantly he sprung out of bed—rain and wind rattled violently on the windows—the garden opposite seemed wrapt in flames. Wolfe beheld nothing around him but fire and devastation—yet the loud thunder gave him courage. He took his mantle from the wall, wrapt himself in it, carried his sabre under his arm, whistled for Lynx, who, terrified by the thunder, ran moaning backwards, and, trusting in God, proceeded on his way.

In the house, all, on account of the storm, were awake. He found the door half open, and stepped into the court. The louring clouds swept over him—it seemed almost as if the spirit of the storm were riding through the air on audible wings. The rain came pouring down, and, for a moment, he had nearly lost his resolution. Lynx, however, now recovered from his fright, sprang with unwieldy gambols around him, and led him onwards, sometimes barking aloud, and glaring with his eyes, as if animated by some extraordinary design. In this manner our hero was drawn onwards towards a neighbouring wall, in which he at last perceived a small entrance gate. He tried the lock in different ways, till it opened, and he now found himself within the beautiful garden which he had admired so much.

The trees shook their drenched heads, and saluted him with those deep, rustling sounds, by which they responded to the violent attack of the storm. He went rapidly onwards beneath their agitated canopy, while his labouring heart became so anxious and opprest, that he could hardly breathe. Meanwhile the relentless tempest beat the flowers one against another, crushed their tender heads to the earth, and drove great whirls of red and white rose-leaves through the perturbed atmosphere. At length a stream of light flashed through the clouds, and Wolfe found him-

self before the ruined, moss-covered ice cellar, where the two lime trees, exactly as they had been described to him in his dream, stretched their withered branches, as if pointing with long black fingers, to a low, fallen down door of the entrance—Wolfe instantly drove away this barrier. In his mind there was now no trace of fear. All inferior solicitude yielded before the increasing impulse here to realize some extraordinary discovery. He had become excited to such a degree, that, notwithstanding the interruption of the storm, he followed the directions received in his dream, by searching thoroughly among the raised up rubbish and mould, with scrupulous attention. His faithful attendant, Lynx, assisted him with more than instinctive perseverance in this labour, scratching and turning up the earth with his snout, till, at last, he barked vehemently, and stood as if riveted to one spot. Wolfe bent over him, while the thunder rolled at a distance and a pale gleam of one solitary star fell through the dark mantle of the night. Wolfe started back as the light fell upon an **AXE OR HATCHET** that lay at his feet. "What may this import?" said he, and lifting it up, he stepped out of the dark shades of the cavern into the free air. The solitary star was reflected on the steel; but, at the same time, Wolfe beheld with horror, deeply rusted stains of blood, which irresistibly agitated his heart, and full of obscure apprehensions, he exclaimed, "Murder! a secret, dark, and barbarous murder!" His whole frame trembled with indignation, and the desire of just vengeance; and taking the hatchet under his mantle, without having determined what course to pursue, he returned back to his quarters.

The weather had now become comparatively tranquil; the thunder clouds had sunk beneath the horizon, like a worn-out volcano; the day-light already dawned; and light fringes of red adorned the yet lingering vapours in the east. Wolfe came, with great strides, back towards the court—his white cloak fluttering in the wind—his upraised hair staring and wild over his angry, contracted brows; and his eyes, too, considering the temper in which he was, must have looked sufficiently formidable. He now happened to encounter Mein-herr John, who, quietly looking at the weather, was smoking his morning pipe under the gate-way. "Look here, master," cried Wolfe, drawing the

hatchet from under his cloak, "see what I have found this morning!" The tobacco pipe fell from the butcher's hands—his eyes became wild, and his lips quivered, then, murmuring in a hollow voice, "blood will have judgment, I am doomed at last!" he clasped his hands, and fell down dead, with his face to the earth in a fit of apoplexy.

Wolfe stood as if rooted to the spot, still holding the axe with uplifted arm, when Louisa looked over his shoulder, and, in a piercing voice, exclaimed, "Oh heavens! that is Andrew's own hatchet—there is his name on the handle—Andrew Wolfe!" Then the whole connexion of events flashing with the rapidity of lightning on her mind, she clasped her hands together, and, almost breathless with horror, exclaimed, "That is his blood!—They have murdered him!"

The alarm had brought together all the inhabitants of the house, who thronged about Wolfe, and urged him to unravel the frightful mystery. To him it appeared as if his head and breast were loaded with a weight of iron. Words and thoughts both failed him, as if frozen up, motionless, and dead within his soul. He stared at the letters upon the hatchet—his brain whirled as if a wheel were within it—suddenly tears burst from his eyes—then the spirit of vengeance returned—he fell upon the prostrate butcher, and violently lifted him from the ground exclaiming, "Thou hellish bloodhound, hast thou murdered him?" The cold, pale lips, however, opened not again, for death had finally sealed them. Wolfe drew back, therefore, after having let the stiffening corse slowly sink down; then looking wildly around him, rushed from the house towards the garden. The spectators, perceiving his design, followed him with shovels and pickaxes, with which they assisted him to search, until they had at last drawn from the grave the remains of a dead body, now reduced to a skeleton, so that nothing more was recognisable but a silver ring, which, uninjured, still adhered to one of the withered fingers. On beholding this, Louisa, with trembling lips, could only pronounce, "It is he—'twas I who gave him the ring!" And Wolfe, on hearing this, immediately fell down in a state of insensibility, from which they were not able to recover him.

After our hero, under the influence of frightful nervous spasms

had been carried to an hospital, where he fell sick of a mortal fever, the legal authority of the city found evidence to prove that, seven years before, a stout, active lad, by name Andrew Wolfe, had entered into the service of Mein-herr John, the butcher. He was a ready penman and accountant, and soon became indispensable to his master, whose business, after Andrew's arrival, was rapidly improved, and he himself was reconciled with customers, who, for a long while, had been estranged. Mein-herr John therefore moderated, in some degree, the usual roughness of his temper and demeanour; and Andrew himself bore much with patience on account of the sincere love which he cherished for Louisa. Their attachment was mutual; and as the good, diligent youth had gathered together a little capital of his own, he hoped in a short time to be able to undertake some business for himself, and provide for the worldly comfort of his intended bride. He had just made up his mind to disclose those intentions to his master, when one evening the wicked Martin, a graceless journeyman, in whom no one had any trust, contrived to entice him into a game of hazard, in which Mein-herr John also joined, and both tacitly conspired together to pillage the poor lad of the little fortune he had so anxiously saved. Contrary to their expectations, however, he won from both; and when it grew late, Louisa making signs to him to go, he broke off at last and retired to his apartment, having first hastily embraced his mistress, and whispered her that tomorrow all would be finally arranged for their marriage, and that she should have no fears for the future. Several people in the house had overheard Mein-herr John whispering that same evening with Martin on the stairs, and seen them afterwards go up to Wolfe's chamber. The following day Andrew had disappeared, no one knew where or how. His master gave out that he had deserted to the French army, and had marched away with them.

After these disclosures were made, it was found that the villain Martin was missing; and, on inquiry, it appeared, that in the morning early he had fled on horseback, no doubt sooner or later to be overtaken by merited judgment.

Louisa, with calm resignation, attended Wolfe in his illness, who in lucid intervals was still able to converse, and often folding

his hands with deep sighs, said, "God has avenged us, and we must forgive the guilty!" These indeed were his last words, and in uttering them he closed his honorably unstained existence. Louisa laid the Cypress Crown (which she had taken down from the nail in his apartment) upon the coffin, and she and Lynx followed at a distance, when his comrades bore him to the grave, and deposited his remains beside those of his brother, who had previously been interred with Christian rites.

Often Louisa weeps over their grave; yet her heart is more tranquil, for Andrew was not faithless, and God has judged his murderers. With pious submission waits this poor drooping flower, till the storm of life shall wholly lay it in the dust, and refuge is found at last in the night of the grave.

FEMALE SOCIETY IN INDIA.

In order to form a just idea of the state of female society in India, it will be necessary to trace the character of Hindoo women in its original formation, and to examine the nature and extent of the care bestowed upon them in the season of early youth. The importance which the inhabitants of Europe attach to a sound and judicious education, especially with regard to the female sex, is founded on the unerring deductions of reason and experience. Without it, the whole frame of society, so much superior in every possible respect to any thing the world has ever witnessed, would quickly lose its dignity and refinement, and deprive the world of its salutary influence. What estimate shall be formed then of the state of society in India, where the education of females is invariably and systematically neglected; where not one female in twenty thousand, among the rich or the poor, the honorable or the ignoble, is ever permitted to acquire the smallest idea of letters; where the book of knowledge is as effectually closed upon them as though the alphabet were unknown in the country?

No consideration enters into the negotiations of marriages, but the convenience of the high contracting powers; and with them the increase of family distinction, of wealth, or importance

in society, regulates the scale. Hindoo matches are generally unhappy: indeed it is impossible it should be otherwise, when two individuals are thus united without the slightest reference to a congeniality of disposition.

We will follow the female into the family circle, where she is to spend the remainder of her days, in which the very first act is calculated to strike imagination like the bolt of the first door on the unfortunate victim of the Inquisition. The elder members assemble to view her face for the first, "and for the last time," till it has lost its mortal hue. The new married female is conducted into the room, where she sits like a statue with her face concealed beneath a veil, till it be lifted up by one of her own sex. She then closes her eyes, and stretches forth her hands to receive the presents of the elder male branches of the family, together with their benedictions. After this ceremony, she retires to her own apartment, and commences a life of seclusion and inanity. Though living under the same roof with her father-in-law, and her husband's brethren, she is never permitted to converse with any of them, and if by any accident they happen to cross her path, she veils her countenance as if in the presence of a stranger. With the junior branches of the family, she may converse while they remain children; but all intercourse ceases when they attain a certain age. Her father-in-law never mentions her name in the family, and enquires after her welfare only by stealth. There is no general family intercourse; the two sexes are as effectually separated as they would be by stone walls. The life of social intercourse is absent in these comfortless abodes; there is no affectionate greeting in the morning, no tender valedictions at the close of the day.

Their meals are partaken separately; the men and the women each by themselves; with this difference, that the women wait on the men during their repast, though with their cloth drawn over their faces. During these hours there is no notice taken of the females who wait so assiduously on their lords, except when food or water is required. Even then, they are never addressed in that affectionate language which might soften the asperity of their employment; but in an indirect manner, with a simple notice that more food is required, or that such an one is

idle, or it would be advantageous to replenish the dish. No treaties can prevail on a woman among the higher classes, to eat in the presence of her husband, even when alone with him. How different this state of society from that which our immortal bard had described in the bowers of paradise! How wide a contrast between European social enjoyment even in affliction, and the cold seclusion of Hindoo manners at the most festive hours of the day!

In her own house the wife is seldom treated with unreserved confidence, while every thing which meets her eyes, the lofty walls surrounding the house, the small windows grated to prevent her thrusting her head through them, the evident separation of her apartment so as to exclude the possibility of intercourse—all these things, however natural to her mind from her having been accustomed to nothing else from her childhood, cannot fail to remind her of the suspicion which pursues her conduct. Among the higher classes, where we might expect more liberality, we find less. Women are not permitted to pay or receive visits, and never leave home except for the house of a relative, and even these journeys are rare, and attended with much anxiety.

Of the employment of the females at home it is more difficult to speak: it is however easy to imagine, that without books, without any useful employment, and without any relief from visits, time must hang heavily on their hands. Those in the lower walks of life prepare cow-dung for fuel, fetch water for all domestic purposes, make purchases in the market, and in short attend to the drudgery of the family. In the higher circles, where these cares devolve on menials, women pass a listless, uninteresting life, without diversity and without enjoyment. According to the best information we can obtain on the subject, a wife devotes one portion of the day to the combing of her hair, and to the anorning of her person with jewels and splendid attire, which excite the envy of the less favoured female relatives inhabiting the same inclosure. Listening to slander serves to fill up the interstices of her time. This is the highest species of happiness which Hindoo women enjoy; it is the balm which relieves life of its tedium. The faults, the follies, the singulari-

ties of neighbouring families, are all re-echoed through these secluded chambers in a ceaseless round.

Where the most ardent attachment has been outwardly professed, the husband, on the death of his wife, hastens in search of another, frequently the very day after the performance of her funeral rites, making no scruple to employ the articles which have been saved from the feast of woe, in furnishing the bridal entertainment. The wailings of grief have scarcely subsided, before the same walls resound with the songs of merriment.

MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

As love without esteem is volatile and capricious, esteem without love is languid. I am afraid that too many men, whose wives have possessed their esteem, have lavished their fortunes in the pursuit of pleasure which has little to do with domestic happiness; while the love of others, however ardent, has been quickly alienated, because it was not dignified and supported by esteem.

As there is not perhaps a married pair upon earth whose natural dispositions and relish of life are so perfectly similar, that their wills constantly coincide; so it must sometimes happen, that the immediate pleasure of indulging opposite inclinations will be greater than a participation of that pleasure, which should arise to the other if this indulgence should be forborne: but as to forbear this indulgence can never fail to conciliate esteem, it should always be considered as a means of happiness, and rather as an advantage than a loss; especially if it be true, that the indulgence itself, in these circumstances, never gives the pleasure that it promises.

Lady Mary Matchless had been married to Sir William, a baronet of that name of great fortune, amiable, honourable, and accomplished. He loved her, and was indulgent; she loved him too, but she was vain. Among her other numerous graces, she was admired for the peculiar elegance with which she waltzed. At first Sir William was delighted to see her in this kind of display: he was now in the possession of her unrivalled charms, and when he saw how much she was admired, and what exclamations of delight her graceful movements excited, his admiration re-

ceived an added impulse; and though etiquette naturally restrained his tongue, his heart joined in the applause. However at the close of the ball, on asking an old friend of his family, and whose opinion he had ever regarded with a veneration respect, whether he did not think the waltz a charming dance, he was surprised by this grave reply: "It certainly is for every kind of women except such as wish to be thought virtuous wives or chaste misses." This sentiment instantly produced the effect for which it was uttered; and the next ball to which Lady Mary was invited, he expressed a hope that she would not waltz. "Nay, my dear Sir William," she replied, what an unreasonable objection, when you know how fond I am of dancing, and how much I prefer that dance to any other! I am sure you will not disappoint me, when I ask you to withdraw your prohibition." Sir William, who was good nature itself, smiled assent, as he did not wish her compliance when an air of reluctance would have accompanied it. She, however, who had not less good nature than himself, suffered so much pain from the suspicion she entertained of having mortified him, that, in the midst of all her graces, and the praise they occasioned, or the envy which they excited, she continually wished herself at home. Thus she offended the delicacy of his affection, by preferring a dance to the indulgence of his fond and anxious sensibility; and forfeited part of the esteem which was due to that very good-nature by which she lost the enjoyment of the night.

In this instance the pain inflicted upon the husband arose from the private gratification proposed by the wife: but there is a passion very different both from malice and rage, to the gratification of which the pain of another is sometimes essentially necessary. This passion, which, though its effects are often directly opposite to good-nature, is yet, perhaps, predominant in every breast, and indulged at whatever risk, is vanity.

To a gratification of vanity at the expense of reciprocal esteem, the wife is certainly under much stronger temptation than the husband: and I warn the ladies against it, not only with more zeal, but with greater hope of success; because those only who have superior natural abilities, or have received uncommon advantages from education, have it in their power.

To rally a wife with success confers little honour upon the husband; the attempt is rather regarded as an insult than a contest: it is exulting in a masculine strength, to which she makes no pretensions, and brandishing weapons she is not supposed to have the skill to wield.

For the same reasons, to confute or to ridicule a husband with an apparent superiority of knowledge or of wit, affords all the parade of triumph to a wife: it is, indeed, to be strong where weakness is no reproach, and to conquer when it would not have been dishonourable to fly. But these circumstances, which increase the force of the temptation, will be found to afford proportionate motives to resist it: whatever adds to the glory of the victor, adds equally to the dishonour of the vanquished; and that which can exalt a wife only by degrading a husband, must in fact be a worthless acquisition, as it may perhaps change fondness to resentment, or provoke an active jealousy to an implication of contempt. But if good-nature is sufficiently strong to secure the esteem of reason, it may, nevertheless, be too negligent to gratify the delicacy of love: it must, therefore, not only be steady, but watchful and assiduous; beauty must suffer no diminution by inelegance, but every charm must contribute to keep the heart which it contributed to win; whatever would have been concealed as a defect from the lover, must not be uncautiously unfolded to the husband. The most intimate and tender familiarity cannot surely be supposed to exclude decorum, and there is a certain degree of delicacy in every mind, which is disgusted at the breach of it, though every mind is not sufficiently attentive to avoid giving an offence which it has often received.

As they who possess less than they expected cannot be happy, to expatiate on chimerical prospects of felicity is to ensure the anguish of disappointment, and to lose the power of enjoying whatever may be possessed. Let not youth, therefore, imagine, that, with all the advantages of nature and education, marriage will be a constant reciprocation of delight, over which externals will have but little influence, and which time will rather change than destroy. There is no perpetual source of delight but hope. It follows, therefore, from considering the imperfection of the utmost temporal happiness, that to possess it all would be to lose it,

as hope would be annihilated. We enjoy that which is before us; but when nothing more is possible, all that is attained is insipid. Such is the condition of life, but it does not lessen the real value and final object of it:

“Hope follows through, nor quits us when we die.”—POPE.

ON TASTE IN FEMALE DRESS.

Personal neatness may almost be classed with the cardinal virtues. It was an observation of Lavater that persons habitually attentive to dress, display the same irregularity in their domestic affairs. ‘Young women,’ says he, ‘who neglect their toilette, and manifest little concern about dress, indicate in this very particular, a disregard of order, a mind but ill adapted to the details of house-keeping, a deficiency of taste, and of the qualities that inspire love; they will be careless in every thing. The girl of eighteen who desires not to please, will be a slut and a shrew at twenty-five. Pay attention, young men, to this sign; it never yet was known to deceive.’ Husbands, as well as lovers, are gratified and delighted to see their partners handsomely adorned; and I am well convinced that many a heart now roving in quest of variety, might have been retained in willing captivity at home, by the silken chains of personal decoration. It is one of the moral duties of every married woman always to appear well dressed in the presence of her husband. The simple robe may evince the wearer’s taste as nobly as the most gorgeous brocade.

The natural figure of a woman is of the utmost importance in determining the style of her dress. What sight, for instance, can be more preposterous than that of a short broad-shouldered, fat female in a spencer? It has been observed too, that short women destroy their symmetry and encumber their charms, by a ‘redundancy of ornament;’ and that ‘a little woman, feathered and furbelowed, looks like a queen of the Bantam tribe.’

Nor is the substance of which dresses are composed unworthy of notice.—Making due allowance for the season, that which will display, or soften the contour of the form with most propriety and effect, should always be preferred. The Roman ladies had their *ventus textillis*, and their *hæca nobilitas*—linen so fine

as to acquire those names;—and from the transparent muslin to the substantial silk, the merino and kerseymere, our variety of texture is almost infinite. Thus, while the sylph-formed maiden may be allowed to float in gossamer, the more matured and portly female should adopt a fabric better suited to her size, her figure and her time of life.

There is nothing, perhaps, more difficult of choice, or more delusive to the wearer, than colors; and nothing more offensive to the educated eye, than colors ill chosen, or ill-combined.

“Let the fair nymph, in whose plump cheeks is seen
A constant blush, be clad in cheerful green;
In such a dress the sportive sea nymphs go;
So in their grassy bed fresh roses blow.”

It has been remarked, however, that grass green, though a color exceedingly pleasing and refreshing itself, jaundices the pale woman to such a degree, as to excite little other sensation but compassion in the beholder.

—“Maids grown pale with sickness or despair,
The sable’s mournful dye should choose to wear;
So the pale moon still shines with purest light
Cloth’d in the dusky mantle of the night.”

Ladies of a pale complexion, should seldom, if ever, wear a dress of an entire colour. Their white drapery, at least, might be relieved and animated, by ribbons, flowers, &c. of delicate tints; such as light pink or blossom colour. On the other hand

“The lass, whose skin is like the hazel brown,
With brighter yellow should o’ercome her own.”

She may even, without fear of offence, assume the orange, the scarlet, the coqualicot, the flame colour, or the deep rose; either of which will heighten the animated hue of her complexion, and impart a more dazzling lustre to her eye.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

CONTEMPORARY FEMALE GENIUS.

As no period of our history has Female Genius triumphed more than in our day. At the present time there are living not less than twenty-four ladies of pre-eminant talents as writers in

various departments of literature and philosophy, whose names deserve to be specially enumerated, and whose several works and superior pretensions deserve to be treated at large in your pages. For the present, I shall name them as they occur to my mind, and not presume to class them in the order of merit. These brief notices justify me, however, in calling the attention of writers of greater power to the subject

Mrs. BARBAULD, distinguished during fifty years, by her elegant productions in verse and prose.

Mrs. HANNAH MORE, for nearly an equal period, by various moral and controversial writings; not inferior to any thing produced by the other sex.

Mrs. RADCLIFFE, who, as a novelist, may be ranked among the first geniuses of the age and country.

Miss EDGEWORTH, a distinguished writer of novels, moral compositions, and works of education.

Miss CULLEN, the amiable and ingenious authoress of *Morton*, and *Home*, novels distinguished for their benevolent sentiments and spirited composition, honorable alike to her heart and head.

Mrs. OPIE, whose various works in verse and prose are distinguished for their originality, ingenuity, good taste, and elegant composition.

Mrs. INCHBALD, who as a dramatist and novelist, has produced various works which will ever rank high among the classics of our language.

Miss HUTTON, respectable as a novelist, powerful as a general writer, and able as a philosophical geographer; as proved by her recent work on Africa.

Miss H. M. WILLIAMS, who, though long resident in Paris, may be claimed as an Englishwoman, and is an honour to the genius of her countrywomen in history, politics, eloquence, and and poetry.

Mrs. CAPPE, a lady whose strength of understanding and powers of diction have led her to grapple with subjects of the highest order, and she has published several works in theology, education, and biography.

Miss PORTER, a novelist of the first rank in the powers of

eloquent composition, whose Thaddeus of Warsaw and other works, will long be standards in the language.

MISS BENDER, who figures with equal distinction as a novelist, historian, and critic.

MRS. GRANT, who has distinguished herself in morals, philosophy, and the belles lettres.

MRS. MARCET, who had proved her powers of mind in her *Conversations on Natural Philosophy, &c.*

MRS. LOWRY, who writes and lectures with great ability on mineralogy and geology.

MISS OWENSON, (Lady Morgan) whose powers of eloquent writing, and moral and political reasoning, are not surpassed by any author of her time.

MRS WAKEFIELD, compiler of many useful and ingenious works for the use of children and schools.

MRS. IBERTSON, whose discoveries with the microscope on the *Physiology of Plants*, rank her high among experimental philosophers.

MISS HERSHELL, whose ingenuity and industry in astronomical observation, have obtained her a splendid reputation throughout the civilized world.

MISS AIKIN, niece of Mrs. Barbauld, who, soaring above productions of mere taste and fancy, has, in her *Memoirs of Elizabeth*, proved her powers in history and philosophy.

MRS. GRAHAM, the able writer of several volumes of travels, which are distinguished for their sound philosophy and enlightened views of society.

M. D'AUBLAY, (Miss Burney,) whose *Evelina*, *Cecilia*, *Camilla*, and other novels place her among the first and most original writers of any age.

MISS BAILLIE, whose *Plays on the Passions* and other productions are highly esteemed by every person of good taste.

Besides others of less celebrity, but perhaps equal merit, whose names are not present to the recollection of the writer.

Few persons, till they behold this enumeration, will have suspected that our own days could boast such a galaxy of genius in the fair sex; and it may also be questioned whether the other sex can produce a list in many respects of superior pretensions.

POETRY.

ON MUSIC.

When through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love
In days of childhood meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Waking thoughts that long have slept;
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept!

Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
In the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours,
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death:
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath!

Music!—oh! how faint, how weak!
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well
Friendship's balmy words may feign;
Love's are ev'n more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.

BY A LADY.

Ye beauties, or such as would beauties be fam'd,
Lay patches and washes and painting aside;
Go burn all the glasses that ever were fram'd,
The gewgaws of fashion and nicknacks of pride.

A nostrum to cull from the toilet of reason,
 'Tis easy, 'tis cheap, and 'tis ever in season,
 When art has in vain her cosmetics apply'd.
 Good nature, believe me, 's the smoothest of varnish,
 Which ever bedimpled the beautiful cheek;
 No time nor no tint can its excellence tarnish,
 It holds on so long and it lies on so sleek;
 'Tis more than the blush of the rose in the morning,
 The white of the lily is not so adorning;
 All accident proof, and all scrutiny scorning;
 'Tis ease to the witty, and wit to the weak.

'Tis surely the girdle that Venus was bound with,
 The graces, her handmaids, all proud, put it on;
 'Tis surely the radiance Aurora is crown'd with,
 Who, smiling, arises and waits for the sun.
 Oh! wear it, ye lasses, on ev'ry occasion:—
 'Tis the noblest reproof, 'Tis the strongest persuasion;
 And last, *and look lovely when beauty is gone.*
 'Twill keep; nay, 't will almost retrieve reputation!

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

FROM THE EASTON GAZETTE.

Extract from a letter to the Editor, dated

CAMBRIDGE, June 25, 1821.

Yesterday the 24th inst. the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist, was celebrated in this place by a Masonic procession and sermon.—About 11 o'clock the Lodge and visiting brethren, decorated with the insignia of their respective grades, moved from the Lodge Room, to the Methodist church, which was very kindly and charitably opened for their reception. Great praise is due to the members of that church for the *magnanimity and liberality of sentiment*, they displayed on the occasion.—The procession and accompanying ceremonies were truly solemn and impressive—To view a band of brothers divesting themselves of all sordid views, associated for the purposes of general benevolence and to alleviate the cares and misfortunes of the woe-worn and distressed, offering up their homage and adoration at the altar of the Great Architect of the Universe, must always be a spectacle inexpressibly gratifying, and consoling to the heart of every philanthropist. An appropriate sermon and very feeling

masonic address, were delivered by the Rev Mr. Owens; after which the Brethren partook of some refreshments prepared by Mr. Flint—they then dispersed. Nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the day, or in the least to impair the solemnity and religious grandeur of the scene. As a stranger who viewed the whole with the deepest interest, I must be permitted to pay this slight tribute of respect to an institution which commands my greatest veneration; and is entitled to the respect of every friend of the human race."

CONSECRATION AND INSTALLATION.

On Wednesday, the 22d August, Mount Zion Royal Arch Chapter at Stoughton, Mass. was consecrated, and its officers publicly installed in ancient and ample form. The M. E. JONATHAN GAGE, Esq. of Newburyport. G. H. P. of Massachusetts, and other Officers of the Grand Chapter were present on the occasion. The day was unusually fine, and the assembly convened for the purpose of witnessing the ceremonies, numerous. The Address by the Rev. Companion RICHARDSON, of Hingham, was distinguished for its catholicism, and for the profound, enlarged, and correct views which it exhibited of the beneficial design and tendency of the Masonic Institution. After the public services, about 400 companions, brethren, and their ladies sat down to a sumptuous repast prepared for the occasion by Companion Capen. The following are the names of the officers installed.

John Edson, <i>H P</i>	Jonathan Reynolds, <i>R. A. C.</i>
Elijah Atherton, <i>K.</i>	Joel Talbot, <i>M. V.</i>
Thomas Tolman, <i>S.</i>	Silas Alden, jr. <i>do.</i>
Royal Turner, <i>Treasurer</i>	Isaac Spear, <i>do</i>
Artemas Kennedy; <i>Secretary.</i>	Leonard Alden, <i>Steward.</i>
David Manly, <i>C. H.</i>	Leonard Kinsley, <i>do.</i>
Timothy Dorman, <i>P. S.</i>	Richard Talbot, <i>Tyler.</i>

Officers of King Solomon's Lodge, No. 6, Gallatin, Tennessee.

W. John Hall, <i>Master,</i>	A. D. Bugg, <i>Treasurer</i>
Alfred H. Douglass, <i>S. Warden.</i>	Samuel Gwin, <i>Secretary.</i>
William Stewart, <i>J. Warden.</i>	

Officers of Pickaway Lodge, No. 23, Circleville, Ohio.

George Wolfley, <i>W. M.</i>	Guy W. Doan, <i>Treas.</i>
Robt. K. Foresman, <i>S. W.</i>	John T. Davenport, <i>S. D.</i>
Henry Sage, <i>J. W.</i>	Caleb Atwater, <i>J. D.</i>
William B. Thall, <i>Secretary.</i>	Walter Thrall, <i>S. and T.</i>

THE
MASONIC MISCELLANY
AND
LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1821.

No. 5.

HISTORY OF MASONRY IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

PREVIOUS to the revolutionary war, the ancient lodges in South Carolina were constituted under different authorities, subject to distant and different jurisdictions, and without any local head.

The Grand Lodge of South Carolina was established on the 5th of February, 5787, and was incorporated by an act of the Legislature on the 20th of December, 5791. The circumstances attending its establishment were as follows:

"In consequence of the dissolution of the political connexion between the colonies of North America and Great Britain, by the happy issue of the Revolution, the United States became a separate and independent nation, and although the principles of the society of Freemasons, are in no wise affected by the revolutions of empires, nor by a change in the form of government; yet, for many obvious and cogent reasons, it has always been found most convenient to have the head or supreme power, in that country in which the lodges meet. Agreeably to the ancient landmarks of Freemasonry, every *five* regularly constituted lodges, possess the right of congregating and establishing a Grand Lodge, in any country, nation, kingdom, or state, in which no Grand Lodge is already established."

In virtue of this authority, a grand communication of Ancient York Masons, was held at the lodge room in Lodge Alley, in the city of Charleston, on the 24th of December 5786, where it was resolved to call a *convention* of the several lodges in the state to deliberate on the expediency of forming a GRAND LODGE. A grand convention was accordingly held, at the above place, on

the 1st of January 5787, at which were present, the Masters, Past Masters, and Wardens of Lodges No. 190, No. 38, No. 40, No. 47, and No. 236.

After maturely deliberating on a subject so important to the craft, the following resolution was offered, and agreed to, *nemo con. viz:*

“That Monday the 6th day of February next, be the day, appointed for the election of a Grand Master, Deputy Grand Master, and other officers, to form a Grand Lodge (free from any other jurisdiction) for the state of South Carolina, and masonic jurisdiction thereof.”

Agreeably to the foregoing resolution, the convention met at the time proposed, and elected the following grand officers, viz:

The Hon. and Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master of East Florida, William Drayton, Esq. *Grand Master.*

The Hon. Brig. Gen. Mordicai Gist, *Dep’y. G. M.*

Edward Weyman, Esq. *Senior Grand Warden.*

Peter Smith, Esq. *Junior Grand Warden.*

Robert Knox, Esq. *Grand Treasurer.*

Alexander Alexander, Esq. *G. Sec’y.*

The Grand Lodge being thus organized in perfect harmony, a circular letter setting forth the reasons which induced the establishment of a Grand Lodge, was prepared, and transmitted to the different Grand Lodges of Great Britain, Ireland, and America.

The Hon. William Drayton, was successively elected to the chair of the Grand Lodge for the years 5788, and 5789. In 5790, the Hon. Brig. Gen. Mordicai Gist, was elected Grand Master, and having discharged the duties of the chair with fidelity, and much to the advantage of the craft, was re-elected in 5791. The next year, 5792, the chair was filled by Maj. Thomas B. Bowen; and in 5793, the Hon. William Loughton Smith, L. L. D. member of Congress from South Carolina, and afterwards Minister from the United States to Portugal, was elected Grand Master. Distinguished for pre-eminent talents, and a mind highly cultivated and improved, he, for six successive years, ably and usefully filled the chair, delighting all by the suavity of his manners, and diffusing light and knowledge among the brotherhood. In the year 5800, his Excellency John Drayton, Governor of the

State, was elected and proclaimed Grand Master, to which office he was re-elected in 5801, 5802, 5803, and 5804. In 5805, the chair was usefully filled by the most worshipful Simon Magwood, Esq. and in 5806, His Excellency Paul Hamilton, then Governor of the State, and afterwards Secretary of the Navy of the United States, was elected Grand Master, and was succeeded in 5807 by Benjamin Cudworth, Esq. In 5808, the Hon. William Loughton Smith, L. L. D. was again elected Grand Master.

There now commenced a new and interesting epoch in the history of Freemasonry in this state.

From the peace of 1783 to 1808, there were two bodies of Masons in South Carolina, viz: "The Grand Lodge of South Carolina, *Ancient York Masons*," and "The Grand Lodge of *Free and accepted Masons*," termed "*Moderns*." The number of the former, was perhaps 20 to 1, compared with that of the latter. These two societies were desirous of terminating the disunion so long existing between them, and of uniting under one constitution. Exertions had been frequently made by individual members to attain this desirable end; repeated propositions had been advanced and urged as well in quality of friends, as in that of masons: which propositions, although not immediately attended with the desired successful consequences, opened the way for the better understanding of each other; for reconciling the minds of some, who were at first averse to any such association; for removing those little asperities which really had no countenance from the honest and well meaning members of either body; and for fixing their minds upon the great object of their society, to promote the good of mankind, by extending the influence of the craft.

To carry into effect the desired union, the two Grand Lodges agreed upon certain articles of union on the 24th of September 5808, and pursuant thereto, the members of the two Grand Lodges, assembled in Convention, at the Grand Lodge room on Saturday 17th December 5808, for "the purpose of electing the Grand Officers, and otherwise to organize the Grand Lodge of South Carolina."

William Loughton Smith, being appointed Chairman, and John Minckly Mitchell, Secretary; the convention proceeded to ballot.

for Grand Officers, when it appeared that the following brethren were duly elected.

The Hon. & M. W. Wm. Loughton Smith,	L. L. D. G. Master
Hon. & R. W. John F. Grimke,	D. G. M.
R. W. Henry Horlbeck,	S. G. W.
R. W. William Porter,	J. G. W.
W. Richard Stiff,	G. Treasurer.
W. John H. Mitchell,	G. Secretary.
W. Frederick Daleho,	M. D. Cor. G. Sec'y.
W. Jervis Henry Stephens,	G. Marshall.
W. James Drummond,	G. P.

The "Grand Lodge of South Carolina," being thus regularly organized, adopted for its mode of work, the forms in use by the "Ancient York Masons" in every particular. The "Free and Accepted Masons," being very few in number, were disposed to yield in every thing, as to work, &c. to the "Ancient York Masons."

Shortly after this union was formed, an unhappy schism took place. Some of the lodges of Ancient York Masons, misconceiving the object of the union, and the principles on which it was formed; and not having been sufficiently enlightened on the subject (not having attended the several meetings) though well disposed for the union, were under the impression, that the barriers had been broken down, and the venerable landmarks of the institution removed or defaced. Whereupon they assembled and revived the "Grand Lodge of Ancient York Masons," under the act of incorporation of 5791, which had been relinquished by the new Grand Lodge, although they had omitted to make a formal surrender of it to the Legislature. Henceforth there were again two Grand Lodges in the state, creating an entire anomaly, for they both worked *precisely in the same manner*, between whom there was no communication whatever, to the astonishment of the world, the grief of every considerate and enlightened mason, and the manifest injury of the craft.

At a stated meeting of the Grand Lodge, on the 24th of June 5809, a committee was appointed, to address the seceding lodges "stating the reasons which led to the union, and explaining each other matter as they might deem necessary, to remove the impressions under which they laboured."

An address was accordingly prepared by the committee, in which the objections of the seceding lodges, were carefully and impartially examined, and the reasons for the union of the two Grand Lodges luminously displayed. This however produced no immediate effect. The Grand Lodge established by the seceding lodges, still continued to assemble. After several fruitless endeavours from time to time, during the past nine years, the two Grand Lodges are once more united, and every enlightened mason must hope, on a basis never to be shaken.

After some necessary preliminary steps, on the 11th of January 5317, a joint committee of the two Grand Lodges, met and agreed to the following articles of union.

“ART. 1. There shall be, from and after the ratification of these articles, by the R. W. Grand Lodge of South Carolina Ancient York Masons, and by the R. W. Grand Lodge of South Carolina, (and after the ratification of both Grand Lodges, in the manner herein after mentioned) a full, perfect and perpetual union, of and between the said Grand Lodges, and the subordinate lodges, under their jurisdiction, and the fraternities of Freemasons of South Carolina—so that in all time hereafter, they shall form and constitute but one Brotherhood; and that the said community shall be represented in, and governed by, one Grand Lodge, to be styled “*The Grand Lodge of Ancient Freemasons of South Carolina,*” to be solemnly formed and held on the day of the festival of Saint John the Evangelist, next ensuing such ratification, and thence forward forever.”

“ART. 2. It is declared and pronounced, that pure ancient masonry consists of three degrees and no more, viz: those of the entered apprentice, fellow craft, and master mason, including the supreme order of the Holy Royal Arch. But this article is not intended to prevent any lodge, or chapter, from holding a meeting in any of degrees of the order of Chivalry, according to the constitutions of the said orders.

“ART. 3. There shall be the most perfect unity of obligation, of discipline, of working the lodges, of entering, passing, and raising, instructing, and clothing brothers: so that but one pure, unsullied system, according to the *genuine land-marks*, laws and traditions of the craft, shall be maintained, upheld and practised,

from the day of the date of the said union, until time shall be no more.

"ART. 4. Although it is believed that no diversity doth exist between the said G. Lodges, as to obligations or discipline, or working the lodges, or entering, passing, and raising, instructing, and clothing brothers; yet, to ascertain the same to mutual satisfaction, and thenceforth to preclude all doubt or controversy, it is agreed, that one and the same night shall be appointed for the meeting of the two Grand Lodges, in Charleston, when they shall assemble in separate lodges, and each appoint a committee to visit the other Grand Lodge the same evening, for the purpose of examining into the mode of entering, passing, and raising, instructing, obligating, and clothing brothers, in the respective Grand Lodges: and after the visiting committees have returned to their respective lodges, and reported the result of their examinations, the two lodges shall, by exchange of messages, appoint a joint committee, who shall, on the spot, draw up and prepare a report or statement of the interviews, and the results thereof, which, upon being accepted and confirmed by each lodge, (of which each shall advise the other in writing) shall be transmitted by each Grand Lodge, as soon thereafter as may be, to their respective subordinate lodges for their information. And upon those proceedings being had, and the report of the joint committee made, and mutually confirmed, each Grand Lodge shall, in its own chamber, and during the same sitting, proceed to put the question, to agree to, accept and confirm the articles of union; and if the same shall be agreed to by each Grand Lodge, the testimonials thereof shall, by mutual message, be exchanged in writing, and the plan of union shall be declared to be fit, and ready for the final consideration and adoption herein after mentioned and provided for.

"ART. 5. After such proceedings shall have taken place, as are prescribed in the preceding article, the two Grand Lodges, respectively, shall communicate to their subordinate lodges a statement of those proceedings, and a copy of these articles; requiring the respective lodges to take the whole into their consideration, at a regular meeting, and thereupon to vote, either their acceptance of this union, or their dissent; and also, that they do

transmit their assent, if they do assent, to abide by the final determination that shall be made by their respective Grand Lodges, touching the formation of the union hereby contemplated.

“ART. 6. As soon as the two Grand Lodges shall have communicated with their subordinate lodges, as mentioned in the last article, and the Grand Masters shall both be ready to call a meeting for final ratification, a day shall mutually be appointed for the two Grand Lodges to meet; and having assembled in separate chambers, they shall exchange ratifications of these articles; and having so done, the two Grand Lodges shall immediately resolve themselves into a joint meeting in the following manner: a joint committee shall be appointed to determine, by lot, which of the Grand Masters shall preside, and that being fixed, the remaining officers of the other Grand Lodge shall keep their respective stations, in the joint meeting, which joint meeting shall be immediately formed, and the whole being duly in order, the ratifications of the two Grand Lodges shall be read by the presiding Grand Master, who shall solemnly pronounce the union to be completed.

“The joint meeting shall then proceed to ballot as one Grand Lodge, for Grand Officers of the new *Grand Lodge of Ancient Freemasons of South Carolina*: and having counted the votes, and declared the election, the same shall be duly certified under the hands and seals of the two Grand Masters, and of the other Grand Officers present, to be transmitted to the Grand Master elect; and the two Grand Lodges now existing shall then be dissolved and forever extinct, which shall be declared in open Grand Lodge by the Grand Masters.

“ART. 7. The new Grand Lodge, by the name and style aforesaid, shall apply to the Legislature for an act of incorporation, in the usual manner, tendering at the same time, a surrender of the charters of both Grand Lodges. These articles and the proceedings touching them, together with the ratifications and all the documents touching this union, shall be deposited, and forever remain in the archives of the new Grand Lodge; and all property, jewels and funds, belonging to the present Grand Lodges, shall vest in the new Grand Lodge.”

On the 30th of May 1817, the two Grand Lodges met in sepa-

rate chambers, and were each opened in ample form. The lodges having been convened for the special purpose of acting under the fourth article of the convention, which had been previously agreed to, by the joint committee of the two Grand Lodges; a joint committee was appointed to examine into the mode of work, &c as practised in both Grand Lodges, who having discharged that duty made the following report:

"That from the reciprocal examinations by the several committees already had in Grand Lodge, it doth appear that *there exists no difference*, in the mode of entering, passing, and raising, instructing, obligating, and clothing brothers in the respective Grand Lodges."

Which report was immediately considered, and unanimously accepted and confirmed. The question was then put to agree to, accept, and confirm the articles of union, and they were *unanimously* agreed to, accepted, and confirmed.

The two Grand Lodges, having exchanged testimonials agreeably to the 4th article of the convention, the R. W. and Hon. Brother C. J. COLCOCK, Grand Master, accompanied by the R. W. "Grand Lodge of Ancient York Masons," were then reviewed in the Hall of the "Grand Lodge of South Carolina" in due masonic form, and conducted to the East, where they were received by the R. W. Grand Master, and taking their seats on his right, were saluted with the highest masonic honors.

At the request of the R. W. Grand Master; the Rev. Brother COOPER, Grand Chaplain of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Ancient York Masons, delivered an impressive and appropriate prayer; The Grand Lodge was then closed in ample form.

The Grand Lodges having communicated with their respective subordinate lodges, agreeably to the requisition of the 5th article of the convention, and the Grand Masters being ready to call a meeting for final ratifications, they did mutually appoint and fix upon the 26th of December 1817, for that purpose; and having assembled their respective Grand Lodges in separate chambers, they severally proceeded to the fulfillment of the 6th article of the convention, after some necessary preliminary steps, the two Grand Lodges assembled in joint Grand Lodge, and Brother THOMAS W. BACOT, M. W. Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, having been selected by ballot of a

joint committee of the two Grand Lodges, to preside in joint meeting, was conducted to the chair—and the following brethren, officers of the Grand Lodge of Ancient York masons, were conducted to their seats. viz: Brothers Eliab Kingman, as S. G. W. Jacob Lankester, as J. G. W. Charles Holmes, as Grand Treasurer, Joseph Galluchat, G. Sec. Moses Tennant S. G. D.—C. C. Chitty, J. G. D. and David Rechon, G. Tyler.

The joint meeting being thus formed, and the whole in order, the presiding Grand Master then made the following declaration and annunciation:

“I do now solemnly declare and pronounce, in the name of the Grand Architect of the Universe, and this most worshipful Grand Lodge assembled in joint meeting, in virtue of the sixth article of the convention just ratified by the two late Grand Lodges, that the *Union* of the said Grand Lodges, to wit—“the Grand Lodge of South Carolina Ancient York Masons,” and “the Grand Lodge of South Carolina” is complete, and that the new “*Grand Lodge of Ancient Free Masons of South Carolina*,” is now ready to proceed to ballot for its officers.”

The Grand Lodge then proceeded to ballot for grand officers, and on counting the votes, the following brethren were duly elected:

Thomas W. Bacot,	<i>M. W. Grand Master</i>
Hon. David Johnson,	<i>R. W. Deputy Grand Master</i>
John S. Cogdell	<i>R. W. Sen. Grand Warden</i>
Eliab Kingman	<i>W. Jun. Grand Warden</i>
Rev. Frederick Dalcho	<i>Most Rev. Grand Chaplain</i>
John Langton	<i>Grand Treasurer</i>
John H. Mitchell	<i>Grand Secretary</i>
Dr. Isaac M. Wilson	<i>Cor. Grand Secretary</i>
James Sweeney	<i>Grand Marshall</i>
William Waller	<i>Grand Pursuivant</i>
Robert Shand	<i>Grand Tyler.</i>

The two Grand Lodges were then, in open lodge, declared by the respective Grand Masters, to be *dissolved* and forever extinct in the following words:

“The sixth article of the *Union* between the two grand Lodges having been carried fully into effect, and the Grand officers of

the new "Grand Lodge of ancient Freemasons of South Carolina" having been duly elected, and certified under the hands and seals of the two Grand Masters, and of the other Grand officers, and a certificate thereof; delivered to the Grand Master elect, We do hereby, now, in open Grand Lodge, **DECLARE** the said two Grand Lodges of "*South Carolina Ancient York Masons*" and of "*South Carolina*" to be **DISSOLVED** and forever **EXTINCT**."

The Grand Lodge, (after an appropriate prayer) was closed in ample form, and on the following day, the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, the grand officers were installed according to the ancient forms and ceremonies of the order.

During the separation of the two Grand Lodges, the following Grand Masters filled the chair.

In the Grand Lodge of South Carolina "for the years 5809, 5810, 5811, 5812, the Hon. William Loughton Smith, L. L. D. &c. 5813, 5814, 5815, 5816, and 5817, Thomas Wright Bacot Esq. Post Master, Charleston.

During the same period, the chair of the "Grand Lodge of South Carolina Ancient York Masons" was successively filled by the Hon William Smith, one of the associate Judges of South Carolina, at present a Senator in Congress; the Hon. Charles J. Colcock, associate Judge, and the Hon. John Geddes, late Speaker of the House of Representatives of South Carolina.

Previous to the Union of the two Grand Lodges, at a meeting of the "Grand Lodge of South Carolina," on the 31st, October 5817, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

"The period draws nigh, when the UNION so long and so devoutly desired by the members of this Grand Lodge will be consummated. When this takes place, the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, with the burning emblems of the glorious sun and moon, will be extinguished. Blended with like materials of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina Ancient York Masons, they will form (we fondly trust, under the auspices of the Grand Architect of the Universe) one Grand Lodge of "Ancient Freemasons of South Carolina," wherein order and decorum will ever prevail, to which Wisdom, Strength, Beauty, Faith, Hope, and Charity, will ever furnish everlasting supports; in which nothing will be heard save

the sweet accents of brotherly love, harmony and peace; and among whose members shall exist no other ambition or contention than the laudable one of performing with alacrity and cheerfulness the duties of a Freemason.

“Previous to the dissolution of this Grand Lodge, and its amalgamation with that of South Carolina Ancient York Masons, we are naturally led, by a retrospective view, to the performance of certain duties we owe to each other, and particularly to our great light and guide the most worshipful Grand Master, in whom we have ever had a bright example of the sublime principles which constitute the excellence and beauty of Freemasonry, and of those virtues which, while they dignify human nature, form the charm and cement of social life.

“Whilst we dwell with peculiar satisfaction and gratitude on the recollection of his services in this Grand Lodge, we look with no ordinary interest to his future usefulness in that which is to be erected; and are at the same time desirous of giving an appropriate *testimonial*, as well of the great affection we bear him, as of the exalted sense we entertain of his merits, and our veneration of his character as a man, and a distinguished member of the craft.

“Therefore, *Resolved*, That a committee be appointed who shall be authorised to procure a *superb Past Grand Master's jewel*, to be ornamented, and bear the name of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, the birth, age, and time of entry of the Grand Master into his chair, and the date of the union to be formed, and that the sum of one hundred dollars be placed in the hands of the committee for that purpose, and the same when finished be presented, in the name and behalf of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, to Brother THOMAS WRIGHT BACOT, *M. W. Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina.*”

It was further resolved, “that the grateful acknowledgements of this Grand Lodge be tendered to our *M. W. Brother Thomas W. Bacot*, for the zeal, punctuality, and gentleness with which he has invariably discharged the duties of Grand Master, and the solicitude always manifested by him for the advancement of this Grand Lodge, and the promotion of harmony among the craft in general.”

On the foregoing resolutions being made known to the M. W. Grand Master, he addressed the Grand Lodge as follows.

"I feel sensibly affected by the kind and flattering manner in which you have been pleased to express your approbation of my conduct, since I have been honored by you with a seat in this chair.

"The reflection that this may be the last time I shall meet you as Grand Master of this Grand Lodge, now about to be amalgamated with the Grand Lodge of Ancient York Masons, and forming a new Grand Lodge, induces feelings and sensations of a peculiar nature; such, indeed, as I cannot now well describe. Had not this meeting been called together hastily, and had time permitted, I should have been happy to have given a full expression to those feelings of gratitude and friendship which the occasion inspires.

"The immediate successor of a brother, distinguished for pre-eminent talents, and a mind highly cultivated and improved, who had so long, so ably, and so usefully occupied this seat; and whose literary acquirements and general knowledge, rendered him so capable of diffusing *light* among the brotherhood; I entered upon the duties of Grand Master of this venerable body, almost with fear and trembling. Confiding, however, in my zeal for the craft (of which I have *now* been *twenty seven* years a member,) and trusting in a continuance of that indulgence which has always been accorded to me by my brethren, whilst acting in subordinate stations, I ventured upon the arduous duties of this responsible, though honourable office, with a determination to exert my best endeavors to be useful.

"If the prosperity of the Grand Lodge, or of the craft in general, has been at all increased, or the benevolent views and objects of our institution in any manner promoted, during the five years I have been honoured with this seat, it has been more owing to the great assistance of those with whom I have been associated, than from any individual exertions of mine, however willingly afforded. I must, therefore, be here permitted to present my unfeigned thanks, as well on my own behalf as that of the Grand Lodge, to our R. W. Brothers *Jerois H. Stephens, D. G. M. Chas. Kershaw, S. G. W. and John S. Cogdell, J. G. W. and to every*

ther Brother in office, for their cordial and decisive co-operation in every measure proposed or undertaken for the welfare of our institution; also to our other worthy and respected brethren who have at various times composed and now form this body, for their generous support, their exemplary conduct, and their ready submission to our rules and regulations on all occasions; and I assure these, my worthy friends, that I shall ever fondly cherish a recollection of their kindness to me.

“If in discharging the duties of my office, I have at any time given just cause of offence to any one or more brethren, let him or them be assured it was never intentionally done. I have endeavoured, as much as in me lay, never to permit myself to be swayed by passion or prejudice, but according to the dictates of my best judgement; they will, like true masons and affectionate brethren, cover my errors with the mantle of charity.

“The very flattering testimonial of the affection and respect of this Right Worshipful Grand Lodge, proposed to be tendered to me, awakens a lively sensibility and calls forth my utmost gratitude. A bare expression of the approval of my conduct was the only reward I ever looked for, or desired. To decline, however, an acceptance of this proffered honor, might savour as much of vanity as to yield to the object of the resolution. Knowing, therefore, the friendly motive which dictated the proposition, and duly appreciating the kindness of the Grand Lodge in this particular instance, I will cheerfully accord with their wishes. And whilst this precious emblem of fraternal love will ever awaken the most grateful and pleasurable feelings, it will be a continual memento of the obligations I am still under of performing, with exactitude, all the duties required of me as a Free and Accepted Mason.

“Permit me, my brethren, to offer you the wishes of a heart impressed with the liveliest sense of gratitude for all your favours conferred on me. May you, collectively and individually, enjoy the rich rewards of a well spent life! and at the hour when you shall be summoned to appear before the High and Great Master of that Grand Lodge above, where alone perfect harmony and union prevail, may each of you be able so to work as to obtain the smiles and approbation of him, without whose special favour we labour in vain!”

In the state of South Carolina Freemasonry has flourished, and its benign principles been disseminated, notwithstanding the unhappy differences which divided the brethren under the two Grand Lodges.

In 5809, a company styled the "Freemason's Hall company," was established, and received an act of incorporation from the legislature in 5812. The object of this company was to raise a sufficient fund for the erection of a Masonic Hall, for the accommodation of the Grand Lodge and the subordinate lodges in the city of Charleston. The company now possess a lot in an eligible situation (valued at 10,000 dollars) one hundred feet front, and two hundred and ten feet in depth, and bank stock amounting to 4500 dollars. To enable the company completely to carry into effect their laudable design, they are about raising money by lottery.

A Masonic Hall has been erected by individual subscription, in Camden county, by Kershaw Lodge No. 55, which has been solemnly consecrated to masonic purposes.

The funds of the Grand Lodge have not been such, as yet, to admit of the establishment of charity schools for the education of indigent masons, but some of the subordinate lodges have had children educated upon their individual bounty. Although no public charity schools have been established by the fraternity, yet there are several in the state, particularly in the city of Charleston; and as every true and genuine mason must delight in those establishments, which are dedicated to the children of misfortune, we will notice one. The "Orphan House," supported chiefly by the city corporation, maintains as well as educates, upon an average, one hundred and fifty children. There is a chapel attached to this institution, within the same enclosure, where "the poor have the gospel preached to them." This place is *open to every sect and denomination of Christians*, on the afternoon of every sabbath, where the ministers of each congregation perform divine service alternately, according to their forms of worship. In the morning of each sabbath divine service is also performed in rotation before the children, by one of the commissioners appointed by the city council.

In this state there is a Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, which meets in Charleston; a Sovereign Grand Council of Princes of the Royal Secret; and a Grand Chapter of the Red Cross,

established under the authority of the Sovereign Grand Council of the thirty third degree, sitting at New York.

LIST OF LODGES UNDER THE JURISDICTION OF THE GRAND LODGE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Solomon's Lodge,	No. 1,	held in Charleston,
Marine	" 2,	" do.
	" 3,	" do.
Union Kilwinning	" 4,	" do.
	" 5,	" do.
	" 6,	" do.
	" 7,	" do.
Union,	" 8,	" do.
Friendship	" 9,	" do.
St. Andrew's	" 10,	" do.
	" 12,	" Union district, Broad River
St. John's	" 13,	" Charleston,
Orange	" 14,	" do.
	" 16,	" Beckham's ville
	" 18,	" Chester Court-House,
Harmony	" 20,	" Edisto Island
Pythagorean	" 21,	" Charleston
Harmony	" 22,	" Beaufort
Perfect Friendship	" 23,	" St. Helena
	" 24,	" Spartanburgh
	" 25,	" Marion
	" 26,	" Sumterville
	" 27,	" Newbury District
Floridian Virtues	" 28,	" St. Augustine, Florida
Kershaw,	" 29,	" Camden
Mount Moriah	" 30,	" Pipe Creek, Beaufort dis.
Recovery	" 31,	" Greenville,
	" 32,	" Yorkville,
	" 33,	" Cambridge,
Le Candeur	" 36,	" Charleston,
	" 37,	" St. John's Santee,
	" 39,	" Columbia,
	" 40,	" Winyaw,
	" 42,	" Liberty Hill, Kershaw,
	" 43,	" Union Court-House,

	No. 45,	held in Clarendon,
	“ 46,	“ Edgfield, Abney's Store,
Mount Hope	“ 48,	“ Pocotaligo,
Mount Pleasant	“ 49,	“ Dutchman's cr. Fairfield,
La Constancia	“ 50,	“ Havana,
	“ 51,	“ Claiborne, Alabama,
La Aménidad	“ 52,	“ Havana.

PUBLICATION OF EXPULSIONS.

To the Editor of the Masonic Miscellany.

COMPANION—In No. 3 of your interesting work, a doubt is expressed as to the propriety of the resolution entered into by the Grand Lodge of the state of New-York, and transmitted to the lodges under its jurisdiction, forbidding the publicity of expulsions. Taking for my guide that great lamp presented to my view at the commencement of my journey, there does not remain in my mind the smallest doubt of its strict conformity to the precepts both of christianity and masonry. It would have given me great pleasure if the Grand Lodge had gone a step further, and questioned the propriety in its subordinate lodges to expel any member. In the lodge over which I have the honor to preside, serious doubts exist in the breasts of some of the members, as to the right to expel on any occasion. While on the contrary none exists as to the right to suspend even for life. Should a reformed and penitent brother (like the prodigal son) return and claim forgiveness of such as had published his faults and errors to the world, however pure and sincere the forgiveness obtained might be, it might not repair the injury done, nor restore him to that standing in life, which from repentance and after good conduct he might justly merit. St. Paul the Apostle, our brother and companion, was at one time the chief of sinners; yet became a chosen vessel for our example, and afterwards fought a good fight.

REMARKS ON THE PRECEDING.

We regret that our correspondent has not furnished, more in detail, the arguments by which he defends his opinions on this subject. Of the right in any lodge to *expel* an unworthy brother,

we have never before heard the slightest intimation of a doubt. Immemorial usage, as well as justice to the reputation of the order and in some cases, an absolute necessity, have in our apprehensions settled that point. But our correspondent thinks it would be better to *suspend for life*. Where, we should like to know, would be the difference, except in name? To suspend for life is to exclude as effectually and as permanently from all the benefits of the order, as if we were to expel. The truth is, as masons are but frail and fallible men, *discipline* is as necessary in the lodge as in every other human institution. Mercy and charity are indeed to be exercised, as far as may be possible, consistently with justice and the obligations we owe to ourselves and to the order; but when a mason has, by gross and persevering misconduct, forfeited all claim to the sympathies of the fraternity and brought disgrace upon the order, it is necessary he should be excluded from its sacred asylum. And when this exclusion has justly and properly taken place, it does appear to us that every principle of reason and equity requires its extensive publication. How otherwise are masons at a distance to be guarded against the intrusion of the culprit? How is the world at large to be informed that his misconduct is discountenanced by the order, and no longer attaches ignominy to it? How, in fine, is justice to be obtained or masonry vindicated? We should like to hear the arguments on this subject. Our minds are open to conviction, but at present, our opinion is strong in favour of the propriety of publishing expulsions, when deliberately made, as extensively as possible.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM
T. POWER'S ORATION,
DELIVERED AT WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

"If it be said we keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope, our answer is, that the world attributes to us more than we claim, and then censures us for omitting what we never promised to perform. It is the fitness of the Institution to the social condition of man for which our claims are made, and not that it is always beneficial. If in particular instances it is im-

effectual, the fault is not attributable to the Institution. There are those whose hearts never beat with the rapture of love, whose affections never throb to the voice of friendship, whose sympathies never vibrate to the cry of affliction, whose sensibilities never thrill to the melody of joy. It is a waste and sterile soil, where silence and desolation dwell; where the rose never lavished its beauty, nor exhaled its perfume, and where kind affections never formed a grateful garland. To such, the most perfect theory of social duties has but few charms, the highest examples of refined intercourse has but little effect, and the clearest illustrations of moral sentiment create no strong and fervid emotions. Masonry arrogates no pretensions to creative powers. To a heart well disposed and passions duly regulated, it presents new incentives to the performance of duty, and new motives to laudable emulation. Whatever effect it may have on moral and religious feelings, it secures at least the benefit of friendly reproof under the influence of misguided passions and the delusions of prejudice.

If it be said we admit improper persons, we remind you of names as dear to patriotism as to masonry; the names of Washington, Franklin, and Warren. If charged with the misconduct of Masons, we appeal to your feelings, whether the hopes of families have not been withered by ingratitude, and the harmony of neighborhoods destroyed by treachery. Is it said that Masons betray the high trust they assume? We make an affecting appeal to your Christian charities, by reminding you, that among the little band selected by the Saviour, one denied and another betrayed him. This is not said as an apology for admitting bad men into our Society, to extenuate the errors of individuals, or to deprecate the indignation you feel at the treachery of violated friendship or violated obligations. We too mourn the easy compliance of Lodges, the irregularities of individuals, the defection of friends. We truly wish that all associations, that all neighborhoods, that all families, were more circumspect in admitting strangers to their friendship, and giving them the power to sting the bosom that cherished them! We should rejoice were all men as exemplary in their lives, and as faithful to perform all the obligations of moral and social duty, as the Holy Patron to

whom we dedicate our Lodges. The indulgence extended to others, we ask for ourselves. When Charity turns her tearful eye to Heaven and deplors the follies of the man, let her willing hand direct the erring Mason.

It has been supposed we associate for purposes of mere amusement, and that sober professions are merely veils to disguise the true object. It is a charge too unfounded to need labored refutation, and yet too often sneeringly objected to be wholly disregarded. It is the business of those who are active and influential, to ask themselves, in the sincerity of their souls, and under the imperative obligation they owe the Society, whether they have aided a course of conduct subject to animadversion, or, by their reprehensible silence, countenanced measures which have thrown upon it such suspicion. Whence arises the objection, that mere amusement forms the basis of our association? It would seem sufficient to remind the objector, that century after century has terminated, that all cotemporaneous monuments of art have passed away since its origin, that history which traces the commencement of other societies, of the rise and decay of nations, has no record of its early formation. It would seem sufficient to remind him of the names that are enrolled on our records, who, by their piety, their learning, their unequivocal testimony, have endeared themselves to every true and faithful Mason, to every lover of science, to every lover of humanity. It would seem sufficient to remind him, that men of every pursuit in life, of every grade in society, of every sect in religion, of every feeling and principle that diversify human life, have united in our private assemblies and public celebrations. Is it then for such purposes, is it for the mere wanton sacrifice of time, that Masons assemble? Who that is honest and intelligent can believe that so poor a bond could have united so many, and for so long a time? If the Masonic Institution were founded on the basis of social enjoyment only, without the high sanction of religion and morality, it might recommend itself to the patrons of mere good fellowship, but its influence on individual character, and its consequent effects on society would long since have reduced it to that point of degradation, to which the wise and the good would never descend. How little would it have of that serious business of life

that induces personal reflection and research! How little to improve the understanding, to subdue the errors of the heart, to direct the passions and affections to worthy objects, to elevate the soul by the inspirations of religion! How little to teach man the dignity of his nature, the obligation of social duty, the high and affecting destinies of immortality! How little to teach him fortitude in danger, temperance in the enjoyments of life, and scrupulous adherence to justice, in performing those duties to others which are expected from them! How little to remind him, that he is at all times under the influence of that Providence which marks him as well in the hour of adversity, when his hopes are blasted and his soul made desolate, as when the honors of the world, the homage of men, and the pride of greatness, raise his hopes and his expectations to the consummation of human happiness! It is not difficult to predict the result of associations, without a common bond of interest, improvement in science and literature, or the advancement of religion and morals. They are heartless combinations, inefficient in their purposes, and uncertain in their effects. Where brilliancy rather than profound thought, and wit rather than conclusive reasoning, obtain admiration. Where morality is forgotten in giving point to a sentence, and religion outraged for a jest. Where it is necessary to supply vacuity of thought by artificial excitements, and cheat the mind into a belief that time has not been wholly misspent. Such must be the character, and such the effects of an association founded merely for amusement.

So far do the principles of our institution disprove the idea of abetting mere social glee, that one of its highest objects, both in its precepts and emblems, is to inculcate the duties we owe to our Divine Creator. It teaches, that our trust should be alone in Him, to cheer and support us when the summer of our days has passed away. While the flush of health yet mantles the cheek, while the buoyant spirits of youth rush in sweet delirium to the heart, the pathway of life is smooth and unbroken. Every flower is fragrant for him, and the winds of heaven breathe gently to his wishes. But when the withering hand of affliction falls upon him; when corroding care and the blasts of disappointment pierce his agonizing heart; when his dreams of happiness

are forgotten at the approach of disease, or hurried in the hopelessness of the grave;—then he feels that the bright vision of fancy will not forever sustain his fair hopes, and the eye of faith turns to that mild and steady light which shines in our holy religion. He has less of the fire of enthusiasm, of the extacy of hope; but he has higher security against criminal excesses, the effects of disappointment, and the terrors of despair.

There cannot exist a more wretched being than that man, who, by vicious excesses, and improper indulgencies, has lost the consciousness of contumely and contempt, or who has bartered away every manly, redeeming purpose of the heart, every free and unrestrained exercise of generous and benevolent affections, to the criminal allowance of some deadly passion. And when it is considered how many have have been drawn into such excesses by want of some honorable pursuit, some worthy object to occupy the leisure hours of life—we feel how much the world is indebted to those, who, by their efforts, by their precepts and examples, have caused our duties to be more easily understood and more easily performed: It is not true that those who are not restrained by religious motives will not regard their obligations to human institutions. Pride will sometimes effect what principle would never have accomplished, and the finger of scorn prevent what an accusing conscience would not have resisted. It is therefore desirable to insure the performance of duty, by every tie which can affect the moral and intellectual powers of man.*

MASONIC DUTIES.

The end, the moral, and the purport of masonry, is to subdue our passions, not to do our own will; to make a daily progress in a laudable art; to promote morality, charity, good fellowship, good nature, and humanity. This is the substance, let the form or vehicle be ever so unaccountable.

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

OLD BACHELORS.

Happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend!

THOMPSON.

It is too much the custom of that useless race, who, either from choice or necessity, have embraced a life of celibacy, to examine only the gloomy side of the matrimonial picture, draw unfavorable inferences therefrom, and indulge in bitter sarcasms against the marriage state. They affect to rejoice in being free from what they term, the "shackles of matrimony," whilst they are ever boasting the pleasures and enjoyments of "single blessedness." They seem to have adopted the idea, which Shakspeare, the master spirit of his age, has put into the mouth of one of his characters, that wedlock is

————— but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife."

I am a bachelor myself, Mr. Editor, and my head is whitened by the snow of many winters, which, I may truly say, I have passed in cheerless solitude. How I, who entertain the most profound respect for "Heaven's best gift to man," and who still gaze with admiration upon their fair forms as they flit before me in the circling mazes of the dance, became a bachelor, it is unnecessary to detail. Let it suffice that I am a bachelor, and that I most sincerely lament the circumstances which made me one. Whilst I have felt, yea, most sensibly felt, the miseries of such a state, I have not been an inattentive observer of its effects upon others of the same class. I have marked their feelings and observed their conduct, and, notwithstanding their apparent gaiety and happiness in public, I have ever found them gloomy victims of discontent, when retired from the world.

On the contrary, my intercourse with mankind, and my acquaintance in many families, have not only taught me to regard with high veneration the marriage state, but also have convinced me that no situation in this world, no pleasure this fleeting and transitory existence affords, can equal that condition where domestic

happiness reigns, where two kindred souls are united in "Hy-men's chains." I frequently exclaim with *Langhorne*,

"O bliss beyond what lonely life can know,
The soul-felt sympathy of joy and woe!
That magic charm which makes e'en sorrow dear,
And turns to pleasure the partaker's tear!"

Nature points out the union of the sexes, and the ordinances of God command it. In the Garden of Eden, Adam was commanded to take Eve to wife, because "it was not good for man to be alone."

"His soul was sad, fair Eden was a wild
And man, the hermit sighed, 'till woman smil'd."

If it was not good for man to be alone in the beginning of the world, when he was surrounded by all the charms of Paradise, it cannot be so now, when the cares and vexations of life are greatly increased by the introduction of sin into the world. Every bachelor who is candid like myself, will readily assent to this proposition, and acknowledge its truth. Celibacy too often sours the temper, makes man peevish, fretful, and discontented, corrupts and destroys the good dispositions of his nature, and too often, alas! leads him into habits of vice, and the haunts of riot and dissipation.

In ancient times celibacy was not as highly esteemed as at present, but was attended with many political inconveniences. The Romans would not administer an oath to, or receive as a witness, any person who was not married. Julius Cæsar, when he swayed the sceptre, bestowed favors only on the fathers of families, and Augustus inflicted punishments on the unmarried. In Sparta, where a primeval simplicity of manners prevailed, a bachelor was regarded as entirely useless, and a burthen on the state, and the severe laws of Lycurgus, humbled and otherwise punished single men. In this *free and enlightened* country, bachelors labour under no political inconveniences or restrictions, but are free to rove whither they list without incurring any penalty, not even the contempt of the fair. Now, Mr. Editor, I am decidedly of opinion, that the legislatures of the different states should pass laws, which would compel them to marriage. The interests of the country would be promoted by increasing the number of its defenders, and the happiness of the fair enhanced, by furnishing them with protectors.

No man who will soberly reflect upon the state of society, can fail to admit that marriage greatly contributes to our happiness; Woman is made with more soft and tender dispositions than man she is designed by nature to be his companion, to share his joys and his sorrows, and to remove those asperities which often beset his path, and obstruct his way; to relieve his cares when the business and vexations of the world harass and perplex him. He who can, after the business of the day is past, return to his family and hold "sweet converse" with the wife of his bosom, is, in my opinion, as happy as is attainable in this sinful world. Where does the bachelor seek relief from care? where does he find real enjoyment? Seek him in his office, his shop, or his counting room, and all is dark, dreary, and comfortless. The gaming table, if he goes thither, only adds to his vexations; the paths of illicit love afford no consolation in the hour of distress and sorrow, they rather plant additional thorns in his way. It is only in the society of a wife, in the bosom of a virtuous family, that true enjoyment is to be found.

Come then with me, ye bachelors! Ye selfish votaries of celibacy! come and enter the mansion of conjugal happiness, where domestic bliss sits enthroned, where female virtue gives life and animation to the social board, and cheerful fireside. There shalt thou contemplate those enjoyments thy unsocial state can never realize! There shalt thou behold the husband hang with delight over an affectionate wife, whose countenance is illumined by pure and unmixed joy, and who makes her husband's happiness the criterion by which her own feelings are regulated. There thou shalt behold how, with parental pride they contemplate the growing promise of their children, and teach their "young ideas how to shoot." Then shalt thou regret that thy days have been passed in a cheerless state of celibacy, a state unnatural to man, and in direct violation of that scripture which saith, "it is not good for man to be alone." Come, ye bachelors, take advice from a repentant brother of your order, and (if ye can,) take unto yourselves wives become useful members of society, and leave behind you some memento, that ye have not lived in vain.

ORLANDO,

LETTERS FROM TENNESSEE.

LETTER I.

NASHVILLE, (Ten.) ——— 1821.

My Dear Sir,

THE seventh day after leaving your hospitable dwelling, where I had passed so many agreeable days, I arrived at the commercial metropolis of the flourishing state of Tennessee. The greater part of the time occupied in travelling, the weather was pleasant, at least, it was "what I call comfortable." whilst the tedious length of the way was beguiled by the society of amusing and intelligent companions, whom I fortunately fell in with at Danville; two young gentlemen from your town, on a journey to the state of Alabama.

I cannot speak in very flattering terms of the condition of your roads, nor of the industry and attention of the overseers, who, I am confident, are appointed to keep them in repair; that is, if I speak sober truth, a virtue by the bye, with which travel-monsters like myself, are not generally very highly gifted, as may be seen fully exemplified by consulting the erudite works of a host of English travellers, who have flown from one extremity of the Union to the other with the rapidity of a meteor, which darts from one point of the heavens to another. But to return to the roads—they are generally rough and uneven, and from the number of trees which lie across them every few miles, one would suppose that they were seldom visited by the aforesaid overseers. We were often obliged either to try the activity of our horses by leaping over, or go soberly around them, receiving occasionally a few scratches from the overhanging branches. I wonder you people of the west who are making such rapid strides in the way of improvement, do not devote more attention to your highways, which are of so much importance in affording an easy communication with the different parts of the country; but when I reflect on the means employed to open and keep them in repair, I do not wonder at their wretched condition. Good roads will never be had in any country unless the persons employed on them are paid for their labor.

We crossed several large water courses, many of which are navigable for a considerable distance, viz, the *Kentucky*, which affords a safe navigation one hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, through the most fertile part of the state; the *Rolling Fork* of Salt river, which is navigable only in very high freshets; *Green River*, a fine stream, navigable nearly two hundred miles, and receiving in its course many tributary streams, amongst which are *Little* and *Big Barren* rivers, both of which we crossed. All these rivers from their size, afford many facilities to the commerce of the country.

Soon after crossing Little Barren, we entered upon that extensive tract of country called the *Barrrens*. It presented a very different aspect from what I had anticipated. From its name, I supposed it to be a vast desert, somewhat resembling the deserts of Africa, without even a blade of grass to cheer the wanderer's sight; but how was I astonished, when I beheld for the most part a rich and fertile soil, clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation, and richly adorned and variegated with flowers of every color and every hue. The whole landscape appeared dressed in the gayest attire, as if nature intended to display all her charms to bid the stranger welcome to this part of her domain. Scattered along the road at convenient distances, are many fine farms in a high state of cultivation, whose rich productions, (if we may judge from the comfort displayed in most of their dwellings,) amply reward the labor and industry of the agriculturalist. The trees, which are thinly scattered over this district, are, it is true, rather diminutive, consisting principally of a species of oak called *Black Jacks*. "Groves" of several hundred acres of rich soil, are occasionally to be met with, in which the oak, the hickory, and the beech rear their majestic heads.

Contemplating this (to me) singular tract of country. I could not but wish, that nature had endowed me, as she has endowed many others, with the happy talent of accounting for all her extraordinary and out-of-the-way appearances. I however, like many wise philosophers of the present day, employed myself in making many shrewd guesses as to the primary cause of the barren appearance of this section; and as every man, whether initiated or not into the mysterious secrets of philosophy, has an

undoubted right to form as many hypotheses as he pleases with regard to the operations and appearances of nature, I, philosopher like, formed at least a dozen, but as none of them completely satisfied my own mind, I have no hope, that were I to detail them, they would satisfy a mind as sceptical as yours. Therefore, in pity to you I forbear, and no doubt you will exclaim, "Heaven be praised."

Whilst examining, however, this vast tract, I was involuntarily led into a train of the *most profound* reflections upon the original inhabitants of the continent of America, and happily came to the sage conclusion that *this part of it*, at least, was peopled by emigrants from ancient Egypt, and that a powerful people once inhabited, and great cities once flourished, where a few years ago was a dreary waste, and now again occupied by a busy and industrious race. Don't start! That this country was peopled by emigrants from ancient Egypt, I will clearly demonstrate; and that on this spot great cities once flourished, is proved by their remains, which are plainly to be seen, as some modern travellers have seen the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah in the bottom of the Dead Sea. I also believe that the inhabitants, as is the fashion at the present day, quarrelled amongst themselves, and like the Kilkenny cats (whose entertaining story you have no doubt heard) fought until they destroyed each other, without leaving a single hair to perpetuate the race or tell the melancholy tale. Hence it is, that no vestige either written or traditional remains of the original inhabitants, to the great benefit of the host of antiquaries, who, if any written memorial existed, would be deprived of their chief employment, that of making *guesses*, and forming theories which none understand but themselves. What a glorious circumstance for printers, booksellers, and bookmakers, that these people left behind them so many mounds and ditches and fortifications! If it were not for these, how many pens, which are now so usefully employed, would lie useless on the table! How many men who are now engaged in digging up mounds and tearing down fortifications, would be obliged to resort to the more humble and less honorable employment of cultivating the soil! I remarked above that the section of the country of which I have been writing, was originally peopled by emigrants from

Egypt. This opinion, I well know, is in opposition to that of all the learned antiquaries of the day, but to me it is sufficiently proved, without resorting to numberless other proofs and *conjectures*, by an examination of the mummy found in the mammoth cave, described in a letter from Charles Wilkins, Esq. and published in the first volume of the "Transactions of the American Antiquarian Society." All who are conversant with history, well know, that the Egyptians were a commercial people, who, in search of articles of commerce often tempted the treacherous main. Some of their vessels were doubtless driven on the coast of America, and the mariners not knowing how to return to their own country, determined to penetrate into the interior, and establish a new empire. It is also well known that the Egyptians were the only people who embalmed the bodies of their dead. The body above mentioned was embalmed; the Egyptians were the only people who understood and practised the art of embalming; therefore, the aborigines of this country were descended from the ancient Egyptians. If you wish for a more logical conclusion, or stronger proofs of the correctness of my position, you may search for yourself, or consult some member of the American Antiquarian Society.

As the Mammoth Cave was but a short distance from the main road, we determined to visit it. This great natural curiosity has been so minutely and accurately described by Mr. Nahum Ward, and his description has been so extensively circulated that I shall not attempt one. I will only remark, that as a natural curiosity, it is well worthy the attention of every man who admires the grandeur of nature's works. My sensations on entering this dreary and spacious cavern were most awful. It seemed as if we were entering the dread abode of the spirits of darkness. Had Virgil lived in "these parts," he would have made it the entrance of Pluto's dark domain. After advancing some distance it required only a little fanciful assistance and a little superstition, to have called in review before us, the whole host of infernals, with the *corps de reserve* of ghosts, hobgoblins, and evil spirits which haunt the imaginations of men. This cave is said to extend many miles, pursuing a winding course in the bowels of the earth. ~~Oh, would not Capt. Symmes reach the inhabited parts~~

of the hollow of the earth much sooner and at less expense by this passage, than by the tedious and extensive journey he contemplates by the North Pole? and would he not be equally successful? After remaining several hours in this dark abode, we returned to the mouth, and once more hailed the light of blessed sun. In this cave large quantities of salt petre have been manufactured, but as "war's shrill clarion" no longer resounds through our land, it is now only an object of curiosity.

The *Barrens* extend from Little Barren to Red river in Tennessee, upwards of one hundred miles. After crossing Red river, a branch of the Cumberland, the land is not very fertile until you arrive within twenty miles of Nashville. You then descend the *Ridge* into the rich valley of Mansker's creek, thence to Nashville are many rich and productive farms. Just before descending the "ridge" we stopped at Tyree's. Near this place are several mineral springs, which are much resorted to by the fashionables of the neighboring towns during the summer months. A goodly number were here collected who seemed to enjoy a good portion of health, but who being tired of dancing and card playing at home, came hither to enjoy these amusements more at leisure. As we did not find it a place well calculated to dispel the demon *enasi*, we pursued our journey after remaining one night. At one o'clock on the ——— we crossed the Cumberland at Nashville, and "put up" at the Washington Hotel, "where we found an attentive landlord and good accommodations." In a few days you may expect to hear from me again.

For the present—*Adieu*.

AN INSTANCE OF STRONG SUPERSTITIOUS CREDULITY, SAID TO BE AN AUTHENTIC FACT.

A widow lately at Paris, aged about 63, who lodged in a two pair of stairs floor, in the Rue de la Ferronnerie, with only a maid servant, was accustomed to spend several hours every day before the altar dedicated to St. Paul in a neighboring church. Some villains, observing her extreme bigotry, resolved as she was known to be very rich to share her wealth. One of them

Accordingly, took the opportunity to conceal himself behind the carved work of the altar, and, when no person but the old lady was there, in the dusk of the evening, he contrived to throw a letter just before her. She took it up, and not perceiving any one near, supposed it came by a miracle. In this she was the more confirmed when she saw it signed Paul the Apostle, expressing the satisfaction he received by her prayers addressed to him, when so many newly canonized saints engrossed the devotion of the world, and robbed the primitive saints of their wonted adoration; and, to shew his regard for the devotee, he promised to come from heaven, with the Angel Gabriel, and sup with her at eight in the evening. It seems scarcely credible that any one could be deceived by so gross a fraud; yet to what length of credulity will not superstition carry a weak mind? The infatuated lady believed the whole; and rose from her knees in transport, to prepare an entertainment for her heavenly guests.

The supper being bespoke and the sideboard set out to the best advantage, she thought that her own plate, worth about £400, did not make so elegant an appearance as might be wished; and therefore sent to her brother, a Counsellor in the Parliament of Paris, to borrow all his plate. The maid, however, was charged not to disclose the occasion; but only to say that she had company to supper, and would be obliged to him if he would lend his plate for that evening. The Counsellor surprised at the application, well knowing his sister's frugal life, began to suspect that she was enamoured of some fortune hunter, who might marry her and thus deprive his family of what he expected at his sister's death. He therefore positively refused to send the plate unless the maid would tell him what guests were expected. The girl, alarmed for her mistress' honor, declared that her pious lady had no thoughts of a husband, but St. Paul having sent her a letter from heaven promising that he and the Angel Gabriel would sup with her, she wanted to make the entertainment as elegant as possible.

The Counsellor immediately suspected that some villains had imposed on her; and sending the maid with the plate proceeded directly to the Commissary of that quarter. On the magistrate's going with him to a house adjoining, they saw just before 8 o'.

clock, a tall man dressed in long vestments with a white beard, and a young man in white with large wings at his shoulders, alight from a hackney coach, and go up to his sister's apartments.

The Commissary immediately ordered twelve of the police guards to post themselves on the stairs while he knocked at the door and desired admittance. The lady replied, that she had company and could not speak to any one. But the Commissary answered that he must come in, for that he was St. Peter, and had come to ask St. Paul and the Angel Gabriel how they came out of Heaven without his knowledge. The *divine* visitors were astonished at this, not expecting any more saints to join them; but the lady overjoyed at having so great an Apostle with her, ran eagerly to the door, when the Commissary, her brother, and police guards rushed in, presented their muskets, seized her guests and conducted them to prison.

On searching the criminals, two cords, a razor, and a pistol, were found in St. Paul's pocket, and a gag in that of the Angel Gabriel. Three days after, the trial came; when they pleaded in their defence, that one was a soldier in the French infantry, and the other a barber's apprentice—that they had no other design than to procure a good supper at the widow's expense—that it being carnival time, they had borrowed these dresses, and the soldier having picked up the two cords, put them into his pocket—that the razor was that with which he had constantly shaved himself—that the pistol was to defend them from any insults to which their strange habits might expose them in going home—and that the apprentice, whose master was a tooth drawer, merely had the gag which they sometimes use in their business. These excuses, frivolous as they were, proved of some avail; and as they had manifested no evil design by an *overt act* they were both acquitted.

But the counsellor, who foresaw what might happen through the defect of evidence, had provided another stroke for them. No sooner, therefore, were they discharged from the civil power, than the apparitor of the Archbishop of Paris immediately seized them and conveyed them to the ecclesiastical prison. In three days more they were tried and convicted of a most scandalous profanation by assuming to themselves the names, char-

acters, and appearances of a Holy Apostle and a blessed Angel, with an intent to deceive a pious and well meaning woman, and to the scandal of religion. They were accordingly condemned to be publicly whipped, burnt on the shoulder with a hot iron, and sent to the galleys for fourteen years: a sentence which was in a few days faithfully put in execution.

AFFECTING ANECDOTE OF A GUAHIBA WOMAN.

From Humboldt's Travels.

Before we reached its confluence, a granatic hummock, that rises on the western bank, near the mouth of the Guasacavi, fixed our attention; it is called the *Rock of the Guahiba woman*, or the Rock of the Mother, *Piedra de la Madre*. We inquired the cause of so singular a denomination. Father Zea could not satisfy our curiosity; but some weeks after another missionary, one of the predecessors of this ecclesiastic, whom we found settled at San Fernando as president of the missions, related to us an event, which I recorded in my journal, and which excited in our minds the most painful feelings. If, in these solitary scenes, man scarcely leaves behind him any trace of his existence, it is doubly humiliating for a European to see perpetuated by the name of a rock, by one of those imperishable monuments of nature, the remembrance of the moral degradation of our species, and the contrast between the virtue of a savage, and the barbarism of civilized man!

In 1797, the missionary of San Fernando had led his Indians to the banks of the Rio Guaviare, on one of those hostile incursions, which are prohibited alike by religion and the Spanish laws. They found in an Italian hut, a Guahiba mother with three children, two of whom were still infants. They were occupied in preparing the flour of Cassava. Resistance was impossible; the father was gone to fish and the mother tried in vain to flee with her children. Scarcely had she reached the savannah, when she was seized by the Indians of the mission, who go to hunt men, like the whites and the negroes in Africa. The mother and the children were bound and dragged to the bank of the

river. The monk, seated in his boat, waited the issue of an expedition of which he partook not the danger. Had the mother made too violent a resistance, the Indians would have killed her, for every thing is permitted when they go to the conquest of souls (*a la conquista espiritual*), and it is children in particular they seek to capture, in order to treat them in the mission, as *poitos*, or slaves to the Christians. The prisoners were carried to San Fernando in the hope that the mother would be unable to find her way back to her home, by land. Far from those children who had accompanied their father on the day in which she had been carried off, this unhappy woman showed signs of the deepest despair. She attempted to take back to her family the children who had been snatched away by the missionary, and fled with them repeatedly from the village of San Fernando, but the Indians never failed to seize her anew; and the missionary, after having caused her to be mercilessly beaten, took the cruel resolution of separating the mother from the two children, who had been carried off with her. She was conveyed alone toward the mission of the Rio Negro, going up the Atabapo. Slightly bound, she was seated at the bow of the boat, ignorant of the fate that awaited her; but she judged, by the direction of the sun, that she was removed farther and farther from her hut and her native country. She succeeded in breaking her bonds, threw herself into the water and swam to the left bank of the Atabapo. The current carried her to a shelf of rock, which bears her name to this day. She landed and took shelter in the woods, but the president of the missions ordered the Indians to row to the shore and follow the traces of the Guahiba. In the evening she was brought back. Stretched upon the rock (*la Piedra de la Madre*) a cruel punishment was inflicted on her with those straps of manatee leather, which serve for whips in that country, and with which the alcaldes are always furnished. This unhappy woman, her hands tied behind her back with strong stalks of mavaçure, was then dragged to the mission of Javita.

She was there thrown into one of the caravanseras that are called Casa del Rey. It was the rainy season, and the night was profoundly dark. Forests, till then believed to be impenetrable, separated the mission of Javita from that of San Fernan

do, which was twenty-five leagues distant in a straight line. No other part is known than that of the rivers; no man ever attempted to go by land from one village to another, were they only a few leagues apart. But such difficulties do not stop a mother, who is separated from her children. Her children are at San Fernando de Atabapo; she must find them again, she must execute her project of delivering them from the hands of Christians, of bringing them back to their father on the banks of the Guaviare. The Guahiba was carelessly guarded in the caravansera. Her arms being wounded, the Indians of Javita had loosened her bonds, unknown to the missionary and the alcaldes. She succeeded by the help of her teeth in breaking them entirely; disappeared during the night; and at the fourth rising sun was seen at the mission of San Fernando, hovering around the hut where her children were confined. "What that woman performed," added the missionary who gave us this sad narrative, "the most robust Indian would not have ventured to undertake. She traversed the woods at a season when the sky is constantly covered with clouds, and the sun during whole days appears but for a few minutes. Did the course of the waters direct her way? The inundation of the rivers forced her to go far from the banks of the main stream, through the midst of woods where the movement of the waters is almost imperceptible. How often she must have been stopped by the thorny lianas, that form a network around the trunks they entwine? How often must she have swum across the rivulets that run into the Atabapo! This unfortunate woman was asked how she had sustained herself during the four days! She said, that, exhausted with fatigue, she could find no other nourishment than those great black ants called *vachacos*, which climb the trees in long bands, to suspend on them their resinous nests." We pressed the missionary to tell us, whether the Guahiba had peacefully enjoyed the happiness of remaining with her children; and if any repentance had followed this excess of cruelty. He would not satisfy our curiosity; but at our return from the Rio Negro, we learnt that the Indian mother was not allowed time to cure her wounds, but was again separated from her children, and sent to one of the missions of the Upper Oroonoko. There she died, refusing all kind of nourishment, as the savages do in great calamities.

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE:

THE SWEETS OF A HOME.

The traveller may boast of the climes he has seen,
Where wonders of Nature abound;
May tell us of Winter, array'd in her green,
Of Summer in icicles bound;
May visit the cities of classical fame
Alexandria, Athens, and Rome;
But all his enjoyments deserve not the name,
Compar'd with the sweets of a home.

Then be not inflam'd with the traveller's tale,
Nor fly from thy country and kin.
O! think of what fireside-blessings would fail!
What novel afflictions begin!
How lonely to wander from village to town,
A stranger, an alien, to roam!
How oft must he think of the joys that abound
With those who are living at home!

How oft must he breathe the sad sigh of regret,
Reflecting on earlier years!
What once was his home he may strive to forget,
But still the soft vision appears!
When fancy has painted the fields and the yard—
The gate, and the brook, and the dome—
He feels, of a truth, 'tis exceedingly hard
To live far remov'd from a home!

Be mine the delights of the family-fire
Where Nature is quite at her ease,
To which of an evening betimes to retire—
And always find something to please!

A cheerful companion to sing me a song,
 Or read me some favorite tome,
 And gently reprove me when I'm in the wrong,
 Ah! such are the sweets of a Home!

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.
 THE FIRESIDE.

Let bachelors boast a life single and free,
 Exemption from family care;
 Their happiness ne'er shall be envied by me,
 Their freedom I wish not to share:
 Unsettled, uncertain, devoid of a home,
 Without a companion or guide,
 Their province it is, discontented to roam,
 They know not their own fireside.

This life is too short to be wasted away,
 Too sad to be spent without friend;
 The poets have called it a sad winter day,
 Which speedily draws to an end.
 When earth is enrob'd in a garment of snow,
 And Sol his bright visage doth hide,
 How hard is the fate of the children of wo,
 Who know not their own fireside!

I never could think of a bachelor's life
 Without feeling me somewhat oppress'd.
 For O! what is man when unblest with a wife?
 A wandering star at the best.
 But he who is blest with "wife, children, and friends,"
 Tho' many afflictions betide,
 Doth still, when the grey-mantled evening descends,
 Find peace at his own fireside.

But tho' I'm displeas'd with the bachelor's vale,
 In grief, very near it I stand;
 O! could I with some lovely maiden prevail
 Right kindly to give me her hand,

And teach me to wander no farther astray,
 And tell me to make her my bride!
 My soul! in what transport I'd bear her away!
 To sit by our own fireside.

If Heaven should bless me with plentiful store
 My friends should not call me unkind—
 But should it please Heaven that I should be poor,
 It would not embarrass my mind.
 If bless'd with good health, a support we could gain,
 And love with the poor doth abide,
 This tender affection should banish all pain,
 And hallow our own fireside.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.
 (*Composed by request.*)

THE SMILES OF THE FAIR.

Ah who would not sing when so kindly invited,
 However uncouth and imperfect his verse?
 A lady's commandment must never be slighted;
 So here is my sonnet, "for better, for worse."
 And while I am beating about for the metre,
 I'll cherish the hope that perhaps I may share
 Those charms, than which nothing on earth can be sweeter,
 The kind approbation and smiles of the fair.

Deprive me of these, and what boon could be given
 To bring consolation and peace to my mind!
 No, here I protest, I could scarce enjoy heaven,
 And leave these delightful allurements behind.
 O! what can develop the sweet fascination?
 With female attractions, O! what can compare?
 For man is dependant, whatever his station,
 On nothing so much as the smiles of the fair.

I sometimes have felt like a desolate stranger,
 Alone in the world, without kindred or friend,
 No father to shield me in perils and danger,
 No sister to soothe me when troubles descend.

What is it can banish these gloomy emotions
 And brighten my prospects and vanquish despair,
 Enliven my spirits and alter my notions?
 My answer is ready—"The smiles of the fair."
 But there is a smile which can bring us no gladness,
 It speaks but the language of scorn and contempt;
 It grieves the true friend, drives the lover to madness;
 From every such smile I would fain be exempt.
 But give me the smile of ineffable kindness,
 In this I shall ever be happy to share—
 For he must be struck with incurable blindness,
 Who has not a sense of the smiles of the fair.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA PUBLISHED IN OUR SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

A h me! this world is wretched grown,
 B y means of those who lie alone—
 E ach *Bachelor*—it is no joke,—
 D isdains the matrimonial yoke.
 F ortune may favor, beauty smile,
 E ven opulence may plead the while,
 L ost to all sense, he turns aside—
 L ove never can the wretch abide.
 O! lovely maiden, haste thy flight,
 W ith scorn this selfish race requite.

TO JULIA.

From Julia's cheek the rose is fled,
 From Julia's eye the lustre 's gone,
 Paleness usurps the blooming red,
 And languor veils the wonted sun:
 Yet Julia's cheek has charms for me,
 Yet, yet, I burn beneath her eye;
 Fancy can countless beauties see,
 And still excite the raptur'd sigh.
 No vulgar flame pervades my breast,
 No flimsy chains my bosom bind,
 My heart retains no fleeting guest,
 When love depends on Julia's mind.

Masonic Intelligence.

The Masonic lodge-room, at Bath, Upper Canada, was consumed by fire on the 4th of June last. We are happy however to state, that the jewels and furniture were saved.

A new Freemason's Lodge has been established at Milford, in Wales, which was opened a short time ago, and drew together not less than 2000 persons. After the installation, the Ladies were admitted to the Lodge, and the marbled walls, the star in the east, the full sun in the south, and its mild, descending beams in the west, with the brethren in full Masonic costume, had a novel and most striking effect.

On Thursday, the 19th of July last, St. Alban's Lodge, No. 60, was installed in the village of Brooklyn, in Queen's county, New York.

The following brethren have been duly elected officers for the present year:—

Erastus Worthington, *Worshipful Master.*

George W. Rogers, *Sensor Warden.* Ralph Malbone, *Junior Warden.*
George S. Wise, *Secretary.* Alexander Robertson, *Treasurer.*
Abiathar Young, *Senior Deacon.* Robert S. Tatem, *Junior Deacon.*
J. N. Smith and Joseph Watson, *Stewards.*
W. P. M. John Titus, and ——— Amerman, *Masters of Ceremonies.*
W. P. M. Isaac Nichols, *Tyler.*

At the annual meeting of Columbian Encampment of Knights Templars, No. 5, held in New-York, on the 20th of April last, the following officers were duly elected for the present year:—

George Howard, *M. E. G. C.* Nicholas Rosse, *Treasurer.*
Garret Morgan, *Gener alissimo.* W. F. Piatt, *Recorder.*
John Telfair, *C. G.* Edward Higgins, *S. B.*
Silas Lyon, *M. E. Prelate.* Thomas M'Cready, *S. B.*
B. W. Peck, *S. G. W.* John Niles, *Warder.*
Joel Jones, *J. G. W.* John Utt, *Sentinel.*

On the 27th June, the corner stone of a Church was laid near Cherokee Mill, eight miles from Savannah, which is to be open to all sects of Christians. It is to be called "*The Church of all denominations.*" This liberal institution sprang from no particular order of Christians, and it is to be confined to none—but it owes its origin to a Society which has always inculcated liberal sentiments, without being so fortunate as to meet with

them in return—a Society, which, within the last three years has called down the wrath of the Baptists of Kentucky, and the Presbyterians of Pittsburgh—a Society, which, whatever be the mystery that surrounds it, has been conspicuous for its benevolence, has bound up more broken hearts, than any other affiliation—and which owes to the very excellence of its principles, more than any other cause, the long life it has enjoyed. Need we specify the Society of Free Masons? The corner stone of this temple, thus dedicated to the cause of toleration and benevolence, was laid under the immediate auspices of T. U. P. Charlton, Grand Master of the State of Georgia, attended by a large procession of Masons and other citizens. It must be confessed that a more general spirit of liberality seems extending itself among the Christian sects. We understand that the Roman Catholic Bishop of Charleston lately officiated in a Presbyterian Church in North Carolina—and we have seen in this city the minister of a Baptist Association kindly and courteously introduced into the pulpits of Presbyterian and Methodist Churches.—[Richmond Va. Compiler.

At a Grand Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee, begun and held in the town of Nashville, on the 1st day of October, A. L.: 5321, A. D. 1821, the following brethren were duly elected and installed officers thereof for the ensuing year, viz:—

M. W. Wilkins Tannehill, of Nashville, *G. M.*

R. W. John Rhea, of Sullivan, *D. G. M.*

“ George Wilson, of Nashville, *G. S. W.*

“ W. G. Dickinson, of Franklin, *G. J. W.*

“ Moses Norvell, of Nashville, *G. Secretary.*

“ David Irwin, of Nashville, *G. Treasurer.*

Rev'd. John Cox, of Nashville, *G. Chaplain.*

W. H. R. W. Hill, of Franklin, *G. S. D.*

“ James Roane, of Nashville, *G. J. D.*

“ John Blair, of Jonesboro', *G. P.*

“ E. R. Dulaney, of Blountsville, *G. Marshal.*

“ Ira Ingram, of Nashville, *G. S. B.*

“ Ed. Cooper and D. Robertson, of Nashville, *G. Stewards.*

“ S. Chapman, of Nashville, *G. Tyler.*

The Grand Annual Communication of the GRAND ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER OF KENTUCKY will be held at Frankfort on the first Monday of December next, when the annual election of Grand Officers will take place, and other important business be transacted.

The election of Officers of Lexington Royal Arch Chapter No. 1, will take place at its next stated meeting, on Monday the 30th of November.

THE
MASONIC MISCELLANY,

AND

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

FOR DECEMBER, 1821.

No. 6

ANCIENT YORK MASONRY.

In our number for October last, we gave some account of the origin of the title "*Ancient York Mason*," and traced from authentic documents, the history of the craft in England, both ancient and modern, from the time of the first grand convocation at York, down to the declaration of American Independence. We will now devote a few pages to a brief notice of the introduction of masonry into the United States, and before we subjoin any remarks of our own on the subject, we will copy the following statement from the first chapter of the Book of Constitutions, compiled under the direction of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, which was originally taken from that valuable compend, the "*Freemason's Monitor*."

"Freemasons' lodges in America are of recent date. Upon application of a number of brethren residing in Boston, a warrant was granted by the right honorable and most worshipful Anthony, Lord Viscount Montague, grand master of masons in England, dated the 30th of April, 1733, appointing the right worshipful Henry Price grand master in North America, with full power and authority to appoint his deputy, and other masonic officers necessary for forming a grand lodge; and also to constitute lodges of free and accepted masons, as often as occasion should require.

"In consequence of this commission, the grand master opened a grand lodge in Boston, on the 30th of July, 1733, in due form, and appointed the right worshipful Andrew Belcher, deputy grand master, the worshipful Thomas Kennelly and John Quann, grand wardens.

"The grand lodge, being thus organized, under the designation



of *St. John's Grand Lodge*, proceeded to grant warrants for constituting regular lodges in various parts of America; and from this grand lodge originated the first lodges in Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Barbadoes, Antigua, Newfoundland, Louisburgh, Nova-Scotia, Quebec, Surinam, and St. Christopher's."

From this statement it appears that the first lodges established in the United States were *not* composed of Ancient York Masons. The first warrant was obtained from the Grand Master of modern masons in England, and from that source originated lodges in almost every part of the union. It appears however that before the termination of the revolutionary war, an ancient Grand Lodge was established in Boston, of which the same authority gives the following account.

"In 1755, a number of brethren residing in Boston, who were ancient masons, in consequence of a petition to the grand lodge of Scotland, received a deputation, dated November 30th, 1752, from Sholto Charles Douglas, *Lord Aberdour*, then grand master, constituting them a regular lodge, under the title of *St. Andrew's Lodge*, No. 82, to be holden at Boston.

"This establishment was discouraged and opposed by the *St. John's Grand Lodge*, who thought their privileges infringed by the grand lodge of Scotland; they therefore refused to have any intercourse with *St. Andrew's Lodge* for several years.

"The prosperous state of *St. Andrew's Lodge*, soon led its members to make great exertions for the establishment of an ancient grand lodge in America; which was soon effected in Boston, by the assistance of travelling lodges, belonging to the British army, who were stationed there.

"December 27, 1760, the festival of the Evangelist was celebrated in due form. When the brethren were assembled, a commission from the right honourable and most worshipful *George, Earl of Dalhousie*, grand master of masons in Scotland, dated the 30th of May, 1760, appointing *Joseph Warren*, to be grand master of masons in Boston, and within one hundred miles of that same, was read, and he was, according to ancient usage, duly installed into that office. The grand master then appointed

installed the other grand officers, and the grand lodge was at this time completely organized.

"Between this period and the year 1771, this grand lodge granted warrants of constitution for lodges to be holden in Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, Connecticut, Vermont, and New York.

"In the year 1773, a commission was received from the right honorable and most worshipful Patrick, Earl of Dumfries, Grand master of masons in Scotland, dated March 3, 1772, appointing the right worshipful Joseph Warren, Esq. grand master of masons for the *Continent of America*."

"1777, March 8. The brethren, who had been dispersed in consequence of the war, being now generally collected, they assembled to take into consideration the state of masonry. Being deprived of their chief by the melancholy death of their grand master, as before mentioned, after due consideration, they proceeded to the formation of a grand lodge, and elected and installed the most worshipful Joseph Webb, their grand master

"1783, January 3. A committee was appointed to draught resolutions explanatory of the power and authority of this grand lodge. On the 24th of June following, the committee reported as follows, viz.

"The committee appointed to take into consideration the conduct of those brethren who assume the powers and prerogatives of a grand lodge, on the ancient establishment in this place, and examine the extent of their authority and jurisdiction, together with the powers of any other ancient masonic institution within the same, beg leave to report the result of their examination, founded on the following facts, viz.

"That the commission from the grand lodge of Scotland granted to our late grand master Joseph Warren, Esq. having died with him, and of course his deputy, whose appointment was derived from his nomination, being no longer in existence, they saw themselves without a head, and without a single grand officer; and of consequence it was evident, that not only the grand lodge, but all the particular lodges under its jurisdiction, must cease to assemble; the brethren be dispersed, the pennyless go unassisted, the craft languish, and ~~the lodge~~ ~~the~~ ~~craft~~ ~~be~~ ~~extinct~~ in this part of the world

“That in consequence of a summons from the former grand officers, to the masters and wardens of all the regular constituted lodges, a grand communication was held to consult and advise on some means to preserve the intercourse of the brethren.

“That the political head of this country having destroyed all connexion and correspondence between the subjects of these states and the country from which the grand lodge originally derived its commissioned authority, and the principles of the craft inculcating on its professors submission to the commands of the civil authority of the country they reside in; the brethren did assume an elective supremacy, and under it chose a grand master and grand officers, and erected a grand lodge; with independent powers and prerogatives, to be exercised however on principles consistent with and subordinate to the regulations pointed out in the constitutions of ancient masonry.

“That the reputation and utility of the craft, under their jurisdiction, has been most extensively diffused, by the flourishing state of *fourteen* lodges constituted by their authority within a shorter period than that in which *three only* received dispensations under the former grand lodge.

“That in the history of our craft we find, that in England there are two grand lodges independent of each other; in Scotland the same; and in Ireland their grand lodge and grand master are independent either of England or Scotland. It is clear that the authority of some of their grand lodges originated in assumption; or, otherwise, they would acknowledge the head from whence they were derived.

“Your committee are therefore of opinion, that the doings of the present grand lodge were dictated by principles of the clearest necessity, founded in the highest reason, and warranted by precedents of the most approved authority.’

“This report was accepted, and corresponding resolutions entered into, by the grand lodge, and recorded.

“1791, December 5. A committee was appointed, agreeably to a vote of the 2d of March, 1787, “to confer with the officers of St. John’s grand lodge upon the subject of a complete masonic union throughout this commonwealth.’”

“On the 5th March, 1792, the committee brought in their report.

port and presented a copy of the laws and constitution for associating and uniting the two grand lodges, as agreed to by St. John's grand lodge, which being read and deliberately considered, was unanimously approved of.

"June 19, 1792. The officers and members of the two grand lodges met in conjunction, agreeably to previous arrangements, and installed the most worshipful John Cutler, grand master; and resolved 'that this grand lodge, organized as aforesaid, shall forever hereafter be known by the name of *The Grand Lodge of the most Most Ancient and Honorable Society of Free and Accepted Masons for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.*'

"In addition to the powers vested by charter in the two grand lodges before mentioned, for instituting subordinate lodges, the grand lodge of England appointed *provincial grand masters*, in several of the states, and invested them also with authority to grant warrants for holding lodges.

"The revolution which separated the American States from the government of the mother country, also exonerated the American lodges from their allegiance to foreign grand lodges; because the principles of masonry inculcate obedience to the governments under which we live. The lodges in the several states, therefore, after the termination of the war, resorted to the proper and necessary means of forming and establishing independent grand lodges, for the government of the fraternity in their respective jurisdictions."

St. John's Lodge, originally a grand Lodge of *modern* masons, was thus united with the *ancient* lodges, and continues to the present day, under the jurisdiction of one common Grand Lodge of the state of Massachusetts, which is recognized as genuine by all the Ancient York Masons throughout the United States. A similar union has been effected in several other states, and among the rest, as our readers have been particularly informed, in South Carolina.

The first lodge held in Pennsylvania was organized in 1734 and derived its charter from the grand lodge in Boston. It was of course composed of *modern* masons, as no grand lodge of *ancient* masons existed at that time in Massachusetts. Of this lodge the revered **FRANKLIN** was the first master. Afterwards, however, in the

year 1764 authority was obtained directly from the Grand Lodge of England for forming and holding a Grand Lodge for the province of Pennsylvania. and in September 1786, at a Grand Communication held in Philadelphia, it was unanimously resolved, "that it is improper that the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania should remain any longer under the authority of the Grand Lodge of England." An independent grand lodge was accordingly organized, which has ever since maintained jurisdiction over the craft in that state.

AN ADDRESS

*Delivered to Warren Lodge, Natchez, on the festival of St. John;
the Evangelist, December 27, 1820; by COWLEY MEAD*

Brethren and Friends,

There is no order of society exhibited in the long catalogue of human generations, more a subject of admiration, suspicion or speculation, than the one I have the honor this day to represent. Before the unenlightened world, it stands like the Pyramids of Egypt, wonderful and unintelligible.

But the resemblance is soon lost in the contemplation of purpose or utility; the one a dead mass of inert matter, erected as we presume, to perpetuate the power, the vanity and pride of some despotic lord, some mighty potentate, more disposed to display the pomp of majesty, than to promote, enlarge or ameliorate the sphere of human happiness; while the other more aged, has ever been active in the display of human excellence. When we look to the nativity of our order, we are taken back to the beginning of time; with the great grand-sire of man, the rudiments of Masonry began. In the Garden of Eden commenced the evidences of a mechanical mind, and the rude efforts of Geometry, the basis of our institution.—From that hoary period, it has marched down the line of time with a steady and undeviating step. In the days of Solomon, it flourished under the auspices of the wisest and best of men, and became greatly admired, for its utility. After that splendid epoch in our annals, this order, like all other mundane institutions, underwent various vicissitudes, alternately rising and sinking in proportion to the wants of

controlled by the dictates of wisdom or barbarism: From Asia it was for a while driven by the sanguinary sword of Mahomet, to the plains of Europe, then rising in intelligence, and watered by streams of Christian purity. Here it took new root, here it became acclimated—associated with the pure doctrines of the Messiah, it laid its foundations, so strong in the world, that all bars have ceased, of its annihilation.

Thus then, as I have shown that no order of men has lived a longer life, it is fair to presume, that an order of such longevity must have been sustained by its own peculiar excellence: Mighty states and empires have risen, grown up to stupendous power, displayed all the energy that the genius of man could give, yet they have fled away, and hardly a trace of their existence is found on the broad face of the earth.

Rome and Greece, two Republics of ancient renown; distinguished alike, for their former magnificence and present impotence, are yet on the pages of faithful history; in the library they may be seen in description, but on the Tiber or the Aegean sea, they are no more to be found.

Roman and Grecian eloquence is yet a subject of emulatory admiration and reverence; but where is the rostrum from whence it was delivered or where the beatific advantage flowing down the stream of time to posterity; they are alike swallowed up in the oblivious flood; but our order, like Noah, floated on the billows of destruction, survived the deluge, and is borne on the pinions of charity, to high rank among the institutions of the earth.

When we wish to defend ourselves against the slanders of depraved accusation, we call Washington, to attest our innocence; when we require further proof, we summon to the bar of trial, the pure and philosophic Franklin: should we want further evidence or defence, our herald may call from the tomb of patriotism, the sword of Warren to avenge our injuries; but, my brethren, these solemn appeals are unnecessary. It is not required to disturb the ashes of the dead—we are always armed with proofs positive proofs. When were we charged with treason, or rebellion? when were we found wanting in any of the benign purposes of our institution? and the steps of time, as demonstrated by

truth-speaking history, and point the finger of suspicion at a solitary fact recorded against us. Despots, cold phlegmatic tyrants, have dared to arraign us at the bar of accusation; but the world has seen their charges foiled, and their allegations contradicted, by the plain and unvarnished evidence of Truth. These accusers have been converted by the verdict of an honest judgment, into slanderers and detractors; and it is evident that their persecution has been produced by a deadly hatred to all that is good, wise, or benevolent. Charity, my brethren, is the substratum of our social structure; on that solid foundation our edifice is erected; amidst the casualties of human action, we are often thrown from the heights of Prosperity into the gloomy vale of Distress; the bright sunshine of the morn is often changed into a cloudy evening, the gilded palace converted into a dreary hovel; these are the themes of our contemplation; these are the subjects of our research. When Poverty has grappled a Brother by the hand, we fly to release the hold, and furnish new elements for enterprise, emulation, and enjoyment; we take the grand rounds of distress, and on our bosoms fall the tear destined for the cold unfeeling earth. It is not for us to wait until the cries of affliction approach our doors, and, in piteous plaint, implore relief—our duty leads us far from the quiet haunts of peace, affluence, and ease, to hunt out the hapless child of want, to check the rising sigh of grief, arrest the convulsive throb of despair, and conduct the wretched sufferer from the dreary plains of melancholy, to high and gilded views of pleasing perspective.

The ignorant and suspicious sometimes arraign us for our free and generous conviviality; but in this they speak blindly: whatever we do, we are at least innocent. The breath of slander never taints the atmosphere of our Lodge, no one feels the lash of our whip, or the corrosions of our malice. When the business of the day is done; feeling as good men always do, we give a loose to delights which flow from good deeds, and good intentions; happy in the station allotted us by the great architect of Creation, we pour out in songs of mirth and glee, those feelings which arise from a grateful sense of his beneficence. Should we prefer the torbid stream, charged with noxious elements, to the sweet

pellucid fountain which conveys pleasure to the taste and health to the body? Should we disdain the rose and pluck the thistle? shall we pass the fragrant jessamine, with which nature has so beautifully festooned our way, and select the wormwood and the rue to deck the bosom of a fair friend, or a fairer self? No, our Grand Master, has strewed the field of virtue with sweet scented flowers, he has given to industry and taste. the rich viands of the earth, and Solomon has bidden us eat, drink, and be merry; we obey the mandate, but while the board resounds with the cheering melody of song, we hold ourselves always ready to be called off from our own enjoyments to relieve a distressed and worthy brother, and the goblet filled to some noble and generous deed, would with still greater pleasure be poured out at the altar of benevolence.

To the fair daughters of the Rib, I now would feign approach inspired with that exalted respect, due to their intrinsic worth. Your exclusion from our mysteries, may seem to contradict our professions; but our's is not the language of adulation. Your own virtues guard you from suspicion, your purity of character will shield you from detraction, but there is one, among many reasons, which must be sufficient to suppress your distrust of our esteem.

It is so ordered that man and wife make one flesh, but in the the union the man claims to hold the higher rank in domestic rule; with this pretention, or through the medium of the softer passions, the cunning and artifice of man might delude the watchful sentinell placed as a guard over your actions, and betray, as they too often have done, the purity and innocence of your sex. It is not woman we distrust, it is man we dread. The station you hold in society. the influence you possess, give you an ample sphere of action,—the milder virtues always attend your train. As wives you constitute the only genuine link between man and happiness. Your bosom is the soft pillow on which we rest all our cares, you cheer us in despondency, allay our turbulent passions, and lead us from the temptations of evil, by the soft, seductive, but imperious voice of love. As mothers you plant the first and best seeds of morality in the rising generation; as woman, you are ever ready to fly to the house of distress,

apply the balsam of health to the afflicted, cheer the disconsolate, and spread wide the blessings of charity.—With these soft but brilliant qualities you are naturally endowed: you require not therefore the rigid obligations of compact to display your worth; for your virtues, like the effulgent rays of the sun, continue from day to day with undiminished lustre.

And now, my brethren, permit me to remind you, that “in youth, as entered apprentices, we ought industriously to occupy our minds in the attainment of useful knowledge; in manhood, as fellow crafts, we should apply our knowledge to the discharge of our respective duties to our God, our neighbours, and ourselves; that so, in age, as master masons, we may enjoy the reflections consequent on a well spent life, and die in the hope of a glorious immortality.”

HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY IN NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

In the year 5733, the right honorable and most worshipful Anthony, lord viscount Montague, grand master of masons in England, did, on application from several brethren residing in New England, appoint and constitute the right worshipful Henry Price, provincial grand master, over all the lodges in New England.

The first grand lodge in New England was formed in Boston, July 30th, of that year, when the right worshipful grand master was duly invested and congratulated grand master of St. John's grand lodge.

On the 7th of December, 5736, the right honorable and most worshipful John, earl of London, grand master of England, appointed the right worshipful Robert Tomlinson, provincial grand master over all the lodges in North America.

January, 17th, 5739, the right worshipful Robert Tomlinson visited the lodge at Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

After the most worshipful grand master Robert Tomlinson, the most worshipful Thomas Oxnard, lord Colvill, Hugh M'Daniel, Jeremy Gridley, Henry Price, and Rowe, were duly appointed and invested grand masters in New England, by the most worshipful grand masters of England.

May 30th, 1769, Joseph Warren, Esq. was appointed grand master of masons in Boston, New England, and within one hundred miles of the same, by the right honorable and most worshipful George, earl of Dalhousie, grand master of masons in Scotland. At the festival of St. John the Evangelist, 1769, he was installed according to ancient usage, grand master of Massachusetts grand lodge. In 1772 he was appointed grand master of masons for the continent of America, by the right honorable and most worshipful Patrick, earl of Dumfries, grand master of masons in Scotland.

After the death of grand master Warren, Joseph Webb, John Warren, and Moses M. Hayes, were duly elected and installed grand masters by the Massachusetts grand lodge.

These two grand lodges and their grand masters exercised jurisdiction over the lodges in New Hampshire, until a grand lodge was formed there.

Deputies from the several lodges in New Hampshire, having met at Portsmouth on the 8th day of July, A. L. 1789,

Voted, That there be a grand lodge established in the state of New Hampshire, upon principles consistent with, and subordinate to, the general regulations and ancient constitutions of freemasonry.

The deputies having formed a grand lodge, agreeably to the preceding vote, elected by ballot, his excellency John Sullivan Esq. president of the state of New Hampshire, grand master of masons in and throughout the same.

The lodges within the state of New Hampshire, having heretofore worked under the jurisdiction of the St. John's grand lodge, and the Massachusetts grand lodge, now came forward and took out new charters from the grand lodge of New Hampshire, acknowledged their jurisdiction, and gave up their connections with the grand lodges in the state of Massachusetts.

At the October communication of the grand lodge of New Hampshire, A. L. 1790, the most worshipful John Sullivan, Esq, in a very polite letter to the grand lodge, begged to decline serving any longer as grand master, on account of the very alarming state of his health, at the same time expressing his high sense of the honor conferred upon him.

The grand lodge then unanimously elected Hall Jackson, Esq. M. D. grand master of masons in and throughout the state of New Hampshire.

He was annually re-elected to the office of grand master for seven years, when the Divine Architect saw fit to summon him hence, from his useful labors of love in this, to "that grand lodge that 's far awa."

The grand lodge having been convened by the deputy grand master on the 18th December A. L. 5797, in consequence of the death of the much lamented and very worthy brother, the most worshipful Hall Jackson, grand master of masons in New Hampshire, the ballots were taken for a grand master, and found unanimous for Nathaniel Adams, Esq. who was declared duly elected grand master of masons in and throughout the state of New Hampshire.

The most worshipful Nathaniel Adams, Esq. was annually re-elected for three years when he addressed a note to the grand lodge, declining to serve any longer as grand master.

The grand lodge voted, "That the thanks of the grand lodge be presented to the most worshipful Nathaniel Adams, Esq. past grand master of masons in New Hampshire, for his unremitting attention to the cause of masonry, and hope that he will not withdraw his fraternal hand from their support."

On the 4th Wednesday of April, A. L. 5801, the most worshipful Thomas Thompson Esq. was unanimously elected grand master of masons in and throughout the state of New Hampshire, and was unanimously elected to that office for seven years in succession; when, on account of ill health, he addressed a valedictory note to the grand lodge, declining another election

For his attachment to the cause of masonry, for his great exertions to introduce a regular system of lecturing and working, and to exterminate the petty distinction of ancient and modern masonry, his name will ever be revered in New Hampshire.

Grand Master Thompson early showed a disposition to introduce order and regularity into the subordinate lodges; for this purpose the regulations of the grand lodge underwent a complete revisal in 5803.

December 12, 5804, he summoned the Columbian lodge, he-

fore the grand lodge, to answer for unmasonic conduct; a trial took place, which eventuated in the expulsion of that subordinate lodge.

In 5805 he commissioned a grand deputation to visit all the subordinate lodges in the state, to inquire into their proceedings, and to exemplify the Prestonian lectures in each lodge. At the same time he instituted a grand course of lectures, at which all the lodges were required to be represented; such was the success of this plan that in 5807 every lodge in the state was completely competent to work. It was then ordered that no charter should issue from the grand secretary's office, till a certificate was filed, proving the officers of the new lodge perfectly qualified in the lectures and the mode of work resulting therefrom.

December 5805, the grand lodge received an act of incorporation from the legislature of the state.

It has been the constant aim of the grand lodge of the state of New Hampshire, to establish an uniform mode of working throughout the United States; and for that purpose they have repeatedly urged the necessity as well as the propriety of calling a grand masonic convention at the city of Washington; but they have uniformly objected to a superintending national grand lodge.

As a stepping stone towards the completion of this grand design, in 5805, the grand master of New Hampshire requested the grand lodge of Massachusetts to appoint delegates to meet others from the grand lodge of New Hampshire, to establish an uniformity of working and lecturing in those two states.

The delegates met at Newburyport in December and accomplished the object of their mission.

At the festival of St. John the Baptist, 5807, the corner stone of St. John's church in Portsmouth was laid in ample form, by the grand lodge, a large silver plate with the coins and medals of the age was deposited.

In 5807, the grand lodge established the January quarterly communication, as the general assembly of the grand lodge, and ordered, that all important business should be referred to that communication.

In 5808—9, and 10, general Clement Storer was unanimously elected grand master.

In 5808, the regulations of the grand lodge underwent some alterations, thereby making the grand wardens elective; transferring the election of officers from the April communication to the general assembly of the grand lodge in January, and rendering unnecessary the approbation of the April communication and June festival to all new laws.

INDEPENDENT MARK LODGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MASONIC MISCELLANY.

Companion,

Some doubts having been expressed in an Independent Mark Lodge, of which I am a member, upon a subject which I deem of no small consequence, I take the liberty to request your opinion and that of other well informed masons, in the pages of your valuable Miscellany. Some masons of high standing in the lodge to which I have referred, have expressed their decided opinion that from the decision of a Mark Lodge, expelling, suspending, or censuring a brother, there can be no appeal. They found this opinion upon the circumstance that there is no Grand Lodge of that degree and that the Grand Royal Arch Chapters from which the charters of Mark Lodges are obtained, never hold their meetings in the Mark degree, and cannot therefore try a Mark Master Mason. From this opinion I have with great deference dissented, although the high respectability and elevated masonic standing of those by whom it has been expressed, almost compelled me to yield it my assent. I should be glad therefore to hear the opinions of well informed Royal Arch Masons at a distance, and will thank you to notice the subject in the next number of your Miscellany. Yours &c.

A MARK MASTER.

REMARKS ON THE PRECEDING.

We cannot regard this question as one of the least doubt or difficulty. The reasons assigned by our correspondent for the opinion expressed by the respectable masons to whom he alludes, do not appear to us very well calculated to convince. A Mark Lodge is unquestionably amenable for all its proceedings to the

Grand Chapter from which it derived its very existence. All its decisions must therefore be liable to appeal, and may, on appeal, be reversed by the Grand Chapter. Such is the uniform practice so far as our information extends, and such, in our opinion, ought it to be. The Grand Chapter, it is true, does not hold its meetings in the mark degree, but we do not see the propriety of the inference drawn from this circumstance. As well might it be said that the Grand Lodge, holding its meetings in the Master Mason's degree, could not take cognizance of the proceedings of a subordinate lodge in relation to the conduct of an Entered Apprentice. Yet this is an idea, we believe, that never was advanced by any one, and that probably never will be seriously defended. The Grand Chapter certainly has, at all times, the controul of its subordinate Mark Lodges as well as of the Royal Arch Chapters under its jurisdiction. It can at any time arrest the charter which it has given, and in our opinion it hence conclusively follows, that it may revise the decisions of Independent Mark Lodges, created by itself, and reverse such as are deemed erroneous. On this subject we have not the slightest doubt, but we shall be glad to see in detail the arguments of those who differ from us in opinion.

THE MASONIC LECTURER,
NO. III.

Every additional step in masonry is calculated, if properly taken, to impress more and more strongly upon the attentive and considerate mind the value of the institution, and the beautiful manner in which its admirable lessons are taught. The fellow-craft's degree is, however, by many lodges treated with much less respect than its intrinsic merit deserves. The second section of the lecture, and a great proportion of the ceremony, are often omitted altogether, and the candidate is suffered to pass with only a slight acquaintance, and perhaps none at all, with the peculiarities and excellencies of this beautiful degree. How often is the zealous novice, whose love of novelty has been gratified, and whose attention has been arrested and delighted by the ceremonies of initiation, disappointed and depressed on pass-

ing through what is erroneously called the fellow-craft's degree! Scarcely a new idea is advanced, scarcely an addition is made to what was before known and understood. The landmarks, it is true, so far as forms and tests are concerned, are not grossly departed from: but the candidate sees nothing, in the mysteries which are presented to his view, illustrative of the useful lessons he had been led, by a perusal of his Book of Constitutions, to expect in this degree. He hears nothing of the peculiar value of Peace, Unity, and Plenty, he is introduced to no familiarity with the orders of Architecture, nor does he perceive any thing to direct his attention to the science of Geometry.

I do not know that such neglect of the most important parts of the second degree, is now general in our lodges. It was, a few years since, much more prevalent than it is now. Many a master of a lodge could not then tell, why the arts and sciences, the senses of human nature, &c. were alluded to and descanted upon in the Book of Constitutions under the head of the Fellow Craft's degree, rather in any other place. Nothing in the ceremony, as it used to be generally practised in Kentucky, and as it is still practised in some lodges, led the mind to contemplate those subjects. Recently, however, a great reformation and improvement have taken place, and it is hoped that the Fellow Craft's degree will soon be restored, universally, as it now is partially, to the high rank it so justly deserves.

How admirably does the accomplished master of a lodge lead the candidate for the second degree into the interior of the Masonic Temple, point out the objects worthy of his attention, and direct him to the contemplation of their meaning and allusion! Passing from operative to speculative masonry, he explains those moral and scientific lessons, which are so beautifully taught in the ceremonies of this degree. Here we are led "to view with reverence and admiration the glorious works of the creation, and are naturally inspired with the most exalted ideas of the perfections of our Divine Creator." Here we are instructed likewise in the principles of architecture, are taught the value and relative importance of the senses with which we are endowed, and are introduced into the extensive and delightful fields of the several arts and sciences. As the Book of Constitutions very justly

remarks, in speaking of this degree, "here practice and theory join, in qualifying the industrious mason to share the pleasure which an advancement in the art must necessarily afford. Listening with attention to the wise opinions of experienced craftsmen, on important subjects, he gradually familiarizes his mind to useful instruction, and is soon enabled to investigate truths of the utmost concern in the general transactions of life." This however is true, only when the degree is ably and thoroughly conferred, and the lessons contained in the lecture unfolded to the candidate. I trust therefore that the masons of the west will feel the importance of a familiarity with every part of the lecture, and will not remain satisfied, as I fear too many have done heretofore, with a knowledge of the first section only. The lodge rooms ought to be properly prepared with the requisite apparatus for introducing the candidate into the interior of the temple, and for exhibiting to his view all those objects, properly belonging to the degree, which are calculated to impress upon his mind the appropriate lessons. A trifling expense would be sufficient for this purpose, and the satisfaction and advantage would be very considerable.

It must however be admitted, that, valuable as the Fellow Craft's degree certainly is, and abounding as it does in useful and interesting instruction, it nevertheless shrinks into comparative insignificance, when placed in competition with that of the Master Mason. Masonry is a progressive science, and it is natural to expect, that the degrees, as we advance, will increase in dignity and importance. While therefore the Fellow Craft feels the value of the wages to which he is entitled, he may with propriety be taught, that when he shall be raised to the more elevated standing of a master workman, his compensation will be proportionally increased. Although he is now advanced somewhat beyond the threshold, he is yet to be admitted within the *SANCTUM SANCTORUM* of the masonic edifice.

A great fault in the practice and regulations of our lodges, to which I have already, more than once, alluded, is the precipitation with which an aspiring candidate may advance from one degree to another. I would not recommend the requisition of any specified time to elapse between the degrees, but it is cer-

tainly proper that no one should be advanced, before he has made himself familiar with all that he ought to know in the degree he has previously taken. This rule, if strictly adhered to, would produce the most salutary effects. Not that I would expect every mason to be qualified to act as master of a lodge. Many, I am aware, have neither the time nor the pre-requisite attainments, to enable them to become thus proficient. But I would require of every one some acquaintance with all the essential and most important particulars. I would not confine the examination for the master's degree to the first section of the Fellow Craft's lecture, but would instruct the candidate also in the prominent parts of the second section, and would insist on his examination, except in cases of extreme emergency, in open lodge. An adherence to this course would insure a greater degree of skill, and more genuine masonry, than is now to be found in our lodges. It would be better for the individuals, and would greatly promote the interests of the Craft.

DEDICATORY ODE,

*Written by a Young Lady and sung at the dedication of the new
Masonic Hall in Boston.**

While WISDOM, STRENGTH, and BEAUTY aid,
To raise this temple and adorn;
Most precious Gold is here display'd
With GEMS refulgent as the Morn.

* The Hall is at the easterly end of the old State House, being that part of it once occupied by the Senate of Massachusetts, with the addition of about six feet to the length. The wainscoted walls remain as they were at first finished. The windows are richly hung with curtains of red trimmed with black. The canopies over the seats of the master and wardens are of the same materials and colours. The oriental chair is a superb piece of furniture; the frame of mahogany, the seat and back of crimson velvet; and the top of the back is a rising sun, with the usual motto. The finishing and decorations of the Hall generally evince the taste and skill of the architect and the superintending committee. There is a smaller hall on the same floor intended for a lodge room, and two antichambers, between the halls. It is intended to finish the upper story for refreshment and lecture room.

Now let us 'wake a song of joy,
 Not vain our hopes nor vain our skill,
 If the blest emblems we employ
 Lead us to know HEAVEN'S Holy will.

A light precedes the sacred Word:
 The BREAD confess'd of life the stay
 Is first before the altar pour'd
 With WINE, whose power can grief allay

Here too the sacred OIL is shed,
 With joy that makes the face to shine;
 We freely give the Word, the Bread,
 The Unction and the choicest Wine.

And now my worth of low degree,
 Unite with that exalted high;
 The varied notes will all agree,
 Joined in the sweetest Harmony.

MASONIC ODE.

Before revolving years began,
 The whole creation's glorious plan,
 Almighty wisdom laid;
 But till th' appointed time should pass,
 A void, deformed, chaotic mass,
 The universe was made.

Nor yet had dawn'd the sacred light,
 But o'er the world, primeval Night,
 Held undivided sway:
 "Let there be light," the ALMIGHTY spoke;
 As the first beam through chaos broke,
 He bless'd the heavenly ray.

Then starting from confusion's bed
 Young order heav'd his beauteous head,
 And the first Day Spring hail'd.
 'Twas then the rosy hours were born

That, blushing, led the orient Morn,
And nature's face unveil'd.

Then, first the teeming earth appear'd;
Then, first the heavenly veil was rear'd,
And fill'd with glory's blaze;
On high the Ruling Lights were hung,
While Angel to Archangel sung,
Th' *Almighty master's* praise.

His *Wisdom* saw that all was good,
Beauty with *Strength* united stood,
In harmony combin'd.
The gloomy reign of Night was o'er,
Hoarse discord's voice was heard no more,
Disorder stood confus'd.

'Twas thus the Human Race remain'd,
In hopeless bonds, by Passion chain'd
To ignorance and guilt,
'Till after many a rolling age,
When the *Wise King* and *Tyrian Sage*,
The *Holy Temple* built.

Then intellectual Darkness ceas'd—
Majestic in the kindling *East*,
The Sun of *Masons* shone,
Thence to the *West* the *Light* he shed,
To us the bright effulgence spread,
To *Masons* only known.

Thou, who didst into being call,
Yon rolling orbs, this earthly ball,
Thou bad'st thy light to shine,
For this,—for all thy mercies, Lord!
But chiefly for thy *Holy Word*,
Eternal praise be thine.

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

LETTERS FROM TENNESSEE.

LETTER H.

NASHVILLE, TENN. — 1821.

My Dear Sir,

The state of Tennessee is situated between 35° and 35° 30' north latitude, and enjoys a mild, temperate, and healthy climate. It is watered by many large rivers, the principal of which are the *Tennessee* and the *Cumberland*. The *Tennessee* is one of the largest tributary streams of the *Ohio*, into which it discharges itself about sixty miles above its confluence with the *Mississippi*. It rises in the state of *South Carolina*, and receives in its course, the *Holstein*, *Clinch*, *French Broad*, *Tellico*, *Hiwassee*, and *Duck* rivers, besides many smaller streams. It is navigable for large vessels to the *Muscle Shoals*, and above, for smaller vessels, several hundred miles. The lands bordering on this river, in the states of *Alabama* and *Tennessee*, are admirably calculated for the culture of cotton, and are rapidly settling.

The *Cumberland* river rises in the state of *Kentucky*, and pursuing a very serpentine course, running sometimes in *Kentucky* and sometimes in *Tennessee*, discharges its waters into the *Ohio*, about 1100 miles below *Pittsburgh*, and twelve above the mouth of the *Tennessee*. Nine months in the year it is navigable for keel boats to *Nashville*, and in the winter and spring tides three or four hundred miles above. On the banks of this river, two hundred miles above *Nashville*, are extensive coal banks. Considerable quantities of this valuable mineral have been brought to *Nashville*, and it was used during the last winter in several private families for fuel. The principal tributary streams of the *Cumberland* are the *Cany Fork*, *Harpeth*, *Stone's* river, and *Red River*, neither of which is navigable except in very high freshets.

The soil of this state is much diversified, but in both the eastern and western parts are large tracts of first rate land; that in

mediately around this place is equal in fertility to any in the great valley of the Mississippi, affording to the industrious husbandman, every kind of grain and vegetable in abundance. Notwithstanding the mildness of the climate and the fertility of the soil, on my journey to this place I met several men removing with their *plunder* (which appeared to consist of their wives and half a dozen sturdy, white headed urchins) to the frost-bound regions of the Missouri. No people in the world possess the same active, adventurous, and enterprising spirit as the Americans. A journey of one thousand miles, through trackless forests, is to them as a journey of a day to others. Cutting down trees and opening farms, appear to be a sort of amusement, for no sooner are they settled, than they sigh again for the sylvan shade, and mounting their wives on horseback, or in a one horse cart, off they go in search of new forests. Strange infatuation! What an unaccountable propensity for a wandering life! I shall not be surprised if in a few years I hear of some of them having pitched their tents beyond the rocky mountains.

In this state, as well as in Kentucky, many persons are now living who have seen the great valley of the Ohio and Mississippi nothing but a howling wilderness, where the wild and untutored native wandered free and uncontrolled, seeking a precarious existence from the chase. They have seen the settlements of the whites desolated and laid waste, one after another, by the incursions of the Indians; they have beheld their houses in flames, their wives and children slaughtered by the ruthless hands of those, whose breasts were seldom moved by the emotions of pity. They have lived to see this same wilderness "bud and blossom as the rose," populous towns and cities occupy the places of the Indian wigwam, and the arts and sciences flourish and extend their salutary influence; rivers, on which, within their recollection, was only seen the light bark canoe of the Indian, now bear upon their capacious bosoms large vessels freighted with the productions of every clime. All these things have been witnessed in the short space of half a century. In the language of Domine Sampson, how prodigious!

Those who were, and still are, quietly seated beyond the range of mountains, which separates the eastern from the western

part of this vast empire, (or republic, if the term suits you better) enjoying the comforts of domestic ease, and a cheerful fireside, know little of the hardships endured by those adventurous spirits, who first crossed the mountains, and ventured to oppose hordes of savages, with their tomahawks uplifted to destroy, and whose known mode of warfare spared neither age nor sex. He who freely converses with the first settlers, and hears from their own lips the history of their sufferings, cannot but admire and applaud the courage and resources in those perilous times. He cannot but admire that fortitude and resolution, which enabled them successfully to withstand such "fearful odds" as the number and character of the enemy, and the situation of the country presented. I have heard many interesting anecdotes, and many accounts of personal valour, which would do honour to the most heroic times of Greece and Rome, or the most splendid era of chivalry. These I will reserve for your fireside. Many of the early settlers, after overcoming all the obstacles which stood in their way, have met their reward in the grateful feelings of their countrymen, (not in the gratitude of the government, that is a virtue which enters not into its composition,) and in the wealth they have acquired. Many of them have paid the last debt to nature; but no proud monument marks the spot where their ashes repose; the green leaf alone covers their remains. History will no doubt rescue their names from oblivion, and faithfully transmit to posterity the record of their heroic deeds.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod."

Farewell.

THE TYROL WANDERER.

[The following narrative is published by one, who says that it was his practice to note down whatever he saw and heard, that was extraordinary, in his travels—and that being at the City of Washington, he took an account of the singular adventures here related, from the man himself—who then resided in that city, where he supposes him still to reside.]

Gervasio Probasio Santuari was born at a village near Trent in the Tyrol, on the 21st of October, 1772. He was brought up in one of the schools of that country, in which part of the learner's time is devoted to literature, and part to the exercise of the agricultural and mechanic arts. He was then sent to college for the purpose of being educated for the Romish church, but not liking his occupation or prospects he renounced his theological studies, and, young as he was, became a *Benedict* instead of a monk. His first employment, after his marriage, was as a surveyor of land. Shortly afterwards however, when Joseph the Second ordered an expedition against the Turks, he entered the army under Landau, and marched to Belgrade, after which he sustained his share in the siege of Mantua. After the capitulation of that city he deserted from the Austrian army to avoid the consequences of a duel in which he had been involved. The punishment for such a crime, according to the rules of the Austrian military code, is death. He joined the French at Milan, and went by the name of Carlo Hassantra, but growing weary of the suspicion which attached to him as a spy, he poisoned the guards by administering to them opium in their drink, and escaped to a village in the south of Switzerland. Here, to avoid detection, he assumed the name of Joan Eugena Leitendorfer, and having sent word to his family how he was situated, they sent him a remittance, with which he purchased watches and jewelry, and travelled as a pedlar through France and Spain. In this capacity he arrived at Toulon, where his terror and his necessities induced him to embark on board a vessel which was bound for Egypt. After his arrival he wandered on to Cairo, where the French forces were then quartered, under the command of Menou, and to the agricultural and economical projects of the Institute he rendered considerable aid. In the mean time our forces landed, and after

the victory, which the life of Abercrombie dearly purchased he conceived that things were likely to take a change, and deserted without scruple to the British army. The English officers encouraged him to open a coffee house for their entertainment, and he soon collected a sum of money which his enterprising spirit induced him to expend in the erection of a theatre, where the military amateurs used to perform. Here he married a Coptic woman. On the departure of the English, he found it necessary to retire from Alexandria; and abandoning his wife, child, and property, he arrived, after an ordinary voyage, at Messina, in Sicily. At that place, being out of employment, and utterly destitute of resources, he entered as a novice in a monastery of Capuchin friars, and he practised their discipline, and enjoyed their bounty, until an opportunity offered of running away, of which with his usual alacrity, he availed himself, and sailed for Smyrna. He soon reached Constantinople, where he was reduced to the last extremity of want, having wandered about the city for three days and three nights without food or shelter. At length meeting a Capuchin friar, he begged of him a pack of cards and a pistol, and with the aid of these he exhibited tricks, which in some measure retrieved his desperate fortune. About this time Brune, who commanded the French army at Milan, when he made his escape, arrived at Constantinople as the French ambassador; and fearing that he might be recognised by some of the diplomatic suite, he enlisted into the Turkish service. Two expeditions were then on foot; one against Passwan Oglou, in Bulgaria, the other against Elfi Bey, in Egypt. He joined the latter, and on the defeat of the Turkish detachment to which he belonged, saved his head by betaking himself to the desert, and courting protection from the Bedouin Arabs. After this unfortunate expedition, he contrived to make his way back to Constantinople and endeavoured in vain to procure from the Russian minister a passport into Muscovy. His next attempt was to obtain re-admittance into the Turkish service, in which proving unsuccessful, he assumed the habit and character of a *dervise*. These are the functionaries of religion, who always combine with their sacerdotal duties the office of physician and conjurer. To be initiated into this order he underwent a formal re-

nunciation of Christianity, denounced its followers for the wrongs and injuries they had done him, professed the Mahometan faith in due form, and to show that he was in earnest, circumcised himself. This being accomplished, he then joined under the new name of Murat Aga, a caravan for Trebisond, on the southern shore of the Black sea. On the way he practised his profession by giving directions to the sick, and selling, for considerable sums of money, small pieces of paper on which were written sentences from the Koran in Turkish, which he pretended to sanctify by applying to the naked shaven crown of his head. At Trebisond he was informed that the Bashaw was dangerously ill, and threatened with blindness; and he was called upon instantly to prescribe for this grand patient, which, however he refused to do, unless he was admitted into his presence. To this sovereign presence he was accordingly conducted through files of armed soldiers and ranks of kneeling officers. Having arrived in the sick chamber, the dervise displayed all the pomp and grandeur of his calling, by solemnly invoking God and the Prophet. He next proceeded to inquire under what disease the Bashaw laboured, and found that he was afflicted with a fever, accompanied with a violent inflammation of the eyes. Judging from the symptoms that it was likely he would recover both health and sight, he boldly declared it to be God's will that both these events should happen after the next new moon, provided certain intermediate remedies should be used. Then searching the pouch containing his medicines and apparatus, he produced a white powder, which he ordered to be blown into the Bashaw's eyes, and a wash of milk and water to be frequently applied afterwards. Sweating, by the assistance of warm drinks and blankets, was likewise recommended. He was well rewarded both by money and presents; and the next day departed with the caravan toward Persia, intending to be nine or ten days journey from Trebisond, before the new moon should appear, that he might be quite out of reach, in case the event should prove unfortunate. The caravan, being numerous and heavily laden, was overtaken by an organized and armed banditti, who pursued them for the purpose of plunder, and finding they must either fight or purchase terms, they preferred the latter. This affair

being thus settled, he heard two of the marauders talking to each other concerning the grand dervise who had cured the Bashaw of Trebisond. He heard them say, that the recovery was confidently expected, as the more violent symptoms had abated, and the prospect became daily more encouraging. The event justified their observations, and on the return of the caravan the dervise was received with open arms at Trebisond, pronounced by the lips of the sovereign to be a great and good man, and once more loaded with donations. Here he remained until another caravan set out for Mecca, and he joined the body of pilgrims and traders in his hitherto auspicious character of a dervise. They arrived in due time in the region of Yemen; but the Wechabites had commenced their fanatical encroachments. They had, in part, demolished the old religion of Mahomet, set up their new revelation in its stead, burned the body of the prophet, and sequestered much of the revenues of his shrine. The caravan did not choose to encounter the zeal and determination of these daring innovators, and accordingly it halted at a distance. But Murat, availing himself partly of his sanctity as a priest, and partly of his personal adroitness, went over to their camp, and was well received. Having tarried as long as he pleased in Mecca, he went to a port near Jidda, a city on the Red Sea, and thence crossing to the west side, he coasted along to Suez. In that place he entered as an interpreter into the service of Lord Gordon, a Scottish traveller, and with him he travelled to Cairo, and thence to Nubia and Abyssinia. His last employment, previous to his leaving the service of that gentleman, was to decorate with flowers, fruit, leaves, branches, and chandeliers, the hall in which his employer, on his return, gave a splendid fete to the foreign residents and consuls then at Cairo. Thence, after an absence of six years, he returned to Alexandria, and on inquiring after his Coptic wife, was told that she was in concealment. A separation was readily agreed upon, and by mutual consent, she formed a connexion with a Copt, a man of her own sect. Returning once more to Cairo, he wholly relinquished the occupations of a dervise, and assumed the office and uniform of an engineer! Here he was engaged in planning military works,

and in superintending their execution. While thus employed, news was brought him that the American captain, Eaton, had arrived, and was in search of a confidential and intrepid agent, to convey a message to Hamet Caramelli, the ex-bashaw of Tripoli, in Barbary. At an interview which took place between them, the captain first swore Murat to secrecy on the Koran, and then communicated his project. Having agreed upon the conditions, Murat took the earliest opportunity of deserting the Turks, and penetrated through the desert to the Mameluke camp, where Caramelli was, poor and dependant, but respected. It must be recollected that Egypt is divided into English and French parties; the Turks being attached to the French, and the Mamelukes to the English. With a single attendant and two dromedaries, he proceeded with the swiftness of the wind, feeding the animals on small balls composed of meal and eggs, and taking no other sleep than he could catch on the back of the hard-trotting animal, to which he had himself tied. He reached the Mameluke camp in safety. The Sheik, in token of a welcome reception, gave him a few sequins, and refreshed him with coffee. In a short time he so arranged matters with the ex-bashaw, that one night Caramelli went forth, as if on an ordinary expedition, with about one hundred and fifty followers, and instead of returning to his Mameluke encampment, sped his way over the trackless sands, and with that force reached the rendezvous of the enterprising American. With all the forces they could jointly assemble, they traversed, with extreme toil and suffering, the deserts of Barca, for the purpose of making a diversion in favor of the squadron of armed ships which the United States of America had ordered against the city of Tripoli. After surmounting incredible hardships, they arrived at Derne, and gained an advantage over the troops of the reigning Bashaw, in a skirmish. Immediately after this, a peace was concluded with the American consul, Mr. Lear; in consequence of which, orders were sent to the squadron of the United States, then on the coast, and to the co-operating land forces under Eaton, to discontinue hostilities. The Egyptian host were requested to embark in the ships of their allies. Part of them thus stopped in their midcareer, did so; and the rest remained on shore, subject, now they were inferior in martial

strength, to the cruelty and caprice of the baffled exasperated despot. Leitensdorfer was one of the persons who went on board, and witnessed the mortification of the ex-bashaw, and the ravings of his lieutenant-general, at this unexpected order, so subversive of their plans, and so ruinous to their hopes. In this vessel he acted as a colonel, and proceeded with her by way of Malta to Syracuse.

From Syracuse he went to Albania, taking the route of Corfu to Salona, with the design of inquiring by letter what had become of a son by his first marriage, whom he had left behind in the Tyrol. Immediately, however, upon his landing among the Turks, he was seized as an apostate Mahometan, and reduced to slavery. The miseries of his situation were in some degree relieved, from the circumstance of his having recovered several sick sailors during the voyage. In addition to this, he pleaded the necessity which he felt, when in the American army of Africa, of conforming to the dress and manners of that strange and peculiar people of the west, under a belief that necessity justified his deceit, and that to act as an American, was not to feel as a Christian. By degrees, the rigours of his servitude were alleviated, and he was at length restored to the entire freedom of a faithful Mussulman. He next visited Palermo, and there formed a temporary marriage with a fair Sicilian, who "laughed at all ties but those which love had made."

About this time, the new king of Naples threatened to conquer Sicily, in spite of all the resistance that Ferdinand IV, and the English could make. On this, Leitensdorfer became more alarmed for his personal safety, knowing well that he neither deserved nor could expect mercy from the Frenchmen. He then determined to embark as a passenger for the United States, but no master of a vessel could be found to receive him in that capacity; and being obliged to offer himself as a sailor, he was entered as such on board a ship bound for Salem, in the State of Massachusetts. Here he learned to hand, reef, and steer, and in a short time became an active and perfect seaman. Arriving at Salem, in December, 1809, he soon went on a visit to his old friend and fellow warrior at Brimfield, by whom he was hospitably entertained and sent to Washington, furnished with ample

testimonials of his bravery and services, for the inspection of the President and Secretary of State. By these officers he was referred to the Secretary at War, and enjoyed, for a time, the paradise of suspense into which every state expectant is sure to be initiated. By continued references, however, from one person to another, his skill in surveying, drawing, and engineering, happened to become known to the surveyor of the public buildings, and he thereby acquired some of the patronage of Mr. Latrobe. There he now lives, occupying one of the vacant chambers in the northern pile of the capitol, as a watch or office keeper; providing and cooking for himself, and employing his hands in almost every kind of occupation, from the making of shoes to the ensnaring of birds and the delineation of maps.

This extraordinary man is about five feet ten inches in height, with dark eyes, black hair, and a brown complexion. His looks are lively, his gestures animated, and his limbs remarkably flexible and vigorous. His forehead is ample, his features expressive, and his figure rather lean. With such natural marks and powers, he has been enabled to assume the respective characters of Jew, Christian, and Mahometan; and of soldier, linguist, engineer, farmer, juggler, tradesman, and dervise with apparent facility. In short, he has shown himself to be one of the most versatile of human beings, having acted, during his multifarious life, in about *thirty different characters!* In the course of his adventures he has received several wounds, and his eccentric life has afforded incidents for a theatrical exhibition on the stage of Vienna. He can utter the Hebrew words of worship almost exactly like a Rabbi in the synagogue; he can recite the Christian Catholic ritual, after the manner of the Capuchins; and he pronounces the religious sentences of the Musselmen in Arabic, with the earnestness and emphasis of a Musti. To complete this "strange eventful history," the Congress of America have, at the instance of Mr. Bradley, who detailed the leading incidents of his life on the floor of the senate, passed a bill bestowing on him a half section of land, (320 acres) and the pay of a captain, from the 15th of December, 1804, to the same period in 1805, being the time that he served as adjutant and inspector of the army of the United States in Egypt, and on the coast of

Africa. Leitensdorfer is at present but forty-eight years of age, strong and healthy, and if his rambling disposition should continue, likely to add many more pages to a biography, which perhaps, has few parallels, except in the adventures and vicissitudes of Trenck.

From the London Literary Magazine,

VALERIUS—A ROMAN STORY.

That a great change has taken place in the system of novel writing may be premised, without any pretensions to superior critical acumen. The long day of long winded romances yielded to the sentimental approximations to real life; and that style in turn gave way to, or at least became largely combined with, stories of roguery and humour. The heroics of folly, and the whinings of maudlin sensibility, had long submitted to a more natural course; and Le Sage and Fielding had reformed the world of fiction, to a great degree, before their splendid competitor of the north arose to bestow the highest elevation upon this species of composition.

The effect which he has produced is amazing: he seems to have almost annihilated the prolific genus of novel trash! We do not mean to affirm that there are no bad novels now: our groaning table bears intolerable testimony to the reverse; but there is, even in the worst, a superior aim; and the lowest circulating bubbles of the present time would stand nearly on a level with the best of twenty years ago. It is to the spirit thus generated that we owe Valerius—a tale evidently written by a hand of the finer order. It is a production of classical intelligence; and though we cannot say *nunquam dormitat Homerus*, we may truly state, that the waking merits of this author very far overbalance his occasional noddings. There is however a strange alloy of baser metal with his gold, and we are often startled at vulgarisms which deform his noblest descriptions.

The scene is laid in Rome, in the reign of Trajan; and the most interesting parts of the story hinge on his persecutions of the Christians. Valerius, a noble Roman, though the son of a British lady, and born in Britain, is invited to the eternal city by

his relation, the forensic orator Licinius, for the purpose of claiming the patrimony of his ancestors. He sets out, accompanied by his slave Boto, a sort of inferior Gurth; and on his voyage forms an intimacy with a conturion named Sabinus. At Rome itself he becomes acquainted not only with Licinius, but with his son Sextus; with Xerophrates, a philosopher, his tutor; with Rubellia, a young patrician widow, whom Sextus is destined to marry; with Sempronia, a beautiful girl beloved by Sextus; and with Athanasia, her cousin, who has been secretly converted to the faith, and with whom Valerius also falls in love. There are besides many other characters; but these, with Dromo, an intriguing slave attached to Sextus, and Pona, a sorceress, are the most prominent. We shall not pursue the intricacies of the plot, which have little of *peculiar* attraction; the main feature being its attempt to familiarize us with Roman manners at the close of the first century. And in this a very considerable extent of information is displayed—information, the more pleasing, because we are not aware of any similar performance worthy of notice in the English language, though some successful efforts at the delineation of the ancients in their daily and common affairs have been made on the continent:

Valerius' separation from his only remaining parent, strikes us in the opening.

His approach to and first morning view of Rome, are also superb descriptions; but the account of an exhibition of combats, and of the execution of Thraso, a Christian, at the amphitheatre, furnish us with the most continuous examples of powerful writing.

“At that instant all were silent, in the contemplation of the breathless strife; insomuch, that a groan, the first that had escaped from either of the combatants, although low and reluctant, and half-suppressed, sounded quite distinctly amid the deep hush of the assembly, and being constrained thereby to turn mine eyes once more downwards, I beheld that, at length, one of the two had received the sword of his adversary quite through his body, and had sunk before him upon the sand. A beautiful young man was he that had received this harm, with fair hair clustered in glossy ringlets upon his neck and brows; but the sick-

ness of his wound was already visible on his drooping eye-lids, and his lips were pale, as if the blood had rushed from them to the untimely outlet. Nevertheless, the Moorish gladiator who had fought with him, had drawn forth again his weapon, and stood there, awaiting in silence the decision of the multitude, whether at once to slay the defenceless youth, or to assist in removing him from the arena, if perchance, the blood might be stopped from flowing, and some hope of recovery even yet extended to him. Hereupon there arose, on the instant, a loud voice of contention; and it seemed to me as if the wounded man regarded the multitude with a proud, and withal a contemptuous glance, being aware, without question, that he had executed all things so as to deserve their compassion, but aware, moreover, that even had that been freely vouchsafed to him, it was too late for any hope of safety. But the cruelty of their faces, it may be, and the loudness of their cries, were a sorrow to him, and filled his dying breast with loathing. Whether or not the haughtiness of his countenance had been observed by them with displeasure, I cannot say; but so it was, that those who had cried out to give him a chance of recovery, were speedily silent, and the Emperor looking round, and seeing all the thumbs turned downwards, (for that is, you know, the signal of death,) was constrained to give the sign, and forthwith the young man, receiving again without a struggle the sword of the Moor into his gashed bosom, breathed forth his life, and lay stretched out in his blood upon the place of guilt. With that a joyous clamor was uplifted by many of those that looked upon it, and the victorious Moor being crowned with an ivy garland, was carried in procession around the arena, by certain young men, who leaped down for that purpose from the midst of the assembly. In the mean time, those that had the care of such things, dragged away, with a filthy hook, the corpse of him that had been slain; and then, raking the sand over the blood that had fallen from him, prepared the place, with indifferent countenances, for some other cruel tragedy of the same kind; while all around me, the spectators were seen rising from their places, and saluting each other, and there was a buzz of talking as universal as the silence had been during the combat; some speaking of it, and pay-

ing and receiving money lost and won upon its issue; some already laughing merrily, and discoursing on certain other matters, even as if nothing uncommon had been witnessed; while others again appeared to be entirely occupied with the martial music which ever struck up majestically at such pauses in the course of the cruel exhibition; some beating time upon the benches before them, others lightly joining their voices in unison with the proud notes of the trumpets and clarions."

To this ensue combats with wild beasts: and lastly there is a most noble, though somewhat theatrical picture, of the death of Thraso.

Various forms are gone through, and this victim, Thraso, the christian, refusing to deny his God, is devoted to Jupiter.

These examples will illustrate the author; and perhaps we can do nothing more effectual towards the recommendation of his work. It is interspersed with poetical effusions, of which we are also bound, by the laws of reviewing, to give specimens. The following is a Delian chaunt sung in the temple of Apollo.

"The moon, the moon is thine; O night,
Not altogether dark art thou;
Her trembling crescent sheds its light,
Trembling and pale, upon thine ancient brow.

The moon is thine, and round her orb
A thousand sweet stars minister,
Whose twinkling rays dark wells absorb,
And all the wide seas drink them far and near.

They kiss the wide sea, and swift smiles
Of gladness o'er the waters creep;
Old hoary rocks rejoice, and isles,
And there is glory on the slumbering deep.

Afar—Along the black hill's side,
Right blithe of heart the wanderers go,
While that soft radiance, far and wide,
Gleams on the winding streams and woods below.

And gaily for the fragile bark,
Through the green waves its path is shorn,
When all the murmurs of the dark
Cold sea lie calm'd beneath that gliding horn.

Yet hail, ye glittering streaks, that lie
 The eastern mountain tops upon!
 Hail, ye deep blushes of the sky,
 That speak the coming of the bridegroom sun!

Hail to the healing balm of day,
 That rouses every living thing!
 The forest gulphs confess thy sway,
 And upon freshening branches glad birds sing.

And loathsome forms, that crept unseen
 Beneath the star-light faint and wan,
 Cower in their brakes the thorns between,
 Dreading that fervid eye, and its *suro* scan.

Triumphant—Welcome life and light!
 Sing rocks and mountains, plain and sea;
 Fearful, though lovely, was the night,
 Hail to more perfect beauty—hail to *Thee!*"

On looking back to the whole effect, we feel, that in the first and third volumes it is uncommonly powerful; and we are convinced that Valerius will not fail to please general readers, while it presents a picture of great interest and novelty to every person of taste and learning, who must appreciate the skill with which these qualifications are expended by a modern British pen on an ancient Roman story. Human nature is always the same, though varied by times and circumstances; and therefore we may readily grant nearly all that the writer asks us to believe, notwithstanding the domestic habits of a fierce, warlike, and barbarous people, must have been so widely different from those of more civilized ages, and especially in nations operated upon by the mild doctrine of Christianity.

It may strike readers, that the characters are formed a good deal on prototypes, furnished by the author of *Waverley*; and, indeed, there are some strong family lineaments in Pona and Meg Merrilies, Boto and Gurth, Xerophrastes and Dominic Sampson. The amphitheatre scene is of the same kind with the tournament in *Ivanhoe*; and there are many passages in these volumes, which would not disparage the great unknown himself; though, we think, there are other parts which even in his most careless mood, he could not have written. The author preserves his in-

cognito; he is a very able man, and has executed a difficult task with no mean success.

ADVICE TO WIVES.

In general, let a woman make a man's home agreeable to him, and he will, in time, prefer it to all other places. There are exceptions to this, as well as to all other rules, but the instances are not numerous. The great error which women fall into is, that they suppose the *lover* and the *husband* to be the same individual; which is a palpable mistake: The husband may love as well as the lover, but his passion will bear a different character. It is the want of this knowledge which makes many married ladies very troublesome to their husbands, from a supposition that they are neglected, if a man is out of their sight for an hour or two, they are astonished how he can be capable of taking any pleasure when absent from them; and attribute the want of that assiduous attention which preceded their marriage, to disgust, or cold indifference; when, in truth, it was nothing more than the natural consequence of possessing what we with ardour aspired to attain. While we are in pursuit of any thing, the mind is in a continual state of agitation, which gives activity to all the senses; but when once we are arrived at the goal, we are not less happy, perhaps, but more calm; and consequently less rapturous in our expressions. It is in this state of tender tranquillity, (if I may be allowed the phrase.) that a man begins to survey the partner of his fortunes through the optics of reason, unobstructed by the vapours of passion; and it is at this period that the woman should endeavour, by the strictest attention to her every word and action, to fix on her husband's mind a thorough confidence in her virtue, an approbation of her conduct, and a reflected esteem for her character in general. These sentiments will naturally produce friendship, which, when built on so noble a basis, can never fail of lasting as long as the merit which gave birth to it.

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Mr. HUNT—The following lines, which I presume are original, were found, written in pencil, on one of the doors of the comfortable cabins at the Olympian Springs, and as, although addressed to an individual, they were no doubt intended to be public property, I have taken the liberty to copy them for the pages of your Magazine.

INSENSIBILITY.

Ah! cold is the ice drop that clings to the willow,
When winter has sprinkled his hoar locks with snow,
And chill is the roar of the dark ocean's billow,
That bursts from the wave-beaten cavern below.

But colder the eye, where no kindness sits beaming,
To him, who unvalued and friendless remains,
And the heart-frozen sigh, where no warm wish is teeming,
More chill than the lake tempest, breaks o'er the plains.

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

THE LAWYER.

When wealthy men the poor oppress,
By force of arms, or by finesse,
Who can relieve, in such distress?
The Lawyer.

When nervous men make bare the arm,
And fain would do their neighbors harm,
What gives their souls the most alarm?
The Lawyer.

But should a man devoid of awe,
Presume the brawny arm to draw,

Who shall he hear make known the law?
The Lawyer.

When sland'rous man would blast the fame,
Of those who have a goodly name,
Who is it, brings the wretch to shame?
The Lawyer.

When one, accused of crimes, most base,
Is cast in jail, in sad disgrace,
Who'll be his friend, in such a place?
The Lawyer.

When questions of momentous weight,
Are argued in the house of state,
Who is the ablest in debate?
The Lawyer.

Who is it, by a noble art,
Awakes and warms the juror's heart,
And makes the tear of pity start?
The Lawyer.

The tree that bears such pleasant fruit
Is surely good beyond dispute;
Then why do people persecute
The Lawyer?

FOR THE LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

The following little piece, was written in answer to, and somewhat in imitation of, a few stanzas, which appeared in a paper called the "*National Pulse*," headed "THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE," and was shortly afterwards published in the same paper,

THE YOUTH'S ANTICIPATION.

Should kind heaven bestow
The best treasure we know,
In this transient and troublesome life,
O! aid me ye powers
To gladden the hours;

Of her I may gain for a wife.
 Ye powers of song
 Help my fancy along,
 While my fair one in prospect I view,
 Whose soul is sincere
 As the fond mother's tear,
 Whose friendship is vivid and true.

Not fond of display,
 Too proud to be gay,
 Whom custom can seldom controul,
 With tears that can flow
 At the tidings of woe,
 A firm, but affectionate soul.

She's not the soft dame,
 That "will weep if I blame,"
 Nor "blush if I praise her;" for she
 Is conscious of worth,
 Yet presumes that on earth,
 Scarce any from faults can be free.

Should poor be her lot,
 (Which, God grant it may not,)
 Yet love can ease poverty's smart;
 And since it's no worse,
 I'll dispense with her purse,
 And rejoice in the wealth of her heart.

When with grief I am press'd
 On her bosom I'll rest,
 Where sweet consolation is found;
 Or if sorrows grow strong,
 She will sing me a song
 And sadness will fly from the sound.

Although this may seem,
 But a silly youths' dream,
 Yet could I obtain such a friend
 My life would be sweet,

Yes, my pleasure complete,
 Could I banish the thought—"it must end."

But this thought must remain
 As a fraction of pain;
 Yet love is a heavenly spark,
 May it glow in my breast
 And its warmth be express'd,
 Till I *must* "take a leap in the dark."



MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

AT the annual meeting of LEXINGTON ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER NO. 1.
 held on the 26th of November 1821, the following Companions were du-
 ly elected to the offices annexed to their names respectively, viz.

M. E. W. G. Hunt, *High Priest.*

E. W. H. Richardson, *King.*

E. Thomas Nelson, *Scribe.*

Com. B. Metcalfe, *C. H.*

J. M. Pike, *P. S.*

Leslie Combs, *R. A. C.*

R. M'Nitt, *G. M. 3d V.*

J. F. Jenkins, *G. M. 2d V.*

R. J. Breckinridge, *G. M. 1st V.*

Wm. H. Rainey, *Secretary.*

James Graves, *Treasurer.*

B. Sanders, *Capt. G.*

F. Walker, *Tyler.*

Weekly meetings are held, and generally attended by the brethren in
 Providence, R. I. for mutual improvement in the science of Masonry.

THE
MASONIC MISCELLANY.

AND

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

FOR JANUARY, 1822.

NO. 7.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered on the 25th June, A. L. 5821, before Pickaway Lodge No 23, at Circleville, Ohio, it being the festival of St. John the Baptist; by brother CALEB ATWATER, a member of said lodge.

Worshipful Master, Wardens, and Brethren,

On a day, dedicated to the recollection of departed worth, I rise to address you. I shall not undertake to prove to you the purity of our principles, their importance, and usefulness in the world, because, on this subject, I am aware that nothing is needed in aid of your own solemn convictions. Neither shall I undertake to answer objections made to our order, by ignorance, bigotry, envy, and malice. The candid inquirer after truth, will find more information concerning free masonry, than I have now time to furnish, in the writings of Preston, Harris, Webb, and Cross. To these authors, and to the book of constitutions, I must refer those, who, without initiation into our sublime mysteries, wish to become acquainted with the principles of free masonry. Nor shall I undertake to furnish you with a history of an order, which has existed through all ages of the world, and in every country where the arts and sciences have been nursed. Addressing myself to persons, standing in the centre of an ancient, open temple,* erected by a people evidently acquainted with astronomy, trigonometry, and many of the arts and sciences,

* See *Archæologia Americana*, article Circleville, where the antiquities of the place are described.

The court house, where this address was delivered, is at the centre of a round work. Adjoining this round work, on the eastern side, is a square work. It is impossible to convey an idea of these works without a plate, which is in the book above referred to.

need I attempt to prove to you the great antiquity of free masonry? The circles and squares, triangles, and other mathematical figures, so often found among the works of that people, who raised, in the early ages of mankind, the open lodge, whose walls now surround us, demonstrate that their authors were acquainted with the "royal art." Works like these are uniformly *situated either on the highest hills or in the lowest vales*. Where we find square lodges, are they not *situated due east and west*? Behold this circular, and that square work! Here, at the centre, once stood a funeral pyre: is it not now represented on our carpets by the blazing star? This funeral pyre, used also as an altar, had a semicircular, Mosaic pavement on the east side of it, the remains of which are still visible. See, also, in the walls which surround us, *the two parallel lines, on the vertex of which rests the square work in the east*! Have we not perverted the ancient simplicity of the craft, in our traditions, in some cases, referring to things comparatively recent, instead of travelling back to the earliest ages of mankind, when our brethren worshipped in open lodges? Assembled then, at the centre of an ancient lodge, erected by our ancient brethren, in the earliest ages of the world, whose only covering was the cloudy canopy, or starry heavens, are you surprised that freemasonry dates its origin from a high antiquity?

With such proofs of the antiquity of our order, constantly before our eyes, for additional ones, need we travel to Egypt, to Tyre, to Jerusalem? Are our proofs less ancient than theirs, or less conclusive? The very reverse is the real fact. Our proofs, how simple, yet how sublime! Through what a long lapse of time have they withstood his dilapidating hand! How venerable appear they, in their decay! How afflicting the idea, that they will soon disappear before us, so that not even a trace shall tell where they once were! The working tools of the craft are often found in them; several of which I have seen, and can entertain no doubt as to their authors, nor of the uses to which they were put. All I can do, is to call your attention to a subject, which has occupied my mind for some time past, assuring the FRATERNITY, that, should they demand it, a memoir on this subject, will, in due time, be laid before them.

My Brethren—this day is dedicated to departed, worthy masons. In every age, in every country, mankind have observed stated anniversaries. Before a knowledge of letters became general among men, this custom was necessary, in order to preserve the recollection of important events in the history of nations. But, though the knowledge of letters, through the invention of the art of printing, is widely diffused, yet, from the very constitution of the human mind, the observance of stated anniversaries is almost as necessary now, as it was formerly. Need we not to be reminded of duties to be performed, of principles to be regarded, of vices to be shunned! This festival is kept by us, in honour of a great patron of freemasonry, St. John the Baptist. He was the immediate forerunner of Jesus Christ. Though “he was not the true light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, yet he came to bear witness of that light;” to point out to his countrymen, Jesus, as the Saviour of the world, and as a herald to proclaim his near approach. A great prophet, he foretold the coming of the Messiah; a great reformer of mankind, he called on them to repent and be baptized.

Austere and exemplary, his food was locusts and wild honey; his bed was the earth, his covering the cloudy canopy of heaven, his drink the limpid rill, his clothing sackcloth, his usual abode amidst the shady bowers of Enon's hill, his company the thousands who followed him, to hear his eloquent discourses; nightly, his meditations were on heaven and heavenly things; daily, his discourses pointed out to man his duty to himself, his neighbour, and his God. His zeal, his temperance, his truth, his justice, his courage, his fortitude, his fidelity, his love to God and man, deserve our reverence, our admiration, gratitude, and esteem. Undaunted by the terrors with which he was surrounded; unawed by the difficulties which he was compelled to encounter; unappalled by the dangers which threatened his ruin, he moved on in his course, dispensing light to the spiritually blind, life to those who were dead in sin.

If the vassals of despots celebrate the birth-day of a tyrant's babe, surely we ought not to be condemned for setting apart a day in honour of so good a man, so great a prophet, so successful a preacher of repentance, so great a mason, a saint so eminent. Virtues so scarce, so exemplary, so honourable to himself, so

useful to mankind, so acceptable to God, are worthy of being forever remembered. He forgot his own ease, amidst his indefatigable labours; he sighed not for comforts amidst the multitudes who followed his footsteps, and listened to his eloquence.

Thrown into a dungeon by a brutal tyrant, he neither forgot his duty, nor feared to perform it: he reproved Herod for his incestuous life, a life so contrary to the principles of freemasonry: a courtesan demanded his head in a charger, as a reward for her dancing, and a tyrant granted the demand. Thus fell our great patron, in consequence of the faithful performance of his duty: his soul ascended to God, his fame fills the world. What an example of courage, of constancy, of zeal, of fidelity, of fortitude in the performance of our duty, has he left to us! Like his, our path may be rough, our fare hard, our perils many, our labours severe; a cruel and capricious tyrant may take away our lives, but zeal, courage, fidelity, fortitude, patience, and perseverance in the performance of our duty, will bring fame here, and everlasting felicity hereafter. Though we need not anticipate trials as numerous and severe as were those of our great patron, yet the same virtues, to a certain extent, are as necessary for us as they were for him. Destitute of those virtues, what is man? If in the full possession and constant exercise of them, man is but a little lower than the angels above; without them, he is far beneath the reptile below. Let us then, my brethren, practise those virtues, as we are commanded, *with frequency, fervency, and zeal*, so shall our lives be useful on earth, and acceptable in heaven. In the path of duty let us walk on, regardless of opposition from ungodly men; fearing nothing but disobedience to the commands of our Grand Master above. Such is the important lesson taught us by the example of John the Baptist. In the school of virtue may we commit it to memory, and often repeat it by the way, as we are travelling home to the Grand Lodge above.

But although this day is dedicated to the recollection of the worthy Baptist, it is not improper to recollect our brethren, who, like him, have deserved well of the craft, received honour from men, and been highly blessed by heaven. Our own beloved country has produced brethren, whose memory we are bound to

honour, whose virtues we ought to imitate. To mention them all would occupy too much time, and will not be attempted.

But who was it, that, quitting the peaceful shades of Vernon's hill, all the pleasures which wealth could purchase, friendship offer, or domestic felicity afford; placed himself at the head of our armies, at the unanimous call of his countrymen, and contended many a year for our liberties and independence, until victory crowned his efforts with success?

It was WASHINGTON, who was a freemason, and delighted to meet his brethren upon the level, and to part with them on the square. *So may we always meet and part, my brethren.*

Who was it, that, quitting the pursuits of private life, an useful, honourable, and lucrative profession, assumed the sword, and fell in defence of our liberties on Bunker's hill? It was WARREN, who was our brother, and at the head of our order in his native state, when he fell.

Who was it, that, by his discoveries in electricity, gained a high place, as a philosopher, in fame's temple? Who, by his indefatigable exertions, raised himself from the humblest walks of life to the highest eminence as a statesman? Who, from poverty, became rich, by his industry, economy, and prudence? Whose writings are read in every part of the civilized world? Who was it, in fine, that "snatched the lightnings from heaven, and the sceptre from tyrants?" It was FRANKLIN, who was at the head of freemasonry in Pennsylvania.

Washington, Warren, and Franklin were freemasons, whose virtuous labours in public and private life, in the field, and in the cabinet, deserve our esteem, our admiration, and our gratitude. Compared with these brethren, how sink the monarchs of Europe? Though they despised the gewgaws of princes, they gloried in wearing our jewels. The simplicity and sublimity of such characters are duly estimated by the craft, and will be honoured and revered by mankind, as long as patriotism, courage, constancy, fidelity, perseverance, and all the amiable and heroic virtues find eulogists and admirers.

We need not the illustrious examples of other ages, and distant countries, to excite us to the performance of every duty, to the practice of every virtue, while Washington, Warren, and

Franklin are remembered. FREEMASONRY, they were thine! COLUMBIA, they were thy shield, thy boast, and thy glory.

To nations, tossed on the tempestuous sea of liberty, they stand as BEACONS, to light the mariner over quicksands, and through whirlpools, to a safe anchorage and a secure harbour. Assuming the principles of our order, which teach us, *that all men are born upon a level, and ought to walk upon the square*, they built up here a government, whose sole object is the promotion of the peace, the order, and the happiness of the whole community. How simple in theory, how sublime in practice, is such a government, when compared with the governments of Europe? There, government is founded on the principle that the many are made to be governed by the few; here, rulers are the mere agents of the people; and at short, stated periods, they are entirely divested even of this agency, and so remain, unless reinvested with authority by the people from whom it emanated.

Such is the government founded by the patriots of the revolution. How glorious are its principles, how illustrious its founders; how happy are those who live under it, provided they faithfully administer it!

Freemasonry! thy sages, thy philosophers, thy warriors, and thy statesmen of our country, who have fought, and toiled, and bled, and died in our defence, are this day remembered with gratitude by thy sons, wherever they are assembled. History has raised a monument to their fame more durable than marble, which shall stand firm, and its inscription continue undefaced, while the world shall stand. Patriots of every country, read the inscription upon this pillar, dedicated to patriotism, and to virtue. Tell us not of European heroes, for they are covered with the blood of their fellow-citizens. Tell us not of *modern* statesmen, for they mounted aloft upon ambition's ladder, the principal rounds of which, are flattery, falsehood, and intrigue. Their object is self aggrandizement, and they have attained it. But the patriots of the revolution, guided by the eternal principles of justice, truth, and patriotism, sought to exalt their country, and they succeeded in the attempt. How sickening to the eye of every genuine patriot, are the courtiers of this *silken age* compared with those, who, in an *iron age*, endured every privation, passed

through all manner of perils, toiled, and bled, and died for their country! How sink the potent patriots of these days, when compared with those, who, during our struggle for independence, might have been tracked by the blood, which, at every step, distilled in crimson currents from their weary feet! Their clothes, consisting of "shreds and patches" of every colour, barefoot and hungry, they redeemed us from slavery. A peculiar fatality seems to have attended them from first to last. While in service, they asked for pay, and continental rags were given to them. Of late years, an act was passed for their relief, and soon afterwards another was enacted, in order to defraud them out of it. With soldiers thus treated, our brethren, Washington, Montgomery, Warren, Clinton, Gates, Lee, Scammel, La Fayette, and others, conquered the best appointed armies Britain ever sent into the field. Patriots of every age and country shall repeat the story to their children, while every freemason shall rejoice, that the principal actors, in those days of peril, were our brethren. Let us honour their memories, by preserving the government which they founded, as it came from their hands. Let us resist, by all constitutional means, every attempt to abridge our rights, by the insidious doctrines of implication and necessity. These doctrines belong to tyrants, and ought not to be transplanted into our soil. As *freemasons*, we cannot meddle with political affairs, but as *CITIZENS*, it is our duty to do so, whenever our vote, or our exertions can be of any service to our country. Let us, then, honour the memory of our departed brethren, who, under Heaven, made us a nation, by an adherence to their principles; by practising those virtues, moral and social, public and private, the possession of which rendered them so good, so amiable, so great and illustrious. Thus shall we become blessings to ourselves, our families, our friends, and our country; be an honour to freemasonry and to human nature. Though, from a variety of causes, we cannot equal Warren, Franklin, Washington, and Clinton, in extensive usefulness to our own country, and the world at large, yet, by practising the same virtues, we may be useful, honoured, and happy. We can promote the welfare of our country, by electing into office virtuous, enlightened, and patriotic men; by holding up to scorn, the igne-

ramus who aspires to honours which he does not merit; by putting down the demagogue in the dust; by frowning on the hypocrite in religion or politics; by assisting the worthy brother who is poor; by aiding the widow, and the orphan, when they stand in need of assistance; by soothing the afflicted; by succouring the tempted; by pouring the balm of consolation into the bosom of the broken-hearted. These acts we can perform, without arrogance, pride or haughtiness on our part; with tenderness and delicacy, "in secret. and He who seeth in secret, shall reward us openly." When a brother is in danger from any quarter, we can, many times, give him timely notice of it. When he is surrounded by difficulties, we can, frequently, aid him by our prudent counsels and advice. When malice invents falsehoods concerning him, we can contradict them, and put to shame and silence, the base slanderer.

Though it fall not to our lot to possess the great mental abilities of Washington and Franklin; though circumstances may be such, that we can never have it in our power to cultivate our minds to the extent they did, yet, by a careful culture of our hearts, we may raise a character for virtue and goodness, which shall eclipse the most splendid abilities, when unaccompanied by virtue; and, in the circle in which we move, however small its circumference may be, produce a richer harvest of usefulness to mankind. "The memory of the just is blessed," but this happiness does not always fall to the lot of splendid abilities. How many are condemned to everlasting fame, like Arnold, without possessing virtue enough to endear them to a single individual! Let him, then, who wishes for the friendship of his fellow citizens, practise those virtues, which shall command their esteem. The practice of virtue brings its own reward along with it. He who governs not himself, is unfit to govern others. Think you, my brethren, that Franklin and Washington would have occupied the high stations which they filled, with so much honour to themselves, so much usefulness to mankind, had they not learned to subdue their passions? They practised this first lesson, taught by masonry, with singular felicity. Temperance, prudence, industry, and economy, lead to long life, to health, to wealth. He who trains up his children in the way they should go, will,

generally, have the satisfaction of seeing them, when arrived at maturity, walking in those ways. He who regards truth, shall be confided in, trusted, and believed. He who is just to others, shall himself be treated with justice. The company of the just, the amiable, and the good man, shall be sought after by the just, the amiable, and the good. Contentment shall dwell in his breast, light up his countenance with smiles, render his life happy; his death shall be lamented by others, and peaceful to himself.

What a vast difference between such an one, and a vicious man! The very countenance of the latter is stamped with base and disgusting passions. No peace, no mildness, no serenity dwell there, but hatred, avarice, envy, and malice. Nor is the practice of virtue inconsistent, as some vicious men would insinuate, with the possession of the greatest talents, natural and acquired. The greatest and best men who ever lived, constantly practised the humblest, as well as the most exalted virtues. On this very account, Washington, Warren, Franklin, Clinton, Greene, and a long list of brethren, who are now no more, command our esteem, as well as our respect. We esteem them for their virtues, we admire them for their talents. As far as is in our power, let us imitate the examples they have left behind them.

My brethren, that holy book, which always lies open in our lodge, informs us, "that there is another and a better world" beyond the grave, and another lodge eternal in the heavens, to which no one can ever be admitted, who attempts to carry any weapon, offensive or defensive. Those weapons are vices and vicious propensities, of which we must be entirely divested before we can be invested with the true lambskin, as a badge of our innocence. The "theological ladder" which Jacob saw in his vision, is the only means by which we can ascend to Heaven, the three principal rounds of which are faith, hope, and charity. Mounting aloft upon these rounds, may we all ascend, and by the benefit of a pass word, which is a Saviour's righteousness, be admitted by the grand tyler, death, into the inner temple above, and at the proper season, after our work is over, be permitted, by the Grand Senior Warden of the Celestial Lodge, to refresh our weary souls, for ever. So mote it be. Amen.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CINCINNATI LODGES.

The following communication, with the document which succeeds it was received from a highly respectable member of the fraternity at Cincinnati. We publish it without comment, intending however, in some future number, to give our own ideas on the interesting subject to which it refers, and soliciting from our brethren, both here and in other parts of the country, an expression of their opinions, accompanied by the reasons on which they are founded. One of the principal benefits to be expected from this publication, is, unquestionably, the opportunity it, from time to time, affords, for a free, mutual interchange of sentiments on important questions, connected with the interests of the order. In such an interchange no local sympathies or jealousies; no personal attachments or prejudices, can be supposed to prevail; opinions may be expected from disinterested sources, and a full opportunity will, in every instance, be afforded for deliberate, candid, and unbiassed reflection.

To the Editor of the Masonic Miscellany.

CINCINNATI, DEC. 24th. 1821.

THE enclosed preamble and resolutions were reported by a joint committee appointed for the purpose by the two lodges in this place. They were taken up in a committee of the whole of the two lodges and adopted as they now stand, and were afterwards adopted by each lodge. Three members of one of the lodges protested against them as being unmasonic, on which it was agreed to forward them to the grand lodge of this state for its sanction. The grand lodge referred them to a committee, who, after duly considering them, reported, "that they were of opinion those lodges had not violated the ancient land marks and usages of Masons in the resolutions they adopted respecting delinquent masons, but that those resolutions seem well adapted to the interests of masonry in that place." This report was rejected, 46 votes being for and 57 against it. Although the decision of the Grand Lodge was unlooked for and somewhat surprising to the members in Cincinnati; they were disposed of course to acquiesce in it, until it be again considered by the Grand Lodge, or until the subject be taken up in some other shape. In the mean time I should be pleased to have the opinion of intelligent masons, through the medium of your publication, whether the acts of the Cincinnati Lodges are or are not an infring-

ment on the ancient land marks and usages of the order, and if they are, in what particulars. Very respectfully yours &c.

A PAST MASTER.

*To Novæ Cesaræ Harmony Lodge, No. 2, and Miami Lodge
No. 46.*

Your committee, appointed to take into consideration the standing and situation of members of the Fraternity, who are not attached to any lodge, and also of those who otherwise decline giving that support and countenance to the institution which it is believed the order requires, have thought proper to make upon the subject the following joint report.

Wherever a society or compact exists, there are certain conditions to be performed, and rules and regulations to be observed by the members thereof, to entitle them to the benefits and privileges of such society or compact. The society must necessarily possess the means of government to enable it to compel an observance of these rules and regulations, or it cannot prosper; and it will be generally found to rise or fall according to the nature of the principles of the compact itself, and the manner in which its discipline is enforced.

The institution of freemasonry is founded on principles which have remained unshaken by time, and they only require to be well understood to be approved: yet at this time and in this place, the members of lodges are most seriously called upon to enforce the discipline of the order to render it more respected and useful.

There never perhaps was a time, at least in the western country, when Freemasonry was about to undergo so close a scrutiny; it has its opponents who are actively endeavouring to bring it into disrepute; members of various religious denominations have raised their voices against it. One cause of this no doubt is the want of more rigid discipline than has been heretofore practised.

Although it is improper for the society to take cognizance, by way of formal charges, of any matter which cannot be clearly defined, yet too many are suffered to remain amongst us, who are considered unworthy. There are those of the fraternity, who abandon our meetings and become not only inattentive to

other requisitions of the order, but countenance and encourage the prejudices of those who know us, not, by adducing as a cause for such abandonment "there being unworthy characters amongst us." Thus, instead of extending a helping hand to remove from our order these unsuitable characters, they themselves become the means of traducing our good name, and perhaps the greatest obstacle to our advancement, and a *bar* to our more extensive usefulness, for "they who are not for us, are against us."

There are others, who from a consciousness of their own demerits, abandon our meetings, with a view of shrinking from notice, and avoiding investigation. There are also some who place themselves forward on all public occasions, to show that they are of the order, and at other times totally neglect the more important duties incumbent on every good mason, but whose conduct perhaps does not call imperiously on the society to take notice of it by way of formal charges. To prevent these difficulties the first and most important care ought always to be, a due degree of caution as to the character and standing of those whom we admit: the second is the *certainty* with which all who are amongst us are held accountable for a violation of the rules and regulations of the order.

Punishment should be always, as nearly as possible, commensurate with the offence committed; a want of due attention to this principle has in the opinion of your committee been one great cause of the difficulty under which we labour. If the punishment be too severe, it recoils upon the society which enforces it, with injurious effects, by creating a feeling in the members on behalf of the accused which cannot be reconciled, they are induced on that account in many instances to pass unnoticed the conduct of those on whom punishment ought to be inflicted. *Reprehension*, *Suspension*, and *Expulsion*, the three primary modes of punishment prescribed by masonic usage, ought to be applied, by extending the less so as to partake of the nature of the greater, in such a manner as properly to correspond with the magnitude of the offence, or charge established. With this view of the subject, your committee would call your attention to that part of our code which prescribes *suspension* for the non-payment of dues, thereby depriving a mason of *all* the benefits of the order,

during the time of such suspension. This is considered too severe for neglecting, or even perhaps for refusing to pay the demands required by the fraternity: your committee are at the same time aware that a reprimand in these cases would be ineffectual, and therefore most respectfully recommend a medium course by declaring such to be *delinquent masons*, and depriving them of certain enumerated privileges. This may prove a valuable test, as those who are lukewarm and indifferent, may be prompted to more active exertion, and those who continue inactive may be so far separated from us as no longer to remain as clogs and dead weights to our progress; for he who is regardless of the principles of the order will not freely pay any stipend for its advancement and support, and will consequently fall within this description of masons.

Not only the arduous duties, and personal attention to the calls of the lodges and the committees from time to time appointed for the proper management of the concerns of the fraternity, but the principal part of the pecuniary aid which is required for its support, now devolves on the active members of the lodges.

There are many masons residing within our city and neighbourhood, who for various reasons have withdrawn their aid and membership, but who at the same time are well disposed towards the institution, and would freely assist in supporting the order on all important occasions if called on for that purpose, and would likewise place pecuniary means in the hands of the more active for the purpose of extending the laudable objects of the institution.

There are others within our jurisdiction who are unwilling to pay any dues or demands for the support of the order, or for the purpose of granting relief to the distressed. From these the fraternity may with propriety withhold their aid, that they may be the better enabled to extend charity more freely to proper objects of it; and as the last mentioned class refuse to conform to the rules and regulations of these lodges, they ought to be deprived of the satisfaction of participating, either in public processions, or private assemblies, with the societies whose rules they thus violate. Many of these on a death bed may bear a spe-

cial request to be buried with masonic honours; thus indirectly calling upon the fraternity in the face of the world to honour their memory, and render support to their families. It is considered by your committee to be right for the society to declare, that such have forfeited their claims to that honour and that support. They therefore beg leave to offer the following

RESOLUTIONS.

1st. *Resolved*, That there shall be a committee of three members from each lodge annually appointed, whose duty it shall be conjointly, to make lists of the names of all who belong to the fraternity, and report themselves as masons, within the jurisdiction of these lodges, apportioning those who are not members, to each lodge as they may deem proper.

2d, *Resolved*, There shall be three lists of the names thus assigned, made out for each lodge, which shall be suspended in some conspicuous part of the lodge room, for the inspection of the brethren.

3d. *Resolved*, That one list in each lodge shall comprise the names of all who are members and regularly pay the dues required by the bye laws thereof, which shall be called the list of *members*.

4th. *Resolved*, That a second list in each Lodge shall comprise the names of all who may be apportioned, as aforesaid, to each, who are not members of either Lodge, but who are of good standing in society, and annually pay the sum of one dollar and fifty cents, for the support of the institution, which shall be called the list of *contributors*

5th. *Resolved*, That a third list in each Lodge, shall comprise the names of all who shall be apportioned, as aforesaid; who neglect or refuse to pay the just requisitions of the fraternity, either as members or contributors, and shall be called the list of *delinquents*.

6th. *Resolved*, That no delinquent mason shall be permitted to visit our Lodges; to have a place in our processions; to have support for himself or family from said Lodges, or to masonic interment, unless there be some special vote by ballot in his favor.

7th. *Resolved*, That any delinquent, upon application to the

committee who class the same, shall be placed on the list of contributors, by paying the sum required.

8th. *Resolved*, That the Bye Laws of each Lodge, be so altered as to conform to the provisions of the foregoing resolutions.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.

The extract from a letter, which we published in our number for September last, contained, it appears, an erroneous statement. Our correspondent was misinformed, and we embrace the earliest opportunity to correct the error. The extract referred to, and our remarks upon it, were inserted in a late number of the AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER, a work published at New York, and generally known, we hope, as it certainly deserves to be, among the fraternity, even in the western country. After copying the article from our pages, the Editor of the Masonic Register subjoins the following comments:

“THE first clause of the above extract, so far as it relates to the removal of the site of the Grand Lodge of this state, to the city of Albany, is perfectly incorrect; of course, the correspondent of the editor of the Masonic Miscellany, has been misinformed. Such a measure, it is true, has been agitated in our Grand Lodge, and was proposed by the representatives of our worthy brethren in the Western District of this state, owing to the great distance they were under the necessity of travelling, which caused an unequal representation; together with some other grievances. But these difficulties have been amicably adjusted, and the site of the Grand Lodge still remains in the city of New-York, and we presume our western brethren are satisfied with the result.

As to the regulation of the Grand Lodge, relative to publishing expulsions, the information is correct, and we must confess, with the editor of the Miscellany, that “we do not see the propriety” of the regulation; for “base and disgraceful conduct” in an individual of any society, ought never to be concealed from the world, particularly when such conduct becomes habitual, and is from time to time repeated, notwithstanding the affectionate remonstrances of the brethren to the contrary. *And God forbid that masonry should ever become a cloak to screen from public view evil transactions of whatsoever nature.* It is our decided

opinion, however, that extreme caution should be used, relative to expulsions, and that no brother ought to be expelled, till all means for his *reformation* have failed. We are not only to forgive our brethren "seven times," but "seventy times seven." It is the duty of every member of the masonic family, if he see a brother in fault, to confer with him in private on the subject, and in the most tender manner, to point out the attendant evils of his conduct, both to himself, and to the fraternity at large. Were this duty punctually observed, bad habits would be nipt in the bud, many brethren would be saved from destruction, and causes for expulsion would be much less frequent."

DALCHO'S ELEGANT APOLOGY TO THE LADIES.

Agreeably to the tenets of our order, the fair sex are excluded from associating with us in our mystic profession; not because they are deemed unworthy of the of the secret, "nor because the mechanical tools of the craft are too ponderous for them to wield," but from a consciousness of our own weakness. Should they be permitted to enter the lodge, love would oftentimes enter with them, jealousy would probably rankle in the hearts of the brethren, and fraternal affection be perverted into rivalry. Although the most amiable and lovely part of nature's works are excluded from our meetings, yet our order protects them from the attacks of vicious and unprincipled men. It forbids us to sacrifice the ease and peace of families for a momentary gratification; and it forbids us to undermine and take away that transcendent happiness from those whose hearts are united by the bond of sincere affection.

The feelings of women are more exquisitely fine, and their generous sympathy is more easily awakened, by the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures, than the stronger sex. The soft tear of pity bedews their cheeks at the tale of wo, and their gentle bosoms heave with tender emotions at the sight of human wretchedness. They require not the adventitious aid of mystic institutions to urge them to acts of charity and benevolence, nor the use of symbols to lead them to virtue. Their own hearts are the lodges in which virtue presides; and the dictates of her will is the only incentive to action.

*Extracts from a Masonic Oration delivered at Sandusky, Ohio, by
Brother ELEATHEROS COOK.*

At the threshold of every lodge lie three great and solemn duties, which are impressively inculcated upon every mason at his initiation, to God, to his neighbour and to himself.

The unequivocal acknowledgment of the existence of the living God as the supreme Architect and Ruler of the world, is the indispensable condition on which the candidate for masonry can be permitted to pass the door of the lodge.

As the foundation and great corner stone of his duty, he is bound to revere him as the divine author, creator, and moral governor of the universe; as that transcendent and omnipotent being, at whose almighty fiat, "let there be light," torpid nature awoke, at once, from the slumbers of eternity. and the first flood of sudden splendor burst upon the darkened world!!! He is bound to fear and adore him, as the terrible majesty, that rideth in his awful chariot, upon the stormy heavens; who plants his footsteps upon the nations; who darts his winged lightning along the troubled elements, and shakes with his thunders the foundations of the earth! The landscape, with its beauties; nature, with its varieties; the universe, with its immensities; and the heavens, with their sublimity; are, through the medium of masonry, exhibited to the admiring view, as monuments of his Almighty power, who spake and it was done; who commanded and it stood fast!

To his neighbors, as to the whole family of mankind, he is bound to the exercise of that justice, integrity, and benevolence, which tend to establish confidence, fidelity, and mutual friendship throughout the great social circle in which he is destined to move.

To himself the mason is bound to observe that temperance, chastity, and self-control over the appetites of his nature, and the turbulence of his passions, which consummate the happiness of his being; preserve the purity and brightness of his intellectual faculties, and secure the enviable reward of private and public esteem.

Subordinate to these, are those moral pillars that support the external utility, glory and beauty of the masonic system. &

among these are *brotherly affection, relief, truth, temperance, fortitude, prudence, justice, faith, hope, and charity*. Supported by these pillars and guided by the moral duties which they inspire, the true mason would assume a character splendid as the morning sun, and spotless as the mountain snow! Glowing with *brotherly affection*, his precepts would be exemplified by his practice, and his good wishes would embrace the universe.

The boundless minister of *relief*, his ear would be ever open to the cries of human misery; his kindling heart would pant for the objects of commiseration; and like the angel of consolation his gentle spirit would fly forth to soothe the *mourner*; to wipe the *tear* from the widow's and the orphan's eye; and to pluck the thorn of agony from the pillow of misfortune.

Controlled by *truth*, his word would sustain the verity of an *oracle*, and command the confidence of a world. Restrained by *temperance*, his passions would remain calm, his intellect unclouded, his virtues unshaken, and his character unspotted by the vices and excesses of the *sensual temper*.

By the exercise of *fortitude*, he is enabled to triumph over every peril that impedes his path, and to sustain the frowns and adverse storms of life, with dignity and resignation. *Prudence* directs him wisely to deliberate before he acts, and plants over his conduct a never slumbering guard, upon the watchtower of his life.

Justice is the standard erected by virtue, as the guide of his intercourse with the citizens of the world, and as the "criterion of moral rectitude."

Faith directs his eye to the splendid mansions of the blessed beyond the grave, and wafts him upon her bosom to a view even of the invisible riches of the great author of his being.

Hope constitutes the bulwark of his safety, amid the storms of adversity, and the *anchor* of his *salvation*, amid the ruins of the universe. It brightens the chill and dreary darkness of the sepulchre, and, rich in eternal prospects looks up through the *flames* of a dissolving world, to the throne of *heaven*, and fastens his claim to the rock of ages.

Charity he is taught to consider as the keystone of our system, or the most angelic virtue that can beat in the masonic bosom.

It is confined to no particular denomination; it is circumscribed by no degrees of affinity or ties of blood; it knows no distinction but the happy and unhappy; it is older than time; expanded as the universe; and eternal as the great resources, from whence it sprung.

By the inspirations of this celestial virtue, the bosom of the mason is stimulated to universal benevolence, and prompted to alleviate the distresses of a *Wolff* or *Turk*, as readily as he would relieve the wretched at his threshold; it wafts his mind over the waste of oceans into distant lands, to mingle his tears with those of a suffering stranger, with the same sympathy that warms his heart at the miseries of those who surround him.

Such, my friends, are the operations of these angelic virtues; and such, I solemnly pledge myself to the world, are the excellent and invaluable principles that constitute the foundation and pillars of the masonic edifice. Here it will be asked by the world, if such, indeed, are the fundamental tenets of your order, if such are the pure and precious virtues they inspire: why do not all your members evince the fact by their practice and deportment?

To this I answer, that such is the present depraved and degenerated state of the world; such is the universal predominance of error; and such the unhappy destiny of all human institutions, that none have been preserved absolutely free from the unhallowed footsteps of unworthy members.

It is a serious and much to be lamented fact; a fact that candour cannot, and that I will not deny, that there are too many of our brethren, who, seduced by the arch foe of happiness and virtue, have neglected and trampled upon the solemn duties of their profession, who have enlisted under the banners of impiety, immorality and intemperance, and thereby furnished to our enemies serious charges of imputation against the honor and reputation of the ancient fraternity. Perfection, indeed, is a stranger to the world; and never, since the death and ascension of our *blessed Saviour*, has it been seen to linger on the earth. It is of celestial birth, and cannot breathe the gross pollutions of a *terrestrial atmosphere*; it is a child of purer regions; fallibility and error are stamped upon human nature; the best of men are

sometimes ambushed in their paths, and led at length to listen to the syren voice of the tempter. Where, let me ask, is the man so perfect as to boast of absolute exemption from the errors and imperfections of his nature? Where, let me again ask, is the human institution that has been preserved uncontaminated and free from the unhallowed invasion of the immoral and unrighteous? Where is the society, where, even is the church of the *living GOD*, that hath not too often found a viper in its bosom? The throne of heaven itself has been assailed by the impious treason of its apostate angels; and that *old serpent*, who blighted the primeval glory of the universe, and brought death upon the world, was only an expelled member of the heavenly host!!! Do you want further testimony? Let me then point you to demonstration; for even within the hallowed circle of *thy* little family and at *thy* sacred table, *O blessed Immanuel!* was a false and "betraying Judas!" Ought, then, that venerable masonic system, which carries with it the principles of its own deathless immortality, to be abandoned, because an unworthy member has crossed its threshold? Let the man, who on that account denounces our institution, prove himself superior to the frailties of human nature, before he exclaims *victory* in his charge.

But perhaps from this very circumstance one of the highest arguments in its favor may be adduced, and one of its greatest advantages inferred. It is the imperative duty of every mason to hear and advise his brother. Does he violate his duty—does he riot in excess—does he betray the virtues of the craft—does he feed his passions with revenge, and debase the dignity of his profession?—the hand of a faithful and affectionate brother is immediately presented, who warns him of his danger, reminds him of his obligations, admonishes him with affection, reclaims him from his wanderings, and thereby seldom fails of restoring to his country a useful citizen, to the fraternity a grateful brother, and to the deserted circle of his delighted family and friends an ornament and a blessing.

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

LETTERS FROM TENNESSEE.

LETTER III.

NASHVILLE, (Ten.) June—1821.

My Dear Sir,

I brought with me letters of introduction to several gentlemen of this town and neighbourhood. I had previously heard much of the liberal hospitality of the citizens to strangers when they presented themselves properly recommended; and I was not disappointed. I found those to whom I was introduced free and open, exhibiting none of that disgusting *hauteur*, which I frequently observed in other parts of the United States, where they boast so much politeness and refinement of manners. Hospitality, here, is of that liberal kind, which appears more like receiving, than conferring a favour. To wandering strangers, who travel from one part of the union to another in search of fortune, and who carry with them no other recommendation than an imposing exterior, the respectable part of this community, observe a becoming reserve. It is much to be regretted that this reserve towards strangers, was not more frequently manifested; we should not then be so often imposed upon by the many fictitious Generals, Marshalls, Counts, and "Princes of the Holy Roman Empire" who visit these shores, imposing upon our credulity, taking advantage of our predilection for high sounding titles, and enlisting our sympathies for their pretended sufferings, until they wheedle us, not only out of our money, but often run off with our wives and daughters. I have known some of these titled gentlemen, who have figured in our cities as Counts and Field Marshals, after their means of cutting a dash were exhausted, settle down into plain barbers and hair dressers, to the great regret and mortification of some of our high minded gentry, who think nothing good or worthy of imitation, unless it bears a royal stamp.

Although it is but a few days since I arrived in this place, I have made several excursions into the surrounding country, both

north and south of the Cumberland river. As far as I have yet seen, there is none of that grand and imposing scenery of nature, which strikes the imagination of the beholder with wonder and awe, and which is so frequently to be met with upon the romantic borders of the Hudson, or even on the shores of the beautiful and majestic Ohio. Here are no mountains, piled one upon another, whose summits are veiled in the clouds—no stupendous cataracts, the roar of whose rushing waters astounds the senses—all is mild and placid; indeed, nature seems to have formed this country in one of her happiest moods. But *apropos*; I have, as yet, said nothing about the situation of this town, although you particularly desired a description thereof.

The town of Nashville, or *city*, as it is called by some, because (I suppose) its police is regulated by a *Mayor* and six *Aldermen*, is handsomely situated upon a high and rocky bluff, on the south side of the Cumberland river. It is the centre of the principal part of the trade of West Tennessee, and being situated on the margin of a large navigable river, and in the midst of a fertile tract of country, it possesses commercial advantages, which are possessed by no other town in the state, and the superiority it now holds in this respect, it will always maintain. There are a number of stores, many of which are well supplied with the productions and manufactures of foreign climes, and but scantily with the manufactures of our own country. Here permit me to make one remark. Our country produces, in abundance almost every article of real necessity, and many which may be ranked amongst the luxuries of life. Why then is it, that we resort to the manufactories and “toy shops” of Europe, for those very articles which our own country can supply upon equal terms, and of better quality, if suitably encouraged? We boast of being an independent people, and justly in some respects, yet, in others, we are almost as dependent upon England, as when we were in a state of colonial servitude. Her manufactures appear indispensable for our comfort, and even her laws are the rule of our conduct and “the guide of our faith” —More on this subject another time.

This town is laid off with some degree of regularity, the principal streets crossing each other at right angles. In its original

plan it had one defect—there were not quite streets enough; this defect, however, is in some measure remedied, by a number of alleys which have been opened by the owners of lots, and by them conveyed to the corporation, for the convenience of the public, and to promote their own interest. Near the river, is a large public square, containing about four acres, on three sides of which, are a number of well built brick houses, on the fourth next the river, they are entirely of wood, which on some cold winter's night will afford the inhabitants a comfortable fire. Not in the centre, but at one side of the square stands the court house, a brick building of two stories, but not remarkable for architectural beauty. Near the court house, is a spacious market house, which, although as handsome as such buildings usually are, adds nothing to the beauty of the square. This square is capable of much improvement, but is neither inclosed nor adorned with trees, at which I was a good deal surprised, (having heard much of the *taste* of the citizens) until I learned the objection, which, in good truth, is a most substantial one, and marks the liberal and enlightened minds of those who made it. Know then, that almost all the merchants and traders who dwell on this square, have incurred considerable expense in procuring the most splendid *sign boards*, on which their names appear in golden capitals, which may be read half a mile without injury of the eye. Now, as trees planted around this square, would interrupt, by their foliage, the distant view of these signboards, the aforesaid merchants and traders object to their introduction. Thus do they sacrifice beauty and comfort, to the paltry vanity of having their names read at a distance in gilt letters.

Although this *city* is governed by a *Mayor* and *Aldermen*, who have under them an officer dignified with the title of *High Constable*, who is a sort of inspector of police and clerk of the market, yet, I have seen towns; whose officers were not distinguished by as high sounding titles much better regulated. By the bye, the more inconsiderable villages in this state, have their *Mayors* and *Aldermen*. At night the streets have no other light, than what is gratuitously bestowed by the moon and stars, except here and there, a solitary lamp before a tavern door. ~~Great exertions~~ have been made for several years past, to put up

six lamps, but they have availed nothing: the expense is either *too enormous*, or the members of the corporation dislike to break in upon a considerable fund which they have out at interest. Be that as it may, midnight robberies are committed with impunity. They have two watchmen, who traverse the streets, and call the hour, (that the thief may have knowledge of their approach,) until Morpheus touches their eyelids with his mystic wand, and "steeps their senses in sweet forgetfulness;" thus resigned to his arms they leave the good people of the town to take care of themselves and their property. They have a law, I am told, prohibiting merchants from selling goods on the sabbath, and other persons from pursuing their usual occupations; yet the stores are opened, and goods sold on the sabbath as on other days. Coming, as I did, from "the land of steady habits," where a parent dare not fondle his child on the Lord's day, I felt shocked at such a profanation of a day set apart by God himself for devotion and rest. Thus you see, that the mayor and aldermen of this city, like the members of other great bodies, are fond of making laws, but are careless of putting them into execution. They appear to think they have done enough, when they have taken the trouble to pass them.

But little can be said with regard to the literary institutions of this place. Some time past a number of gentlemen associated themselves together, and established an "Antiquarian Society," one object of which was to inquire into the early history of this state. They promised to render much service to the country, but unfortunately, in the very outset of their undertaking, a "scribbling wight," happened to touch them rather roughly with the rod of ridicule, and their meetings have been suspended.

They have several private schools for the education of the rising generation, and one has recently been established by the corporation—not for the *free* education of the poor, but, it would seem, for the purpose of increasing the city funds; the teacher is allowed a certain salary, and the profits go into the town—I beg pardon—the city treasury. The *Female Academy* is a flourishing institution, under the direction of a President and four *female professors*, who, from their erudition and suavity of manners, are well calculated to "teach the young idea how to shoot."

I happened to be present at a semi-annual examination, and confess I was much pleased at the progress the fair pupils appeared to have made in their various studies. The founders of this institution deserve the highest praise. From some cause, difficult to be accounted for, the education of females has heretofore been much neglected in the western country; but I am pleased to observe that a radical change is taking place in this respect, and that women will be enabled to occupy with more distinguished reputation, that place in society which they are destined by nature to fill.

On a high and healthy situation adjoining the town, stands *Cumberland College*; that is, the building stands there in dreary solitude. Its once classic halls, which echoed with the voice of Priestley, are deserted; they no more resound to the tread of professors and students.

Cold is the breath within its walls,
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes and its empty tread
Would sound like voices from the dead."

This institution commenced under favorable and flattering auspices. It received from the Congress of the United States a munificent grant of lands, south of French Broad and Holston in this state. These lands were placed under the direction of the General Assembly, and had they been properly managed, the college at this day, instead of existing only in name, might have vied with the most celebrated literary institutions of the west. The lands thus granted were sold on a credit of *ten years* at one dollar per acre, with interest from the date. Some part of the purchase money has been paid, but the greater part still remains unpaid. The legislature, some years ago, feeling "their bowels yearn with compassion for the fancied pecuniary distresses of the purchasers, and being seized with a fit of liberality unusual in such assemblies, (unless when their popularity is at stake) generously prolonged the time of payment and relinquished all claim to the interest which had accrued. The trustees have been labouring to resuscitate it, by appealing to the liberality of the citizens, but without effect. The mouldering walls of the college will fall about their ears, before the appeal will be effectual.

Farewell.

VILLAGE TALES.

THE GRAVES OF THE FOREST.

"There neither name nor emblem's spread,
To stay the passing pilgrim's tread."—*Lara Byron.*

To me a neglected grave is a melancholy sight, for it speaks not only of the vanity of pride, but of the treachery of friendship and the forgetfulness of humanity. An overshadowing willow, a little drooping flower, or even a cluster of mournful ivy, tells a soothing tale, while we recognize the tears of affection, and the tender cares of undying love as the origin of their growth.

I once paused on the banks of the Susquehannah, by the side of a small plain, which appeared to be crowded with the monuments of mortality, though far from any settlement which could have furnished to the tomb so many tenants; enquiry resulted in the information that the spoil of a desperate battle was there deposited, unhonoured save in the simple tale of the villager recording their deeds of heroism.

There is no account of Augustus and his little band of martyrs on the pages of history. More than seventy years have rolled along since those shores, where they are now inurned, echoed to the peal of their musketry and the savage shouts of victory. And at this distance from that period even the faithfulness of memory but obscurely traces the event.

The settlers in the interior of the then colony of Pennsylvania were rustics, living in a manner as unadorned as the rude forests which surrounded them; but in the village of Haverhill, if the accomplishments of art were wanting to make life splendid, the beauties of nature were not sought in vain to make it sweet. Love had found its way into the silent hamlet, and the angel cheek of beauty smiled amid the solitudes of forests, and breathed spells of happiness around. There was one sweet girl, the daughter of a Mr. M. to whose nuptials the villagers had been invited in the evening of the day preceding the catastrophe which peopled in the end this little spot with tenants.

She had given her heart to one, who, though born and bred among the mountains and the woods of the desert, was as fond

and fervent as the warmest; but in so doing she rejected the addresses of a foreigner and stranger. Leroy, when the success of his rival was beyond a doubt, left the neighbourhood, precipitately, and without occasioning a suspicion of his intention, passed over the Susquehannah to the encampment of a tribe of Indians. Having received intelligence of the time when Charlotte M. was to become the wife of Augustus, he prevailed upon the savages to attack the settlement, with promises of large booty and no resistance:

Just as the villagers were gathering to the cottage of Mr. M. a horrid shout echoed along the vale, and a band of Indians, led on by Leroy, rushed from the adjoining wood upon them. The attack was too unexpected to allow of any resistance, and a general flight and massacre ensued; the father, mother, and brother of Charlotte perished, their cottage was reduced to ashes, and the defenceless daughter remained a prisoner. Augustus had disappeared amid the tumult, none knew how.

Elated with the success of his villainy, Leroy accompanied the heart broken Charlotte and her cruel captors a long day's march, and they lighted their fires for the night, at the going down of the sun, on the spot covered with so many graves. When the Indians had all assembled, Leroy addressed them in language to this effect. "My friends, you listened to my proposals, I have guided you to victory, I have but one request to make, that captive girl I claim for my services, give her to me that I may revenge myself for the injury she has done me: when my rancour is satisfied, I will yield her up to the fate you choose to consign her to." The Indians heard him with careless approbation, and the tumult of his feelings flashed from his eyes and curled upon his lip, as he turned towards his victim.

At this moment a bullet whistled by his head. It was Augustus and a chosen band of friends who had armed themselves and followed the assassins, and in an instant they were in the midst of his enemies. A dreadful slaughter followed. The savages triumphed, and not one of that little company of heroes escaped.

Augustus was among the prisoners, and Charlotte was still uninjured. When the Indians found their victory complete, they proceeded to dispatch all the captives that had fallen in their

power, but when they came to Augustus, Leroy again interfered: "My friends," said he, "give him also up to me, he shall first witness what shall be to him far worse than death." After much persuasion they consented, and Leroy sat down to brood over the revenge he now seemed sure of. But having drunk too deeply, a sudden drowsiness came over him, and he sunk asleep.

Augustus had watched the dawnings of hope, and now looked eagerly around to see if any moved. All was still save the gentle murmur of the breeze: the heavens were cloudless, and the moon was just hiding herself among the trees. He listened: a deep and long drawn sigh fell softly on his ear, it was from his Charlotte's bosom, and it roused him from his apathy. With one effort he loosed his arms, and soon regained his liberty: to liberate his fair companion in suffering was an easy task, and before the sun arose they were beyond the reach of pursuit.

The bones of Leroy are buried in one of these graves of the forest, for his savage confederates, suspecting him of having favoured the escape of their prisoners, tortured him to death.

THE FORCE OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

A MORAL TALE.

Monsieur Durand, a very considerable Merchant in France, not only lived up to the utmost extent of his income, by gratifying his own taste for all kinds of expensive amusements, but also indulged a very amiable wife, and two sons brought up to his own business, in almost every species of luxury which money could procure. Having occasion to send his eldest son Pierre to a correspondent of his, within a few leagues of Paris, to execute a commission of importance, the young man appeared there (elegantly formed and finely accomplished) upon a footing, in point of magnificence, with men of the first distinction. Adorned by nature with every charm to please, and assisted by all the advantages which fortune could bestow, he was received by the best families, and earnestly solicited to make one in all their parties of pleasure. These invitations gave him many opportunities to render himself particularly agreeable to a young lady called

Lucilia (who was upon a visit to an aunt,) no less amiable for a woman than Pierre was for a man. To this lady he, at his departure from her, promised to come back as soon as he had informed his parents of his passion, and gained their consent to make proper proposals. But how was he shocked and distressed, on his return home to find his father at the point of death, and his affairs in the greatest confusion! Immediately upon his decease, his creditors seized upon every thing, and left Madame Durand and her two sons in so straitened a situation, that they had scarce a sufficiency to procure the common necessaries of life. The amiable and disconsolate widow, having been long accustomed to affluent circumstances, suffered more from the reduction of her income than many would have done who had lived in a more frugal manner; and her sons, both of them very fond of her, felt her distresses much more acutely than their own. Vain were their joint endeavours to prevail on their father's creditors to behave with less severity, on their mother's account; they heard all their entreaties, strengthened by their prayers, with unaltered looks and unrelenting hearts. Equally immoveable also were those who, while their father lived in prosperity, had called themselves his friends, and hastened his rapid progress to ruin, by encouraging his extravagant disposition for their own private views. Animated by their encouragements, he squandered away his fortune in a manner which could not but be attended with consequences truly to be deplored. These friends were the first persons who shut their doors against his unhappy widow and her children, at the time when they stood most in need of their countenance and assistance.

Sincere were the lamentations of Lewis and Pierre, occasioned by the distresses of a mother whom they loved, honoured, esteemed, and revered; sincerely too did they wish, but they wished in vain, to be capable of procuring for her a bare subsistence. The latter had still more reason than the former to feel the misery of his condition, as he was prevented by it from enjoying the felicity he had fondly expected by an union with so amiable a girl as Lucilia. To acquaint her with the blow which had excluded the possibility of his keeping his promise to apply to her father for permission to marry her—he dreaded the thoughts of

giving her this information; as he believed—and very rationally believed—that it would make her extremely wretched. She was, indeed, at that very moment in a state truly to be pitied; she was pining away her life with anxiety on his account; for not having heard a syllable of him since his removal, she feared that he was become inconstant, or that he had met with some unfortunate accident.

One evening as a Nobleman was returning from his country seat to Paris, he was assassinated; and a very large reward was immediately offered by a near relation who attended him, to the person who should discover the murderer, that he might be brought to justice.

Pierre happening to be in the street when this reward was published, determined to avail himself of it, in order to furnish his mother with a sum sufficient to put her in some way of business which might afford her a decent maintenance. Fired with the generous, the tender idea of providing for an affectionate parent though by the sacrifice of his own life, he instantly hurried to the Lieutenant of the Police to surrender himself.

While he was hastening along, overwhelmed with a thousand tottering reflections, he passed two ladies, without casting a single look at them: hearing his name, however, articulated by one of them, he raised his eyes, and saw his beloved Lucilia, accompanied by a very particular friend, Mademoiselle D'Aubine, who had been educated at the same Convent. He started on hearing the well known voice. It was music to his ear; but he wished just at that time for several reasons that he had not heard it. The voice, the sight of his Lucilia, recalled that love of life so strongly implanted in the breast of every human being, and he found it difficult beyond expression to divest himself of it. The sudden appearance of Lucilia made him painfully think of the happy hours which he might have enjoyed in an honourable connection with her, had his father lived, or had he died in prosperity: instantly, however, considering that, the intended sacrifice out of the question, his indigence effectually prevented him from thinking of an union with the mistress of his heart, he only lamented their having met, even for a moment. He could not bring himself to explain the reason for the breach of his promise.

still less was he able to discover the design he had formed, by the forfeiture of his own life, to secure a provision for his mother; imagining that in consequence of her passion for him, she would naturally oppose such a design, and by so doing, either shake his resolution, or, at least, make him too deeply regret so melancholy a separation. Yet, distressed as he was at the sight just then, he could not prevail upon himself even to endeavour to avoid her; on the contrary, he flew towards her, caught her trembling hands in his, and pressing them with tender, but alarming emotions, exclaimed, "Oh! Lucilia! my dear Lucilia! accuse me not of having been inconstant, or regardless of my vows! My heart still fondly doats on you: but the most unexpected misfortunes have hindered our meeting till this instant, and even now I must not linger; Adieu! May you ever be happy! This shall be the last aspiration of your Pierre."

Here unable to contain himself any longer, he broke from her and hastening to carry his first design into execution, surrendered himself to the Chief Magistrate: who, after having asked him the necessary questions upon similar occasions, ordered him to be taken into custody; though he at the same time, felt an unusual something which pleaded in his behalf; in pity, therefore, to his youth and amiable appearance, he also ordered, that while he was strictly guarded, he should be treated with all the indulgence which a prison would admit of. When he had returned to the apartment in which he had left his family, he spoke of his young prisoner in terms that not only discovered his own compassion, but strongly excited theirs. Lucilia, who happened to be his daughter, was particularly affected by her father's description. "Oh, Sir, (exclaimed she eagerly) I know him, I know him: he is my Pierre, indeed, indeed he is not guilty!"

Extremely surprised at the behaviour of his daughter, the compassionate magistrate (not having known till that moment that she was tenderly prepossessed in favour of any man) desired her to inform him of all she knew relating to the criminal; and from her account of him, as well as from his own observations, he most sincerely wished that he might be exculpated; lamenting, at the same time, the trying situation of a magistrate, who, not

being able to read the hearts of men, might run the risk of condemning the innocent, instead of the guilty. However, to give Lucilia all the consolation in his power, and also to give relief to his own benevolent mind, he added, that if no witnesses appeared, his criminality could not be properly ascertained.

Pierre, who, in his eagerness to provide for his mother, had not thought of producing such necessary proofs of his guilt, as soon as he heard that they were requisite, became very restless how to procure them, as he was shut up from the sight of all men.

At this juncture his brother Lewis, hearing of his being in prison, made the earliest application to see him; and his request was granted. While he was expressing his concern and sorrow at his having been capable of committing so atrocious an action, Pierre interrupted him by intreating his appearance against him.

"How! (replied Lewis) Would you render me not only guilty of uttering the grossest falsehoods, but of being instrumental, by those falsehoods, to the destruction of a brother with whom I have ever lived in the strictest friendship? Surely, you must have lost your reason!"

Lewis then talked calmly to his brother more at large upon this very interesting subject. Pierre confessed at last that he had declared himself an assassin with no other view than to procure the reward offered, for his mother, whose distresses pierced him to the quick.

Lewis, astonished at this confession, could not help admiring his motive, while he disapproved his uncommon heroism; and in consequence of this disapprobation, he absolutely refused to be an evidence against him. Pierre, however, at length almost talked him into an acquiescence with every thing that might tend to the relief of their mother under the heavy pressure of her poverty.

Lewis, now leaving Pierre, went to his mother; who, seeing him appear unusually dejected, conjectured that something very disagreeable had happened, and questioned him very closely about the absence of her eldest son.

Before he could give her a satisfactory answer, he was summoned to attend the trial of his brother. Pierre, having earnest-

ly intreated him to be firm, and to speak boldly against him, soon received his sentence; a sentence which the chief magistrate and the counsellors assembled neither wished for, nor expected.

Madame Durand, beginning to harbor some suspicions, from the excessive affliction into which her youngest son was plunged, and having upon his return home from the trial, forced a discovery from him, flew to the magistrate frantic with grief, placed herself between him and her son, fondly expatiated upon his disinterested filial affection, and in the most moving language besought his judge not to suffer a man to be executed for a crime of which he was perfectly innocent; a man who possessed a mind sufficiently noble to make him sacrifice his life for his mother's subsistence!

The judge and the counsellors were exceedingly affected by all they saw, and all they heard; yet they could not tell which way to determine.

Lucilia, at this moment, pressing through the crowd, almost out of breath, and calling to some people to follow her, begged her father to hear them, assuring him that Pierre was not guilty; adding that the real assassin was found, that he had confessed the murder, and that fearing they should come too late, she had hurried into court with them. Her blushes and the extreme agitation of her whole frame, moved all the father in the judge: he waited, however, to hear the information which was brought with regard to the actual murderer; and on being satisfied that his intelligence was authentic, that the actual murderer stood before him, ordered the guards to unbind Pierre.

Madame Durand then clasping her released son to her affectionate bosom, held him there for some moments in an agony of joy, weeping over him, and pouring out her fervent acknowledgements to the Supreme Judge, for the preservation of a son, whose filial affection she could not help extolling, at the same time, in the strongest terms. Pierre tenderly returned his mother's affectionate embraces, and then, turning to Lucilia, thanked her for so kindly interesting herself upon his account.

The magistrate, who had at first been struck with his person and behaviour, expressed his surprise at, and admiration of such an uncommon proof of filial affection, and at the same time thank-

ed Heaven for not permitting him to be the cause, through an error in judgment, of his unmerited death. He then asked his daughter, how they became acquainted. She immediately related all that had passed between them at her aunt's—adding, “I hope, sir, you will not condemn me for the choice of a man, in whose favor you owned yourself prejudiced, even when you believed him guilty of the blackest crimes.”

Instead of returning an answer to this speech, he addressed himself to Madame Durand; and after having congratulated her on being the mother of such a son, thus proceeded: “In order to make you some amends, Madam, for the distresses of various kinds in which you have been unfortunately involved, I must desire you to look upon my daughter, for the future, as your own. My fortune shall be settled on her and your son, if you approve of their union.”

It is not easy to describe either the mother's gratitude or the son's exultation, on the conclusion of this address. Lewis and Mademoiselle D'Aubine were sent for to be partakers of their joy: the worthy magistrate then said to Pierre, “Be but as good a husband as you have been a son, and it will be my daughter's own fault, if she is not the happiest of wives.”

EARL OF LEICESTER.

SINCE the publication of Kenilworth, this celebrated personage is never named without exciting interest and curiosity; we therefore conclude that the following *pun*, to which his political situation gave rise, may not be unacceptable to our readers. The earl was forming a park about Cornbury, and thinking to enclose it with posts and rails, was one day calculating the expense. A gentleman who stood by, told him he did not go the cheapest way to work. “How can I do it cheaper?” said my lord of Leicester. “Why” replied the gentleman, “if your lordship will find *posts*, the country will find *railing*.”

POETRY.

SONNET.

Mais les Temps sont changes, aussi bien que les Lieux. *Racine.*

How dear that *time*, on which the weeping thought
Of pensive Memory delights to dwell;
When each new day some glorious triumph brought,
Beyond the power of eloquence to tell!

How dear that *place*, the paradise of thought,
Where sacred Love and Friendship us'd to dwell
Where echos faint in every gale are brought,
That still, to Fancy's ear, of pleasure tell.

On eagle wings the hours of rapture flew,
And from this bosom every comfort bore;
Reluctant sorrow bade those scenes adieu,
Which still to me a pleasing aspect wore.
The scenes of bliss again these eyes may view,
But Pleasure's season will return no more!

SONG.

I want not a goddess, to clasp in my arms,
With the wisdom of Pallas, or Venus's charms;
But give me a maiden who smiles without art,
With sweetness of temper and softness of heart;
With breeding accomplish'd, and virtue improv'd,
With soul that can love, yet never has lov'd;
To her I'd resign all my freedom and ease,
Contented to love her and happy to please.

I sigh'd when I saw what I lov'd in a maid,
With graces that won me, as soon as survey'd;
I look'd and I lov'd, but too rashly I find,
How wretched I should be if she were unkind—
Her virtue may tempt one more worthy to woo;
Her taste is so nice and her judgment so true —
How can I pretend her affections to move,
With no charms but my music, no merit but love!

But yet she delights in my music and rhyme,
 And my love is so warm it may melt her in time;
 Of late as I sung in a passionate strain,
 She was mov'd with my song, and perhaps with my pain;
 'Tis foolish to hope—'tis in vain to despair,
 If I fail to possess her, adieu to the fair—
 By reading I'll strive to recover my rest,
 And grow wise in mere spite, if I cannot be blest.

WINTER.

FROM THE ATHENEUM.

THE seed time has past, and the harvest is o'er;
 The voice of the reaper is mute in the dale.
 The horn of the huntsman awakens no more
 The silver-ton'd echo, that sleeps in the vale;
 The blushes of Spring have long faded away,
 Her evergreen laurels hang frozen around;
 The "last rose of Summer" has sunk to decay,
 And Autumn's gray foliage lies mixed with the ground.
 The call of the sky lark now ceases to hail,
 And greet with his whistle, the morning's first ray;
 No longer the ring dove is heard to bewail,
 And pour forth her grief in her heart-broken lay.
 Now stalks in his hunger the wolf on the hill,
 His howl o'er the mountain is hollow and long;
 The owl from her darkness screams dreary and shrill,
 And hoots through the desert her desolate song.
 Hark! thro' the deep fores' the woodcutter's stroke!
 The glens and the lowlands redouble the blow,
 And, lo! the proud maple and fast-rooted oak
 Like overthrown giants lie prostrate below!
 In his ice crusted car with hailstones emboss'd,
 Lo! WINTER has harness'd his silver shod steeds;
 The storm beaten Monarch, bespangled with frost,
 Up the slopes of the north triumphantly speeds:—
 His lances are flying all polished and bare,
 Their wing o'er the ridges is eager and swift;
 And oft as his arrows entangle the air,

The ARCTER is seen in the terrible drift!
The Demon now rides in his hurricane wrath,
Is bending his bow in the strength of his might;
Lo! tempest and shipwreck are yok'd in the path
On the right and the left of his meteor flight!
Begot in the whiff of his merciless blast,
The whirlwinds contending in rivalry fly;
The petrified traveller, benumb'd and aghast,
Asks shelter in vain of the pitiless sky.
As the flakes in dark volumes confusedly roll,
A feeble petition is wrung from his heart;
His home and his children all rush on his soul,
And strike thro' his breast like an icicle dart!
The mists, as they thicken and smother the air,
Bewilder his footsteps, and madden his brain;
Distracted and dizzy, he sinks in despair,
And fainting he cries out for succour in vain.
Ensnar'd in the pitfall, no longer he tries,
With bosom unshrouded, and uncover'd head;
Outstretch'd and unpillow'd behold where he lies!
The night-winds his requiem, the snow-drift his bed!
How happy is he, who in safety within,
Above and below, hears the storm beat about;—
He heaps on his fuel, nor fears the dread din
That clamours defiance and threatens without.
In vain through his casement the wintry winds roar,
Regardless around him the tempest descend;—
In vain on his roof the high torrent shall pour,
And rush in a deluge his shelter to rend!
But lo! up his knee, each in turn for the kiss,
In playful contention his little ones try;
Behold! what a sunshine of fatherly bliss
Illumines his features, and brightens his eye!
Now may he forget not the houseless and poor,
But think on the wretches of want and of woe;
Now may he forget not what numbers endure,
Unfed and bare-headed, the cold and the snow!

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

At the annual meeting of the GRAND ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER OF KENTUCKY, held at Frankfort on the 3d day of December last, the following Grand Officers were elected for the present year

- M. E. David Graham Cowan, of Danville, *G. H. P.*
 M. E. William Gibbes Hunt, of Lexington, *D. G. H. P.*
 E. William Bell, of Shelbyville, *Grand King.*
 E. Edward Tyler, Jr. of Louisville, *G. S.*
 Comp. John McKinney, Jr. of Versailles, *Grand Secretary*
 " Philip Swigert, of Versailles *Dep. G. Sec'y.*
 " Oliver G. Waggoner, of Frankfort, *G. Treasurer*
 Rev. " Charles Crawford of Shelby County, } *G. Chapains*
 " " Nathan H. Hull, of Springfield, }
 Comp. Henry Wingate, of Frankfort, *G. M.*
 " James M. Pike, of Lexington, *G. C. G.*
 " Francis Reynolds, of Frankfort, *G. Stew.*
 " Edward S. Coleman, of Frankfort, *G. Tyler.*

The following are the present officers of the several Royal Arch Chapters in Kentucky.

LEXINGTON CHAPTER No. 1.

[*Stated Meeting last Monday in each month.*]

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| W. G. Hunt, <i>High Priest</i> | James Graves, <i>Treasurer</i> |
| Wm. H. Richardson, <i>King</i> | R. McNitt, <i>G M 3d V</i> |
| Thomas Nelson, <i>S.</i> | J. F. Jenkins, <i>G M 2d V</i> |
| B. Metcalfe, <i>CH</i> | R. J. Breckinridge, <i>G M 1st V</i> |
| James M. Pike, <i>P S</i> | B. P. Sanders, <i>Capt G</i> |
| Leslie Combs, <i>R A C</i> | David A. Sayre, <i>Steward</i> |
| W. H. Rainey, <i>Secretary</i> | Francis Walker, <i>Tyler.</i> |

SHELBYVILLE CHAPTER, No. 2.

[*Stated Meeting 2d Monday in each month*]

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Wm. Bell, <i>High Priest.</i> | Wm. Caldwell, <i>Secretary.</i> |
| J. W. Knight, <i>King</i> | John Bradshaw, <i>Treasurer</i> |
| John Willett, <i>S.</i> | John Scott, <i>G M 3d V.</i> |
| David McIlvain, <i>Capt H.</i> | E. M. Roone, <i>G M 2d V.</i> |
| James Moore, <i>P S</i> | B. F. Dupuy, <i>G M 1st V</i> |
| James Bradshaw, <i>R A C</i> | Aaron Waters, <i>St and Tyler</i> |

FRANKFORT CHAPTER No. 3.

[*Stated Meeting, 4th Monday in March, May, July, September, and November*]

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| O. G. Waggoner, <i>H P</i> | T. V. Loofborough, <i>S</i> |
| A. J. Mitchell, <i>King</i> | John Woods, <i>CH.</i> |

WINCHESTER CHAPTER, U. D.

William McMillan, *H. P.* John D. Thomas, *S*
Asa K. Lewis, *King*

The following Grand Officers of the GRAND ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER OF OHIO, were duly elected at the late convocation at Columbus.

M. E. Phineas Ross, of Lebanon, *G H P*
M. E. William Burke, of Cincinnati, *D G H P*
E. Joseph S. Hughs, of Delaware *G K*
E. Sam. R. Miller, of Cincinnati, *G S*
Comp. Benjamin Gardiner, of Columbus, *G Sec'ry.*
" Lincoln Goodale, of Columbus, *G Treas.*
Rev. " James M'Abey, *G Chaplain*
" Abraham J. McDowell, *G Marshall*

Officers elected in the ENCAMPMENT OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS, at Providence, R I on Monday Dec 3, 1821.

John Carlisle, Grand Master	Gardner Vaughn, Treasurer
Asa Bosworth, Generalissimo	John Holroyd, Recorder
Henry Munford Capt. Gen.	Jonathan Nichols, Warder
George Taft, Prelate,	John Truman, Stan. Bearer
Joseph Tompkins, S W	J. H. Ormsbee, Sword Bearer
Samuel Y Atwell, J W	Bernon Dunn, Guard

Officers elected in the Providence Royal Arch Chapter, on Thursday evening, November 8, 1821.

Peter Grinnell, High Priest	John T. Jackson, Treasurer
Henry Munford, King	John Holroyd, Secretary
Thomas Whitaker, Scribe	Jesse Clarke, 3d M V.
Joseph S. Cooke, C. H.	Franklin Cooley, 2d M V
John H. Ormsbee P. S.	Stephen Rawson, 1st M. V.
Samuel Y. Atwell, R A C	

At the Grand Annual Convocation of the GRAND LODGE OF OHIO, held on the 10th of December 1821, the following Grand Officers were elected for the ensuing year.

M W John Snow, G M & G Lec	Solo. Smith, G J D
R W E. Whittlesey, D G M	N. Harris, G S B
W John Cotton, G S W	J. Snow, } Stewards of
W T B. Van Horne, G J W	S. Smith, } Grand Charity
Br. L. Goodale, G Treasurer	J. M' Lane, } Fund.
A. J. M'Dowell, G Sec'y	B. Gardiner, }
D F Reeder, G Mar.	Joel Buttles, }
Rev. Jos. S. Hughs, G Chap	R. W. Chapman, } G. Pur.
Br. Th. Corwin, G Orator	Wm. W. Reed, }
Tim. Baker, G S D	Wm. Long, G St & T.

THE
MASONIC MISCELLANY
AND
LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.²

VOL. I.

FOR APRIL, 1822.

No. 10.

AN ORATION,

*Delivered in the Presbyterian Church, in the City of Schenectady,
(N. Y.) on Thursday, the 27th December, A. L. 5821, being
the Anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, by GILES F. YATES,
A. M.*

RESPECTED AUDITORS,

IN this sacred place, and on this solemn festival, I appear with diffidence; and this diffidence is increased when I reflect that I appear as an advocate for an institution which has ever had to encounter hostile and inveterate prejudice, an institution, justly to portray the merits of which, would require the eloquence of a Cicero, and the pen of a ready writer. But whatever may be my defects, I trust you will cover them with the mantle of charity.

Although the aspersions brought against freemasonry, as it regards its tendency, design, and principles, are ungenerous and unfounded; yet it must be confessed that the craft have, in some instances, justly incurred censure for admitting* into the penetralia of their temple, unworthy members, and permitting such to continue their unhallowed and unprofitable labours. But it should be remembered, that whenever a lodge is guilty of such conduct, it acts in direct† violation of its most solemn trust. We

* I am credibly informed that this evil obtains to a greater extent in this country than on the Eastern continent. Some of the lodges there do not admit candidates, until after five or six months' probation; and not even then, unless a committee, appointed for the purpose, report favourably upon oath.

† See the Masonic Constitutions, &c.

do not deny that objections may be brought against the characters of some of the members of our institution, yet do these objections, as a matter of consequence, apply to the institution itself? Tell me, ought all the apostles to be stigmatised because a denying Peter and a traitorous Judas ranked among them? or yonder domestic circle, because one of its inmates has forsaken the path of rectitude? The ready answer, dictated by reason and candour, is *no*. And let the same candour and reason dictate an answer to the question, "ought the whole masonic brotherhood to be criminated, because some of them have deviated from the rules of the craft?" A perfect society here below, is as mere a chimera as perfect virtue or "perpetual motion;" and the society of freemasons claims no exemption from that imperfection and frailty which the great Architect of the Universe has stamped upon all things beneath the sun.

I confidently assert, and truth bears me out in the assertion, that the objections urged against our fraternity, where they do not arise from malice or blind prejudice, originate from ignorance of our principles. Should an illiterate man denounce learning as useless, you would not believe his assertions, let not then the assertions of those unlearned in the masonic art, receive your implicit credit. How preposterous, that it should be said there are no valuable facts, no hidden mysteries in the chamber of the masonic temple, by those who have never entered its door or wrought within its walls!

I shall not weary your patience by stating all these objections; a few of them, however, in the course of our remarks, shall be briefly noticed. It is sometimes sarcastically asked, "why are females excluded from the lodge?" The fair sex were peculiarly designed for the *domestic* duties of life, and when a female engages in those arduous labours which devolve on the other sex and are their peculiar province, she forsakes her proper sphere of action. In this respect *speculative* has adopted the rules of *operative* masonry. Nor are we singular in this respect; the regulations of many other societies as well as our own, do not accord with feminine habits and dispositions. But although universal custom prevents the fair part of creation from associating with us as masons, yet their dignity and welfare are inseparably

interwoven with our principles; and that brother who prizes not their worth, who withholds from them their just tribute of respect and affection, and refuses protection and relief when they most need it, violates his obligations and forfeits the name of Mason!

It has been urged, among other things, as a proof of the inutilty of our institution, that some good men, after initiation, cease to cultivate the masonic art. I admit the fact, but deny the inference. The necessary avocations of some brethren prevent their regular attendance at our assemblies; but this is no evidence that their opinion of the art is unfavourable. Many a pious christian and clergyman, although proud to wear the insignia of our order, and to perform its duties, may in some instances not have manifested much zeal for the craft, lest they should incur the ill will of some of their friends who were prejudiced against it; or lest perhaps, some *weak** brethren should take umbrage, and their consciences be wounded. Others, when upon initiation, they found nothing *supernatural* in masonry, and solemn realities instead of empty sound and shew, have with the depression of disappointment, felt a disrelish for the art, and hence neglected its cultivation. And while this neglect has arisen in some through want of inclination, it has arisen in others through want of industry and intellect.

If it can be deemed an argument in favour of any institution, that on the catalogue of its members are found eminent and virtuous men, the masonic institution has no superior. Shall I carry you back to the remote ages of antiquity, and rehearse the names of Solomon, Hiram of Tyre, Hiram Abiff, Adoniram, Zerubbabel, Joshua, and the long list of prophets, sages, and law-givers, who, although dead, yet live in the hearts and memory of every *Master, Royal Arch, and Ineffable Mason*. Or shall I descend to more modern times, and from the splendid galaxy of the distinguished patrons and disciples of the craft, select the names of St. Austin,† Alfred, Prince Edwin,‡ James I. of Scotland and of

* 1 Cor. ch. VIII. v. 9, &c.

† St. Austin appeared at the head of the fraternity, A. D. 600.

‡ He was the first Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of York, to which King Athelstane granted a charter in 926.

England, Charles I., Francis Duke of Tuscany, Frederick the Great King of Prussia, Newton, Locke, Audley, Essex, Woolsey, Howard, Wren, Denham, Rivers, and Buckingham; and in our own country, to say nothing of living worthies and those in the humbler stations of life, a Washington, Franklin, Warren, Adams,* Livingston, Webb, Morton, and Hamilton, who shine with lustre in the bright firmament of masonry, and reflect honour on the masonic name.

Under such auspices, our institution could not but prosper; and it has hitherto prospered, although thousands have joined with an Abbe Barueill and a Robinson in the vile work of detraction against it, and although oppressed and persecuted from the jealousy of power, by the threats of superstition, and the calumny of the ignorant. But all attempts to subvert the glorious fabric of masonry, have proved fruitless and vain. No matter whether they were the formidable opposition of hotbrained potentates,† the thundering anathemas of fanatic popes, or the imbecile efforts of ecclesiastical synods,‡ they have alike failed of their object; because the *pillars of wisdom and strength* support it—its foundation stone is *virtue*; its cement *charity*. Like a rock in the midst of the ocean, it rises above every storm, and bids proud defiance to the raging waves which dash against its base. Other fabrics, however fair and towering, have, sooner or later, been swept away by the torrent of destruction; but this has survived the horrid convulsions and revolutions of the moral and political world, and still remains a monument of wisdom and virtue, daily increasing in strength, beauty, and magnificence. The stability of our institution added to its antiquity, (of which we have infallible proof in the fact that its most invidious enemies cannot point to the time when free masonry did *not* exist) give it a fame—a pre-eminence—to which the history of other institutions affords no parallel

* Samuel Adams.

† In 1425, in the reign of Henry VI. of England, attempts were made to prevent the meeting of free masons; also in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In the 18th century they were persecuted by the States General in Holland, and by France at the Council of Berne. Formidable bulls were issued against them by Pope Eugenius and by Pope Clement XII.

‡ The associate synod of Scotland, in 1745, and the Pittsburgh (Penn.) Synod.

Yet methinks I hear some fastidious critic enquire, what has freemasonry ever done, or what is it likely to do for the good of mankind? I answer *much*; more than is perhaps apprehended by some of our own brethren, certainly by those who have but just entered the portals of our temple. Volumes heaped upon volumes, like Ossa on Olympus, would scarce contain a full and adequate answer to the question. It cannot be expected then that I should on this occasion, give more than a faint outline. And even in doing this, such a variety of ideas rush upon my mind that I know not where to begin nor where to end. I would fain expatiate upon its tendency to ennoble the soul, to raise it to the survey of things heavenly and sublime, to inspire the mind with exalted ideas of the perfections of the *Ineffable Word*, the great *Adonai*, who said, "let there be light, and there was light; let the earth be, and it was;" who kindled, by the breath of his power, those myriads of orbs which illumine the stupendous ARCH of heaven. I would fain show you how freemasons preserved the Pentateuch or five books of Moses,* from the destruction which the Chaldeans brought upon Jerusalem, when, with impious hand, they reduced it to ashes, and rifled the sacred furniture of its temple. But time will not permit.

The object of free masonry has ever been to promote the best interests of mankind. It has patronized the arts and sciences, particularly architecture, and its concomitant science geometry. In illustration of this part of my subject, it may be necessary to observe, that originally the craft consisted mostly of *operative* masons, and that although some of our essential arcana were known to many of the ancient patriarchs,† yet no regular lodges were constituted until the erection of King Solomon's Temple. According to holy writ, upwards of one hundred and eighty three thousand workmen were engaged in that glorious undertaking. These, after its completion, dispersing to different parts of the globe, widely disseminated the principles of the craft. †From

* See this subject discussed by brother S. Town in his "Speculative Masonry."

† The ineffable degrees are here particularly referred to.

‡ 1 Kings, ch. v. & ix.; vide also, "Ancient History of Egypt," and Rollin, Book 2d.

the connection and intercourse between the Hebrews and the inhabitants of Tyre and Egypt,* we can readily account for the introduction of those principles into the last named countries.—The sun of masonry which arose in the east, soon enlightened the west; and soon the north and south were blessed with the benign influence of its beams. We are informed, that several hundred years before the Christian era in Asia,† and in the fourteenth century in Europe‡ lodges of *operative* freemasons flourished, which were, as they have been emphatically termed, “seminaries of instruction in the sciences and the polite arts.”

Among the numerous durable structures and magnificent edifices erected under the auspices of masonry, I shall only point you to the stupendous pyramids of Egypt, the wall of China, the lofty temples of Damascus and Ephesus, the city of Alexandria, the Citadel of Athens, the tower of Pharos; and in late days, St. Peter's church at Rome, St. Sophia's at Constantinople, St. James' palace, the palace of Elysium at Paris, the palace of Loë in Holland, the palace and hall of Westminster, the London Bridge, and last, though not least, “the church of all denominations,” this year erecting in the state of Georgia.

And if masonry has been a *patron*, it has been a *preserver* of the arts. In those ages of the world, when the dismal cloud of barbarism, pregnant with ignorance and superstition, overshadowed the earth, then a knowledge of the most valuable arts, was with danger and difficulty preserved by our ancient brethren, which, having been transmitted to posterity, has contributed in no small degree to refine and civilize the world.

During that dark period too, masonry was the only institution which had for its object the alleviation of human misery. Since the advent of the Prince of Peace,(the anniversary of which was celebrated but a few days since) christianity and masonry, like twin sisters, have gone hand in hand in the blessed work of char-

* Lawrie in his history of freemasonry, has identified the Elusinian mysteries with those of freemasons.

† At Syria, Judea, Persia, and Teos. Vide Change's Travels in Asia Minor, Chisul's Antiquitates Asiaticæ, Ionian Antiquities, and Robinson's proofs of a conspiracy.

‡ See Wren's Parentalia, Henry's History of Great Britain, and Bobson's proofs of a conspiracy, for information on this subject.

ity and love. Before that happy epoch, as an elegant writer has observed, alms houses and eleemosynary institutions were unknown. The humble supplications of distress, (except among masons,) were lost amid the proud pursuits of ambition, the wild and terrible clangor of arms, and the sweeping desolations and cruelties of persecution, anarchy and despotism.

"Twas thou, blest masonry that brought
The choicest gifts to man;
And thou it was the lesson taught
E'er since the world began,

That charity can soothe each pain,
Relieve mankind from woe,
That masonry had power to gain
A paradise below."

The ligaments of affection which bind the heart of one mason to another, like those of natural brethren, are more strong and endearing than the ordinary ties of humanity. And masons who are uninfluenced by religious motives, will often, in compliance with their obligations, assist a brother and his connections oppressed by the chilling hand of poverty. But this assistance, our rules require, should never be rendered to their own detriment.

Do you ask for examples of our charity? Go to yonder widow, bereaved by the unrelenting King of Terrors, of the dear partner of her bosom, her only support in life,—*who* revives her hopes and soothes the keen wound her afflictions have produced? 'Tis the genius of masonry! Go to yonder helpless orphans: who supplies their wants and snatches them from the vortex of destruction?—'tis the genius of masonry! Go to yonder mendicants of eastern hemisphere, craving from flinty-hearted wealth the bread of charity in vain: who cheers, comforts, and supports them? and the answer again will be the benign genius of masonry! Lo! who enters the dark and cheerless abode of yonder loathesome prison; wipes the scalding tear from the cheek of its inmate, a poor unfortunate debtor, prostrated by the hand of an unforgiving creditor?—*who?*—'tis the guardian masonry!—These, my friends, are not pictures drawn by fancy, but by the sober pencil of *truth*. I could point to living instances in proof of

my assertions—instances too, exclusive of those accounts of benevolence contained in the *records* of the lodges; accounts which we trust will be found duly posted to their credit in the Grand Ledger of Eternity.

We would not wish to be misunderstood on this subject; we do not claim to be the *only* dispensers of charity; but we do claim and enjoy privileges peculiar to ourselves. The charities of other institutions are for the most part, local and exclusive, confined to the inhabitants of particular districts and to particular sects. Not so, the charity of the consistent mason. The aspirations of his generous soul are not limited by the barriers of nature, politics, or religion. Hence the worthy mason in distress finds friends where others find enemies. Is he at a returnless distance from the land of his fathers, the mysterious, yet well known *token*, proves a passport to relief. By its magic power the barbarous pirate is converted into a friend; the merciless savage into a kind protector. Does he lavish in captivity, a brother's arm is nerved for his assistance, breaks the shackles of slavery from his hands, and restores him to his home, the embraces of a loving wife, and the sweet assiduities of his children! When the demon of war displays his blood-stained banner, and bids man plunge the spear into the heart of his fellow man, then the mason's extended arms avert the fatal blow; for his banner is the banner of love! he knows—he feels, that

“A sorrow softened, or a sigh repress'd,

“Surpasses all that armies ever won.” PARNELL.

The blessings of rescued humanity shed a lustre round his path, more pure and effulgent than the halo which glimmers round the brow of the warrior.

We hold it no secret, that certain inviolable *signs, words, and tokens*, are preserved among us, constituting a sort of *universal language*, by which we recognize each other, making known our wants, and enter into social intercourse with brethren of every language and of every clime.

Our system regards all the human race as members of one great family: all distinctions of rank, lineage, colour, or nativity, are alike unknown. The man who wields the sceptre of em-

pire, and the humblest subject of his realm, meet upon the *level*, and part upon the *square*. Those jarring dissensions which characterise political and religious sects, are banished from the lodge. There discord, that cursed fiend, dare not rear his horrid head to disturb the harmonious labors of the craft

I know many are ready to reprobate the *Christian* mason, because he extends the hand of fellowship to the follower of *Mahomet*, and claims affinity to the persecuted and despised *Jew*. Christians! do you not—ought you not—to admit into your houses of worship, those with whom you disagree on points of faith? Why then censure us? Such censure is as inconsistent as it is illiberal; it is inconsistent with those principles of universal good will, which your religion inculcates and demands; and its benevolent founder enforced and exemplified. Mark the whole tenor of his life, a life of unremitting benevolence. His kind offices were extended alike to Gentiles and Jews, to publicans and sinners, as well as his disciples; to his enemies as well as his friends, and in perfect accordance with his own illustrious example, were all the doctrines taught, and all the parables uttered. Let one suffice. You remember the fate of the Jewish traveller, wounded and stripped of his very raiment, by a ruthless band of plundering ruffians, and left helpless on a public highway. A priest whom chance directed that way, beholds the hapless sufferer; but no ray of pity melts his icy heart, or stops him in his course. A Levite next beholds him: he too, deaf to the voice of humanity, unheeding passes by. But although thus slighted by men of his own country and his own religion, a Samaritan no sooner hears his groans, than he hastens to him, administers the cordial cup of affection, pours into his bleeding wounds the mollifying oil, and supplies his every want. The conduct of which of these three did the Prince of Peace recommend, and which, think you, most merited the title of neighbour—of brother?

Although in christian countries, masons acquiesce in the christian religion, yet as such, they have no exclusive religious code. Every brother is required to adhere to those essential principles which are common to all religions; and is left to his own judgment in regard to particular forms and tenets. The holy bible

is one of the *three great lights* in masonry; and all our principles, so far from militating against, perfectly harmonize with the maxims and truths contained in its inspired pages. No *atheist* or *irreligious libertine* dare contaminate, with his unhallowed tread, the *sanctum sanctorum* of our temple. Such can never gain admittance there without the most glaring perversion of our principles, and the grossest violation of vows, the most sacred and solemn.

Masonry teaches us to act upon the *square*; to guide our motives by the *plumb*, and to keep our hopes and desires within the *compasses* of rectitude and honour. In a word, it inculcates the whole circle of human virtues, and excludes every vice which sullies the character of man.

Our ceremonies and emblems are peculiarly calculated to promote *morality*. The implements of operative masons are explained in the lodge as typical of moral duties; and all our ceremonies and symbols imprint upon the mind wise and useful truths, and while they inspire awe and reverence, at the same time fascinate and please.

But freemasonry, while it enforces the strictest rules of morality, does not exclude that innocent mirth, those rational gaieties which give zest to social intercourse. How pleasant to retire for a season, from the noise and bustle of the world, to enjoy the sweets of undisturbed tranquillity! How pleasant to be called from labour to refreshment; to bid a short adieu to the troubles and cares of life, and spend a few hours in social converse and social joy! This pleasure, this delightful employment, is a peculiar province of freemasonry.

When the *free, elect, and accepted*, shall be summoned from earthly labour to refreshment in the *Grand Lodge* above, may we all possess the celestial *passwords* and be welcomed to that never-ending repast prepared for the *kings and priests* of the *Grand Master* of the Universe, in that "*temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.*"

Extracts from a Masonic Oration delivered at Providence R. I. on the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, June 25, 1821.

BY BROTHER SAMUEL Y. ATWELL.

To us as Masons the return of this anniversary brings with it subjects of congratulation and joy. Our institution, like the monarch of the air, has risen triumphantly above the clouds of calumny and malice. Prosperity has followed in its path, charity and good-will to mankind have been its companions. The world at large, ignorant of those characteristic which distinguish us as a fraternity, joins not in our feelings of gratitude and pride, and participates not in our pleasures. It will be my endeavor on this occasion to point out some of the reasons which should induce the citizens of this country to rejoice with us in the prosperity of Masonry, and to pay to it the tribute of esteem and respect. We claim for our order the titles of ANCIENT and HONORABLE; ancient because its existence is coeval with the memory of man; honorable because its objects are the improvement and happiness of our species. Among the many feelings and habits of the mind which compose our intellectual nature, reverence for antiquity is not the least important. Actions and events lose in some measure their interest in proportion as we approach them. To the mental as to the natural eye, distance increases the beauty of objects. The mellow softened tints of the perspective charm and retain the attention, while the glaring and more obvious colours of the *portrait* soon weary the sense and exhaust our admiration. Antiquity, like the concave lens, while it throws objects far from us, adds to their *beauty* and heightens their *interest*.

* * * * *
 History and tradition both prove the ANTIQUITY of Masonry. Her institutions have been preserved, and her ordinances continued unchanged through a long succession of time. Her deeds have been a bright series of GOOD and GREAT actions, and the world has ever seen her endeavoring to promote and advance the happiness of man. So far then as Antiquity tests the worth of any institution, and gives to it a right to the respect of mankind, Masonry is entitled to claim it of the world.

Our institution is entitled to the respectful consideration of the

citizens of this free Republic, because it inculcates and promotes attachment and obedience to the laws and government of our country.

* * * * *

Masonry is the offspring of society, and its principles are eminently calculated to protect and preserve our political freedom. To be *good men* and *true* is the first lesson we are taught in Masonry; true to *ourselves*, our *country* and our *God*. Obedience to the laws and government of our country is a duty, to the performance of which we are bound by *stronger* ties than the fealty of the days of Chivalry. Masonry enjoins on us an Herculean labour, the destruction of the many-headed monster. *PASSION*. Like the Templars of old, we mentally inscribe on the entrance of our lodges "*Semper Leo feriatur.*" The Compass, the great emblematical implement of our order, reminds us to apply its physical properties to our hearts, and "to keep our passions within *due* bounds with all mankind." As a community therefore, the principles of whose constitution are calculated to protect and promote the political happiness of the members of this republic, we claim the respect and attachment of our fellow citizens. Masonry fosters, cherishes, and invigorates the social affections. Society, while it increases our pleasures, adds to the number of our vices. The savage of the wilderness, free as the winds of his native forest, *disdains* to conceal his wishes or his will; frankness and sincerity are stamped on his thoughts, his feelings, and his actions. Selfish only when his animal enjoyments are concerned, his heart is open to the claims of friendship and the endearments of love. Civilization and society are sources of luxury and licentiousness, and selfishness becomes a more active principle as our enjoyments increase. In society, when men are debased by Luxury or intoxicated with Ambition, Friendship exists *only in name*; Achilles and Patroclus are but *rarely* to be found among the number of civilized men. Like the light reflected by the icy mountains of the polar sea, the social affections are warm and dazzling in *appearance*, but cold and comfortless in *reality*; selfishness absorbs all the warmer and more generous feelings of the heart, and man lives for *himself alone*. Masonry teaches us to regard the whole family of man

as one band of brothers. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, when admitted within the pale of our fraternity, all stand upon one common level. We admit of no other distinctions than those of Virtue and Worth. "It is the internal and not the external qualifications of a man that Masonry principally regards;" and we are taught to merge the prejudices of Pride and the antipathies of Envy in the noble and exalted passion of BROTHERLY LOVE. No considerations of interest, no excuses of idleness, or specious reasonings of *hypocritical selfishness*, are permitted to swerve us from the path of our duty. To relieve the distresses of a Brother, and to assist him in every laudable and virtuous undertaking, are the imperious requisitions of our profession; and whether we contribute to his temporal relief by acts of charity, or with the gentle hand of affection administer to the diseases or afflictions of the mind, we are acting in obedience to the commands of Masonry.

The principles and duties which Masonry inculcates and enjoins, are those of MORALITY and RELIGION. Before HIM, whose residence is unlimited space "who decketh himself with light as with a garment," and "who rideth on the wings of the wind," the GREAT SUPREME ARCHITECT of the UNIVERSE, we with reverence bow. To his behests we submit, and, his commands we endeavor to obey. The Bible, the first great light in Religion and in Masonry, is the source from whence we derive those rules of action which our order prescribes. In obedience to his commands, whose essence was Love, we endeavor to cherish the spirit and instil the principles of *Universal Benevolence*.—Faith, Hope and Charity are the brightest jewels which Masonry confers on her votaries. Faith opens to the mental eye "the source ineffable of Light and Love," Hope gladdens the dreary path of life with joyous anticipations of the future, but Charity takes the erring brother by the hand, and leads him to the mercy seat of his SAVIOUR and his GOD.

* * * * *

Masonry teaches us to consider the good name of our brethren as a jewel beyond price; we are neither to tarnish its lustre ourselves nor tamely permit it to be done by others. It is our high privilege as well as duty to be the champions of injured worth,

and our conduct towards our brethren and all mankind should ever be regulated by the *square* of Truth and Virtue.

The spirit of Charity is cherished and inculcated by the institutions of our fraternity. Not the cold blooded charity of the world which changes the tears of affliction into those of indignant and insulted feeling, but that active and generous principle which glowed in the breast of HOWARD and governed the soul of PENN. *Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth* are the brightest stars in the galaxy of masonic virtues. View the mariner, far from his native land, surrounded by strangers, "unknowing and unknown." The pestilence has placed her burning fingers on his cheek; deprived of the endearments of domestic affection and those soothing kindnesses which smooth the pillow of *death*, he feels that desolation of the heart which sinks us to the level of "the beasts that perish." Removed from all he holds dear,

"Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly poison seizes ;

the dews of death are glistening on his forehead; the film of corruption is slowly covering his eyes. Whose bosom pillows his dying head? Whose hand administers those endearing attentions, which make the heart throb with the last glow of mortal feeling. It is a BROTHER'S. Opposite perhaps in manners, in opinions, in language and in faith, the Masons hears only the moans of affliction, sees only the dying man. Blessed spirit of Masonry, that can with *more* than the Alchemist's power, convert the dross of the heart into the pure and refined gold of *Universal Benevolence*.

These considerations, in the name and in the behalf of the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, I offer to the world as the foundations of their claims to its respect and esteem.

Brethren, we are members of an institution which requires of us the performance of the most high and exalted duties; to our keeping is committed the reputation of an ancient and honorable fraternity; let us not disgrace our profession. Let it not be said of us as it was of the Stoics of old. that while we declaim about *virtue*, we are following the footsteps of *vice*. The bonds which connect us as an association are hidden from the world un-

der the veil of Secrecy. The *mysterions* and the *wonderful* may arouse the *curiosity* of mankind, but it is the *useful* and the *good* only that can obtain their esteem and applause. Let us therefore be ever mindful that the estimation of the world depends not on our *profession* but upon our *practice*. Let us foster and cherish the social affections, they are Masonry's *peculiar* favorites, and in imitation of our *holy patron*, whose nativity we this day celebrate, let us make the attainment of virtue the great object of our exertions; so that when death the *Grand Tyler of Eternity* shall open to us the entrance of "a new and untried state of being," we may be received in the Grand Lodge above, "that house not made with hands *eternal in the Heavens*."

VALUABLE HINTS.

The following is an extract from a communication in the Louisville [Geo.] Sentinel and is well worthy the attention of the craft:

"The Masonic Society has received more injury by the introduction of strangers to its principles, than from all the derision the world can throw upon it: from suffering men to enter its sacred walls, who were not fit materials for the edifice, and who could not have the working tools of the Craft adjusted to them: Weigh them in the *balance*, they are found wanting; *Tekel* must be written upon them.

"Do we put upon them the *twenty four inch gauge*, there is no division to be found—no part for God.

"Bring the *plum line* to such an one, he neither stands upright before God or man.

"Lay upon him the *square* of virtue; put the *mallet* and engraver's *chissel* into the hand of the most skilful workman; there can be no appearance of the diamond found.

"Lay upon him the *Level*, and who will be willing to be placed upon an equality *with* one who, in his ordinary transactions, is a disgrace to himself.

"Bring him upon the *circle* of universal benevolence; present him with some of our precious *jewels*—he has no eyes to see them; he will cautiously avoid them.

"Point him to the rounds of *Jacob's ladder*; he cannot climb them, *heaven born charity*, is a stranger to his bosom.

"Attempt to make use of the *trowel*; there is no *cement* of brotherly-love and affection in him.

"Such materials are totally unfit for the Masonic edifice and ought to be thrown over among the rubbish. And now, brethren, by reason of the introduction of such strangers among the workmen, our ancient and honorable institution is brought into disrepute. Let our actions and our morality, therefore, be such as to silence the tongue of slander and blunt the dart of envy."

ADDRESS TO A SENIOR WARDEN.

WORSHIPFUL BROTHER SENIOR WARDEN,

The ensign of your office, in the language of an ancient charge, "demonstrates that we are all descended from the same common stock; partakers of the same common nature; and sharers of the same blessed hope; and though distinctions among men are needed, to preserve subordination. yet no eminence, to which merit may be exalted, should ever make us forget, that we are one sacred band of brothers and fellows." united together by the silken cords of the indented tassel; and travelling the mosaic pavement, to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller hath returned.

And will a brother senior, permit a senior brother, to observe, that as next in dignity and rank, to the wisdom which presides in the east, it becomes the duty of the pillar of strength, to assist the Right Worshipful Master at all times, not only in those various ceremonies of a mystic nature, around which we draw an impenetrable veil; but also to stand, as the kind instructor and faithful monitor of his younger brethren, of the second degree, who are specially confided, to the senior warden's particular care; and therefore in the first instance like Adoniram of old, he should lighten the toils of Hiram, by hewing and squaring the stone; by felling and preparing the timber; and conveying both from the forest and the quarry, to Succoth, or Zarthan, where they are fitted for the master's use, either at the base, or on the summit of Moriah; and thus the whole building duly prepared without, groweth unto an holy temple, whose foundation is laid in silence, and whose top stone is brought forth with peace, for the sound of the hammer of political intolerance should never be heard within our walls; nor the stroke of the

axe of religious bigotry be indented on our gates; it being received as masonic truth, that the iron tools of superstition and party were both of them buried, on the plains of Shinar; where they moulder amid the ruins of the unfinished tower of Babel.

Suffer me, my dear friend and brother, to add, that the slightest departure from these ancient landmarks of the mystic order, must of necessity in the very nature of cause and effect, be productive of darkness instead of light, of confusion in the room of harmony, and tend to the final overthrow of the moral and masonic, the spiritual and heavenly edifice, uprooting the columns, from their base, destroying the capitals of the pilasters, and overwhelming the grand pillars themselves, in awful and remediless ruin.

Breathe, therefore, on the fellowcraft's attentive ear, those instructive sounds, that flow from a knowledge of the moral uses of the various implements, which are appropriate to this degree; And may the light of the plumb, the square, and the level, admonish the brethren who compose your column, to walk upright on the straight line, which admits of no curve before God; and abhors the spiral twist that marks the serpentine path in the presence of man; evermore labouring to square both word and deed, in all the varied concerns of man, with fellow man, by the golden square and the perfect rule of the Grand Master himself, who hath said, all things whatsoever ye would, that men should do unto you, do ye even the same unto them; meting that measure to every member of the human family, whether high or low, rich or poor, which self love desires to receive from the fulness of the sons of Adam; and constantly keeping in remembrance, that we are travelling together on the level of time, to the realms of eternity, where words and actions shall be weighed, in the even balance of eternal rectitude; and the mene tekell of an omniscient and impartial judge must be inscribed, on hypocrisy towards God, and injustice towards men.

WORSHIPFUL SIR AND BROTHER,

The second great light in the temple is yours. It is the light of friendship, morality and brotherly love. The attentive ear of the fellowcraft ever listens to your instructive tongue. The faithful bosom pants to attain the secrets of wisdom, of knowl-

edge and understanding; and may it indeed be your honour and happiness; your pleasure and pride, to set continually before the brethren, who surround the doric pedestal, the corn of nourishment, the wine of refreshment, and the oil of joy, in those moral and masonic lessons, which are as the balm of health, the blessing of plenty and the balsam of peace to a mason's soul, and infinitely more valuable, to rational and intelligent craftsmen, than the ancient wages of the one royal penny, though paid in the silver of Tarshish or the gold of Ophir.

Steadfastly pursue this mode of fraternal instruction; and the light of the west shall divide meridian glories, with the light of the east; while the dark places of the north beam noontide splendours of unclouded day; and the morning star of the south reflect the sevenfold radiance of the solar orb; and when the Supreme, Sublime, Grand Architect, in nature, providence, and grace, shall drop the level from his throne; and whelm life's mouldering pillar in the dust of death, may the outside sentinel at the first door of the middle chamber permit a brother to pass; and the illustrious scribe of the heavenly host receive a master's high command, from within the holiest of holies; and record your faithful name, as with the engravings of a signet, in the volume of eternal life, forever, amen!

NATIONAL GRAND LODGE.

We have long been of opinion that some step ought to be taken to produce a uniformity of work, and a union of feeling among the Masonic Lodges throughout the United States. The fact cannot be denied, and need not be concealed, that a difference, in details at least, if not in essentials, is often to be found in the workings of different Lodges. It is time that a greater degree of uniformity was introduced: it is time that less jealousy existed in different parts of the country respecting the forms adopted in their respective Lodges. We are all brethren of the same fraternity: if errors have in any instance crept in among us, we ought to be willing to listen to those who are able and willing to expose them to us, and teach us how to correct them. We ought to be anxious to adopt a uniform, correct, and systematic mode of work, and not be so blindly devoted to our

own habits as to mistake the errors and defects which have prevailed among us for ancient and essential landmarks of the order. We know no measure so well calculated to promote the important object to which we have alluded and to cement the fraternity throughout this extensive republic, as the establishment of a common head, to which all might appeal and acknowledge a common responsibility. The practicability and usefulness of such an institution has been proved by the successful establishment and favourable tendency of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter, whose jurisdiction is co extensive with the union. We are aware that efforts have been made to establish a General Grand Lodge, and that various obstacles and impediments have hitherto rendered those efforts ineffectual. But we would not be thus easily discouraged. "Time, patience, and perseverance may accomplish all things." A national Grand Lodge may and ought to be established, and whatever opposition may now be made to it, we are confident that when once it should be placed in successful operation, its utility and propriety would be universally admitted.

It is hardly necessary at present to enter into the details of the plan we would recommend. The construction of the General Grand Chapter might serve as a model. The four principal officers of the Grand Lodge of each state or their proxies should constitute the members of the General Grand Lodge, and its meetings might be held in Washington city, or some other central and convenient place, as often as might be deemed expedient.

We throw out these hints for the deliberate consideration of our brethren throughout the union, and we hope that every prejudice, local jealousy, and illiberal feeling, if any such can have a place in the breasts of masons, will be dissipated and no longer furnish impediments to the adoption of a measure fraught, as we believe with the most fortunate results, and calculated, more, perhaps than any other, to promote the permanent prosperity of the craft in these United States.

IMPORTANCE OF LECTURES AT THE CONFERRING
OF DEGREES.

The following communication from a highly respectable correspondent in the southern part of this state, exhibits, in a most forcible manner, the importance of a correct and systematic mode of conferring the degrees of Masonry, and the propriety of delivering in every instance, a full and entire lecture.

DEAR SIR,

I have received and read with much pleasure the several numbers of your interesting Miscellany, for, although but a young mason, and as yet but slightly skilled in the mysteries of the order. I am full of zeal and anxious for information. I have received, in a lodge as respectable and intelligent as any in this vicinity, the three first degrees of masonry. I have found the brethren ready and willing to converse with me on masonic subjects, and I have learnt the lectures, so far as I have been able to hear them, with accuracy. I find, however, that I must look to other resources for information, and I intend shortly to visit Lexington in the hope that among the Masonic luminaries of your place, I may be enabled to acquire more light than in this gloomy region can be found. The brethren here tell me, and brethren who ought to know, that they have the lectures entire, and that nothing more is to be obtained. I am convinced, however that they must be in an error, for I find in the "Book of Constitutions" published by the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, that the lecture on the first degree consists of three sections, and I have received but one; I find that the lecture on the second degree describes Masonry under two characters operative and speculative, and introduces to us an account of the orders of architecture, the liberal arts and sciences, and many other subjects, which appear to have no more connections with the Fellow Craft's degree, as I have received it, than with that of the Entered Apprentice or Master Mason. Indeed I am convinced, by an attentive study of the Book of Constitutions, that there is much to be learned on the several degrees, which no one here is able to teach me, and I shall not rest easy till I have some knowledge more satisfactory than I have yet obtained. The principles of Masonry are certainly admirable: the illustrations given in

masonic books are calculated to shed much light on the mystic rites and ceremonies of the order, but still something more is wanting, and tradition alone, in the minds of industrious and well informed masons, can supply the vacuum. When I received the several degrees, I was instructed in the jewels and working tools, and listened to the charge, but I received no lecture, although I was taught to expect one, and the Secretary stated on the records, very erroneously I think, that an appropriate lecture was delivered. I am induced to think, from what I have read in your Miscellany, that this is the old and defective mode of work, pursued heretofore throughout the western country, but that a better and more intelligent course has been adopted in your vicinity.

P. D.

AN ADDRESS TO FREEMASONS IN GENERAL.

STRETCH forth your hands to assist a brother whenever it is in your power; to be always ready to go any where to serve him; to offer your warmest petitions for his welfare; to open your breasts and hearts to him; to assist him with your best counsel and advice; to soothe the anguish of his soul, and betray no confidence he reposes in you; to support him with your authority; to use your utmost endeavours to prevent him from falling; to relieve his wants as far as you are able, without injuring yourselves or your families. In short, mutually to support and assist each other, and earnestly to promote one another's interests, are duties which (well you know) are incumbent upon you. But do these duties always influence you? Are they not too often forgotten? Your worthy brother too frequently neglected, and the stranger preferred to those of your own household? Ye are connected by solemn promises: let those always be so remembered as to direct your actions: for then, and then only, will you preserve your consciences void of offence, and prepare that firm cement of utility and affection, which time will have no power to destroy.

LADIES LITERARY MAGAZINE.

—
For the Ladies Literary Magazine.

HISTORY OF A MODERN ATTORNEY,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER II.

“Never despair—at him again Jeremy.”

“*Fata viam inveniunt.*”

A smattering of Latin, which I had acquired when very young, would enable me to eke out the meaning of many of the short latin sentences in Blackstone. I had read much history, though diffusively, and had gleaned from Magazines and Reviews, the essence of most modern works. A Lawyer should be a politician too; well, I had regularly read the newspapers, and had taught politics myself through the same medium, even before I was well able to wield a *yardstick* gracefully, and above all, I thought I *knew the world*. In respect to these things my history differs a little from the generality of modern attorneys; the major part of them having never troubled themselves about latin, magazines, newspapers, or even history.

I before stated that I did not deliberate very profoundly on the measure I was about to adopt. The thinking calculating part of the world, the *wise ones*, will say, I was a fool for that; but I beg their pardons; I acted as the rest of the world would have acted. The reader will have perceived that I was not *exactly* in that situation which authorised me to make a *choice* of a profession or pursuit; I was a *little tramelled*. Besides, one who has just been wrecked in a sea of misfortunes, and finds himself cast upon a desolate island, without shelter, or food, can't think and reason very calmly. On the *law*, however, I fixed my future hopes; nay, there was *wisdom* in the choice, for I knew already, something about the matter. I had, *experimentally in propria persona*, gone through the whole routine of an action of *LEBT*, from the issuing of a *Captas*, down to the ceremonies attendant on a *Ca. Sa.* when one wishes to relieve oneself from the inconveniences incident to *confinement*. Students generally, learn the theory first; but my course is best. Experimental knowledge is the most desirable, because it is the most impressive, The theorist

may forget his theories but he who learns from actual *experimental* observation is most apt to husband his information, (*mem.* most *modern attorneys* have adopted my mode of beginning.)

Well, I called on a gentleman of the bar, eminent for his attainments and for his candour, and told him my plans. He flattered my talents, encouraged my hopes, and dispelled all doubts as to the propriety of my views. He chalked out for me a course of legal study; there were, I confess, some *near cuts* in the track. He flattered me with the hope that in twelve months, I might procure a licence. I am well aware that his goodness of heart measured my legal journey by my means of sustaining its expence, for he knew that I was too poor to follow the various meanders of the stream of the law. He knew that a short race was the only one I had *bottom* to run. He placed Blackstone in my hands, and told me to smack my whip and, rush! I did so, and in four weeks made a finish of these commentaries; I ought to have dwelt on them six months; but no matter, I pursued the modern practice. When I had thus finished Blackstone, I thought myself an excellent lawyer!!

“A little learning is a dangerous thing”

At the end of six months I found I knew nothing of the law, was then scarcely at the threshold; I had hardly arrived where I might look in at the door of the magazine of the law. I did look in, and there saw such a map of wisdom and erudition, that I was appalled, “I can never be a lawyer” said I “I have neither time nor money to enable me to run through the countless pages of the law.” I threw down my books in despair, and fled to my Mentor for advice. I told him I had just read enough to dishearten me “My friend” said he “there is an *INDEX* to that map of law which has so frightened you!” I did not comprehend the remark, consequently it gave me no comfort. He continued, “the Magazine which you have seen is the *Body* of the law, the *Index* is its *spirit*.” I now began to comprehend. “Do you” said he “as nine tenths of the fraternity do, study the *Index* of a book, and throw the *body* of it to the dogs.” I was enlightened! I was initiated into one of the mysteries of the brotherhood. I laid my hand on a book, “what is this” said I, Chitty on

Bills, the body contains 600 pages, the index 15 pages. This was almost *corpus sine pectore*, but no matter, in six months more, I exclaimed, I will still be a lawyer, for in that time I can read the indexes to all the books in the famous Alexandrian Library.

In olden times, the torch of mind was the flame that lighted us to glory, but an *Index* is the modern attorneys torch.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

From the London New Monthly Magazine:
ON FEMALE COWARDICE.

—“Oh, quanto

Beata e' la fortissima Donzella!”

TASSO.

HEROINES are generally no great favourites with the sexes whose deeds they emulate; men are not fond of female competitors either in bodily or mental strength, and she who reads Latin or leaps a five barred gate is warned off by lordly man as an unlicensed and unqualified poacher upon his manors. Wo to the Amazon and the blue stocking! each is too likely to incur the same dreadful denunciation which Cardinal Mazarin launched against Mademoiselle de Montpensier when she mounted the ramparts of the Bastille; of each it may most probably be said: “*elle a tue son mari.*” For my own part, I differ on these subjects from the generality of mankind: if ever I marry, it shall be a woman who can break a horse or has been up in a balloon; and all my daughters shall hunt and learn mathematics in order to strengthen their nerves. Feminine tremors and palpitations may sound interesting enough to the uninitiated, but alas! they convey no pleasing ideas to him who has a mother, four sisters, three aunts, and six cousins, all the most preposterous and clamorous cowards in existence. God bless them all! I love them sincerely, perceive and appreciate their numerous good qualities, would do any thing on earth to serve and oblige them; but I wish they would not ask me to walk with them about London. Country rambles are bad enough, we are sure to meet mad bulls disguised like milch-cows, or ruffians in carters' frocks, to hear a hornet's hum in every breeze, and see adders coiled in every hedge; but London expeditions are a thousand times worse. Unfortunately, my mother and aunts are so complimentary as to

prefer my arm to any other support; and, when lovers and dangles are not at command, the younger ladies frequently request my escort. I find myself unequal to refusal or demur; but, after one of these bewildering excursions, I return home very kindly disposed towards the heroines of history and romance, and often indulge myself in fond imagination as to the quiet comfortable walks I should have with a Marfisa on one arm, and a Britomart on the other. No starting and screaming, no dashing half distracted into a shop at the glimpse of a distant ox, no scampering full speed over a crossing because a hackney-coach is at thirty yards distance. I feel assured that the Senora Padilla would have made no objection to walking past the two cavaliers at the horse guards, nor would Aldrude, Countess of Bertinora, have crossed the road to avoid a Newfoundland dog. Perhaps to some persons there may be nothing very alluring in the idea of a lady, who, like Camilla, "*medias inter caedes exultat*," or like the tiger nursed Clorinda:—

"Chi veste l'armi, e se d'uscirne agogna,

Vassene, e non la tien tema o vergogna"—

but I confess I should very much prefer them to Erminia, "*timida e smarrita*," of whom I have, unfortunately, too many specimens in my own family.

Why should not English ladies be embodied into regiments like the King of Dahomey's three thousand wives, taught to stand fire, and cured of all nervous affections for life by the sight of a field of battle? But, if this were objected to, surely female seminaries might be established for the express purpose of teaching courage, where the pupils should be arranged in classes, and urged to emulation by example and reward. No uncommon bravery, no masculine hardihood should be required, but all should be taught to walk quietly by a led horse, to see a mouse run across a room without screaming, and not to be afraid of cock chaffers, or father long legs; and prizes should be given to those who could touch an *unloaded* gun without trembling, and see a spider on their gown without fainting away. They might be carefully instructed in many other useful particulars, and their writing copies might run as follows, "Do not suppose that all dogs are mad in the summer," or "Shrieking does not dimi-

'sh danger," or "Avoid rousing your family when the wind moves your shutters" In two or three years great progress might be made in bravery, and there would be time enough afterwards for the acquirement of less useful accomplishments. Oh, that such a system were adopted! Then, and only then, might we hope to find an Englishwoman capable of imitating the French lady celebrated by M. de la Lande, who scrambled up the inclined ladder at the top of St. Peter's, mounted the ball, and leaned upon the cross "*avec une souplesse et une grace inconcevable*" I confess myself a little sceptical as to the extraordinary *grace* of such an action; but I should admire it as the symptom of a stout heart, as a tacit renunciation of the nervous tremors, "thrilling shrieks and shrieking cries," for which the generality of the sex are distinguished,—as an earnest of peaceful walks, days without hypothetical horrors, and nights undisturbed by imaginary housebreakers.

Any one would suppose that my mother had detected me in a plot for her destruction, and that whenever I walked out with her she expected me to take the first favorable opportunity of getting her run over. She believes none of my assurances, listens to none of my arguments, and looks seriously provoked if I venture to tell her that she is in no danger. I must be blind if I do not perceive that every gig horse is "skittish," and I am accused of obstinacy if I refuse to bear testimony to her numerous "hair breadth escapes." Then there are such long refuges in shops while a line of drays is passing, such wearying pauses, such turning of the head from side to side, such wild, calculating glances up and down the street, so many faint attempts and precipitate returns ere the desperate resolution is taken to dash over a crossing I am foolish enough to feel half ashamed of myself when I see the suppressed sneer or broad grin of the passengers, while my runaway companion stops to regain her breath and collect her scattered spirits; and I should often persuade her to hide her disorder in a hackney coach, were it not that my eldest sister, who is very frequently on my other arm, is so dreadfully frightened in a carriage that it would be only an exchange of terrors. Poor Charlotte! she has made up her mind to a broken neck, and reads every accident of the kind recorded in the pa-

pers, as if it were the counterpart of her own approaching fate. I was so little with my sisters during my boyhood, owing to our holydays seldom occurring at the same time, that I had left Westminster, and been three years at Oxford, before I became acquainted with Charlotte's peculiar fears. The discovery was most unfortunately timed. During the first vacation after I took my degree, I resolved to reward myself for past study and application by a tour through part of North Wales, and I asked my two eldest sisters to be my companions. We had travelled but little, and were just at the age to enjoy such an excursion: we were to see every sight in our way, climb every mountain, watch the sunrise from the top of Snowdon, fill our drawing-books with sketches; in short, we were to be quite happy, and we talked over our plans with great delight. Alas! in anticipation only were they delightful, for I never had a more miserable journey in my life. We set out in high glee, the weather was beautiful, our health was good, but before two days were over, I envied every one I had left behind me. Charlotte's fears showed themselves in a very short time: at the least jolt she turned pale; if a wagon passed, she expected it to take off one of our wheels; at every corner she put down all the glasses; when we were going up a hill, she assured us we were jibbing; when we went down, she clasped her hands, closed her eyes, and seemed screwing up her courage to the necessity of being dashed to pieces. Then she was always giving directions to the post boy: now he drove too fast, now she was certain the traces were broken; sometimes a wheel was about to take fire, sometimes a horse was on the point of dropping down dead. Towards evening my sister Anna's terrors commenced: after six o'clock every man who came in sight was a footpad or highwayman; her purse was always in her hand ready to deliver on demand; with tears in her eyes she urged me to make no resistance; and once she positively fainted away because a gentleman, with a groom behind him, politely rode up to the carriage window to inform us we had dropped a parcel. As we approached the more mountainous country, our miseries increased: we were now scarcely ever in the carriage; Charlotte insisted upon walking whenever we came to a steep or rough road, and as this frequently occurred, we suffered the

fatigue of pedestrian tourists, were completely tired and spiritless when we arrived at our inn, unequal to an evening ramble, and glad to go to bed by daylight. I could not even have the satisfaction of scolding, for it would have been cruel to reproach one who was always reproaching herself, and whose eyes were constantly overflowing with tears of terror or of penitence. Most desirous not to abridge our pleasure, she always fancied herself equal to every undertaking; always assured us overnight that she was ashamed of her previous fears, and determined to be more courageous on the morrow. Thus encouraged, we set out on poneys or on foot to visit some romantic scenery; but half way up a mountain Charlotte's spirit fails her, the danger is too great to be encountered— it is madness, suicide to proceed. She will stay where she is till our return, the servant shall remain with her, it will distress her extremely if we do not go on. Accordingly all is settled; but Anna and myself are speedily recalled by violent and repeated screams—Charlotte is now certain that we must be dashed to pieces, and she never could forgive herself if she permitted us to encounter destruction so inevitable. With clasped hands and streaming cheeks she implores us to give up our design: fear is infectious, Anna thinks of mountain banditti, and joins in the request: I am at length overcome: and all the evening is spent in vain regrets for the follies of the morning. Disappointed and annoyed, condemned either to lonely excursions or to walks curtailed by my sisters' terrors, I shortened my tour; and, after much fatigue and considerable expense, returned to London without having seen one half the beauties I had so long and so often wished to behold. Charlotte, the contrite Charlotte, incessantly blames herself for her conduct, blushes if we talk of mountains, and weeps at the very name of Wales; and by common consent, the tour which was to furnish us with conversation for life, is an interdicted subject in the family.

My two young sisters' terrors have chosen different objects, they are infected with entomological horrors. On fine warm days in summer, ten minutes seldom pass without their starting up in consternation, flying to different corners of the room, elevating their handkerchiefs in defence, and shrinking their persons

into the smallest possible compass, in order to avoid a wasp or *humble bee*. This is the first summer I have been able to persevere in reading aloud to my family. for, thanks to the cold weather in May and June, very few of these enemies of industry and literature remained to eat apricots and terrify young ladies. Their well known hum is the signal for panic and confusion: down go work and books, and pens and pencils; Jane and Mary scream and take to flight; their sisters seize the first implement of destruction that is at hand, and nothing more can be done or thought of, till the luckless intruder has paid the penalty of his life; then needles and Indian rubber are to be found, and, before employment is quietly resumed, another tocsin sounds, another skirmish and another death. Then there is no persuading these two silly girls to join our evening walks in the country. At that refreshing season of cool airs and sweet smells, when only a pale streak of light tells where the sun last showed his glorious face, when the constellations are gradually spangling their various figures on the misty blue of the sky, and the soft influence of evening has sweetened those sounds which fell harshly on the ear by day, when a dog's distant howl is agreeable, and the grating of a wagon's wheels is listened to with pleasure—at this time, when it is so delightful to saunter, not to walk, and to chat in subdued tones with those we love; when my spirits, my feelings, and my affections, always seem in their best state—at this time out come my unfortunate sisters' deadly foes, the frog, the bat, and the cock chaffer, little suspecting their power of imprisoning two fair damsels, from whose distant tread they would fly in consternation. Anna, too, is equally prevented from taking an evening ramble; for after sunset the woods and groves are peopled by banditti: and if I coax her out, while I am gazing on the bolls of the trees, silvered by the rising moon, or pausing to catch the notes of a nightingale, her jaundiced eye sees a ruffian crouching behind a shrub, or her startled ear detects the distant signal whistle of a gang of robbers; then she catches me by the arm, bids me ask no questions, hurries me to the house, bars the door behind her, and entreats me to load my pistols, and fire my blunderbuss out of every window

Though my sisters make themselves and all about them un-

comfortable, and prevent sensible men from wishing to become their companions for life, yet, as they are young and handsome, they meet with much ready assistance and apparent commiseration from their male acquaintance, and have always some doubtful champion at hand to protect them from runaway insects and imaginary ruffians, and to admire the changing hue of their complexions, and the pretty agitation of their elegant persons; and, unless they should be disfigured by illness or accident, I dare say, that while under thirty, they may scream at frisky calves, and faint at spiders and frogs, as often as they please, without any fear of exemplifying the fable of the boy and the wolf. But my cousin Emma H. has no such claims upon any one's compassion, for alas! she is not handsome enough to be hysterical; her eyes are not sufficiently bright to atone for tears of vain alarm, nor will the beauty of her mouth excuse her screaming at caterpillars and black beetles. Gentlemen observe her distress, sneer, and pass on; swords do not leap from their scabbards to punish the intrusion of a dog, or the purrings of a distant kitten; when she rouses the family from their beds from some causeless terror, the trouble she gives is not counterbalanced by seeing her in her night-cap; and when she shuts herself in the cellar during a thunder storm, no gallant swain begs to accompany her to her retirement. Poor girl! her life is one long panic, she has contrived to unite in herself all possible fears and apprehensions; she is scolded by the rigid, lectured by the wise, called silly by some, affected by others—her family grieve for her, her acquaintance laugh at her; but still her terrors continue too stubborn for conquest or controul. On one occasion, however, she added an instance to the myriads which already existed, of the strength of woman's affection—of the mighty power of that love which will teach her to make every thing possible in the service of its object. Emma is strongly attached to her mother, to whom she was the most tender and indefatigable of nurses in an illness which endangered her life. Quiet was strictly recommended, and Emma seemed suddenly gifted with a fairy's power of treading and moving inaudibly. She performed every office required in a sick room with magical gentleness and celerity; and when every other duty was done,

took her station by her mother's pillow. One morning, while the invalid's hand was yet pressed by her daughter's fingers, she gradually fell into a gentle slumber; and Emma, who knew how essential rest was to her mother's recovery, hailed this favourable symptom with inexpressible delight. Notwithstanding the cramp and numbness which ensued, Emma inviolably retained her position, scarcely permitting herself to breathe and withdrew her eyes from her mother's face from a sort of indefinable dread, lest their anxious glance, should disturb her slumbers. In this situation a slight noise was heard, and Emma's fearful ears detected the approach of a mouse. There is no creature of which she has a greater horror; I have seen her countenance change when she heard its distant scratching, and she has nearly fainted away at the sight of one in a trap. On the present occasion, however, "love mastered fear:" she sat perfectly still, and only dreaded lest the tumultuous beating of her heart should communicate itself to the hand which held that of her mother in its gentle pressure. Presently, the curtains at the foot of the bed are seen to move, and in a few moments the little creature makes its appearance. It fixes its sharp eyes on Emma's pale face, pauses for half a minute, gathers courage from her marble like aspect, and begins to nibble some crumbs which remained on the coverlet. I am certain that what Emma suffered far exceeded mere bodily pain, it was the very *agony* of fear—fear, the intenseness of which was not diminished by its folly. The worst, however, was to come. The animal, undisturbed by any noise or movement, continued to approach still nearer; and, at length, as if commissioned to put Emma's affection and self command to the fullest trial, it positively touched her hand. She felt a sort of icy pulse pervade every limb, her very heart appeared to tremble; but she retained her position, and declares she felt no apprehension of being made to start or scream, for she had a thorough confidence in the efficacy of that feeling, which, in the breast of woman, is often stronger than the love of life. Though all within her shook from agitation, all continued statue like without; and it was not till the mouse was approaching her mother's arm, that Emma gently moved her disengaged hand, and scared the little monster to its hiding place. Her mother's sleep con-

tinned, she awoke refreshed, and when Emma left the room, little supposed that it was to give relief, by tears and violent agitation, to suppressed terror and concealed suffering. I ought to add, that her mother recovered; and that, however ludicrous some of Emma's terrors may be, her fear of a mouse is now too sacred a subject for ridicule.

Mademoiselle de la Rochejaquelin relates a beautiful instance of sudden courage springing out of alarmed affection. She was so great a coward on horseback, that even when a servant held the bridle, and a gentleman walked on each side, she would weep from apprehension. Yet, when she heard that her husband was wounded, all former fears yielded to her anxiety for him: "Je ne voulus pas rester un moment de plus. Je pris un mauvais petit cheval qui se trouvait par hasard dans la cour; je ne laissai pas le temps d'arranger les étriers qui etrient inégaux, et je partis au grand galop; en trois quarts d'heure je fis trois grandes lieues de mauvais chemins."

It is thus that woman redeems her follies—thus that she ennobles cowardice, and sanctifies defects. I intreat pardon for every thing I have said against her—I blush, I apologize. I retract. I sat down in ill humour, for the fears of my family had just compelled me to reject a ticket for the Coronation; but I have written myself into a tolerable temper, and am better able to appreciate the affectionate anxiety of which I was the victim. I must pay some price for a thousand daily kindnesses and hourly attentions, a wakefulness to real danger, which is my safeguard in sickness, a devotedness of love which despises trouble and annihilates difficulty. If female fears annoy me abroad female affection blesses me at home; if my mother and sisters are determined on dying a violent death, yet they would risk infection and danger to preserve my life. Women ought not to be more perfect than they are. In virtue and warmth of heart they excel us already; add strength of mind, and a calm courage, equally removed from ungraceful boldness and unreasonable fear, and we must seek our spouses in some other planet.

W. E.

AN AMERICAN NOVEL.

"The Spy, a Tale of the Neutral Ground," written by Mr. COOPER, a young gentleman of New York, has justly excited the admiration of the public. We make the following extract as a specimen of the author's style, intending to furnish hereafter a more detailed account of the work. The writer represents Harvey Birch, a pedlar, as returning home after a short absence, where he finds his father in the agonies of death.

"Is he alive?" asked Birch tremulously, and seemingly afraid to receive an answer to his own question.

"Surely," said the maiden, rising hastily, and officiously offering her chair to the pedlar, "he must live till day or the tide is down."

Disregarding all but her assurance, the pedlar stole gently to the room of his dying parent. The tie which bound this father and son together was one of no ordinary kind. In the wide world they were all to each other. Had Katy but have read a few lines farther in the record, she would have seen the sad tale of their misfortunes. At one blow competence and kindred had been swept from before them, and from that day to the present hour, persecution and distress had followed their wandering step. Approaching the bed side, Harvey leaned his body forward, and said, in a voice nearly choked by his feelings—

"Father, do you know me?"

The parent slowly opened his eyes, and a smile of satisfaction passed over his pallid features, leaving behind it the impression of death in still greater force from the contrast. The pedlar gave a restorative he had brought with him to the parched lips of the sick man, and for a few minutes new vigour seemed to be imparted to his frame. He spoke, but slowly and with difficulty. Curiosity kept Katy silent; awe had the same effect on Cæsar; and Harvey seemed hardly to breathe, as he listened to the language of the departing spirit.

"My son," said the father in a hollow voice, "God is as merciful as he is just—if I threw the cup of salvation from my lips when a youth, he graciously offers it to me in mine age. He chastiseth to purify, and I go to join the spirits of our lost family. In a little while, my child, you will be alone. I know you too well not to foresee you will be a lone pilgrim through life. The bruised reed may endure, but it will never rise. You have that

within you, Harvey, that will guide you aright; persevere as you have begun. for the duties of life are never to be neglected—and"—A noise in the adjoining room interrupted the dying man, and the impatient pedlar hastened to learn the cause, followed by Katy and the black. The first glance of his eye on the figure in the door way told the trader but too well both his errand, and the fate that probably awaited himself. The intruder was a man still young in years, but his lineaments bespoke a mind long agitated by evil passions. His dress was of the meanest materials, and so ragged and unseemly, as to give him the appearance of studied poverty. His hair was prematurely whitened, and his sunken, lowering eye avoided the bold, forward look of innocence. There was a restlessness in his movements, and agitation in his manner, that proceeded from the workings of the foul spirit within him, and which was not less offensive to others than distressing to himself. This man was a well known leader of one of those gangs of marauders who infested the country with a semblance of patriotism, and were guilty of every grade of offence, from simple theft up to murder. Behind him stood several other figures clad in a similar manner, but whose countenances expressed nothing more than the callous indifference of brutal insensibility. They were all well armed with muskets and bayonets, and provided with the usual implements of foot soldiers. Harvey knew resistance to be vain, and quietly submitted to their directions. In the twinkling of an eye both he and Cæsar were stripped of their decent garments, and made to exchange clothes with two of the filthiest of the band. They were then placed in separate corners of the room, and under the muzzles of the muskets, required faithfully to answer such interrogatories as were put to them.

"Where is your pack?" was the first question to the pedlar.

"Hear me," said Birch, trembling with agitation; "in the next room is my father now in the agonies of death; let me go to him, receive his blessing, and close his eyes, and you shall have all—aye all."

"Answer me as I put the questions, or this musket shall send you to keep the old driveller company—where is your pack?"

"I will tell you nothing unless you let me go to my father," said the pedlar resolutely.

His persecutor raised his arm with a malicious sneer, and was about to execute his threat, when one of his companions checked him, and cried—

“What would you do? you surely forget the reward. Tell us where are your goods, and you shall go to your father.”

Birch complied instantly, and a man was despatched in quest of the booty: he soon returned, throwing the bundle on the floor, swearing it was light as feathers.

“Ay,” cried the leader, “there must be gold somewhere for what it did contain; give us your gold, Mr. Birch; we know you have it; you will not take continental, not you.”

“You break your faith,” said Harvey sullenly.

“Give us your gold,” exclaimed the other furiously, pricking the pedlar with his bayonet until the blood followed his pushes in streams. At this instant a slight movement was heard in the adjoining room, and Harvey cried imploringly—

“Let me—let me go to my father, and you shall have all.”

“I swear you shall go then,” said the skinner.

“Here take the trash,” cried Birch, as he threw aside the purse, which he had contrived to conceal, notwithstanding the change in his garments.

The robber raised it from the floor with a hellish laugh, as he said coolly—

“Ay, but it shall be to your father in heaven.”

“Monster!” exclaimed Birch, “have you no feeling, no faith, no honesty?”

“Why to hear him, one would think there was not a rope around his neck already,” said the other malignantly. “There is no necessity of your being uneasy, Mr. Birch; if the old man gets a few hours the start of you in the journey, you will be sure to follow him before noon to morrow.”

This unfeeling communication had no effect on the pedlar, who listened with gasping breath to every sound from the room of his parent until he heard his own name spoken in the hollow, sepulchral tones of death. Birch could endure no more, but shrieking out

“Father, hush, father, I come—I come:” he darted by his keeper, and was the next moment pinned to the wall by the bayonet of another; fortunately his quick motion had caused him to

escape a thrust aimed at his life, and it was by his clothes only that he was confined.

"No, Mr. Birch," said the skinner, "we know you too well for a slippery rascal to trust you out of sight—your gold—your gold."

"You have it," said the pedlar, writhing with the agony of his situation.

"Ay, we have the purse; but you have more purses. King George is a prompt paymaster, and you have done him many a piece of good service. Where is your hoard? without it you will never see your father."

"Remove the stone underneath the woman," cried the pedlar eagerly—"remove the stone."

"He raves—he raves," said Katy, instinctively moving her position to another stone than the one on which she had been standing; in a moment it was torn from its bed, and nothing but earth was seen under it.

"He raves; you have driven him from his right mind," continued the trembling spinster; "would any man in his senses think of keeping gold under a hearth stone?"

"Peace, babbling fool," cried Harvey—"lift the corner stone, and you will find what will make you rich, and me a beggar."

"And then you will be despicable," said the housekeeper bitterly. "A pedlar without goods and without money—is sure to be despicable."

"There will be enough left to pay for his halter," cried the skinner, as he opened upon a store of English guineas. These were quickly transferred to a bag, notwithstanding the declaration of the spinster, that her dues were unsatisfied, and that of right, ten of the guineas should be her property.

Delighted with a prize that greatly exceeded their expectations, the band prepared to depart, intending to take the pedlar with them in order to give him up to some of the American troops above, and claim the reward offered for his apprehension. Every thing was ready, and they were about to lift Birch in their arms, as he refused to move an inch; when a figure entered the room that appalled the group—around his body was thrown the sheet of the bed from which he had risen, and his fixed eye and haggard face gave him the appearance of a being from another world. Even Katy and Cæsar thought it was the spirit of the

elder Birch, and they both fled the house, followed by the alarmed skimmers.

The excitement which had given the sick man strength soon vanished, and the pedlar, lifting him in his arms, re-conveyed him to his bed. The re-action of the system which followed, hastened to close the scene.

The glazed eye of the father was fixed upon the son; his lips moved, but his voice was unheard. Harvey bent down, and with his parting breath, received the dying benediction of his parent. A life of privation, of care, and of wrongs, embittered most of the future hours of the pedlar. But under no sufferings—in no misfortune—the subject of poverty and biting obloquy—the remembrance of that blessing never left him. It constantly gleamed over the images of the past, shedding a holy radiance around his saddest hours of despondency. It cheered the prospect of the future with the prayers of a pious spirit for his well being; and it brought assurance to his soul of having discharged faithfully and truly the sacred offices of filial love.

A DUMB WITNESS.

Allesandro d'Medecis, the first *Doge* of Florence, was called on once to decide in a case where there was no evidence. The case was this, A very wealthy citizen of Bergamo lent to a Florentine 400 crowns, when no one was present. When the money became due, the lender demanded payment, and the borrower denied having borrowed any. In this state the case came before Allesandro. The one asserted the fact and the other positively denied it. Did you, said Allesandro, lend money when no one was present? I did indeed, sir, and counted it out on an old post. Go, bring the post, said the Judge, and I will make it confess the truth. The creditor hastened to obey, although astonished at the order. In the mean time the *Doge* was engaged in other business, till finally he turned to the debtor and said, that fellow is very slow with his post. It is so heavy that I doubt whether he has had time to bring it, said the borrower. In a short time again Allesandro exclaimed, what kind of people are they who lend their money without witnesses, was there no one near when he lent the money, but the post? No, replied the knave. Then the post is a good witness, said Allesandro, and you shall pay back the money.

Roscoe's life de Medicis.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH.

O'er thy banks now so still and forlorn,
 The dark Shawanoe used to rove,
 And his trail might be found every morn,
 In the cane-brake, and cotton tree grove;
 His war-song he often has sung,
 By the shade of yon wide spreading tree,
 While the far distant echoes have rung,
 To the voice of the bold Shawanoe.

Where'er in the short winding dell,
 Or the prairie, in ambush he lay,
 The huge elk and buffaloe fell,
 And the nimble wild deer was his prey.
 But in war was the chieftain's delight;—
 No warrior more valiant than he,
 There was none in the bloodiest fight,
 More fierce than the bold Shawanoe.

The Shawanoe warrior has gone,
 The light of his valour has fled,
 And his cruel oppressors alone,
 Can show where he battled and bled;—
 The fate of the chief is fulfilled,
 His foes from his vengeance are free,
 But the heart of the white man is chilled,
 When he thinks of the bold Shawanoe.

ORLANDO.

Shawanoe Town, Illinois.

DREAMS.

From the Illinois Gazette.

Could we dream but of bliss, 'twere delight to sleep,
 Till we finished our brief mortal pilgrimage here;
 But alas! we too often are called on to weep,
 O'er the brightest delusions that mark our career;
 For what are the hopes of our youth but light dreams,
 That brighten the slumber of reason's first dawn?

And how do they fly, when the tremulous beams
Of friendship and love from the fancy are gone!

Man's life is a day by dark clouds overcast—
And he only is happy who sinks to repose,
With a heart undefiled by the scenes that are past,
And a conscience that dreads not eternity's woes:
If such be the night—who shall sigh for the day—
Or seek to arrest its rude blasts as they fly?
When happy beneath the night planet's soft ray,
Of heaven he dreams and forgets how to sigh.

And such be my fate—let the sun shed his light
On the millions who toil for REALITY'S dress;
Be mine the soft rapture which beams through the night,
That man cannot steal, nor adversity cross.
Then my dark fate forgotten—I fancy a lot,
From sorrow, and care, and inquietude free;
And see a soft smile, and can think of a cot,
Which, adorn'd by *that smile*, is a palace to me.

ORLANDO.

DISSIPATION.

Not the jaws of Charybdis, nor the hoarse rocks of Scylla,
Not all the fell dangers that lurk in the deep,
Not the earthquake's deep yawn, nor the volcano's lava,
Not pestilence' breath, or the hurricane's sweep;

Not all the dread monsters that live through creation—
Have caused such destruction, such mis'ry and we,
As from that arch pest of mankind, DISSIPATION,
Through the civilized world incessantly flow.

'Tis a vortex insatiate, on whose giddy bosom
The victim is whirl'd till his senses are gone,
Till, lost to all shame and the dictates of reason,
He lends not one effort to ever return.

Ah! view on its surface the ruins of genius,
 The wreck of the scholar, the christian, and friend!
 The learning, the wit, the graces that charm'd us,
 In the mind-drowning bowl meet a premature end.

Ah! hear, drown'd in tears, the disconsolate mother
 Lament the lost state of a favorite son,
 Hear the wife and the child, the sister and brother,
 Mourn a husband, a father, a brother undone.



MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

At a stated meeting of Kenhawa Lodge, No 104, Virginia, held on the 11th December, 1821, the following brethren were duly elected Officers for the ensuing year.

P. M. Spicer Patrick, <i>W. Master.</i>	Zebulon Griffin, S. D.	
James C. M'Farland, S. W.	Emza Wilson, J. D.	
William S. Summers J. W.	John P. Turner,	} STEWARDS.
Ephraim S. Eddy, <i>Secy.</i>	Henry S. Creal,	
James A. Lewis, <i>TREASURER.</i>	George Mitchell,	<i>TYLER.</i>

At a late meeting of Mount Vernon Encampment, Worthington, Ohio, the following officers were elected for the present year.

M. E. Sir John Snow, *GRAND COMMANDER,*
 E. Sir Benj. Gardiner, *GENERALISSIMO,*
 E. Sir Wm. Little, *CAPTAIN GENERAL,*
 Rev. Sir Joseph S. Hughb, *PRELATE,*
 Sir Pardon Sprague, *SENIOR WARDEN,*
 Sir Anthony P. Pritchard, *JUNIOR WARDEN,*
 Sir Daniel Upson, *TREASURER,*
 Sir Caleb Howard, *RECORDER,*
 Sir Erastus Webb, *SWORD BEARER,*
 Sir Timothy Baker, *STANDARD BEARER,*
 Sir Chauncey Baker, *WARDER,*
 Sir Joseph Greer, *GUARD.*

THE
MASONIC MISCELLANY

AND

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

FOR JUNE, 1822.

No. 12.

NATIONAL GRAND LODGE.

CIRCULAR LETTER

Of the committee appointed by the Convocation of Masons held at Washington City, March 9, 1822.

The committee, in complying with the above resolutions,* are aware that a meeting of individual Masons, however respectable in number and character, could delegate no regular authority in behalf of the Masonic body; and, if they could, it was unnecessary. This paper will, therefore, be understood, as it is intended, a proceeding, originating in the necessity of the case, to adopt some mode by which the general views of Masons in the different states of the American Union may be ascertained.

The history of the Masonic Institution shows that, though established among various nations, it was, in each country, confined to a comparatively small number. The jurisdiction exercised by Grand Lodges, like almost every exertion of power or of moral influence, was concentrated in different capital cities. The subordinate Lodges were few in number and their connexion with the supreme head was very direct. Till within a recent period, it is believed, no great number of lodges have been united under a single jurisdiction. The art of printing and other causes have produced great changes in the condition of the world, and these causes have operated in their full proportion on the society of Freemasons. The sphere of civilization is greatly enlarging its boundaries: intellectual attainment, and the influence of moral operations, are taking the place of brute force: known principles and laws are recognized, and the

*See our last number, page 418.

advantages of cultivated reason are shared by an increased population of mankind. Under these circumstances Masonry has been extended, and its lodges so multiplied as to make their proper conduct a subject of much interest to the friends of the society.

There are two points which at once present themselves in connection with the idea of establishing a General Grand Lodge of the United States. The first is to acquire, in a correspondence with foreign nations, an elevated stand for the Masonry of this country; to unite with them in maintaining its general principles in their purity; and, secondly, to preserve, between our own states, that uniformity in work and that active interchange of good offices, which would be difficult, if not impossible, by other means.

The committee do not presume to instruct their brethren in the nature of an institution in which they have a common interest. They are governed by a few plain considerations known to all who have attended to the subject.

The antiquity of the Masonic society, extended so far beyond all other human associations, seizes the attention, and the mind is naturally impressed with feelings of interest for an institution transmitted to us through the long train of a hundred ages. Time, which destroys all perishable things, seems to have consolidated the pillars of this moral temple. We contemplate the long catalogue of excellent men who have been equally the supporters of Masonry and the ornaments of human nature; and, we say, almost unconsciously, that the present generation, with all its lights, must not tarnish the name of an institution consecrated by so many circumstances calculated to endear it to the mind of a good man.

Without making invidious comparisons between the United States and other portions of the world, there are some great considerations of responsibility, which our intelligent citizens, accustomed to reflect on the affairs of nations, cannot overlook. The Masons of the United States, in character as such, have their full share of this moral responsibility. They will consider their institution as one of the great social causes to allay low-minded jealousies between nations at peace; and in war to mitigate the horrors which it cannot avert. While they offer

their gratitude to a beneficent Providence for their own blessings, they will not be regardless of their obligations to their brethren through the world.

These reflections, drawn from the external circumstances of Masonry, are strengthened by the consideration of its intrinsic nature. Its foundation is fixed in the social feelings and the best principles of the human mind. Its maxims are the lessons of virtue reduced to practical application. It stands opposed to sordidness; to a jealous or revengeful temper; to all the selfish and malevolent passions: it coincides with the highest motives of patriotism, the most expanded philanthropy, and concentrates all its precepts in reverence to a divine Creator, and good-will to man.

The United States are supposed to contain near 80,000 Freemasons. They are generally in the vigor of manhood, and capable of much active usefulness. Notwithstanding the abuses in some places by the admission of unworthy members, they are, as a body, above mediocrity in character and talent. It becomes an interesting question how the energies of this body can be best combined to give effect to the benevolent design of their association.

From causes which need no explanation, the Masonic jurisdiction in this country has taken its form from the political divisions. The modification which it has undergone, from the spirit of our civil institutions, has its benefits and its defects. Each of our state jurisdictions is supreme within itself. Whatever collisions may exist; whatever abuses; whatever departures from the correct standard, in principle or in rites; whatever injury to the common cause; there is no mode assigned to obviate the wrongs which it is the interest of all to prevent. There is no provision for a systematic interchange of Masonic intelligence. In one or two instances there are already two or more Grand Lodges in the same state, each claiming superior jurisdiction, and with no acknowledged boundaries between them. Will not these evils increase as our population becomes more dense, unless means be seasonably used to guard against them? Is the difference now prevailing between different states an evil which calls for remedy? Every good Mason must wish chiefly for the harmony of the general institution: for the society is so formed that no par-

ticular part, however meritorious by itself, can continue to prosper if the body at large is brought into disgrace. Is the Masonry of our country at present a great arch without a key-stone? Is it not in danger of falling? Are not many of the books which are published in the name of the Masonic institution, derogatory to its character and interest?

It is not the design of the committee to enter into arguments on this subject; nor to lay down their own opinions as a guide for those better able to judge; but to proceed to the only duty required of them to perform.

According to the preceding resolutions the committee are to submit the question whether it be expedient that a Grand Lodge of the United States be formed; and secondly, to request those Grand Lodges which approve that object, to appoint delegates to meet at Washington, on the second Monday of February next, to take such measures as may be deemed most proper for the organization of such General Grand Lodge.

It is requested that this letter may not be published in newspapers; but submitted to the several Grand Lodges, and distributed among Masons, as a subject concerning the affairs of their own body.

If the information furnished to the committee should render it expedient, perhaps another letter may be forwarded, giving a statement of such facts as may be interesting to be known, previous to a final decision on the course to be taken.

An answer is requested, with a free expression of opinion on the subject of this communication. Such answer may be directed to any member of the committee, or, in particular, to WILLIAM W. SEATON, Esq. Washington.

HENRY CLAY,
WILLIAM H. WINDER,
WILLIAM S CARDELL,
JOEL ABBOT,
JOHN HOLMES,
HENRY BALDWIN,
JOHN H. EATON,
WILLIAM W. SEATON,
CHRISTOPHER RANKIN,
THOMAS R. ROSS,
H. G. BURTON.

Extract from an Oration delivered at Wythe Court House, Virginia,
Dec. 27. 1851, by Brother LEWIS AMOS.

If we enter the field of speculative conjecture, on the change that took place in Adam on his expulsion from the garden of Eden, from the deformity produced on the face of the world, we shall be led to conclude, that although not distorted in body, yet he was much darkened in his understanding; that confusion would usurp the throne of wisdom, and darkness cloud the day of his capacity. However this may be, we are not left to conjecture as to the great and dreadful consequences which took place in his posterity.

No doubt Adam retained all the strength of memory, a terrible portion of the punishment his disobedience had incurred, restoring to him perfect images and never-dying estimates of what he had lost, and thereby increasing the bitterness of what he had purchased.

Adam would necessarily teach to his family the sciences he had comprehended in Eden, and the knowledge he had gained of nature and her God.

It would seem from Gen. iv. chap. 16th verse, that the family of Can (who bore the seal of the curse) was given up to ignorance. We look back to our first parent as the original professor of the worship of the true God, to whom the religion and mysteries of nature were first revealed, and from whom all the wisdom of the world was in the beginning derived. Here we date our initiation into the first degree of Masonry. Here I cannot be explicit, my brethren, but we know that *the light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not.*

Oral tradition has faithfully transmitted to posterity through the annals of masonry, those inestimable lessons of truth and knowledge, taught by our first parent. To our great consolation I assert that the universal language is retained uncorrupted, notwithstanding the confusion of the plains of Shinar.

The revelation of God to Moses, gives the strongest evidence of the antiquity and purity of our institution. Moses was initiated in all the knowledge and wisdom of the Egyptians, together with the science and learning of the first ages in the East. He was also assisted by immediate revelation from God; he divest-

ed the worship of God of all its idolatrous mysteries and images, and communicated the Divine economy on two tables of stone, written with the finger of God. This writing, though unintelligible to the people, was fully comprehended by Moses, which he substantially details to them in the 20th and 24th chapters of Exodus. These tables were deposited in the Ark of the Covenant, by the express command of God, which brings me to the second degree in our order.

The Temple at Jerusalem owns the probation of Craftsmen. Here again we are furnished with additional evidence of the divine approbation of our institution. Our Grand Master Solomon, whose intimate connection with us, is known to every master mason, was selected by the almighty ruler of the heavens and the earth, to build a temple in honor of the true and living God. In the third chapter of 1st Kings, we find that this highly favored personage had the selection between riches and wisdom: that he chose wisdom as the divine bounty. God approved his choice and assured him he should excel in wisdom all men who had been before him or should come after him. I shall pass over many events in the building of this temple which was designed to contain the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord, wherein the two tables of stone were deposited, and notice only a few prominent features in the execution of the work. Solomon's league with Hiram King of Tyre is detailed in that part of Holy Writ which notices or gives an account of this building: but his more intimate connection with us, is only known to master masons.

Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian, gives us copies of the friendly epistles which passed between Solomon King of Israel and Hiram King of Tyre. These epistles, he says, were preserved amongst the records of the Jewish nation, in his day. He further tells us that Solomon sent to Hiram King of Tyre and brought thence an artificer whose name was Hiram. This man was skilful in all sorts of work, but his chief skill lay in working in gold and silver and brass; by whom were made all the mechanical works about the temple, according to the will of Solomon. This Hiram made two pillars which he set up at the entrance of the porch of the temple; one at the entrance at the right hand and called it Jachin, and the other at the left hand

and called it Boaz. At the building of this temple men of every order and degree were employed. There God himself clearly communicated with his workmen, instructed them and increased their architectural skill. But it will be necessary to notice these pillars a little further. These pillars were both ornamental and emblematical. Boaz being in its literal translation, *in thee is strength*; and Jachin, *it shall be established*. Or in other words they carried this import: *Oh Lord! thou art mighty, and thy power is established from everlasting to everlasting*: Or as Boaz was the father of David, *the house of David shall be established forever*. The express words of Nathan the prophet of the Lord to David, which you may find in the 2d Psalm, vii. chap. 12, 13, 16 verses, established this proposition incontestably. We ornament our entrance into our Lodges with those emblematical pillars, in commemoration of this great promise to the faithful. At the building of this Temple, such were the superior endowments of those holy, religious men, such their advancement in the knowledge of the craft, that the work was conducted with that degree of holy reverence, that even the noise of a tool or instrument was not permitted to disturb the sacred silence on Mount Moriah, sanctified by the presence of the Lord and his miraculous works. The building of this temple forms the second stage of the worship of God under the Jewish rites and ceremonies. It gives us also a prelude to the coming of our glorious Redeemer, as proclaimed in the holy Gospel. But my brethren, scenes took place in the building of the Temple which are no where recorded but in the annals of Masonry; scenes which it is unlawful for me to develop on the present occasion; scenes of which the world must remain ignorant * * * * * Which brings me to the Master's Order. Here my brethren, my mind is drawn out in solemn but pleasing contemplations. Here again, I am restricted. I cannot be explicit. Here scenes sublime and interesting took place, which it is unlawful for me to utter, scenes no where recorded but in the Master Mason's Order. But every Master Mason retains a recollection of Mount Moriah, the Sprig of Cassia, and the raising of the dead.

In the 8th chapter of first Kings we find, when the Temple was finished, that Solomon at its dedication brought up the Ark

of the Covenant, containing the two tables delivered to Moses on Mount Horeb, and deposited it with all the sacred vessels of the tabernacle in the Temple that he stood before the altar of the Lord, in the presence of all the congregation of Israel, and spread forth his hands and said, "O Lord God of Israel, there is no God like thee, in heaven above or on the earth beneath. O Lord my God, hearken to the cry and prayer which thy servant prayeth before thee. O Lord God, turn not away from the face of thine anointed." In the 9th chapter 1st Kings, we find that the Lord appeared unto Solomon and said unto him, "I have heard thy prayer and thy supplication that thou hast made before me: I have hallowed this house, which thou hast built, to put my name there forever, and mine eyes and mine heart shall be there perpetually." I request you will also read the 6th and 7th chapters of 2d Chronicles.

The pious order of men who had planned and built the Temple, borne down by the ravages of time, slept with their fathers. The worship of God under the Jewish rites had become clouded and obscured by the ceremonies of the neighboring heathen. The reverence and adoration due to the divinity, was buried in the filth and rubbish of the world. Religion sat mourning in sack-cloth and ashes, and morality was scattered as upon the four winds of heavens.

In order that mankind might be preserved from this deplorable state of darkness and destruction, and as the old law was dead and had become rottenness, a new doctrine and new precepts were wanting to give the key to Salvation, in the language of which we might touch the ear of an offended Deity, and bring forth hope for eternity. True religion was fled. Those who sought her through the wisdom of the ancients were not able to raise her. She eluded the grasp, and their polluted hands were stretched forth in vain for her restoration. Those who sought her by the old law were frustrated; for death had stepped in between and defiled the embrace; sin had beset her steps, and the vices of the world had overwhelmed her.

The Great and Almighty God, commiserating the condition of the fallen progeny of our first parent, sent his only son, who was innocence itself, into the world to teach the doctrine of salva-

tion by faith in his name; by whom man was raised from the death of sin to a life of righteousness; from the tomb of corruption to the chambers of hope; from the darkness of despair to the celestial beams of faith: and not only working for us this redemption but also making with us the covenant of regeneration, whence we are become the children of the divinity and inheritors of the realms of heaven.

We masons, describing the deplorable state of religion under the Jewish Laws, speak in figures. Her tomb was in the rubbish cast forth from the Temple and innocence wove its branches over her monument.

The master mason represents a man, under the christian doctrine, saved from the grave of iniquity and raised to the faith of salvation. As the great testimonial that we are raised from the state of corruption, we bear the Emblem of the Holy Trinity, as the insignia of our vows, and the origin of the Master's Order.

FROM THE MASONIC CHRONICLE.

THE ROYAL FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

THE following remarks on "The Royal Friendship Society of the United States of America," may not be uninteresting to your readers. With an intention to diffuse light and friendship to all mankind, I offer them for publication.

Yours,

S. * W. *****

The Royal Friendship Society is similar to Masonry, though not so ancient, as it commenced with David the son of Jesse, and Jonathan the son of Saul; about the year of the world 2941, and 1063 before the Christian era; and our date stands thus "*Anno Amicitie*. 2385" (*Anno Domini* 1822) and that it has flourished in the old and new world cannot be denied. Like the Masonic Society, it has its secrets, words, signs, and grips, and probably ever had from its beginning.

That a secret it was kept, is true,
For "none but they the matter knew."*

*1 Samuel, 20 chap. 39 v.

It has lately been introduced into part of the state of New York, (by the Rev Jonathan Nichols, President of the Grand Royal Friendship Society of the United States of America,) and it flourishes in the state of Pennsylvania, and many of our sister states. To show that it flourished in the old world, I will quote a few lines from an English publication published many years since; a song, entitled, "The Progress of Masonry." It was probably not known by the name it now bears neither was Masonry known by its present name in ancient days.

"Next David and Jonathan a covenant made,
By the son of great Saul he ne'er was betray'd;
And though strange, yet it's scriptural truth that I tell,
That the love of Saul's son did all woman's excel.
David's heart sore did ache this kind love to return,
When for Saul's seven sons the Lord's anger did burn;
Then the sons of great Saul king David did take,
But spared Mephibosheth for Jonathan's sake.||

This fabric (Royal Friendship) is supported by four strong pillars, which are

"Love to God, good will to men,
"The Widow's Brother, and the Orphan's Friend." §§

The author above quoted says, at the close of his song—

"Our secret divine, which hath lain long conceal'd,
By a light from above unto me was reveal'd;
Surprised with the radiance with which it did shine,
I felt and confess'd it was something divine."

May this society flourish; may its "*choicest, ripest fruit*" be nourished and preserved by every true craftsman around the globe; may its worthy Royal Friends never stray from its ancient land marks, but always keep the front and right hand pillar in view, viz. "*Love to God*;" and may the others never be entirely invisible, is the prayer and good wish of a

ROYAL FRIEND.

N. B. I would further draw the attention of every Royal Friend to the sermon of "Brother Parker, B. A. preached before

†1 Samuel, 18 chap. 3 v. and 20 chap. 7 v.

‡1 Samuel, 20 chap. 41 v.

§2 Samuel, 21 chap. 6 v.

||2 Samuel, 9 chap. 7 v. and 21 chap. 7 v.

§§ 1 Samuel 20 chap. 42 v. Zechariah 7 chap. 10 v.

the Lodge of Harmony, No. 575," inserted in No. 12 of "The Star in the West; or, Masonic Chronicle"

Steuben County, N. Y. June 24, A. A. 2882.



FROM THE BALTIMORE MORNING CHRONICLE.

MASONIC ODE.

Empires and kings have passed away,
 Into oblivion's mine;
 And tow'ring domes have felt decay,
 Since auld lang syne.

But Masonry, the glorious art,
 With level, square, and line,
 Has liv'd, its mystic light t' impart,
 Since auld lang syne.

Behold the orient light arise,
 With wisdom's ray divine;
 'Twas ever so, the Hebrew cries,
 In auld lang syne.

Behold the occidental chair,
 Proclaims the day's decline—
 Hiram of Tyre was seated there
 In auld lang syne.

The South proclaims refreshments nigh,
 High twelve 's the time to dine;
 And beauty deck'd the southern sky,
 In auld lang syne.

Yes, Masonry, whose temple here,
 Was built by hand divine,
 Shall ever shine as bright and clear,
 As in auld lang syne.

Then brethren, for the worthy three,
 Let us a wreath entwine,
 The three great heads of Masonry,
 In auld lang syne.

Remembering oft that worthy one,
 With gratitude divine;
 The Tyrian youth—the widow's son,
 Of auld lang syne.

A WORKMAN OF THE TEMPLE.



ATTACK UPON MASONRY.

The following tissue of scurrility contains the most direct, bold, and unblushing attack upon our order, we have ever met with, in this country. It is in some respects, however, far better than the insidious assaults of less audacious foes. It speaks plainly, and we know how to meet it. We publish it for two reasons; first, because we deem it our duty to repel charges so unfounded and so monstrous; and secondly, because we consider it eminently calculated to stimulate the upright and zealous mason, to endeavor to preserve unspotted the purity of the order, both by guarding the portals of the Masonic Temple against the intrusion of unworthy applicants, and by maintaining a rigid discipline over the morals of those who have already gained admission. It may be proper to premise, that the writer of the following philippic is not satisfied with abusing Freemasonry: he is equally virulent against Theological Institutions, Education Societies, Bible Societies, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Missionaries of every denomination. He professes to be himself a Free Mason, and to give information from his personal knowledge.

"From my own experience and observation, I testify that we have no greater school for the promotion of licentiousness, libertinism and dissipation, than that which opens upon the nightly closings of many of the lodges. The inebriating glass is received at the lips of the weak and unwary under the full conviction, that the mantle of secrecy is to cover every act committed within the enclosure of the lodge. Songs of the most indecorous kind are chanted by the social wine-warmed brother, to the evident gratification of some of those, who, on other occasions, would appear covered with shame and confusion—but the impressions of secrecy divest those demoralizing scenes of their deformity, and familiarize the once innocent mind with obscene jokes, and intemperate characters. The "Grand Chaplain," a-

ware of the improprieties of the table, and the dignity of his profession, seldom if ever graces the "festive board" with his approving presence. Were it not for those nightly orgies, Masonry would soon lose her charms, and our lodges their visitants.

Where can we find the religious Christian who passes the portals of a lodge, to participate in the disgusting forms and puerile ceremonials that there obtain? In my long intercourse with the fraternity, I have never observed the morals of an individual improved by any of their deeds; but am drawn to the irresistible fact that many, very many, have greatly deteriorated, and may date their departure from the paths of rectitude, at the reception of their masonic obligation; than which *none can be more opposed to the divine precepts of Jesus Christ, and the universal spreading of his blessed gospel.* How often do we see their oath violated in the over-reaching of one another, in the destruction of their fortunes from endorsements given under its imposing sanctity; while on the other hand, from the natural tendency of the oath, we have every reason to believe, that the stream of equity is often obstructed in our courts of justice by that tie which may exist between the juror and plaintiff, or the defendant and juror as masons. Many of those otherwise inexplicable decisions of jurors can, no doubt, be traced to this reprehensible predilection. There certainly was never a more levelling, corrupting institution—it "unites men of sense, knowledge and worthy qualities," with those of weak intellects, uncultivated minds and disolute habits. How we are to know that the founders of the institution, "were men of unblemished life and conversation, and devoted to useful science, and the practice of benevolence, &c." I cannot tell, as the whole of our knowledge concerning it, is handed down by tradition, and is therefore as likely to be erroneous and exaggerated, as is the knowledge of Mahometans concerning their founder. To believe that by masonic means, "the arts and sciences, and above all the Holy Scriptures, and with them the knowledge and worship of the one God, have been in a good measure preserved amidst the general idolatry and ignorance of mankind, during a long series of time," requires more credulity than falls to my portion. I cannot for a moment entertain the idea, that so polluted a channel would have ever been selected by infinite power, goodness and wisdom, to convey to us the writings of his inspired penmen, much less to instruct us in the all-important knowledge and worship of himself."

We know not the author of this unparalleled abuse. The publication is anonymous, and therefore the pretensions of its writer to personal knowledge and experience are entitled to no weight. We can only say, that if he has really found, as he asserts, the lodge with which he was acquainted, a school for the

promotion of licentiousness, libertinism, and dissipation, he has been remarkably unfortunate in the choice of his associates. We do not assert that no lodge can be so corrupt as he represents, although we confess we do not believe that any one is so. Every thing human is imperfect, and this writer *may* have been connected with a lodge composed of the dregs of the order. He may perhaps have found, even among masons, a sufficient number of licentious, dissipated libertines to form a lodge, and to pervert its sacred meetings to the gratification of a depraved and abandoned taste. He may perchance have found, among his congenial associates, some from whose polluting assemblies, not only the Grand Chaplain, but every discreet, orderly man, would retire in disgust. He has no right, however, to palm upon the world a description of the conduct of his unprincipled companions, as a fair representation of the tendency of masonry. If any such scenes as he has described have ever existed, they are instances of the gross and scandalous perversion of an institution, all whose principles and objects are directly the reverse. As well might the jealousies of rival sectaries, the infuriate zeal of blind devotees, the wars and bloodshed of the crusaders, the cruelties of the inquisition, and the illiberal spirit of persecution which has too often disgraced the church, be referred to as evidence of the nature and design of our holy religion. Masonry, like religion, is pure and noble, yet unfortunately the professed followers of both are sometimes hypocritical and depraved.

So far however as our own observation extends, (and we have visited Lodges in every part of the western country) we have found no colour for the above description. Men of licentious and dissipated habits never have found, in the precepts of our order, nor so far as we are aware in the practices of our Lodges, any apology for licentiousness, any encouragement to dissipation. That the forms and ceremonials of Masonry are either puerile or disgusting, we do not hesitate unequivocally to deny, and in support of that denial, we confidently appeal to the grave, respectable, and dignified characters of those who have passed through its various degrees, witnessed without disgust or fatigue its peculiar and appropriate rites, and sought with avidity the opportunity of gaining successive promotions.

But there are heavier charges brought against the order. We are told that the duties and obligations it imposes are "opposed to the divine precepts of Jesus Christ, and the universal spreading of his blessed Gospel." This is a scandalous and unfounded libel—a gross and infamous falsehood. We can bear with patience an attack upon the practices of Masons, but we cannot calmly tolerate a slander upon the order. Masonry has no direct interference with any religion. It is of a date anterior to Christianity, and cannot therefore require a faith in its founder, but all its injunctions, instead of being "opposed to the divine precepts of Jesus Christ," tend to confirm those precepts, and to enforce a strict compliance with them. Individual Masons no doubt there are, who are opposed to the spreading of the gospel, but such is not the tendency or spirit of Masonry.

We have no apology to offer for the misconduct of our erring brethren. We might indeed quote the language of our Saviour, and call for the man without sin to cast the first stone. But with all our disposition to draw the veil of charity over human frailties, we cannot be blind to the frauds and over-reachings which sometimes disgrace Freemasons. We protest however, against these being quoted to the injury of the institution. As it respects the assertions concerning juries, we presume no intelligent man will give credit to them. That any association, containing within its bosom some, at least, of the most upright and honorable men in the community, should have existed from time immemorial, is conclusive evidence that it does not enjoin any gross departure from the laws of civil society, or any direct violation of the injunctions of morality.

We hope the publication of this libellous article will have some good tendency. We hope it will stimulate Masons, who love and respect the order, to be more cautious in their deportment and to avoid every thing calculated, in the least, to bring discredit on the institution. The practice of introducing, unnecessarily, refreshment into our Lodges, we should be glad to see universally abandoned. We ought to be more rigid in our examination into the moral character and habits of those who seek initiation, and we ought to insist more strictly on exemplary conduct among the fraternity. Let our most upright and respecta-

ble brethren not shrink from responsibility, but take a lively interest, as they are bound to do, in the prosperity of the order, the judicious and correct management of its affairs, and the honorable conduct of its members. Then may we defy the assaults of envy and malignity, and exult in the untarnished reputation of our venerable institution.

FROM THE SOUTH CAROLINA STATE JOURNAL.

MASONIC CELEBRATION.

The Corner Stone of the Masonic Hall, about to be erected in Columbia, S. C. was laid with Masonic honors on Tuesday morning, April 23, according to appointment.

The members of the Lodge and visiting brethren assembled at the Lodge Room at 10 o'clock, and having formed in procession, proceeded to the site for the building in the following

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Tyler, with drawn sword.

Two Deacons, with staves.

Two Standards, (Faith and Hope.)

Entered Apprentices, two and two.

Fellow Crafts, two and two.

Master Masons, two and two.

The Bible, Square and Compass, on a crimson velvet cushion, carried by the Chaplain, supported by two Deacons with staves.

Four master masons bearing the Corner Stone.

Three master masons, bearing the Corn, Oil, and Wine.

Three master masons, bearing three candlesticks, emblematic of the three great lights of Masonry.

Two Standards, (Charity and Wisdom.)

Secretary and Treasurer, with their badges of office.

Senior and Junior Wardens with pillars.

Masters of Lodges, two and two.

Past Masters.

Past Grand, and Deputy Grand Masters.

Two Deacons, with staves

Two Standards, (Strength and Beauty.)

When they arrived at the site of the building, brother C. C. CLIFTON addressed the Throne and Brother CHAPMAN LEVY, W. M. acting as proxy to John S. Cogdell, Grand Master of South Carolina, assisted by brother HOWELL, Architect, and brother DYER, Master Mason, adjusted the Corner Stone in ancient Masonic form, with grand Masonic honors.

The possession then formed again and proceeded to the Presbyterian church, where brother LEVY delivered a luminous Oration to the occasion

We decline making any remarks on the Oration, as it has been requested by the unanimous vote of the Lodge for publication.

At the Church the following hymns were sung by a choir, assisted by Mr. Lewis and son, and other gentlemen amateurs.

FOR THE PLACE OF CEREMONY AT THE
BUILDING.

Almighty Father! God of Love!
Sacred eternal king of kings!
From thy celestial courts above,
Send beams of grace on seraphs' wings.
O, may they, girt with light divine,
Shed on our hearts inspiring rays;
While bending at this sacred shrine,
We offer mystic songs of praise.

Faith! with divine and heav'nward eye,
Pointing to radiant realms of bliss,
Shed here thy sweet benignity,
And crown our works with happiness;
Hope! too, with bosom void of fear,
Still on thy steadfast anchor lean,
O, shed thy balmy influence here,
And fill our breasts with joy serene.

And thou, fair Charity! whose smile
Can bid the heart forget its woe,
Whose hand can misery's care beguile,
And kindness' sweetest boon bestow,

Here shed thy sweet soul—soothing ray;
 Soften our hearts, thou power divine!
 Bid the warm gem of pity play,
 With sparkling lustre on our shrine.

Thou, who art throned midst dazzling light,
 And wrap'd in brilliant robes of gold,
 Whose flaming locks of silv'ry white
 Thy age and honor, both unfold,
 Genius of Masonry! descend,
 And guide our steps by thy strict law;
 O, swiftly to our temple bend,
 And fill our breasts with solemn awe.

**FOR THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE CHURCH
 CEREMONY.**

Almighty Sire! our heavenly King,
 Before whose sacred name we bend,
 Accept the praises which we sing,
 And to our humble prayers attend!

And as 'tis thine with open ear,
 The suppliant voice of prayer to hear,
 Grant thou, O Lord! this one request,
 Let Masons be in blessing blest.

O give the craft from pole to pole,
 The feeing heart, the pitying soul,
 The gen'rous breast, the liberal hand,
 Compassion's balm, and mercy's band.

With charity that pours around,
 The wine and oil on misery's wound;
 And heals the widow's, orphan's heart,
 Deep pierc'd by sorrow's venom'd dart.

Inspire us with grace divine,
 Thy sacred law our guide shall be;
 To every good our heart incline,
 From every evil keep us free.

Then to thy throne the craft shall raise,
 One deathless song of grateful praise,
 And Masons, men, in chorus join,
 To hymn the power of love divine.

That love supreme, thy love, O God!
 Which Heaven itself shall pour around,
 Till light, life, peace, adorn the vale,
 And angels, men, pronounce, all hail!

CLOSING HYMN, AT THE CHURCH.

Grand Architect! supreme! sublime!
 Whose energetic word divine,
 In thunder breath'd from glory's clime,
 Gave light, and life, and bliss to be;
 Where primal darkness walk'd the round,
 Of wild confusion's void profound,
 With wreaths of gloomy horror crown'd,
 Till chaos heard a God's decree.

'Twas thine, O Lord! in strength to lay,
 On wisdom's base, the sphere of day,
 From whence the sun, with boundless ray,
 On wings of flame triumphant soar'd,
 While life, O God! at thy command,
 Inform'd the dust of ev'ry land,
 And bliss the gift of mercy's hand,
 In twice ten thousand forms ador'd!

Hark! hark! what songs are these that sweep
 Adown the vast, the eternal steep,
 And die away amid the deep,
 To you archangel's ken unknown?
 These songs are those which seraphs sung,
 On glory's hill, with flaming tongue,
 When rapture round the empyrean rung,
 And hail'd Creation's Corner-Stone!

Accept, approve, and bless, we pray,
The work of this auspicious day,
On which as Masons, men, we lay,
 A Corner Stone, inscrib'd to thee,
Thou Ancient of Eternal Days!
And high above the temple raise,
Devote to prayer, devote to praise;
 And grant, O Lord, so mote it be!

After the service at the church, the company returned to the Lodge Room, were called off to refreshment, and proceeded in procession to the Ball Room, where they sat down to an excellent dinner, prepared by brother Lyon for the occasion.

CHARACTER OF A FREEMASON.

The real freemason is eminently distinguished from the rest of mankind by the uniform unrestrained rectitude of his conduct. Other men are honest in fear of the punishments which the law might inflict; they are religious in expectation of being rewarded, or in dread of the devil, in the next world. A freemason would be just, if there were no written laws human or divine, except those which are written on his heart by the finger of his Creator. In every climate, under every system of religion, he is the same. He kneels before the universal throne of God in gratitude for the blessings he has received, and in humble solicitation for his future protection. He venerates the good men of all religions. He disturbs not the religion of his country, because the agitation of speculative opinions produces greater evils than the errors it is intended to remove. He restrains his passions, because they cannot be indulged without injuring his neighbour or himself. He gives no offence, because he does not choose to be offended. He contracts no debts which he is not certain that he can discharge, because he is honest upon principle. He never utters a falsehood, because it is cowardly, and infinitely beneath the dignity of a real free and accepted mason, which is the noblest character on earth.

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

HISTORY OF A MODERN ATTORNEY:

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER IV.

"*T e bon tems viendra*"

I was told that an execution preparatory to the procuring of a License was a mere form, but I found there was some reality in it; I fell into the hands of a Judge who feasted on the *body* of the law, and he invited me to *that* banquet. I would have sooner dined on the crumbs. He was one of the "olden times," and beckoned me to follow him into the very deepest pools of the law; I consider myself safer on the beach. However, before I became initiated into the mysteries of the fraternity, I had read an old author, or two, and they were the *planks* which saved me from drowning. The deportment of the Judge was mild and conciliating, whilst his lectures were instructive. I confess I revered *his* learning whilst I felt contempt for the *Index* gentlemen; I answered his questions "to the best of my skill and ability," and he threw out some compliments and signed my License, I received it more as a favor *granted*, than as a reward *due* to my acquirements. He put many questions to me, and as Sir Francis Wronghead said, "I fear I often said *aye* when I should have said *no*;" but when he questioned me on the action of *debt*, he there found me at home. The whole process had been so often been impressed upon my mind by *personal, practical illustrations*, that I ran through the whole proceedings with a rapidity and volubility that surprised His Honor. He said that I had doubtless studied that action *especially*, that my knowledge of it was perfect, and that it was only necessary for me to bestow *the same attention* on the *other actions* to become a well informed Lawyer. It was the action of debt alone that saved me. Thus you perceive that I have turned even my misfortunes to my advantage.

"It is an ill wind that blows no good."

Although I had obtained permission to appear at the bar, it still seemed to me, that a little more reading would not injure me. Thus, however, I find is contrary to the modern course: *a modern attorney after taking Licence, reads no more.* I studied a few months longer, though I confess my mind was oppressed all the time. I felt, that I was outraging one of the rules of a profession which I had just joined: and purely to ease my conscience from this load of guilt, I threw up my books. The general election was near at hand, and a lawyer would rather engage in any thing than in the study of his client's cases, so he takes a large share in electioneering. I wrote volumes in favor of one candidate, and though a lawyer, I did right for I only endeavored to award to a meritorious and brave soldier, that which his skill and valour had won. We succeeded, though not without opposition. There were writers on the other side of the question, but their efforts were so feeble that

"Bæotum in crasso jurares ære natum."

In short they were too weak for notice, and if one superlative can transcend another, they actually bore away the palm of *dullness* from the ***** Editors, who, it was heretofore believed, had arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of stupidity. But this is the age of new discoveries.

It now became necessary that I should try my skill at a *speech*. In attempting it at ***** , I felt an embarrassment of which I could not divest myself; not that I feared the jeers of the profession, for I recollected that I had heard tolerated from them as foolish and as ridiculous things as the most egregious block-head could utter. It was the audience I dreaded; I had never spoke in public, and I knew with what avidity the crowd watches the first flights of an unfledged bird. I knew too that if I could soar splendidly aloft, applause would await me; but I did not know whether *I could fly at all*, and I was equally apprised that if I fell, it would be a fall from which I could with difficulty recover. "Discretion being the better part of valour," I resolved on a trial in a place where it would not be known, that I was then about to make my *debut*. I was employed in a case of some magnitude. It did not come on for trial until the tenth day of the court, and in the interim I had prepared myself with *copious*

notes and references, having been kindly furnished with all the most approved *Indexes*. My preparations were stupendous, not less so than these of the famous Attorney General of the United States (Mr. Lincoln,) who notwithstanding could only hem! and hah! and—sit down.

I prepared the heads of my speech, and in my private room rehearsed it to myself; I then went to the woods and there uttered it with my utmost strength of voice. "It will do," I said. The case was called and I was terribly frightened, so much so that although it was the interest of my client to have a trial I wished to postpone it. Still it proceeded and I had to open the cause.

"Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea linguæ."

Although *internally* agitated almost to suffocation, I preserved a steady phiz and got through quite to my *own* satisfaction. I looked at my watch. I had been on my feet twenty minutes; the *rehearsals* always occupied thirty. I was able to account for it, I had omitted in my speech before the court, some *beauties* which I always rehearsed in private. I did not *branch out* as I intended, but *confined myself to the point*. This I learn is contrary to the modern practice, but I shall improve.

I returned home proud of my success. The Rubicon was passed and I had entered Italy. It was high time I should make a permanent settlement. I fixed on a distant village, and having but few of the things of this world with which to burthen myself on my journey, I speedily arrived at my new abode without accident.

The capital stock of a modern attorney is not great. It consists in the following items, to wit:

Imprimis—1 Hired Office,
 1 Small Table,
 1 Chair,
 2 Quills—1 inkstand,
 Half quire of paper,
 The Revised Laws of the State,
 Moore's Index, and
 Chitty's Pleadings;

Of all which I am the fortunate owner, and thus by sedulous attention, I hope in a few years to become a *Modern Attorney* of the first water.

You will have observed that I have made pretty free use of the Latin in this my history, interlarded with a little French, and but for what I have previously said you would think me an adept in those languages; I may with truth say that I am wholly ignorant of the rudiments of those tongues. But it is a *modern* fashion to seem to be very learned, and I have only copied my brother hood. A modern attorney, when speaking, will fret his brain to remember some Latin phrase in which to convey his meaning. I say "to remember," because, like me, he only knows them by rote, and the less he knows of the language, the greater freedom he exercises in the use of it.

"Chacun a son gout"

I am not a *modern* attorney from choice, but from necessity. Had I had the means and the time, I would have sought a knowledge of the law through all the various windings of its stream from its source to its utmost expansion, but I must yield to circumstances, contented with even my limited store and ever thankful to that true and valuable friend, who by his bounty enabled me to be whatever I am.

Without his *voluntary* aid, I should have foundered in the first stages of my voyage. But he stretched forth his hand, and

"Comfort came down, the wretched man to saye."

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF GAUDENTIO DI LUCCA.

He was at Alexandria with a foreign merchant called *Pophar*, who had shown him great kindness. As they were walking about the public places they met the Bassa of Grand Cairo.

"His wife and daughter were then both along with him: the wife was one of the grand Signor's sisters, seemingly about thirty, and a wonderful fine woman. The daughter was about sixteen, of such exquisite beauty and lovely features, as were sufficient to charm the greatest prince in the world. When he perceived them, the Pophar, who naturally abhorred the Turks, kept off, as if he were treating privately with some merchants: But I, being young and inconsiderate, stood gazing, though at a respectable distance, at the Bassa's beautiful daughter, from no other motive but mere curiosity. She had her eyes fixed on my

companions and myself at the same time, and, as I supposed, on the same account. Her dress was so magnificent, and her person so charming, that I thought her the most beautiful creature I had ever seen in my life. If I could have foreseen the troubles that short interview was going to cost both the Pophar and myself, I should have chosen sooner to have looked on the most hideous monster. I observed that the young lady, with a particular sort of emotion, whispered something to an elderly woman that attended her, and she did the same to a page, who immediately went to two natives of the place, whom the Pophar used to hire to carry his things: this was to inquire of them who we were. They, as appeared on the event, told me, I was a young slave lately bought by the Pophar. After a while, the Bassa with his train went away, and for my own part I thought no more of the matter. The next day, as the Pophar and we were walking in one of the public gardens, a little elderly man like an eunuch, with a most beautiful youth along with him, having dogged us to a private part of the walks, came up to us, and addressing themselves to the Pophar, asked him what he would take for his young slave, pointing at me, because the Bassa desired to buy him. The Pophar seemed to be more surprised at this unexpected question, than I ever observed him at anything before, which confirmed me more and more in the opinion of the kindness he had for me. But soon coming to himself, as he was a man of a great presence of mind, he said very sedately that I was no slave; nor a person to be sold for any price, since I was as free as he was. They, taking this for a pretext to enhance the price, produced some oriental pearls, with other jewels of immense value, and bid him name what he would have, and it should be paid immediately: adding, I was to be the companion of the Bassa's son, where I might make my fortune for ever, if I would go along with him. The Pophar persisted in the same answer, and said he had no power over me: they insisted I had been bought as a slave but a short time ago, in the grand Signior's dominions, and they would have me. Here I interposed and answered briskly, that though I had been taken prisoner by the chance of war, I was no slave, nor would I part with my liberty but at the price of my life! The Bassa's son,

for so he now declared himself to be, instead of being angry at my resolute answer, replied with a most agreeable smile, that I should be as free as he was, making the most solemn protestations by his holy Alcoran. that our lives and deaths should be inseparable. Though there was something in his words the most persuasive I ever fe't within myself; yet, considering the obligations I had to the Pophar. I was resolved not to go, but answered with a most respectful bow, that though I was free by nature, I had indispensable obligations not to go with him, and hoped he would take it for a determinate answer. I pronounced this with such a resolute air, as made him see there was no hope. Whether his desire was more inflamed by my denial, or whether they took us for persons of greater note than we appeared to be, I can't tell; but I observed he put on a languishing air, with tears stealing down his cheeks, which moved me to a degree I can't express. I was scarce capable of speaking, but cast down my eyes, and stood as immovable as a statue. This seemed to revive his hopes; he recover'd himself a little, and, with a trembling voice, replied, suppose it be the Bassa's daughter you saw yesterday, that desires to have you for her attendant, what do you say? I started at this, and casting my eyes on him more attentively, I saw his eyes swimming in tears, with a tenderness enough to pierce the hardest heart. I looked at the Pophar, who I saw was trembling for me: and feared it was the daughter herself that asked me the question. I was soon put out of doubt, for she, finding she had gone too far to go back, discovered herself, and said "I must go along with her, or one of us must die."

* * * * *

"I considered she was a Turk, and I a Christian: that my death must certainly be the consequence of such a rash affair, were I to engage in it; that whether she conceal'd me in her father's court, or attempted to go off with me, it was ten thousand to one, we should both be sacrificed: neither could the violence of such a sudden passion ever be conceal'd from the Bassa's spies. In a word I was resolved not to go; but how to get off was the difficulty. I saw the most beautiful creature in the world all in tears before me, after a declaration of love, that exceeded the most romantic tales; youth, love, and beauty, and e-

ven an inclination on my side, pleaded her cause. But at length the consideration of the endless miseries I was likely to draw on the young lady, should I comply with what she desired, prevailed above all others. I was resolved to refuse, for her sake more than my own, and was just going to tell her on my knees, with all the arguments my reason could suggest to appease her; when an attendant came running in haste to the other person, who also was a woman, and told her the Bassa was coming that way. She was roused out of her lethargy at this: the other woman, without any demur, snatched her away, as the Pophar did me."

Gaudentio was well pleased on reflection that he had not complied with the wishes of this enchanting object, and the Pophar, thinking the affair might not end so, resolved to make off as fast as they could. They pretend to depart for Cyprus, instead of which they go that evening to Grand Cairo a little before sunset. After travelling about a league up the river Nile, they are passed by five or six men on horseback.

"I was the hindmost but one of our train having staid to give our dromedaries some water. Soon after these, came two ladies, riding on little Arabian jennets, with prodigious rich furniture, by which I gues-ed them to be persons of quality, and the others gone before, their attendants. They were not quite over against where I was, when the younger of the two ladies' jennet began to snort and start at our dromedaries, and become so unruly, that I apprehended the lady could scarce sit him. At that instant, one of the dromedaries coming pretty near, that and the rustling of its loading, so frightened the jennet that he gave a bound all on the inside of us towards the river, he ran full speed towards the edge of the bank, where not being able to stop his career, he flew directly off the precipice into the river, with the lady still sitting him; but the violence of the leap, threw her off two or three yards into the water. It happened very luckily there was a little island just by where she fell, and her clothes keeping her up for some minutes, the stream carried her against some stakes that stood just above the water: the stakes caught hold of her clothes, and held her there. The shrieks of the other lady brought the highest attendants up to us; but those fearful wretches durst not venture into the river to her assistance. I

jumped off my dromedary with indignation, and throwing off my loose garment and sandals, swam to her, and with much difficulty getting hold of her hand, and loosing her garments from the stakes I made a shift to draw her across the stream till I brought her to land. She was quite senseless for some time; I held down her head, which I had not yet looked at, to make her disgorge the water she had swallowed; but I was soon struck with a double surprise, when I looked at her face, to find it was the Bassa's daughter, and to see her in that place, whom I thought I had left at Alexandria. After some time, she came to herself, and looking fixed on me a good while, her senses not being entirely recovered: at last she cried out, O Mahomet, must I owe my life to this man! and fainted away. The other lady who was her attendant, with a great deal of pains brought her to herself again; we raised her up, and endeavored to comfort her as well as we could. No, says she, throw me into the river once more; let me not be obliged to a barbarian for whom I have done too much already. I told her in the most respectful terms I could think of, that Providence had ordered it so, that I might make some recompense for the undeserved obligations she had laid on me; that I had too great value for her merit, ever to make her miserable, by loving a slave such as I was, a stranger, a Christian, and one who had indispensable obligations to act as I did. She startled a little at which I said; but after recollection answered, whether you are a slave, an infidel, or whatever you please, you are one of the most generous men in the world. I suppose your obligations are on account of some more happy woman than myself; but since I owe my life to you, I am resolved not to make you unhappy, any more than you do me. I not only pardon you, but am convinced my pretensions are unjust and against my own honour. She said this with an air becoming her quality. She was much more at ease, when I assured her I was engaged to no woman in the world; but that her memory should be ever dear to me, and imprinted in my heart till my last breath.

* * * * *

She pulled off this jewel, your reverences see on my finger, and just said, with tears trickling down her beautiful cheeks: take this, and adieu. She then pulled her companion away, and never looked at me more."

THE MISTAKE RECTIFIED.

"No," said Maria, "Mr. Seagrove, I cannot submit to be catechised. If I were in company with a gentleman to whom you are a stranger, and if I comport myself with what you may esteem too much levity, and with what you are pleased to style a too marked attention and complacency towards him, I do not conceive that I am bound to enter into any apologizing explanations. I have not yet surrendered the last remnant of my liberty, and transformed the humility of the lover into the haughty authority of the husband. When that is done, it will become me, no doubt, to be more circumspect."

"Maria," said Mr. Seagrove, hastily interrupted her, "this is all beside the purpose. When I have the testimony of my own eyes, when I have seen the behavior of which you must be conscious, when hanging on the arm of a stranger you gaze on me with a kind of vacant stare, if not a smile of contempt, am I, after all the affection I have expressed, and been permitted to express for you, to receive only evasive answers, and commonplace allusions to what is termed by the dissipated of both sexes the liberty of unmarried women, and the slavery of connubial life? Suffer me once more to repeat my question, and let me entreat you to give a positive and satisfactory answer. Who was the gentleman I saw with you last night at the play, and how long has the familiar intimacy, of which I saw such evident proofs, subsisted between you? Had you not gone away so hastily as you did, I should positively have put some similar plain questions, and much more abruptly, to him, notwithstanding his military dress."

Maria had many amiable and good qualities, but they were tinged with a grain or two of coquetry. The perplexity and agitation, therefore, which Mr. Seagrove manifested, she considered as a triumph of which she could not refuse the enjoyment. With an air of levity and high spirits, she rallied his solemn jealousy, as she termed it, and the seriousness with which he treated an affair so frivolous, still avoiding, and indeed at last, positively refusing to give any explanation of the circumstances that had given so much pain to her lover. She continued this behavior so long that Mr. Seagrove, deprived of all patience, left her at length with this farewell:

"Maria, you have taught me how little confidence is to be reposed in woman. I could never have imagined your real character to be what it now appears, frivolous and inconstant. I had at first flattered myself I had made some mistake, but your behaviour has convinced me that what I supposed I saw, was real; and as it is more than probable that you wish to dissolve your connexion with me, as it can be only an obstacle to that you have newly formed, be it from this moment dissolved; though my heart burst, I will tear you from it."

When her lover was gone, Maria began to reflect more coolly on her conduct in this silly affair, for such it may not improperly be termed. Mr. Seagrove was by no means disposed to the meanness of jealousy, and had at first intimated the impropriety of what he thought he had seen, in the mildest terms, and requested, if he had been mistaken, to be informed of the truth. Maria was not only conscious that it was a mistake, but immediately perceived in what manner the mistake had arisen, yet still she refused any explanation and even descended to play the coquette, and exult in the pain of a heart which she knew was affectionately devoted to her. Her good sense, however, now resumed its sway, and she was convinced that her behavior had been very reprehensible. She sought relief in tears, and passed a very anxious night, but not without indulging a hope, that Mr. Seagrove would soon return, notwithstanding his solemn adieu, and afford her an opportunity of giving him the explanation which she now regretted that she had so flippantly and so improperly withheld.

The next day, as Maria was walking pensively in the grounds near her father's house, she saw Mr. Seagrove advancing towards her, who when he came up to her, thus addressed her:

"Madam, I am about to remove from your sight a person whom you certainly can no longer wish to see. I have hastily made preparations for a journey to the continent, where I propose to travel several years, till time shall have eradicated from my heart a foolish but too ardent passion for a most lovely, but giddy and inconstant woman. May the change which has given me so much pain render you happy, though there is perhaps much more reason to expect that your natural levity will avenge me of my rival."

Maria heard him with much emotion. "O, George!" exclaimed she, giving him her hand, "I am convinced of my error and my folly. I have been guilty of giddiness and impropriety in my behavior towards you, but not of the inconstancy with which you charge me. The whole is a mistake, which I will now explain, and which ought to have been explained sooner. I have a sister who has been almost constantly, for the last three years, with an aunt of ours, who resides in a distant county. In her features and person she surprisingly resembles me. You had never seen her. She returned home a few days ago, with a young officer to whom she is to be married next week. It was her you saw at the play. She is now within; and if you will go into the house with me, you will immediately be sensible in what manner you were deceived."

Mr. Seagrove, with heart-felt pleasure, complied with Maria's request; her *mistake was rectified* to his entire satisfaction, and a complete and tender reconciliation took place, which was no more disturbed by either distrust or coquetry, till their final and happy union.

FEMALE PLEADING.

The Athenians had a law, that no woman should be permitted to plead her own cause. It had its origin from a case in which the celebrated Phryne was concerned. Afraid of trusting her defence to any hired advocate, she appeared in her own behalf; and such is said to have been the enchanting effect of her personal beauty on the judges, that contrary to evidence, they pronounced her guiltless.

In modern times, men have learnt to be less susceptible in themselves, and more just towards the sex; and since women must be prosecuted at times, we do not add to their comparative helplessness, by depriving them of any means of defence with which nature may have provided them.

The right of pleading for themselves in courts of justice, is one however of which females in modern times have rarely availed themselves; but there is one instance of recent occurrence which shows, that a woman may achieve for herself what

no male advocate could do (in all human probability.) and that not by the meretricious influence of personal charms, but by sound argument and common sense. The instance to which we allude is that of Miss Tucker, tried at Exeter assizes for a libel. The lady pleaded her own cause, and in a way so contrary to what the lawyers call practice (*their* practice) as greatly to excite the compassion of the judge, who more than once interfered to remind the fair pleader, how little she was speaking to the purpose, mixing with his admonitions an expression of regret that she had not entrusted her defence to some gentleman of the bar, who would have known how to conduct it! Miss T. (obstinate woman!) was not to be turned from her own way; she had nothing to gain by mere deference to the opinion of the judge; all she wanted, all she hoped for, and all she was striving for, was to gain her own cause. The judge (charitable in vain!) abandoned her to her fate; and when she had done "talking to no purpose;" charged the jury in a sense by no means favorable to her acquittal. The jury brought in a verdict of *not guilty*.

IMPROBABLE, YET TRUE.

In the reign of Charles the Second, a French refugee of the name of Du Moulin was tried for coining, and never perhaps was evidence from circumstances more conclusive of a man's guilt. It was proved beyond all doubt, that he had been often detected in uttering false gold; and that he had even made a practice of returning counterfeit coins to persons from whom he had received money, pretending that they were among the pieces which had been paid him. When the officers of justice went to arrest him and search his premises, they found a great number of counterfeit coins in a drawer by themselves; others packed along with good money in different parcels; some aqua regia, several files, a pair of moulds, and many other implements for coining.

Du Moulin solemnly denied the charge. The bad money, he said, "which was found in a heap, he had thrown together, because he could not trace the person from whom he had re-

ceived it; the other parcels of money he had kept separate, in order that he might know to whom to apply, should any of it prove bad; as to the implements of coining, he knew nothing of them, and could not possibly account for their being found where they were." A likely story truly! So thought the jury, and so whispered every person who heard it. Du Moulin was found guilty, and received sentence of death.

A few days before Du Moulin was to be executed, a person of the name of Williams, a seal engraver, met with his death by an accident; his wife miscarried from the fright; sensible she could not live, she sent for the wife of Du Moulin, and revealed to her that Williams her husband, had been one of four, whom she named, who had for many years lived by counterfeiting gold coin; that one of these persons had hired himself as a servant to Du Moulin; and being provided by the gang with false keys, had disposed of very considerable sums of bad money, by opening his master's escreteire, and leaving the pieces there instead of an equal number of good ones which he took out." The wife of Williams appeared in agony of mind while she gave the account, and as soon as it was finished, fell into convulsions and expired.

The parties she had named were, on the information of Madame Du Moulin, instantly apprehended, and after a short time, one of them turned king's evidence. The one who had been servant to Du Moulin persisted in asserting his innocence, until some corroborating circumstances were produced so unexpected and decisive, that he burst into tears, and acknowledged his guilt. On being asked how the instruments for coining came into his master's escreteire? he replied "that when the officers came to apprehend his master, he was terrified lest they should be found in his (the servant's) possession, and hastened to his box in which they were deposited, opened the escreteire with his false key, and had just time to shut it before the officers entered the apartment."

Du Moulin was of course pardoned, and the servant and his associates most deservedly suffered in his stead.

CRUEL SPORT.

In the reign of Edward the Sixth, there was an insurrection in Cornwall on account of the alteration of the religion, and the county was placed under martial law, which in those times consisted simply in a provost marshal's going about, and hanging up whomsoever he pleased. Of the wanton manner in which Sir William Kingston, the provost marshal on this occasion, executed his commission, the following memorable instances are recorded.

One Boyer, mayor of Bodmin, had been among the rebels, not willingly but by compulsion. Kingston, without inquiry into the circumstances, sent him notice, that on a certain day he would come and dine with him. The major made, accordingly, great preparations for receiving the marshal, who failed not to come at the time appointed. A little before dinner, the marshal took the major aside, and whispered him in the ear, "That an execution must that day take place in the town, and that a gallows would require to be set up against the time the dinner should be done." The mayor promised that one should be ready without fail; and gave orders to that effect to his officers. Meanwhile a sumptuous dinner was served up, to which they sat down in the greatest good humour imaginable. The mayor spared no effort to please his guest, who seemed on his part as if he had never been more delighted. When the entertainment was over, the marshal taking the mayor by the hand, requested him to lead him to the place where the gallows was erected. They accordingly walked forth, hand and hand; and on reaching the spot, the marshal asked Boyer, "If he thought the gallows strong enough?" "O yes," answered the mayor, "doubtless it is." "Well, then," said the marshal, coolly, "get you up speedily, for it is provided for you." "Nay," rejoined the mayor, "surely you mean not as you speak?" "I'faith," said the marshal, "there is no other remedy; you have been a busy rebel, so get up instantly." And so, add the chroniclers, imitating in their style the brevity of the atrocious deed they record, "without respite or defence was the poor mayor of Bodmin hanged."

Near the same town there dwelt a miller, who had actually been very busily concerned in the rebellion. Dreading the ap-

proach of the marshal, he told a sturdy fellow, his servant, that he had occasion to go for some time from home, and that he wished him to take charge of his concerns till his return; that some strangers would probably be inquiring after him, about an intended purchase of the mill; and in case they should, that he (the servant) should pass for the miller, and say nothing of his being from home. The servant readily consenting to all this, the miller took his leave. Not long after, a party of strangers made their appearance, as expected, at the mill; it was Kingston and his men. "Ho! there!" exclaimed Kingston "miller, come forth." The servant stepped out, and inquired what was his pleasure? "Are you the owner of this mill?" "Yes." "How long have you kept it?" "These three years." (the time his master had kept it.) "Aye, aye!" exclaimed Kingston, "the very rogue we want." He then commanded his men to lay hold on the fellow, and hang him on the next tree. On hearing this, the astonished servant instantly called out "That he was not the miller but the miller's man." "Nay, sir," said Kingston, "I must take you at your word. If thou bee'st the miller, thou art a busy knave; if thou art not, thou art a false lying knave; and howsoever, thou canst never do thy master better service than to hang for him." All the poor fellow's supplications were in vain; he was instantly despatched.



SINGULAR CLIENTS.

In the bishoprick of Autun, the rats had multiplied to such a degree, from about the year 1522 to 1530, as from the devastation they committed to cause an apprehension of famine. All human means appearing insufficient, the ecclesiastical judge of the diocese was petitioned to excommunicate them. But the sentence about to be hurled against them by the spiritual thunder, would not, it was imagined, be sufficiently efficacious, unless regular proceedings were instituted against the devoted objects of destruction.

The proctor accordingly lodged a formal complaint against the rats, and the judge ordered they should be summoned to appear before him. The period for their appearance having ex-

pired without the animals having presented themselves; the plaintiff obtained a first judgment by default against them, and demanded that the definite judgment should be proceeded in.

The judge deeming it but fair that the accused should be defended officially, named Barthélemi Chassanee their advocate.

Chassanee, sensible of the odious light in which his singular clients were held, availed himself of many dilatory exceptions, in order to give time for prejudices to subside.

He at first maintained that the rats being dispersed among a great number of villages, a single summons was not sufficient to warn them all. He therefore demanded, and it was ordered, that a second notification should be given them by the clergyman at the time of his sermon.

At the expiration of the considerable delay occasioned by this exception, he made an excuse for the new default of his parties by dwelling on the length and difficulty of the journey; on the danger they were exposed to from the cats, their mortal enemies, who would lay in wait for them in all directions, &c.

When these evasive means were exhausted, he rested his defence upon considerations of humanity and policy. "Was there any thing more unjust than those general proscriptions levelled at whole families, which punished the offspring for the guilt of the parents, which involved without distinction those of tender years, and even those whose incapacity equally rendered them incapable of crime," &c.

We are not informed what award was made by the judge. The president de Thou who relates the fact, only observes that Chassanee's reputation commenced from this cause, and that he afterwards rose to the chief offices of the magistracy.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGIL.

Messrs. Carey and Lea, Booksellers of Philadelphia, have received a copy of this work from London and have put the greater part of it to press. The scene of its story is laid in London during the reign of James I. and the novelist has embraced this opportunity of depicting both Scotch and English character. The first chapter opens with an account somewhat in

detail of a whimsical and self-opinioned mechanic, David Ramsay and his two apprentice boys, which serves to introduce us to some entirely novel peculiarities of character. The whole work will shortly be before the public and, if we may trust the editor of the National Gazette "will yield all the gratification, which is generally expected from every new exertion" of the extraordinary powers of its author.

CLERICAL ANECDOTE.

About the middle of the last century, the Rev. John Bisset was a popular preacher, and publisher of sermons, in Aberdeen, which rendered him an object of dislike, if not of envy, to some of his more indolent brethren. On one occasion, he had published a sermon, which appeared from the press on the day previous to a meeting of Presbytery. On his way to the ecclesiastical court, a waggish member called at a tobacconist's, bought a penny worth of snuff, and took a private opportunity of wrapping it in the title page of Mr. Bisset's newly published sermon.— Every one knows, that it is the custom of the reverend brethren to dine together, when the business of the day is dispatch. After the removal of the cloth, some of the company began to talk of Mr. Bisset's sermon, complimenting him upon his indefatigable industry in publishing. Vanity is more or less, the besetting sin, or, to speak more gently, the foible of all authors, from the youthful poetaster, whose verses appear in an ephemeral newspaper, to the reverend divine, whose preface tells you that his sole motive for publishing is the instruction of the ignorant. It would therefore be exempting Mr. Bisset from the frailties of his species, to suppose that he was utterly unconscious of the dignity of authorship; it is even related, that he rather overstepped the modesty which should have attached to his cloth, affirming that his sermon was calculated to be eminently useful to the public. When the social glass had, by its circulation, produced hilarity and good humour, the facetious brother sent his snuff box round the table. Upon being told that it was empty, "I have a supply in my pocket," said he; "send the box hither." Having shaken the contents from the portentous paper, he affect-

ted to give it a hasty glance, and tossing it across the table, exclaimed, "Ah! Jonny, man, look at that!—This is a hasty death indeed! Scarcely ever saw the light! Came from the press only yesterday, and in the snuff-shop this morning!—*Sic transit gloria mundi!* However our reverend brother is right; you see that his publication is still useful." The mortification of the hapless author was such, that out of compass, before parting, the jocosé brother informed him that the whole had its origin in a stroke of humour.

P O E T R Y .

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

A SUBLIME AND PATHETIC ODE TO HONOUR.

TELL me, proud honour! what art thou,
 That patriot breasts for thee should glow,
 And gallant warriors toil?
 And lovely maids forget their bloom,
 Wading through danger to the tomb,
 If Glory be the spoil?

Did'st thou exist before the flood?
 Or first with Nimrod feast on blood—
 That warrior of renown?
 Sat'st thou with Saul on Judah's throne,
 Or gav'st to David's hand the stone
 That brought the giant down?

Kings thou hast turn'd from royal cares,
 To plunge them in unholy wars,
 Of peace and health the grave;
 And when they steep'd their hands in blood,
 Triumphant near them thou hast stood;—
 Then Honour, thou'rt a knave!

And like enough 'twas thou fill'd up,
For Socrates the fatal cup,—

A bumper to the brim!
Fell fiend! destruction is thy trade!
And yet our wisest bard has said,
Thou can'st not set a limb!

A pretty Jack'napes of a God!
That humbleth millions with a nod,
And nations can undo!
Thou can'st break bones but cannot mend!
Go ask some honest leech to lend
His aid to show thee how!

To Egypt did'st thou send great Boney,
That land of—all but milk and honey,
To conquer honest Bull?
Or did'st thou take him there to see,
That foels of great antiquity,
Had own'd thy magic rule?

Or did he go of his own mind,
Thy place of residence to find,
To beg some mighty boon?
Truly he made as good a guess,
As Hotspur, who thy throne would place
Up in "the pale fac'd moon!"

Italia! land of light and gloom!
Bright Honour's cradle and his tomb,
His sepulchre and throne!
There 's not a miscreant of Glory's cast,
From Romulus to Pope the last,
That has not made thee groan!

Honour hath done to thee no wrong,
Land of the soul-reducing song!
To make thee weep or moan;
Though millions of thy sons were slain,
Who would not barter mortal men,
For segments of stone?

At Parliament let 's take a peep,—
 There, some who talk, and some who sleep
 Would gladly hear thy call;
 But whatsoever thou do'st, Fame,
 I charge thee, by thy mighty name,
 Go not to Congress Hall!

Let Freedom in her groves recline,
 Beneath her fig tree, and her vine,
 Nor lure her from the shade;
 The apple of thy discord fling
 To Pope and 'l e . . Bashaw and King,
 For whom the toy was make.

Thy feats are a'l a puppet show—
 Draw but a wire and off they go;
 Thou 'rt all caprice and whim;
 Thou can'st exalt and thou destroy,
 But mark me—thou art but a toy—
 Thou can'st not set a limb!

OK...



MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

Centre Lodge U. D. at the town of Indianapolis, was organized on the 4th day of May 1822. The following are a list of the officers:

Harvey Gregg, W. M.

Milo R. Davis, S. W.

John C. Osburn, J. W.

Obed Foot, *Treasurer.*

William Vandegriff, *Secretary.*

James M'Chord, S D.

Samuel M'George, J. D.

Samuel Henderson, S & T.

The Lodge was organized with twenty five members.

THE
MASONIC MISCELLANY
AND
LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

FOR JULY, 1822.

No. 1.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS,

*Delivered before Winchester Lodge, No. 26, Tennessee, by brother
MATTHEW L. DIXON.*

When the divine Architect of heaven had perfected his plans, preparatory to the creation of man, he completed his labours by breathing the breath of life into an inanimate mass, which instantly became a reasonable being. Surrounded by all the beauties of nature, man was too speculative to remain an idle spectator: the grandeur of the Heavens and the exquisite mechanism presented on every hand, forced him into observation! Thus situated, the principles of science soon began to occupy the intelligent soul. It is presuming but little to suppose, that the nature of operative Masonry, and those sciences on which it is bottomed, were the first that delighted the mind or assumed any degree of form or system: we may safely extend the idea further and presume that the first dawns of morality independent of that communicated directly from heaven, arose from a contemplation of the glories of creation. The harmony and regularity that pervade the planetary system and every part of visible nature, demonstrate, most forcibly, that the earliest observers of those beautiful displays of divine workmanship, must have been deeply impressed with the principles of operative and speculative Masonry. No sooner was the sublime mandate "*sit lux,*" pronounced, and man created, than his mind became the receptacle of the leading doctrines of our institution. To trace our order to its origin, as a separate body, would be more than we can prudently undertake: from the most authentic tradition on the subject, we are well satisfied,

that it has existed in different degrees of perfection from time immemorial: that it has existed in substance and varied in form, is also true. Like many other sciences, time has buried its origin in some degree of obscurity; but the mind of man was never perfected till the sublime truths that adorned *Freemasonry* were fully impressed upon it. In ages of which we have an imperfect history, we find operative masonry existing in a high degree of perfection. The ancient Babylonians displayed their skill in our art in erecting their city and an immense and beautiful tower: but this was not all; here the heavens began to unveil their faces to the mind of man: in this emporium of greatness, no less attention was paid to those sciences that became intelligible only by the greatest exertions of the human mind, than to the common mechanic arts. Improvements in architecture and the more sublime sciences, have generally progressed hand in hand. Nothing is more pleasing than to see the useful properly combined with the beautiful. The ingenuity of man in his progressive state, has always aided the cause of religion and masonry by demonstrating more fully the existence of a superintending power. We might refer to the pyramids and catacombs of the Egyptians as examples of ancient architecture: nor can we pass over their attention to the more intricate sciences: we find them with others surveying the earth and passing from sphere to sphere through the immeasurable fields of space by the aid of those sciences that have become the basis of our order. Those displays of human art, together with many others, fully convince us that antecedent to the building of that house which was dedicated to the Most High, our profession existed in various forms for numerous ages. This master piece of human skill having been undertaken, the necessity of masonic doctrines and virtues became so evidently necessary as to induce the wisest of men to reduce them to a regular system. This was done, partly with a view to promote his own purposes, and partly to benefit the most distant ages. In consequence of this, masonry was dedicated to this wise and mighty king. Engaged in the service of God, he felt under obligations to impress those under his command with the necessity of reverencing that supreme and accomplished architect. To establish a connection

between man and man that would unite them as a "band of brothers," was the desire of his heart; such an effort was worthy the gratitude of the human family. Blind and inconsiderate must be the being who would exclaim against, or endeavor to detract from, a society formed for such purposes. To promote union, morality and virtue, was not alone the design of this institution: but, also, to improve the human faculties in the various arts and sciences. What could be more praise worthy? What more justly deserves the approbation of rational beings? That such a character should be superseded in the dedication of our order may appear somewhat mysterious, nor could we feel satisfied with the change, were it not for the revolution produced in the world by the event that gave rise to the commencement of the christian era. The inspired apostles became the propagators of the pure and profitable religion of the Son of God, and also the doctrines of Freemasonry. Nothing could so much enhance the importance of our order as to have it sanctioned by the members of the true and living church; such a manifestation of heavenly favour could not pass unnoticed, and as a just acknowledgement of our obligations to the Most High, our order is dedicated to two of those inspired personages. Our patron saints suffered all the enormities that a wicked world could heap upon them, because they defended that religion of which our doctrines are a part. Gratitude should ever hold a pre-eminent place in the human heart: it is a bright gem in the catalogue of human virtues: and while it is duly appreciated, each return of this anniversary will be joyously hailed by every worthy brother. In the early ages of the world, we find the human family disposed to promote society by forming men into associations: every establishment had its design; many were surely calculated to promote the interest of man. That some approached very near our forms and ceremonies, is unquestionably true: we are, however, fully justified in believing, that the general object of those assemblies was the promotion of peace and harmony among men, the suppression of vice, the better government of our passions, and other laudable purposes. It was also the object of those societies to recommend and enforce a uniform habit of industry, particularly in the acquirement of those sciences that were then so litt

understood. Hence we find the ancient geometricians, astronomers and astrologers subjecting themselves to the most rigid discipline, in order that they might improve and make fresh discoveries in their respective sciences; and thus produce a lasting benefit to mankind. Systems founded for such purposes, could not fail to exist and improve in subsequent ages. It was the rigid philosophy of the east exercised by such societies and individuals, that gave birth to those arts and sciences that have embellished the world in different ages and given a dignity to the human character, that so strongly argues the divinity of our origin. When we reflect that all the knowledge we now possess and acquire with so much difficulty, was brought to light by the perseverance of a few individuals, we are at a loss how we shall duly appreciate their worth: through what mazes had they to travel, from what labyrinths had they to extricate themselves, before they could arrive at the perfection they had anticipated. Here was industry, here was perseverance, worthy of imitation. Had that dormant, that indolent spirit that pervades the universe, always existed, we should hazard little to presume that we should still have been in a state of nature, a state of barbarous ignorance. But the irresistible powers of the human soul, which acknowledge no restraint but that of heaven, have surmounted the difficulties that conspired to conceal their worth.

Masonry is composed of doctrines founded in rationality. God is acknowledged the supreme arbiter of universal creation; his attributes are duly appreciated; the fitness and propriety of his moral government are admitted; his right to exercise it over the creatures of this world is undenied; and the accountability of man, undoubted. These are the outlines of that beautiful system of morality adopted by our order; and altho' we are a distinct sect from any other, yet as Masons we except to the tenets of no religious denomination. No matter what country may have given them birth: no matter whether Christian, Jew, or Mahometan; if they believe in God and are truly worthy, we can receive them as brothers: this is a fundamental principle in true religion: we should be under its influence.

No sooner did the lights of Masonry beam on your eyes, than your minds were illuminated by the divine precepts of the insti-

tution. Though veiled in mystery, you were conducted through gradually increasing light till you reached the "*sanctum sanctorum*." The uncertainty of time, the turmoils and disasters of this life, were presented for your consideration while you ascended, step by step, to the holy place. Elevated to the upper chamber, you surveyed with composure the scenes that were brought to view in your travels. Having attained the highest seat in the temple, you began to contemplate with rapture, the glories of the house of God: here you beheld the golden cherubim of the secret place, embracing with their wings the ark of the Lord, the repository of his commandments: here you meditated on the grand procession that attended its removal into the sanctuary, when the presence of God was transferred from Mount Sinai to Mount Moriah, a place ever memorable in the annals of Masonry. The sacrifices and oblations offered on this occasion rose to your view while the assembled nation was preparing for a visit from the King of Kings. From the brazen altar, the sacred incense exhaled, & the richest sacrifices were exhibited to the people. When those solemnities were ended, the temple was darkened by a cloud, every thing assumed a gloomy sublimity; but all was re illuminated by the approach of the Most High. On this occasion, the grand officers held the most solemn lodge of which we have any knowledge; grand, sublime and magnificent in all their movements. The presence of the everlasting JEHOVAH and the sanctity of the priests, gave dignity to the scene that surpassed the common assemblies of men. The ceremonies being over, the multitude dispersed, but not until the unblemished victims, placed on the altar, had been consumed by fire from Heaven. The labor being finished, and the solemn dedication ended, Masons betook themselves to different parts of the earth, carrying with them all the valuable precepts of their wise and accomplished master. Under those circumstances, the procession could not fail to become extensive, and display its beauties in many places. Hence, in succeeding ages, many stately palaces and splendid cities are reared in different countries. But for several centuries preceding the Christian era, a more than midnight darkness appears to have enveloped our world. The once enlightened Babylonians, Assyrians and E-

gyptians, appear to have fallen into a state of luxury, effeminacy and imbecility, destructive of all their former greatness. In ancient Palestine we seek in vain for that once renowned and erudite city, in which our order was brought to such a high degree of perfection. The cities of more modern Greece and Rome, obtain the ascendancy; but in them the knowledge of a God is scarcely known; we might recur to a Plato, a Socrates, an Aristotle, a Cato and others as examples of stern and inflexible virtue, and as endeavoring to demonstrate the existence of a God; but from the opposition made to their doctrines we are well satisfied that nothing but the powers of darkness could then have governed the world. This being the state of mankind, the animosity of nations producing war and desolation in every shape, could not suffer society to remain undisturbed, or the labour of years, unmolested. Those magnificent cities that had occupied the skill and labour of thousands, could not escape the destructive ravages of human depravity. Contemplate, for a moment, the splendid ruins of Babylon, Ninevah, Palmyra and Jerusalem: their lofty columns lying in scattered fragments, or standing lonely and useless; their spires that encroached on the Heaven, prostrate in the sand; their superb edifices, the abode of reptiles and beasts of prey; the shrieks of the bird of night, and the frightful howlings of the lords of the forest are substituted for the busy hum of industry, the joyful songs of conviviality, and the worship of the priests. Even the holy temple could not escape the destroying power. It was demolished, and the spot where on it stood could scarcely be distinguished. We might recur to the fate of more modern cities that flourished in different ages, but it is painful to dwell on the melancholy monument of departed greatness.

Meditating on those scenes of desolation, the mind is involuntarily led to anticipate the destruction of our bodies and the whole material universe, and that nothing will escape but the immaterial spirit; but as ruined cities are rebuilt, so may the habitations of our souls be re-organized and become of a less destructible nature; and as the splendid edifice rises on the ruins of the old, so may the spiritual and living body rise on the ruins of the present. The ways of heaven are inscrutable and

concealed from mortal sight; but as the mason progresses from darkness to light, till he attains the summit of perfection in his art, so the spiritual pilgrim progresses in like manner till the regenerating influence of the invisible power illuminates his mind and removes from his eyes the film of unbelief. Then will the words of the prophet be verified; "I will bring the blind by ways they know not; I will lead them in paths they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things strait, these things will I do unto them and not forsake them." Such is the promise concerning things invisible, the sight and knowledge of which we all anticipate, and even see through faith and the telescope of time. When the Heavens shall be rolled together like a mighty scroll; when the conflagration of the material universe shall take place, when the sun, moon, and stars shall be hurled from their orbits, and universal confusion prevail, then will the hidden mysteries of eternity flash with the rapidity of lightning on the vision of all. Such we are taught, will be the ultimate catastrophe of every thing we now behold. Those grand and terrible results are brought to the view of every mason; he is duly impressed with the perishable nature of our bodies and the certainty of an eternal existence in worlds of pleasure or of woe.

Having made these general remarks, though very imperfectly, permit me to address you on things that claim our more immediate attention. Since the connection that once existed between operative and speculative masonry has been dissolved, it will not be amiss to assign such reasons as we may possess, why the institution is still kept in existence, why there are Lodges in every part of the civilized world, and why others are so frequently springing into existence. If the precepts of our order are such as we have suggested, it was improper they should be confined to those engaged in architectural pursuits alone: they are the gift of God to the world, their promulgation the duty of man. Here the inquisitive might ask, why our ceremonies and doctrines are not fully divulged? Suffer me to reply, that our moral precepts are published to all; but our ancient landmarks and peculiar obligations to each other cannot be made known, except in a lawful manner; if they were, all distinction would cease and the present order of Masons be annihilated.

If ancient societies were intended to promote peace and harmony among men, ours has the same object; if they were designed to relieve the distresses of the human race, ours is not less so; if they were calculated to create a belief in the existence of a God, ours is not only their rival, but superior. That many of those associations were for such purposes, there is no room to doubt: this being the fact, it is not astonishing that the system of morality that originated with operative masons, by moralizing on their implements of labour, and other things connected with the profession, should assume a speculative character for the purpose of placing mankind under the controul of those precepts that we maintain to be the basis of our order. If the moral obligations of masons had been confined to those alone who were engaged in that art, many worthy brothers would have been debarred the privileges of our institution. The principles of free masonry are intelligible to all; hence the impropriety of curtailing its usefulness or depriving the worthy of its benefits. However dark and mysterious it may appear to the world, however insignificant and unmeaning may appear our badges and our emblems, yet to every mason they are the monitors of his duty to God and man. Those who are yet in masonic darkness may imagine that our assemblies have the appearance of profanation and a tendency to cherish intemperance and irregularity; or at best, exhibit but a specious show of imposing pomp. When the soul shall be disfranchised and the mind released from the trammels of mortality, the necessity of observing masonic doctrines and precepts, will become visible; their neglect will be a bitter ingredient in the cup of human woe. How poignant, how severe will be the reflections of those who have gained admittance into the holy sanctuary, and then with daring wickedness not only disregarded the precepts inculcated, but abused their authority by direct violation. In its present mode of existence, masonry is designed to promote union, brotherly love, esteem and confidence; it also embraces in its nature, charity, relief and truth. What so much contributes to the welfare and happiness of society as the exercise of those inestimable virtues? Man is feeble and dependent: next to his God he relies for support and assistance on his fellow creatures. It is union and re-

reciprocal friendship that give strength and wealth to nations. Among individuals and families their value is equally conspicuous, though exhibited on a smaller scale. If nations were united, and governed by the immutable principles of truth and justice, our ears would never be assailed by the horrid din of battle; our hearts would never be made to recoil at the recital of national calamities. nor our sensibility be tortured at the prospect of individual misery. Union is the harbinger of universal peace. Nothing can be cherished productive of so much general good: it is by a proper regulation of our conduct in the various transactions of life, that we must expect it to be promoted: Universal good will to all is the first principle to be observed; you must love every man because he is your equal, because he holds the same place in the scale of creation with yourself, and because the favours of God have been dispensed for the benefit of all; and while travelling through the chequered scene of life, nothing so exalts the human character, as aiding and assisting each other in all lawful undertakings. We live not for ourselves alone, we live for the human race, for posterity, and for heaven.

MASONIC ARAB.

THE following account will be read with much interest by the brethren of the craft, as affording conclusive evidence of the truth of the position assumed by them, that the light of Masonry is co extensive with the great natural luminary of our planetary system; and that its principles flourish alike vigorously in the frozen regions of Lapland, or the scorching deserts of Africa. To our readers generally. it will afford some additional particulars of a country, now familiarized to them by the Narrative of Riley. The Rio del Ouro, or River of Gold, in which the sloop of war anchored, enters the ocean in latitude 24, n., between Cape Bajador, where the Commerce was wrecked, and Cape Barbas, the place at which captain Riley was afterwards made captive by the wandering Arabs.—*Masonic Reg.*

AFRICA.

We are indebted to our correspondent at Cape de Verd Islands;

for the following information of the Rio Ouro and the coast of Africa, from Cape Bajador to Cape Blanco.—*Boston Patriot.*

PORT PRAYA, ST. JAGO, DEC. 21.

Arrived his Britannic Majesty's ship *Leven*, Capt. D. E. Bartholomew, c. s. Commander, last, from Rio Ouro and Cape Blanco, and sailed on the 2d of January, for Goree and the Gambia, surveying. Captain Bartholomew informs, that at Rio Ouro, he had an interview with a tribe of wandering Arabs, and strange to learn, found among them a Free Mason, who spoke a little Spanish, and said that in Arabia Felix, where he had been, were many Free Masons, and offered to go on board the ship, but was prevented by the chief. These Arabs are in the habit of burying their bodies in the sand, whenever they discover a boat approach the shore, and lie thus concealed until the party land, when by a signal or yell of the chief, they all instantly rise, surprise, and make prisoners of the party. The officers and crew of the *Leven*, whenever they landed, were prepared with side arms and muskets, and when approaching the natives, required them to lay down their arms, they doing the same. Captain Bartholomew describes them as a treacherous race, and though he never saw above six or seven persons at a time, yet he never saw the same person a second time, save the chief.

On getting under weigh and coming down the river, he saw numerous fires along the banks, signals of his departure, and believes that a large number of the natives had assembled at different points, waiting a favourable moment to board the ship. Captain Bartholomew thinks, from their expressions, they knew his ship to be a man of war, and looking at the colours, made a loud yell, and said they were not Spanish. He describes the river, if such it may be called, as being about twenty-three miles in length, and three in width, and the banks not so high as the topmast head, with quicksand bottom, for in weighing his anchor, found it buried several feet in the sand, and many fathoms of the chain worn perfectly bright. He found the channel winding, and passage intricate, and on the bar at the mouth was only water to pass at spring tide, consequently had to remain until the next spring-tide before he could return.

At the head of the river is a small island, containing two or three acres, but he could discover no fresh water, though from the appearance a large stream emptied in against the island during the rainy season. No ore or earth was found containing gold, from which the river derived its name, nor huts, nor verdure discovered as far as the eye could reach, and nothing was seen but a dreary sandy desert. Captain Bartholomew sounded the coast from Cape Blanco, which he found regular, and anchored every night in fourteen fathoms. distance five miles from the shore, except at Cape Barbas, where he anchored in fourteen fathoms, distance three miles from the shore. He found good bottom in twenty-five fathoms, distance ten miles from shore, and thinks that vessels may with safety run into nine fathoms, with cables bent, excepting into St. Cyprian's Bay, where it is better to keep a greater distance, in order to weather Cape Barbas. Captain Bartholomew saw no huts along the coast, excepting at the bottom of St. Cyprian's Bay, where he discovered six on a low piece of table land, and in the Bay saw two wrecks, a ship and brig, the latter supposed to be the *Mary*, of New Bedford, wrecked in 1818; saw nothing of the wreck of the brig *Commerce* at Cape Bajador.

MASONIC PRECEPTS.

Thy first homage thou owest to the Deity. Adore the Being of all beings, of whom thy heart is full: although thy confined intellect can neither conceive nor describe God.

The mother country of a Mason is the world; all that concerns mankind is contained within the circle of his compass.

Look down with pity upon the deplorable madness of those who turn their eyes from the light, and wander about in the darkness of accidental events.

Let all thy actions be distinguished by enlightened piety without bigotry or fanaticism.

Love affectionately all those who, as offsprings of the same progenitor, have, like thee, the same form, the same wants, and an immortal soul.

THE FIVE POINTS OF FELLOWSHIP ILLUSTRATED.

1. When the necessities of a brother call for my aid and support, I will be ever ready to lend him such assistance to save him from sinking, as may not be detrimental to myself or connections, if I find him worthy thereof.

2. Indolence shall not cause my footsteps to halt, nor wrath turn them aside; but forgetting every selfish consideration, I will be ever swift of foot to serve, help, and execute benevolence to a fellow creature in distress; and more particularly to a brother Mason.

3. When I offer up my ejaculations to Almighty God, a brother's welfare I will remember as my own; for as the voices of babes and sucklings ascend to the Throne of Grace, so most assuredly will the breathings of a fervent heart arise to the mansions of bliss, as our prayers are certainly required for each other.

4. A brother's secrets delivered to me as such, I will keep as I would my own; as betraying that trust might be doing him the greatest injury he could sustain in his mortal life; nay, it would be like the villainy of an assassin, who lurks in darkness to stab his adversary, when unarmed, and least prepared to meet an enemy.

5. A brother's character I will support, in his absence as I would in his presence: I will not wrongfully revile him myself, nor will I suffer it to be done by others, if in my power to prevent it.

Thus by the five points of fellowship we are linked together in one indivisible chain of sincere affection, brotherly love, relief, and truth.

A. P. M.

BROTHER WARD'S SERMON.

It affords us much pleasure to be enabled to lay before our readers, thus promptly, the following excellent discourse. Coming as it does from a minister of the gospel, of amiable character and universally acknowledged worth, it will, no doubt, be received as authority by those who might consider the praises of others, not similarly situated, as mere idle declamation. It is a plain,

unexaggerated account of the Masonic institution, and without shrinking from the avowal of any facts, places the defence of the order on the only safe and proper footing. The liberality of sentiment herein displayed is truly Masonic, and cannot but receive the cordial approbation of every enlightened and unprejudiced mind. We trust our readers will excuse the encroachment we have made on the literary department of the present number, as the late hour at which it was possible to receive the following article, compelled us either to postpone its publication till next month, or to insert rather more than our usual proportion of Masonic matter in the present number. The latter course we have pursued, under the impression that it will be acceptable to the majority of our readers.

A MASONIC SERMON,

Delivered at the request of the Masonic Fraternity in Lexington, on the 24th of June, 1822, being the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist, by the Rev. Brother JOHN WARD.

MATTHEW, V. 16.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father who is in Heaven.

BRETHREN AND COMPANIONS,

When you sought admission into the distinguished fraternity, to which it is your privilege and glory to belong, you were in darkness with respect to many important truths; you felt conscious that this was your situation, and it was your earnest desire to receive that mental illumination, which Masonry sheds upon the human mind!

Influenced by high and holy motives, you were anxious for an increase of knowledge, that as rational, social, and accountable beings, you might be enabled so to square your conduct, in all the various situations of life, that when you had finished your earthly labours you might find acceptance with the Omnic Source of existence, the all knowing Inspector and equitable Judge of human actions.

With a becoming humility and patient waiting, you knocked at the door of intellectual and moral instruction, and by this proper demeanor, through the condescension and benevolence of enlightened minds, you obtained the important object of your laudable pursuit. Light, of which you were so desirous, gradually shone brighter and brighter upon your minds, until the dark-

ness in which they had been involved, entirely disappeared. With astonishment mingled with joy, you beheld, in native beauty, many truths which had been hidden behind the veil of mystery, in order that none but those who would diligently employ the means, might become partakers of their benefits.

At the happy period of revelation, when your minds were expanded by knowledge, and your bosoms glowed with virtuous feelings, it was the benevolent wish of your hearts, that others, having the same noble capacities, might become partakers of the distinguished benefits which brotherly love had communicated to you.

As members of the friendly and mystic band, if you have improved your privileges and sacredly regarded the confidence in you reposed, you are the sons of light, decided lovers of true wisdom, the friends and patrons of intellectual and moral improvement.

Brethren and Companions,

As in compliance with your request, I appear before you on this pleasant occasion, I persuade myself that with your accustomed promptitude and candor you will favour me with a listening ear and a faithful heart, while I am endeavoring to enforce the responsible duty enjoined in the passage selected as the motto of my discourse;

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your father who is in Heaven.

This necessary and comprehensive precept, was originally imparted to the followers of a Master, who, by his own luminous and amiable example, exhibited to the world a perfect transcript of every virtue that can adorn a rational being, and fit him for higher scenes than earth affords. The instructions of Jesus were superior in utility to those of any other teacher the world has known. They manifested the soundest wisdom and tended to promote the best dispositions of heart and mind in his genuine disciples.

Love, pure, ardent and unconquerable love to the creatures his own plastic hands had formed after the most perfect model, brought him from the ineffable glories of the celestial world, that

they might be assisted and enabled to pass through the stages of a transient and probationary existence, in a manner that would ensure them a triumphant entrance into the unchangeable abodes of felicity and glory.

Brethren, by the metaphor of light, the Teacher whose sayings we revere, intends human *virtue*, which is the light of the moral world, as yonder splendid orb in the midst of the firmament, is of the natural. Moral virtue, we glory in saying is the solid and sure foundation of Masonry; the light by which we perform the work, which we believe will be accepted and approved by the Grand Council above; the firm basis of our exhilarating and supporting hopes when we have retired from our earthly labours, to unceasing refreshment in the temple not made with hands. What therefore are we to infer from the precept before us, but the imperious duty of making the most rigorous efforts in the cause of virtue? Our just and benevolent deeds will shed a lustre upon our character, and be the happy means of inducing others to imitate our bright example. The venerable institution of which we are members, was formed and has been maintained, through revolving ages, for the express purpose of enlightening the world at large by the virtuous deeds of Masons, and of enlightening each other by signs, by tokens, by emblems and by words. Our system of intelligence and sound wisdom, has a language comprehensive, appropriate and peculiar to itself. By our own pure language we know each other, wherever Providence allows us to meet, and the knowledge which reveals a brother or a companion, has an inherent attraction of mutual benevolence, which is seldom to be found among the far greater number of those who claim to be followers of him who bears nothing but compassion and good will towards our race.

The Masonic bosom is inspired with reverence and virtue, when we contemplate our temple of unrivalled magnificence and beauty; when we view our jewels more brilliant and precious than the diamond that glitters in the crown of earthly majesty; when we survey the majestic march of the sun, moon, and stars in their orbits; when we inspect this earth which we inhabit so full of being and so abounding in wonders; when we

consider man in all his capacities as an intelligent, social, moral, religious and immortal being; and when we open the treasure long concealed in the Ark, and scan its celestial lessons! Yes, companions and brethren, these wonderful works of the Supreme Architect, impress us with reverential awe. "Holiness to the Lord," is the pervading sentiment of our hearts, and we recognize with exalted satisfaction, the duty of imitating the benevolence which he has so astonishingly displayed towards his rational creatures.

By those who are unacquainted with the principles and motives which govern our conduct as Masons. we are injuriously represented as the determined patrons of secret licentiousness; but, we know that every insinuation of this nature is groundless, and we will freely pardon the malice it contains, since it proceeds from so pardonable a source, as that of entire ignorance. Whoever undertakes to impugn Masonry as tending to encourage immorality in any degree, knows not what he affirms, and is guilty of a gross breach of truth, justice and charity. I hesitate not to declare in the most unequivocal terms, that the whole system of Masonry, rightly understood, enforces the precept of Jesus Christ, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father who is in Heaven." Masonry is not like our holy religion, in danger of being reduced to mere speculation, or to the dogmas of sectarianism. It indeed encourages investigation, and every species of mental improvement; but its essence consists in good will, in acts of justice and beneficence towards men. Instituted for the noble purpose of alleviating human sufferings by substantial benefits, it is more liberal of alms than of prayers for the needy, of operative charity, than of good wishes towards those who need assistance. It does not fail in its recommendation of the sufferer to the care and blessing of Heaven, because it recognizes an all-seeing eye, an exuberant fountain of blessings; but to do good and to communicate, these it inculcates, because with such sacrifices God, the father and friend of our race, is, and must be well pleased.

Masonry generates sympathy in the bosom, and urges us to prefer human happiness to the glitter of renown. Let not the

professed christian be too hasty in censuring either our principles or our practice as masons. We dare bring our practice, in comparison with that of the members of the outward church in general, to the grand test of evangelical morality. When have we seen a brother in need, and shut up our bowels of compassion against him? When, in a lodge capacity, have we neglected to visit the fatherless children, or the widow of a deceased brother, in their affliction? We are accused of harbouring in our lodges and embrace, the unworthy and the vicious. We acknowledge the fact, and in it we will glory. While we are slow to listen to the discordant voice of vulgar report, we are prompt to receive any authenticated information, concerning the unworthy conduct of a fellow member. But we pass no rash judgment; we come to no hasty decision. We forbear and investigate, counsel and admonish, faithfully remind the offender of his errors, and strive to aid a reformation. He who has the spirit of Jesus Christ abiding in him, who is actuated by the genuine influence of our order, must in his serious judgment prefer this deliberate, calm and equitable procedure, to that which, impelled by passion and prejudice, decides with precipitation and sentences with rigour. What is the direction of the lenient & forbearing Saviour to his disciples, concerning any one that falls into transgression? You recollect his reply to Peter, when he enquired, "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him?" "I say not unto thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven." We offer this as our justification, when we forbear with an erring, and forgive a repentant brother. Prejudice sometimes more than insinuates, that ours, if not an anti christian society, is one which no godly person can visit with pleasure or improvement. We have never pretended that Masonry is a christian institution. Its origin was anterior to Christianity. It cannot, therefore, deny its benefits, without a total change of its principles, to any who acknowledge the Supreme Architect of the universe. But is there any thing in Masonry hostile to evangelical truth, or to the practice of those pleasant and ennobling duties, which Jesus enjoins upon his disciples? I feel authorized to declare, that the greatest Saint on earth might become a Mason, might attend a well regulated Lodge, without any hazard of

corrupting his principles or of endangering his salvation. Before this enlightened and candid audience, I feel little diffidence in hazarding the remark, that in my view, Masonry has a tendency to eradicate sectarian bigotry from the mind, and to implant in its stead a catholic and a tolerant spirit. I very much question, whether either the enthusiast or the bigot can be an admirer of our system. Its atmosphere is not suited to his respiration. It has nothing congenial with the narrowness of his views, nothing that countenances many of the dogmas of his creed. In the Lodge he must associate with men of opposite opinions, with those who have embraced different creeds, and with those who have embraced no creed at all. His self-sufficiency will prompt him to say to almost every one around him "stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou."

Since I had the privilege of admission into the fraternity, I have frequently meditated upon the characters of my christian acquaintances who are Masons, and to my satisfaction have found them men of liberal sentiments. In order to remove every cause of misapprehension, I will explicitly state what I understand by a liberal Christian. He is one, who, sensible of his own liability to err in judgment, and fully aware of the powerful influence of education in producing in different minds, different opinions & habits of speculation, cherishes a conviction, that it becomes him not to pass an unfavorable decision concerning the actual standing of a brother in the sight of that all-wise, just and merciful Being, who knows whereof we are made, and is no "respector of persons." He also feels his inability to weigh with precision, or to measure with exactitude the extent of any understanding except his own. He attempts not to estimate the strength and origin of the habit of reflection in a brother. He presumes not to appreciate his merit or demerit in the use of the talent of reason, with which he has been entrusted, so as positively to pronounce the belief of this or that doctrine necessary to salvation. Strange as it may seem to the proud and intolerant bigot, the liberal Christian believes that the virtuous heathen, who have improved the light which they have received, will be accepted with God, their father and benefactor! Yes, and stranger still, he goes so far as to trust, that should different persons, in conscien-

tiously examining the inspired pages, come to different conclusions, even upon the most important points. God, who alone knows their capacities, will yet be merciful to those who are in error! Brethren, I have thus given you my views of a very delicate, yet as I conceive, important subject. My sole design in doing this, is to persuade you to let the light of a liberal spirit shine before men, to allow no self sufficient and bigoted religionists to darken your minds and narrow your hearts, or to lessen its sphere of diffusive charity, which is the key-stone of our mystic arch, and the cement of our noble fabric.

Proud am I to believe that should the monster Bigotry venture to raise its head in our lodges; it would find itself vigorously assailed and be forced to retire with disgrace. For myself, I most unhesitatingly declare, that should disputes upon the peculiarities of different religious orders ever find admission into our sacred retreats of friendship and of virtue, I would immediately withdraw myself from brethren, thus walking disorderly. I profess to be a disciple of Jesus Christ. To his inspired and infallible word, not to fallible men, do I look for information concerning his most just and holy will. I claim the right, as dear and unalienable, to serve and worship him according to the dictates of my own conscience, enlightened by his word and spirit. Masonry interferes not with this sacred and inestimable privilege granted to those whom Christ has made free. It bears no hostility towards Jesus of Nazareth, the unrivalled teacher sent from God, the glorious pattern of every excellence, the spontaneous advocate of guilty men, the mighty Prince of salvation. I forsake not the latter more glorious house, because I enter and contemplate the sublimity of the former: I behold with gratitude and joy the wonder-working and beneficent hand of Deity, in the ark of the covenant, in the pot of manna, in the rod that budded, in the book of the testimony, and in the incense that ascended an acceptable offering before the merciful throne above. I perceive the same hand in the wisdom imparted to our Grand Masters who were enabled to construct an edifice surpassing human skill and contributing to the glory of our common father who is in Heaven!

But, not to dwell upon the religious sentiments encouraged by

our order. I value it highly on account of the moral feelings which it excites and cherishes in the heart of its worthy votary. It leads him to contemplate man in a higher and more extended view than is taken by human pride. It divests him of all adventitious and gawdy trappings, and brings him down to the true level of reason and moral worth. In our lodges the rich and poor, the learned and unlearned, meet together as the creatures and children of one common father. There they forget the petty distinctions of a vain world, and cherish with delight the benevolent feelings. Brethren and companions, it is grateful to my heart to indulge the reflection, that in every season of trial and difficulty, I can by virtue of my connection with you and the widely extended fraternity, find faithful bosoms, in which to pour the troubles of my mind, and from which I can receive the most disinterested friendship and profitable advice. A true mason can neither supplant his brother, nor walk with those who slander him. He cannot, in the reproachful sense of the terms, become a tale bearer, nor busy body, in the concerns of any member of our fraternity. His obligations are too solemn, thus to sport with the sacred rights of one whom he hopes to meet in harmonious intercourse in the Lodge, where all the luminaries of our order will be assembled to regale themselves with "the food which angels eat." By those present, who are unacquainted with the truths which we have found, I may be considered as indulging in the high wrought strains of eulogy. My address is exclusively to masons, and to them I will answer for the truth of my assertions, if they have not been culpably remiss in investigating the principles of our craft. I pretend not that masons are, in all cases, faithful to their obligations. Masonry cannot on this account be justly reproached. There are no sanctions, human or divine, that can restrain the wanderings of those unfortunate beings, whose hearts are fully set in them to do evil. In the church of the living God, tares are ever to be found growing with the wheat. Why then should it be thought strange if some of our fraternity, composed of mere men in an imperfect state, should prove unworthy of the confidence in them reposed? Brethren, let us not forget how much it behoves us to strive to reclaim those, who, through the influence of temptation, have

departed from the safe and pleasant way. I had rather endure the reproach of those who know not our reasons for bearing with the obliquities of a brother, than to cut him off from our privileges and fellowship, while there remains any reasonable hope of his amendment. While I would give no sanction to vice, I would be cautious how I riveted its galling chains upon a brother by a hasty disruption of our masonic ties. There are cases, indeed, of flagrant transgression; when no alternative is left us. They are not, however, as frequent as those in which a cure may be effected by the friendly remonstrance.

Brethren and companions, by a due regard to the particular-already mentioned, "let your light shine before men." Your general obligations, as masons, are so well known, and so frequently inculcated in the lodge, that I deem it unnecessary for me to be particular on this occasion. We have precept upon precept and line upon line, urging us, by the most elevated and inspiring* considerations, to be unwearied in well-doing. The bright example of that exalted character which we have assembled to commemorate, powerfully constrains us to "let our light shine before men." John Baptist was a burning and a shining light. His integrity, his diligence, his zeal, and attachment to the cause of human-happiness, were most exemplary. In fidelity to his master, he was unwavering. In reproofing evil, he was prompt and undaunted. In his endeavours to turn men from every false way, he was persevering and unwearied. As a messenger of the Most High to a thoughtless and corrupt generation, he obtained *this* testimony from him who sent him: "Verily I say unto you, among them that are born of women, there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist." The greatness of this holy man consisted in the strictness of his integrity, and the faithfulness of his virtue. Human happiness was his aim, and on no occasion was he known to relinquish his object. He let his light continually shine before men, by imparting moral and religious instruction, by encouraging virtuous resolutions, and by exciting the vicious to amendment of life. Like our Grand Master, whose firmness has in all ages been the admiration of Masons rather than betray his trust, when high handed immorality, in an elevated station, demanded reproof, he raised his accusing voice, regardless

of what either wounded pride or revenge, clothed with power, could do. He fell a victim to his integrity, leaving us an example of what we are to do when the eternal obligations of truth and righteousness require us to decide and to act. Worthy of our study, brethren, and imitation, is the example of this faithful man. It shines in the moral world, like the luminary of day in the midst of heaven's cerulean arch. It sparkles like the Urim and Thummim on Aaron's breast. It manifests wisdom, strength, and beauty; the glory of intellectual man, and inspires a hope, firm as the immortal pillars of the heavenly Jerusalem.

Influenced, as I believe, by the genuine feelings of brotherly love, most seriously and earnestly would I endeavour, brethren and companions, to persuade you to a continual and active diligence in the fulfilment of the work given you to do by the Grand Master of the Universe. Time is short and uncertain. The cord which binds us to earth's busy and ever varying scenes, is frail and brittle. Solemn and affecting have been the mementoes of these truths, in the fall of two of our number, of late. Abundant evidence has been given us that there is no security from the power of the universal destroyer, in this land of change. He has not chosen his victims among those who were bowing beneath the weight of years, in whom desire had failed, to whom the grasshopper was a burthen, but he has selected those who were in their full strength, whose breasts were full of milk, and whose bones were moistened with marrow. We profess to be engaged in a work which is to undergo a critical inspection before the Grand Council of Eternity; a work which must be the evidence of our everlasting glory or shame, according as it shall compare with the pattern delivered for our imitation! How deeply are we concerned then, to apply our time and talents to the best advantage, that, when we present our work, it may stand the test, and be received as fit for our Master's use! We have the necessary skill imparted to us; we have the requisite tools, the proper materials, and the time to complete the task assigned us. If inferior objects induce us to neglect it, unspeakable will be our shame, and great our everlasting regret, when we shall be made to witness our work cast away as unfit to be employed in the temple above. Let me

hope, that none of you will be so wanting to yourselves, so void of wisdom, so inattentive to the friendly remonstrances of our benevolent institution, as to come short of those glorious expectations which will be realized by every faithful craftsman, when the brittle thread of life shall be broken. I feel it an imperious duty to remind you, that though a virtuous life is indispensable to a happy immortality, yet, of you, who have heard those glad tidings of great joy, which were announced by angels when Jesus appeared in human form, something more than moral virtue is required. You are demanded to give Him a cordial reception into a grateful heart, who died for all. You are to trust in him, as the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, who has the keys of death and of hell, who openeth and no man shutteth—who shutteth and no man openeth. To this only Saviour of men, the holy John Baptist gave ample witness that he is the Son of God. You will bear with these remarks when you reflect that I am an ambassador of this prince of salvation, and feel it my imperious duty to pray you, in his stead, to be reconciled to God in the way which he has prescribed. Though I might extend my observations to a far greater length, I am unwilling to trespass upon your indulgence, and will therefore come to a conclusion, after offering a few words by way of exhortation to those for whose consideration the discourse has been solely prepared.

You, my respected brethren and companions, profess to be seeking the advancement of your knowledge, the expansion of your intellectual faculties, the due regulation and application of your passions, and the beneficial exercise of your moral powers. These are noble objects, abundantly worthy of the most steady and vigorous exertions. The more you attain, the brighter you will shine among the excellent of the earth. Go on in wisdom's ways, pursue love, and cherish truth. Be firm to resolve, and stubborn to endure, when goodness and justice call you to action. Survey with reverential awe and grateful sentiments of soul the eternal king of ages, in the glass of his creatures and the volume of his will. Raise your ambition, by reflecting upon the dignity of your station in the scale of being. Your continuance in this first stage of your existence, and your duties, will be but

short. Confine not your hopes; set not your affections upon fleeting joys. The fair cliffs and lofty cedars of Lebanon are in view, beckoning you to ascend. Beneath the holy hill of Zion, there is no permanent repose: difficulties and dangers, perplexities sorrows and toils, are the inevitable lot of mortals. But we are not launched upon the ocean of life only to be swallowed by its quick sands. No, ye mystic and enlightened few, ye never dwell upon the gloomy side of life's picture. when by the light of the bush, ye ken a being whose tender mercies are over all his works. Ye believe, that amidst all the labors and convulsions of nature's works, ye cannot lose "*one drop of immortal man.*" Let the frowning pestilence spread wide her livid banners, and carry destruction through the ranks of men: let the friends of your bosom fall on the right hand and on the left. let the new sepulchre be opened to enclose, in its cold and silent bosom, the dear object of your affectionate solicitude, still you perceive flourishing at its head, the emblematic sprig of immortality, assuring you of another world in which death shall have no dominion. Brethren and companions, were I to utter the glorious truths which crowd upon my mind, and fill my soul with triumphant joy, I should be in danger of exhausting that fraternal patience, which has borne with me thus far. I will suppress my feelings, and conclude, by affectionately entreating you to exemplify in your whole lives and conversation, the heaven-derived principles of masonry. Let your love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil. Cleave to that which is good. "Be kindly affectioned one to another." Bear ye one another's burdens, and thus fulfil the law of Christ, the pattern of every excellence and the hope of immortality.

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

From Bracebridge Hall, a new work by WASHINGTON IRVING.

It was on a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained in the course of a journey, by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering, but I was still feverish and was still obliged to keep within doors in an Inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one, can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys; while those of my sitting room commanded a full view of the stable yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable yard in a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw, that had been kicked about by travellers and stable boys: in one corner was a stagnant pool of water surrounding an island of muck; there were several half drowned fowls, crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crest fallen cock, lrenched out of all life and spirit, his drooping tail matted as it were into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back. Near the cart was a half dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall eyed horse, tired of the loveliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then, between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself. Every thing, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable. I abandoned it and sought what is technically called the travellers' room. This is a public room, set apart at most inns for the accommodation of a class of wayfarers, called travellers or riders; a kind of commercial knights errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, or by coach. They are the only successors that I know of at the present day, to the knights errant of yore. They lead the same

kind of roving adventurous life, only changing the lance for the whip, the buckler for a pattern card, and the coat of mail for an upper Benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion now a-days to trade instead of fight with one another. As the room of the Hostel, in the good old fighting times, would be hung round at night with the armour of way worn warriors, such as coats of mail, falchions and yawning helmets; so the travellers' room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors; with box coats, whips of all kinds, spurs, gaiters, and oil cloth covered hats.

I was in hopes to find some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were indeed, two or three in the room; but I could make nothing of them. One was just finishing his breakfast, quarrelling with his bread and butter, and huffing the waiter; another buttoning on a pair of gaiters with many execrations at "Boots," for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window glass: they all appeared infected by the weather, and disappeared, one after the other, without exchanging a word.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted midleg and dripping umbrellas. The bell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite; who, being confined to the house, for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows to fascinate the chance tenants of the Inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I saw nothing farther from without to amuse me.

What was I to do, to pass away the long-lived day? I was sadly nervous and lonely; and every thing about an inn is calculated to make a dull day ten times duller. Old newspapers, smelling of beer and tobacco smoke, and which I had already read half a dozen times. Good for nothing books; that were worse than the rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the lady's Magazine. I read all the common placed names of ambitious travellers scrawled on panes of glass; the eternal families of the Smiths, and the Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Johnsons, and all other sons; and I decyphered several scraps of inn window poetry that I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, sponzy clouds drifted heavily along in the air; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous

patter, patter, patter; excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella. It was quite *refreshing*. (If I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box coats and upper Benjamins.

The sound brought out from their lurking places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, with the carroty headed hostler and that non descript animal yclept Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on its way; and boy, and dog and hostler, and boots, all slunk back again to their holes; and the street again became silent and the rain continued to rain on. In fact there was no hope of its clearing up; the barometer pointed to rainy weather; mine hostess' tortoise-shell cat sat by the fire washing her face and rubbing her paws over her ears; and on referring to the almanac, I found a direful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom, through the whole month, "expect much rain about this time."

* * * * *

The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over, after which they one after another rang for Boots and the chambermaid, and walked up to bed in old shoes, cut down into marvellously uncomfortable slippers.

There was only one man left; a short legged, long bodied plethoric fellow with a very large sandy head. He sat by himself with a glass of port wine negus, and a spoon; sipping and stirring, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep, bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber.

The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep drawn breathings of the sleeping toper; and the drippings of the rain, drop drop drop; from the eaves of the house."

JULIA AND EDWARD.

FROM A NEW WORK, ENTITLED "HAPPINESS."

JULIA WILMINGTON was born in the early months of her mother's widowhood, and was first cradled in the storms of the Indian Ocean; for it was on her passage to England, after sustain-

ing a shock almost unparalleled in the history of human suffering, that Mrs. Wilmington was presented with this interesting pledge of an affection, doomed, alas! to weep over its object—hurried from her arms in a moment of fancied security, by the hand of treachery and violence. The lovely infant arose beneath her eye in all the charms of new existence, and by its helpless dependence and artless smiles, beguiled her back to life and hope. "It seemed" as she once remarked, when relating her sad story, 'like a cherub of mercy, sent from heaven to awaken her from the stupor of despair, and then to assuage the anguish of returning sensibility.'" Thus, powerfully excited to feeling and reflection (for, from the moment of her husband's catastrophe, till her infant saw the light she had been little more than an unconscious statue) her principles came to the aid of her reason, and she resolutely determined to gather up her almost wasted energies and to consecrate them to the happiness of this new appendage to her being. But for this, life must have been a blank, and the grave a welcome asylum to her bereaved and desolate heart.

Perfectly acquainted with all that is necessary to the formation of the female character, both as it regards accomplishments, which refine the manners, and principles, which direct the conduct Mrs. Wilmington's first care was to qualify her daughter for the station in society she was destined to occupy; and more especially to prepare her, as a Christian, for that immortality, which it is the high prerogative of Christianity to reveal and bestow. She drew up, for her own guidance, a system of education, comprehending both these objects; and she proved its practicability by strictly adhering to it. In this system, nothing that embellishes life, nothing that exalts it, was undervalued or forgotten. Each acquirement, each pursuit, had its allotted portion of time and attention, according to its comparative worth and importance. Religion, of course, held the first place. It was with her the Alpha and Omega of female education; she considered woman, both in her political and domestic character, to be infinitely indebted to its influence; and that she was never so truly and so naturally herself as when acknowledging its authority and obeying its dictates.

On their arrival in England, Mrs. Wilmington sought retirement in the bosom of her native village; where, without interruption, she could devote herself to the favourite task which affection and duty had imposed upon her, and enjoy occasional intercourse with a few of her earliest and most highly valued friends. Among these it was her privilege to number the rector and his family.

Mr Evelyn, who had been her father's intimate associate, and her husband's tutor, was a venerable parish priest, of the now almost obsolete school of Hooker and Herbert. In his character,

he was equally removed from the coldness of the mere ethical formalist, and the tropical fervour of the eccentric zealot. He was neither a professional automaton, who could only ring changes on the terms and phrases—duty, sectaries, apostolic succession, church and king, passive obedience, and non-resistance; nor was he a fiery pretender to excessive sanctity, who, with lawless daring, leaped over all ecclesiastical bounds, and gloried in his irregularity. He was, on the contrary, the noiseless and unostentatious dispenser of knowledge, purity, and comfort, among his immediate flock; nor did he care to be known beyond the precincts of his allotted station. He felt that his proper business was, to move in his own orbit. There he shone with steady lustre; and his light equally cheered the mansion and the cottage. He was the rich man's guide, and the poor man's friend. He was cheerful with the happy, and participated, with heartfelt delight, in the innocent recreations of the village; but, in the house of mourning he was at all times a ready and a welcome guest. From the cheek of misfortune, he wiped the tear of anguish, and shed the balm of sympathy, to alleviate the sorrow it was not in his power to remove. To every distress he knew how to apply its appropriate remedy.

To the guardian care of this excellent man, was committed, by the will of his father, Edward de Clifford, a youth of the fairest promise; and who came to reside with Mr. Evelyn, about the period when Julia Wilmington had reached her sixteenth year. Edward was just eighteen. His form was manly, and his countenance highly prepossessing; but his manner was a little embarrassed, and the ingenuousness of his disposition somewhat concealed by a distressing degree of *malvaise honte*. Having studied under a private tutor, and lived in comparative retirement, he was free from the faults which are usually contracted in large seminaries; but he was likewise destitute of the advantages conferred by a public education. Having never been exposed to collision and competition, his faculties were not sharpened to acuteness. He neither marshalled them for attack, nor formed them into an attitude for defence. He was a stranger to envy, distrust, and malignity. The unchecked kindness of his benignant spirit brightened every object and poured its genial influence on all around him. His tutor was a Christian; and, therefore, had never put into his hands, for the purpose of making him a classical scholar, those books, by whose abominable wickedness the minds of our youth are contaminated as soon as they can learn their meaning, and long before they can appreciate their beauties. He was rather contemplative than clever; and was less attracted by the living world, than by the charms of inanimate nature. He held communion with his own thoughts, and conversed but little with his fellow beings.

To his dreaming soul, "the sight of nature in her glorious

mood," spoke a language which the thoughts and emotions it inspired, enabled him to interpret. The forms of grandeur and of beauty, threw their light into the inmost recesses of his spirit, and awakened, into conscious existence, feelings of which they seemed to be no more than the archetype.

Thus mighty was their influence over him before he became acquainted with the interesting being, whose presence imparted to them a fascination and a charm, which, as a garland, nature condescends to receive from the hand of love and to wear for the lover's sake. When his heart was gay, he loved to rejoice with creation in its matin song; the lark, beneath the rosy cloud, often raised his grateful, adoring thoughts, to the heavens, after which she seemed to aspire. And in the hour when melancholy would throw her sombre spell around him (for there were seasons when he was sad, and knew not why) he would seek the twilight groves; and far removed from mortal ken and observation, cherish those high musings of the soul which speak her conscious immortality, and exalt her into regions where she feels herself disenthralled from material chains, and beyond the boundaries of mere sensible existence.

When he first beheld Julia Wilmington, she rose upon him like the morning star of his fancy. It was no longer a dream. He was broad awake in the world of sober reality; yet was there a being with whom he conversed, whose smile of ineffable sweetness, and whose innocent gayety, charmed, while they awed him into distant embarrassment and reserve. His feelings were too profound for utterance, yet too intense to escape observation. It was evident, that some overwhelming care laboured in his bosom. But his manner was so cold and repulsive, that his most intimate friends did not venture to question him on the subject. His exterior presented the frozen surface of an Iceland mountain, while within him raged a fiercer fire than those of *Ætna*. So distant was his conduct towards the sex, that none suspected the real cause of his melancholy. The deep reveries in which he was constantly plunged, appeared to resemble madness rather than love. His looks and actions seemed to say

"Man delights not me, nor woman either."

Julia Wilmington he studiously avoided; yet, if ever chance brought them together, his cheeks were suffused with a flush of delight. He would have given worlds to make her comprehend his feelings, but they were imprisoned in his heart. The eye, love's fleetest messenger, and which speaks volumes in a glance, he could not intrust with the awful secret, which yet he almost died to disclose. Nothing is so mighty, and at the same time so timid, as the first youthful passion before it is revealed to its object. It absorbs and governs the entire being, and holds, in its tenacious grasp, both character and destiny; yet, can the light-

best footstep in a moment vanquish its most determined purpose, and the sweetest look make it quail with unutterable terror. In vain did Edward de Clifford resolve, that every prospective interview with his mistress should find him less embarrassed, and more master of himself; in vain did he task his brow, and school his heart, for the encounter which he dreaded. No sooner did he attempt to speak to her, and her fine liquid eyes fall on his, than he blushed, stammered and was silent. The strange awkwardness of his behaviour, and the apparent sullenness of his temper, often provoked her ridicule, and sometimes she was half offended at his rude neglect; but her playful raillery only increased the confusion it was intended to dissipate, and she began to think him as disagreeable as he was mysterious.

Julia Wilmington, with all the superior qualities which constituted the charm of her opening character, was however, neither more nor less than woman. Gallant and courteous attentions from the other sex, she regarded as the prerogatives of beauty; and she was not a little mortified to observe, that the only individual of that sex, of her own age, with whom she was accustomed to associate, and whose countenance certainly expressed intelligence and sensibility, seemed to treat her with studied and marked indifference. She was a stranger to the passions, and never once imagined, that romantic and devoted attachment could thus paralyze the faculties. Accident, however, dissolved the spell by which the mind of Edward de Clifford had been so long entranced, and revealed to the astonished Julia, the secret of his heart.

One day, carelessly turning over the leaves of a volume of poetry, he met for the first time, with the exquisite lines of Sir Walter Raleigh to his Mistress, in which the Poet beautifully describes the agonizing silence which profound and undeclared love never fails to inspire in the presence of its object, and makes a quaint but pathetic appeal to her compassion;

“A beggar that is *dumb* you know;
Should challenge double pity.”

Just before his attention was arrested by this little poem, Julia had been rallying him, on his aversion to company and his general want of spirits, and to escape from a subject which almost stung him to madness. he had taken up the volume in question. No sooner had he read the verses, which so exactly portrayed his own case. than, with an effort almost supernatural, he exclaimed, “Will Miss Wilmington allow me, in the words of a poet, to present her with my defence and apology? Here”—said he pointing to the lines, but utterance failed him, and he attempted to close the book; but this the eager curiosity of Julia prevented. Glancing her eye over the page, her prophetic soul comprehended the whole mystery; she seemed, however, not to

understand it, and endeavoured' to descant, but not with her usual felicity, on the merits of the performance. After this incident, she, in her turn, became thoughtful and reserved. Edward: it is true, had not declared himself, nor was she obliged to infer the state of his heart, from the trifling circumstance, which had just occurred. Yet, that circumstance opened a wide field for her imagination, and awakened sensations in her heart, which she had never before experienced. She was loved and by an individual with whose sorrows she had unconsciously trifled. The recollection of her innocent *badinage*, brought with it regret. It had the appearance of injustice and cruelty. Pity gave place to censure; and pity is nearly allied to love. Her lover, too, in some measure, relieved from the burden which oppressed him, hailed her approach with evident delight. His conversation was no longer broken and confused; but gleamed with sentiment, and frequently sparkled with gems of poetic thought.

But we must not dwell too long on the circumstances of what our graver readers may, perhaps denominate "a vain amorous tale." Those who feel an interest in tracing the progress of passion, in the gradual development of its sensibilities and tendernesses, will easily imagine, how habitual interchange of sentiments, inspired by nature, and refined by poetry, must operate on two youthful spirits, romantic in their character, with hearts uncantered, and possessed of that innocent feeling that gives life all its freshness.

Frequently at the hour "when day and evening meet," would they steal from the family circle, to hold pensive and deep communion with the shadowy scenes of twilight. Love breathed over all, and touched, with melancholy softness,

"The waving wood and the evanishing sky."

But they enjoyed the highest luxury of emotion on those evenings (always dear to fond attachment) when the heavens presented one canopy of lucid crystal blue—when the bright stars, in solitary distance, twinkled in the depth of ether, shooting their cold and uncertain beams on "tower and tree"—while the moon, walking in her vestal glory, "pursuing as from the bosom of eternity, her calm and destined way," poured down the silver of her smiles upon all of lovely and sublime, which the ocean and the forest exhibited to their enraptured view.

For a long season, the happy pair lived on each other's thoughts; thoughts which required not words to express them, which would have lost all their freshness, and their power in passing the deep gulf, which in the profound and exquisite feeling, divides the tongue from the heart.

Uninterrupted in their intercourse, and enjoying the approving smiles of mutual friends, the feverish dream of passion subsided into the calm of assured affection. The tempest ceased,

and the sublime of emotion gave place to the quiet beauty which diffuses its placid influence over the agitated spirit. Every day proved, or seemed to prove, how necessary they were to each other's happiness; and they looked forward, with tranquil hope, to the period when they should be united beyond the power of separation—at least on this side the grave.

The profession to which Edward de Clifford resolved to devote himself, required, in order to the entering upon it with the best advantage to himself, that he should graduate at an English University. Mr Evelyn, therefore, determined on sending him forthwith to Oxford. The good man was fully aware of the temptations and dangers of a college life, especially to one who had seen but little of the world, and whose studies had been hitherto pursued in domestic privacy and seclusion. But he hoped and prayed, that his beloved charge might escape the perils which would surround him. He was armed with good principles, with good sense, and, above all, with a virtuous attachment, which he trusted would fortify him against the assaults of impiety, and the blandishments of folly. He had also acquired a taste for literature, and was not insensible to the stirrings of ambition. In short, he possessed all the requisites of a *reading man*, except, that the indolence of poetical dreaming and versatility of mind, sometimes produced irregularity in his application, and a fitful transition from one study to another.

Arrangements were made for his admission into ———, and he took an affectionate leave of his friends. With Julia he lingered long; but the agonizing moment at last arrived, and dashing the starting tear from his eyes, he rushed into the carriage which was to bear him far away from all he loved on earth.

Having gone through all the requisite preliminaries, he took possession of a suite of rooms, and was instantly surrounded by a number of benevolent and disinterested tradesmen, who professed to have no pleasure in the world equal to that of accommodating the undergraduates on their arrival, with every thing necessary to their respectability and comfort; as to charges, though in the way of business such trifles could not well be dispensed with, yet as they were never anxious for payment, and as, indeed, this was a matter of perfect indifference, they would only take the liberty of making those who honoured them with their commands, *nominal debtors* in their books to more than double the amount of value received. In proposing terms so very liberal, these gentlemen, however, always took special care previously to ascertain the family, the connexions, and probable means of the party they so earnestly wished to oblige.

Edward, who had never been a calculator, surrendered the whole affair of fitting up his apartments in the best style to those who assured him of their zeal in his service; and in a few days, he was more splendidly lodged than any nobleman on the estab-

lishment. This, of course, attracted the notice of all the idle dissipated men in the college, who communicated their information to others of a similar character in the university. When, therefore, Edward appeared in the public room, he was treated with the most marked respect. All were desirous of being honoured with the friendship of one who seemed heedless of expense, and who, it was supposed, must have ample resources. Those who had worn their own credit threadbare, and who wished, in some degree, to repair it, by introducing a *good man* to their impatient tradesmen, paid court to him, and expressed the utmost solicitude to guard him against imposition. Evening parties were formed to welcome him, which it was incumbent upon him to invite in return. Execrable wine and late hours, qualified him for study, and he began to lounge away his mornings in the rooms of men who wasted their whole days in idleness. Sometimes he would seriously determine to resume his sober habits, and to read for honours. But his companions would on such occasions, rush upon his seclusions, and bear him off in triumph. Among these, were individuals of fine natural abilities, who had distinguished themselves when boys at Eton and Winchester; but whose buoyant spirits and social qualities, had hurried them into excesses, soon after their matriculation at Oxford. These were the chosen associates of Edward. Though at first averse to conviviality, yet, finding that the exhilaration of wine and company, enabled him to conquer the *mauvaise honte*, which through life had proved the bane of his enjoyment, he soon became reconciled to the pursuits of those who had contrived to unite a taste for literature with dissipation of manners. With his fellow traveller, whose productions he enthusiastically admired, he maintained an interesting, but to him a most dangerous correspondence.

Frightful were the ravages which were made upon his principles during a single term. On returning to Beaulieu to spend the long vacation, he thought the scenes were changed, and wondered at their former fascination. Domestic duties and pleasures he regarded as restraints—and even Julia seemed less beautiful and charming. Yet were there moments in which his better feelings triumphed.

Reminiscences of the past came upon him as delightful visions, and he regretted that they were gone. At such seasons, the rush of tenderness was irresistible—his heart, not yet callous, felt the appeal of nature, of friendship, and of love—and with a burst of agony he would exclaim, “O that it were with me as in days that are past!”

He wished, and yet he dreaded to return to Oxford. He had formed resolutions and bound them with solemn oaths upon his soul, which he had a strong presentiment he should violate—and thus fearfully hasten the total depravation of his character.

What he viewed with much trembling apprehension, actually took place. The baleful principles of what has not been unaptly called the Satanic school of poetry, which infallibly lead to the contemptuous breach of all social ties—the dissipated habits, induced by a residence at the University during three years, and a long vacation in the Metropolis, spent in the circles of fashion, to which he was introduced, by the individual who, like his evil genius, had become the controller of his destiny, completed the ruin of Edward de Clifford. It was a painful, a gradual, and a vacillating process, but such was its final—its fatal result.

Demoniacal genius, in this victim, had another and not an inglorious triumph. And let the authors of such mighty mischief exult, if they can, in the blasting energy with which they scathe the living temple of the Most High—let them, with the malice of fiends, extinguish the hallowed fire upon its altar, and desecrate the Holy of Holies where the Divinity is enshrined; but the hour is coming *and now is*, when the insulted Majesty of Heaven will avenge his own wrong; and when society, shaken to its foundations by their daring impieties, will turn with indignant vengeance upon the enemies of God and man.

It was not till his last term at the University, that he suffered himself to be hurried by his companions, into criminal excesses of conduct; and it was under their fatal influence, that he began to treat his once loved Julia, with marked neglect. In his two preceding visits, this amiable girl had felt, that her lover was greatly altered from the Edward de Clifford to whose vows of attachment she had once listened with the purest delight; then he was ingenuous; his eye told her, quick as thought what he felt and understood. His brow was unclouded and his temper unruffled. He was likewise, devout. He needed not to be reminded of the hour of prayer. The Sabbath he hailed with sacred pleasure, and sought the temple with willing feet. Now he was reserved and mysterious. His countenance often betrayed anguish, which he laboured in vain to conceal; and the tones of his voice were occasionally petulant and harsh. To religious duties he submitted from a sense of decency, rather than from any apparent consciousness of their importance; and the sanctuary, he regarded with equal indifference. Beaulieu was no longer his home; indeed his bosom was altogether a stranger to its quiet joys. Yet it was remarkable, that just in proportion as he became alienated from the objects once dear to his youth, his imagination described them with exquisite truth and feeling—they lived in his poetry—but not in his heart.

Julia trembled with apprehension, as the keen penetration of love discovered to her the painful secret which other eyes were slow to observe. The conviction preyed upon her spirits, yet she clung to hope. His letters were still tender and affectionate. To her he was the same, and yet—another. His love was un-

bated, so she fondly believed; but she feared that his general tastes and habits had experienced an entire revolution. For two years his correspondence glowed with all the passionate ardour genuine love inspires. But, at length, completely subdued by vice and wretchedness, he wrote but seldom—his phrases were more studied—there was much profession with little feeling. He was always in a hurry, and usually began and ended with awkward and unmeaning apologies.

It is impossible to describe the agony of Julia, when the first well founded suspicion arose in her mind, that she had outlived affection, that she had reposed her dearest hopes on worthlessness. It was not resentment which she felt—that might have sustained her. Nor could she endure to believe that Edward, her Edward, was indeed the wretch he seemed. It could not be he was still generous—noble—and devoted to her. It was only a momentary aberration; he had forgotten himself, under some strange influence, which would soon pass away. She could not realize the desolation that was coming upon her. Like a poor hunted bird, her heart still returned to the place of its affections—in vain was it rudely repulsed—if, for an instant it flew off, it would settle again, where all its cares, and all its tendernesses were centered.

This was the state of her feelings, when she received a letter containing the following extraordinary sentences. It is a difficult to say, whether they were written under the influence of inebriety or madness.

"Julia—a truce to hypocrisy.* It is in vain for me any longer to conceal from you my real character. I am not a Christian. Indeed, I know not what I am. I bear the fabled Hebrew's cause. My mind wanders—my heart is distracted. I was once happy, and you were my heaven—yes, it was you I worshipped—not God. I imagined it was devotion, when I accompanied you to the altar of religion. It was only love. You will not,

*This was the phrase employed by a certain oracle in the infidel school of poetry, to his bride, on the morning of his nuptials, and immediately on her stepping from the altar into the carriage. For many months he had persecuted her with his addresses. Aware of his profligate habits, she shrunk from a union with baseness. At last, however, overcome by the semblance of a passion, which she imagined to be real, and which she hoped might be the means of drawing him from the epicurean sty, where he had grovelled so long—she imposed upon him a year's probation; promising to become his wife, if, during that period, he would abandon his fellow bacchanals," and "lemans dear." He consented,—performed the task, and carried the prize—the prize which he lost no time in converting into a victim of savage brutality. "A truce to hypocrisy," said the wretch—"I will have ample vengeance for my year's abstinence." And this to, at the moment when the sounds "to love and to cherish," had just escaped his lips, and almost before they had died away in silence. It is unnecessary to add, what all the world knows—the monster kept his word.

cannot unite your fate with an unbeliever. We have now no sentiments in common—yet still, you are the star of my destiny. I shall travel, I can never rest. But your dear image shall be the companion of my wanderings. The bright vision of innocent, happy days shall sometimes break upon the settled gloom of my spirit—and scare the viper from her prey. I am unworthy of you—live—but not for another. Forget me—can you forget me? Heaven grant you may.”

* * * * *

This insane violence did not wound—it crushed the heart on which it fell. It produced—not emotion, but the fixed stupor of despair. Roused by the entrance of her mother—she cast upon her a piteous, imploring look—pointed to the letter, and then hid her face in her bosom. For one moment she awoke from her young dream of bliss, and the next was a lifeless statue in her mother's arms. Several days elapsed, before the numbness of the soul gave way, and the icy fetters in which it was bound, melted into tears; the shock was fatal, for a season she seemed to recover. The sustaining power of religion did not forsake her in her utmost need; when her heart rejected every other consolation, this was administered by the hand of an angel. The following unfinished lines bear date many months after she received the communication which annihilated all her earthly prospects, and sadly prove that affection may long survive hope. It is perhaps, needless to add, that they were never intended to meet any eye but her own.

Can I forget you?—Ask the silent hours,
That glide unseen by every human eye,
View me awhile, when radiant morning pours
Her glitt'ring colours, o'er the illum'd sky.
Ask, while each lovely flower erects its head
And hails with fragrance sweet the rising morn,—
Why the fair tints that once were mine are fled,
And left alone within my breast, the thorn.

Can I forget you?—Ask the midnight hour,
When all is silence round my lonely bed,
'Tis then for thee, I tears of anguish pour,
And chase soft slumbers from my aching head.
Or, worn with grief or spent with fruitless sighs,
Should nature yield, at length to sweet repose,
In dreams, I see thy form beloved arise,
And feel a sad renewal of my woes.

Can I forget you? In the social hour
And shed I oft the strange unbidden tear,
Why turn indifferent from the wonted power
Of scenes that late were to my bosom dear?
And why has solitude such charms for me
Above each joy that friendship can bestow?
Alas! because I weep unseen for thee
And undisturb'd indulge my silent wo.

Can I forget you? Ask a throne of grace,
 A throne where mourners love to pour their sighs,
 Unheard by all, save Ours, that holy place
 Has witness'd oft for thee, petitions rise:
 And rise they shall, 'till heaven's eternal will

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Here the manuscript abruptly breaks off, and is almost illegible. The lovely sufferer had evidently blotted it with her tears.

The remaining page of Julia Wilmington's sad history is a brief one. She returned, with apparent interest, to the occupations, which, till the late unhappy event, had always afforded her delight. She visited the cottages of the poor, administered especially to the comfort of the sick; and superintended a school which owed its existence to her bounty. All allusions to her faithless lover were studiously avoided by her friends, and she herself never once adverted to the past. The struggle which she maintained with her heart was so secret, that none suspected its violence: She never

“———spoke .

To any one upon her cruel lot,
 You would have deem'd that he had been forgot,
 Or thought her bosom callous to the stroke;
 But on her cheek there was one hectic spot,
 'Twas little, but it told her heart was bracke.”



THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

In Paris the theatre is called Paradiss. The duchess of Orleans took a fancy to go to the play one night with only a fille de chambre, and to sit there. A young officer who sat next to her was very free in his addresses: and when the play was over concluded by offering her a supper, which she seemingly accepted. He accompanied her down stairs, but was confounded when he saw her attendants and equipage, and heard her name. Recovering, however, his presence of mind, he handed her into the carriage, bowed in silence, and was retiring, when she called out, ‘Where is the supper you promised?’ He bowed and replied, ‘In Paradiss we are equals: but I am not insensible of the respect which I owe you, madam, on earth.’ This prompt and proper reply obtained for him a place in the duchess's carriage, and a seat at her table.

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Festival of St. John the Baptist was celebrated as usual on the 24th of June last by the Masonic Fraternity in Lexington. At 11 o'clock a large procession, composed of the officers and members of the three Lodges, and numerous visiting brethren, moved from the Masons' Hall to St. John's Chapel, where, after an excellent and peculiarly appropriate Prayer from the Rev. President HOLLEY, a sermon was delivered by the Rev. Brother WARD, which we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers in our preceding pages. At two o'clock a large party of the Brethren sat down to a plentiful and excellent dinner provided by Brother AYRES at the Washington Hotel. After the cloth was removed, the following toasts were given, accompanied by appropriate music.

1. *The memory of St. John the Baptist, whose anniversary we this day celebrate.*

2. *The square, level and plumb; the compasses, trowel, and perpendicular.*

3. *The friends of Freemasonry, whether in or out of the order.*

4. *May Masons never feel want, nor want feeling.*

5. *The three great lights of Masonry.*

6. *The three delights of a true mason; freedom, fame, and the fair.*

7. *The memories of our departed brethren, DAVIES and ALLEN, Past Grand Masters, who lost their lives in defence of their country.*

By Brother Daniel Bradford—The Memory of P. G. M. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, a Philosopher, a Mechanic and a Mason.

By Brother Whaley—The memory of our departed brethren Simpson, Hart, Hickman, Graves and Mead.

By Brother Shannon—The memory of one who was equally worthy of our veneration as a patriot and as a Mason, our immortal Brother GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The Rev. Mr. HOLLEY, who favoured the brethren with his company, as an invited guest, rose and remarked, that as it might be gratifying to the fraternity to learn what sentiments were entertained of the institution by one who was not connected with it, he would propose as a toast,

THE TEMPLE OF FREE MASONRY—Its base, natural religion; two principal pillars, friendship and charity.

By Brother Bodley—The Reverend Chaplains of the day.

By Brother J. M. Pike—Faith, hope, and charity.

By Brother Porter—Love, honour, and justice.

By Brother D. Bradford—The memory of our Scottish brethren, Robert Burns.

By Brother A. W. Parker—The trowel—may Masons ever bear in mind its masonic purpose.

By Brother Hunt—The first great light of Masonry: may it never prove a source of discord, but wherever its rays may extend, may it diffuse peace, harmony and love.

By Brother S. D. Lewis—Our G. M. Henry Clay.

By Brother Carey—The memory of brother C L Clark, one the of compilers of the Masonic Book of Constitutions.

By Brother Lemon—The memory of brother GEORGE TROTTER, though last mentioned, not least in the esteem and love of his brethren.

LOUISVILLE HOSPITAL.

On the 23th of June the Masonic Fraternity of Louisville proceeded, under the direction of the Committee of Arrangements, to lay the foundation stone of this Edifice. The ceremonies of the day were opened by the Rev. Mr. Smith in an appropriate Prayer; when the corner stone was lodged in its destined place by the Most Excellent High Priest Edward Tyler, Jr. assisted by Brothers P M. Ferguson, and Sutton, and the principal architect of the building. Appropriate Orations were delivered by Dr. R. Ferguson, and Worden Pope, Esq in which the liberality of the Legislature and the munificence of the donor of the ground on which it stands, were noticed, with many encomiums on the benevolent feelings which actuated their minds.

At an annual convention of the Grand Lodge of the state of New York, on the 5th of June. A. L 5822, held in Tammany Hall, in the city of New York, the following brothers were duly elected grand officers for the ensuing year, and installed, viz:

The M. W. *Joseph Enos, jr* Esq Grand Master.

The R. W. *John Brush*, Esq. Counsellor at Law, D. G. Master.

The R. W. *John Greig*, Esq. Counsellor at Law, S. G. Warden.

The R. W. *Richard Hatfield*, Esq. Counsellor at Law, J. G. Warden.

The R. W. *Elias Hicks*, Esq. Grand Secretary.

The R. W. *Cor. Bogert*, Esq. Counsellor at Law, G. Treasurer.

The R. W. and Rev *James Milnor*, D. D. and the R. W. and

Rev. *Henry I. Feltus* Grand Chaplains.

Brother *Joseph Jacobs* Grand Pursuivant.

Brother *John Nott*, Assistant do.

Brother *Bryan Rossatter*, Grand Tyler.

At the annual communication of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State of Vermont, holden at Rutland, on the 5th of June, A. L. 5822 the following officers were elected:

M. E. Lemuel Whitney, G. H. P. E. Joel Green, G. Sec.

E. Martin Roberts, D. G. H. P. E. and Rev Joel Clapp, G. C.

E. Josiah W. Hales, G. K. E. Moses Strong, G. S.

E. John Nason, G. M. E. Naphthali Shaw, 2d, G. V.

E. Benjamin Lord, G. T.

THE
MASONIC MISCELLANY

AND

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

FOR AUGUST, 1822.

No. 2.

MASONIC ADDRESS,

*Delivered at Newcastle, Ky. by Brother ROBERT P. GIST, on the
24th June, 1822.*

BRETHREN AND CITIZENS,

WE meet here to commemorate the birth day of our most pious and exemplary brother, St. John the Baptist, than whom, it was said by our Saviour himself, there was none greater. Anniversary of this kind are instituted for various purposes, but are principally intended to render more vivid our recollection of departed merit; by bringing in review before us those cardinal virtues and traits of character, upon which we have founded our admiration and esteem. The effect of this will be to discover the purest streams of motive, and the desirable fountain from whence they flowed, that we may be able to fashion ourselves after the best models which have been furnished us, and receive those rays of reflected light, without which the most elastic mind would be imperfectly expanded, and the most sensitive heart unimproved. It is thought unnecessary on the present occasion to trace the biography of our ancient brother, as it is presumed that my audience can readily call up a distinct recollection of the history of that devoted personage, who was the precursor of Christ, and recognize in him one of those, who, by their temperance, piety, and zeal, have evinced a paramount attachment to the cause of humanity, and eminently contributed to establish the superiority of mind and of mental en-

joyments over mere animal matter, and animal passions. These last, indeed, they first subdued by the precepts we teach, and afterwards yielded themselves to martyrdom, the last and greatest evidence of human sincerity.

It must be a source of the highest pleasure to every enlightened mind, to behold either what is beautiful in the natural world or praiseworthy in the moral. The natural world, which surrounds us, is presented to our external senses in that beautiful array by which it is decorated and by which its splendour, symmetry and utility are rendered obvious and palpable. But with regard to the moral world, with regard to those things which are not at all cognizable by our senses, and which we can perceive only through the dark medium of traditional revelation, rendered still more dim by the ambiguous languages through which they have passed we can only say, it is more difficult to understand them; and the knowledge of them, when acquired, it is still more difficult to retain. Hence that variety of opinions, and of moral and religious institutions, all professing the same origin, that have arisen and died, like the fabled Phoenix, to give birth to others. Why has this happened? It would be tedious to speak of all the causes; but a principal reason is to be found in the nature of the subject itself: for when revelation loses its origin, clearness and purity, as it does with those not in possession of our bible, or those without sufficient light to understand its injunctions, persons thus deserted are certain to model their ideas of religion and of God, after some objects of sense. Hence the origin of idolatry. History and experience prove the fact, and philosophy teaches us to expect it. Are we not then surprised, that moral and religious institutions, so versatile in their nature, should maintain their existence through the immense lapse of time, and amidst this natural proneness to lose sight of the ideas of those things which are not presented to our external senses? How shall we answer it? Let it be said for the honor of revelation, that the universal principles of truth are self-existent and indestructible. But with respect to *forms* of worship, of churches, and of moral societies, they as before observed, have been perpetually changing, and amid the ruins, one very ancient institution, and one alone, in its original purity and identity,

is found to have withstood the daring hand of innovation, and stormy elements of revolution. This is the Masonic Institution, which wisdom, strength and beauty have directed, supported, and adorned by uniting certain principles and virtues with familiar emblems, which can be examined by the senses, and which, from the powerful faculty of association in the human mind are doubly impressed. Thus our moral precepts are impressed on every sense, pervade every faculty, are indelible in every memory, and should be sacred to every heart. This institution has nothing to do with polemical divinity, nor does it meddle with or require of its members, any of those changes of mind, by which the bad man is said to be suddenly transformed. No, certain moral precepts, embracing the general principles of justice and philanthropy, about which different professions and sects do not cavil, are laid hold of by the good Mason and wielded for the general good of his fellow man. So far then as general principles will go, and so far as experimental religion, or a change of heart can be effected by teaching and practising correct ethics, so far masonry must be acknowledged as at least the hand-maid of christianity. But its objects and benefits must extend beyond the limits and precise bounds affixed to church establishments, The Mahometan and Jew must be prepared to clasp each other and reciprocate the kind humanity of a brother christian:

“Friend, parent, neighbour first it should embrace,
 Our country next, and next all human race.
 Wide and more wide the o’erflowings of the mind,
 Take every creature in of every kind,
 Earth smiles around with boundless bounty blessed,
 And heaven beholds its image in his breast.”

How much the world is indebted to Masonry for the preservation and propagation of the gospel, must be entirely unknown to its christian persecutors. What would be the reply if we were to ask where and how an only remaining copy of the Bible was preserved from final destruction during the Jewish captivity? All the lights of sacred and profane history, without the aid of masonic tradition, would not prepare you for answering the question. We are informed that our brother John the Baptist was a fore-

runner of Christ, and sent of God to prepare the way for his coming. Now John had been an obscure individual, and came forward in mean apparel dieting on locusts and wild honey, and preaching a doctrine to strangers that was contrary to their habits of thinking and acting. How is it then, that a man under these circumstances could excite their confidence or even procure an audience? Let Masonry solve the difficulty. But it must not be imagined, that christianity has superseded Masonry and become independent of our assistance. No; the important object is yet in prospect before us. It remains for Masonry to prepare the way for that period, when all men shall be civilized by the Gospel, when fierce passions shall no longer exist, when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, that desirable crisis when morning stars will again have occasion to sing together, and the sons of God to shout for joy. Yes, the Masonic christian missionary can bring the wild Arab, the infatuated Mahometan, and the stubborn Jew, together in peaceful conference. Is it then true that an institution like this, the best calculated of all to prepare the way for so desirable an event, and which has ever been auxiliary to christianization, should be considered as dæmoniac and dangerous to christian association? A policy so contracted savours of Papal intolerance, and needs but power to enslave the conscience. Who is it that would dare to counteract the commandments of heaven, and insult the dignity of human nature, by imposing restraints on the social, charitable and benignant feelings of his fellow man? It is unworthy of the enlightened age and country in which we live, and incompatible with christian liberality. It is objected that we have some immoral and irreligious members of our order. We acknowledge it as our misfortune and in some degree as our fault. But you are not to judge of this or any other institution from the obliquity of some of its members; while you lose sight of its essential traits, and forget the number of great and good men who have been devoted patrons of the order. We are not able to search out the secrets of the heart, and, like other societies, we are liable to be imposed on. Besides, we deem it our duty to extend the most charitable construction to human actions on account of human frailty. Judas communed with Christ and his disciples

and Satan was once an inhabitant of Heaven; but were the disciples less pure, or is Heaven less desirable, on that account?

Does the exclusion of females from our meetings excite objection? It certainly should not, for Nature, in all her works, has consulted order and propriety, and has perhaps evinced it more strikingly in the different characters of the sexes than any where else. The soft fibre, delicate nerve, and playful intellect of the female, point to her particular sphere of action, and when contrasted with the less refined, but more athletic male, it will be found that nature has designed him to be her guardian, protector, counsellor, and friend; and although she has a right to participate in his principal joys as well as to share his afflictions, yet there are duties and engagements belonging exclusively to his own sphere of action, in which she cannot with propriety engage, but in which she must trust to his judgment, prudence and discretion. Among these engagements, Masonry may be regarded as one, in which allow me to persuade you, not to let your opposition betray your distrust of him, which, if indulged, would impair your common happiness, by sinking you both in the scale of society. For if a wife has not confidence in her husband, in the name of Heaven, who would trust him? Our rugged passions and coarser natures need the discipline of art, and particularly of Masonry, to develop and improve those finer sentiments and feelings that teach us to feel the wants of others, and to sympathise with misfortune. These qualities you have abundantly received by nature, and need no symbols to vibrate the chords of your sensibility. Oppositions and prejudices against our order of every kind & from every source will find us ever ready to forgive and forget. For until the blind are led in ways they have not known, and until darkness is made light before them, and crooked things straight, they will be liable to errors of judgment which are justly entitled to our charity.

With regard to the benevolent objects of our society, it does not become us particularly to speak. The hand of charity withers, and virtue itself grows dim, when displayed with ostentation. Let then the smile of the beggar, and the grateful tear of the widow and orphan silently proclaim, that it is the god-like province of Masonry to raise the cordial cup of consola-

tion to the lips of desponding misery. Speculative Masonry is a moral science derived from operative Masonry, from Revelation, and the works of creation, as displayed by the Supreme Architect of the universe; and as the human mind is slow but progressive in the attainment of knowledge, therefore our science is embraced in a graduated scale, commencing with the entered apprentice, who should recollect that he is only a tyro in the sacred mysteries, and stands as the foundation stone, in the north-east corner of the Lodge better to receive those instructions on which to build his future moral and masonic edifice

May the soft sound in safety reach his ear,
And touch dispel the needless fear,
A faithful mantle o'er the heart is flung,
Precautions that will cheat the tongue.

The fellow-craft is passed to a wider theatre of action, and gains admittance into a field of mental pleasure, where the natural is associated with the moral world, by symbols and scientific allusions calculated to discipline his mind to a love of morality, religion and science, and while his passions are circumscribed by the compasses, his actions can be squared by the sublime principles of virtue.

The Master Mason should be particularly mindful of the high character he should sustain and the important duties incumbent on him, ever industrious with his trowel in spreading the cement of brotherly love.

The Mark Master should mark well the entering of the house with every going forth of the sanctuary, and see, that none but square materials compose our buildings, and if there are any among you who are neither oblong nor square, let him be thrown over among the rubbish.

Present, Past, and Most Excellent Masters, knowing how to obey, you have learned to govern, and cannot be unmindful of your high responsibilities.

And you, my companions of the Royal Arch, may we sojourn in safety, and nobly press forward in the goodly cause without hope of fee or reward, except the reward of a good conscience,

Which nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy,

The glowing rays of fervent red,
Should fill the heart with zeal,
While red and blue in purple wed,
To show what love we feel.

This principle of love, call it affection, friendship, charity or what you please, is at once the balm and joy of life, constitutes the nectar of the soul, without which our better feelings could be left to freeze. It is the cement of society, unites creation, and forms the principal link in that chain that binds earth to heaven. It is a passion and a feeling too strong for concealment, and yet it is a virtue and a sentiment too big for utterance.

OBITUARY.

DIED—In the town of Livingston, in the state of New York, Col. John M'Kinstry, aged 80. At the first call of his country, (says the Hudson Whig,) he engaged in her service; and from the memorable battle of Bunker's Hill, with which her sanguinary trials began, down to the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, with which they gloriously ended, his zealous and official support was given to the cause of freedom. He had been repeatedly and severely wounded; and some of the enemy's balls he has borne with him to the tomb in which his remains are deposited. As a partizan officer he was particularly distinguished; and in many instances he showed, that to a daring spirit of gallantry, (which was, perhaps, his most peculiar characteristic,) he added the skill and conduct so seldom attained, and yet so indispensable to the formation of that character.

One incident in the life of this veteran, is too remarkable to be passed slightly over. At the battle of the Cedars, (thirty miles above Montreal, on the St. Lawrence,) Col. M'Kinstry, then a captain in Col. Patterson's regiment of continental troops, was twice wounded and taken prisoner by the Indians. The intrepidity of Capt. M'Kinstry as a partizan officer, to which we have alluded above, had rendered him alike the object of their fears, and of their unforbearing resentment. The British officers were too much in dread of their savage allies, on account of their vast superiority of numbers, to risk an interposition of their authority to prevent the horrid sacrifice they saw preparing. Already had the victim been bound to the tree, and surrounded by

the faggots intended for his immolation;—~~hope~~ had fled;—and, in the agony of despair, he had uttered that mystic appeal which the brotherhood of Masons never disregard;—when, as if Heaven interposed for his preservation, the warrior BRANDT understood him and saved him.

Brandt had been educated in Europe; and had there been initiated into the mysteries of freemasonry. The advantage of education, and his native strength of mind, gave him an ascendancy over the uncultured sons of the forest, that few other chiefs possessed. Situated as he was, the impending danger of a brother must have forcibly brought to mind his obligation to support him in the time of peril. His utmost endeavors were accordingly used, and they were happily successful in obtaining for him an immediate respite, and an eventual ransom.

After the settlement of peace, he retired to the cultivation of his farm in the vicinity of Hudson; sustaining an unblemished reputation, and enjoying the reward of his toils and sufferings, in the respect which was accorded, as well to the rectitude of his private life, as to the patriotic services he had rendered his country.

His remains were, on June 10th, consigned to the tomb; and it is needless to say that an immense concourse of people were present to pay the last sad duties to one so honoured and esteemed.

His funeral obsequies were conducted by the Hudson Lodge; and there was a peculiar fitness—an impressive solemnity in performing the masonic rites of sepulture for a brother, whose connection with the order had once saved him from an untimely death, had given him back as an ornament to society for more than forty years, and afforded a proof so undeniable of the excellence of the institution.

One circumstance deserves to be recorded, as honorable to all the parties concerned. On hearing of the death of Brandt, Col. M'Kinstry, then quite infirm, came several miles to attend the next regular meeting of the Hudson Lodge; where he stated the obligation he owed to that Indian chief. It was unanimously voted that the members of the Lodge should wear the customary badge of mourning for a deceased brother, which was accordingly done.

MASONRY ENCOURAGING SCIENCE.

Alleghany College, founded at Meadville. in Pennsylvania, in 1815, by a few enterprising individuals, has been favored with a patronage, mostly from abroad, worthy of grateful recollection. By the munificence of Bentley, Thomas, Winthrop, many booksellers and others, its library is supposed to be but the second, in point of value, belonging to any of the forty-nine collegiate institutions in the United States. Many donations of various kinds have been made to this college by individuals, and seven thousand dollars have been appropriated by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, yet its professorships are not endowed.

Not a few of its most active, persevering, and liberal friends in the vicinity of its location, and in a distant sister state, are members of the Masonic Fraternity. Western Star Lodge, No. 146, at Meadville, has conceived the design, and, with a liberality worthy of the craft, has commenced a subscription, in which sister lodges are promptly and cordially uniting, for the purpose of endowing a professorship in that college. The object is, to raise a sufficient sum, the interest only of which is to be appropriated from year to year, for the support of a learned mathematical professor, except such part as may be deemed necessary for purchasing a suitable apparatus. It is well known that the enlightened brethren of the ancient and honourable fraternity have ever considered it a duty, according to their avowed principles, to promote, as far as in their power, a knowledge of the arts and sciences calculated to benefit the world, and that whatever is ranked under the name of mathematics, has, from time immemorial, claimed their fostering care.

Western Star Lodge has recently issued a circular letter, addressed to all the lodges in Pennsylvania, respectfully inviting their brethren to co-operate in an object tending to scatter the light of important science in the regions of the west. The object accomplished, it is to be hoped that undue prejudices against a society in the records of which are multitudes, not easily numbered, of the most learned, pious, and excellent of the earth, will subside; that this enterprise may prove a public demonstration of the christian benevolence and patriotism, which, unknown

to the world, adorn and dignify and ennoble every masonic heart; and that it may stand a monument to the honour of the craft more durable than pillars of brick or of brass.

The President of Alleghany College has been deputed to visit the lodges, or at least as many members of every lodge in the state as may be practicable, to give explanations, obtain subscriptions, collect money, and to make arrangements for these purposes, where it may not be in his power fully to accomplish them in person. At the late grand quarterly communication, he made known, agreeably to his instructions, the object contemplated, requesting the sanction of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, upon which the Grand Lodge was pleased to pass the following resolutions:

GRAND LODGE OF PENNSYLVANIA,

In Grand Quarterly Communication.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, June 3, 1822, A. L. 5822.

Resolved, That the proposition from Western Star Lodge, No. 146, for endowing a professorship at Alleghany College, submitted by our brother, the Rev. Timothy Alden, and to be known by the name of the Architectonic Mathematical Professorship of Alleghany College, has the approbation of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, as calculated, if carried into effect, to reflect honor upon the craft.

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge recommend to the officers and brethren of the subordinate lodges throughout the state to unite their efforts, as may be in their power, in raising by subscription a sum sufficient for endowing the said professorship and procuring a suitable apparatus.

Extract from the minutes,

GEORGE A. BAKER, Grand Secretary.

WEAKNESS OF THE OBJECTIONS AGAINST MASONRY.

The following elegant extract is from a sermon delivered by the Rev. Doct. Turner. It completely exposes the absurdity and weakness of the objections usually brought against our ancient and honorable fraternity, by the prejudiced and ignorant part of the

community, who 'speak evil of those things which they know not.'

"Masonry I affirm to be a mystic science, whereip, under apt figures, select numbers, and choice emblems, solemn and important truths, naturally tending to improve the understanding, to mend the heart, and to bind us more closely one to another, are most expressly contained. In proportion as the wise, the learned, and the good have studied it, they have loved it. But like all other virtuous characters or things, it has met with persecution. Its enemies have been many; nor have its friends been few. Mature reflection on the characters of its adversaries, in a great measure destroys all they say. For, in the first place, no truly sensible man will ever speak against what he doth not understand. There are some bigots in their opinions against it. It is, cry they, a bad thing, an unlawful thing, and a sinful thing. Why? because we detest it and abhor it. To pity such, is no mean part of Christian love; since, I am persuaded, that even in good hearts, the first emotions respecting them, were those of scorn and contempt. Of what use is it to reason with bigots, whether in religion, morals, or politics?"

"There are some who speak against it, more from the vanity of saying somewhat on the point, than that they can urge a single rational objection. If it be good, say they, why not tell it? But we apprehend, continue these wiseacres, there is nothing in it. As for words, signs, and tokens, all stuff, depend upon it, there are no such things. Now, what genuine son of ancient Masonry, would hold converse with such people? Let them prattle on; if it pleases any who hear, they must be as weak as themselves; and it never can injure you.

"The weightiest objection is yet to come, nor will I shrink from it: Many thinking, serious, and judicious persons, urge thus: The reason why we are enemies to Masonry, is the effects which, from close observation, we have repeatedly traced. We have seen those, who call themselves warm, zealous Masons, most regular in their attendance on lodges, ready to go any lengths, both as to distance of place, loss of time, and expenses, in pursuit of Masonry, who never appeared at church, and frequently left their families without bread. Others we have re-

marked, apparently brimful of Masonry, and vastly fond of each brother, doubtless, in the lodge, according to their principles, who yet would cheat, deceive, and supplant those very brethren in trade, and the ordinary transactions of society. They would defame them, and were it practicable, we should behold them attempting to take, as it were, the very bread out of their mouths. Instead of being friends to mankind or one another, they are like wolves, preying with ferocity on whatever comes in their way.

“In the first place, the abuse of a thing is no valid objection to its inherent goodness. How many call themselves Christians, who are a disgrace to it, yet ultimately hurt not the gospel, but themselves? Besides, a man’s worth is not to be rated from his own exaggerated account of the matter, but from what he actually, uniformly, and absolutely is. The apostle has told us, that whosoever provideth not for his own is worse than an infidel; therefore we conclude that no good Mason will ever be deficient in the due performance of all moral and relative duties. If a man is negligent in religious points, depend on it he is good for little in the lodge.

“As to the second part of the objection, viz. that they will backbite and injure one another, it is too true. But what does it prove? simply this, that in the best institutions upon earth, worthless characters may occasionally be found. In the holy family itself consisting but of the twelve, one was a devil. Did that hurt the integrity of the eleven? far from it. Why lay the faults of a few at the doors of large respectable bodies of men, who by assiduously working at the craft, have done honor to human nature? Where the heart is bad, what can you expect from the tongue? After all, is it more than what happens in the most solemn duties of religion? Have there not been wretches who could go to the table of the Lord, and the very next day traduce the moral character of the minister from whose hands they received the holy sacrament? And if that was not making it to themselves the cup of devils, I know not what the apostle meant when he made use of those terms.

“Why need I multiply words to confirm it? Built on and drawn from revelation, must it not be of divine origin? Adorned by the beneficent actions and amiable virtues of thousands, the first in point of rank, knowledge, and moral excellence, of

every language, in every age and every clime, must it not possess an inherent worth? Thou Heaven-descended beam of light, beauty, and perfection! how oft hast thou been the means of saving life and property; reconciled the most jarring interests, and converted fiercest foes to dearest friends! On, on then, my dear brethren, pursue the great lecture with alacrity and firmness, each moving on the square of truth, by the compass of God's word, according to your respective stations, in all the rules of symmetry, order, and proportion. Nor dread when your earthly lodge shall be dissolved; your jewels will still be safe, and you shall be admitted into a more glorious lodge, even an house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens; where angels and saints shall be your fellowcrafts and companions; and the Supreme Architect of the Universe, your ineffably great and glorious Grand Master—your light—your life—your joy—your all!

FOR THE MASONIC MISCELLANY.

MASONIC SONG.

I once was blind and could not see,
 To steer my course aright,
 I groped in darkness and in dread,
 Without one gleam of Light.

At length within a Lodge I found,
 A friend to guide me sure;
 He led me past all dangerous ground,
 He did for me still more.

He led me through a guarded road;
 He prayed for my welfare.
 He bade me trust Almighty God,
 And fear no danger near.

Conducted by his friendly hand,
 Upheld by God's own might,
 I travell'd a long dreary road,
 And reach'd the realms of Light.

And there in characters most bright,
 My first great lesson read:
 Love still thy neighbor, as thyself,
 And ne'er forget thy God,

The light that was to me reveal'd,
 When journeying I began,
 Implied a something yet conceal'd
 Of benefit to man.

To find that something I resolved,
 And so set off apace:
 But lo! a guard did check my speed,
 'Ere I began my race.

He sternly ask'd me who came there,
 He said "give me the word;
 "Without it there 's no entrance here"—
 Just then my friend appear'd.

He gave the word, and we passed on
 And journey'd to the East:
 He, *Mentor*-like, staid by 'till when
 More light my eyelids blessed:

He then to me explained the *Square*,
 The *Level* and *Plumb-line*;
 Apt emblems of Masonic art,
 Great, glorious, divine.

By the bright light I now possess'd,
 I very clearly did
 Perceive from my too anxious sight
 One half the *Compass* hid.

That jewel naked to behold,
 Was now my only care;
 And that I might not wrong proceed,
 Did to my friend repair.

I told my object—ask'd the way,
 My friend made this reply:

It is a rough and dangerous road,
 Where deaths in ambush lie,
 But if to travel you 're resolved,
 You shall not go alone,
 I'll be your guide, your faithful friend,
 And lead you where I've gone.

We travell'd on a dark rough road,
 And Eastward strain'd our sight:
 There the whole *Compass* stood reveal'd,
 By streams of glorious Light.

Then with a kind benignant look,
 My guide a *Trowel* gave,
 Take *this*, he said, and with it spread
 The true *Cement of Love*.



POETICAL ADDRESS,

BY BROTHER ANDREW C. MITCHELL.

WHEN first the world with all its woes began,
 Man was the deadliest foe to fellow-man;
 And thus, in early days, ere laws had force
 To guard the virtuous, or direct their course,
 Societies were form'd; their end and aim,
 To shelter weakness, and aspire to fame;
 And in the highest rank, exalted see
 Immortal stands our time-crown'd *Masonry*.
 'Tis this we celebrate, and hail the day
 Which gave new life to its expiring ray,
 Which lights our world, as we its brethren prove,
 To bonds of friendship, unity, and love.
 Built on religion and on truths sublime,
 Our fabric stands the favorite child of time:
 Its corner stone and arch still perfect stand,
 Nurs'd by his care and foster'd by his hand;
 And though from clime to clime her children range,

er comes;" as time wears away, and the buoyancy of youth sinks into the sobriety of increasing manhood, or when the vigor of manhood shall fail beneath the decrepitude of advancing years; no matter where my destiny may lead me, (though in foreign climates, and through distant countries "I wend my lonely way")—still dear to my mind will be the recollections of my infancy, hallowed in remembrance the HOME OF MY YOUTH.

It is our duty and our interest then, my countrymen, to emulate the examples of antiquity in all the arts of peace. We have already proved that the more *warlike* virtues were not peculiar to a Grecian or a Roman age. Witness, for this, our whole military history.

England forgot from what nation we were descended. Her ships scoured our coasts; her artillery thundered around our marts of commerce; the blood of our citizens weltered in their fields, till at length a thousand—ten thousand voices called aloud for "redress" and WASHINGTON, already *The First*, girded on his armour, and bared his bosom to the storm. These men of revolutionary times, had that within them which could not bend to power, when the compromise of their rights was the sacrifice required. No! exclaimed they in the ebullition of their indignant patriotism, "let the silken trappings of luxury, the downy couch of ease, and stars of honor be all forgotten—the cold rock for a bed, your blue vault for a covering, a "lodge in some vast wilderness" for our eternal home; rather than be insulted by the voice of the Oppressor, or see our children tremble beneath the frown of Tyrants. This spirit conquered every difficulty: opulence is always the reward of industry; and political happiness, the concomitant of public virtue. Our infant settlements soon assumed the aspect of a growing nation, and the discerning politician, surveying the variety and abundance of their resources, soon could trace the outline of a mighty empire.

The French Republic attempted by force what they could not obtain by persuasion. The commander of our armies proved himself worthy of his great name. The thunder of our cannon was heard around all the coasts of France, to her most distant settlements. Her flag was chased from the ocean; her commerce was every where despoiled, and our little navy gave good

Is lost, is dead, where fanatics preside;
 For *superstition* teaches them to fear
 That which their better reason would revere,
 To hold our order as an impious league,
 Our mysteries—mischief; and our rites—intrigue;
 Bids them believe what reason would deride,
 That we with fiends and demons are allied;
 And that with *magic word*, or mystic spell,
 We can upraise the ministers of hell.
 Unhappy climes! which thus in fetters bind
 The best, the noblest priv'lege of the mind;
 And by enslaving reason, thus debase
 Man's boldest energies, and blast his race!
 Yet blessed! oh doubly blessed, this happy land!
 Bless'd by that freedom which our fathers plann'd,
 That noble birthright each has sworn to guard,
 Strain next his heart, and wear upon his sword;
 'Tis here, no monkish fears appal the heart;
 Reason our guide, philosophy our chart:
 'Tis here, religion feels no despot's rod,
 And man, in all his strength, adores his God:
 Bound by no dogmas, here religion reigns,
 Not dress'd with gewgaws nor deild by chains;
 Bound by no form, each bends before the throne.
 And worships Heaven on principles his own.
 How stands our order here?—On virtue's base;
 Which time must strengthen and can ne'er deface.
 On this bless'd clime, where heaven-born freedom stood,
 Burst slav'ry's chains and dashed the despot's rod,
 (Immortal WASHINGTON! her chosen son,
 To gild those honors which his valour won;)
 On this bless'd clime auspicious fates preside,
 To guard our temple, and its votaries guide;
 For he, the hero Washington, has borne,
 Our sacred secret, and our honours worn;
 And now translated to celestial skies,
 He reigns the guardian of our mysteries:
 Yet not alone to mysteries allied,

The influence of liberty and increasing knowledge upon the destinies of this flourishing Republic, has been hastily alluded to. A few brief and rapid strokes, in portraiture of a man who was the best champion of the one, and an efficient patron of the other, will close my humble participation in the solemnities of this animating Jubilee. A full delineation of his character is far from my design; no limner has ever yet caught the majesty of that illustrious profile. I purpose only to remember the deeds of his glory, and faintly to record the feelings of my gratitude. I would lay one humble memorial of love upon the monument which his virtues have emblazoned: I would hang my little wreath of praise amidst the festoons of never-dying amarantbs.

WASHINGTON saw his country abounding in all physical resources, and he knew that it was only *mind*, which could appropriate and combine them for happiness and glory. In life, therefore, he fostered learning, and at death he bequeathed liberal endowments for its advancement. Illustrious man! while Virtue lead^{ed} her pilgrim children to thy grave, Science shall crown the Urn with her richest garlands. He was the friend of Learning. He was also the brave defender of Liberty.

A war which forgets its own usages, which neither pities nor spares, which riots in the cries of the helpless, and the shrieks of the unoffending; a war as relentless as it was unnatural, raged its work of death in the bosom of America!! The scene every day grew darker and sadder; the iron drops of a cloud that had gathered thick and thundered low, fell faster and heavier. *Hope*, on her highest eminence, could scarce descry a beam to relieve the sombre hue. All beneath her was dismay. But when every eye was sunken, and every countenance grew dark, and every heart had failed; there was an eye that never dimmed, there was a cheek that never blanched, there was a heart firm to resolve and bold to execute something for the nation's liberty. In the depth of winter, when the enemy lay carousing at their *CAPUA*, dreaming of easy conquest in the spring; at the dead of night, with an army half fed, and not half clothed, *Washington* crossed the ice bound Delaware, traversed the flinty roads of Jersey and at day-break announced, by the roar of his

cannon, the storming of Princeton and of Trenton.—Then, my country, thy Guardian Angel was seen to lift up her drooping head; then her smile gladdened all thy scenery, and waving once more thy broken banner to the breeze, she called her sons to the tented field, and led them on “conquering and to conquer.”

It was this brilliant movement which convinced Europe that America could, and that she would be free. France joined her; their united arms were crowned with success, and the starred banner waved triumphant wherever it was spread. The reduction of Yorktown, with the capture of a well appointed army under one of their most famous Generals, soon after closed our Revolutionary War; a war which gave to America her independence and to the world a man who was the admiration of his own age, his country's glory, and whose name shall be the theme of panegyric, through every succeeding era. What must have been the sensations of that man, when, after the storm was over, reclining beneath the shades of his own Vernon, he could reflect that his country ranked among the nations of the earth, and that to his exertions she was indebted for the boon of liberty! Cincinnatus may have felt such, but there was a *fullness* in their bliss reserved only for our ascended Patriot. The glory of Washington gilds the past history of his country: it will light the march of her future greatness, and fade only in that gloom which shall settle around the *ruins of the Republic*.

He has passed away from us, and left many behind eminent for virtue and resplendent in talents; but “take him all in all we ne'er shall look upon his like again.” In the language of a popular historian, “He seems to have been the complete model of that perfect character which the Philosophers of antiquity were fond of delineating, rather as a figment of their own imaginations, than with the hope of ever seeing it realized.” No matter how we view him, in whatever station, whether humble or exalted; in whatever office, whether civil or military; amidst whatever relations, whether as a private citizen, or the ruler of a mighty empire, he is equally great in all, filling up exactly the duties of each, and defective in none. But it is chiefly in the more active parts of his career, that we find most splendidly disclosed the powers of his mighty mind. Many and bright are the names

that shine in the annals of war. But there is always some one feature, some characteristic of peculiar brilliancy that challenges for each the tribute of our administration. In Washington we find a complete assemblage of the rarest excellencies. Alexander was daring, Fabius was cautious, Pyrrhus was skilful, Hannibal intrepid; the Great Frederick was never so terrible as after a defeat, but knew not how to improve his victories; while the mighty Napoleon, who broke like a thunder bolt on the charge, when fortune changed, was sometimes seen foremost among the flying. Aristides was just, Scipio humane, Cæsar clement, Cato of incorruptible integrity; but what shall we say of Washington? Truth in its soberest guise wears too much the semblance of eulogium; and yet his integrity, his clemency, his love of justice are embalmed in everlasting remembrance. Had he been rash like the Macedonian Hero, or less cautious than Fabius, like Frederick had he failed to improve his victories, or like Bonaparte ran away when he was defeated; had he not combined the wisdom and intrepidity of the most celebrated captains, with original virtues of his own, we should not now be assembled in the joy of freedom, to commemorate "the anniversary of our Independence."

And now, my country, I have somewhat to say—against thee. Twenty years are gone, since, under the first impulse of grief, thy gratitude solicited his remains. But yet there is no monument! Yes, America, thy first and greatest Son lies in a grave unhonoured by thee. 'Tis but lately that I, a traveller in its vicinity, paid my passing tribute to the hallowed scene. The green sod covers the narrow house; above, the willow droops its pensile branches; beneath, Potomac rolls her dark blue wave. The *Nation's Monument* towers—NOT THERE!!

If gratitude be not due to this distinguished man, then let it cease to have a claim upon the earth. And in the assembly of the nation may a Kentuckian be the first to urge this claim and vindicate his country's honor. It is for those who come after you, it is for yourselves, that you should honour the illustrious dead: It is that this last of republics may transmit its blessings to remote posterity; that yonder Sun, in its revolutions yet to come, may see the principles of our constitution flourish with undecay-

ing vigor, bright as its own light, beneficial as its own influence, and boundless as its own resplendent circuit.

It is most true, that neither brass nor marble can record his fame, or perpetuate his memory. They are united with the destinies of his country. They shall live with America; and when the Column of her Glory shall be reared up on high, gilding with immortal splendour the very barriers of the World, the eyes of all nations, gazing at its summit, shall see rayed in its beams the name of WASHINGTON.

Let Kentucky awake! arouse from her past apathy, and place herself first on the rolls of gratitude, as she even now aspires to be first in *Wealth*, in *Learning*, and in *Laws*. And why may not Kentucky endeavor to be foremost in every thing that is good? Why may she not aspire for her sons to the highest honours that society can bestow? Have they less patriotism or less valor? Let our enemies in the late glorious conflict (as being most familiar with the subject,) decide that question. Have they less talent? Let our sister MISSOURI, remembering, as she ought, her recent struggle on the floor of Congress, respond to the enquiry. A whole nation, rescued from the horrors of civil war, will echo back her answer.

One word more, and I have done. The wilderness has smiled around us, but whose rod broke the flinty rock, and educed those streams of plenty which every where refresh and fertilize the land. I cannot admire the cautionary calculation, I cannot chill my feelings by tracing through the coldness of a reflective process the blessings we enjoy. The happiness which animates this expanded scene comes home in such strong sensations to my bosom that all intermediate means are lost in the contemplation of their GREAT FIRST CAUSE; the giver of every good, the parent of Universal Being; for the magnitude of whose power nothing is too great, for the minuteness of whose protection nothing is too small. He does not sit idly upon the throne of the Universe, playing with his sceptre. No! his omniscient eye, beaming from the centre of Eternity, expands itself in mercy over all creation. In all our ways, let us not fail to remember him; in all times, whether tranquil or tumultuous; in all conditions, whether conspicuous or obscure; through all the connec-

tions of life, whether private or *political*. When the night of her adversity was most dark, his hand lighted up the Pillar of Fire, which led onward our despairing and bewildered country, and he now hangs a bright Cloud from Heaven to guide us in this the day of our prosperity.



LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

LEXINGTON FEMALE ACADEMY.

It is but little more than a year, since we congratulated the community on the establishment, among us, of an institution calculated to give to the female mind its proper degree of cultivation and to afford to young the Ladies of the west, advantages for early education not surpassed in older, more wealthy, and more improved parts of our country. We are happy to find that our anticipations have been fully realized in the usefulness and success of this highly valuable and important institution. The following statement, annexed to a Catalogue, recently published, of the Instructors and Pupils of the Academy, will furnish a correct idea of its present situation and must inspire the most encouraging hopes of its future prosperity and increasing usefulness.

"Its object embraces a complete systematic course of Female Education. The spirit, the enterprize, the genius, and the resources, of the *West*, demand such an Institution. Local advantages have fixed it at Lexington. If wisely conducted and properly supported, it will soon, like *Transylvania University*, add lustre to our country. This University, rapidly rising unper its present liberal and enlightened President, already numbers *Four hundred members*. The Academy, in one year, has admitted *one hundred and sixty three*. Who then can say, that Kentucky is unfriendly to Literature? Who can say, that she is *indifferent* to the cultivation of intellect, to the best interests of the rising generation? The patronage she extends to seminaries of Learning does honor to the state. The records of her last legislature indicate the march of sentiment, and bespeak the spirit of munificence, by which she is actuated; and,

should this spirit continue, she will soon be seen a leading and brilliant star, among the luminaries of the West.

As to the *Female Academy*, the PRINCIPAL has no favour to ask, but respectfully to solicit a *continuance* of that patronage, under which he has so happily commenced; a patronage, which he is proud to acknowledge, and which, he doubts not, will still be extended, *so long as it shall be deserved*. If he has redeemed the numerous pledges of his friends in his favour, he is abundantly satisfied. He has no object of ambition, but the Academy; no wish, but to *create and establish, the best Female Seminary west of the Alleghany*. If his exclusive attention, his personal self devotion, to this great object, can ensure its success, *it will succeed*. It has already succeeded, beyond his most sanguine expectations. An impulse is already given, which nothing can resist, and whose future consequences few can appreciate. Similar institutions will soon be established, throughout the Western States. Female intellect will be developed: new virtues, new powers, new charms, will be gradually unfolded; and their benign influence will be extensively felt, in every part of society, by the rising generation. Virtuous and enlightened mothers will soon make a virtuous and enlightened community. On this alone depend the permanency of our present system of Government, and the prosperity of those republican institutions, which are, at once, the glory of our own country, and the envy and admiration of the World."

THE STOUT GENTLEMAN.

From "*Bracebridge Hall, a new work by WASHINGTON
LIVINE, Esq.*"

I was dreadfully hipped. The hours seemed as if they would never creep by. The very ticking of the clock became irksome. At length the stillness of the house was interrupted by the ringing of a bell. Shortly after I heard the voice of a waiter at the bar, "The Stout Gentleman, in No. 13, wants his breakfast, tea and bread and butter, with ham and eggs, the eggs not to be too much done."

In such a situation as mine every incident is of importance. Here was a subject of speculation presented to my mind, and ample exercise for my imagination. I am prone to paint pictures to myself, and on this occasion I had some materials to work upon. Had the guest up stairs been mentioned as Mr.

Smith, or Mr. Brown, or Mr. Jackson, or Mr. Johnson; or merely as the gentleman in No. 13, it would have been a perfect blank to me. I should have thought nothing of it. But "the Stout Gentleman! ———" the very name had something in it of the picturesque. It at once gave the size, it embodied the personage to my mind's eye, and my fancy did the rest. "He was stout, or as some term it, lusty; in all probability therefore he was advanced in life; some people expanding as they grow old. By his breakfasting rather late, and in his own room, he must be a man accustomed to live at his ease, and above the necessity of early rising; no doubt a round, rosy, lusty old gentleman."

There was another violent ringing. The Stout Gentleman was impatient for his breakfast. He was evidently a man of importance; "well to do in the world," accustomed to be promptly waited upon, of keen appetite, and a little cross when hungry; "perhaps" thought I "he may be some London alderman; or who knows but he may be a member of parliament?"

The breakfast was sent up, and there was a short interval of silence; he was doubtless making the tea. Presently there was a violent ringing, and before it could be answered, another ringing still more violent. "Bless me what a choleric old gentleman!" The waiter came down in a huff. The butter was rancid; the eggs were overdone; the ham was too salt. The Stout Gentleman was evidently nice in his eating, one of those who eat and growl, and keep the waiter on the trot, and live in a state militant with the household.

The hostess got into a fume. I should observe she was a brisk, coquettish woman; a little of a shrew, and something of a slammerkin, but very pretty withal; with a nincompoop for a husband, as shrews are apt to have. She ranted the servants roundly for their negligence in sending up so bad a breakfast! but said not a word against the Stout Gentleman; by which I clearly perceived that he must be a man of consequence; entitled to make a noise and to give trouble at a country inn. Other eggs and ham and bread and butter were sent. They appeared to be more graciously received; at least there was no further complaint.

I had not made many turns about the travellers' room when

there was another ringing. Shortly after there was a stir, and an inquest about the house. "The Stout Gentleman wanted the Times or the Chronicle newspaper." I set him down, therefore, for a whig; or rather from his being so absolute and lordly where he had a chance, I suspected him of being a radical. Hunt I had heard was a large man; "who knows," thought I, "but it is Hunt himself?"

My curiosity began to be awakened. I inquired of the waiter who was this Stout Gentleman that was making all this stir; but could not get information. Nobody seemed to know his name. The landlords of bustling inns seldom trouble their heads about the names of their transient guests. The colour of a coat, the shape or size of the person, is enough to suggest a travelling name. It is either the tall gentleman or the short gentleman; or the gentleman in black; or the gentleman in snuff colour, or, as in the present instance, the Stout Gentleman; a designation of the kind once hit on answers every purpose, and saves all further enquiry.

Rain—rain—rain! pitiless, ceaseless rain! no such thing as putting a foot out of doors, and no occupation or amusement within. Bye and bye I heard some body walking over head. It was in the Stout Gentleman's room. He evidently was a large man by the heaviness of his tread; and an old man from his wearing such creaking soles. "He is, doubtless," thought I, "some rich old square toes, of regular habits; and is now taking exercise after breakfast."

I now read all the advertisements of coaches and hotels that were stuck about the mantle piece. The Ladies' Magazine had become an abomination to me; it was as tedious as the day itself. I wandered out, not knowing what to do, and ascended again to my room. I had not been there long when there was a squall from a neighboring bed room. A door opened and slammed violently; a chambermaid, that I had remarked for a ruddy good humoured face, went down stairs in a violent flurry. The Stout Gentleman had been rude to her.

This sent a whole host of my deductions to the deuce in a moment. This unknown personage could not be an old gentleman; for old gentlemen are not apt to be so obstreperous to

chambermaids. He could not be a young gentleman, for young gentlemen are not apt to inspire such indignation. He must be a middle aged man, and confoundedly ugly into the bargain, or the girl would not have taken the matter in such terrible dudgeon. I confess I was sorely puzzled. In a few minutes I heard the voice of my landlady. I caught a glance of her as she came tramping up stairs, her face glowing, her cap flaring, her tongue wagging the whole way.

"She'd have no such doings in her house, she'd warrant. If gentlemen did spend their money freely it was no rule. She'd have no servantmaids of hers treated in that way, when they were about their work, that's what she would'nt."

As I hate squabbles, particularly with women, and above all with pretty women, I slunk back into my room and partly closed the door; but my curiosity was too much excited not to listen. The landlady marched intrepidly to the enemy's citadel, and entered it with a storm. The door closed after her. I heard her voice in her high windy clamour for a moment or two. Then it gradually subsided, like a gust of wind in a garret. Then there was a laugh, then I heard nothing more. After a little while my landlady came out with an odd smile on her face, adjusting her cap, which was a little one side. As she went down stairs I heard the landlord ask her what was the matter; she said, "nothing at all—only the girl's a fool." I was more than ever perplexed what to make of this unaccountable personage, who could put a good-natured chambermaid in a passion and send away a termagant landlady in smiles. He could not be so old, nor cross, nor ugly either.

I had to go to work at this picture again and to paint him entirely different. I now set him down for one of those Stout Gentlemen that are frequently met with swaggering about the doors of country inns; moist, merry fellows, in Belcher handkerchiefs; whose bulk is a little assisted by malt liquors; men who have seen the world and have been sworn at Highgate, who are used to tavern life, up to all the tricks of tapsters, and knowing in the ways of sinful publicans; free livers on a small scale; who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea; who call all the waiters by name, touse the maids; gossip with the

handlady at the bar, and prose over a pint of port, or a glass of negus after dinner.

The morning wore away in forming these and similar surmises. As fast as I wove one system of belief, some movement of the unknown would completely overturn it, and throw all my doubts into confusion. Such are the ordinary doubts of a feverish mind. I was, as I said, extremely nervous, and the continual meditation on the concerns of this invisible personage began to have its effect. I was getting into a fit of the fidgets.

Dinner time came. I hoped the Stout Gentleman might dine in the traveller's room, and that I might at length get a view of his person; but no, he had dinner served in his own room. What could be the meaning of this solitude and mystery? He could not be a radical; there was something too aristocratical in thus keeping himself apart from the rest of the world, and condemning himself to his own dull company throughout a rainy day. And then too he lived too well for a contented politician. He seem to expatiate on a variety of dishes, and to sit over his wine like a jolly friend of good living.

Indeed, my doubts on this head were soon at an end; for he could not have finished his first bottle before I could faintly hear him humming a tune; and on listening, I found it to be "God save the King." 'Twas plain then he was no radical, but a faithful subject; one that grew loyal over his bottle, and was ready to stand by King and Constitution when he could stand by nothing else. But who could he be!—my conjectures began to grow wild—was he not some personage of distinction travelling incog? "God knows!" said I at my wit's end, "it may be one of the royal family for ought I know, for they are all Stout Gentlemen."

The weather continued rainy. The mysterious unknown kept his room, and as far as I could judge, his chair; for I did not hear him move. In the mean time, as the day advanced, the travellers' room began to be frequented. Some who had just arrived came in buttoned up in box coats; others came home who had been dispersed about town. Some took their dinners, and some their tea. Had I been in a different mood, I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men

There were two especially, who were regular wags of the road, and up to all the standing jokes of travellers. They had a thousand sly things to say to the waiting maid, whom they called Louisa and Ethelinda, and a dozen other fine names; changing the name every time, and chuckling amazingly at their own waggery. My mind, however, had become completely engrossed by the Stout Gentleman. He had kept my fancy in chase during a long day, and it was not now to be diverted from the scent.

The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire, and told long stories about their horses; about their adventures; their overturns and breakings down. They discussed the credit of different merchants and different inns, and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chamber maids and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their "night caps," that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water with sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for "Boots" and the chambermaid, and walked up to bed in old shoes, cut down into marvelously uncomfortable slippers.

There was only one man left; a short legged, long bodied plethoric fellow, with a very large sandy head. He sat by himself with a glass of port wine, negus, and a spoon; sipping and stirring until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep, bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him, and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long, and black and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber.

The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep drawn breathings of the sleeping toper; and the drippings of the rain, drop—drop—drop from the eaves of the house.

The church bells chimed midnight.—All at once the Stout Gentleman began to walk over head, pacing slowly backwards and forwards. There was something extremely awful in all

this—especially to one in my state of nerves. These ghastly greatcoats; these guttural breathings, and the creaking footsteps of this mysterious being. His steps grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away. I could bear it no longer. I was wound up to the desperation of a hero of romance. "Be he who or what he may," said I to myself, "I'll have a sight of him!" I seized a chamber candle and hurried up to No. 13. The door stood ajar. I hesitated—I entered—the room was deserted. There stood a large broad bottomed elbow chair at a table, on which was an empty tumbler, and a "Times" newspaper, and the room smelt powerfully of Stilton cheese.

The mysterious stranger had evidently just retired. I turned off to my room sorely disappointed. As I went along the corridor, I saw a large pair of boots with dirty waxed tops standing at the door of a bed chamber. They doubtless belonged to the unknown; but it would not do to disturb so redoubtable a personage in his den; he might discharge a pistol or something worse at my head. I went to bed, therefore, and lay awake half the night in a terrible nervous state; and even when I fell asleep I was still haunted in my dreams by the Stout Gentleman and his wax-topped boots.

I slept rather late the next morning; and was awakened by some stir and bustle in the house, which I could not at first comprehend; until getting more awake, I found there was a mail-coach starting from the door. Suddenly there was a cry from below:

"The gentleman has forgot his umbrella! look for the gentleman's umbrella in No. 13."

I heard an immediate scampering of a chambermaid along the passage, and a shrill reply, as she ran, "here it is! here's the gentleman's umbrella!"

The mysterious stranger then was on the point of setting off. This was the only chance I should ever have of knowing him. I sprang out of bed; scrambled to the window; snatched aside the curtains, and just caught a glimpse of the rear of a person getting in at the coach door. The skirts of a brown coat parted behind, and gave me a full view of the broad disk of a pair

of drab breeches. The door closed; "All right" was the word; the coach whirled off—and that was all I ever saw of the Stout Gentleman.

FROM THE LONDON NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ON LIPS AND KISSING.

How various, delicate and delightful are the functions of the lips! I purpose not to treat them anatomically, or I might expatiate on the exquisite flexibility of those muscles; which by the incalculable modulations they accomplish, supply different languages to all the nations of the earth, and hardly ever fatigue the speaker, though they so often prove wearisome to the auditor. Nor shall I dwell upon the opposite impressions which their exercise is calculated to excite, from the ruby mouth of a Corinna "warbling immortal verse and Tuscan air," to the lean lipped Xantippe deafening her hen pecked mate, or the gruff voice of the turnkey who wakes you out of a sound sleep to tell you it is 7 o'clock, and you must get up immediately to be hanged. But I shall proceed at once to external beauty, although it must be admitted, before I enter into the mouth of my subject, that there is no fixed standard of perfection for this feature, either in form or color. Poor Mungo Park, after having turned many Africans sick, and frightened others into fits, by his unnatural whiteness, was once assured by a kind hearted woolly headed gentleman that though he could not look upon him without an involuntary disgust, he only felt the more compassion for his misfortune; and upon another occasion he overheard a jury of matrons debating whether a female could be found in any country to kiss such emaciated and frightful lips. How Noah's grand-children, the African descendants of Ham, came to be black, has never yet been satisfactorily explained, and it were therefore vain to inquire into the origin of their enormous lips, which do not seem better adapted to a hotter climate than our own; but there is good reason to believe that the ancient Egyptians were as ponderously provided in this respect as their own bull-god, for the Sphinx has a very Nubian mouth, and the Memnon's head, so

far from giving us the idea of a musical king who could compete with Pan or Apollo, rather tempts us to exclaim in the language of Dryden—

“Thou sing with him, thou booby! never pipe
Was so profan’d to touch that blubber’d lip.”

Kissing is a very ancient and laudable practice, whether as a mark of respect or affection. The Roman Emperors saluted their principal officers by a kiss; and the same mode of congratulation was customary upon every promotion or fortunate event. Among the same people, men were allowed to kiss their female relations on the mouth, that they might know whether they smelt of wine or not, as it seems those vaunted dames and damsels were apt to make too free with the juice of the grape, notwithstanding a prohibition to the contrary. The refinement of manners among these classic females was probably pretty much upon a par with that depicted in the Beggar’s Opera, where Macheath exclaims, after saluting Jenny Diver—“One may know by your kiss that your gin is excellent.” The ancients used not only to kiss their dying relations, from a strange notion that they should inhale their departing soul,* but repeated the salutation when dead, by way of valediction; and, finally, when they were laid upon the funeral pile. There is no accounting for tastes; but for my own part, I would rather salute the living; and I even carry my singularity so far as to prefer the soft lips of a female to that mutual presentation of bristled cheeks to which one is subject by the customs of France. A series of essays has been written on the rational recreation of kissing, by John Everard, better known as Johannes Secundus, the author of the *Basia*, which has the disgrace of being even more licentious than his prototypes Propertius and Catullus. This gentleman held the same situation under the Archbishop of Toledo, that Gil Blas filled under the Archbishop of Granada; but instead of devoting his time to the improvement of homilies, he employed himself in

*Plato seems to have thought that this interchange might occur among the living, for he says when he kisses his mistress,

“*My soul then flutters to my lip,
Ready to fly and mix with thine.*”

describing kisses of every calibre, from the counter part of that bestowed by Petruccio upon his bride, who

———"Kiss'd her lips

With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting

All the church echo'd"——

to the fond and gentle embrace described by Milton, when Adam, gazing upon our first parent in the delicious bowers of Eden—

———"in delight

Both of her beauty and submissive charms,

Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter

On Juno smiles, when he impregns the cloude

That shed May flowers; and press'd her matron lip

With kisses pure."

Old Ben Johnson, unlike Captain Wattle, preferred the taste of his mistress's lip to Sillery or Chateau-Marguad; for which we have the authority of his well known song—

"Or leave a kiss within the cup,

And I'll not ask for wine."

And Anacreon himself, tippler as he was, did not relish his Chian, "had not the lips of love first touched the flowing bowl."

Even that phlegmatic compound, a pie, has its kissing crust. There is no kissing, indeed, animate or inanimate, that has not its recommendations; but there is a non-descript species, somewhat between both, against which I beg to enter my protest—I mean the degrading ceremony of a man made in God's image, kneeling to kiss the hand of a fellow mortal at Court, merely because that mortal is the owner of a crown, and the dispenser of places and titles. Nay, there are inconsistent beings, who have kissed *the foot* of the Servant of servants at Rome, and yet boggled at performing the *ko tou* at Pekin, to the Son of the Moon, the Brother of the Sun, and the Lord of the celestial empire. Instead of complaining at knocking their nobles upon the floor before such an august personage, it seemed reasonable to suppose that they would conjure up in their imaginations much more revolting indignities. Rabelais, when he was in the suite of Cardinal Lorraine, accompanied him to Rome, and no sooner saw him prostrate before the Pope, and kissing his toe, as customary, than he suddenly turned round, shut the door, and scampered home. Upon his return, the cardinal asked him the meaning of this insult. "When I saw you" said Rabelais, "who are my master, and, moreover, a cardinal and a prince, kissing the Pope's foot. I could not bear to anticipate the sort of ceremony that was probably reserved for your servant."

THE
MASONIC MISCELLANY,

AND

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

FOR OCTOBER, 1822.

No. 4.

NATIONAL GRAND LODGE.

We have heretofore, more than once, alluded to the plan of establishing a Grand Lodge co extensive with the United States, and have expressed the satisfaction we felt in the probability that such a measure would, ere long, be generally approved and carried into effect. We were particularly pleased at the proposition emanating from so respectable a source as the convocation of Masons at Washington City, whose proceedings we noticed a few months since; and we indulged the sanguine hope, that a fair prospect was at length afforded for the speedy organization and general support of such an institution, We find however that a formidable opposition has commenced, and that some of the most respectable Grand Lodges in the Union have entered their protests decidedly against it. While therefore, our respect for the sentiments of such intelligent Masons is calculated somewhat to weaken our confidence in the opinion we had deliberately formed and still firmly entertain, we feel ourselves called upon to discuss the subject at large, and have therefore concluded to publish, as a text for our future remarks, the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, at its last annual convocation; on the subject. We give therefore, entire, the following documents:

GRAND LODGE OF KENTUCKY, }
August 30, 1822. }

The committee appointed to examine Communications from other Grand Lodges, &c. beg leave to report:

P

That they have examined Communications from the Grand Lodges of Maine, New-Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Tennessee, Nova Scotia, and Lower Canada, together with Communications from the Door to-Virtue Lodge No. 16, Maryland, and Vincennes Lodge, No. 15, Indiana, and recommend that the expulsions, suspensions, rejections, and re-instatements therein contained, be annexed to the Proceedings of this Grand Communication.

They have also had under consideration a Communication from sundry highly respectable Brethren, composing a Convocation of Masons, held at Washington City on the 9th of March last, to which communication (marked A) they beg leave to refer, and which they request may be considered a part of this Report.*

Your Committee find, upon examination, that the proposition for establishing a National Grand Lodge has been taken into consideration by the Grand Lodges of New-York and Pennsylvania, and has been rejected by them as inexpedient and impracticable. It appears, however, to your committee, that the nature and extent of the proposition have been misunderstood by those respectable bodies. The report of the committee of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, upon the reasoning of which the decisions in both states seem to have been founded, contains sentiments deemed by your committee perfectly correct, but in their opinion, totally inapplicable, as objections against the institution proposed to be established. In order to furnish a full view of the subject, which the committee cannot but regard as important and interesting, they beg leave to present that Report to the Grand Lodge entire;

“GRAND LODGE OF PENNSPLVANIA,

IN GRAND QUARTERLY COMMUNICATION,

Philadelphia, Monday, June 3. A. D. 1822, A. L. 5822.

The committee, to whom was referred the proceedings of a meeting of Masons held in the city of Washington, on the 9th March, 1822, recommending the establishment of a **GENERAL GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES**, made report, which was read and is as follows:

*For this communication see Mas. Miscellany Vol. 1. page 090.

REPORT,

To the Right Worshipful Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania.

The committee, to whom was referred the communication of the proceedings of "A number of the members of the Society of Freemasons from various parts of the United States, composed of members of Congress and strangers, assembled at the Capitol in the city of Washington, March 9, 1822, recommending the establishment of a GENERAL GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES," make report,

That, they have considered the communication referred to them, with all the care and attention, that the importance of its object and the respectability of the source, from which it emanated, would require. By a reference to the proceedings of this Grand Lodge, it will appear, that as early as the year 1790, the Grand Lodge of Georgia proposed the establishment of a General Grand Lodge throughout the United States. On the 7th June, 1790, the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania unanimously expressed its disapprobation of the proposed measure, which, at that time, appears to have been abandoned.

On the 24th June, 1799, the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, prompted, it is imagined, by its then peculiar situation, renewed the proposition of a General Grand Lodge, for the purpose of reviving "the drooping spirit of the Ancient Craft," and adopted a number of resolutions similar to those contained in the communication now referred to, and declared that they would appoint deputies to meet the convention at Washington, as soon as two-thirds of the different Grand Lodges in the United States should approve of the measure. The Grand Lodge of South Carolina transmitted its proceedings to the different Grand Lodges, and among others to that of Pennsylvania. On the 7th March, 1803, the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, while the proceedings from South Carolina were under consideration, declared, "That a Supreme Superintending Grand Lodge in the United States is inexpedient and impracticable, but that a Convention of Deputies from the several Grand Lodges for the purpose of forming a more intimate union, and establishing a regular and permanent intercourse between the said Grand Lodges, and considering other interesting matters, would be conducive to the advancement and respectability of the Ancient Craft." These sentiments were subsequently approved and adopted by the Grand Lodges of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia, and by the Grand Lodge of Georgia, in which the measure, in 1790, was originally brought forward.

On the 6th March 1809, this Grand Lodge, having the original communication from South Carolina still under consideration, once more unanimously reiterated their former sentiments upon this subject, and by the report of the Committee of Correspon-

dence, made at that time, it appears, these sentiments were again, in the years 1867-8, concurred in, by the Grand Lodges of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New-Jersey.

After a careful review of the whole ground, your committee most fully and cordially concur in the sentiments heretofore expressed by your body on this subject. Previous to the American Revolution, Provincial Grand Lodges were established in the Colonies under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of England. After the declaration of Independence by these United States, the different Grand Lodges declared themselves sovereign and independent. Well known and established boundaries, whether natural or artificial, are always fixed upon as the limits of the jurisdiction of separate Grand Lodges. In this country, therefore, we have always been divided by states, and such a division appears to your committee to be useful and judicious. Under this system Masonry has continued to advance in the United States to a degree of splendor and brilliancy hitherto unparalleled, and no longer requires any new plan "to revive its drooping spirit;" little or no collision has ever existed between the different Grand Lodges; and so far as the knowledge of your committee extends, the utmost harmony and cordiality now subsist, without an exception, between the different Grand Lodges throughout the United States.

In the opinion of your committee, the reasons that produced the present political Confederation or Union of the United States, altogether fail when applied to the interests of Freemasonry. The Grand Lodges of England, Scotland, and Ireland are sovereign and independent of each other, they are more contiguous, their jurisdictions embrace a less space of territory than the United States and they are under one consolidated government, without even the subdivision of power, peculiar to our State and Federal governments. We believe in the Mother Country they have experienced as few evils from this system as we have, and although the late union of the two Grand Lodges in England presented a favorable opportunity of proposing to establish one Consolidated General Grand Lodge, if it had been desired, yet we do not find that it was even proposed.

In the opinion of your committee the exercise of a jurisdiction, so extensive and so particular as that proposed, comprehending not only the most important concerns, but the most minute affairs of the subordinate Lodges, would be attended with innumerable delays, difficulties, and embarrassments, and would produce the greatest confusion and disorder throughout the whole Fraternity. The general advantage of the Craft requires that the Subordinate Lodges should be placed under the immediate superintending care of a Grand Lodge, which by its proximity of situation and the exercise of its legitimate authority, may correct their errors, attend to their wants, and inspire them with the

sublime spirit of our order. The establishment of a General Grand Lodge would deprive the different Grand Lodges of these powers: they would become subordinate bodies; and not only every Lodge, but each individual member of every Lodge, would have the right of appeal to the General Grand Lodge. The proceedings of the Subordinate Grand Lodges would in many cases, be reversed at a great distance from the scene of action, where the parties were but little known, the circumstances of the case less understood, the Grand Lodge appealed from, perhaps, not represented, and the ultimate tribunal operated upon, by the perseverance and importunities of such of the parties as might attend upon its deliberations.

It is also feared that in the course of time many of the Grand Lodges would be nominally represented, and thus the attributes of this Colossal Power embracing complete and universal controul over the fiscal and more purely Masonic concerns of every Grand Lodge, and individual member in the United States, would be concentrated in the hands of a few who would constitute the meeting. To prevent this evil, it may be said, the meetings of the General Grand Lodge might be less frequently holden; but in the opinion of your committee this would be an insurmountable objection. A prompt decision, upon all questions connected with Masonry, is absolutely necessary, and the delay and procrastination consequent upon an appeal to the General Grand Lodge, as well in trivial as important concerns, would be a greater evil than all the advantages to be derived from the establishment of the body. The distance of many of the Grand Lodges from the seat of government, and the inclemency of the season proposed as the time of meeting, would be serious difficulties. It is to be apprehended that persons would be selected as Delegates rather from the circumstance of their attendance upon the seat of government, upon public duty or private business, than from the knowledge of the principles of the order and its forms and ceremonies. The members of such a body, as the one proposed, ought to be intimately acquainted with the local concerns and separate interests of the bodies they represent, not only ought they to have been bright and expert workmen, in their progression to distinction in the order, but they should continue to be so, by constant and uninterrupted intercourse with the Lodges, and daily participations in their labours. In short, the members of such a body ought to constitute the Masonic energy and intelligence of the Grand Lodges whom they would represent. On the other hand, your committee apprehend, many of the members would be selected, rather from their rank and dignity in political life and the casual circumstances before referred to, than the possession of those attainments in the order, which ought to be necessary qualifications of its members. These remarks are intended to convey our ideas of what would, in pre-

gress of time, be the result of the establishment of a General Grand Lodge, and not as reflections upon the highly respectable meeting who were convened at Washington.

Your committee however believe, that an occasional Convocation of Delegates from the different Grand Lodges would have a salutary tendency, and would furnish a remedy for many of the evils delineated in the communication referred to them. The deliberations of such an august and venerable body, consulting upon the great interests of the order, and dependent upon the good sense and judgment of the Craft, for the fulfilment of its wishes, would be received with enthusiasm, and its recommendations performed with alacrity. Although your committee are not aware that at present, "in one or two instances there are already two or more Grand Lodges in the same State, each claiming superior jurisdiction," as is stated in the communication; yet as the evil has heretofore existed and may occur again, the contemplated Convention might propose as a fundamental principle, that not more than one Grand Lodge should exist in a State, and there is little doubt but that the recommendation would be adopted by the different Grand Lodges. They could adopt measures calculated to promote an uniformity of work; though most assuredly they would find it difficult, if not impracticable, to enforce universal obedience to any Masonic ritual, whether it be the good old system, as handed down to us by our Masonic forefathers, or any of the new plans that have been recently adopted in various parts of our country. They might also propose measures calculated to suppress the publication of improper books on Masonry, an evil already of considerable magnitude, and rapidly increasing with the times.

Your committee are therefore of opinion that a Grand Convocation of Delegates from the different Grand Lodges throughout the United States, to meet on St. John the Baptist's day in June, 1823, in either the cities of New-York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore, would be proper and expedient. They would observe some delicacy in fixing upon our own city as the place of meeting and if either of the other cities, or any other place not yet designated, should be preferred, they would abandon their preference, and cheerfully abide by the views of their other brethren. At the same time they would observe, that the central position of the city of Philadelphia, and the conveniences afforded by the use of the Masonic Hall, render it, in their humble opinion, the most suitable place at which the Convocation should be holden. Your committee believe that any general meeting should not be held at the city of Washington, but in one of our large cities, where the numbers, wealth, and respectability of the Craft would afford the Delegates suitable accommodations, and such other conveniences as might render their attendance pleasant and agreeable.

Your committee therefore offer the following resolutions for adoption.

Resolved, That the establishment of a General Grand Lodge of the United States, and the calling of a Masonic Convention for the purpose of instituting and organizing the same as proposed, is inexpedient, and, in the opinion of this Grand Lodge, impracticable.

Resolved, That a General Grand Convention of Delegates from the different Grand Lodges throughout the United States, for the purpose of consulting upon the interests of the order, be recommended to be holden on St. John the Baptist's day in June (the 24th) 1823, at the city of Philadelphia, or such other place as may be designated by the other Grand Lodges throughout the United States

Resolved. That this Grand Lodge will appoint Delegates to meet such Convocation as soon as it shall appear to be the wish of the different Grand Lodges throughout the United States that the same shall be holden.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary be requested to transmit copies of the foregoing Report and Resolutions to the different Grand Lodges throughout the United States, and one copy of the same to Wm. W Seaton agreeably to the request contained in the communication referred to your committee.

JOSIAH RANDAL, G. M.	} Committee.
SAMUEL F. BRADFORD,	
BAYSE NEWCOMB,	
JAMES HARPER, Junr.	
THOMAS KITTERA,	
JOSEPH S LE IS.	
GEORGE A BAKER, EDWARD KING.	

Which Report and Resolutions were adopted.

Extract from the Minutes. GEO. A. BAKER, G. Sec'ry."

The objections contained in this report against an institution such as is therein described, your committee consider substantial and conclusive. An attempt, on the part of any National Institution, exercising jurisdiction co-extensive with the Union, to embrace "complete and universal control over the fiscal and purely masonic concerns of every Grand Lodge, subordinate lodge and individual member in the United States," would, in the opinion of your committee, be absurd and impracticable. But such does not appear to be the design of the Convocation at Washington: such is not the proposition submitted to the consideration of the several State Grand Lodges. The details of the plan, if adopted, are hereafter to be agreed upon; and it is not for a moment to

be presumed that such a minute and embarrassing interference with the concerns of Grand and Subordinate Lodges and of individual masons, as is objected to in the above report, would be seriously attempted.

The objects suggested by the Convocation at Washington City, as likely to be attained by the establishment of a National Grand Lodge are these two:

First, "to acquire, in a correspondence with foreign nations, an elevated stand for the masonry of this country, to unite with them in maintaining its general principles in their purity."

"Secondly, to preserve, between our own states, that uniformity in work, and that active interchange of good offices, which would be difficult, if not impossible, by other means."

These are objects which all must regard as of vital importance, and if attainable by the adoption of the measure suggested, as furnishing ample and powerful arguments in its behalf. A National Grand Lodge, composed, as it undoubtedly would be, of the most distinguished masons in the Union, would constitute a central point of Masonic Intelligence, from which the most luminous rays of useful light and knowledge would be, from time to time, emitted. The character of the order in our country, would be elevated in the estimation of the enlightened in other countries, and many facilities would be afforded for mutual illumination and improvement. Harmony, uniformity and increased mutual affection between the brethren in different parts of this widely extended republic, might be calculated on as natural and almost necessary results of the measure, if judiciously arranged and properly conducted. Much, it is true, must depend on the details of the plan; and the utmost caution should undoubtedly be exercised to guard against the abuse of an institution capable of such an extensive influence as that now proposed.

Uniformity in the exercise of our mystic rites, and a settled adherence to the same general principles and rules of conduct are obviously of the greatest importance to the interests of the Craft. An occasional convocation of the most enlightened masons from every quarter of the Union, and a free mutual interchange of views, sentiments, and feelings, would tend much to the removal of little local jealousies, to the amalgamation of various and apparently discordant materials, to the settlement of certain great leading principles, upon the basis of mutual conciliation and agreement,

and to the establishment of an acknowledged standard as to the mode of conducting the mystic rites and ceremonies of the order. Indeed, the happy tendency of a free interchange of sentiment between brethren from every part of the Union, meeting upon the level, and under all the pleasing associations of the Masonic tie, appears to your committee too obvious to require further illumination.

Objections are made to the seat of the National Government as the site of a General Grand Lodge and perhaps those objections are sufficiently weighty to render it an essential condition to the co-operation of this Grand Lodge, that some other more appropriate and less objectionable place should be determined on. Nothing surely more imperiously demands the cautious vigilance of the fraternity, than the preservation of Masonry from all connection with the political institutions and political intrigues of the country; and although it is utterly impossible to avoid the danger of abuse in any human concerns, no exertions should be spared to protect our masonic establishments from being made the theatres of political manœuvring, and being converted into the engines of personal or party aggrandizement. The establishment of a National Grand Lodge at Washington might have the dangerous tendency to connect our order with the political institutions of our country, and as is justly remarked by the Pennsylvania report, "it is to be apprehended that persons would be selected as delegates, rather from the circumstance of their attendance upon the seat of government, upon public duty or private business, than from the knowledge of the principles of the order and its forms and ceremonies." This objection will however be sufficiently obviated by the establishment of the General Grand Lodge in some other city. Either Philadelphia, New York, or Baltimore would be a convenient place for the meeting of such an institution, and would be free from the dangerous tendency justly attributable to the city of Washington.

The expenses necessarily attending the establishing of a National Grand Lodge may perhaps be urged as an objection against it. If however the meetings be held, as in the opinion of your committee they ought to be, not oftener than once in every five, or seven years, the expense, it is presumed, would be hardly felt by the fraternity. The attendance of one or two delegates from each Grand Lodge would be amply sufficient, and such attendance afforded only once in the periods just suggested, could not produce an expense worthy of serious consideration or apprehension, by the

craft. It ought however to be an indispensable condition that the meetings of the proposed institution should not be held more frequently than the interests of the fraternity, and the attainment of the great ends of the establishment might seem to require. Annual or biennial meetings would be seriously objectionable, as they would not only create an unnecessary expense, but by being more frequent than the business of the order would demand, they would be the more likely to be employed for purposes foreign from the objects of their institution.

The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, it will be seen, has expressed its approbation of an occasional "convention of Delegates from the different Grand Lodges throughout the United States," and such appears to your committee to be substantially the character of the institution proposed to theseveral Grand Lodges. The regular organization of such a body, the appointment of officers, and the adoption of a General Grand Constitution for the establishment of certain leading principles and the promotion of uniformity in certain important particulars, could not, it is presumed, be productive of injury. And your committee cannot avoid remarking, that experience has already demonstrated the practicability and utility of such an institution, in the success and prosperity which have attended the operations of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States. The happy results which have flowed from that institution, in the promotion of order, harmony, and uniformity in the higher degrees of Masonry, warrant the conclusion, that effects equally desirable would result to the Craft from the establishment now proposed; nor are your committee aware that any objections can with propriety be urged against a National Grand Lodge which would not equally apply to the General Grand Chapter.

At any rate, it appears to your committee, that whatever opposition might be deemed proper to the institution proposed when all its details were determined on, no evil can result from a compliance with the suggestion of the very respectable convocation whose communication is under consideration, so far at least as "to appoint one or more delegates," on the part of this Grand Lodge, to meet other delegates in the city of Washington, on the second Monday of February next, to consult with them on the subject, and to endeavour, if possible, so to organize a National Grand Lodge as to obviate the objections which are now anticipated against it. The plan, when devised, will be submitted to the inspection

and consideration of this Grand Lodge, and it will be time enough then, if the details shall be found to be objectionable, to refuse our co-operation in the proposed establishment. With these views the committee recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge would be much gratified by the establishment of a National Grand Lodge under proper restrictions, limitations, and regulations.

Resolved, That _____, _____, be appointed Delegates on the part of this Grand Lodge to attend the proposed meeting of delegates in the city of Washington, on the second Monday of February next, to deliberate on the organization of such General Grand Lodge.

Resolved, That it be an indispensable condition of the co-operation of this Grand Lodge, that the superintending power of the proposed National Institution be limited and general, not extending to the minute, local, or fiscal concerns of the State Grand Lodges nor claiming jurisdiction over the cases of individual brethren, who may appeal from the decisions of subordinate lodges.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Grand Lodge, the city of Washington ought not to be the site of a National Grand Lodge, and that the regular meetings ought not to be held, oftener than once in every — years.

All which is respectfully submitted.

W. G. HUNT,
THO. H. BRADFORD. } Com.

Which report being read was agreed to except that part which goes to sanction the establishment of a General Grand Lodge at Washington City. A motion was made by Brother Barry, and concurred in that that part of the report be re committed to a select committee, with instructions to report against the proposition to establish such General Grand Lodge.

SATURDAY, Aug 31, 1822.

The select committee to whom was referred the report of the committee on Foreign Communications, offered the following report, which was read and adopted by the Grand Lodge:—

The Select committee, to whom was recommitted the report of the committee upon foreign communications, have agreeably to order had the same under consideration, and beg leave to report

That they have taken into their deliberation, the proceeding of a number of members of the society of Free Masons, from various parts of the United States; composed of mem-

bers of Congress and strangers assembled at the Capitol, in the City of Washington, March 9th, 1822; recommending the adoption of a General Grand Lodge of the United States: They have viewed this communication, with all the deference so eminently due to its distinguished sources, yet at the same time, with the freedom, and frankness characteristic of our order, and solicited by the respectable assemblage at Washington.

In contemplating this project, for superadding another story to the civil fabric of Masonry, it may not be improper to view the causes and necessity which led to the creation of Grand Lodges.

It is a fact familiar to every mason that the essence of the order, its noble precepts of benevolence and charity, at once the protection and glory of the brothers of the mystic tie, are to be found in the Lodge, emphatically so called, unframed by any governmental connection or municipal machinery whatever, independent of the existence of Grand Lodges, and before they were ever thought of by the fraternity.

It is here, that, Masonry first displays itself, in a palpable external shape. It is in this social form, that the excellencies of Masonry are practically inculcated upon its votaries, and all the virtues of the heart are cherished and nourished into the full bloom and perfect fruit.

What then is the necessity of a Grand Lodge? Principally, we answer, as a convenient appellate body from the the decisions of the subordinate Lodges, affecting personal feeling and character.

It has, no doubt, other valuable effects in congregating masonic characters to a considerable extent, as all social assemblies have; but this is the essential feature which endears it to the craft. It is our city of refuge in distress, it is our asylum from oppression or mistake.

But does any necessity of this kind extend to a General Grand Lodge? The operation of masonry is essentially domestic and private, it delights in the offices of private friendship and charity; to reconcile its members suffering under erroneous impressions of each other; or the victims of momentary passion.

The widow and the orphan, in fine, the removal of distress in every possible shape, are the darling objects and essential element of Masonic activity; all else is subordinate, or matter of pure unmixed expediency. Does this expediency exist in favour of the present proposition? We think, most decidedly not.

Innovation in practical institutions, is at all times *prima facie* improper.

The lamentable lessons, which are read to us, in the commotions and calamitous revolutions of empires, conclusively establish this truth. On every occasion of essential alterations, in matters effecting the actual concerns, and feelings of men, the necessity should be imperative, the remedy clear and unequivocal. But if these maxims are consecrated by experience, in the affairs of political government, how infinitely more obligatory are they in a moral institution, vitally depending upon unanimity and harmony among its members, and beheld through the long vista of "an hundred ages." Innovation in masonry, properly and essentially so called, is, we all know, a solecism; the thing has not, cannot be. But yet we think the most scrupulous caution should extend to the changes of its great leading, municipal regulations.

We should not proceed one step beyond the evident dictates of imperious necessity. Let us, now for a moment contrast the imperfect sketch which has been given of the Lodge and the Grand Lodge, with the operation of a General Grand Lodge. The latter is a distant and national institution; it could scarcely touch us in a solitary point of affection; it could afford no remedy in distress; it could hardly cultivate any social sympathies beyond the present system of masonic intercourse; and so far from coming home to the domestic circle, with its charities and good offices, it soars almost at a sightless and heartless distance from us all.

Its moral superintendance, is therefore, an impossibility. What then is it to do? Is it to superintend the Grand Lodges of the United States? What are its peculiar capacities and aptitudes for this extensive office? But, while we distinctly state, that no domestic necessity is known under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, or from its foreign correspondence, requiring the creation of a General Grand Lodge, yet, in courtesy to the eminent brethren who have addressed this communication to us, we will attend to the reasons which they have assigned for this measure.

They observe, that, "there are two points which at once present themselves in connection with the idea of establishing a General Grand Lodge of the United States."

"The first is, to acquire in a correspondence with foreign nations, an elevated stand for the masonry of this country; to unite with them in maintaining its general principles in their purity, and secondly, to preserve, between our own

states, that uniformity in work, and that active interchange of good offices, which would be difficult, if not impossible by other means." The committee cannot resist the expression of their most painful regret, that an object so purely political, so foreign and extraneous to the lowly and benevolent principles of the masonic institution, should have allured their worthy brethren, at the metropolis of the union, into its splendid snares.

How is the masonry of the United States to acquire an elevated stand with foreign nations; but by living up to its sublime precepts; by meeting upon the level, and parting upon the square; by continuing the same good old course, which has raised the institution to its present high and dignified standing,

If there is any other mode of accomplishing this object, we know it not.

But how is a General Grand Lodge to increase the active virtues of masons, or restrain their ill propensities? Certainly not by edicts from Washington, nor by any magic of masonic decrees. How then is it to aid the subordinate, or as we would rather say, the original Lodges, in the cultivation of masonic virtues: But our distinguished correspondents at Washington say, we might unite with foreign nations in maintaining the general principles of masonry in their purity.

If we do not now so unite, it is a novelty to us—it is more; it is a novelty in masonry. What diversity or difficulty, now exists, in this maintenance of the pure principles of the order, we are utterly at a loss to know.

Again we are told that a General Grand Lodge would "preserve, between our own states, that uniformity in work and that active interchange of good offices, which would be difficult, if not impossible by other means." We have always been taught, and are still most firmly of the belief, that masonic work was substantially uniform all over the earth. It has ever been the pride, and is still the great excellence of the society, that its language is universal and uniform.

How, otherwise, do the brethren of different climes and various languages, whether, in the turmoil of battle; or the dark silence of night mutually recognize each other.

The deformity, or discrepancies then impliedly complained of, must be of the more trivial description, more worthy the attention of a Martinet than a solid soldier.

May we not urge the principle of uniformity in masonic minutiae, (and no other diversities can exist,) to as injudicious

a degree, as it has vainly been attempted in religion,

If a celebrated emperor was astonished, when no two watches would exactly agree in denoting time, that he should have so pertinaciously attempted to make the human mind agree in religion; ought we not to avail ourselves of this lesson and carefully to guard against losing the good we so pre-eminently possess, in pursuit of an imaginary, perhaps an impracticable addition? The present uniformity of masonry, its tongue the only universal one upon the surface of the globe, so long the desideratum of scholars, protects and cherishes, endears and identifies its members with one another, all over the world.

And what more ought we to want? Is it unfortunately true, as we might infer from the Washington correspondence, that the active interchange of good offices between the Free masons of our own states, is difficult, if not impossible, from the present means of communication? On the contrary, does it not flourish with unparalleled harmony, and to an unequalled extent? What speck of discontent is there visible on the Masonic horizon; and if there were, how portentous must it be to justify this momentous change, in the external government of Free masons? Let us not, in quest of precise uniformity in non-essentials, degrade our sublime and moral institution into a ritual of forms and ceremonies; a manual of mechanical movements, to the neglect of its high souled virtues, which recommend it to every generous and noble heart.

Let us not, in the fulness of masonic prosperity, ungratefully requite the beneficence of heaven, by aiming at a perfection denied to mortals.

But independent of these objections, we are opposed to this project, from our dread of its perversion to political purposes.

Not that, for one moment, or in any way, we would ascribe such views to our excellent and distinguished correspondents, they are utterly incapable of supporting such schemes; But this circumstance does not exempt the proposed institution, from its capacity of political alliance.

We dread the slightest approximation, the remotest prospect of so unhallowed a perversion of the order.

We should ever deplore the destruction of a society, famed through such a lapse of centuries, for its undeviating cultivation of the human heart. Its subservience to the malignant passions, and the cruel animosities of political strife, would be a sad blight in the moral world.

The very thought is distressing to every friend of man. The social charities of masonic life, are too dear to risk upon this trackless ocean of experiment.

We want no more government than that we have so long enjoyed, with increasing felicity and prosperity. What could compensate this Grand Lodge, or the society at large, if this new project should excite so large a schism, as a third of the Grand Lodges of the United States; yet, the proposed General Grand Lodge may go into existence, upon the very face of its proposal with a minority so fearful to every good mason.

What then, would become of our boasted harmony and uniformity, thus easily sought? All lost in this wanton change and innovation; new barriers of division raised up; sects of modern and ancient masons created, as of late unhappily existed in England. These reasons apply in a remoter degree, to the project of a convention, with advisory power, as proposed by the most worshipful Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania. This Grand Lodge ought to see the necessity of this step, before it sanctions a meeting with such undefined objects. Your committee therefore recommend the adoption of the following resolutions.

Resolved, That in the opinion of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, it is inexpedient to form a General Grand Lodge of the United States; and further, that it is unnecessary to adopt any measures for an occasional convocation of delegates from the different Grand Lodges of the respective states, as proposed by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary, be requested to transmit copies of the foregoing report and resolutions to the different Grand Lodges, throughout the United States, and one copy of the same to William W. Seaton, Esq. at the City of Washington, agreeably to the request contained in the communication referred to your committee.

WM. T. BARRY, Ch. }
 J. SPEED SMITH, } *Committee.*
 MANN BUTLER. }



OBITUARY.

Having enjoyed the pleasure of an intimate personal acquaintance with the valuable man, whose death is announced in the following article, we know how to appreciate the loss which has been sustained not only by the community in which he lived, but particularly by the Masonic circle of which he was a bright and distinguished ornament. Such men as Mr. CRAW-

ron shed a lustre on our institution, and their early loss cannot but be sincerely deplored by every upright and honorable Mason. The following obituary notice, which we copy from the Georgian, a newspaper printed in Savannah, and the annexed account of the proceedings of the Georgia Royal Arch Chapter, do no more than justice to the amiable, intelligent, and upright character of the deceased. By all who knew him he was beloved, and we feel it to be our duty to add the tribute of our personal respect and esteem, and the expression of our hearty condolence with his bereaved neighbors and fellow-citizens, and with the members of his own immediate masonic household.

FROM THE GEORGIAN.

DIED—At Middletown, (Con.) on the 25th July, the Rev. WALTER CRANSTON, Rector of Christ Church in this city, in the 30th year of his age.

The loss society has sustained by the death of this estimable man, is evinced by the deep sorrow which the annunciation has produced upon all. The virtues which distinguished him while living, will embalm his memory in the hearts of those who knew him, and serve in some degree to lessen the unavailing regrets this severe dispensation must produce.

The members of his congregation will the most sensibly feel the privation his death has produced. For seven years that he has been their Pastor, he indefatigably discharged the duties of his station. In seasons of calamity he did not desert them; the distressful period of the fire, and the fatal season of pestilence that succeeded it, eminently displayed his ardent benevolence, his zealous piety, and his active humanity. In the chamber of sickness and the abodes of poverty and distress, no one could be more assiduous in administering the consolations of religion and the sympathy of a feeling heart. The tears of the widow and the orphan, that he so often has dried with the tender hand of pity and commiseration, must once more flow in sorrow for his untimely death.

His religion was characterised by meekness and toleration; he sought to win by persuasion rather than to overcome by terror, and condemned no one for believing in a different faith from his own.

His manners, mild and pleasing in an eminent degree, and his mind, highly cultivated, and enriched by extensive reading in the dead as well as living languages, fitted him for society, and caused him to be esteemed by all who knew him.

He was pious without bigotry, learned without pedantry, benevolent without ostentation. Free from guile, and devoid of

every species of hypocrisy, he judged of all mankind by the standard of his own purity. The qualities of his mind and the virtues of his heart, were unalloyed by any selfish or interested views. His actions were the impulses of ardent feelings, and of a heart warm with the best qualities of our nature. Frank, open, and undisguised, he gained upon the affections of all, and those who enjoyed his friendship, and knew how to appreciate his worth, must long lament the void his death has created, and deplore the early loss of so estimable a man.

GEORGIA ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, No. 1.

At a special meeting of the Georgia Chapter, convened at their hall, in Savannah, on Friday evening, August 9, 1822, the Most Excellent High Priest, Jacob De La Motte, M. D. addressed the Chapter as follows:

BRETHREN AND COMPANIONS,

You have been convened this evening, by special notice, on a melancholy occasion; an occasion, which, whilst it draws forth our sympathies, rouses those fraternal feelings inseparable from the Masonic principles, we have pledged to each other to maintain. The loss of a worthy Companion in our order, bereaves us of a prop and stay to our fabric; it deprives us of a *key stone* in the arch, that requires our utmost skill, attention, and labor to replace. The *loss* to society is no less serious, because we are thereby deprived of practising those virtues *without*, that are inculcated *within a Lodge*. Indeed, the *loss* of a zealous Companion, severs the Masonic chain that binds man to man in the exercise of those noble attributes, *faith, hope, and charity*.

If these reflections meet in you a coincidence of opinion, you will, with me, lament the demise of our Reverend Chaplain and Companion, Brother WALTER CRANSTON, whose death I now formally announce to you, in the body of this Chapter, of which he was a conspicuous member and distinguished officer. In accordance, then, with that respect due the memory of our worthy companion, reverencing as we should do, the manifold excellent qualities that distinguished, while living, this good and zealous Mason; it becomes us by appropriate demonstrations of respect to evince to the world and our Brethren at large, that we duly appreciate the virtues of those whose exemplary lives were subjects of commendation. Such then being the unfeigned sentiments of the individual who presides in the elevated station of High Priest in this Chapter, he offers to your consideration the following:

Resolved, That the Georgia Royal Arch Chapter deeply regret the loss sustained in the deprivation of the services of their Chaplain, the Rev. Walter Cranston, by his unexpected demise;

that emulating the virtues and Masonic zeal of their late estimable companion, they sincerely, affectionately, and fraternally deplore his early fate, that in thus recording on their minutes the high sense entertained of his exalted character, as a liberal minister, and ardent devotee in the cause of Masonry, they will cherish in remembrance his exemplary virtues, as being worthy of imitation by the Masonic fraternity; and, that as he was a steady and warm supporter of the principles of our order, disseminating good will and fellowship among the brethren, in this terrestrial Lodge, we are consoled with the hope that his immortal spirit is enjoying its reward in the Celestial Lodge above.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect, the members of this Chapter do wear crape on the left arm for 30 days.

Resolved, That a committee of five companions be appointed to unite with committees of the several Lodges in the city, and the vestry of Christ Church, to devise and adopt such other measures as shall comport with their feelings in demonstration of further respect to his memory.

The above resolutions being unanimously adopted, it was also resolved, that the address and resolutions of this meeting be published in the gazettes of the city.

CUTHBERT, Sec. P. T.



FROM CROSS' TEMPLARS' CHART.

ORDER OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

THIS Religious and Military Order, whose virtues and prowess emblazon the historical page, and the memory of whose unmerited persecution will evoke the tribute of a sigh from every generous breast, originated in Jerusalem, A. D. 1118.

Some time after the establishment of this order, nine gentlemen (of whose names two only remain on record, viz: Hugh de Paganis and Godfry Adelman) moved by a sense of the dangers to which the pilgrims were exposed on their journey to and from Jerusalem, formed a little society, to serve as a guard to conduct them beyond the defiles of the mountains, and other dangerous passes. These men were encouraged by the Abbot of Jerusalem, who assigned them and their companions a place of retreat in a Christian Church, called the Church of the *Holy Temple*, on which account we were called Templars, or Chevaliers of the Temple, and not from the Temple of Jerusalem, that having been destroyed by Titus Vespasian almost a thousand years before the society of Templars was instituted.

It would be useless, as Lowrie justly observes, to attempt to prove that the order of Templars is a branch of Freemasonry. This part has been invariably acknowledged by Masons themselves, and none have been more jealous to establish it than the

enemies of the order: the former admitted the fact not only because it was honourable to them, but because it was true; the latter have supported it because by the aid of a little sophistry they hoped to employ it to the disgrace of the order.

Although the professed object of this association was to protect those christian pilgrims whose mistaken piety and zeal had led them to the Holy City, yet it is beyond a doubt that its chief and primary intention was to practice and preserve the *rites and mysteries* of Freemasonry. We know at least that the Knights Templars not only possessed the mysteries, but performed the ceremonies and inculcated the duties of Freemasonry, and it is equally certain that the practising these rites could contribute nothing to the protection of the Roman Catholic pilgrims. Had the Templars publicly avowed the real object of the institution, instead of that favour and honor which they so long enjoyed, they would have at once experienced the animosity and vengeance of the Papish Church. But as they were stimulated with a sincere regard for her religion, and with a decided abhorrence of the Infidel professors of Judea, it was never once supposed that they transacted any other business at their secret meetings, than that which concerned the regulation of their order, the advancement of the Romish Church, and the extirpation of its enemies

About the time of the Knights Templars chivalry had arrived at its highest perfection; when it made its first appearance, the moral and political condition of Europe was, in every respect, truly deplorable. The religion of JESUS CHRIST existed but in name; a degraded superstition usurped its place, and threatened to destroy the reason and dignity of man. The political rights of the lower orders, were sacrificed to the interests of the great. War was carried on with a degree of savage cruelty, equalled only by the sanguinary contentions of the beasts of prey; no clemency was shown to the vanquished, no humanity to the captive. The female sex were doomed to the most laborious and degraded occupations, and were deserted and despised by that very sex on whose protection and sympathy they have so natural a claim. To remedy these disorders, a few intelligent and pious men formed an association, whose members were sworn to defend the Christian Religion, to practice its morals, to protect widows, orphans, and the weaker sex; and to decide judicially, and not by arms, the disputes that might arise about their goods and effects. It was from this association that the order of chivalry arose, and not, as some think, from the public investiture of arms, which was customary among the ancient Germans.

But whatever was the origin of chivalry, it produced a considerable change in the manners and sentiments of the great. It could not, indeed eradicate that ignorance and depravity

which engendered those awful evils which debased mankind and deluged the world in blood. It has softened, however, the ferocity of war; it has restored the fair sex to that honourable rank which they now possess, and which they are at all times entitled to hold. It has inspired those sentiments of friendship and sympathy which have contributed so much to the civilization of the world, and has introduced that principle of *honour*, which (though far from being a laudable motive to action) often checks the licentious, when moral and religious considerations would make no impression.

We are assured that until as late as 1804, there existed on Mount Libanus one of those *Syriac Fraternities*, from whence several members of those trading associations of Masons migrated into Europe; and as the order of Templars was originally formed in Syria, and existed there for a considerable time, it would be no improbable supposition that they received their Masonic knowledge from the Lodges in that quarter. But we are, fortunately, in this case, not left to conjecture, for we are expressly informed by a foreign author* who was well acquainted with the history and customs of Syria, that the Knights Templars were actually members of the *Syriac Fraternities*.

The connexion between chivalry and Freemasonry is excellently exemplified in the fraternity of Knights Templars. It is well known that this association was an order of chivalry; that the Templars performed its ceremonies and were influenced by its precepts; and it has already been shown, that the same association was initiated into the mysteries, was regulated by the maxims, and practised the rites of *Freemasonry*. But though they acted in a double capacity, it must be evident to all who study the history of the Templars, that their Masonic character chiefly predominated, and that, to them we are indebted for the preservation of an institution which has been a source of comfort and relief to the unfortunate and distressed, and of the highest gratification and felicity to the *PHILANTHROPIC, HUMANE, and BENEVOLENT*.

*Adler de Drusis Montis Libani, Rome, 1786.



ROYAL ARCH SONG.

WAEN orient Wisdom beam'd serene,
 And pillar'd Strength arose;
 When Beauty ting'd the glowing scene,
 And Faith her mansion chose;
 Exulting bands the fabrick view'd,
 Mysterious pow'rs ador'd;

And high the Triple Union stood,
That gave the *mystic* word.

Pale Envy wither'd at the sight,
And frowning at the pile.
Call'd Murder from the realms of Night,
To blast the glorious toil;
With ruffian outrage, join'd in woe,
They form the league abhorr'd,
And wounded Science felt the blow,
That crush'd the *mystic* word.

Concealment, from sequester'd cave,
On sable pinions flew,
And o'er the sacrilegious grave,
Her veil impervious threw;
Th' associate band in solemn state
The awful loss deplor'd,
And Wisdom mourn'd the ruthless fate,
That whelmed the *mystic* word.

At length, through time's expanded sphere,
Fair Science spreads her way,
And warm'd by truth's refulgence clear,
Reflects the kindred ray;
A second fabrick's tow'ring height
Proclaims the *sign* restor'd,
From whose foundation, brought to light,
Is drawn the *mystic* word.

To depths obscure, the favour'd Trine
A dreary course engage,
'Till through the Arch the ray divine
Illumes the sacred page!
From the wide wonders of this blaze,
Our ancient *sign*'s restor'd,
The Royal Arch alone displays
The long lost *mystic* word.

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

A new Royal Arch Chapter has been recently organized at **MAVSVILLE Ky.** by virtue of a dispensation from the M. E. Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of Kentucky. The following are its present officers, viz.

M. E. William B. Phillips, High Priest,
 Samuel Treat, King,
 Samuel January, Scribe.
 John Fisher, Captain Host.
 Tho. L. White, Prin. Soj.
 Joseph M'Clain, R. A. Captain.
 Chancery B. Shepherd G. M. 3d V.
 William Tinker, G. M. 2d V.
 Lynch A. M'Ghee, G. M. 1st V.

A new Chapter has also been organized at **SPRINGFIELD, Washington County,** by virtue of a dispensation from the M. E. Grand High Priest. The following are the principal officers:

M. E. Dabney C. Cosby, High Priest,
 Edward B. Gaither, King,
 Martin Hardin, Scribe,
 Martin W. Ewing, C. H.

At the last grand annual communication of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, the following letter, received from the R. W. William H. White, Grand Secretary of the United Grand Lodge of England, was read and ordered to be entered on the minutes:

“FREEMASONS’ HALL, LONDON, 2d January, 1822.

‘R. W. BROTHER,

“IN answer to your communication of the 7th September last, I am commanded by the M. W. Grand Master, His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, to state to you, that Brother J. G. D’Obernay was invested with powers only to give the Royal Arch degree in New Spain, and no where in the British Colonies; but that, intelligence having been received of his misconduct as a Mason while at Jamaica, orders were sent out to the R. W. Provincial Grand Master of that Island, (Brother Dr. Clare,) to withdraw the diploma which had been given him for that pur-

pose. You will, therefore, be good enough to return the document, which Brother D'Obernay has so abused, and which you have so properly detained, in a letter addressed to the M. W. Grand Master, to be delivered into His Royal Highness' own hands, and that letter enclosed in a cover directed to me, at this place, in the usual form.

"I have the honor to be, with every sentiment of fraternal regard,

"R. W. Brother,

"Your very obedient servant and Brother,

"WILLIAM H. WHITE, *Grand Secretary,*

"*United Grand Lodge of England.*

"*To the Right Worshipful Elias Hicks, Grand Secretary,*

"*Grand Lodge of New-York.*"

The Grand Lodge of Ohio, at its last annual convocation, recommended to the subordinate Lodges under its jurisdiction the discontinuance of refreshments at the meetings of said Lodges.

The following resolution was offered in the Grand Lodge of Ohio, and laid over for consideration until the next Grand convocation, viz.

"*Resolved, That it shall be the duty of every subordinate Lodge to require of every candidate for the mysteries of Masonry, previously to his being admitted thereto, an explicit declaration of his belief in the existence and perfections of Deity, and in the truth and certainty of the Holy Scriptures.*"

The first class of the New Series of the Grand Masonic Hall Lottery was drawn on the 29th of August, under the direction of Messrs. James Anderson, & Co. Agents. The highest prize of \$2500 was drawn by Mr. G. C. Tallafarro of Augusta, Bracken county, and the prize of \$1000 belonged to Mr. Hutchins of Paris. This class yielded a net profit to the Grand Lodge of Twelve Hundred Dollars. Another class is now in forwardness and will soon be drawn. It is in contemplation to make immediate arrangements for the commencement of the erection of the intended Grand Masonic Hall, and it is not improbable that the Corner Stone may be laid early next spring.

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

HISTORY OF A MODERN ATTORNEY,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER VI.

"No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd light as lark at morn."

MY journey was but the journey of a single day, and though unchecked with incidents, it was spent, I trust, in useful meditations on the past, the present, and the future.

The squirrel gamboled unmolested, and the partridge whirred unheeded by. My heart was too full of my own misfortunes; too well attuned to sympathy, to attempt the injury of the humblest insect that buzzed in the air. I conned over my past life, "e'en from my boyish days" and

"Remembrance woke with all her busy train,
Swelled at my heart, and turned the past to pain.

I thought of my youthful companions who gamboled with me at school, who with me launched their barks upon the world's troubled ocean; how are they scattered! how various their destinies! Too many I fear, like me, the sport of an "ill-wind" and "gone by the board. I grew melancholy,

"—raised a faint whistle to cheer up my heart,"

and looked forward to happier days. I built castles in the air, and enjoyed the ephemeral residence, and thus I

"———chased the dull satieties of life,
Wrapt the soul in meditation,
Or through creative fancy's flowery wilds,
Had the mind entranced."

This employment ministered *pro tempore* to my happiness, which is the most that can be really looked for in this "house of mourning." Hope sometimes smiled and told me flattering tales of fees, of honors, of distinctions, in prospective. Hope is a com-

mon on which the lowest of the low have a right to feed, secure from the penalties of an action of trespass *quare clausum fregit*. When overcome with fatigue after climbing a devious hill, I would rest my weary limbs, and in reviewing the grandeur and variety of the country over which I had passed;

“—————that long extended plain,
And yon wide groves already passed with pain!
Yon ragged cliff whose dangerous path I tried,
And last this lofty mountain’s weary side!”

I would then for a moment indulge my fancy in the contemplation of past events, and in picturing the destiny of this mighty republic, where man enjoys perfect liberty, except when in the hands of a merciless creditor.

Just as night set in, I reached the principal Inn, in the town of ———, and to keep up appearances, announced my *frolic* to “mine host” and they of the law with whom I was acquainted. I retired early to rest to avoid the jeers of my acquaintances, who enquired, I thought rather pertinaciously, after the game I had brought down in my rambles, and who did not seem entirely satisfied with my answer, that I had eaten for my dinner all I had killed. Weary in body and depressed in spirits, I sought repose in the arms of

“That silent power, whose welcome sway
Charm’d every anxious thought away.”

The court commenced on the following day. It was an inferior tribunal and the magistrates of the county presided. A sheriff was to be elected, and their worships were the electors, and to my astonished sight the bottle and the bowl were circulated on the bench by the rival candidates, unreserved and unreserved, and the jibe and the joke went round with as much vivacity as though the Temple of Justice had been a Hall of carousal! Anacreon, were he now alive, might have sung this victory of Bacchus over the guardians of the law, in as lively strains as he has chanted the supremacy of Love!

“In jolly hymns they prayed the god of wine,
Whose earthen images adorn the pine.”

I will not say that those who treated meant bribery thereby, or that they who drank accepted this implied condition. I leave

the motive to those who administered, and the effect to those who drank; but such a procedure (I regret to say in the state of ——— it is a common practice,) is a disgrace to the court which patronizes it. A motion was very early made by the attorneys "that the bottle be sent from the bench to the bar," and for the first time, I now heard a motion go to the court without opposition! The bench replied that the subject had been before the court so short a time, that they had not yet bestowed upon it that deliberation which its intrinsic consequence required, and they, therefore, took a short *advizare*. A while afterwards, the court having nearly exhausted the subject, decreed that the bottle should descend from the bench to the bar, and here again I witnessed a novelty, an unanimous acquiescence of the bar in the opinion of the court; I heard nothing of bills of exceptions, writs of error, *et cetera*. The decree of the court was approved and swallowed by the whole corps of attorneys *nemine dissentiente*.

I had two important designs to accomplish, one to raise cash to pay my bill, the other to procure a horse. The first was a condition precedent to which I could not leave the hotel, the other *si je puis*. It was true that I could walk home and call it a frolic, but I was fearful should I attempt to depart from the hotel "without leave first had and obtained," the keeper might not be disposed to give that sort of turn to the matter, and I dreaded a "hue and cry" and the "hot pursuit." The term was drawing to a close, I came without cash, and my pockets were as yet un replenished. The tavern bill haunted me in my sleep, the spectre visited me in my dreams, and each night displayed a still more *lengthened* and horrid visage; I dreamed that it amounted to an enormous sum, that "I tried each art" to soothe the landlord, to procrastinate, to "get day;" but all in vain. No plea would be taken but that of payment; I was seized and put in "durance vile." Such were my nightly banquets.

O! how I envied those sleek faced, jolly, contented mortals, who, as Shakespeare says, "sleep well o' nights." Torn and harrassed by day, it would have been some comfort could I have looked forward to night for an oblivion for my cares; sigh upon sigh would arise whilst I would lay and listen to the wild and jovial

laughter which echoed from the neighboring rooms! I was almost ready to exclaim with Gifford, that I was

“Born in misery and baptised in tears.”

If I slumbered but for a moment, “Monsieur Tonson came again.” Real and tangible creditors I have always been able to satisfy, at least for a time, with promises and assurances; but this nightly dun was inexorable; the “pound of flesh” he would have!— I pray my creditors, if they have bowels of compassion, to spare me from the importunities of a dun so inexorable. Even the most lenient

“———— are messengers,

That feelingly persuade me what I am.”

I would often ask myself “*Cur ante tubam tremor occupat artus?*” and strive to draw courage from the question; but it produced only a momentary flash. I called to mind the maxim, “*Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere;*” but I could not practice it. I was supremely wretched! The reader will probably say, “these afflictions are magnified, the cause was too trifling to produce such effects.” With those whose purses are full, these nightly broils may seem but short, but let them remember I was penniless, I could turn no where for refuge; I was in a situation where exposure would point at me the finger of derision, and blast the future prospects of myself and family.

But to proceed; and now “a lighter sequel runs,” for the next day brought with it an abstinence from immediate cares; a fee was thrust into my hands, and such were my raptures at this timely relief, that I scarcely listened to the good man’s brief of the case. When the paroxysm of my joy had subsided, I found that I had merely extricated myself from a present evil, and that my general prospects were still wrapt in the dark clouds of wretchedness, and not one star of brightness beamed upon me.

The ensuing night, however, Morpheus and I became loving bedfellows, and, folded in his arms, I snored undisturbed. “Bless-ed” said the worthy governor of Baratavia, honest Sancho, “be the man who first invented sleep.” I arose refreshed and with a face less wo-begone than I had worn for the previous week. At this court another suitor employed me, and being but a mere novice in the practice of fee charging, I enquired of a skilful

and experienced brother for information relative to the quantum of cash which I should require as my fee, presuming the fraternity had some settled rules. "Get what you can," was his laconic reply. I have since learned that this is an established principle in the *fee code* of the brotherhood; and as it is my duty to follow established precedents, I too act under this rule.

This trip, however, upon the whole was a productive one, for I also managed so as to get a horse, and paid for him, and that in the way of my trade. I have no cause to believe that my client rued the bargain, although I am well convinced that my whole stock in trade was of far less value than the horse. Still my client could not be said to have been cheated, for the offer was voluntary, and had I not taken him, some other shark would have gotten him:

————— O foolish

Is that poor man who hangs on lawyer's counsel!
 There is, betwixt the smile which he doth put on
 When feed, he 'll promise success, and the verdict,
 More fees and costs, than they did ever dream of;
 And when he 's call'd on, he enters *non pros*,
 Perhaps to sue again.

I could not but reflect upon the rapid changes of fortune. As I went I swung to the bottom of the wheel; as I returned I sat triumphantly on the top. Two weeks before, and a horse seemed to be an acquisition to which it was preposterous for me to aspire, and yet I had acquired one, and that too by a process so unattended with expense, that I began to flatter myself that dame Fortune would again look kindly on me. The reader has not forgotten the quotation at the head of this chapter. The end shews that I may now fairly change the reading and triumphantly exclaim,

"Again on prancing palfrey borne
 I carrol light as lark at morn.

FROM "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE."

THE OMEN.

There was a cheerful and even noisy Evening Party in the par-
lour of Crosshead, the humble residence of a Scottish Laird,
who inherited a small estate from a long line of obscure ances-
tors. The family consisted of himself, wife and only daughter,
and about a half a dozen servants belonging to the house, the
dairy, and the farm. A good many neighbors had now been
gathered together at a tea drinking: and the table, on the occa-
sion, exhibited various other liquids, in tall green bottles, and
creaked on its old legs under the weight of a world of viands.
Not a few pretty girls and good looking young men were distri-
buted round the board; and from the frequent titterings and oc-
casional hearty bursts of laughter, it could not be doubted that
much delicate wit and no little broad humor was sported during
the festive hour. The young ladies from the Manse were in ex-
cellent spirits, and the comely daughters of Mr. M'Fayden, a
retired Glasgow manufacturer, lent themselves both to the jam-
med cookies and the jocularities of the evening with even more
than their usual animation. But tho' she was somewhat more si-
gent than her wont, and had even a slight shade of sadness on her
face not quite congenial with the scene of merriment, not one
of them all looked so well as the Daughter of the good Old Peo-
ple; and her simply braided auburn hair, with no other orna-
ment than a pink ribband, had an appearance that might well
be called elegant, when gently moving among the richly adorna-
ed love locks and ringlets that waved so seducingly round the
brows and cheeks of the other more ambitious and unmerciful
young ladies. There was not one in the whole parish, high or
low, rich or poor, that could for a moment be compared with
"sweet Jane Nasmyth;" this was so universally allowed, that
she had even no rivals; and indeed had her beauty excited the
envy of her companions, her unpretending manners, and the sim-
plicity of her whole character, would have extinguished that
feeling, and converted it into willing admiration and affectionate
regard. "Sweet Jane Nasmyth" she was always called; and
that expression, although at first hearing it may not seem to de-
note much, was indeed just the one she deserved in her loveli-

ness that courted not the eyes which it won, and in her goodness which flowed on uninterruptedly in its own calm and unconscious course of home-born happiness.

It was now a beautiful moonlight night, and Jane Nasmyth contrived to leave the merry party, whether unobserved or not is uncertain, and glide away through the budding lilacs into a small arbour in the garden. It could not be supposed that she went there to sit alone and read the stars; a friend joined her in the bower, and she allowed herself to be taken into his bosom. For two years had she been tenderly and truly beloved by Arthur Crawford, a young man of an ancient but decayed family, and now a Lieutenant in the Navy. He was to join his ship next day; and as the frigate to which he belonged had a fighting character, poor Jane, although it was not the first time she had parted from him, was now, more than she had ever been, depressed and disturbed. The din of merriment came from the bright uncurtained windows of the cottage-parlor to the lovers in their arbour; and the sailor gaily said, "How could you leave so joyful a party to come and weep here?" In a few minutes Jane Nasmyth dried her tears; for she was not one who gave way needlessly to desponding thoughts; and the manly tenderness and respectful affection of her lover restored her heart almost to its usual serenity, so that they were both again quite happy. He had often sailed away, and often returned; he had been spared both in battle, and in shipwreck; and while that remembrance comforted her heart, it need not be said that it likewise sent through all its strings a vibration of more thrilling and profounder love.

"I will cut," said he, "two little branches off this Rose tree, and plant them, side by side, on yonder bank that first catches the morning light. Look at them, now and then, when I am away, and let them be, even as ourselves, united where they grow." The cuttings from the rose bush were accordingly placed in the ground. Nor did these lovers think, that in this half playful, half serious mood there was any thing foolish, in persons at their time of life. To be sure they were rather too old for such trifling; for Arthur was twenty-two years of age, and Jane wanted but a few months of nineteen. But we all become wiser as

we get old; and perhaps the time came when these rose-plants were suffered to blossom unheeded, and to cover the ground about them with a snow-shower of fragrance, enjoyed only by the working bees. At present they were put into the mould as carefully as if on their lives had depended the lives of those who planted them; and Jane watered them, unnecessarily, in a vernal night of dew, with a shower of tears. "If they grow, bud, and blossom, that will be a good OMEN; if not, I must not allow myself to have any foolish fears!"

Days and weeks passed on, while Jane Nasmyth sat in her cottage, or walked about the adjacent fields, and her lover was sailing far and wide upon the seas.

Nor did Jane Nasmyth forget to visit, many times every day, the two roses which her lover had planted, and to which he had told her to look as an OMEN of his state when far at sea. To the bank on which they grew she paid her earliest visit, along with the beams of the morning sun; and there, too, she marked the first diamonds of the evening dew. They grew to her heart's desire; and now that the year was advanced, they showed a few flower buds, and seemed about to break out into roses, tender as were their slender stems.

The summer was now over, and the autumn at hand. The hay fields were once more green with springing herbage; and bands of reapers were waiting for a few sunny days, till they might be let loose in joyful labor upon the ripened grain. Was the Amethyst frigate never to finish her cruise? September surely would not pass away without seeing her in harbour, and Arthur Crawford at Crofthead. Poor Jane was beginning to pine now for her lover's return; and one afternoon, on visiting, almost unhappy, the rose-trees, she thought that they both were drooping. She forgot that September mornings have often their frost in Scotland: and on seeing a few withered leaves near the now wasted blossoms, she remembered Arthur's words about the OMEN, and turned away from the bank with a shudder of foolish fear. But a trifle will agitate a wiser and older heart than that of Jane Nasmyth, and reason neither awakens nor lulls to sleep the passions of human beings, which obey, in the darkness of their mystery, many unknown and incomprehensible laws.

"What if he be dead!" thought she, with a sick pang tugging at her heart; and she hastened out of the garden, as if a beast of prey had been seen by her, or an adder lying couched among the bushes.

She entered the house in a sort of panic, of which she was ashamed as soon as she saw the cheerful and happy faces of her parents, who were sitting together listening, according to their usual custom, to an old spectacled neighbor busy at a newspaper, the Edinburgh Evening Courant, a copy of which made visits to about a dozen of the most respectable families in the parish. The old worthy was Emeritus Schoolmas'er, and was justly proud of his elocution, which was distinct and precise, each syllable being made to stand well out by itself, while it was generally admitted, that Mr. Peacock had a good deal of the English accent, which he had acquired about forty years ago at Inverness. He did not think it worth while to stop very long at the end of a paragraph, or article, but went on in a good business like style, right through politics, stocks, extraordinary accidents, state of the weather, births, deaths, and marriages, a pleasing and instructive medley. Just as Jane had taken her seat, the good old proser had got to ship news, and he announced, without being in the least aware of what he was about, "*Foundered in the late tremendous gale off the Lizzard, his Majesty's Frigate Amethyst. All the crew perished!*"

After the first shock of horror, the old people rose from their seats, and tried to lift up their daughter, who had fallen down, as if stone dead, with great violence on the floor. The schoolmaster, petrified and rooted to his chair, struck his forehead in agony, and could only ejaculate, "God forgive me—God forgive me!" After many long-drawn sighs, and many alarming relapses into that deadly swoon, Jane opened her eyes; and, looking round with a ghastly wildness, saw the newspaper lying on the floor, where it had dropped from the old man's trembling hands. Crawling with a livid face towards the object of her horror, she clutched it convulsively with her feeble fingers, and with glazed eyes instinctively seizing on the spot, she read, as if to herself, the dreadful words over and over again; and then, as if her intellect was affected, kept repeating a few of them. "Foundered

ed"—"Tremendous gale"—"Every soul perished." "O! great and dreadful God, my Arthur is drowned at last."

They lifted her from the floor, and to her own wonder, she fell not down, but could stand unsupported on her feet. "Take me up stairs to my bed, mother; let me lie down there, and perhaps I may be better. I said I wished to die. Oh! these were wicked words. May I live to do my duty to my dear parents in their old age. But, oh! this sickness is mortal, mortal indeed: but let me put my trust in God and my redeemer, and pray to them, my parents, to forgive my impious words!"

They supported her steps; and she asked to go to the window just to take one look out into the calm and beautiful afternoon, for not a breath was stirring, and the western sun diffused over the scene a bright but softened repose. "Oh! merciful God, there is Arthur's ghost; I saw it pass by, it waved its hand, bright and smiling were its eyes; take me away—take me away, for I feel that vision beset my brain!" They half lifted her in their arms towards the door, while she continued to say faintly, "it smiled, yes it smiled; but Arthur's body is mangled, and bruised, and crushed by timber, and stones, and rocks; lying on the sand somewhere, while I was singing or laughing in my miserable delusion; his face gnawed by sea monsters," and then her voice was choked, and she could speak no more.

The door burst open, and there entered, no ghost, but the bold, glad, joyful, living sailor himself, who clasped Jane to his bosom. So sudden was his entrance, that he had not time to observe the grief that had been trampling on all now beside him, nor did he, during that blest embrace, feel that his betrothed maiden was insensible to his endearments. Joy had taken possession of all his being, all his perceptions; and he saw nothing, felt nothing, but his Jane; and her bosom prest closely to his own. "Have I broken in upon a dish of gossip? Well, no rival in the room, so far good. What, all silent, pale faces, tears, what is the matter? Is this a welcome?" But so many death-like or agitated countenances soon told him that some strong passion pervaded the party; and he began to have his own undefined fears—for he had not yet visited his own father's house. Ah! was soon explained; and Jane having been revived into tolerable

composure, the servants who had previously entered retired, but not before shaking hands one and all with the Lieutenant; and the old Schoolmaster too, who felt himself to blame, although sent for on purpose to read aloud the News, and certainly not answerable for erroneous nautical intelligence, feeling rather uneasy in the room, promised to call next evening, took up his old fashioned chapeau, and making a bow worthy of a distinguished pedagogue, made the best of his way out and beyond the premises.

Arthur Crawford, coming in upon them in the transport of his joy, could not bring home to his heart a perfect understanding of the scene that had just preceded his arrival. He never perhaps knew the full terror that had nearly deprived his sweet Jane of her life; but he knew enough to lay an eternal obligation of tenderness towards her upon her inmost soul. "Instead of foundering, the Amethyst is in as good trim as any frigate in the fleet; but she had to scud for some leagues under bare poles, for the squall came upon us like a sheet of iron. A large ship, name unknown, went down near our stern." "And all on board perished!" exclaimed Jane in a dewy voice of pity. "They did indeed!" "Oh! many eyes now are weeping, or doomed to weep for that ship, while mine are dried. Her name will be known soon enough!" And as she looked on her lover, once more did the maiden give way to the strong imagination of the doom which she felt he had narrowly escaped. "Come, cheer up, Jane, my life is in God's hand, and with him it rests whether I die on my bed in the cottage at last, or, like many a better man, in battle, or wreck. But you are willing to marry a sailor, for better or worse; a longer or shorter date; and no doubt I shall be as happy as any of my messmates. Not one of them all has such a sweetheart as thou art. A dutiful daughter makes a loving wife."

After an hour's talk and silence, during which Jane Nasmyth had scarcely recovered from a hysteric, her father proposed returning thanks to God for Arthur's return. The sailor was a man of gay and joyous character, but in religion he was not only a firm but impassioned believer. He had not allowed the temptations of a life which with too many is often wild and dissipated, to shake his faith in christianity; the many hardships

and dangers which he had encountered and escaped had served to deepen all his religious impressions; so that a weak person would call him methodistical or superstitious. He was neither; but he had heard God in the great deep, and he did not forget his voice in the silence of the green and steadfast earth. So he knelt down to prayer with an humble and grateful spirit, and as he felt his own Jane breathing by his side, on her knees, and he knew that she was at the same time weeping for joy at his return, neither was he ashamed also to weep; for there are times, and this was one of them, when a brave man need not seek to hide his tears either before his fellow-creatures or his Creator.

After they had risen from their fervent prayer, and a short silent pause had ensued, "How," said the sailor, "are our two Rose bushes? Did they hang their heads, do you think, because false rumor sank the good ship Amethyst! Come, Jane, let us go and see." And as some hundreds of swallows were twittering on the house top in the evening sunshine, collected there with a view either of flying across seas to some distant country, or of plunging down to the bottom of some loch near at hand; (probably the former,) the lovers walked out into the open air; unlatched the little white gate canopied with an arch of honeysuckle, that guarded a garden into which there were no intruders, and arm in arm proceeded to the "Bank of the Two Roses." They had nothing now of that sickly and dying appearance which they had showed to Jane's eyes a few hours ago; no evil omen was there now, but they seemed likely to live for many years, and every season to put forth their flowers in greater number and in richer beauty.

FEMALE VANITY.

On no foible of the female sex have gentlemen criticised with less indulgence, and perhaps less reason, than that of vanity. And as, in consequence of the predominance of this passion, they have in every age been almost universally censured; it may not be amiss to make some enquiry concerning its origin.

It is generally supposed, that the chief study of women is, how to attract the admiration of the other sex, and engage their affections. I will not say that the supposition is altogether without foundation. There is a certain desire of pleasing which prevails more or less in the breast of every female; and this desire, if properly directed, might be productive of very agreeable consequences. Beauty is a quality on which gentlemen are very lavish of their encomiums. Is a woman tolerably handsome? She is not allowed to be so quietly. Wherever she goes, she is accosted in the language of adulation: in public places and in private conversation, a gentleman can scarcely address a sentence to her without seasoning it with a little flattery; not in praise of her sense, her knowledge, or the justness of her sentiments, but of her shape, her air, her face, or some hitherto undiscovered charm. In short she is taught by their behaviour to believe that there is nothing amiable, or praise worthy in a woman unconnected with beauty. And even men who are esteemed to be uncommonly sensible and discerning, often pay more respect to a pretty face, though its owner be an idiot, than to a lady of an improved and polished understanding, if she does not excel in exterior form. Since this is the case, is it not reasonable to suppose that women will pay most attention to their appearance, and spend much time (which might be better employed,) in decorating their persons, and setting them off to advantage? This is the first and greatest spring of female vanity.

Let then those gentlemen who rail incessantly against their insufferable pride, (as they sometimes term it.) direct their pursuits to more laudable objects. Let them evince by their conduct, that

"Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of the skin that they admire,"

But an understanding, cultured and improved by education and judicious reading; a mind raised above the common weakness of their sex: a heart susceptible of the finest impulses of humanity, and manners suited to domestic economy. Let them be convinced that these are the only methods of gaining and fixing their respects, and they will soon find that many of these beau-

usually spent at the toilet, will be devoted to the acquirement of useful knowledge; and thus, the mind expanding, new light will enter, and vanity decrease proportionably.

Let them no longer censure women for weakness, the effects of which, though more visible in them, can be traced to the male sex as its original fountain; since it thus evidently appears that if ladies are weak and vain, this will always be exactly proportioned to the folly and foppery of those whose superior advantages should teach them better.

THE LOVERS' MEETING.

AN EXTRACT.

A Scene on the Mohawk.

The post coach was crowded with passengers, some of whom with apparent politeness were nodding to each other, with their eyes fast closed in a gentle sleep; while ever and anon the pitching of the carriage in crossing a chasm in the road, threw them with not a little violence against their companions, creating jest and laughter among them all at such odd salutations. Seated in front with the driver, I had a fine view of the Mohawk, winding its course through the valley, and the romantic scenery which presented itself on its margin. Suddenly we came upon a level spot, in fair prospect of the river, which being at this place wide, showed its dark bosom, interspersed with little eddies as it rolled majestically along. We perceived at this instant, a female starting from the shore in a canoe. With dexterity she put off into the stream in the frail bark, brandishing her little paddle on one side and the other, humming the words of an old worn out ballad, some of which we could distinguish in the passing breeze. She looked like the lady of the Lake, fair and beautiful, as she cut the clear water with her swift propelled canoe; but a sunken tree in the centre of the river soon impeded her course, and she rose to extricate her little bark from its branches. I was intently gazing at the fair adventurer, when a voice sounding from the opposite side of the river drew my attention for a moment, and turning again towards her a

shriek assailed my ear, and a sudden splash in the water announced that our female waterman was in danger. Ever ready to aid in the cause of humanity, we stopped the carriage and ran to the brink of the river. We beheld her floating on the surface of the water buoyed up by her white robes, and heard her plaintive cries for assistance, without being able to afford relief. At this instant a youth whose voice had sounded from the opposite bank, dashed into the black waves and with nervous arms swam toward her. Exhausted, the lady had sunk beneath the stream when the intrepid hero reached the spot. With a cry of horror he saw her sinking beneath his reach. The strong current was hurrying him down the river; he extended his arms as if imploring for assistance, and then sunk from our sight. It was too late for us to stop, and by this time the shore was lined with men, women, and children, all anxious to recover the bodies. We left the melancholy scene and pursued our way, reflecting on the untimely exit of the unfortunate couple. They were shortly to have been united in the bands of wedlock. They were to meet on that evening to renew their vows of constancy. They did meet: but it was in the bosom of the waters, in the presence of the Eternal!

ALMANZOR.



ENIGMA.

Permit me for once, myself to make known,
 What 's good and what 's bad I freely will own;
 And first, of my body, in truth I will say,
 'Tis made of what 's oft by the poor cast away:
 Then, cruelly clothed in the skin of a brute,
 I'm spattered all over with oil and with soot.
 In spite of these insults and marks of disgrace,
 Yet many with pleasure have looked in my face;
 Though voice I have none, nor organs of speech,
 All tongues I can use and all sciences teach;
 The judgment I ripen, the mind I improve,
 I tickle the fancy and tell tales of love.
 Unobtrusive, till sought I my silence preserve,

Then tell all I know without a reserve.
 Though oft I've been shunned and neglected before,
 I cheerfully open my bountiful store.
 If, spite of all this, you my company choose,
 To favour your wishes I will not refuse.

SOLITUDE.

I love at evening's silent tide,
 When busy care hath flown,
 In some sequestered dell to hide,
 And pensive, muse a'one.

'Tis then in solitude refined,
 Reflection feels its zest;
 'Tis then the contemplative mind
 With reason's charms is blest.

'Tis then the expanding soul ascends,
 And roves through fields above;
 'Tis then the mystic essence blends
 With uncreated love.

O Solitude, thy soothing charm
 Can conquer fell despair;
 Can sad affliction's sting disarm,
 And banish every care.

While folly's votary shuns thy shrine,
 And grandeur feels thy power;
 Still be thy rich enjoyments mine,
 To bless life's fleeting hour.

A. J. S.

THE
MASONIC MISCELLANY,

AND

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1822.

No. 5.

AN ORATION,

In vindication of Freemasonry, delivered at Newberry, South Carolina, on St. John's Day, June 24th, 1822, by Brother
JOB JOHNSTON.

FELLOW CITIZENS,

I hope I shall not be misunderstood, when I declare I have been much gratified in being selected, as the humble organ of Lodge No. 11, to address you on the subject of the noble institution of Freemasonry.

Although I know and feel that the highest intellectual powers would sink under the subject; although I know and feel that no child of poesy, that ever drank at the pure fount of inspiration; no "muse of fire," that ever mounted "to the highest heaven of invention;" no eloquence, however great, though clothed in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn:" that not all these, could display in half their glory, the sublime principles of this our order: yet I do not lament that I, even humble as I am, have been chosen for the purpose of this address.

I am so far from regretting it, that I rejoice at it. I wish the example were followed; and that our order so far from implying fear, by putting forth their choicest champions and brightest armour, to combat the prejudices of an ignorant world, however gigantic, would trust, exclusively, to the purity and strength of their cause itself, and would content themselves with merely "choosing the weak things" of that strong cause to "confound the mighty things" of their weak adversary.

It has ever been the lot of Freemasonry, as of every

thing excellent, to meet with opposition from ignorance and prejudice. There are two classes of human beings nearly equal enemies to every expansively benevolent or magnificent scheme, either in divine or human affairs: the superstitious and unbelieving. They both err, and both err from gross ignorance; but in different directions: the one from blind credulity; the other from cold infidelity: and (such is the inconsistency of error,) they are always opposed, although unconsciously combatting on the same side.

By such was the "Lord of life" "taken and crucified," and "put to an open shame."

We, too, are opposed, by the sceptical and the superstitious. Our mysteries are not made known to them; and although our principles are openly avowed by us and our practice corresponds, so far as human frailty will let it, with those principles, yet nothing will move them to the rational, charitable belief that we are what we pretend to be.

A thousand, and a thousand times again, have all the objections of both, been fully and satisfactorily answered. Their slanders have been exposed as often as they have been uttered; the doubts they have raised have been uniformly allayed; the fears and alarms they have excited have as often proved unfounded; and the crimson blush of vexation and shame, mantling high on their own cheeks, has been the event of all their attempts at scorn and derision.

We have held on in one even tenor. We have turned neither to the right hand nor to the left, for fear or for favour. We have not courted the bigot; we have not fled from him. We have declared war against the sceptic; we detest him: we fear him not. And, now, when both are fast waning to extinction, Masonry is still able to boast of her universal dominion; is still able to point to her trophies; is still able with exulting heart, to point to the clasped hands of the representatives of distant hostile nations; is still able to exhibit her genius, in the field of carnage, staunching the wounds of the fallen, and warding off the glittering steel from the head of the vanquished; is still able to conduct you into the glorious temple of Charity, and show you her work, in consoling the bereft widow, and in drying up the tears of the helpless orphan.

What would you have more? Can such fruits be the offspring of an unhealthy tree? Can such waters flow from a corrupt fountain? Can it be necessary, at this day, in this age of light, to defend such an institution? I trust not.

And yet, such is the pleasure afforded in dispelling error, where that is honest, and accompanied with the desire to know the truth, that I will attempt to answer some few of the most common, but at the same time, most important objections to our order.

But first let me briefly state, what I conceive to be the characteristic objects of the institution.

It has been supposed by many, nay by some weak members of the fraternity itself, that we claim to be a religious order. No such thing! We disclaim it. No error can be greater: none can be fraught with greater evil.

Ours is a merely human institution. Masonry is the handmaid of religion; she follows her footsteps; learns and obeys her precepts; but never, never, impiously attempts to usurp her honours. Like every thing excellent in human affairs, she conforms to the divine Will; but she pretends not that her rules of conduct are immediately derived from Heaven; or that they have any other excellence than in their conformity to the moral law.

To preserve and extend the arts of civilised life; to establish a means of communication between the inhabitants of nations hostile or even unknown to each other; to soften the cruel asperities of war; to allay the tendency of the human heart to prejudice, to bigotry, and to intolerance, both religious and political; to encourage "melting charity" to stretch forth her hand, for the relief of the needy and distressed; to soften the thorny pillow of woe, and pour nourishment into the sinking system of disease and penury; to dry up the tears of the fatherless, and to "cause the widow's heart to sing aloud for joy:" these are the glorious objects of Masonry. Her object, is in one word, to bind man to man; to make him better and happier.

Let us, now, turn to our enemies, and hear their objections to us.

It is said we are enemies to political liberty, nay, to civil government itself.

Whence do our enemies draw this foul inference? On what is it founded? By what proofs is it supported?

The antiquity of our order is acknowledged on all hands. It has subsisted from the remotest periods, and prevailed in all countries, of which we know any thing. In all these it has stood the storms of faction, the change of dynasties, the desolating influence of revolution, without having been known, in one single instance, to have intermeddled with the

affairs of civil government. Now, is it not most strange, if the charge were true, that our enemies cannot, in the lapse of nearly six thousand years, during all which time, it cannot be concealed, we have been watched with the never-closing eye of Jealousy, point out one single historical fact in support of it?

Can it be possible that any one will so far risk the imputation of idiocy, as to reiterate this charge, when he reflects who are, and ever have been the members of the order?

If the object of Masonry were, as you assert, the subversion of civil government; would not this object be known to the order itself, and, especially, to the heads of that order? Now the heads of that order have, in all governments, whether monarchical, aristocratical or democratical, and of the latter whether pure or representative, been the heads of the governments, themselves, to which they, respectively, belonged. Let me then ask; is it the despot, surrounded by dazzling splendour, elevated to a giddy height of power, to whom millions bow with "Persian devotion:" is it he whom you suspect of the preposterous purpose of destroying that government, by which his pomp and power are supported, and his criminal ambition gratified?

Again; is it the proud Venetian noble, whose unbending mind pursues intrigue as a trade, and power as a god, whom you accuse of the inconsistent design of pulling down that government, in which alone (so deeply rooted is his ambition,) he can "live, or move, or have his being?"

Or will you say that such is the design of those who have found their way to power, in Democracies? Reflect for a moment *who are* elevated to rank in such governments. Are they not either the ambitious, fired with a lust for power, or those whose noble and generous souls burn with the holy fire of patriotism, and know no desire not connected with a love of their country? I will not insult you, by asking whether you suspect the latter of enmity to civil government; though such is the absurdity of your suspicions, you should be driven to make the answer. But I *will* ask you, if the object of the *ambitious* sons of democracy, already in power, must not rather be to strengthen than to weaken the bands of government? rather to confirm themselves in station, than to overturn the fruits of a life of labour, perhaps of crime? Is it not their tendency rather to collect all their energies, and, like the late despot of France, rush forward to "a bad eminence," through a tract of mili-

tary conquest "black, and terrible;" sublime even for the desolation which it scatters, and grand even for the awful, sickening amount of crime which it involves? is not this rather their tendency, than to labour to annihilate that order of things, with whose extinction, power and state, "the pride, and pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, nay, fame itself must all simultaneously, vanish, and, "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind?"

I can fancy a proud spirit, surrounded by insuperable barriers to elevation; impatient of restraint, and desperate from disappointment; to whom oblivion would be dear, and who would derive a gloomy consolation from that anarchy, in which all traces of his thwarted designs would be lost: and I can fancy a proud spirit, who has once tasted of the cup of power, but has had it dashed from his lip; such an one, "if he falls, will fall like the strong man; he will grasp the pillars of the temple, and perish with his enemies." But the idea is unintelligible to me; I can form no conceptions of the workings of that human heart, which could, in the full tide of success, or at the height of elevation, or even at the beginning of a career, form the deliberate design of destroying that frame of things, with which its hopes must be deeply interwoven. An *assemblage* of such, is a thing perfectly inconceivable. An association of the last with the first; of those who would pull down, with those who would build up, would be rendered perfectly ephemeral from the discordance of its materials.

Surely, our enemies have not reflected upon the absurdity involved in the charge itself. They say we are enemies of civil society, of order and government; and yet they admit, nay, that constitutes a part of the charge, that we, pervading all the nations of the earth, have remained for countless ages, cemented by the strictest, most indissoluble affection. Now, how could so immense an order, for so long a time, under such a variety of circumstances, have remained so closely united, if the breast of each individual member, nay of any considerable number of members, was fired with the love of anarchy?

Let us view the charge abstractly. What could be the motive by which we, or any of us, could be impelled? What could be our aim?—Wealth? How could that exist except in a state of society? what would be its value, if it could exist? Or how could it be secured against the arm of physical force, except by law?

Could our object be power? But that, except what arises from mere personal, brute strength, is out of the question, in a state of anarchy.

Could our object be fame? How could it be transmitted, even if attained, in a state where arts and where letters are extinct? Where the pencil and the chissel, with all their trophies, are annihilated? Where the tongue of Eloquence is hushed, and the voice of Poesy is heard but to sob over the silent strings of her broken lyre?

Away with such charges, hatched and propagated in ignorance and malevolence!

But it is said, if we are not enemies of civil government itself, we are enemies of political liberty.

Here, again, the charge is met and refuted by sound reason and historical truth.

We may very well conceive how such a temper might reign in a society composed of a few in each nation, and those the great ones of the earth. But we cannot conceive how it could comport with a settled design to trample on the liberties of the *multitude* to impart that design to that multitude, and admit them to a participation in our Lodges, the Prince "mœting on a level" with the peasant; the high with the low; the rich with the poor. You see those most interested in preserving "the powers that be," endeavoring to extend, rather than restrict, the spread of Masonry amongst the honest, industrious classes of society.

Look to historical experience, even in our own country. Was Warren an enemy to liberty? Was the immortal Hancock an enemy to liberty? Dare you make that charge against the sainted Franklin? Or can you answer it to your conscience, your country, or your God, to utter that foul slander against the ever-to-be-lamented WASHINGTON?

These are but a few of the bright catalogue of worthies, even in our order. I have selected them, because best known to you. The task would be too great, were I to go into the world at large. Time would fail, were I to attempt to enumerate the one thousandth part of those ornaments of human kind, of arts, of letters, and of arms, whose names are inscribed, in characters of light, on the refulgent roll of Masonry.

If our object were to subvert civil liberty, how comes it we are not consistent with ourselves? How comes it you see us arrayed on different sides? How comes it you see the Mussulman Mason fighting, under the crescent, against

the Christian Mason, under the Cross? The subject of a despotic king against his brother, the citizen of a free government? And why in the same country, in a state of faction, do you see those who meet in harmony as Masons, meet under adverse banners, as men and as citizens?

The answer is easy. All this is because Masonry, like Christianity, has nothing to do with the kingdoms of this world, as such.

It is sometimes asked, why are the wives of our bosoms excluded from our Lodges? If our objects are laudable or even innocent, why are they excluded? If Masonry tends to improve the heart, why are they denied its benefit? If we are, as we say, engaged in the performance of the great duties we owe our fellow creatures, why are those excluded, whose smiles might cheer our labours; those who, notwithstanding the feebleness of their sex, have on all trying occasions shown a zeal, a fortitude and a heroism which might challenge comparison with the noblest examples to be found amongst our own; and whose efforts would, of course, forward our great aim, on the double principle of aid and emulation?

Those who make this inquiry show little regard, indeed, to female delicacy, and the present state of manners. It will be sufficient to dispel the objection couched in this inquiry, barely to ask any one who is not a Mason, how he would tolerate it that his wife, who might be one, should be engaged without his presence, in the secret labours of a Lodge?

But then comes the great, the important charge, which, if it were true, ought, for ever, to render us objects of the deepest, most universal detestation.

It is said we are a band of cold blooded *infidels*; that we disbelieve in the existence of a God.

Now I have conceded we are not a religious order. This was done in fairness, and to remove an erroneous and injurious impression.

But I, on behalf of my brethren, repel with scorn, the false assertion that we are an irreligious order.

We do not, it is true, make it an indispensable requisite to interchanging the offices of fraternity with a brother, that he should be of *our* religion; but we do make it an indispensable requisite that he should be of *some* religion.

All our members must believe in the existence of a God, and in a state of future rewards and punishments.

Have you examined into your charge, into the nature of Masonry, and the character of our members?

How could we entrust our mysteries to those whom no tie could bind? How have our secrets been kept? Can you devise an obligation, capable of binding countless myriads of atheists, for more than five thousand years, spread over the whole earth, and bound together, as I have shown you, by no community of political interest? Could any human tie do it?

Look at the men who compose the order. Judge us not by the worst nor by one or two. Are we such men as you would suppose insensible to the existence of the God who formed us? No! No set of men, so numerous, so widely spread, can be. It is only a hardened individual, here and there, rendered desperate by crime, or steeled by the pride of human science, who can summon up the tremendous resolution to deny the existence of a God.

How can *any* do it? Every thing around us testifies his power and his goodness; and can we, any more than others, or any more, after becoming Masons, than before, be insensible to either?

Both you and we stand in the presence of that God who formed us, whose all seeing eye surveys all our actions. Let us then humble ourselves before him, and not bring down his condemnation by this uncharitable strife. We should, rather, join in ascriptions of praise, at his deigning to consider us.

His existence cannot be doubted. All nature proclaims it. Behold the heavens and the earth are full of his glory! Although "he holds back the face of his throne and spreads his cloud upon it;" although "clouds and darkness are round about him," yet every thing testifies his existence. Let us only ask ourselves, "who clothes the lillies of the valley? behold, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." "But lift up your heads on high, and behold; who has created these things?" The Almighty; "by his spirit he has garnished the heavens, and stretched them out as a curtain."

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament shows his handy work." "There is no speech or language where their voice is not heard." When we consider these things, we are compelled to exclaim "who is like unto the Lord our God who dwelleth on high."—"What is man, that he should be mindful of him, and the son of man, that he should deign to visit him."

Let us not then, whose days are "swifter than a weaver's shuttle," and pass "as the cloud that vanishes away;" let us not, who "flee as a shadow, and continue not;" let us not excite the hot displeasure of God by our strife. "The pillars of heaven tremble and are astonished at his reproof." How then shall *we* stand before *him*, "who makes the clouds his chariots;" who "walks upon the wings of the stormy wind;" who "makes his angels spirits, his ministers a flaming fire;" at "whose presence the eternal hills bow and melt like wax;" and at "whose voice the waters of the deep in terror haste away!"

Are you acting like wise men, for the interests of religion itself, in pressing the charge with so much zeal? You must admit that many Masons, within your knowledge, are upright and pious. These men assure you there is no such thing as infidelity connected with Masonry. They *know* what they aver is true; you only *conjecture* the contrary. They not only assure you their principles are compatible with christianity, but you see, with your eyes, their practice accords with it.

What will you do then? Will you still calumniate the order? Will you banish them from the holy communion? If you do, you commit, not only an injudicious, but an impious act. Is not such conduct the sole cause of that alienation from the churches, which is, sometimes, witnessed amongst Masons? I venture to say it is; and I venture, further, to say, the synod of Pittsburgh would have had no cause to complain of being forsaken by those, under their care, who became Massons, had they not, by their uncharitable suspicions, and unchristian persecutions, driven them from them.

By this I would not be understood to give a preference to Masonry over Christianity. No! the one is as inferior to the other, as that which is human is to that which is divine. Neither would I be understood as approving the course which I have attributed to the Masons within the bounds of the Pittsburgh Synod. It was a wrong course. All I say is, it was natural; and the result should be an awful admonition to the bigoted persecutors of Freemasonry every where.

But you say, we associate with those who are not Christians, in our own land, and with idolators of strange nations. We answer, we associate as a *civil*, not as a *religious* body.

No civil institution should assume a religious attitude. The union of civil and religious orders, is odious of itself.

What do you object to the glorious constitution of these

free states? Are the citizens of the United States a band of atheists, because we have no established religion; or because we welcome alike to our shores the polished son of christian Europe, and the inhabitant of Asia, embrowned by the sun which he worships? Or what do you object to the judicial administration of justice amongst us, because in our court the Measulman is sworn on the Koran, whilst the more preise Quaker will "swear not at all"?

Would you have us to circumscribe our friendships within the bounds of one sect, or even of the Christian church? Would that be agreeable to Christianity itself?

Would you have us to imitate the Jewish priest and Levite; or would you reprobate the Christian conduct of the Samaritan?

It is said we pretend to a benevolence more enlarged than that inculcated by the christian religion. We deny it. can there be any such? We beseech you, slander not the holy religion you profess to befriend!

We do not pretend to be superior to the churches: but, as to christian charity, we do say, (and, although we do not exult in the remark, yet it should strike you with shame and confusion,) there is a bigotry amongst the sects of christians which Masonry tends to relieve.

But why waste words to show our institution not anti-christian? Whose birthday is this? Is it not that of one of the brightest of Masons? Was John the Baptist, the forerunner of our Redeemer, his enemy or that of his religion? Or was Saint John the Evangelist, the beloved disciple and biographer of Christ, his enemy? Or to come to later times; were all the pure ministers of God, who have belonged to our order, a succession of hypocrites?

We appeal to the *fruits* of Masonry, as a sure test whether the institution is valuable or not.

We know there are many Masons who disgrace us by their conduct. May we ask our christian enemies to be equally frank in their acknowledgments? Let us mingle our tears together, over human frailty. What human institution ever yet escaped abuse? But does that form a sound objection to the institution itself? It would be equally unjust to charge the intemperate habits of some who wear the garb of Masons, upon Masonry, as to charge that of some who have crept into the churches, upon christianity; or to charge the impious treason of Judas Iscariot, upon the sacred cause which he betrayed.

If our members offend, shall we not endeavor by gentle

measures to reclaim them? Shall we ask the christian how often we should forgive a brother? "Till seven times" only, or "till seventy times seven?"

Then judge us not by a few, whom amiable motives permit to linger amongst us, but by the character of the order at large. Judge us fairly by our fruits.

Where was the voice of human woe ever yet heard, that the genius of Masonry did not fly to her relief? Has she ever recoiled from the most disgusting forms of haggard disease or squalid penury? Has she ever, for a moment, been known to waver from the most constant, unwearied regard for the worthy? Has she not followed them through evil, as well as through good report? From the earliest times till the present hour, the sun has never surveyed her sloth in good works, nor the moon witnessed her idleness. Woe and want have fled at her approach: joy and comfort, and peace and plenty have followed in her train. "Wherever the ear has heard her, there it has blessed her; wherever the eye has seen her, there it has given witness to her," "because she delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him." "She has been eyes to the blind and feet to the lame."

Do you pronounce these works incompatible with christianity? Then you are a stranger to its spirit!

Look at yon venerable man. A long life of honorable exertion had endowed him with a rich profusion of the good things of this world. His declining years were cheered by the recollections of a well spent life; a happy progeny smiled around him; while the treasures his labours had procured, lay scattered before him. He was happy. Perhaps he fancied his fate unchangeable. Alas! nothing mortal is unchangeable. Misfortune came. In one hour his children are snatched from his fond embrace, by the fell destroyer, and "his riches take to themselves wings, and flee away." Does he give way to grief? Alas! he is incapable of it. His sorrows are too profound for utterance. They are locked in the frozen recesses of a stupified heart. No tears trickle down his furrowed cheek. Not a sigh escapes him. Not a groan is heard from his bursting bosom. In mute astonishment, he stands immovable.

Human nature can bear no more. Reason is about to quit her abode: with flickering inconstant action, she now blazes up, as if about to forsake her socket, and now settles down in gloom almost amounting to extinction.

Will not his wretched heart burst, according to his wish?

Will not the rocks and mountains fall upon him, and bury his suffering together with his existence! No! the hand of friendship is near. Masonry flies to his relief, rewarms his freezing heart, and subdues his despair by her sympathy. Again the warm, balmy current of grief begins to flow: Reason resumes her seat. He can, now, look back upon the "days of other years" with a recollection which is "mournful, yet pleasant to the soul."

The staff which supports his palsied frame is the gift of Masonry.

Are you still our enemy? Go, then, and to his gray hairs, which we have saved from going down with sorrow to the grave: to them utter your execrations against us.

Ask yon lone widow, bereft of her kind partner; childless and penniless; ask her who succored her distress; who continues to watch over her, to support her, and to protect her? And then ask her if we believe in a God?

Ask yon orphan, whose tears we have wiped away, and who now smiles with joy and contentment: ask him if we believe in a God; if we act contrary to the principles of christianity?

Yet all these are the genuine works of Freemasonry. What then is her crime? In what has she offended? Is she not, on the contrary, entitled to the highest possible commendation? Is she not to nations themselves what they are to individuals who compose them? a cement to bind them together. And is she not to individuals more than civil government herself can always be?

Bethen convinced of her excellence! If your object be truth; if your minds can yield to evidence, or be swayed by reason, if your hearts be not wholly insensible to the best feelings of our nature: when you survey the whole matter, so far from indulging in censures against Masonry, you must pronounce it one of the noblest of all human institutions.



A DANGEROUS PROPOSITION.

We have seen with no small astonishment and regret the following preamble and resolutions, which were offered and laid over for further consideration at the last meeting of the Grand Lodge of the state of New-York.

"Whereas serious dissensions have arisen in this Grand Lodge, calculated to impair the dignity and respectability of our order; and whereas these dissensions are wide spreading their direful

consequences, and are fraught with mischiefs, the termination of which cannot be foreseen; therefore

“Resolved, That it is expedient to form, in the State of New-York, TWO GRAND LODGES; one to be located in the city of New-York, and the other in such town or place, as a majority of the Lodges out of the city may designate.

“Resolved, That the Lodges out of the city be permitted to select the Grand Lodge from under whose jurisdiction they will hail.

“Resolved, that the mode and manner of dividing the funds, be submitted to the decision of the Grand Lodge of the state of _____.”

We would respectfully call the attention of our brethren in New-York to the history of that unfortunate and alarming schism in England, which led to the distinction between ancient and modern Masons. To us at a distance, who are unacquainted with the local concerns of the fraternity in New-York, it appears not a little strange that a proposition for the establishment of two Grand Lodges, having jurisdiction within the limits of the same state, should be offered as a remedy for serious and wide-spreading dissensions. We indulge the hope however, that the proposition will be promptly rejected by the fraternity in that enlightened state, and that the dissensions which are here spoken of, and which must be a source of pain to every sincere Mason, will be happily and speedily terminated.

EULOGIUM ON MASONRY.

BY BROTHER JOHN CROOKES.

OF all human institutions with which History or our own experience has made us acquainted, MASONRY holds, and will ever hold, the most distinguished pre-eminence. I ought, perhaps, to apologize to you for calling it a human institution, because it pre-supposes a time when Masonry began to be: but since wherever the most perfect order, symmetry, harmony and beauty appeared, these were the attributes of Masonry, it will be no fanciful supposition to say that it has no origin: but is coeval with God himself. It is, consequently, divine. And, as it is compounded of principles which are in their own nature immutable and eternal, it must continue to exist for ever. It is, therefore, venerable from its antiquity, but not from its antiquity alone. Were it so, the veneration we should pay to it on this account might degenerate into the same species of

blind homage, which we sometimes involuntarily offer to hoary-headed Error.

If its antiquity has a great claim upon our regard, how much is that regard increased on the recollection that our fraternity has been honored with the brotherhood of David, Solomon, Hiram, and a host of worthies, whose names are recommended in the sacred volume, and are familiar to most of us; that it has in all ages, and in all countries, wherever Science has made any progress, received the sanction of kings, princes, and divines, of "the most excellent of the earth;" and that in our day, and in our own beloved land, it could boast of having a Chief Officer, whose name (high and exalted) can never be pronounced in the United States but with reverence; whose memory will be precious to the end of time; and whose single approval would outweigh a whole world's disapprobation! You will anticipate me as to the distinguished character to whom I allude. Your own hearts will instinctively inform you that it can be no other than that "Corinthian pillar in the temple of immortality," the illustrious leader of our revolutionary armies.

With such men for its admirers, and passing through such hands from one generation to another, it can hardly be a matter of wonder that Masonry should have descended to us in its primitive purity; or that amidst so many astonishing revolutions in the states and empires of the earth; amidst the "Havoc, and Spoil, and Ruin," which the mad ambition of men has produced in every clime, our order should have received the special protection of Heaven!

Having glanced at some of its intrinsic excellencies, I shall now take a brief view of those inherent qualities of Masonry which have procured for it so honorable a distinction.

The increase of useful knowledge; the worship of one eternal Great Cause of all things, and the admiration of his attributes which is excited by the contemplation of his works; the exercise of benevolence towards a distressed brother; and the practice of every moral and social virtue, are among the primary objects of our institution. We are instructed to value more than life the sacred obligations of Honor, Probity, Truth, Friendship, Hospitality, and all those charities which bind man to man; and to adorn by our public and private conduct, the dignity of our profession.

It is one beautiful feature of Masonry, and one which is

peculiar to itself, that whilst it speaks, by signs well understood, an universal language, it unites in the same bond of brotherly affection the native of Europe, of Asia, of Africa, and of America; it dissolves as into one mass, all religious and political prejudices, whether of education or of habit; and acknowledges no other distinction than vice or virtue, good or evil. Indeed all the worst passions of men, which the intemperate discussion of these otherwise important subjects are calculated to arouse, seem to be hushed to rest in a Lodge of Freemasons; and the reflecting mind contemplates with delight a scene of perfect harmony unequalled in any other association upon earth.

Men unacquainted with our mysteries are apt to imagine we have nothing to conceal; and will frequently contend that the whole of Masonry consists in conviviality, and in ceremonies at once trifling and superficial. Our secrecy, of itself, is a virtue; and our ceremonies, as every brother well knows who has paid them the attention they deserve, are not only useful but necessary. Every sign we make, every implement we use in our labor, every object we view in the Lodge, inculcates some moral lesson, and presents to our mind's eye some error to be avoided or some duty to be performed. When we advert to their origin we perceive clearly how insensibly our mysteries would sink into disregard if they should cease to be mysterious, we dwell with pleasure upon the ideas they convey through the senses to the soul, and we learn to estimate their value only from their propriety and usefulness.

It has been judiciously remarked, by an able writer on this subject, that "the application of sensible objects to a figurative use is *amusing* as well as *instructive*; and the imagination, the most ungovernable of all the human faculties, is made subservient to the cause of virtue, and instrumental to moral improvement. For that, by easy and apposite symbols, we learn the difference between physical and moral good; to judge of the Creator by the works of his creation; and to infer from thence, that our wise Master-builder, who has planned and completed a habitation so suitable to our wants, so convenient to our temporary residence here, has exercised still more Wisdom in contriving, more Strength in supporting, and more Beauty in adorning, those eternal mansions where he has promised to receive and reward all faithful Masons hereafter."

"Thus our Faith and Hope are exercised by the study of Masonry; but there is a virtue which Divine Authority has

pronounced greater than Faith and Hope; and to this excellent virtue of Charity are our Masonic labours especially directed:" to visit the sick and the fatherless in their afflictions, to comfort those that mourn, to weep with those that weep, and to carry as it were into the dungeons of human misery the divine essence of Masonry, by acting as a ministering Angel of Consolation and of Mercy, the Representative of Heaven.

These are our professions in the Lodge; but do they regulate our conduct out of it, in our commerce with the world? In what, Brethren, would Freemasonry excel, if it had no influence upon our general deportment? It is only by acting upon the square and living within the compass; by practising the duties of morality, and limiting our desires, that we can demonstrate to the ignorant and the prejudiced the well founded superiority of our pretensions. If our order be built upon the basis of Brotherly Love, of Truth, or Temperance, of Prudence, and of Justice, let us be careful "to walk worthy of the high vocation wherewith we are called." Besides

"The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,"

arising from a conduct so regulated, how consolatory will be the assurance, that when our sun of life (which may have risen brilliantly from the east) shall set in the west; when we shall be called from labour to everlasting refreshment; we have in reserve a seat at the right hand of the Almighty Grand Master; and that "when the earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!"



GRAND LODGE OF KENTUCKY.

AUGUST 26, 1822.

The following resolution, which was laid on the table the 2d September 1820, by Brother Daviess, was called up:

"Resolved by the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, That no person shall fill the office of M. W. G. Master, R. W. D. G. Master, or Senior or Junior Grand Warden, for a longer period than one year; nor shall either of those persons fill the office he has before filled, until the end of one year thereafter, or until his successor's time shall have expired."

And on the question being taken on its adoption, it was decided IN THE NEGATIVE unanimously.

A Prayer used in the Western Star Lodge No. 9, at Springfield, Tennessee, at the initiation of the Rev. H. M. C. of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Great and mighty arbiter of the world; Supreme Grand Master of the Universe; transcendentally great and glorious Lord God Almighty; thou hast promised that where two or three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt be in the midst of them, and bless them. In thy name we have here assembled, and we beseech thee, great father of *light*, to cheer us with thy presence, and bless our present undertaking Grant that this candidate for Masonry, thy servant, who has now bowed down before thee, may rightly appreciate the *brotherly love* of masons; may his wonted *temperance* preserve him in the line of strict duty, and keep him free from all the allurements of vice. May the *secrets* with which we are now about solemnly to entrust him, be ever preserved inviolate, by his *fortitude*. May *prudence* teach him to regulate his life by the dictates of reason; and grant that by the unerring standard of *justice*, he may be enabled to mete to every man his due. He has for years past, dedicated and devoted his life, Oh Lord! to thy service, may he still continue to be a successful labourer in thy vineyard; and grant that he may be a true and faithful brother amongst us; may he be endued, Oh God, with such a portion of thy divine wisdom as to be enabled by the *secret* arts of masonry, the better to display the BEAUTY OF VIRTUE. Establish him we beseech thee, as a firm and steadfast pillar in thy Holy Temple and make him unto us a pillar of STRENGTH and BEAUTY, and all the glory shall be thine. Amen.

A charge on the same occasion.

Brother C.

That the peace and harmony of our meetings may never be disturbed by impertinent intruders, or by unworthy persons of any description; we have (as you doubtless have discovered) every avenue by which we could probably be approached, strictly guarded by true and trusty brethren, by members in whom we can place the most unbounded confidence. Your having been able then, to pass those *Argus-eyed* watchmen, and access even to this outer chamber of our temple, amply justifies me in ex-

tending to you my hand, as a token of my sincere brotherly love and esteem; and in congratulating you on your reception into this ancient and honourable order; *ancient*, as it commenced with the commencement of time, and *honorable* because it teaches to be and tends to make virtuous, all who will conform to its precepts. The institution of Free Masonry is based on the most solid foundation; is governed by most excellent rules; and inculcates the best maxims. Although it existed considerably more than three thousand years before the world was blessed with the doctrines of christianity; it yet inculcates the same noble duties. It teaches us to adore, with becoming reverence, the God of heaven and earth; the supreme grand master of the universe. It encourages the truly devout mason, to make known all his wants; to implore the blessing of his creator in all his laudable undertakings; and to esteem *him* as his only stay in times of need. It encourages you, if you are in want, to ask, and you shall receive; to seek and you shall find; to knock, and it shall be opened unto you. It admonishes you in all your transactions with your neighbors, to meet them on the *level* and part with them on the *square*, being ever scrupulously attentive, to do unto all men as you would they should do unto you.

These precepts you will find couched in the most elegant language, and in the most concise and expressive manner, in the Gospel according to St. Mathew, in words of the following import. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy strength with all thy heart and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself."

By becoming one of us, you have made it your duty, brother, as a mason, to enforce these tenets on the members of the fraternity and it is your peculiar province, as a minister of God and an interpreter of his word, to teach them to the people.

Whenever therefore, you find a poor frail mortal, hoodwinked by sin; groping his way still deeper into the midnight and murky darkness of ignorance and unbelief; you will remember that it is your duty to extend to him the helping hand of charity, to put the lost and misguided in the proper path, or as holy writ expresses it, you are to "bring the blind by a way that they know not, you are to lead them in paths that they have not known, you are to make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight; these things you are to do unto them and not forsake them."

Furthermore Brother, by acting in conformity to the rules of masonry you will never be found leagued with conspirators, but with patriotic adour advancing your country's interests by every lawful means. "You will be a speaker of truth, an advocate for peace, a lover of concord: you will be ever attentive to the cries of the needy, and unhesitatingly extend to them the cup of consolation. Sound morality is also an essential pre-requisite to being admitted into this society. Let a man's religion or the mode of it be what it may, we do not exclude him from the benefits and advantages of the order, provided he firmly believes in God, the glorious architect of heaven and earth, and practices the sacred duties of morality; for we are taught to cherish in our hearts the most generous sentiments, to extirpate bigotry, and to put an effectual curb on persecution. We unite with the virtuous and moral of every clime in the strong bands of brotherly love, and regard them with the warmest affection. Among us the love of good design is strengthened. Here

Friendship on wing ethereal, flying round,
 Stretches her arms, to bless the hallowed ground,
 Humanity, well pleased, here takes her stand,
 Holding her daughter. Pity, by the hand,
 Here 's Charity, which soothes the widow's sigh,
 And wipes the dew-drop from the orphan's eye.
 Here stands Benevolence, whose large embrace,
 Uncircumscribed, takes in the human race,
 She sees each narrow tie, each private end
 Indignant,—virtue's universal friend,
 Scorning each frantic zealot, bigot tool
 She stamps on mason's hearts her golden rule."

No topic in any way calculated to wound the feelings of a mason is discussed among us; the aim of each individual is to give general satisfaction, and to forward, by every means in his power, the peace, the concord, and the credit of the society.

To relieve a distressed worthy brother is one of the first obligations you owe the society; be you therefore always ready to succour the distressed; administer to their wants with a liberal hand and open heart; pour the cordial balm of consolation on the afflicted; and bind up the wounds of the broken hearted,

and thus experience the exalted, the heavenly happiness, of communicating happiness to others, that happiness

“Which nothing earthly gives or can destroy
The soul’s calm sun-shine and the heart felt joy.”

You, Brother C..... are a preacher, an expounder of that holy religion, the prominent characteristics of which are universal benevolence and unbounded charity. As free-masonry inculcates the same charity and benevolence, and like religion, encourages and advances every moral and social virtue, you cannot be otherwise than fond of the order, and zealous for its interests. Religion and masonry are so nearly allied, that whoever is truly warmed with the spirit of christianity, must esteem, must love, I had almost said must *reverence* free-masonry. We disclaim the sentiments attributed to us by the world at large: we are not libertines; our laws proscribe excess. Our business here on life’s tempestuous sea, is to safely moor our crazy mortal barks and their celestial freight, in life’s last peaceful haven; and to effect this object, we place reason at the helm who steers to virtue as her polar-star. Thus you see, brother, that masonry is not a ridiculous and trifling, but a serious and important institution, and one which is founded on the most exalted principles of moral and of social virtue. The principles inculcated by adhering strictly to the tenets of masonry are excellent, *most excellent*; may you and I, and all of us, conform to them.

J. T. P.



MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

GRAND LODGE OF TENNESSEE.

At a Grand Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee, held at the Masonic Hall in the town of Nashville, on the 7th day of October, A. L. 5822, A. D. 1822, the following persons were elected and installed officers thereof for the ensuing year.

M. W. Gen. Andrew Jackson, Grand Master

R. W. George Wilson, D. G. M.

Wilkins Tannehill, G. S. W.

Matthew L. Dixon, G. J. W
 Moses Norvell, G. Secretary
 David Irwin, G. Treasurer
 H. R. W. Hill, G. S. D.
 James Roane, G. J. D.
 Ira Ingram, G. Marshall
 E. R. Dulany, G. P.
 William G. Dickinson, G. S. B.
 D. Robertson, }
 James Irwin, } Grand Stewards
 Samuel Chapman, G. Tyler.
 R. Rev. Hardy M. Cryer, G. Chaplain.

At the annual meeting of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of
 Massachusetts, held at Mason's Hall, Boston, September 1,
 1822, the following companions were chosen officers for the
 present year.

M. E. Jonathan Gage, G. H. P.
 E. Rev. Paul Dean, Deputy G. H. P.
 E. Caleb Butler, G. K.
 E. Daniel Baxter, G. S.
 E. Thomas P. Jackson, G. T.
 E. John J. Loring, G. Secretary.
 E. William Barry, G. Marshal.
 E. Rev. S. L. Bascom, }
 E. Rev. Samuel Osgood, } Grand Chaplains:
 E. Michael Roulstone, }
 E. Daniel Baxter, Jr } Grand Stewards.
 E. John Scott, }
 E. Joseph T. Pike. }
 S. H. Hodge, G. I. Sentinel.
 William Eaton, }
 Joseph Currier, } Grand Tyler.s
 E. H. Fowle, }
 E. H. Purkitt, } Committee of Finance.
 E. R. Lash. }

MASONIC PROCESSION.

Account of the procession and laying of the Corner Stone of the National Monument of Scotland, in the presence of the King.

At the Waterloo hotel, the procession was joined by the Commissioners for the King. The committee of contributors, and the Lord Provost, Sheriff, Magistrates and Council, attended by their officers, moved round, and entered the side of the hill. The Duke of Hamilton, acting Grand Master, attended by the Duke of Argyll, Grand Master elect; the Earl of Rosslyn, officiating as Past Grand Master; William Inghish, Esq Substitute Grand Master; J. E. Machonecie, Senior Grand Warden; Hon. Gen. Duff, acting as Junior Grand Warden, and the Office-bearers of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, assisted by a number of Provincial Grand Masters

The Grand Lodge having taken the place on the platform prepared for them, and the Commissioners, Magistrates, and Committee of Contributors, being placed on the opposite platform, his grace, the Duke of Hamilton, as Grand Master, called on the band to play the King's Anthem. The Grand Master then stated that he came there, at the desire of his Majesty, to lay the foundation of the National Monument of Scotland, and he was glad to see the Commissioners of the King on the opposite side.

The Duke of Atholl said, his Majesty had executed a commission in behalf of the Duke of Atholl, the Earl of Roseberry, Earl of Hopetown, Earl of Elgin, Viscount Melville and Lord Lynedoch, (which his Grace read.) and stated that he was sorry to be obliged to apologise for the Duke of Montrose, Earl of Hopetown, and Viscount Melville, who were unavoidably detained. In execution of that commission, he craved of the most Worshipful Grand Master, Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master, the assistance of the Grand Wardens and Brethren of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, towards laying the foundation stone of the National Monument, to remain to future ages, a monument to the memory of those brave men, who shed their blood in the service of their country.

Duke of Hamilton. "As we have received his Majesty's authority, it is our duty to proceed with the work."

The band played the Portuguese Hymn, which was followed by a most impressive prayer from the Grand Chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Lee, of Conongate. The Grand Treasurer and Secretary proceeded to examine and place the bottles, (which were hermetically sealed,) containing the Coins, newspapers, &c. &c. and other platina plates, in their proper situations; a quantity of saw-dust was placed around them to prevent any moisture from injuring them. The whole bed being covered with mortar, the foundation stone was raised by a crane, and lowered down in its proper position, the band playing, "Great light will shine." The Senior Warden, by command of the Grand Master, applied the square, the Junior Warden, the plumb line, the Substitute Grand Master, the level, and the Grand Master, the mallet, (loud cheering) craving a benediction on the work, in nearly these words: "May the Almighty Architect crown the work with his blessing, and may it last as a monument to future ages of the genius of art." The Grand Master then emptied the cornucopia, containing the corn, and the cups with the wine and oil, on the stone, saying, "May the Almighty grant prosperity to the people, that they may long enjoy peace; long may the people, living under just laws, revere their sovereign, love their country, and be thankful for their manifold blessings." (Loud cheerings,) and at that moment a signal gun was fired from the Calton, and salutes were fired from the guns at Salisbury Crags, the Castle, ships in Leith Roads, and Leith Fort.

The Duke of Hamilton said, that, gratified as he was, to feel himself called on this occasion to perform a duty which he could have wished had fallen into hands more able, though there could be none more willing, if he looked around to either right or left, he saw none but those, the sight of whom was of itself a gratification. They had now laid the foundation of a structure, the model of which had been the admiration of the ancients, which had lasted for ages, and arrested even the unhallowed hand of barbarians, which had survived the ravages of time, but chiefly fallen under the rapacious assaults of conquerors. (Lord Elgin stood near his Grace, and some people thought on Lord Byron's lines on his Lordship's removal of the freize from the Parthenon.) With reference to the great object of the

building, he thought there could be but one opinion—namely, that warlike as Scotchmen were in the field, those of Greece could hardly excel them. The site chosen was indeed a fortunate one; it was hallowed ground; it was near the spot where the monument rose to the memory of a hero, who after having broken and vanquished the combined enemies of his country, died as he had lived, in the arms of victory. He was gratified to find himself in the presence of those whom the King had appointed as his commissioners, and graced with his name, and in presence of magistrates of the city, and other high personages. As to the time chosen for this great ceremony, he entirely concurred with them in thinking, that the arrival of the King was an auspicious era; it had united and connected him with Scotland; it gave the King an opportunity of seeing Scotchmen as they are, in whom he would find much to admire. It would make the country sensible of the blessing of a constitutional Monarch, under whose paternal care it was their happiness to live. His Majesty had had the opportunity of seeing a people who were, he knew, sensible of the advantages secured to them by a free constitution, and his Majesty had also the opportunity of seeing the real condition of that people, and redressing whatever wrongs, (if wrongs they had) belonged to the system under which they lived. Surrounded as he was by the brethren, assembled in such numbers, and with anxiety as was manifest on this occasion, it was peculiarly gratifying to him to have standing beside him the Grand Master Elect, who was to fill his place as Grand Master Mason, one of whose ancestors the pages of history bore honorable record. (This allusion to the Duke of Argyll was loudly applauded.) To the provincial masters and office bearers of the Grand Lodge, and the Masonic brethren in general, he returned his warmest thanks. Three cheers were given in honour of the Grand Master, and were echoed by the crowds assembled.

The Duke of Athol, in the name of the King, returned thanks to the Grand Master, Grand Wardens and Master Masons, and worthy Brethren, for their attention.

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

THE ROSE IN JANUARY.

I had the good fortune to become acquainted in his old age with the celebrated Wieland, and to be often admitted to his table. It was there that, animated by a flash of Rhenish, he loved to recount the anecdotes of his youth, and with a gaiety and naivete which rendered them extremely interesting. His age, his learning, his celebrity, no longer threw us to a distance, and we laughed with him as joyously as he himself laughed in relating the little adventure which I now attempt to relate. It had a chief influence on his life, and it was that which he was fondest of retracing, and retraced with most poignancy. I can well remember his very words; but there are still wanting the expression of his fine countenance, his hair white as snow gracefully curling round his head, his blue eyes, somewhat faded by years, yet still announcing his genius and depth of thought! his brow, touched with the lines of reflection, but open, elevated, and of a distinguished character; his smile full of benevolence and candour. "I was handsome enough," he used sometimes to say to us; and no one who looked at him could doubt it; "but I was not amiable, for a *savant* rarely is," he would add laughingly, and this every one doubted; so to prove it he recounted the little history that follows:

"I was not quite thirty," said he to us, "when I obtained the chair of philosophical professor of this college in the most flattering manner: I need not tell you that my *amour propre* was gratified by a distinction rare enough at my age. I certainly had worked for it formerly; but at the moment it came to me, another species of philosophy occupied me much more deeply, and I would have given more to know what passed in one heart, than to have had power to analyze those of all mankind. I was passionately in love; and you all know, I hope, that when love takes possession of a young head, adieu to every thing else; there is no room for any other thought. My table was covered with folios of all colours, quires of paper of all sizes, journals of all species, catalogues of books, in short, of all that one finds on a pro-

fessor's table; but of the whole circle of science I had for some time studied only the article *Rose*, whether in the Encyclopedia, the botanical book, or all the gardeners' calendars that I could meet with; you shall learn presently what led me to this study, and why it was that my window was always open, and even during the coldest days. All this was connected with the passion by which I was possessed, and which had become my sole and continual thought. I could not well say at this moment how my lectures and courses got on, but this I know, that more than once I have said "Amelia," instead of philosophy."

"It was the name of my beauty, in fact, of the beauty of the University, Mademoiselle de Belmont. Her father, a distinguished officer, had died on the field of battle. She occupied with her mother a large and handsome house in the street in which I lived, on the same side, and a few doors distant. This mother, wise and prudent, obliged by circumstances to inhabit a city filled with young students from all parts, and having so charming a daughter, never suffered her a moment from her sight, either in or out of doors. But the good lady passionately loved company and cards; and to reconcile her taste with her duties, she carried Amelia with her to all her assemblies of dowagers, professors' wives, canonsesses, &c. &c. where the poor girl *ennuyed* herself to death with hemming or knitting beside her mother's card table. But you ought to have been informed, that no student, indeed no man under fifty, was admitted. I had then but little chance of conveying my sentiments to Amelia. I am sure, however, that any other than myself would have discovered this chance, but I was a perfect novice in gallantry; and, until the moment when I imbibed this passion from Amelia's beautiful dark eyes, mine, having been always fixed upon volumes of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, &c. &c. understood nothing at all of the language of the heart. It was at an old lady's, to whom I was introduced, that I became acquainted with Amelia; my destiny led me to her house on the evening of her assembly; she received me; I saw Mademoiselle de Belmont, and from that instant her image was engraven in lines of fire on my heart. The mother frowned at the sight of a well looking young man; but my timid, grave, and perhaps somewhat pedantic air, reassured her. There were a few other young persons, daughters and nieces of the lady of the mansion; it was summer, and they obtained permission to walk in the garden, under the windows of the saloon, and the eyes of their mammas. I

followed them; and without daring to address a word to my fair one, caught each that fell from her lips.

“Her conversation appeared to me as charming as her person; she spoke on different subjects with intelligence beyond her years. In making some pleasant remarks on the defects of men in general, she observed, that “what she most dreaded was violence of temper.” Naturally of a calm disposition, I was wishing to boast of it; but not having the courage, I at least entered into her idea, and said so much against passion, that I could not well be suspected of an inclination to it: I was recompensed by an approving smile; it emboldened me, and I began to talk much better than I thought myself capable of doing before so many handsome women; but when they came to the chapter of fashions, I had no more to say; it was an unknown language; neither did she appear versed in it. Then succeeded observations on the flowers in the garden; I knew little more of this than of the fashions, but I might likewise have my particular taste; and to decide, I waited to learn that of Amelia: she declared for the *Rose*, and grew animated in the eulogy of her chosen flower. From that moment, it became for me the queen of flowers. “Amelia,” said a pretty, little, laughing *Espiegle*, [roguish girl] “how many of your favorites are condemned to death this winter?” “Not one,” replied she; “I renounce them, their education is too troublesome, and too ungrateful a task, and I begin to think I know nothing about it.”

“I assumed sufficient resolution to ask the explanation of this question and answer; she gave it to me: You have just learned that I am passionately fond of *Roses*; it is an hereditary taste; my mother is still fonder of them than I am; since I was able to think of any thing, I have had the greatest wish to offer her a *Rose-tree* in blow (as a new year’s gift) on the “first of January;” I have never succeeded. Every year I have put a quantity of *Rose-trees* into vases; the greater number perished; and I have never been able to offer one-rose to my mother.” So little did I know of the culture of flowers, as to be perfectly ignorant that it was possible to have roses in winter; but from the moment I understood that it might be, without a miracle, and that incessant attention only was necessary, I promised myself, that this year the first of January should not pass without Amelia’s offering her mother a *Rose-tree* in blow. We returned to the saloon; so close was I on the watch, that I heard her ask my name in a whisper. Her companion answered, “I know

him only by reputation; they say he is an author; and so learned, that he is already a professor." "I should never have guessed it," said Amelia, "he seems neither vain nor pedantic." How thankful was I for this reputation. Next morning I went to a gardener, and ordered fifty Rose-trees of different months to be put in vases. "It must be singular ill fortune," thought I, "if among this number, one at least does not flower." On leaving the gardener, I went to my bookseller's, purchased some works on flowers, and returned home full of hope. I intended to accompany my Rose-tree with a fine letter, in which I should request to be permitted to visit Madame de Belmont, in order to teach her daughter the art of having roses in winter; the agreeable lesson, and the charming scholar, were to me much pleasanter themes than those of my philosophical lectures. I built on all this the prettiest romances possible; my milk pail had not yet got on so far as *Perrette's*; she held it on her head; and my rose was not yet transplanted into its vase; but I saw it all in blow. In the mean time, I was happy only in imagination; I no longer saw Amelia; they ceased to invite me to the dowager parties, and she was not allowed to mix in those of young people. I must then be restricted, until my introducer was in a state of presentation, to seeing her every evening pass by with her mother, as they went to their parties. Happily for me, Madame de Belmont was such a coward in a carriage, that she preferred walking when it was possible. I knew the hour at which they were in the habit of leaving home; I learned to distinguish the sound of the bell of their gate, from that of all the others of the quarter; my window on the ground floor was always open; at the moment I heard their gate unclose, I snatched up some volume, which was often upside down, stationed myself at the window, as if profoundly occupied with my study, and thus almost every day saw for an instant the lovely girl, and this instant was sufficient to attach me to her still more deeply. The elegant simplicity of her dress; her rich, dark hair wreathed round her head, and falling in ringlets on her forehead; her slight and graceful figure; her step at once light and commanding, the fairy foot that the care of guarding the snowy robe rendered visible, inflamed my admiration; while her dignified and composed manner, her attention to her mother, and the affability with which she saluted her inferiors, touched my heart yet more. I began too to fancy that, limited as were my opportunities of attracting her notice, I was not entirely indifferent to

her. For example, on leaving home, she usually crossed to the opposite side of the street; for had she passed close to my windows, she guessed, that, intently occupied as I chose to appear, I could not well raise my eyes from my book: then as she came near my house, there was always something to say in rather a louder tone, as "Take care mamma; lean heavier on me; do you feel cold?" I then raised my eyes, looked at her, saluted her, and generally encountered the transient glance of my divinity, who, with a blush, lowered her eyes and returned my salute. The mother, all enveloped in cloaks and hoods, saw nothing. I saw every thing, and surrendered my heart. A slight circumstance augmented my hopes. I had published "*An abridgement of Practical Philosophy.*" It was an extract from my course of lectures; was successful, and the edition was sold. My bookseller, aware that I had some copies remaining, came to beg one for a customer of his, who was extremely anxious to get it; and he named Mademoiselle Amelia de Belmont. I actually blushed with pleasure; to conceal my embarrassment, I laughingly inquired, what could a girl of her age want with so serious a work? "To read it, sir, doubtless," replied the bookseller; "Mademoiselle Amelia does not resemble the generality of young ladies; she prefers useful to amusing books." He then mentioned the names of several that he had lately sent to her; and they gave me a high opinion of her taste. "From her impatience for your book," added he, "I can answer for it, that it will be perused with great pleasure: more than ten messages have been sent; at last, I promised it for to-morrow and I beg of you to enable me to keep my word." I thrilled with joy, as I gave him the volume, at the idea that Amelia would read and approve of my sentiments, and that she would learn to know me.

"October arrived, and with it my fifty vases of rose-trees; for which of course, they made me pay what they chose; and I was as delighted to count them in my room, as a miser would his sacks of gold. They all looked rather languishing, but then it was because they had not yet reconciled themselves to the new earth. I read all that was ever written on the culture of roses, with much more attention than I had formerly read my old philosophers; and I ended as wise as I began. I perceived that this science, like all others, has no fixed rules, and that each vaunts his system, and believes it the best. One of my gardener authors would have the rose-trees as much as possible in the open air; another recommended their being kept close shut up; one ordered con-

stant watching; another absolutely forbade it. "It is thus with the education of man, said I closing the volumes in vexation. Always in extremes; always for exclusive systems; let us try the medium between these opposite opinions." I established a thermometer in my room; and, according to its indications, I put them outside the windows or took them in: you may guess that fifty vases, to which I gave this exercise three or four times a day, according to the variations of the atmosphere, did not leave me much idle time; and this was the occupation of a professor of philosophy! Ah! well might they have taken his chair from him, and sent him back to school; a thousand times more childish than the youngest of those pupils to whom I hurried over the customary routine of philosophical lessons: my whole mind was fixed on Amelia and my rose-trees.

"The death of the greater number of my *elves*, however, soon lightened my labour; more than half of them never struck root. I flung them into the fire: a fourth part of those that remained, after unfolding some little leaves, stopped there. Several assumed a blackish yellow tint, and gave me hope of beautifying; some flourished surprisingly, but only in leaves; others to my great joy, were covered with buds; but in a few days they always got that little yellow circle which the gardeners call the collar, and which is to them a mortal malady; their stalks twisted, they drooped, and finally fell, one after the other, to the earth, not a single bud remaining on my poor trees. Thus withered my hopes; and the more I hawked them from window to window, the worse they grew. At last, one of them, and but one promised to reward my trouble; thickly covered with leaves, it formed a handsome bush, from the middle of which sprang out a fine, vigorous branch, crowned with six beautiful buds that got no collar; grew, enlarged, and even discovered, through their calices, a slight rose tint. There were still six long weeks before the new year; and certainly, four at least, of my precious buds would be blown by that time. Behold me now recompensed for all my pains; hope re-entered my heart, and every moment I looked on my beauteous introducer with complacency.

"On the 27th of November, a day which I can never forget, the sun rose in all its brilliance; I thanked heaven, and hastened to place the rose-tree, and such of its companions as yet survived, on a peristyle in the court. (I have already mentioned that I lodged on the ground floor.) I watered them, and went, as usual, to give my philosophical lecture.

I then dined, drank to the health of my rose; and returned to take my station in my window, with a quicker throbbing of the heart.

“Amelia’s mother had been slightly indisposed; for eight days she had not left the house, and consequently I had not seen my fair one. On the first morning I had observed the physician going in; uneasy for her, I contrived to cross his way, questioned him, and was comforted. I afterwards learned that the old lady had recovered, and was to make her appearance abroad on this day, at a grand gala given by a Baroness, who lived at the end of the street. I was then certain to see Amelia pass by, and eight days privation had enhanced that thought; I am sure, Madame de Belmont did not look to this party with as much impatience as I did. She was always one of the first: It had scarcely struck five when I heard the bell of her gate. I took up a book, there was I at my post, and presently I saw Amelia appear, dazzling with dress and beauty, as she gave her arm to her mother; never yet had the brilliancy of her figure so struck me, this time there was no occasion for her to speak to catch my eyes, they were fixed on her, but hers were bent down; however, she guessed I was there, for she passed slowly to prolong my happiness. I followed her with my gaze, until she entered the house; then only she turned her head for a second; the door was shut, and she disappeared, but remained present to my heart. I could neither close my window, nor cease to look at the baronness’ hotel, as if I could see Amelia through the walls: I remained there till the objects were fading into obscurity; the approach of night, and the frostiness of the air, brought to my recollection that the rose-tree was still on the peristyle: never had it been so precious to me; I hastened to it; and scarcely was I in the anti-chamber, when I heard a singular noise, like that of an animal browsing, and tinkling its bells. I trembled, I flew, and I had the grief to find a sheep quietly fixed beside my rose-tree, of which it was making its evening repast with no slight avidity.

“I caught up the first thing in my way; it was a heavy cane; I wished to drive away the gluttonous beast; alas! it was too late; he had just bitten off the beautiful branch of buds, he swallowed them one after another; and, in spite of the gloom, I could see, half out of his mouth, the finest of them all, which in a moment was champéd like the rest. I was neither ill-tempered nor violent; but at this sight I was no longer master of myself. Without well knowing what I

did, I discharged a blow of my cane on the animal and stretched it at my feet. No sooner did I perceive it motionless, than I repented of having killed a creature unconscious of the mischief it had done; was this worthy of the professor of philosophy, the adorer of the gentle Amelia? But thus to eat up my rose tree, my only hope to get admittance to her! When I thought on its annihilation, I could not consider myself so culpable. However the night darkened; I heard the old servant crossing the lower passage, and I called her. "Catherine," said I, "bring your light; there is mischief here, you left the stable door open, (that of the court was also unclosed,) one of your sheep has been browsing on my rose trees, and I have punished it."

"She soon came with the lanthorn in her hand. "It is not our sheep," said she; "I have just come from them, the stable gate is shut, and they are all within.—Oh, blessed saints! blessed saints! What do I see?" exclaimed she when near, "it is the pet sheep of our neighbor Mademoiselle Amelia de Belmont. Poor Robin! what bad luck brought you here? Oh! how sorry she will be." I nearly dropped down beside Robin. "Of Mademoiselle Amelia?" said I, in trembling voice, "has she actually a sheep?" "Oh! good Lord! no, no, she has none at this moment, but that which lies there with its four legs up in the air; she loved it as herself; see the collar that she has worked for it with her own hands." I bent to look at it. It was of red leather, ornamented with little bells, and she had embroidered on it in gold thread, "Robin belongs to Amelia de Belmont; she loves him, and begs that he may be restored to her." "What will she think of the barbarian who killed him in a fit of passion; the vice which she most detests: she is right, it has been fatal to her. Yet if he should be only stunned by the blow: Catherine! run, ask for some æther or *eau de vie*, or hartshorn, run, Catherine run."

"Catherine set off: I tried to make it open its mouth; my rose-bud was still between its heremetically sealed teeth; perhaps the collar pressed it; in fact the throat was swelled. I got it off with difficulty; something fell from it at my feet, which I mechanically took up and put into my pocket without looking at it, so much was I absorbed in anxiety for the resuscitation. I rubbed him with all my strength; I grew more and more impatient for the return of Catherine. She came with a small phial in her hand, calling out in her usual manner, "Here sir, here's the medicine. I never opened my mouth about it to Mademoiselle Amelia; I pity her e-

nough without that." "What is all this Catherine? Where have you seen Mademoiselle Amelia? and what is her affliction, if she does not know of her favorite's death?" "Oh, sir, this is a terrible day for the poor young lady. She was at the end of the street searching for a ring that her dead father had got as a present from the Emperor, and worth, they say, more ducats than I have hairs on my head. Her mother lent it to her to-day for the party; she has lost it, she knows neither how nor where, and never missed it till she drew off her glove at supper. And, poor soul! the glove was on again in a minuite, for fear it should be seen that the ring was wanting, and she slipped out to search for it all along the street, but she has found nothing."

"It struck me, that the substance that had fallen from the sheep's collar had the form of a ring, could it possibly be! I looked at it; and, judge of my joy, it was Madame de Belmont's ring, and really very beautiful and costly. A secret presentiment whispered to me that this was a better means of presentation than the rose-tree. I pressed the precious ring to my heart, and to my lips; assured myself that the sheep was really dead; and, leaving him stretched near the devastated rose-tree, I ran into the street, dismissed those who were seeking in vain, and stationed myself at the door to await the return of my neighbours. I saw from a distance the flambeau that preceded them, quickly distinguished their voices, and comprehended by them that Amelia had confessed her misfortune. The mother scolded bitterly; the daughter wept and said "perhaps it may be found." "Oh yes, perhaps," replied the mother with irritation, "it is too rich a prize to him that finds it; the Emperor gave it to your deceased father on the field when he saved his life; he set more value on it than all he possessed besides, and now you have thus flung it away; but the fault is mine for having trusted you with it. For some time back you have seemed quite bewildered." I heard all this as I followed at some paces behind them; they reached home, and I had the cruelty to prolong, for some moments more, Amelia's mortification. I intended that the treasure should procure me the *entree* of their dwelling, and I waited till they got up stairs. I then had myself announced as the bearer of good news; I was introduced, and respectfully presented the ring to Madame de Belmont; and how delighted seemed Amelia! and how beautifully she brightened in her joy, not alone that the ring was found, but that I was the finder. She cast herself on her mother's bosom, and turned on me her

eyes, humid with tears, though beaming with pleasure, she clasped her hands, exclaiming, "Oh, sir what obligation, what gratitude do we not owe to you!"

"Ah, Mademoiselle!" returned I, "you know not to whom you address the term gratitude." "To one who has conferred on me a great pleasure," said she. "To one who has caused you a great pain, to the killer of Robin."

"You sir? I cannot credit it, why should you do so? you are not so cruel."

"No, but I am so unfortunate. It was in opening his collar which I have also brought to you, that your ring fell on the ground; you promised a great recompense to him who should find it. I dare to solicit that recompense; grant me my pardon for Robin's death."

"And I, sir, I thank you for it," exclaimed the mother; "I never could endure that animal; it took up Amelia's entire time, and wearied me out of all patience with its bleating; if you had not killed it, Heaven knows where it might have carried my diamond. But how did it get entangled in the collar? Amelia, pray explain all this."

"Amelia's heart was agitated; she was as much grieved that it was I who had killed Robin, as that he was dead; "Poor Robin," said she drying a tear, "he was rather too fond of running out! before leaving home I had put on his collar, that he might not be lost, he had always been brought back to me. The ring must have slipped under his collar. I hastily drew on my glove, and never missed it until I was at supper."

"What good luck it was that he went straight to the gentleman's," observed the mother.

"It was night," I replied; "I could not distinguish the collar, and I learned when too late that the animal belonged to you."

"Thank Heaven, then you did not know it!" cried the mother, "or where would have been my ring?"

"It is necessary at least," said Amelia, with emotion, "that I should learn how my favorite could have so cruelly chagrined you."

"Oh, Mademoiselle, he had devoured my hope, my happiness, a superb rose-tree about to blow, that I had been long watching, and intended to present—to—to—a person on New Year's day." Amelia smiled, blushed, extended her lovely hand towards me, and murmured "All is pardoned." "If it had eaten up a rose-tree about to blow," cried

out Madame de Belmont, "it deserved a thousand deaths. I would give twenty sheep for a rose-tree in blow." "I am much mistaken," said Amelia, with the sweetest naivete, "if this very rose-tree was not intended for you." "For me! you have lost your senses, child; I have not the honor of knowing the gentlemen." "But he knows your fondness for roses; I mentioned it one day before him, the only time I ever met him, at Madame de S's. Is it not true, sir, that my unfortunate favorite had eaten up my wother's rose-tree?" I acknowledged it, and related the course of education of my fifty rose-trees.

"Madame de Belmont laughed heartily and said she owed me a double obligation." "Mademoiselle Amelia has given me my recompense for the diamond," said I to her. "I claim yours also, madam." "Ask sir,—" "Permission to pay my respects sometimes to you!" "Granted," replied she, gaily. I kissed her hand respectfully, that of her daughter tenderly, and withdrew. But I returned the next day, and every day, I was received with a kindness that each visit increased; I was looked on as one of the family. It was I who now gave my arm to Madame de Belmont to conduct her to the evening parties, she presented me as her friend, and they were no longer dull to her daughter. New-Year's Day arrived. I had gone the evening before to a sheepfold in the vicinity to purchase a lamb similar to that I had killed. I collected from the different hot houses all the flowering rose trees I could find; the finest of them was for Madame de Belmont; and the roses of the others were wreathed in a garland round the fleecy neck of the lamb. In the evening I went to my neighbours, with my presents. "Robin and the rose-tree are restored to life," said I, in offering my homage, which was received with sensibility and gratefulness. "I also should like to give you a New-Year's gift," said Madame de Belmont to me, "if I but knew what you would best like." "What I best like; ah, if I only dared to tell you." "If it should chance now to be my daughter;" I fell at her feet, and so did Amelia. "Well," said the kind parent, "there then are your New-Year's gifts ready found; Amelia gives you her heart, and I give you her hand." She took the rose wreath from off the lamb, and twined it round our united hands. "And my Amelia," continued the old professor, as he finished his anecdote, passing an arm round his companion as she sat beside him, "my Amelia is still to my eyes as beautiful, and to my heart as dear, as on the day when our hands were bound together with a chain of flowers."

FROM THE TRENTON EMPORIUM.

THE TWIN FLOWERS.

"Will you buy my flowers?" said a neat looking little girl, addressing herself to a young lady in Chesnut street, and holding out at the same time a small basket containing some beautiful roses, "they are newly blown and fresh; buy a red rose for your hair Miss; here's one that will look delightful twined among those pretty locks." "Not a rose, my child," said the young lady, there are thorns among them; but I'll take this little flower, it looks so lively and sweet; oh it's a Forget-me-not!" "pardon me, Miss," replied the child, "that flower is engaged;" "to whom?" "to master Charles Leland;" "Charles Leland, indeed," said the lady; "well, but here's another, what a beautiful pair!" "they are Twin Flowers, they are both for that gentleman" said the little girl: "oh, a fig for him," said the young lady, but an arch smile played upon her cheek as she said it, and something sparkling in her beautiful dark eye that told a tale her lips refused to utter; while she ingeniously marked both the favorite flowers, and returned them to the basket; then choosing a little bunch of roses, she walked home, leaving the flower girl to visit the rest of her customers.

Love is impatient; and Harriet counted the tedious minutes as she sat at her window and listened for the well known rap. The clock struck nine, and yet Leland did not appear; she thought he had been neglectful of late; but then the flowers; he knew they were favorites of hers, and she thought to receive them from his hand, and to hear him say, Harriet, forget me not, would be a sweet atonement for many little offences past. But once the thought stole to her bosom; perhaps they are destined for another! She banished it with a sigh, and it hardly escaped her ere Charles Leland entered. She rose to receive him, and he gently took her hand; "Accept," said he, "my humble offering and forget me—;" Harriet interrupted him as he attempted to place a single flower in her bosom, "where is the other?" said she as she playfully put back his hand. A moment's silence ensued; Charles appeared embarrassed, and Harriet, recollecting herself, blushed deeply and turned it off: but the flower was not offered again, and Charles had only said *forget me!*

This could not have been all he intended to say, but mutual reserve rendered the remainder of the evening cold, formal and insipid; and when Leland took his leave, Harriet

felt more than ever dissatisfied. As it was not yet late in the evening, she resolved to dissipate the melancholy that this little interview, in spite of all her efforts to laugh at it, left on her mind, by spending a few minutes at a neighbour's, whose three daughters were her intimate companions.

The youngest of these ladies was a gay and interesting girl; and was the first to meet and welcome her young friend, but as she held out her hand, Harriet discovered a little flower in it; it was a "forget-me-not," she examined it; it was one of Leland's; the mark she had made upon it, when she took it from the basket of the flower girl, was there. This was, at the moment, an unfortunate discovery. She had heard that Charles frequently visited this family; and that he even paid attention to Jane; but she had never before believed it; and now she shuddered at the idea of admitting that for once, rumour told truth. "Where did you get this pretty flower, Jane," said she; "oh a beau to to be sure," said Jane, archly; "don't you see, *Forget-me-not*;" and as she took back the flower, "I should not like to tell you where I got it; I'll wear it in my bosom, though—come sing:

I'll dearly love this pretty flower,
For his own sake who bid me keep it,
I'll wear it in my bosom——"

"Hush Jane," said Harriet, interrupting her, "my head aches, and your singing distracts me." "Ah! it's your heart" said Jane "or you would not look so dull." "Well if it is my heart" said Harriet, as she turned to conceal her tears, "it does not become a friend to trifle with it." She intended to convey a double meaning in this reply, but it was not taken, and as soon as possible she returned home.

A sleepless night followed; Harriet felt that she was injured; and the more she thought upon it the more she felt. She had engaged her hand to Leland six months before; the time was approaching fast; and he acted thus! "If he wants to be freed from his engagement," said she to herself, "I will give him no trouble; she sat down and wrote, requesting him to discontinue his visits. She wept over it a flood of tears; but she was resolute until she had dispatched the note to his residence. Then she repented of it, and then again reasoned herself into a belief that she had acted right. She waited for the result; not without many anxious cherished hopes that he would call for an explanation. But she

only learned that the note was delivered into his hands; and about one month afterwards he sailed for England.

This was an end to the matter. Charles went into business in Liverpool, but never married; and Harriet remained single; devoting her life to the care of her aged mother, and ministering to the wants of the poor and distressed around her.

About 40 years after, Leland left Philadelphia. Harriet paid a visit to New-York, and dining in a large company one day, an old gentleman, who, it seemed was a bachelor, being called upon to defend the fraternity to which he belonged from the aspersions of some of the younger and more fortunate part of the company, told a story about Philadelphia, and a courtship and an engagement, which he alledged was broken off by his capricious mistress, for no other reason than his offering her a sweet new blown forget-me-not, six weeks before she was to have been made his wife. "But was there no other cause?" asked Harriet, who sat nearly opposite the stranger, and eyed him with intense curiosity; "none to my knowledge, as heaven is my witness." "Then what did you do with the other flower?" said Harriet. The stranger gazed in astonishment; it was Leland himself, and he recognized his Harriet though almost half a century had passed since they had met; and before they parted, the mischief made by the Twin Flowers was all explained away, and might have been 40 years before, had Charles said he had lost one of the forget-me-not's; or had Jane said she had found it. The old couple never married; but they corresponded constantly afterwards, and I always thought Harriet looked happier after this meeting than she ever had looked before.

Now, I ^{and} ~~say~~ ^{say} at the conclusion of my story, to my juvenile readers, never let an attachment be broken off; let an interview and a candid explanation speedily follow every misunderstanding. For the tenderest and most valuable affections when won, will be the easiest wounded, and believe me, there is much truth in Tom Moore's sentiment:—

"A something light as air—a look
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
The love that tempest never shook
A breath—a touch like this has shaken."

WOMAN.

FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

The good government of families leads to the comfort of communities, and the welfare of States. Of every domestic circle, woman is the centre. Home, that scene of purest, dearest joy, home is the empire of woman. There she plans, directs, performs; the acknowledged source of dignity and felicity. Where female virtue is most pure, female sense most improved, female deportment most correct, there is most propriety of social manners. The early years of childhood, those most precious years of life and opening reason, are confined to woman's superintendence. She therefore may be presumed to lay the foundation of all the virtue, and all the wisdom that enrich the world.

AVARICE OUTWITTED.

The case of John Eyre, who, though worth upwards of £30,000, was convicted at the Old Bailey, and sentenced to transportation, for stealing eleven quires of common writing paper, was rendered more memorable by the opportunity which it gave Junius to impeach the integrity of Lord Mansfield, who was supposed to have erred in admitting him to bail. An anecdote is related of Mr. Eyre, which shows the natural depravity of the human heart. An uncle, a gentleman of considerable property, made his will in favour of a clergyman, who was his intimate friend, and committed it to the custody of the divine. However, not long before his death, he made another will, in which he left the clergyman only £500, leaving the bulk of his property to his nephew and heir-at-law, Mr. Eyre. Soon after the old gentleman's death, Mr. Eyre rummaging his drawers, found this last will, and, perceiving the legacy of £500 for the clergyman, put into the fire, and took possession of the whole effects, in consequence of his uncle being supposed to have died intestate. The clergyman, coming to town soon after, and inquiring into the circumstances of his old friend's death, asked if he had made a will? On being answered in the negative, he very coolly put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out the former will, which had been committed to his care, and in which the testator had bequeathed him the whole of his fortune, amounting to several thousand pounds, excepting a legacy of £500 to his nephew.

THE DREAM IS O'ER—AND I AM FREE.

BY ALBERTO.

The dream is o'er, and I am free,—
The chain of Love's for ever fled,
The eye that shone is dim to me,
The cheek that burned is cold and dead.

I cannot weep as others do,
For tearful eyes will not impart
Relief to deep and cureless woe,
Or heal the wounded, breaking heart.

'Twas sweet to watch her dark blue eye,
When the tale of love 'twould speak;
'Twas sweet to catch each fragrant sigh
And press the roses on her cheek.

'Twas sweet to hold her to my heart;
But, O! 'twas more than earthly bliss
To see the tear of rapture start,
Whilst Love exhaled its melting kiss.

But ah! those days of joy are past,
O! never, never, more to be,
Too full of love and hope to last,
They flew like light, and I am free.

But such a freedom I'd resign,
And every earthly danger brave,
To know that Linda's love was mine;
And I again a smiling slave.

Alexandria Her.

WOMAN.

*The following lines, written extempore, are from the pen of
MOSES Y. SCOTT.*

There is a ray of love in woman's eye
That with its magic wins the soul it warms;
There is a smile of beauty on her lips
That soft-beguiling beckons to its banquet:
But there's a mild serenity of virtue
That in this sunny paradise prevails,
Hallows each charm, and awes profane approach.

THE
MASONIC MISCELLANY,

AND

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

FOR DECEMBER, 1822.

No. 6.

AN ADDRESS,

On the principles of Freemasonry, pronounced before the brethren of Allen Lodge No. 24 in the Presbyterian Church, at Glasgow, on the 24th day of June, A. L. 5822, being the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, by HENRY MILLER, M. D.

INFINITELY complex and diversified are the operations of the mind of man: consisting of various and dissimilar propensities, sentiments, intellectual and reflective powers.

Among the different faculties which are arranged under these classes, and the assemblage of which constitutes mind, the moral sense is the most important, whether we consider it in relation to the present or future happiness of its possessor. It is the prerogative of this sense to discriminate between good and evil; in the dark and rugged paths of our pilgrimage, to shed a shining refulgence to direct our steps; to reward our virtuous actions with the smiles of approbation, and to chastise our iniquity with the scourge of remorse. Considered as thus embracing an intuitive perception of virtue and vice, or the moral faculty and conscience, the moral sense is certainly the highest and noblest faculty of the soul; and well might St. John, practically term it "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

In the primitive condition of man, before he was tempted to partake of the fruit,

"————— whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,"

all the emotions, passions and faculties of the mind existed in a state of perfect equilibrium, and harmonious concert;

or, if its sincerity were ruffled, it was the swell of generous affection and filial devotion to the all-wise and beneficent *Architect* of Heaven and Earth. The will, the supreme executive of the mind, was excited and determined alone by the suggestions of the moral sense; man was pure and holy, and enjoyed the immediate presence and converse of his God. Alas! my friends, how melancholy is the contrast between our present situation and that of primordial innocence and rectitude! How seldom do we behold the fruits of the operation of a well regulated moral instinct, in man's intercourse with his fellowman! The history of his actions is the record of midnight murders, destructive wars, revolutions, treason, cruelty, ingratitude, perfidy, profanity, and impiety! The poison of sin has insinuated itself into the inmost fibres of the soul, and corrupted the fountain from whence flow its best dispositions! The moral sense, the rightful sovereign of the mind, is dethroned and volition subjected to the dominion of every vicious and malignant propensity! Whenever we cast our eyes into the abysses of darkness into which man's folly has hurled him, we cannot avoid crying,

"How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
Defac'd, deflower'd, and now to death devote?"

We may felicitate ourselves that the transgression of our progenitor, instead of impairing the energy and perception of his moral sense, did not produce its entire extinction. Perhaps we cannot picture to our minds an object, more miserable than a rational intelligent creature, totally devoid of a moral sense, of his obligations to himself, to society, and to his God! Persons arrived at this degree of moral degradation, may well cry with the penitent Satan,

"Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost,
Evil, be thou my good."

But, my friends, such is not the humiliating condition of man. His mind is still illuminated by the glimmering lights of enfeebled moral sense; and of all the divine and human institutions, devised for its entire resuscitation, Freemasonry, religion only excepted, claims the proud pre-eminence. Her province it is, by the most admirable precepts and appropriate and expressive emblems, to revive in the soul of the initiate the glow of boundless philanthropy and brotherly love, wipe the tear of affliction from the widow's eye, pour cordials into the venerated frame of the bereaved and starving orphan; cause the tear of gratitude and joy to bedew

the maiden's cheek, avert the storm of approaching danger from a brother's head, with Howard enter the dark and loathsome cells of the dungeon, unbind the shackles of its wretched inmate and cheer his sight with the blaze of the noon-tide sun, to inspire his breast with the patriotic fervour of our beloved Warren, Franklin, and Washington, to inculcate submission to the constitutional authorities of our country, and though always to deprecate the calamities of war, to sacrifice our lives on the shrine of its liberty, its honour, and its glory.

In the sanguinary field of battle, where horror, pale dismay and ghastly death are depicted in every countenance; on the tumultuous ocean,

“Where ships in battle bold unite;
Where gallant hearts to quarters haste,
Terrific frown, and frowning, fight.”

Oh! many a victim, bending beneath the conqueror's sword, has experienced the divine efficacy of the *mystic sign and word*, and found in his deadliest foe, a friend, a brother, to fold him in his arms, sympathize with his misfortunes, and administer to his necessities. It is not the least recommendation of Masonry that it is universal. Like the glorious orb of day, rising in *the East*, it has progressed to the *West by the South*, and the inhabitants of both hemispheres, civilized and savage, have had their minds enlightened, and their hearts rectified and expanded, “by that hieroglyphic bright, which none but craftsmen ever saw.” During the dark ages, the devastations of war, and the fluctuation of empires, Masonry was the repository of all the wisdom and learning of the preceding ages, and of the *great light* of Masonry; the inestimable gift of God to man, the shield and directory of his faith. The Lodge is still the peaceful asylum of the arts and sciences, of virtue and piety, of charity and benevolence, and on the *Mosaic pavement*, surrounded by the *indented tessel*, the Jew, Mahometan, and Christian may meet and embrace, a sacred band of friends and brothers, and divesting their minds of sectarian jealousies, by means of the *common gavel*, conducted by the rays of the *blazing star*, ascend the rounds of *Faith, Hope and Charity*, to the *mercy seat*, where between the cherubim in a cloud of glory the *Shekinah* forever dwells, forever reigns. Masonry impresses on our minds a belief of the being and existence of a Supreme Deity, without beginning of days or end of years. While it is only “so far interwoven with religion, as to

lay us under obligations to pay that rational homage to the Deity, which at once constitutes our duty and our happiness, it leads the contemplative to view with reverence and admiration the glorious works of creation, and inspires him with the most exalted ideas of the perfection of his divine Creator." If Freemasonry be thus noble and excellent; if it is "a moral order, instituted by virtuous men, with the praiseworthy design of recalling to our remembrance the most sublime truths, in the midst of the most innocent and social pleasures, founded on liberality, brotherly love, and charity;" surely we cannot be otherwise than zealous for its honour and prosperity. Our devotion to its interest should be increased, no less from a conviction of its being the twin-sister and coadjutor of religion, in the great work of reformation, than from the solemn and interesting circumstances, attending our initiation into its mysteries.

The mind of the candidate, entering the *ground floor* of the Masonic edifice, may be assimilated to that state of darkness and chaos, in which the materials of the universe existed, before the Almighty fiat gave them arrangement, order and harmony. In this state of doubtful suspense, apprehensions, and anticipations his prospects are brightened and his despondency dissipated by the reflection that his "*trust being in God, his faith is well founded,*" and he is convinced that a firm reliance on divine providence "will make darkness light before him, and crooked things straight."

When the Supreme Architect proclaimed "Let there be light," the irradiations, which emanated from his *rainbow royal diadem throne*, did not reflect the works of creation in more glowing brightness, than stream the rays from the *lesser lights*, which discover to the eye the *three great lights of Masonry*. And, my brethren, can the counsel and admonition then imparted to us, ever be effaced from our minds? or can we prove unworthy of the confidence reposed in us? Never, while we are gifted with a *silent tongue, a listening ear, and faithful heart*. While we have the *invaluable book of God to square our actions, and compass our passions*, is this not keener than a *pointed sword* in exciting us to the discharge of our every duty? While we are invested with the badge of a Mason, which is more honourable than all the titles, which any King, Prince or Potentate can confer, should we ever forget that it is an emblem of innocence? And should we not be reminded of that "purity of life and conduct, which is so essentially necessary to our gaining admission into the celestial Lodge above, where the Supreme

Architect of the Universe presides?" While *guttural, pectoral, manual* and *pedal*, shall be connected with solemn and lasting associations, we never can debase the dignity of our profession, by the minutest deviation from the cardinal virtues, temperance, fortitude, prudence and justice, so forcibly recommended to our notice, in the *North East corner*. With *freedom, fervency* and *zeal* let us prosecute our labour, remembering that the reward of our fidelity will be our incorporation into "that spiritual building, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The great object of Freemasonry is the promotion of human happiness and human enjoyment; which being the will and design of our Creator is the criterion by which we estimate the utility of every institution. In what does happiness consist? In the gratification of certain animal appetites, and the transitory pleasures of the senses? Assuredly not, for these, supplied in the greatest variety and profusion, may charm for a while, but cannot afford that substantial aliment, which alone can satisfy an active and immortal mind. The landscape with all its picturesque scenery, the luxury and grandeur of wealth, the representations of the Theatre, the sweet melody of music, and the busy pursuits of life, by repetition cease to be novelties, and like the illusory phantoms of a dream, vanish before reflection's intellectual sun. Does happiness consist in the pomp and splendour of imperial glory, or in the proud pursuits of ambition? Unless all the sensibilities of the heart are paralyzed, the cries of orphans, the tears of widows, and the scenes of desolation and bloodshed, which are its consequences, must embitter all the enjoyments of its votaries, and give them to see and to feel the enormity of their crimes. What real satisfaction, I ask you, was experienced in the proud conquests of Cesar; the brilliant victories of Alexander, and the ravaging and bloody marches of Bonaparte? Their ears were saluted with the noisy acclamations of an adulating multitude, while with the benevolent and wise, they laboured to deserve the enviable epithet of butchers of the human race!! Hear the impartial decision of posterity. "Alexander, upon his imperial throne, with a restless and ambitious mind, is in a worse condition than Diogenes in his tub." Does happiness consist in an exemption from pain, suspense or molestation, or in the possession of wealth and competency? These are the habitations where we are most inclined to suspect the goddess dwells; but when we approach the imaginary residence, she takes wings and eludes our search, and the shad-

ow occasioned by her flight, but serves to cast a darker gloom over the objects which surround us.

Disappointed and bewildered in our enquiries, let us resign our fortunes to the benign genius of Masonry, as the heavenly pilot, who can safely waft us over this tempestuous sea of troubles, and moor us in a peaceful harbour, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary shall find rest. Oh! then celestial guide, impart to us thy salutary instruction, and teach us that the only sources of real and permanent delight are the exercise of the social affections, and a well founded hope of a more refined and immortal existence, "in fairer worlds on high."

In the breast of every man, there is implanted by the author of his existence, a fondness for society and the pleasure, derived from an interchange of ideas, which is the source of friendship, wisdom and delight. In the first ages of the world, while men, from the facility of tracing their lineage to their common progenitor, could feelingly realize their consanguinity, all were but parts of one great whole, all were unitized by the pervasive soul of friendship. But the lapse of time, diversity of interests, laws, religion, manners and customs, together with the metamorphoses effected by climate and other circumstances, have almost annihilated our consciousness of kindred affinity. Masonry presents herself as the intermedium to unite insulted individuals and nations, who, as created by one Almighty Parent, and inhabitants of the same planet, are to aid, support, and protect each other. How like a paradise would be this world, did we all live under the benign influence of a principle so noble, so heavenly, so unboundedly benevolent! All animosities, all jealousies, all local and selfish considerations would then be lost in the endearing sentiment of friendship.

"Oh! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit of a friend,"

to whom we can safely disclose our most secret thoughts, and into whose bosom we can pour our afflictions, and receive the invigorating wine of sympathy, of counsel and relief.

"Poor" indeed "is the friendless master of a world;
A world in purchase for a friend is gain."

Nor is this all. Masonry, elevating our views superior to the grovelling scenes and bounded horizon of this world, bids us live and die, in expectation of pure and ineffable

bliss, beyond this vale of tears. Scorning all the self-consoling arguments of the atheist, and the chimerical surmises of the sceptic, in favour of an annihilation of soul and body, she bids her disciples, by the rounds of Faith, Hope and Charity; mount to the *cloudy canopy* or *starry decked Heaven*, restored to life, to joy, to sweetest reminiscence, to tenderest reunion, to grateful adoration, to intelligence never ending.

Since, if worldly wisdom has never been able to adduce conclusive arguments, drawn from reason and observation, in support of the immateriality and immortality of soul, the most learned and subtle Atheists have failed to *disprove* it, Faith directs us to repose implicit confidence in the promise of Divine Revelation, as that promise is not incompatible with reason, or more than infinite wisdom and omnipotence can execute. Then finite and impotent as we are, let us adopt the language of the Psalmist, and say, "For this God is our God forever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death," and again, "But I am like a green olive tree in the house of God; I trust in the mercy of God forever and ever."

Hope is the joyful companion of faith. When faith's mirror is tarnished and reflects the evidences of invisible realities with indistinctness, hope lends her assistance, dispels the mists of darkness, and cheers us with the most invigorating visions. Withdraw the sunshine of hope from the mind, and futurity has nothing in it attractive, but all is dim obscurity, trembling apprehension, despair!

"Cease every joy to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—Oh! leave the light of hope behind!
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm, when pleasures lose the power to please."

Charity recommends liberal benevolence and diffusive usefulness. It teaches us to look with lenity on the faults, frailties and imperfections of our fellow creatures, to compassionate the miseries of the unhappy and afflicted, and to extend the hand of *relief* to the indigent and suffering. Hence it is deservedly esteemed the summit and capstone of all the other virtues, in the sacred volume of inspiration, where it said, "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness *charity*." What can be more beautiful than the description we

have of this virtue, in our book of constitutions, where we are told, "that our faith may be lost in sight; hope ends in fruition; but charity extends beyond the grave to the boundless realms of eternity!"

All attempts to fix the precise epoch of the origin of freemasonry have hitherto proved abortive, and researches, the most learned and recondite, have terminated in the twilight haze of conjecture and unauthenticated assertions. But if we may rely on the evidence furnished by sacred and profane history, our order must have subsisted from the remotest periods of antiquity, even in the very childhood of time.

Notwithstanding, it must be confessed that many of the circumstances on which the *ancient degrees* of masonry, as now conferred in our Lodges and Chapters, are founded, transpired at the erection, destruction and rebuilding of that splendid, sumptuous and magnificent model of architecture, the Jewish Temple at Jerusalem. And there can be no doubt that our grand master, *Hiram Abiff*, who was the most celebrated and accomplished artist of his, or any age, was under the immediate direction and inspiration of Heaven, as God himself declares, in Exod. xxxi. iii. concerning Bezaleel and Aholiab, who superintended the erection of the tabernacle of Moses. They were "filled with the spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship."

When we reflect that notwithstanding the opposition of ignorance, the calumny of prejudice, the persecution of bigotry, the formidable bulls of Popes, and the illiberal insinuations of ecclesiastical Synods, Masonry has not only maintained its primitive respectability, but made rapid accessions in every part of the globe, we are constrained to acknowledge its Divine origin, and that that God, who inspired the great institution, has continually been its guardian and protector. Hence, like the Eleusinian mysteries, instituted by Ceres, while in pursuit of her daughter, Proserpine, masonry was not abolished by Theodosius the great. The rites and ceremonies, practiced in the temple of Eleusis, the principles of probity, civility, charity and humanity inculcated there, which Pausanias was forbid by a vision of divulge, were no doubt intended to improve the understanding and ameliorate the affections, but being established and supported by human imbecility and participated wisdom, they inherited human imbecility and participated in human ephemerality!

The temple of Masonry, whose foundation is charity and

benevolence, whose pillars are wisdom, strength and beauty, whose furniture is the Holy Bible, square and compass, whose ornaments are virtue and piety, whose cement is brotherly love and affection, and whose arch is the arch of heaven, has bid proud defiance to the rude buffetings of the storm, and will survive the "war of elements and the wreck of worlds." Are such the principles, tendency, origin and prospect of masonry? Then, hail! all hail!

"Hail! mystic art! ineffable! sublime!
 The bond of *Charity* mid every clime!
 Whose silken cord, in love fraternal binds,
 Ten thousand, thousand, varying forms and minds;
 I bid thee, hail! blest magic power! 'tis thine,
 Thou sun of *life* and *light* and *peace*, divine,
 One tide of bliss, far round a world to roll,
 And human nature breathes one kin red soul;
 A soul that feels for joy; that melts at human woe,
 And burns with kind *Philanthropy's* celestial glow."

FOR THE MASONIC MISCELLANY.

THE ANTIQUITY OF ROYAL FRIENDSHIP.

In the *Masonic Miscellany*, for May last, I gave you a short essay on Friendship, with a promise of treating more particularly, on the benefits of the Royal Friendship Society in a future number. If you think the following worthy to meet the public eye, you are at liberty to give it a place in the *Miscellany*.

Yours, &c.

S * W *

Friendship is the product of wisdom; and the *fruit* thereof is "better than gold, yea than fine gold;" and her revenue than choice silver. Riches and honor are with her; yea durable righteousness. And may all the sons of Friendship say unto Wisdom, "thou art my sister." Happy is the man that findeth her.

Hail! Wisdom and Friendship divine!

The hope and glory of ages shine.

The opinions of eminent and pious men may differ with respect to the origin of Royal Friendship. Still it is the opinion of the Royal Society, that every candid reader will be fully satisfied when he has perused this subject: respecting the *antiquity*, utility and scripturality and of Royal Friendship. It is evident that men in an early age of the world, found them in need of knowledge to inform them,

laws to direct them. property to support them, medicine to heal them, and clothing to render them comfortable. They, in this situation, were inclined to unite together, in order that the wisdom, good will, industry and skill of the whole, might support the wants of all. Therefore it is reasonable to conclude, that in order to enjoy the blessing proposed, it was necessary that some maxims and rules of decorum should be observed, and inviolably obeyed: therefore it was necessary that all the members of society, in order to enjoy friendship, should consider themselves naturally on a level, "for God of one blood made all nations," that by this idea, they might be induced mutually to strive for the honor, interest and felicity of each other. And the scripture gives incontestible evidence, that in ancient days, good and wise men united in very friendly and intimate societies, and frequently obligated themselves to each other in a confidential manner; and God blessed their efforts for each other's welfare. And wise men have frequently attempted to exemplify the covenant and conduct of David, the son of Jesse, and Jonathan, the son of Saul, and we have cause to say they have not laboured in vain. And when the happy eventful period arrived, and the principles of true Royal Friendship began to revive and spread her balmy wings abroad, a number of worthy citizens assembled in one of the eastern states for the purpose of proposing some methodical system for the extension of the reviving spirit of Royal Friendship. Proposals were made that met the approbation of the assemblage, a friendship society was formed, and the product was beneficial to the members thereof. There have been friendship societies formed in different states: but the societies being at first formed on so small a scale that the fruit, though good, was not copious enough to answer the expanding views of a number of the members of the Union, who were citizens of different states, having their minds touched with a sense of the value of union and friendship, and having exalted views of the blessings that might arise from the extension of Friendship Societies throughout the United States. Deducing from the privileges they had enjoyed by having a number of worthy, special, confidential friends residing in different states and places—finding, that without injury to themselves or others, they, their confidential friends much aid could afford; they also found that christian friendship and fellowship afforded a joy that in its measure was complete, while they their fraternal bonds

did not forget. And they did so highly prize friendship's blessings, that they agreed, in a lawful manner, to strive to have friendship progressing; under the conviction that, should they build upon the scriptures, Friendship, like the morning sun, would not set at noon. After mature deliberation on the important subject of the extension of Royal Friendship, the friendly conference, feeling deeply impressed with the importance and necessity of just and friendly principles, inculcated and extensively spread for the good of the community; and believing the day in which we live calls for friendship and fidelity: (for vice and immorality are taking large strides,) and there are many taking, and striving to take the advantage of worthy citizens; and who can describe the benefits of being deeply interested in the friendship and favors of the best of men throughout the United States, and among other nations who have our welfare at heart, and have cheerfully engaged to perform for us and our's the duty that Christ our King had enjoined in the following words, "As ye would that men should do to you; do ye the same to them," which is one of the chief stones in this building; for Royal Friends are like the friends of David, who were ready to deliver him from the hand of Saul; or from the hand of any other wicked stranger. For the satisfaction of every inquiring mind, I will delineate this part of the subject by question and answer, which will satisfy the reader with the evidence of a friendly combination when established on principles of justice and good will, being scriptural, and of utility to the community, and beneficial to *worthy confidential friends*.

Question. If a man trusts in God, what is the necessity of his having special *confidential friends*?

Answer. David the son of Jesse, gave incontestible evidence that he was the servant of the most high God, still he found it necessary for his own safety, to make a covenant with Jonathan the son of Saul,* which proves that men of faith knew that God works by means, and that they did not expect that any blessing whatever would be conferred upon them, if they neglected the means that God hath prescribed for the securing of it; and David, the favorite of God, and the delight of his friends, and acquaintances, and the instrument that delivered Israel from the hand of the Philistines, slew Goliath of Gath, and gave evidence that his God was the God

*1. Samuel 18 chap. 3 v. 20 chap. 16 and 17 v.

of Israel. and the never failing friend of the faithful. Still we find, by reading from the 17th to the 21st chapter of the first book of Samuel, that David needed a friend that could do him good, when his brothers, the sons of Jesse, could afford him no help, (although he was a valiant man and worthy to be a king;) here then he took Jonathan the son of Saul, for his friend, and found him "*a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.*"† Still read the astonishing account the Scriptures present us with, of the malice of Saul towards David, the only instrument of Saul's deliverance from the Philistines, when they proudly bid defiance to the armies of the God of Israel. Did not David do all that was in his power for the advancement of Saul's glory? And was he not entitled to the greatest favors that were in Saul's power to bestow? but instead of conferring on him the favours that were his due, Saul sought an opportunity to take his life. And we have reason to conclude, that men are as vile now as in the days of Saul; and as much inclined to take the property and lives of their fellows, now as then. Here we have the evidence that the covenant made by David and Jonathan was beneficial to them and their families.

Q. Were their families included in and benefitted by the covenant made by David and Jonathan?

A. Their families were included in, and benefitted by the covenant made by them. "So Jonathan made a covenant with the house of David;" "And thou shalt not only, while yet I live, show me the kindness of the Lord, that I die not; but also thou shalt not cut off thy kindness from my house forever: &c."‡ And after Jonathan's death king David enquired if there were any of his family yet alive; and when he was informed that there was one of Jonathan's sons living at Lodebar, he sent for him and gave him the lands that formerly belonged to Saul. And the son of Jonathan living a cripple, the king supported him at his own table, with the king's sons.§

Q. Was the covenant of David and Jonathan confirmed by oath?

A. Their covenant was confirmed by oath twice. "Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as he loved his own soul. And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him and gave it to David, and his garments even to his sword and to his bow and to his girdle.¶" "And Jonathan caused David to swear a

† Proverbs 18 chap. 24. v.

‡ 1 Samuel 20 chap. 14 and 15 v.

§ 2 Samuel 9 chapter

¶ 1 Samuel 18 chap. 3 and 4 v.

gain, because he loved him, for he loved him as he loved his own soul. And Jonathan said to David, Go in peace, for as much as we have sworn, both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed forever."

Q. Had those worthy friends any secrecy, or mode of communication, unfriendly men were strangers to?

A. They had, "Only Jonathan and David knew the matter."|| And it was necessary that they should have and maintain secrecy in a confidential manner; for Jonathan who was a worthy man and David's Royal Friend, was the son of Saul, David's inveterate enemy, therefore secrecy was necessary for their safety. Jonathan and David were not striving to kill nor to take the advantage of Saul. But Saul was striving to kill and devour.

While Jonathan, David's worthy Royal Friend,
Us'd craft the life of David to defend.

Q. While I acknowledge the conduct of *Ancient Royal Friends* to be laudable and praise-worthy—

I ask, if a *Modern Royal Friend*,
Will not use craft the unworthy to defend?

A. Modern Royal Friends build upon the Scriptures and Gospel of Christ, who is the Chief Corner Stone, and are under obligation to exemplify *ancient worthy* Royal Friends, one of whom was King Solomon; and when it was told him that "Adonijah hath caught hold of the horns of the altar, saying, Let King Solomon swear unto me to-day, that he will not slay his servant with the sword, Solomon said, if he will shew himself a worthy man, there shall not an hair of him fall to the earth, but if wickedness shall be found in him, he shall die. So King Solomon sent and brought him down from the altar. And he came and bowed himself to king Solomon, and Solomon said unto him, Go to thine house."†|| And every Royal friend doth find it his duty to say, Go in peace, to every worthy man. But the vicious, intemperate, dishonest and profane, he cannot take by the hand and own them for Royal Friends.

Q. What is the necessity of Modern Royal Friends having and maintaining secrecy?

A. It is necessary that Royal Friends should have it in their power to prove themselves such in a strange land, that

|| Samuel 20 chap. 39 v.

†|| Kings 1. chap. 51, 52, and 53, v.

they may share in all the favours that are due to a *worthy friend*. If it were not so, a knave, in a strange land, might declare himself a Royal Friend, when knavery might be his chief aim.

Q. What authority is there for Christians of different persuasions, and men who do not profess christianity, to become members of the Royal Friendship Society?

A. 1st. Christians of every name and nation are one, through the blood of God's dear Son. 2d. The Scriptures inform that "the earth helped the woman," which undoubtedly means that unconverted men and Frances helped the church of Christ. 3d. "Christians are commanded to do good to all men, and follow peace with all men." Therefore Christians will be warranted in doing good to, and following peace with all *worthy royal friends*; and they that are unwilling to do good to a sinner, exalt themselves above Christ; and we have reason to fear they are hypocrites. "*And if a man hath (or would have) friends, he must shew himself friendly.*" And Christ taught his disciples to make to themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail, said he, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.

When the foregoing were duly considered by those who had been long wishing and striving for the extension of Royal Friendship, one of the society, finding that his labors for its advancement met the approbation of the friendly conference, was induced to develop his mind, fully, on the subject of methodically establishing a Friendship Society, that hereafter and forever while friends on earth remain, should be known by the name of the "*The Royal Friendship Society of the United States of America;*" considering Royal Friendship to be embraced in the following commandment, viz. "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them," And when the conference was presented with the methodical plan of organization, they were inclined to believe they could unite in bonds more fraternal; they then cautiously communicated their ideas to each other on the subject of intimate friendship and they soon found that their views were similar, relative to the improvement of their social powers, and readily embraced each other in the arms of friendship, and formed rules of equity, and bound themselves sacredly to observe them for their own safety, the good of the community, the prosperity of all *worthy Royal Friends, their widows and orphans*. And in order to accomplish those important purposes men must study, they must embellish their minds with science, they must retire from the busy throng, they

must labor and strive to accomplish the best and finest work, predicated on principles of piety, good will and honor, and established upon an imperishable foundation; and remember that there was a pattern given to Noah for the building of an ark for the safety of himself and friends. And when Moses erected the Sanctuary beautiful was its form. And when Solomon built the Temple he employed wise men, that the beauty of the Temple all other buildings might out-shine. The Society of Royal Friends are about erecting a fabric, the four main pillars of which are

Love to God, Good will to men,
The widow's brother, the orphan's friend;

Therefore my friends be diligent, prudent, temperate and discreet; and remember the laudable and delightful obligation you cheerfully took upon yourselves when you were made Royal Friends. Watch over your friends for their good; admonish, if necessary; advise them for their good, and strive to save them from all harm, that your friend and others may know that you have not laboured in vain, but are true Royal Friends. Finally, be ye all of one mind, live in peace, and may the God of love and peace delight to dwell with and bless you, for when Friendship with good men is found, it blesses like the dews of heaven;

Like heaven it hears the orphan's cry,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.



MASONRY.

The Bible is the *soul* of Masonry; Masonry, therefore, is a good system. The reading of this good book accompanies all our performances. To facts, which it reveals, and duties which it urges, all our rites and ceremonies refer. The lamb-skin, guage and gavel; the level and the plumb line; the square and compasses; the mallet, the chisel and the trowel, with many other Masonic instruments, "of which we cannot now speak plainly," have important moral uses. They are mementoes of facts, which the Bible records. They are checks against sins, which it forbids. They are Monitors to excite us to duties, which it inculcates.

In addition to this it may not be improper to remark, that every Mason has as solemnly engaged to *take the word of God for the rule and guide of his life*, as the Christian has to take it for his "rule of faith and practice." His not living accor-

ding to it, is the same evidence of his departure from Masonry, as the Christian's not living according to it, is of his departure from Christianity. The case of both is a grief to humanity, but is no evidence against the institutions they respectively dishonour.*

Many have objected to our order because of its secrecy. But this objection I consider unreasonable. There are many reasons, as every brother knows, in favor of its importance. Two of these may be noticed without a violation to the rules of the fraternity.

Is Masonry a charitable institution? and do those, who in days of prosperity contribute to its funds, have a right to support from them in a time of adversity? It will appear evident to every reflecting mind, that it is necessary there should be secrets, by which a brother may know a brother from an imposter. Otherwise vagrants would be supported, while contributors themselves were left to suffer. A secret is the only safeguard which can be devised to remedy this evil.

Is Masonry calculated for fitting men for usefulness? Men, in whom you can place no confidence, are not fit for any public station. A Senator of this class would render the calculations, intended by a session in closed doors, abortive and be a means of injury to the nation. A general of this class would divulge every plan of concert so early as to prevent its success. Masonry habituates a man to the exercise of confidence, and is happily calculated to prepare men to keep secrets in business, where secrecy is required.

The exclusion of females from the institution has often been condemned. But the reflecting will not consider it improper. By their exclusion our lodges are preserved from an accusation, which, had they been admitted, would unquestionably have been levelled against them. Nor are the fairer part of creation injured by this or any other regulation of the fraternity. Masonry is a friend to their virtue. Such are its barriers for their defence, that if virtuous females only knew them, they would consider a relation to a Mason a privilege indeed. Nay more; they would ardently desire that Masonry might speedily become so universal, as to include every depraved son of Adam.

CLERICUS.

* Those, who have written against Masonry, have confounded illumined with Masons, in this they have imitated infidel writers who, led away by the sound of words, have confounded the Brahmins of Hindostan with the Protestant clergy. As a minister of the Gospel, I protest against the conduct of the latter. As a mason I protest against the former. The conduct of both I consider equally ungenerous.

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

HISTORY OF A MODERN ATTORNEY.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER VII.

“In nova fert animus”

I will, for a season, lay aside my narrative, whilst I offer, by way of episode, a few anecdotes picked up during my pilgrimages on the circuit. But before I begin with these scraps, allow me first to record an *extraordinary* incident in my own history; a great epoch in my struggles.

For three long years I had contrived to wear one and the selfsame *coat*. It had been the companion of my good and my bad fortune, and had served me, as its numerous scars could testify, most faithfully. Truth, however, compels me to declare, (and whilst I record it, the blush of shame mantles on my cheek,) that for the last twelve months I had felt a strong desire to shake off this old and adhering friend; yet I was still unwilling to part with him until I could acquire a new one. About this exchange I was most “seriously inclined.” My pillow could testify how many sleepless nights this interesting subject cost me. I racked my brain for an expedient, and my cogitations resulted in this; that this new friend could be acquired only with *money*; the *modern* mode of obtaining friends. Destitute of cash, the *elixir vitæ*, I was compelled, *ex necessitate rei*, to shield my nakedness under cover of the old one. For a long period hitherto, little breaches would daily occur in the sleeves and back, which, with great skill and dexterity were repaired. At length the gashes and rents assumed such forms as defaced the powers of the most experienced *Snip*. With dismay I discovered that all further attempts at arresting the progress of old age were fruitless, for the “lamp of life” was about to expire. Still I was determined not to “give up the ship” whilst there was a rag standing. I laboured most assiduously to baffle old Time in his depredations on my *coat*, and I say it with the triumph of a victor, that I did not yield until I gained the terms, which at the outset I demanded—a new

coat. A prosperous session placed in my hands, that which will not only buy coats but consciences, and with speed I decked myself with a new suit from head to foot. But charge me not, gentle reader, with the sin of ingratitude; my old friend was not entirely discarded. In a snug drawer he lies, and may yet serve to clothe, by some dexterous moulding, some one of my numerous urchins. A lawyer out at the elbows has but little consequence in society. A well dressed person with an empty head, draws more clients than would Coke himself if clothed in tatters.

I now turn to an incident by way of illustrating the *ruling passions* in man.

Returning from a certain court in company, as we lawyers would say, with A and B, we encountered a rivulet made high by torrents of rain which had fallen the night before. It was proposed that I should first enter the ford, and try the powers of my horse. I did so; but believing that "discretion is the better part of valour," I retraced my steps and returned to the bank from whence I started. Next A, who rode a horse of "mighty bone and bold enterprise" essayed to cross the torrent; but the animal recoiled almost at the outset, and no persuasion of the spur could induce him to proceed. B next advanced. He is a man of whom the world says *money* is the ruling passion. Be it so; and yet though he seeks it with avidity, it is but rendering an act of justice to say, that no man disburses it more freely in the cause of benevolence and charity. The writer of this, "when the world knew him not," was touched with a helping hand by B, and that too at a time when the wretchedness of his fortune could hold out no motives of gain. But to proceed with my tale. B next advanced; it was truly

"Upon a raw and gusty day,"

And

"The troubled river chafed with her shores,"

When the aforesaid B, with an intrepidity, nay I might truly say with a rashness equalled only by

"Macedonia's madmen or the Swede,"

Plunged into the "angry flood." He had made but little progress when a billow washed him off his horse and launched him into the current

"Accoutred as he was."

It was an awful scene:

“The torrent roared, but he did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with heart of controversy.”

In this critical moment, when it might be said he was “wrestling for his life,” he espied his saddlebags floating down the stream well lined with

“Plutus’ much loved store,”

Videlicet—with *Bank Notes*; and then was seen the “ruling passion strong in death.” His personal safety was instantly forgotten, and the bags became the prize. It seemed with him

“All for cash and his life well lost.”

He pushed toward them *velis et remis*, grasped them and made for a point of safety. Bepumbed with cold, exhausted with fatigue, almost ready to sink to rise no more, he still poised his prize on his shoulders clinging to them as one would to life itself. But

“E’er he could reach the point proposed”

He had to cling for “safety and for succour,” to a projecting branch of a tree, which pointed some twelve or fifteen feet into the stream. Here he paused; and the excitement which had heretofore given him such strength and courage, passing away, he cried

Help me, Cassius, or I sink,”

In an attitude so persuasive and in tones so touching, that a countryman who stood on the beach, moved by his supplications and his perils, rushed heedless of his own safety to his relief, and as

“*Eneas* _____
Who from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulders,
The old Anchises bore, so from the waves of—
Did he the tired B.”

I omitted to mention in its proper place, that whilst he was clinging to the tree, his body dashing about at the mercy of the waves; when hope no more “waved her golden hair and smiled,” when he believed death had come, the *ruling passion* was still apparent at this awful juncture, with a voice which bespoke resignation to his fate, calm, slow and feeble, he exclaimed, “*save the saddlebags, there is much money in them.*”

We received it as his last dying speech, as his *noncupative will*.

“He had an ague on him” when he reached the opposite shore and we

“————marking
How he did shake”

And how

“His lips did from their colour fly,”

And his eye how it did “lose its lustre,” bade his good deliverer

“————Give him some drink.”

Which being done, and dry clothed, our friend recovered his wonted spirits. A and myself, being

“————masters of fate,”

Prudently determined not to

“Tempt the stormy firth”

And sought quarters on our side of the “angry flood.”

CHAPTER VIII.

I continue the recital of my “tales of the circuit;” in the next I will resume the “story of my life.”

The next instance which I shall notice is as remarkable for its novelty, as for the manifestation which it displayed of man’s ingratitude. It was the *death of a bank*.

Until within the last three years, the western banks exercised a sort of influence over the minds and actions of men, amounting to a perfect despotism. Still I cannot say they withheld justice from their subjects, or administered it untempered with mercy. I believe the most severe charge which can be brought against them is, that they bestowed favours with a hand too lavish; and that the medicine which they administered was given in such quantities, that it operated rather as a poison. They cannot be charged *animus furandi*, and if the result was injurious, the motive was good.

In time the debtors of the banks became excessively embarrassed, and the safety and well being of the banks required, that the funds which they had loaned should be drawn in from those who had borrowed. The debtors refused to make restitution, the banks resorted to coercive measures,

and the people revolted, forgot past favours and defied their rulers. The banks were overthrown in this civil war, and lost their honor and credit. One of those hapless monarchs, the bank of ***** incurred the displeasure of the legislature. It was placed beyond the pale of protection; a special law was passed allowing a summary mode of procedure in the courts against it—thus declaring it “a wolf.” This law was less bloody than the laws of Diaoo, yet it savoured the banks as

“The contrivers of all harm.”

And the representatives of the people echoed back the people’s will,

“Vox populi vox Dei.”

To the demands which were daily made on this selected victim, the bank of —— it could only say *volo non valeo*, and as this was an answer which suited not the holders of its notes, suits to an immense amount were speedily commenced, and rigorously prosecuted, after the annihilating “manner and form” pointed out by the legislature. Judgments were obtained, sacrifices made, and the bank ruined. In those contests in the courts, had the debtors of the bank, they for whom it had freely poured forth its treasure, they for whose defalcations it was about to be crucified, stepped forward as they were in “duty bound” to do, and lent their aid, the operation of the law could have been evaded. But instead of staying the impending danger, which hung like threatening clouds ready to pour down its wrath, instead of nobly sharing in its ruin, as it had in its prosperity, they turned ingrates and helped to wield the lash which scourged it. They informed the executioners where lay the tenderest point, and where to sling the dart. The dart was thrown and the vital part was reached!

“Mortuo leoni et lepares insultant.”

Thus the bank “fell from its high estate” pierced by the very arrows which should have been drawn in its defence.

“Deserted in its utmost need,
By those its former bounty fed
——expired it lies
Without one friend to close its eyes.”

But yesterday, the credit of this bank might

“Have stood against the world; now lies it there,
And none so poor to do it reverence.”

Such, reader, is man's ingratitude, let it serve too as a striking example of the instability of all sublunary things!

By way of diverting your mind, courteous reader, from the gloomy reflections which I doubt not the foregoing anecdote will excite, I will give you another of less *sombre* cast.

The *Irish* have been long famous for *Bulls*, but it is too often the case that we attribute every "*lapsus lingue*" to that nation, no matter in what country it occurs, to what nation it belongs. The incident which I am now about to relate, is not a *manufactured* bull. I give it on the *ipse dixit* of the hero himself.

A young Hibernian, then but recently from the snakeless land, and in the service of a merchant in ———— was directed by his employer to go to the house of a gentleman some ten miles in the country, on business connected with the store. He started, journeyed some miles and enquired the way of a countryman whom he met, who told him to proceed, about a mile further, when he would come to a *new cut* road, to take that and *follow the blazes*. In the western country, when a new road is made, it is the custom to chip off the bark from each tree on the margin of the road about the size of your hand, so as to display the inner part of the bark, which being of a bright color and the outside of a dark cast, the *scalping* presents the appearance of a blaze, which name is given to those marks. These blazes serve as beacons to guide the traveller. Our Hibernian jogged on, came to the new road and took it. It was in that season of the year when our farmers usually burn the woods. The woods were then on fire; and our traveller soon espied a *blaze of fire*, some distance on his right. Believing that to be one of the *blazes* he was directed to follow, he made for it and gained, and when arrived, discerning about a mile off in *another direction*, a second blaze, he pursued that, believing he was faithfully following the directions of the countryman. When he had reached the second blaze, he discerned "a far off" a third blaze towards which he bent his course, and in due time reached it. In short the woods were all on fire; he saw so many beacons, and in so many directions, that he was perplexed in selecting which he was to be directed by. He continued until night, following these *igni fatui*, and in the course of the day had boxed every point of the compass. Sometimes himself and horse were almost *enswamped* in mud; sometimes so enveloped in smoke that breathing was painful. In short

"He staid not for brake and he staid not for stone,
He cross'd the deep rivers where fords there were none."

And still the *blazes* led him not to the sought for house. He had passed through a poor, barren country, uninhabited and passed not a single plantation. Night coming on, he and his horse overcome with fatigue, he paused to meditate. The night was dark, yet the red glare of the *blazes* issuing from a thousand fires lighted up the whole welkin. To conclude, the infinity of *blazes* which surrounded him so perplexed him as to what course to pursue, that utterly confounded he sank down in despair.

"The cold earth his bed,
The *smoke* his drink
His *food*——

That only which his hungered fancy pictured in his dreams. He slept until the morning's dawn; his slumbers being occasionally interrupted by the invasions of the fires, which encroached upon his domain. Just as he was about to mount his horse to resume his journey, "a good angel," in the shape of a hunter of the woods accosted him, and conducted him to the place of his destination.

(*To be continued.*)

—*—
FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE RELATIVE ADVANTAGES OF BEAUTY AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

These are the qualities which, in civilized countries, lift women from the subordinate ranks of life, to share the splendour of their lovers, give them an ideal empire over the feelings and opinions of the multitude, to exalt the triumphs and enjoyments of their youth, and in proportion as their tempers incline towards thankfulness or repining, soothe or aggravate the decline of years, which, when once "the purple light of love" has ceased to gleam, rapidly bring on that period, when no woman can fascinate and no man will flatter.

The old age of beauty, has been to many moralists a theme of pity; and much argument has been expended, to prove to woman, that beauty is a frail and frivolous advantage, that the mind should be the object of self estimation, and that the homage attracted by mere personal charms, is neither to be sought, prized, nor regretted by a sensible woman.

All this the fair aspirant for admiration readily admits to be very just and very true, as a general position; but when she looks abroad into the world, she must inevitably see how little what is termed good sense, that is the perception of what is reasonable and just has to do with the regulation of the feelings and affections; and feelings and affections make up all the happiness or misery of woman.

Men who will talk and act very sensibly on commerce, art, or political economy, when they unbend in female society, (by the way, if they have led secluded lives, they often mistake the mark, and stoop too low to meet the level of female apprehension,) are generally duped by such petty contrivances of female vanity and cunning, as are grossly apparent to women of a lofty mind. Nonsense, and even ill-natured nonsense, when uttered by rosy lips, while a graceful turned head adorned with glossy ringlets inclines in real or affected bashfulness, will generally draw away the attentive ear from good sense, spoken by a lady little gifted with charms of persons or manner. A candid judge of human nature would not, therefore, pronounce a girl to be quite a fool, were she to exclaim "I do not want to be sensible, I want to be happy."

Now happiness is almost always a reflected quality. Women, especially, are happy, in proportion to the interest they excite in others; therefore, since all persons have eyes and hearts for beauty, and very few possess a delicate perception of the graces of a highly cultivated mind, or know how to appreciate excellence in the various branches of that elaborate system of modern female education, which tends to make a lady a walking, and last not often a talking Encyclopædia, we earnestly recommend to our fair friends, assiduously to try to be as handsome as they can.

Let not, however, those female readers, who honor our pages with their perusal, imagine that we address ourselves with any exclusive recommendation to fine forms, clear complexions, or even to the first bloom of youth, and condemn to despair the short, the brown, the clumsy, or even the mature in years: when we commend beauty, we speak not as artists, of delicate colouring and accurate proportion; we mean to imply the quality of being pleasing in the eyes of men; a primitive and homely phrase, which, perhaps, comprises much of the destiny and desire of women. To beauty of the highest order, when thus considered, benevolence and tenderness of heart are indispensable: a cold abstracted look when a tale of sorrow is related, or a dull un-

observance when a generous sentiment is uttered, will do worse than "point the nose, or thin the lip." The affectation of sympathy is many degrees worse; and with Benedict, the keen observer will declare, "were she otherwise, she were unhandsome; as she is, I like her not."

A general though superficial acquaintance with such subjects, as well educated men and women talk about in mixed society, is absolutely necessary. A practised eye will easily distinguish the silence of modest attention from the mute weariness of ignorance: the most inveterate talker, if he be not quite a fool, desires to be listened to as well as heard, and a "yes" or a "no" may be placed and accented so as to show intelligence, or betray stupidity. Grace in action and deportment is so essential, that it may almost be said to make all that is beautiful in beauty. We do not mean, that a lady should in dancing, walking, or sitting, display attitudes worthy of a painter's model: in walking we, however, recommend something between the listless saunter of a she dandy, and the bustling gait of a notable body, who perhaps saves three minutes out of four and twenty hours, by doing every thing throughout the day with a jerk and toss. Dancing, unless it be done quietly and gracefully, without the fatal result of a shining face, and red neck and arms, it is far better to forbear altogether; it being a very superfluous quality in a gentleman; whereas to *please* by all honest means is her proper calling and occupation. A high degree of *positive* grace is very rare, especially in northern climates, where the form is degraded and spotted by ligature, and by cold; but every woman may attain to a *negative* grace by avoiding awkward and unmeaning habits. The incessant twirling of a riticule, the assiduous pulling of the fingers of a glove, opening and shutting of a book, swinging a bell-rope, &c. betray either impatience and weariness of the conversation, disrespect of the speaker, or a want of ease and self-possession by no means inseparably connected with modesty and humility; those persons who are most awkward and shy among their superiors in rank or information, being generally most overbearing and peremptory with their equals or inferiors. We are almost ashamed, in the nineteenth century to say any thing concerning personal neatness, but cannot forbear hinting, that clean gloves and neat shoes aid the captivating powers of a lady much more certainly than pearl ear-rings or gold chains; that clean muslin is more bewitching than dirty *blond lace*; and that a pocket-handkerchief should be like a basilisk, a thing heard of, but

never seen; we mean in the capacity in which our cold-catching rheum-exciting climate calls it into action.

We really are so well aware of the inherent loveliness of women, that we cannot believe that a lady who is very good natured, very intelligent, (or desirous of being so, which comes to the same thing, women not being called on to preach and to teach,) very affectionate, very neat, and very clean, can help being very pretty; that is, according to our acceptation of the word, a very pleasing and desirable object in the eyes of men of sense and feeling. How far what are termed accomplishments will add to her chance for being loved and admired, or will tend to enable her to do without love and admiration, we shall endeavor to make the subject of a candid enquiry, on our next occasion of whispering to the public ear, our "still small" truths through the medium of this paper.

FROM THE SOUTHERN INTELLIGENCER.
FEMALE EDUCATION.

We trust, the degrading jealousy of intellectual superiority in females is fast passing away, and that a new era is opening upon us, in which gentlemen are actuated by more refined, liberal and enlarged motives in the selection of their female acquaintance, particularly in the choice of companions for life. And we hope, they begin to wish not only to have them occupy a place in their hearts, but in their understandings; not only to be the objects of their most tender regard, but the companions of their intellectual pursuits and the friends of their most sober hours. How strong must be the tie, when there is not only a reciprocity of feeling and pursuit, a similarity of disposition and sentiment, but a mutual confidence in each other's discretion and judgment. When *one* finds in the *other* a heart ready to sympathise in every joy and sorrow, feelings to reciprocate every tender, generous and sublime emotion. A mind ready to catch every thought, enlarge and adorn every subject, and to examine those sublime relations by which they are connected with that Being who gave them hearts to feel and capacity to think! If ladies were thus occupied at home they would have no listless hours; no time to spend in fashionable amusements or idle curiosity; that portion devoted to the domestic circle, would be too short for all its varied demands. The happiness of the husband begins and

ends in that circle where he enjoys the most pure earthly affection, and the most sublime and heavenly devotion; where the spiritual worship, which connects their hearts with the throne of God in heaven, refines and elevates those natural affections which bind them together on earth! where their literary and intellectual pursuits, not only give joy in the discovery of truth, in the range of poetic fancy, and in the chain of historic fact, but the heart is filled with a more sublime emotion in discovering the greatness, glory and mercy of God in the works of his hands, the dispensations of his providence, and the revelation of his will! Will a fashionable female education give a mind the strength, power and resource to fit it for occupations and enjoyments like these?

In farther elucidation of this subject we shall make the following interesting extract from the North American Review:

"The expediency of cultivating the intellect of man is pretty well settled at the present day, and it seems difficult to imagine why that of woman should be neglected. If it have similar powers and equal strength, it is as deserving of care, and will repay care as well, if it be weaker and narrower. It needs the more to be strengthened, enlarged, and disciplined, if the purposes of society and of life would be promoted by the establishment of domestic slavery, then every spark of intellectual light in the female Helot should be carefully extinguished; just as birds in a cage are blinded, that they may not look upon the forests and fields, the blue heavens, and the green earth and long to be abroad upon the air, till melancholy should stop their song. But religion and policy alike revolt at this. Man's best happiness, like charity, begins at home, and like that is apt to stay there; and home is sure to be just what the wife may make it. Now if it were true that a woman, who can do any thing besides making a pudding or mending a stocking, does these necessary things less willingly, than one who can do nothing else; if it were true, as certainly it is not, that a wife submits to conjugal authority, just in proportion as she is ignorant and uncultivated, how can the great purpose of marriage, the mutual reciprocal improvement of the moral and intellectual natures of the sexes, be promoted by an union upon such unequal terms; and what must we think of a husband "*assez orgueilleusement modeste*," to wish from his wife an unquestioning obedience, instead of a sympathy of thought, and taste, and feeling? It is sometimes urged that, if a woman's mind be much enlarged and her taste refined, she is apt to think differently of the duties of life to require different pleasures from the rest of her sex; that her feelings leave the channels which the institutions of society have marked for them, and run riot, and bring her usefulness and

happiness into danger. Now the plain answer to this is, that these evils happen, not because her reason was cultivated, but because it was not cultivated well; and because the taste and intellects of women generally do not receive due culture."

But there is a point of view in which female education is all important to the public welfare. The sons of Columbia who are to command her armies and direct her counsels, receive most of their impressions for the first twelve years of their lives, from the example and instructions of their mothers! What an important bias may be given to the character during that interesting period! It may be made to contract a thousand artificial wants, or be confined to those which are natural and reasonable. The passions may be allowed to shoot their luxurious growth in unrestrained wildness, or be curbed and tempered by wholesome rules and timely chastisements. The taste may be formed for childish amusements and sensual gratifications, or the attention may be directed to those objects which are calculated to excite in the youthful mind, a curiosity to understand the nature of things and a desire to comprehend their different relations. And whether a child is inclined to restrain its desires, or to wish for every thing it beholds; to behave with modesty and respect in the presence of superiors, or to give way to ungovernable waywardness and almost frantic wildness, to the utter disorder of the social circle, is certainly a matter of some consequence to the formation of its character for time and for eternity! And that the taste and feelings of the child should be moulded according to the temper, disposition and pursuits of the mother, is as natural, as that dignity should command respect, or firmness produce obedience, or tenderness excite affection. If the mother is indulgent to weakness, the child will be stubborn and fractious. If she is fashionable and indolent, he will be left to the care of servants. If she has no love of literary pursuits; horses or dogs or childish sports will command his whole attention. If she never speaks of God as the creator and preserver of all things, nor refers to his word as the guide of her life, can her child have any regard for the one or respect for the other? Those who have not attended particularly to children, have a faint conception how early they understand the difference between right and wrong; how easy their tender spirits are swayed by a steady and directed government, and how much such a course increases their confidence and affection for the parent. Those who have not marked the expansion of the young mind, know little, how

soon its curiosity may be excited to inquire about, and to comprehend things of importance, how soon the passions and affections are directed into the channel of active principle and commence the formation of the moral character of the man!

An intelligent and pious mother will direct or control every rising disposition; will encourage the first appearance of active curiosity and administer such food as will be calculated to strengthen and enlarge the faculties; and above all will inculcate a dependence upon that heavenly Parent, who is the Giver of every good!

We shall close these remarks with the following extract from the early life of Madame de Stael, written by Madame Killier.

“We entered the drawing room; by the side of M. Necker’s chair, was a little wicker stool, on which his daughter seated herself. Scarcely had she taken her place, when three or four old persons came to her, & addressed her with affectionate tenderness. One of them who had a little bobwig, took her hands in his, and held them a long time, conversing with her as if she had been five and twenty. This was the Abbe Raynal. The others were Thomas, and Marmontel the Marquis of Pesay, and Baron Von Grim. When we sat down to table, you should have seen how attentive she was. She uttered not a word, yet she seemed as if speaking in her turn, so eloquent was the expression of flexible features. After dinner a great deal of company came in. Every one on coming up to M. Necker had something to say to his daughter, either complimenting or joking her. She answered all with ease or elegance; they took pleasure in attacking her, embarrassing her, and exciting in her that imagination, which already appeared so brilliant. The men most distinguished for their talents were those who were most eager to make her talk. They asked an account of what she was reading, pointed out fresh subjects to her, and gave her a taste for study, by conversing with her on what she had learned. At fifteen she made extracts from the Spirit of Laws with remarks, and the Abbe Raynal wished her to write something on the revocation of the edict of Nantz for this great work.”

A SINGULAR STORY.

FROM MADAME DE MONTIER'S LETTERS.

While I was in the country last year, says madame de Montier, I chanced to fall into company with a good friar, eighty years of age who told me the following story.

About forty years ago, he was sent for to a highwayman, to prepare him for death. They shut him up in a small chapel with the malefactor, and while he was making every effort to excite him to repentance, he perceived that the man was absorbed in thought, and hardly attended to his discourse. My dear friend, said he, do you reflect that in a few hours you must appear before a more awful tribunal than that which has lately condemned you? What can divert your attention from what is of such infinite importance? True, father, returned the malefactor, but I cannot divest myself of the idea that it is in your power to save my life. How can I possibly effect that? said the friar; and even supposing I could, should I venture to do it, and thereby give you an opportunity, perhaps of committing many more crimes? If that be all that prevents you, replied the malefactor, you may rely on my word; I have beheld my fate too near, again to expose myself to what I have felt.

The friar acted as you and I should have done: he yielded to the impulse of compassion; and it only remained to contrive means of the man's escape. The chapel in which they were was lighted by one small window near the top, 15 feet from the ground. You have only, said the criminal to the friar, to set your chair on the altar, which we can remove to the foot of the wall, and, if you will get upon it, I can reach the window by the help of your shoulders. The friar consented to this manœuvre, and having replaced the altar, which was portable, seated himself quietly in his chair. About three hours after, the executioner who began to grow impatient, knocked at the door, and asked the friar what was become of the criminal. He must have been an angel replied he, coolly; for, by the faith of the priest, he went through the window. The executioner who found himself a loser by this account, inquired if he were laughing at him, and ran to inform the judges. They repaired to

the chapel where this good man was sitting, who, pointing to the window, assured them upon his conscience, that this malefactor flew out at it; and that supposing him an angel, he was going to recommend himself to his protection; that moreover, if he were a criminal, which he could not suspect after what he had seen, he was not obliged to be his guardian. The magistrates, could not preserve their gravity at this good man's *sang froid* and, after wishing a pleasant journey to the culprit, went away.

Twenty years afterwards, this friar, travelling over the Ardennes, lost his way; when, just as the day was closing, a kind of peasant accosted him, and, after examining him very attentively, asked him whither he was going, and told him the road he was travelling was a very dangerous one. If you will follow me, he added, I will conduct you to a farm at no great distance, where you may pass the night in safety. The friar was much embarrassed; the curiosity visible in the man's countenance excited his suspicions; but considering that if he had a bad design towards him it was impossible to escape, he followed him with trembling steps. His fear was not of long duration. he soon perceived the farm which the peasant had mentioned; and as they entered, the man, who was the proprietor of it, told his wife to kill a capon, with some of the finest chickens in the poultry yard, and to welcome his guest with the best cheer. While supper was preparing the countryman reentered, followed by eight children, whom he thus addressed My children, pour forth your grateful thanks to this good friar, Had it not been for him you would not have been here, nor I either; he saved my life. The friar instantly recollected the features of the speaker, and recognised the thief whose escape he had favoured. The whole family loaded him with caresses and kindness; and when he was alone with the man, he enquired how he came to be so well provided for. I kept my word with you, said the thief, and resolving to lead a good life in future. I begged my way hither, which is my native country, and engaged in the service of the master of this farm. Gaining his favor by my fidelity and attachment to his interest, he gave me his only daughter in marriage. God has blessed my endeavours. I have amassed a little wealth; and I beg that

you will dispose of me and all that belongs to me. I shall now die content, since I have been able to see and testify my gratitude towards my deliverer. The friar told him he was well repaid for the service he had rendered him by the use to which he devoted the life he had preserved. He would not accept of any thing as a recompense, but could not refuse to stay some days with the countryman, who treated him like a prince. This good man then obliged him to make use at least of one of his horses to finish his journey, and quitted him not till he had traversed the dangerous roads that bound in those parts.

THE STEAM BOAT,

By the Author of the Annals of the Parish, &c. 12mo. pp. 359.
Edin 1822. W. BLACKWOOD.

Having recently delivered our opinion upon Mr. GALT's numerous publications at some length, and remarked upon his peculiar felicity in one vein; the portraiture of interior Scottish character; we shall not occupy the space with animadversions upon the Steam Boat. It embraces the details of sundry trips in a vessel of that kind by a Glasgow woollen draper, who, encouraged by excursions on the Clyde, finally undertakes the prodigious voyage to London, in order to see the coronation. This spectacle he describes with less effect than we anticipated; and the chief merits of the volume are found in episodes or stories told by fellow-passengers, most of which have appeared in Blackwood's Magazine. This circumstance, and the general circulation of that clever periodical work, induces us spare our readers the chance of a repetition, and to confine ourselves to one tale, put into the mouth of a minister, named the Rev. Mr. Birkwhistle. It is entitled "The Wig and the Black Cat," and is as follows:

"By an agreement with the session, (said Mr. Birkwhistle,) I was invited to preach the action sermon at Kilmartin, and my new wig coming home from Glasgow by the Saltcoats carrier on the Thursday afore, I took it unopened on the Saturday evening in the box to the Manse, where I was to bide during the preachings with the widow. It happened, however, that in going in the stage-fly from my own parish to Kilmartin, a dreadful shower came on, and the box with my new wig therein, being on the outside tap of the coach

the wind blew and the rain fell, and by the help and collegury of the twa, the seams of the box were invaded, and the wig, when I took it out on the Saturday night, was just a clash o' weet.

"At that time o' night, there was na a barber to be had for love or money within three miles of the Manse; indeed I dinna think for that matter, there was a creature o' the sort within the bounds and jurisdictions of the parish; so that I could make no better o't than to borrow the dredge-box out of the kitchen, and dress the wig with my own hands.

"Although Mr Keckle had been buried but the week before, the mistress, as a 'm'n't's' wives of the right gospel and evangelical kind should be, was in a wholesome state of composity, and seeing what I was ettling at, said to me, the minister had a blockhead whereon he was wont to dress and fribble his wig, and that although it was a sair heart to see o' other man's wig upon the same, I was welcome use my freedoms therewith. Accordingly, the blockhead, on the end of a stick, like the shank of a carpet besom, was brought intil the room; and the same being stuck into the finger-hole of a built-stool, I set myself to dress and fribble with my new wig, and Mrs. Keckle the while sat beside me, and we had some very edifying conversation indeed.

"During our discoursing, as I was not a deacon at the dressing of wigs, I was obligated now and then to contemplate and consider the effect of my fribbling at a distance, and to give Mrs. Keckle the dredge-box to shake the flour on where it was seen to be wanting. But all this was done in great sincerity of heart between her and me; although to be sure, it was none of the most zealous kind of religion on my part, to be fribbling with my hands and comb at the wig, and saying at the same time with my tongue, orthodox texts out of the Scriptures. Nor, in like manner, was it just what it could be hoped for, that Mrs. Keckle, when I spoke to her on the everlasting joys of an eternal salvation, where friends meet to part no more, saying, "a bit pluff with the box there, on the left curls," (in the way of a parenthesis,) that she would na feel a great deal; but for all that, we did our part well, and she was long after heard to say, that she had never been more edified in her life, than when she helped me to dress my wig on that occasion.

"But all is vanity and vexation of spirit in this world of sin and misery. When the wig was dressed, and as white and beautiful to the eye of na an as a cauliflower, I took it

from off its stance on the blockhead, which was a great shortsightedness of me to do, and I pinned it to the curtain of the bed, in the room wherein I was instructed by Mrs. Keckle to sleep. Little did either me or that worthy woman dream of the mischief that was then brewing and hatching, against the great care and occupation wherewith we had in a manner regenerated the periwig into its pristine style of perfectness.

"But you must understand, that Mrs. Keckle had a black cat, that was not past the pranks of kittenhood, though in outwardly show a most douce, and well comported beast; and what would ye think Baudrons was doing all the time that the mistress and me were so eyed at about the wig? She was sitting on a chair, watching every plaff that I gave, and meditating, with the device of an evil spirit, how to spoil all the bravery that I was so industriously endeavoring to restore into its proper pedigree and formalities. I have long had a notion that black cats are no overly canny, and the conduct of Mrs. Keckle's was evidential kithing to the effect, that there is nothing of uncharitableness in that notion of mine; howsoever, no to enlarge on such points of philosophical controversy, the wig being put in order, I carried it to the bed room, and, as I was saying pinned it to the bed-curtains, and then went down stairs again to the parlour to make exercise, and to taste Mrs. Keckle's mutton ham, by way of a relish to a tumbler of toddy, having declined any sort of methodical supper.

"Considering the melancholious necessity that had occasioned my coming to the Kilmartin Manse, I was beholden to enlarge a little after supper with Mrs. Keckle, by which the tumbler of toddy was exhausted before I had made an end of my exhortation, which the mistress seeing, she said, that if I would take another cheerer she would partake in a glass with me. It's no my habit to go such lengths at any time, the more especially on a Saturday night; but she was so pressing that I could not but gratify her, so I made the second tumbler, and woe I wat it was baith nappy and good: for in brewing I had an ee to pleasing Mrs. Keckle, and knowing that the leddies like it strong and sweet, I wasna sparing either of the spirit bottle or the sugar bowl. But I trow baith the widow and me had to rue the consequences that befel us in that night, for when I went up again intil the bedroom, I was what ye would call a thought off the nail, by the which my sleep wasna just what it should have been, and dreams and visions of all sorts came hovering about my pit-

low, and at times I felt, as it were, the bed whirling round.

"In this condition, with a bit dover now and then, I lay till the hour of midnight, at the which season I had a dream, wherin I thought my wig was kindled by twa candles of a deadly yellow light; and then I beheld, as it were, an imp of darkness dancing at my bed-side, and wherat I turned myself round, and covered my head with the clothes, just in an eerie mood, between sleeping and waking. I had not, however, lain long in that posture, when I felt, as I thought, a hand claming softly over the bed-clothes like a temptation, and it was past the compass of my power to think what it could be. By and by, I heard a dreadful thud on the floor, and something moving in the darkness, so I raised my head in a courageous manner to see and question who was there. But judge what I suffered, when I beheld, by the dim glimmer of the star-light of the window that the curtains of the bed were awfully shaken, and every now and then what I thought a woman with a match keeking in upon me. The little gude was surely busy that night, for I thought the apparition was the widow, and that I saw cluty himself at every other keek she gave, looking at me o'er her shoulder with his fiery een. In short, the sight and vision grew to such a head upon me, that I started up, and cried with a loud voice, "O, Mrs. Keckle, what's brought you here?" The sound of my terrification gart the whole house dir, and the widow herself, with her twa servant lasses, with candles in their hanls, came in their flannen coaties to see what was the matter, thinking I had gane by myself, or was taken with some dead ill. Bat when the lights entered the room, I was cured of my passion of amazement, and huddling intil the bed aneath the clothes, I expounded to the women what had disturbed me, and what an apparition I had seen, not hinting, however, that I thought it was Mrs Keckle. While I wa thus speaking, one of the maidens gied a shrill skirling laugh, crying, "Och hon, the poor wig!" and sure enough nothing could be more humiliating than the sight it was; for the black cat, instigated, as I think, by Diabolus himself, to an endeavor to pull it down, had with her claws combed out both the curls and the pouter; so that it was hinging as lank and feckless as a tap of lint, just as if neither the mistress or me had laid a hand upon it. And thus it was brought to light and testimony, that what I had seen and heard was but the devil of a black cat louping and jumping to bring down my new wig for a playock to herself, in the which most singular exploits she utterly ruined

it; for upon an examine the next day, the whole faculty of the curls was destroyed, and great detriment done to the substance thereof."

It is but justice to the author to add, that this is by no means the most favourable specimen that could have been chosen of his style and manner. The *Weariful Woman* is by far more replete with observation on life, and several other papers are ably written; but still there are enow of his touches in the *Wig* and the *Black Cat* to exhibit the nature of his writings and of this particular publication. Taking a general retrospect at Mr. Galt's pictures of Scotland and Scotsmen, we are sorry to observe that, unlike the mighty minstrel whose prolificness he imitates, their invariable tendency is to lower and deteriorate the national character. Meanness, cunning, selfishness, or at best a simplicity bordering on folly, are the principal colours on his pallet; and of all the portraits he has painted we could not name one that could be esteemed amiable, or looked at with regard, affection or love.—*Literary Gaz.*

FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

BY MRS. HANNAH MORE.

A young lady may excel in speaking French and Italian; may repeat a few passages from a volume of extracts; play like a professor, and sing like a siren; have her dressing-room decorated with her own drawing tables, stands, flower-pots, screens, and cabinets, nay, she may dance like *Sempronia* herself; and yet we shall insist, that she may have been *very badly educated*. I am far from meaning to set no value whatever on many of these qualifications: they are all of them elegant, and many of them properly tend to the perfecting of a polite education. These things, in their measure and degree, may be done; but there are others which should not be left undone. Many things are becoming, but "one thing is needful." Besides, as the world seems to be fully apprized of the value of whatever tends to embellish life, there is less occasion here to insist on its importance.

But though a well bred young lady may lawfully learn most of the fashionable arts; yet let me ask, does it seem to be the true end of education, to make women of fashion, dancers, singers, players, painters, actresses, sculptors, gilders, varnishers, engravers, and embroiderers? Most

men are commonly destined to some profession, and their minds are consequently turned each to its respective object. Would it not be strange, if they were called out to exercise the professions of all other men, and without any previous definite application to their own peculiar calling? The profession of ladies, to which the bent of their instruction should be turned, is that of daughters, wives, mothers, and mistresses of families. They should be, therefore, trained with a view to these several conditions, and be furnished with a stock of ideas, and principles, and qualifications, and habits, ready to be applied and appropriated, as occasion may demand, to each of these respective situations. For though the arts, which merely embellish life, must claim admiration; yet, when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a *companion* whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and sing, and draw, and dress, and dance: it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children.



MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

GRAND CHAPTER OF KENTUCKY.

The following officers have been elected for the ensuing year.

- M. E. William G. Hunt, of Lexington, G. H. P.
- E. John M'Kinney, Jr. of Versailles, D. G. H. P.
- E. William Bell, of Shelbyville G. K.
- E. James M. Pike, of Lexington G. S.
- Comp. Philip Swigert, of Versailles G. Sec.
- " Oliver G. Waggener, of Frankfort G. T.
- Rev. John Ward, of Lexington G. Chap.
- Comp. Henry Wingate, of Frankfort G. M.
- Charles S. Bibb, of Frankfort G. C. G.
- Edward S. Coleman, of Frankfort G. S. and T.

LEXINGTON ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, No 1.

OFFICERS FOR THE ENSUING YEAR.

M. E. James M. Pike	H. P. R. M'Nitt,	} M. of V.
E. John Ward,	K. J. F. Jenkins,	
E. C. W. Cloud,	S. J. L. Maxwell.	
Com. W. G. Hunt,	C. H. B. P. Sanders,	Secretary.
W. H. Rainey,	P. S. James Graves,	Trea.
D. A. Sayre,	R. A. C. Fr. Walker,	S. & T.

At the annual meeting of AMERICAN UNION CHAPTER, No. 1, Marietta, Ohio, held on the 28th of November 1822, the following companions were duly elected for the year ensuing, to the offices annexed to their names respectively, viz.

M. E. John Cotton,	High Priest.
E. Rev. James M'Abey,	King.
E. Billy Todd,	Scribe.
Comp. Simeon D. W. Drown,	Capt. H.
" James Dunn,	P. S.
" William A. Whittlesey,	R. A. Capt.
" Robert Crawford,	Secretary.
" Weston Thomas,	Treasury.
" Andrew Cunningham,	M. 3d V.
" Robert Crawford,	M. 2d V.
" John Cunningham,	M. 1st V.
" John Cotton,	} Standing committee.
" Billy Todd,	
" Simeon De Witt Drown	
" James Dunn,	
" William A. Whittlesey.	
" Thomas P. Fogg,	

Regular communication, "on the Monday next preceding the Tuesday, on or before the full of the moon, at 2 o'clock P. M."

PROVIDENCE R. A. CHAPTER, R. I.

OFFICERS FOR THE PRESENT YEAR.

Henry Munford,	H. P.	Stephen Rawson,	} M. of V.
J. H. Ormsbee,	K.	Pardon Miller,	
Sam. Y. Atwell,	S.	Pardon Clark,	
Jesse Clark,	C. H.	John Holroyd,	Secretary.
Philip Potter,	P. S.	Lowell Adams,	Treasurer.
Randall A. Green,	R. A. C.		

GRAND LODGE OF INDIANA.

At a Grand Annual Communication, of the Grand Lodge of Indiana, held at Corydon on the 8th of November, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year, viz.

- M. W. John Sheets, Grand Master.
- R. W. Jonathan Jennings, Deputy G. Master.
- R. W. Thomas Posey, Grand Senior Warden.
- R. W. John H. Farnham, Grand Jun. Warden.
- R. R. Joseph Oglesby, Grand Chaplain.
- R. W. William C. Keen, Grand Secretary.
- R. W. William H. Lilly, Grand Treasurer.
- Br. Samuel Wilson, Grand Marshal.
- “ Rollin C. Dewey, Grand Sword Bearer.
- “ Edward B. Wilson, Grand Sen. Deacon.
- “ Edmund J. Kidd, Grand Jun. Deacon.
- “ Thomas D. Wilson, Grand Pursuivant.
- “ Cyrus Vigus, Grand Steward and Tyler.

The Grand Lodge of the state of Vermont held their Annual Communication at Mason's Hall, in Montpelier, on Tuesday, the 8th October, when the following elections and appointments of officers were made for the year ensuing:

- M. W. George Robinson, Burlington, G. Master.
 - R. W. Phineas White, Putney, D. G. Master.
 - R. W. Silas Bowen, Clarendon, G. S. Warden.
 - R. W. G. Wales, Hartford, G. J. Warden.
 - R. W. Joseph Howes, Montpelier, G. Treasurer.
 - R. W. D. A. A. Buck, Chelsea, G. Secretary.
 - R. W. Daniel Baldwin, Montpelier, A. G. Secretary.
 - R. W. Naphtali Shaw, 2d. Bradford, S. G. Deacon.
 - R. W. N. B. Haswell, Burlington, J. G. Deacon.
 - R. W. Rev. Joel Clapp, Shelburn, G. Chaplain.
 - W. Reuben Kibbe, Randolph, G. Sword Bearer.
 - Br. James Farnsworth, Fairfax, G. Marshal.
 - Br. Lemuel Page, Burlington, G. Pursuivant.
 - Br. Jonathan Eddy, Montpelier, G. Tyler.
- Brothers Arunah Waterman, Sylvanus Baldwin, John Reed, and Harry Richardson, of Montpelier, G. Stewards.

District Deputy Grand Masters.

- Dis. No. 1. W. Nomlas Cobb, Springfield.
 2. W. Martin Roberts, Manchester.
 3. W. John Bowers, Addison.
 4. W. John P. Calloun, Fairhaven.
 5. R. W. and Rev. Joel Clapp, Shelburn.
 6. W. Joseph Howes, Montpelier.
 7. W. J. D. Farnsworth, Fairfield.
 8. W. James Keves, Putney.
 8. W. Naphtali Shaw, 2d. Bradford.
 10. W. William Howe, Derby.

The project for forming a General Grand Lodge of the United States, to be located at Washington, was rejected by the Lodge.

It is confirmed, that the Emperor Alexander has given peremptory orders for the shutting up of all the Masonic Lodges in Russia. All persons holding public situations either in the army, navy, or civil departments, are enjoined to renounce Masonry forever, under the penalty of expulsion. This measure has excited an extraordinary sensation at St. Petersburg, and was the subject of general conversation there.

The following were, among a number of other Toasts, recently given at a Masonic festival in Boston. They breathe the pure principles of Philanthropy, Religion and Morality, and express the true sentiments of every genuine Mason.

Masonry and Christianity—twin sisters—while we embrace the one, may we never neglect the other.

Masonry—As it has escaped unscorched the fires of Spain, may it escape unhurt the frosts of Russia.

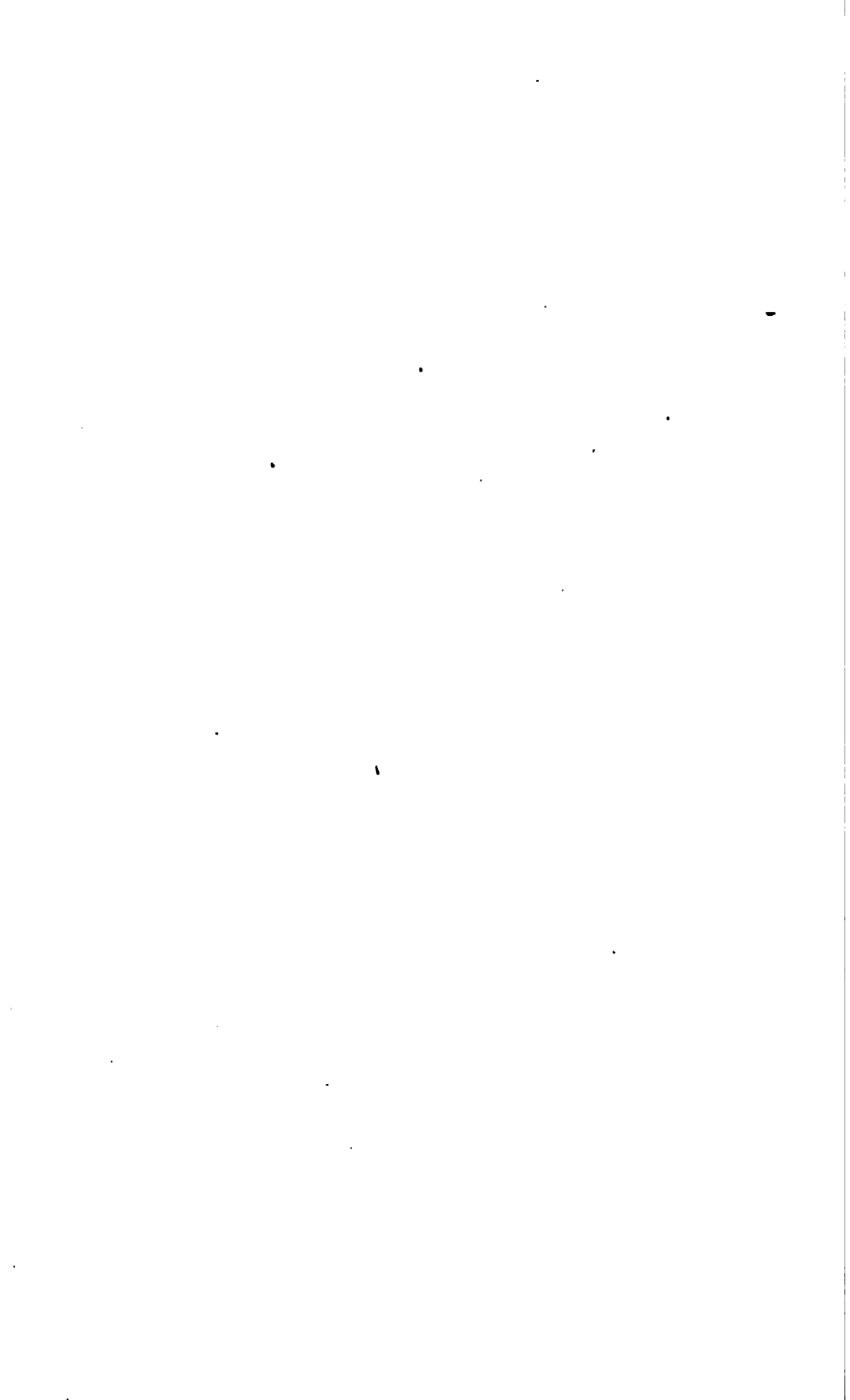
Masonry.—While all its deeds are the dictates of Benevolence, its enemies can never conquer, even with an Alexander at their head.

The Fair—If by our bye laws we are obliged to refuse them admittance to our Lodges, may they never think that one turn deserves another, and refuse us admittance to theirs.

So mote it be.








This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.


2044 105 535 686