



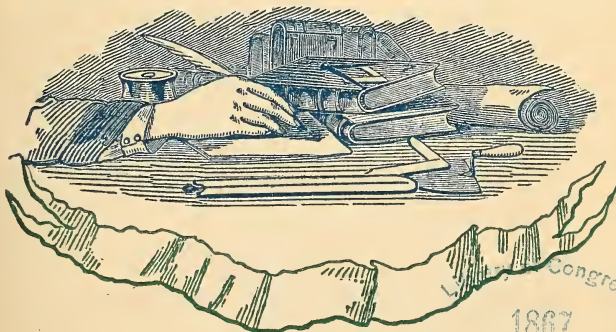


MASONIC BIOGRAPHY.

OR

SKETCHES OF

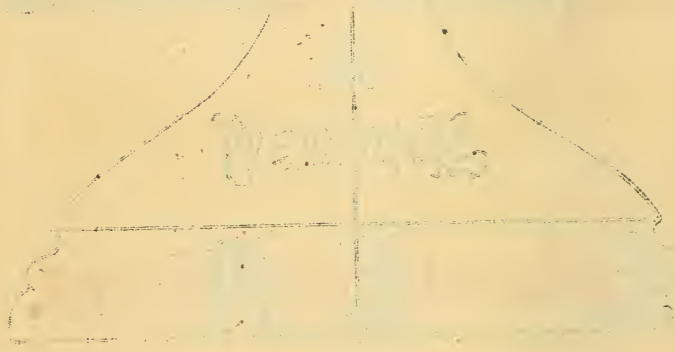
Eminent Free Masons.



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LEAFLETS
OF
MASONIC BIOGRAPHY;
OR SKETCHES OF
EMINENT FREEMASONS.

EDITED BY
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PREFACE.

WHEN a Roman matron of former days was asked for her jewels, she pointed to her sons; and there is no reason why Freemasonry may not do the same. The time was, and within the memory of men not yet far advanced in years, that, to be a Freemason, was to be suspected of, and charged with being an enemy to and a sinner against social order, capable of any moral or political dereliction, and unworthy the confidence and respect of community. In some places they were refused Christian fellowship, and considered as guilty of offenses that would exclude them from heaven. They were distrusted in political organizations, as conspirators against the peace and welfare of the nation. They were scorned in social circles, as unfit for respectable society, because they were members of the obnoxious Order; and they were sometimes prevented from sitting as jurors in courts of justice, because suspected of a want of integrity, and even of disregarding the obligations of an oath. And all this, it was charged, was the legitimate fruit of Freemasonry. Men even of the purest morals, and of the highest

MASONIC BIOGRAPHY.

social position, were arraigned as criminals, and threatened with imprisonment, as common felons, if they did not at once abjure Freemasonry, and reveal all they knew of its "secrets!"

That time has passed, much of the prejudice against the Order has subsided, and reason has resumed its control over public sentiment. It is, therefore, a proper time for Freemasonry to be heard in its own defense, and to justify its claims to public regard. This, it is believed it can best do by pointing to those of its members whose private characters and public services will be a sufficient refutation of the false charges against the Order. Their purity of life, their incorruptible integrity, their virtue and patriotism, will be the best defense of Masonry.

It is intended, therefore, by the publication of this volume, to remind the Order and the public of the great names which have adorned our history, and of the "good and true" men who have deemed it no dishonor to be numbered in our ranks. These were our brethren—"our jewels;" their blameless and useful lives furnish an example for our living members; and from their honored graves there comes a voice in defense of an Institution they loved and honored while living.

PUBLISHER.

CINCINNATI, August, 1863.

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JOSEPH WARREN.

JOSEPH WARREN.

A LITTLE more than one hundred years ago, on a quiet afternoon in summer, a number of boys, students in the same class at Harvard College, had shut themselves in an upper room to arrange some affairs pertaining to the class. Another member of the class greatly desired to be with them—knowing they designed to thwart some fondly cherished purpose of his own. They refused to admit him; the door was closed, and he could not gain admission without violence—which he wished to avoid. Reconnoitering the premises, he discovered that the window of the room in which they were assembled was open, and near a water-spout which extended from the roof to the ground. He therefore climbed to the top of the house, slid down to the eaves, then laid hold of the spout, and descended it, until opposite the window, when, by a prodigious physical effort, he suddenly threw himself through the window into the room. At that instant the spouting gave way and fell: had it fallen half a minute sooner, the boy would have been dashed to pieces on the pavement below! He looked at the

broken spout a moment without the slightest emotion, and then, coolly remarking "It has served my purpose," proceeded to business. That boy was Joseph Warren—afterward General Warren, the martyr of Bunker Hill. The boy already gave promise of the man—*whatever he undertook, that he performed!*

Joseph Warren was born at Roxbury, now one of the suburbs of the city of Boston, in 1741. The house in which he was born is still standing—a large, plain, old-fashioned stone mansion, which may still remain for a century or more to come. It stands on a street that now bears the name of the illustrious hero; it occupies a beautiful location, surrounded by a large lot tastefully ornamented with shrubbery; and though antiquated in the style of its architecture, yet art has made it a lovely spot, and it is still more interesting in its associations. We saw it on a bright and balmy day in spring a few years since. The flowers were blooming in the grounds, while the birds were rejoicing in the trees, and the shrubbery had put on its gayest attire. It would be a marked spot in any town or city of the Union; but as the birth-place of the patriot Grand Master of all North America, it possessed, in our eyes, extraordinary attractions.

History has not told us anything of Warren's parents, save that his father lost his life by a fall from an apple-tree, while gathering apples, when Joseph was about sixteen years of age. His genealogy, however, is of little consequence, as he "carved out his own fortune," and was, in one respect, the first of his family. It may *truly* be said of him, that no matter

"To whom related or by whom begot,"

for he was not dependent upon ancestral renown for a single star in his coronet; he won them all himself, and wrote his own name upon the brightest page of his country's history. We have seen that he was left an orphan at sixteen, and was dependent, in a great measure, upon his own talents and energy of character for the prominence he afterward obtained. He entered Harvard College at fourteen years of age, and graduated with distinction at that ancient seat of learning. He afterward applied himself to the study of medicine, and, at the age of twenty-three, settled in Boston and commenced the practice of his profession, in which he soon rose to distinction. When the quarrel began between the Colonies and the mother country, Warren espoused the cause of freedom and his native land, and entered into the contest with such zeal that he was soon regarded as one of the master spirits among the patriots of the day.

In the year 1768, a secret association was organized in Boston, composed of the principal men of the city, the object of which was to keep alive the spirit of opposition to British tyranny, and devise ways and means to resist the oppressive measures of English statesmen. Dr. Warren was a member of that association, the most untiring in his zeal and the most fruitful in his resources of all his associates. Samuel Adams was also a member, between whom and Warren a friendship grew up as pure and as permanent as that between David and Jonathan. So sincere, so almost sacred, was the personal attachment of Adams to Warren, that, in an oration delivered by the former in Philadelphia, after Warren's death, he declared that

the dearest wish of his soul, next to seeing his country free and independent, was that, when no more of earth, his ashes might mingle with those of a Warren and Montgomery. And the eloquent Craftsman, Perez Morton, in his oration at the re-interment of Warren's remains, says: "An Adams can witness with how much zeal he loved, when he had formed the sacred connection of a friend; their kindred souls were so closely twined, that both felt one joy, one affliction."

The feeling of hostility which had been engendered among the people by the determination of the British Parliament to tax the Colonies, had risen to such a height that England found it necessary to station troops in Boston, to overawe the inhabitants and prevent an outbreak; but, instead of quelling the spirit of resistance, it only excited indignation; and the soldiery, as the present symbol and instrument of the oppressor's power, became the special objects of hatred. On the 5th of March, 1770, a rather turbulent assemblage of the masses took place in the streets, in open day. The British officer in command ordered them to disperse, but they answered him by an indignant refusal, and, probably, made some demonstration upon the soldiers. Upon this the officer commanded his men to fire into the crowd, when many were wounded, and some slain. This barbarous outrage roused the citizens to the highest pitch of indignation, and had not the soldiers been removed, every man of them had probably been immolated upon the altar of the people's vengeance. The slain were regarded as martyrs, and the whole country rang with denunciations upon the perpetrator of the outrage. The anniversary of the

“Boston Massacre,” as it was called, was observed for several subsequent years in that city, and her most honored and eloquent citizens were the orators on such occasions, to describe the deed of blood and rehearse the story of their wrongs.

But this became a duty of peril, as well as of distinction. The English officers and troops generally attended on such occasions, to overawe the speaker, and prevent, if possible, the severe denunciations. On the 5th of March, 1775, an oration was determined on, but who should be the orator? Who would risk a charge of treason, not to say his life, in the presence of the British army, which then had possession of the city? It required a brave man to stand up in the old South Church, and, in the face of the officers, proclaim their bloody deeds, and hurl anathemas at the power that sent them! There was difficulty in securing the services of any one; the danger was too imminent; and in the emergency, Dr. Warren *solicited* the appointment. It required a cool head and steady nerves, but the Grand Master had both; and had he been sure of martyrdom in the pulpit, he would probably have discharged the trust. At the appointed hour he repaired to the church. The crowd was immense; the aisles, the pulpit stairs, and even the pulpit itself, were filled with officers and soldiers of the garrison, who were, doubtless, stationed there to intimidate the orator, or perhaps prevent him, by force, from proceeding. Warren, however, accustomed to perform whatever he undertook, was not to be deterred from his patriotic undertaking. He entered the church from the rear, through the pulpit window, and, regardless of the mili-

tary array which surrounded and pressed upon him, delivered a most eloquent and thrilling address, which has come down to our own times; and such was the influence of his courage and eloquence, that the vast audience was enchanted, and even his enemies listened to him without a murmur. In the midst of his most impassioned and eloquent denunciations, an English officer, who was seated on the pulpit stairs, held up his hand full in Warren's view, *with several pistol bullets on the open palm*. The act was significant, and spoke louder than words. It was a moment of peril, requiring the exercise of unusual courage and prudence blended together. The reader may judge of the emergency by the circumstances; but Warren was equal to it. To hesitate—to falter—to allow a single nerve or muscle to tremble; would have been a failure; nay, worse—*ruin!* The act of the officer was pregnant with meaning; all understood it; and a man less daring than Warren would have quailed under the peril that surrounded him. But he met the occurrence with the wisdom of a sage combined with the courage of a hero. His eye caught the action of the officer, and without being in the least disconcerted, or for a moment suspending his discourse, he *dropped a white handkerchief upon the officer's hand*. The act was so adroitly and courteously performed, that the Briton was compelled to acknowledge it by permitting the orator to finish his discourse in peace.

Warren seemed to live only for the cause he had espoused; his pen and his tongue were constantly employed in favor of the rights and the freedom of the Colonies. He was everywhere, and always busy. No

man in Boston, or in New England, wielded a greater influence than he; not even Hancock or Adams. He was the very soul of that resistance which was rising in grandeur and power, at last to overleap its bounds, like another Niagara, and sweep away the foreign invaders as with the besom of destruction.

Soon after delivering the oration referred to above, Dr. Warren was elected Chairman of the Committee of Public Safety, and President of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. This, while it indicated the public confidence in him, added greatly to his labors and responsibilities, elevated him as a more prominent mark for the enemy, and increased the danger which constantly surrounded him. Previous to the battles of Lexington and Concord, on the 19th of April, 1775, Warren kept a steady eye on the movements of the British troops in Boston, that he might give early notice to his friends in the country if an attempt should be made, as was anticipated, to capture the military stores at the above-named places. The strictest precautionary measures were taken by the British to conceal their plans and movements; but an intimation of their intentions had been given to the Americans, it is said, by a patriotic lady, the wife of a royalist officer. It was not the *only* occasion, during the Revolutionary War, that the patriots were indebted to a woman for timely information of vast importance. A Quaker lady of Philadelphia, while the British were in possession of that city, at great personal risk, managed to communicate such intelligence to the army of Washington, as saved a portion of it from capture by the enemy. Dr. Warren was fortunate in having just

such a friend, and very important consequences resulted from the information thus obtained.

On the evening of the 18th of April, Dr. Warren dispatched two young men, by the name of Revere and Dawes, to warn his friends in the country that the British troops in the city were on the eve of a movement toward Concord. He followed, himself, either during the night or early the next morning. He was, doubtless, closely watched in his movements by the British tools which surrounded him; but by some means he contrived to elude their vigilance. The detachment of the enemy ordered to this service reached Lexington and Concord on their errand of destruction, but they found the citizen soldiers thoroughly aroused, and prepared to dispute, even with disciplined British regulars, for their rights, and peril life and limb in defense of their families and firesides. The enemy learned, in that, their first lesson, that the patriot-fathers of this country

“Had hands that could strike, they had souls that could dare,
And their sons were not born to be slaves!”

Without discipline, or concert, or order, the sturdy patriots, from behind rocks, and fences, and trees, poured in a well-directed fire upon the marauding enemy, until they were glad to commence a retrograde movement. But the patriots could follow as well as fight, and on either flank of the retreating Britons a line of fire moved as rapidly as their columns, and each trusty musket brought down its victim. The road along which the enemy passed was strewn with the wounded and the dead, until the worn and dispirited

troops began to think it was their last march. In this condition they were met by a detachment of their friends, a thousand strong, who had been sent from Boston to their rescue; had it not been for this timely assistance, scarcely a man would have escaped death or capture. Dr. Warren was in West Cambridge when the British reached that place on their return, in the after part of the day. He armed himself and went out, in company with General Heath, to meet them, and try his hand in the doubtful strife. This was his first practical lesson in war, and he exposed himself to the fire of the enemy with the fearlessness of a veteran. During the skirmish, we are informed "a bullet passed so near his head as to carry away one of the long, close, horizontal curls, which, agreeably to the fashion of the day, he wore about his ears." It was a narrow escape, but Providence reserved him for farther service and a more glorious death. This was the result of his first meeting with the enemy of his country in open hostility; would that the second meeting had been as harmless.

On the 14th of June, 1775, three days before the conflict on Bunker Hill, Dr. Warren was elected by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts a Major-General. This was an evidence of the high opinion entertained of him by the sages and patriots of that day. Without a military education, and without military experience, he was placed at once in the highest official rank of the army; but the crown of honor and the crown of martyrdom were gained in quick succession.

It was fortunate for the country that, when the

Revolution dawned, and the great drama of war was opened, there were men to be found who had some experience in the rugged art. The march, the bivouac, and the battle, were yet familiar to many who had, under the banner of Old England, met the Indians and the French on many a bloody field. In New England were Wooster, and Prescott, and Heath, and Pomeroy, and Stark, and Putnam, and many of lesser note. These, though mostly in middle life, and some in advanced years, were ready to buckle on their swords afresh, and grapple with the giant power which now threatened to crush the liberties of their own native land. They had long ago laid aside the implements of war, and were engaged in the quiet and peaceful pursuits of private life. The thunder of the guns at Lexington and Concord went echoing through the hills and valleys of New England, and to these old heroes of other days it was like the sound of a battle-trumpet to the war-horse. Heath was already at hand, and probably Ward was near. Stark, the hero of Bennington, and Stillwater, and Trenton—Stark heard the din of the distant onset at his quiet home away up in the mountains of New Hampshire. In ten minutes he was on the road, riding with headlong speed for the scene of strife, and calling out the Minute-men on his way to meet him there. Putnam, him of the Wolf's den, was on his farm down in Connecticut. He was plowing in his field when a man on horseback, beating a drum, came dashing down the road and shouting of the strife and bloodshed of Concord! Putnam stopped his team, listened to the thrilling intelligence, unyoked his oxen where the plow stood in the furrow, sent his

son to the house to inform his family, and without changing his clothes, or securing his dinner, mounted a horse and spurred away at his swiftest pace to join his countrymen before Boston! Such were the men who first drew sword for freedom when the conflict began—the companions and the compeers of the illustrious Warren.

But before we proceed to the scenes of Bunker Hill with Warren, let us go back and bring up the history of his Masonic career, and we shall be better able to understand and appreciate the story of his death, and the detail of circumstances connected with it.

Masonry was introduced into America at a very early period, and there were, doubtless, many brethren scattered through the country, and especially connected with the British army, long anterior to the establishment of organized Lodges. It is very probable, also, that the labors of the Craft were pursued before there was a *chartered* Lodge in the country. It was not until 1717 that Charters were required in the economy of the Order; previous to that year a Lodge might be convened, and legitimately transact business whenever a sufficient number of Masons, of the requisite skill, could be collected together in a suitable place. After that period all the new Lodges (the four old ones then existing in London were permitted to continue work by virtue of immemorial usage,) were required to procure Charters before they could legally pursue the labors of the Craft.

On the 30th of April, 1733, Lord Montague, then Grand Master of Masons in England, issued authority for a Provincial Grand Lodge in Boston, and designated

Henry Price as Grand Master, with full power to appoint the necessary subordinate officers to constitute a Grand Lodge. This body convened on the 30th of July, 1733; and, on the petition of a number of brethren in Boston, Grand Master Price constituted St. John's Lodge. This was the first constituted Lodge in New England, (and probably in America,) and we believe it is still in existence under the same name. Other Lodges were subsequently organized under the same authority, and some, also, by the Grand Lodge of Scotland; among the latter was St. Andrew's Lodge, in the City of Boston, the Masonic *alma mater* of the Martyr of Bunker Hill.

General Warren was initiated into Masonry in St. Andrew's Lodge, in Boston, on the 10th day of September, 1761. He received the second degree on the 2d of November following, but did not obtain the degree of Master Mason until the 28th of November, 1765—nearly four years after his initiation. This was in conformity with the spirit and practice of the times. Candidates were not then hurried through, as now, in three months. It was not unusual for them to wait a year for the second degree; and, perhaps, three or four, or even longer, for the third. Faithful service, and an ample proficiency, were then considered essential to promotion or advancement.

Warren remained a member of St. Andrew's Lodge, we believe, as long as he lived, and the records of his connection with it are still extant in its archives. So efficient was he in the acquisition of Masonic knowledge, and so highly was he esteemed as a Mason, that, in December, 1769, he received a commission, dated on the 30th of May in that year, from the Earl of Dalhousie,

Grand Master of Masons in Scotland, appointing him Provincial Grand Master of Masons in Boston and within one hundred miles of the same. It will be observed that the Grand Lodges of England and Scotland both had Provincial Grand Lodges in Massachusetts. This was not regarded as a conflict of jurisdiction; as the Grand Lodges of England, Scotland, and Ireland have always exercised the privilege of establishing Lodges in any of the Provinces of the British Empire.

The Earl of Dumfries succeeded Dalhousie as Grand Master of Scotland, and from him Warren received another appointment, dated the 7th of March, 1772. This new commission constituted him "Grand Master of Masons for the Continent of America," thereby extending his jurisdiction much beyond the original limits. He was Grand Master, not in the sense we use that term at this day, as elected to preside over a Grand Lodge, but as a *Provincial* Grand Master, holding his authority from the Grand Lodge, or Grand Master, in Scotland, and acting in the stead of that power within the limits of his jurisdiction.

Doctor Warren was most attentive and active in the discharge of his highly responsible Masonic duties. The meetings of his Provincial Grand Lodge were much more frequent than the meetings of Grand Lodges at the present day; yet the records, still preserved, show that from the time of his appointment until the year 1775, he was in attendance upon every session of that body. It must be recollected, too, that during all this time he was engaged in a very extensive practice as a physician, and, for the last three or four years, deeply involved, and extremely active in the political agitations of the times.

Added to all, he had lost his wife about six years after marriage, and he was left in the sole charge of four motherless children. These facts attest the restless activity of his nature, which was the secret of his mighty labors and wondrous achievements. His untiring zeal in the cause of Masonry, and his devotion to the best interests of the Craft, won for him the highest regard of the whole body of Masons. With the peaceful instruments of the Order he was writing his name, not only upon the hearts of his brethren, but high upon the columns of our mystic temple, as indelibly as he afterward wrote it with his sword on Bunker Hill. Forgetful of his own ease and interests, he consecrated himself to his Craft and his country, with a self-forgetfulness and a self-abnegation rarely, if ever, equaled in the history of humanity in any country. We will add, just here, that Major Small, of the British army, whom we shall have occasion to mention hereafter, was also a Mason, and had, doubtless, met the Grand Master in the Lodge, and felt for him a warm personal attachment. What a misfortune that political differences and national wars should place in hostile relations those whose genial souls, under other circumstances,

“Like kindred drops, had mingled into one!”

Yet such is sometimes the case, and was frequently in the war of the Revolution; but even under these embarrassing circumstances, Masons need not be forgetful of their fraternal relations: we shall see that *some* were not, amid the dreadful carnage of Bunker Hill, where Warren closed his brilliant and eventful life.

We have seen our illustrious brother, with commend-

able patience and untiring perseverance, bearing the burdens of an Entered Apprentice, toiling in the quarries as a Fellow Craft, and pressing on undauntedly until he gained admission to the holy of holies of our mystic temple. We have witnessed his faithful labors in, and unwearied devotion to, the Royal Art; and we have found in his case, as in others, that merit does not long go unrewarded. We have seen him invested with the responsibilities of office, and marked his unfaltering devotion to its duties; and as a reward for his services, we have seen the highest honors of the Order conferred upon him—unexpected and unsolicited. He wore those honors meekly, but he wore them worthily. The laurel wreath twined gracefully around his brow, but it was soon to be exchanged for a coronet set with brighter gems—“a crown that fadeth not away.” Now come with us while we view the closing scenes of his glorious life.

In the early summer of 1775, Boston was the center of British power in New England. The troops were in possession of the town, and the fleet of the harbor. Lord Percy was there, and General Gage, and General Burgoyne; and, like a lion, conscious of his strength, and waiting for his prey, the army was intending to crush the infant rebellion at a single blow. The timely and terrible lesson they had been taught at Lexington and Concord, had only served to awaken their energies, and nerve their determination to conquer whenever it came to blows, and whatever it might cost. But the acts of the British Parliament, and the dogged determination of their master on the throne of England, to coerce submission in the Colonies, had driven the people

to a united resistance. A circle of fire was closing around that English army, and the lion was soon to be "bearded in his den."

New England was yet acting, in its armed resistance, almost or quite alone. She had called on her hardy sons to repel aggression by force. Gradually an army was being concentrated in the vicinity of Boston to watch the enemy, and prevent his excursions for plunder or for blood. The call for volunteers had been heard in every valley and village east of the Hudson, and from the mountains and the plains, from the pleasant farms and the village shops, from the log-cabins among the hills, and the fisherman's huts along the streams, there went back an answering cry, "WE COME!" Rusty and dilapidated fire-locks were repaired, old muskets, which the fathers had carried against the French and Indians twenty years before, were taken down by the sons, and burnished up anew; mothers and daughters aided their sons, and husbands, and brothers, in their preparations; and all New England was aglow with patriotism—resolved to preserve their freedom and protect their firesides, or perish in the effort.

Quite an army had collected in Cambridge and the vicinity; the materials were rude and undisciplined, it is true, but they were sturdy and strong. But few had ever seen service in the field, but they knew how to draw a trigger, and could hit the mark at any reasonable distance. All they needed was discipline and practice, and in the defense of their homes and hearthstones the world could not produce their equals as soldiers. Accustomed to an active and healthful in-

dustry, and breathing the pure air of their native hills, they excelled in physical strength and in powers of endurance. They had some among them, too, who had been trained and disciplined in the art of war, and who had seen much of active service in by-gone years; indeed, all the trophies that England had ever won on this continent, had been secured by the valor of her provincial troops. Among these old heroes of other days, who still survived, there were already with the army Generals Ward and Heath, who knew how to command as well as to obey. Colonels Putnam, and Prescott, and Stark, and Pomeroy, and Knowlton, and I know not how many more, were there, competent for any position, and prepared for any emergency.

General Ward had been invested with supreme command of the troops, and had his head-quarters at Cambridge—although Putnam, as a veteran in years and experience, was, practically, the commander-in-chief. He was as shrewd as he was brave; never at a loss for resources; prompt in all his movements, and with a soul that caught fire at the first flash of powder. He was a Mason, too, and so was Prescott, the next in command, and his equal in valor. Stark was there also, tall and straight, like the pines which grew around his mountain home, and with an eye that flashed like the eagle's which soared above them. But we may not speak of all, for this is neither the time nor place.

The Committee of Safety, to which body was temporarily intrusted the direction of public affairs, had convened for consultation; and the general officers of the army, composing a council of war, met with the Committee, to advise and decide upon future move-

ments. In this meeting it was proposed that the army should occupy and fortify the Hights of Charlestown. This movement was advocated by the veterans Putnam and Prescott, while Warren, young and ardent as he was, threw all his influence against it. There were, at that time, only eleven barrels of powder in possession of the army, and there were but thirty-seven in the whole Province of Massachusetts! Warren deemed it imprudent, while such a well-disciplined and well-equipped British army lay in Boston, backed by a powerful fleet, to make any movement that would probably bring on a general engagement, until the American troops were better provided with the munitions of war. His opposition to the occupancy of the Hights was the dictate of prudence—not of fear, as subsequent events amply proved. He was overruled, however, in the council, and it was determined to anticipate the British, and fortify Bunker, or Breed's Hill. As we have already seen, Warren had just been appointed a Major-General; he had received his commission, but knew nothing, practically, of the art of war, while a crisis was rapidly approaching which required skill and experience as well as valor. Although it was not necessary for him to move with that portion of the army which was detailed to take possession of the Hights, yet he declared his determination to share in its perils, although he had given his voice against the measure.

On the evening of the 16th of June, a little before sunset, about twelve hundred troops were paraded on the common, in front of General Ward's quarters, under the command of the veteran Colonel Prescott,

who was to lead them on their desperate enterprise. Each man was provided with a blanket, and provisions for twenty-four hours, but not one of the privates knew the object of the expedition. They had unlimited confidence, however, in their officers, and were willing to follow where they dared to lead. President Langdon, of Harvard College, offered up public prayers in their behalf, and then those pioneers of liberty set off to dare the whole British army, and open the drama of a seven years' war.

At nine o'clock, the detachment started, led by Colonel Prescott, and on their way they were joined by General Putnam, with the necessary intrenching tools. Without beat of drum, cautiously and silently, to avoid discovery by the enemy, they proceeded to Breed's Hill, which being nearer to Boston, was deemed preferable for an intrenchment to Bunker Hill. Colonel Gridley marked out the ground; the men stacked their guns, threw off their packs, and began their labor. It was midnight when the first spadeful of earth was thrown up. It was solemn work, for what might not the morning bring forth! How many hearts in that patriot band were tumultuous with emotions—new, and strange, and stirring! How many thought of their quiet homes, of their aged parents, who were invoking heaven in their behalf, of their wives and loved ones, whom they might see no more! And then, relying upon the justice of their cause, they breathed a prayer to the God of battles, and plied their spades again. It was a warm, calm, summer's night; the watching stars shone down like celestial sentinels on guard, while Freedom's sons were throwing up bulwarks against the

aggressor. Not a sound was heard; not a word was uttered above a whisper. The spirits of Tully and Turrene, of Tell and Hampden, may have looked down in approving wonder at the scene!

The day dawned at last, and with the first gray of the morning, a sailor on board the *Lively*, the British ship of war which lay nearest the shore, casting his eyes landward and up the hill-side, discovered on its brow, and running down on each side, from its crest to the water, an embankment, behind which the citizen-soldiers were still busy with pick and spade. It had grown up in a few hours since the preceding sunset, as if by enchantment, and was ominous of battle and bloodshed. Upon the fact being reported to the captain, he at once, without orders, promptly opened his broadside upon the intrenchments: he might as well have bombarded the moon; and the thunder of his guns only seemed a salute to the advancing army of Freedom. The rest of the fleet, as well as a floating battery, immediately joined in the morning's exercise; but the only effect of their martial efforts was to awaken Boston, and tell General Gage there was work for him. With his spy-glass in hand, he proceeded to Copp's Hill to examine into this new wonder. Carefully scanning the work, the tall commanding person of Colonel Prescott arrested his attention, and he inquired of a bystander, who happened to be Prescott's brother-in-law,—“Who is that officer who appears in command?” “It is Colonel Prescott,” said Mr. Willard, who promptly recognized his relative. “Will he fight?” asked Gage, quickly. “Yes sir,” was the reply, “he is an old soldier, and will fight to the last drop of blood; but I can not answer for his men.” “The

works must be carried," sternly answered Gage, as he closed his glass and strode off to give the necessary orders. But it was not so easy a task as he anticipated.

I need not say that Warren was beloved by the people of Boston, and of Massachusetts; he was the idol of popular affection. The few friends who knew of his determination to be present at the expected struggle on Bunker Hill, earnestly importuned him to change his purpose; they knew the conflict would be a bloody one; for Putnam and Prescott, the chivalry of New England, commanded in the intrenchments, and the enemy were five times their number. Warren's life was too valuable to the cause to be *needlessly* ventured in the strife—for he was in himself a host, and was more dreaded by the English authorities than any other man in the Colony. As already stated, he was President of the Provincial Council, then in session at Watertown, and Chairman of the Committee of Safety. He was young, active, and daring. His influence with his countrymen was almost unbounded; and in the resources of his great mind and lofty patriotism his country possessed a treasure beyond estimate, and a power equal to armed hosts.

The great drama of the Revolution was just opening. A long, and fierce, and unequal struggle was about to commence, which should eventuate in yet deeper thralldom, or in glorious victory and rational freedom. The stakes to be lost and won were such as no nation had ever battled for before. It was not simply the venture of a triumph or defeat on Bunker Hill; it was not the possession of Boston by the king's troops or the New England militia; it was not the collection of certain taxes for the Royal Exchequer, nor even the government of

Massachusetts, that was at issue. It was a principle—a principle involving all these, it is true, yet much more than all these, the destinies of a continent were at stake; the trial of strength was to settle the question whether George the Third, a weak-minded king at three thousand miles distance, surrounded by ambitious and corrupt advisers, was to be master here; or whether the people should select their own rulers, make their own laws, and levy their own taxes. The freedom or slavery, not only of that generation, but of millions that were to come after them, was suspended upon the result of the conflict which was that day to begin in blood on Bunker Hill. Men were few, and especially such men as Joseph Warren. Should he fall, it would be difficult to repair the loss; his death would be a public calamity, which would be felt from the granite hills of New Hampshire to the rice plantations of Georgia. No wonder, then, his friends, who best knew his value, plead with him to remain out of harm's way!

Warren had passed the night in transacting public business at Watertown, where the Congress was in session, and at daylight, on the morning of the 17th, he rode to head-quarters at Cambridge, and immediately retired to take some repose, as he was unwell—probably induced by loss of sleep, fatigue, and anxiety. It was the last he took, until he found it in the grave. When information was received that the British were moving to attack the Americans on Bunker Hill, General Ward sent a message to Warren, advising him of the fact. He rose immediately, declared that his headache was gone, and went to attend a meeting of the Committee of Safety. At this meeting it would seem that Warren

again intimated his determination to share the fortunes of the day with Putnam and Prescott on Bunker Hill. Elbridge Gerry, one of the Committee, who entertained the same opinion as did Warren, as to the imprudence of the attempt to occupy the Heights, "earnestly requested him not to expose his person," by taking part in the approaching battle. "It is not worth while," said Gerry, "for you to be present; it will be madness for you to expose yourself where your destruction will be almost inevitable. Your ardent temper will carry you forward into the midst of peril, and you will probably fall!" "I know I may fall," said Warren, "but I live within the sound of their cannon; how could I hear their roaring in so glorious a cause, and not be there?" Again Mr. Gerry remonstrated, and added: "As surely as you go there, you will be slain." Warren, with great enthusiasm, and with his countenance glowing with the very spirit of patriotism, replied, "Where is the man who does not think it glorious to die for his country?" at the same time quoting the Latin,

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

It is sweet and becoming to die for the country.

Such was the language of the patriot Grand Master, on the morning of that memorable day,—as usual, forgetting self, and all of self's interests, but remembering his country, even to the sacrifice of his life: and mounting his horse in hot haste, he rode off to the field of glory, alas! to exemplify the quotation, and "die for his country."

A few moments before the commencement of the action, while the confident and well-appointed British

troops, several thousand strong, under General Howe in person, fresh and vigorous from rest and plenty, were pouring in a living tide from their barges, and marshalling on the shore; while the half-exhausted Americans, who had marched and toiled all night and half the day, were lying behind their hastily-constructed breastworks, and waiting for the onset; while the anxious multitudes of deeply interested spectators in Boston and Charlestown, and on every surrounding hill and house-top, were waiting with breathless suspense for the opening of the fearful drama; and while the fleet in the harbor, and the fort on Copp's Hill, and the floating batteries in the river were pouring their tremendous broadsides into the devoted redoubt, and the barricades of hay and fence-rails, and every heart among the many thousands beat and thrilled with unutterable emotions,—a horseman, of slight make and fair form, was seen advancing from Charlestown neck at full speed toward the American works. He had to cross Bunker Hill to reach the principal intrenchments, which were beyond it, on Breed's Hill. The prudent forethought of Putnam had induced him to detach a portion of his men to throw up a slight defense on Bunker Hill, to serve as a rallying point for his raw levies, should they be driven from their principal defenses. Putnam, at this juncture, happened to be there, and as the horseman gained the crest of Bunker Hill, General Putnam rode forward to meet him. He at once recognized the young Major-General, Warren, who had come, unexpectedly to Putnam, but agreeably to his expressed determination, to take part in the engagement as a volunteer.

Putnam was a rough old soldier, but a kind-hearted, chivalric, and noble man. On approaching and recognizing the new-comer, he exclaimed, "General Warren, is it you? I rejoice, and yet I regret to see you. Your life is too precious to be exposed in this battle; but since you *are* here, I will take your orders!" "General Putnam," replied the youthful hero, "I have no orders to give. You have made your arrangements; I come to aid you as a volunteer. Tell me where I can be useful." "Go, then, to the redoubt, you will there be covered," responded Putnam. "I came not to be covered," returned Warren, half reproachfully; "tell me where I shall be most in danger—tell me where the action will be hottest." "The redoubt," said Putnam, "will be the enemy's object. If that can be defended, the day is ours." At this Warren immediately continued his way to the redoubt on Breed's Hill. As soon as the troops there discovered, they knew him, although he was not in uniform, and greeted him with shouts of welcome. Colonel Prescott commanded there, and immediately proposed that Warren should assume his right to command, while *he* would serve. Warren nobly answered, "No, Colonel Prescott, give me *your* orders; give me a musket. I have come to take a lesson of a veteran in the art of war!"

Near three o'clock, in the afternoon, the battle commenced. We shall not attempt a description, for we have not the capacity, even were it desirable; and it is unnecessary, as most of our readers are familiar with its details. Led by Generals Howe and Pigot, the British advanced in good order, and discharging their pieces at

every few steps. They entertained a profound contempt for the powers of the American militia, and supposed they would scamper off like so many frightened sheep as soon as the balls began to whistle about them. But they were mistaken. Putnam had issued positive orders to his men to lie close behind their defenses, and not to fire a gun until ordered—they had but little ammunition, and none to throw away. Still the enemy advanced, and still the Americans reserved their fire. A death-like silence reigned in the intrenchments; but each musket was pointed, and along it flashed an eye fixed upon its mark, and at each trigger there was a finger, and they only waited for the word—but no word was given! The eagle-eye of Putnam was fixed upon the advancing hosts, while his great soul swelled with the thoughts of country and freedom. Warren was in the redoubt, musket in hand, as obedient as a private soldier, and coolly waiting to *do*, as he had already *dared*. On came the British, gaining confidence at each step of an easy victory. At length they reached the desired proximity—forty paces. Putnam now felt they were within his power, and he uttered a single word that moved every man along the line of intrenchments. Sudden as the lightning's flash, a sheet of flame ran all along the defenses, and a tempest of leaden balls smote the confident British like the sword of the avenging angel! Whole ranks and companies went down, as though earth had opened to receive them. The British paused a moment, but those in the rear again advanced over their fallen comrades. Another sheet of flame opened on them—another storm of bullets, and other hundreds bit the dust. The enemy paused, wavered a moment, recoiled, then bent up again, but could

not wait for a third discharge. The ranks broke, and, in defiance of the utmost efforts of their officers, they rushed down the hill, and out of the range of that murderous fire. And then a good hearty shout went up from behind that breastwork, which was echoed and re-echoed from hill and house-top as far as it could be heard; and then all was still again.

The British troops were quickly re-formed, and under the command of officers unused to defeat, again commenced the assault. But the fire was now not alone from the assaulting party; the whole fleet, and all the forts and batteries within reach belched forth their thunder at the point of attack, and Charlestown was set on fire to dismay and confuse the Americans. Such a scene, for awful sublimity and appalling grandeur, was, probably, never witnessed before. General Burgoyne, who saw and heard it from Boston, wrote to a friend: "Sure I am nothing ever has or ever can be more dreadfully terrible than what was to be seen and heard at this time: the most incessant discharge of guns that ever was heard by mortal ears." But still that devoted little band of patriots quailed not. Still as death they lay, waiting the second attack, and like the lion crouching for the fatal spring, ready to hurl a second storm of death into the ranks of the enemy.

Again the British, in serried ranks, dashed up the hill, pouring in a constant discharge, and once more confident of success. Again the Americans reserved their fire until the enemy had almost reached the breastworks, when suddenly they opened again, and volley after volley was poured into their very faces, until the ranks of the English melted away like snow-flakes under an August

sun. No troops on earth could stand it, and the whole attacking forces broke and fled in utter confusion and dismay. Over a thousand of the enemy were either killed or wounded during these two brief assaults.

At the second repulse of the British, an incident is stated to have occurred, which is directly connected with the fate of Warren.

Major Small, of the British army, and our own General Putnam, had been fellow soldiers in the former wars against the French, and had contracted a friendship, in camp and lodge, that even political animosities could not destroy. After the fire from the American works had the second time taken such terrible effect upon the advancing columns of the English, Major Small, who was in the advance, remained unhurt, but almost alone, amid the hundreds that fell around him. His nearly solitary position and brilliant dress formed a conspicuous mark for our riflemen within the redoubt. They had already pointed their guns, and, in another minute, he would have been numbered with his bleeding comrades. At this moment, Putnam recognized his friend, and seeing his imminent danger, though he was a Briton, sprang forward, and threw himself before the levelled muskets of his soldiers. "Spare that officer, my gallant comrades," said the old hero, "we are friends—*we are brothers!*" This appeal was sufficient, and Major Small retired unhurt from the scene of carnage. This anecdote rests upon well-attested authority, and is, most probably, true. General Putnam, it will be seen, saved the life of Major Small—*his brother*: future events in the action showed how Small appreciated the act, and endeavored, though without success, to repay it in kind.

But the British rallied again, and their next effort was successful, for they had been largely reinforced from Boston, and, besides, they had discovered the vulnerable point in the defenses. Destitute of ammunition or bayonets, and overwhelmed by numbers, the gallant Americans were compelled, though reluctantly, to retreat. They fought, however, to the last, and only quitted their intrenchments when the enemy were in possession, and fighting hand to hand, with clubbed muskets against British bayonets and four times their numbers. To yield, under such circumstances, was no dishonor. General Warren remained in the redoubt until the enemy had entered it, and was one of the last to retreat, and then with reluctance. He had come upon the field, as he said, to take a lesson in the stern art of war from the veteran Colonel Prescott, and all must admit that he obtained a severe and thorough one. He was slowly retreating, and only a few rods from the works when the whole British forces passed the breastwork, thus placing him in most imminent danger. It was at this critical moment that Major Small, whose life Putnam had saved not an hour before, attempted in turn to preserve the life of Warren. Small knew him well, for they had doubtless often met as Masons, and seeing his imminently dangerous position, called out to him by name, and requested him to surrender, at the same time ordering his men to cease firing. Warren heard his name called by some one, and turned his head, as if he recognized the voice; but it was too late. That moment, as his face was turned to the enemy, a ball struck him on the forehead and he fell to the earth, *dead!* These facts are given

upon the testimony of Major Small himself, and are doubtless correct.

“And thus,” says an eminent historian, “to Warren, distinguished among the bravest, wisest, and best of the patriotic band, was assigned, in the inscrutable decrees of Providence, the crown of early martyrdom. It becomes not human frailty to murmur at the will of heaven; the blood of martyrs has been, in all ages, the nourishing rain of religion and liberty.” We may add that though Warren was removed at the moment when, in human judgment, he was most needed, and when all eyes were turned upon him as a leader in the American Israel, and the brightest luminary that shone in the galaxy of New England worthies, yet indulgent Providence provided for the emergency. On that very day, and most probably at that very hour, Congress, in session at Philadelphia, four hundred miles distant, elected George Washington to the command of the American armies. If He took from us a Warren, He gave us a Washington at the very moment, to supply his place.

So ended the sanguinary contest on Bunker Hill. The British gained and kept possession of the intrenchments, but the victory belonged to the Americans, for the enemy lost almost as many men as were engaged in the battle on the side of freedom.

The poet, Epes Sargent, has finely commemorated the sad catastrophe of Bunker Hill, in the following beautiful stanzas:

“When the war-cry of liberty rang through the land,
To arms sprang our fathers, the foe to withstand;

On old Bunker Hill, their intrenchments they rear,
 When the army is joined by a young volunteer;
 'Tempt not death,' cried his friends; but he bade them good-by,
 Saying, 'O! it is sweet for our country to die!'

"The tempest of battle now rages and swells,
 'Mid the thunder of cannon, the ringing of bells;
 And a light, not of battle, illumes yonder spire,
 Scene of woe!—scene of woe! it is Charlestown on fire!
 The young volunteer heedeth not the sad cry,
 But murmurs, 't is sweet for our country to die!'

"With trumpets and banners the foe draweth near;
 A volley of musketry checks their career!
 With the dead and the dying the hillside is strown,
 And the shout through our line is, 'The day is our own!
 'Not yet!'—cries the young volunteer—'do they fly;
 'Stand firm! O! it's sweet for our country to die!'

"Now our powder is spent, and they rally again;
 'Retreat,' says our chief, 'since unarmed we remain.'
 But the young volunteer lingers yet on the field,
 Reluctant to fly, and disdaining to yield.
 A shot! ah! he falls! but his life's latest sigh
 Is, 't is sweet, O! 't is sweet for our country to die!

"And thus Warren fell! Happy death, noble fall,
 To perish for country at Liberty's call!
 Should the flag of invasion profane evermore
 The blue of our seas, or the green of our shore,
 May the hearts of our people re-echo the cry:
 'T is sweet! O! 't is sweet for our country to die!"

We have thus briefly sketched the life and death of the illustrious Warren; now let us follow him to the grave, and note the tributes of Masonic affection paid to his memory; for the genius of Masonry forgets not even the ashes of her sainted dead.

From a letter written soon after the battle by Mrs. Adams, the wife of John Adams, to her husband, then in Congress at Philadelphia, we make the following extract in relation to the fallen patriot:

“We heard from a deserter that our valued friend, WARREN (dear to us, even in death,) was not treated with any more respect than the common soldier; but the savage wretches called *officers*, consulted together, and agreed to sever his head from his body, and carry it in triumph to Gage, [the British General.] What *humanity* could not obtain, the *rites* and ceremonies of a MASON *demand*ed. An officer, who, it seems, was one of the Brotherhood, requested that, as a Mason, he might have the body *unmangled*, and find a decent *interment* for it. He obtained his request, but, upon returning to secure it, he found it already thrown into the earth, only with the ceremony of being *first* placed there, with many bodies over him.”

If this statement be authentic, and that it was, substantially, we have no reason to doubt, it shows that Masonic influence was not in abeyance, even in that gloomy hour. It is not intimated who the officer was who thus interfered for the protection of the body of the Grand Master, but it would not be hazardous to suppose it to have been Major Small. His good intentions, however, were frustrated in part, for Warren shared the grave of his soldiers who fought and fell at his side.

Nothing could be done toward recovering his remains while the British troops were in Boston, and the city closely invested by Washington; but the enemy having been driven to their ships early in April of the following spring, an effort was made to recover the body;

and, after *strict and diligent search*, it was found buried near the brow of the hill on which he fell, and fully identified by Dr. Jeffries, General Winslow, and others of his friends, by an artificial tooth, and other infallible marks. On the 8th of April the Craft assembled to give the remains of their honored Grand Master *a more decent interment*. A procession was formed, and the body was raised and carried to the State House, and from thence to King's Chapel, where a most solemn and eloquent oration was delivered by Brother Perez Morton, after which it was buried in the Granary Burial-ground, with all the impressive rituals and formulas of the Order.

After the battles of the Revolution were over, and peace had again visited the land, the family of General Warren once more disinterred his remains, and removed them to St. Paul's Church, where they yet remain. Every Mason will understand our allusion, when we refer to the fact, that the body of the illustrious Grand Master was three several times buried: first, on the brow of the hill, where he fell a martyr to his integrity and love of country; secondly, in the public burial-ground, where he was laid with Masonic ceremonies; and lastly, by his family and friends, near St. Paul's Church—the Temple consecrated to the worship of the true God!

On the 8th of April, 1777, it was ordered by the Continental Congress, that a monument should be erected to the memory of General Warren, in the town of Boston; but, like many other things that Congress *resolves*, it was never done. But though politicians and placemen neglected their duty to the patriot dead, who had given, not their fortunes only, but their lives, to redeem the country from a foreign yoke, so did not the Craft.

Charlestown is adjacent to Bunker Hill. King Solomon's Lodge was instituted there in 1783. In 1794, that Lodge took the initiative to erect a monument on the spot where Warren fell. The ground was owned by a public-spirited citizen, by the name of Russell, and it was known as "Mr. Russell's pasture." On the 11th of November, 1794, King Solomon's Lodge, by resolution, appointed a Committee "to erect such a monument in Mr. Russell's pasture, provided the land can be procured, as, in their opinion, will do honor to the Lodge, in memory of our late brother, the Most Worshipful Joseph Warren." Mr. Russell was applied to, and very promptly and "generously," as the records of the Lodge state, "offered a deed of as much land as might be necessary for the purpose."

In compliance with their instructions, and at the expense of the Lodge, the Committee proceeded to erect thereon "a Tuscan Pillar, eighteen feet in height, placed upon a platform eight feet high, eight feet square, and fenced round to protect it from injury. On the top of the pillar [I quote from the report of the Committee] is placed a gilt Urn, with the initials, and age of Dr. Warren, inclosed in the Square and Compasses." On the south-west side of the pedestal was the following inscription:

Erected, A. D., 1794,

By King Solomon's Lodge of Freemasons,

Constituted at Charlestown, 1783,

In memory of

MAJOR-GENERAL WARREN,

And his Associates, who were slain on this memorable spot,

June 17, 1775.

None but those who set a just value upon the blessings of liberty are worthy to enjoy her. In vain we toiled; in vain we fought; we bled in vain, if you, our offspring, want valor to repel the assaults of our invaders.

Charlestown settled, 1628; burnt, 1775; rebuilt, 1776.

The inclosed land given by Hon. JAMES RUSSELL.

When this monument was completed, the Lodge met, formed a procession, and accompanied by a large concourse of citizens, civil and military officers, trustees and officers of the public schools, etc., proceeded to the ground and solemnly *dedicated* the monument in Masonic form. An address was delivered by Brother John Soley, jr., the Master of the Lodge, and who afterward became Grand Master of Masons in that State. The Lodge subsequently fenced in a road to the lot, and kept the premises in repair, until 1825, when, by a mutual arrangement, the whole passed from under the supervision of the Craft, to the present "Bunker Hill Monument Association."

The above-named Association was formed in 1825, for the purpose of erecting on Bunker Hill a more befitting and enduring monument to the memory of the brave men who fell there in the cause of human liberty. The "monument and its appurtenances" was then tendered by King Solomon's Lodge to the Association, which was accepted, with the understanding "that some trace of its former existence" might be preserved in the monument that should be erected there.

The new monument was completed and dedicated, with imposing ceremonies, on the 17th of June, 1843. The summit of Bunker Hill, on which it stands, is

sixty-two feet above the level of the sea, whose waves reach within a short distance of its base. The form of the monument is that of an obelisk, thirty feet square at the ground, and sixteen feet four and a half inches at the top. It is built of hewn granite blocks, and is two hundred and twelve feet in height. The interior is hollow and circular, having a diameter of ten feet seven inches at the bottom, and six feet four inches at the summit, and is ascended by two hundred and ninety-four steps. At the top is an elliptical chamber, seventeen feet high and eleven in diameter, with four windows, from which is afforded a most beautiful view of Boston, its harbor filled with shipping, the adjacent towns and surrounding country.

A vast concourse of people assembled at its dedication. The President of the United States, with his Cabinet, and distinguished strangers from different parts were there. King Solomon's Lodge was there again, and occupied the post of honor in the procession. Near fifty years before, it had built and dedicated the first monument to the memory of Warren and his martyred associates. The members who *then* composed it, however, had all passed away, all, save one, and *that* one was the venerable John Soley, who had officiated as Master, and delivered the address, at the first dedication. Mr. Webster pronounced an oration on the occasion—one of the most eloquent that ever fell from his lips. It had one defect, however, perhaps caused by the spirit of the times,—he made no allusion whatever to the Lodge which had so early set the example of erecting a monument on Bunker Hill. He could not have been ignorant of the facts, for they were

public property. The Lodge, too, was before him; the man who dedicated the first monument sat at his side on the platform, decked in the insignia of the Order. Why Mr. Webster avoided all allusion to the agency of Masonry in these patriotic labors, we can not imagine. It *must* have been designed; but the reason for it now slumbers with him in the grave; and there let it sleep, for great men sometimes have failings too, and they need, as others, the broad mantle of Masonic charity.

Agreeably to the terms of the transfer of the property from King Solomon's Lodge, that body has placed an exact *model* of the original monument inside of the present one. It stands on the floor of the inner chamber, immediately fronting the door as you enter the obelisk. It is of the finest Italian marble, and, including the granite pedestal on which it stands, is about nine feet in height, and bears the same inscription as the former one, with some additions.

The "model" was placed in its present location on the 24th of June, 1845—half a century after the first one was erected. The venerable Soley still lived, and delivered an address, as he had done on the same spot at the completion of the original. We trust that "model" will remain where it is as long as the noble obelisk itself shall stand. The evidence of the filial reverence and devoted patriotism of the Craft will thus go down to future generations, along with the name and the deeds of that great and pure patriot Grand Master, whose memory all delight to honor.

But we must bid adieu to Warren, his eloquence, his patriotism, and his glorious death; to Bunker Hill,

its hallowed memories and imperishable monuments. We love to linger around it, to cultivate a love of country from the recollections of its past, and contemplate the milder Masonic virtues which adorned the character of some who fought and some who fell on that first altar of American liberty.

In contemplating the character of Warren, we are impressed by its beautiful proportions, and the harmonious blending of all its parts. He was brave as Hannibal or Napoleon; wise as Fabius or Franklin; pure as Washington, and simple as Cincinnatus. His mind was naturally vigorous, not to say brilliant; and it was disciplined by a thorough education, and enriched with the accumulated lore of ancient and modern times. His life was stainless as his heart was pure, while his love of country was absorbing, and his patriotism of that lofty and exalted character which forgets self and lays even life upon the altar, that country may triumph. He seemed to have been raised up to inaugurate the glorious struggle for freedom, and then gathered to the heaven of the virtuous dead to herald the coming of his illustrious successor. In him Masonry saw its living impersonation; and over his tomb, yet, her genius weeps and waits his equal.

In the history of Masonry there have been three Grand Masters who fell as martyrs to their integrity and zeal in behalf of right: one, traditionally, in the first Temple on Moriah; another on Bunker Hill; the third, and last, immortal Daviess, of Kentucky, on the field of Tippecanoe—a trio of worthies glorious in their lives, honored in their death—one in fame and memory forever!

A talented lady of the West, the daughter of a distinguished Mason, recently wrote and sent me the following lines in relation to the subject of this sketch :

“O! sadly the stars, on that summer's night,
 Looked down on the battle-field,
 Where eyes that at morning were proud and bright,
 In the sleep of death were sealed.
 And the star-light stole, with glimmering rays,
 O'er mountain, woodland, and dell,
 'Till it rested down, in a softened haze,
 Where the gallant Warren fell:
There it now shone with a softer glow,
 As though looking through tears on the world below.

“Ah! many a noble heart was hushed
 'Mid the battle's din that day;
 And many a life-long hope was crushed
 In its dark and sad array:
 But never a heart more brave and true
 Than the martyr-hero's who fell—
 The first in the cause of Liberty,
 On the Hights of Bunker Hill!
 It swept o'er the land like a funeral knell—
 The sorrowful tidings, how WARREN fell.

“His countrymen mourned for the hero brave,
 Who inspired each bosom with trust;
 While MASONRY knelt by the blood-hallow'd grave,
 And wept o'er the slumbering dust.
 She wept for the light from her temples withdrawn,
 The BROTHER so honored and brave,
 That even the *foeman's* proud arm was upthrown
 So noble a spirit to save;
 The Patriot GRAND MASTER, who fell in his might,
 The *second of three*—in defense of the right!

“A soldier—the brightest of laurels were twined,
 Unfading around his fair name—
 While his mem'ry in thousands of hearts is enshrined,
 The rarest and purest of fame.

A Mason—his life was unselfish and pure,
Made true by the compass and square;
An ashlar of beauty that long will endure,
Which LIGHT proves both perfect and fair.
The *world* may forget him; but while there's a stone
In Masonry's Temple still *there*,
The name of our WARREN will not be unknown,
But cherished with reverence and care.
Peace, peace to thy memory, brave WARREN, for aye;
The LIGHT from thy life shall fade never away!"

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.



SIR · CHRISTOPHER WREN.

THERE are model Masons as well as model men; those who fully exemplify the special and practical duties of a Mason, while they adorn social life, and are examples of moral purity and integrity. A man may be as pure in his religious character as John the Evangelist; a patriot as disinterested and devoted as Tell, as Hampden, or as Washington; a scholar who has explored every avenue of knowledge, and acquired all that the human mind is capable of grasping: he may be the glory of his family, a companion and friend whom you can clasp to your heart with joy, and a citizen to whom community may point with an honest pride—and yet not be a Freemason—although he would be none the worse for being one. But, in addition to all these virtues and acquirements, he may have passed through the solemn ceremonies of our Order, and illustrated the virtues while he faithfully discharged the duties of a Craftsman; exhibiting, in his own life, the wisdom, strength, and beauty which were so harmoniously blended in the immortal *three* who labored in the erection of the first Temple at Jerusalem.

There have been many such in our mystic temple—magnificent pillars, towering in grandeur above their fellows, apparently perfect in their proportions, uniting moral purity with classic elegance, and blending, in their own persons, the skill of the Craftsman with the acquirements of the scholar, the integrity of the citizen, and the virtues of a friend. We love to gaze upon such exhibitions of excellence, for, alas! they are somewhat rare in the history of our race: men who seem fitted for the enjoyments of another world, while they are spared as the ornaments of this: such are rarely appreciated as they should be, until they have passed from our sphere to one more in harmony with their nature.

Such are model Masons; and such was Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN, to a sketch of whose life and labors we now invite the reader's attention. A scholar of rare and varied attainments; an architect who had no equal in his day, and whose works, while they attest the genius of the builder, are the boast of Old England; long the Deputy and twice the Grand Master of Masons, he stands first on the "roll of the workmen" of his age; and a gentleman whose religious character was as pure as his intellectual achievements were glorious. To *such* a man we can fearlessly point as the *model* Mason of the age in which he lived.

The population of London, in the middle of the seventeenth century, was upward of half a million. It was the capital of the British Empire, and the commercial metropolis of the world. It was the home of merchant-princes, whose ships sailed over every ocean, and whose commercial transactions extended to every part of the world. Its business pulsations were like the throbbings

of the human heart, sending out to the utmost limits of the business world its life-current of trade, and bringing back from the extremities the fruits of all lands, and the wealth and luxuries of every clime. A vast and busy multitude thronged its streets, filled its quaint old habitations, and toiled in its shops and factories. London was then the home and the center of science, of literature, and of art. Perhaps at no period in England's history did she possess so many men of profound and varied learning, as in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Chemistry, philosophy, the mathematics, architecture, and, indeed, all the sciences, were studied as they never were before, and the achievements of mind kept pace with the progress of civilization. The human intellect seemed to be developing new energies, and putting forth powers capable of grasping all knowledge within the reach of finite capacity. Human genius approached its culmination, and the secrets of nature came forth at its bidding, as though to do homage to the traces of divinity in man, and throw a glow of unearthly light along the pathway trodden by humanity.

The sun of Cromwell, the fanatical "*Protector of England*," as he had assumed to call himself, had gone down in gloom, and Charles the Second returned from his exile and ascended the throne of his ancestors, in the month of May, 1660. London again became the home of royalty, and around the court were gathered the noblest of England's old nobility. The monarch, to add to the stability of his throne, endeavored to conciliate the affections of his subjects by every means in his power, and gathered around him, in his proud capital, the beauty, strength, and wisdom of his em-

pire. Learning was fostered, learned men were patronized, and the arts encouraged. To be a profound scholar was a certain passport to royal favor, and to profitable and honorable employment. The Royal Society was organized in the fall of 1660, when the King became its Patron, and encouraged its members in their labors. This gave a new impulse to the efforts of genius, and the intellect of the nation gathered around it as wandering satellites gather around a common center by the force of gravitation. The moral power of England, at this time, among the nations of the earth, was like the sun in the solar system; and London was the heart, the center of England.

On Sunday evening, the 2d of September, 1666, about 10 o'clock at night, a fire broke out near the center of the great city, which ran from house to house, from street to street, and from square to square; all night and all day, and day after day, it burned. Wider and wider it extended its area of devastation; darker and denser were the huge volumes of smoke that rolled up from that burning capital; fiercer and wilder were the red flames that ascended from those blazing blocks of buildings, until it seemed as though the whole proud city was about to be offered in sacrifice by fire; dwelling, and shop, and warehouse, palace, and church, and cathedral went down, one after another, until the noblest mansions of England's aristocracy, and the proudest monuments of her architectural skill, lay in one black heap of smoking ruins. Ten thousand buildings were in ashes; three hundred thousand people were houseless in the fields, and a

district a mile in width, and two miles in length, was covered with the burning fragments of the proudest city in the world! For five or six days the fire held high revelry; during the night its light was seen at the distance of forty miles; and when it ceased, for want of fuel, there was but one-seventh of the great Metropolis of England left standing. The whole kingdom felt the shock, and the throes of sensation ran through every nerve of the body politic, to the extremest verge of Charles's dominions.

It must be remembered, too, that the plague, which ravaged London, and made it a charnel-house—carrying away thousands upon thousands of its population, rich and poor, the opulent and high-born, as well as the peasant and the beggar, had but recently ceased its work of death when this great fire occurred. Civil war had long raged; an usurper had been on the throne, and England's heart had bled by the poniard in English hands. Added to all this, Charles the Second was now waging a fierce war with one or two of the continental powers, and needed all his resources to sustain himself in the field and on the sea. With all this in view, we shall more readily understand the magnitude of that calamity which swept like a flood of fire over London, and left its fairest and largest portion a desolation.

But Charles was a man of energy, and he determined promptly to rebuild his capital. Previous to the fire, the streets were narrow, crooked, and tortuous; and it was determined to re-map, at least the burnt district, and turn the calamity to account by widening and straightening the streets, re-adjusting the lines of pri-

vate property, ignoring the practice of erecting wooden buildings, and thus reforming while they were rebuilding the city. In addition to all this, the public buildings were to be reconstructed, churches must be supplied to the public, and St. Paul's, a memento of the early triumphs of the cross in England, must be reconstructed in a style of greater magnificence than before. But where should Charles find a man capable of grasping the entire plan; with learning, and skill, and influence, and power to superintend the whole of these vast and complicated operations; guide the labors of so many thousands of workmen and artizans; while, at the same time, he could design as well, and draw and plan, and superintend the mighty work of reconstructing a vast city, with all its churches, and cathedrals, and other public edifices? A man wiser than he whom the King of Tyre sent to Solomon to design and arrange the plans for the first Temple was needed—and *such a man was found!* It was none other than Christopher Wren, then Deputy Grand Master of Masons in England.

Masonry was then an operative science, as it *had* been beyond the memory of man, but it was not *exclusively* so. Like an honorary membership in literary or historical societies of the present day, some were admitted as Freemasons, not because they belonged to that profession of operatives, but because of their eminence in the political, scientific, or literary world. The operatives were called *Free* Masons, because they had passed regularly through the several grades, until they had become "master workmen," and thus acquired the *freedom* of the society, and entitled to all its rights

and privileges. Distinguished men were admitted, because of their political eminence, or their superiority as men of science. These passed through the ceremonies of the degrees, and were called *Accepted* Masons—hence the terms, Free and Accepted Masons, as comprehending the entire body of the Craft. When Masonry laid aside its operative character, and became purely speculative, it retained the appellatives of “*Free* and *Accepted*.”

St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is the most gigantic structure in the world consecrated to the interests of Protestant Christianity, and is only excelled in grandeur and extent by St. Peter's, in Rome. Besides this, it is the best specimen extant of substantial Freemasonry, in its operative character, of two hundred years ago; and the Grand Master of Masons was its architect and builder. The genius which designed, and the patient energy which constructed it, must command the homage of every visitor, and especially of every Freemason, whether from England itself or other and distant lands. As you enter the central door from the north and pass between the great pillars to the center of the floor beneath the dome, you stop and look around and upward in blank amazement. The entire building is on such a gigantic scale; so grand, so imposing, so solid, so perfect, that you feel subdued and awed as in the presence of the Master-builder himself; a sense of magnitude, of power, of grandeur, rivets you to the spot, and it is some time before you dare move or turn to examine in detail. The form of this master-piece of architecture is that of a Greek cross; its extreme length is five hundred feet; its greatest width is two

hundred and twenty-three feet; and its height, to the cross above the dome, is nearly or quite four hundred feet.

Standing on the mosaic floor beneath the center of the dome, facing the south, you turn to your left, and in front of you is the organ, and beyond it, the choir, where the religious services are ordinarily held. You advance to near the organ, and a record of the olden days is before you—the most fitting and appropriate epitaph conceivable. There are eight splendid Corinthian columns of blue-veined marble, which support the organ and gallery, and which are richly ornamented with carved work. On the side next the dome, in the front of this gallery, on a plain marble slab, is a Latin inscription, (formerly in gold letters,) which reads as follows in English:

BENEATH LIES

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN,

The builder of this Church and City,

Who lived upward of ninety years, not for himself,

but for the public good.

Reader, seekest thou his monument?

LOOK AROUND!

Now let us see who and what was Sir Christopher Wren.

He was the son and only child of the Rev. Dr. Christopher Wren, a clergyman in the national church of England. He was born at East Knoyle, in Wiltshire, on the 20th day of October, in the year 1632. His father descended from an ancient Danish family, and was a man of great learning and ability. His

mother was Mary, the daughter and heiress of Robert Cox, Esq., a highly respectable family of the county of Wilts.

The young Christopher Wren was of very delicate health in childhood, so much so that his parents were unwilling to send him from home to be educated, and his father took that labor upon himself—assisted by a private tutor. His progress in learning was rapid, and his disposition was as gentle and amiable as his capacities were great. At an early age, when his health had improved, he was placed under the care of Dr. Bushby, of Westminster, where he had the best tutors England could afford; and such was his genius and taste for learning, especially mathematics, that when only in his thirteenth year he invented a new astronomical instrument, and dedicated it, in excellent Latin, to his father. In his fourteenth year he was transferred from Westminster to the University at Oxford. His attainments in the classics and mathematics were, at this time, far beyond his years; and his fondness for mechanics was such that he had already produced almost as many inventions as can be claimed by a full grown New Englander of the present day. By his precocity of intellect and great attainments in science, he attracted the attention of the learned men of the University, and won their friendship and regard. Dr. Wilkins presented him to Prince Charles as a prodigy in science; and he was already intrusted with the translation of papers that would have tried the attainments of mature scholars.

The seventeenth century was the noon-day of England's glory—at least in mind. It was the century of poets, artists, and men of letters. Milton, Dryden,

Cowley; Pope, Swift, Steele, Addison; Newton, Locke, Barrow, Boyle, Halley, Harvey; Rubens, Vandyke, Rembrandt, and a great cloud of giant minds, both in England and on the continent, made that century memorable in the world's history. The mental activities of the world were such as they never had been before; and it seemed as though humanity was about to ignore its kindredship to dust, and assert its claims to a higher birthright and a more glorious destiny. Dr. Harvey had discovered the circulation of the blood; and Galileo, with his glass, had invaded the heavens, and demonstrated the revolution of the planets. The Royal Society was organized, and genius had combined with science in efforts to wrest from nature its profoundest mysteries. Philosophy, in its most abstruse departments, was reveling in the opulence of its discoveries; astronomy was mapping out the heavens, grouping the stars, and measuring the days and years of the planets; while poetry was heard in numbers never heard before, and music was lending it wings to bear it heavenward. Such were the tendencies of the age, and such the busy efforts of intellect to grasp the hitherto unattained, and contract the space between the finite and infinite, when Wren began his career of greatness. No wonder if his mind *did* catch the inspiration of the age, and, like an athlete in the ancient games, prepare itself for mighty achievements in the intellectual arena.

His progress in the acquisition of knowledge at Oxford astonished his teachers, and secured for him the friendship of some of the first men in the world of letters. Dr. John Wilkins, afterward Bishop of Chester; Dr. Seth Ward, the learned philosopher and mathematician;

and the celebrated Mr. Oughtred, author of an abstruse work on mathematical science, with others of the first men of the age, became his friends. He wrote in Latin with singular facility, and, at the request of Sir Charles Scarborough, he undertook to translate some of Mr. Oughtred's mathematical works into that language. He invented, about this time, an instrument for writing with two pens, for which he obtained a patent. He was then but fifteen years of age! Dr. Scarborough, already named, was, at this time, a lecturer on anatomy at Surgeon's Hall, and employed young Wren as a demonstrating assistant. He also wrote a treatise on spherical trigonometry, and made several valuable inventions in mechanics.

Just at this time, as if to encourage intellect in its glorious efforts, the world of art was electrified by the announcement that St. Peter's, at Rome, was finished! This temple was not only the largest and richest then, or since, dedicated to Christian worship, but it was designed as the central Church of the Christian world. It had been built under the patronage and pontificates of nineteen successive Popes; and the genius of twenty of the most renowned architects, supported by the treasures of the Christian world, had been exhausted in erecting it, and art had poured out all its wealth of treasures upon it. No wonder that the announcement of its completion drew all eyes to Rome, and presented architecture as a science worthy the attention of scientific men. Wren grasped it as the naturalist grasps a new and rare specimen in nature.

In his eighteenth year he received his degree of B. A. at College. About this time, too, he contrived several

new and valuable inventions. In the following year he wrote an algebraic treatise on the Julian period, and, by other manifestations of genius and learning, gave abundant promise of future greatness. Inigo Jones, the greatest architect in England, died just as Wren was expanding into manhood; he, too, had been Grand Master of the Freemasons in his day; and this relation, in connection with his fame as an architect, may have early directed the thoughts of Wren to that association.

At twenty-one the young scholar obtained his degree of Master of Arts, and, about the same time, he was elected a Fellow of All-Souls College, at Oxford. He continued to spend most of his time at the University, occasionally visiting London for purposes connected with his scientific pursuits, where he was constantly engaged in accumulating those stores of knowledge by which he was prepared for situations in which he afterward rendered such distinguished services to his country and mankind. Mr. Evelyn, one of the first scholars of his day, about this time formed the acquaintance of Wren, and speaks of him in his Diary as "*a miracle of a youth,*" and "*a rare and early prodigy of universal science.*"

The period at which Wren emerged into active life was one "of philosophical inquiry, experiment, and discovery;" and a mind like his was ever ready to grasp at hints and partial developments, and *from* them to work out great practical truths. He assisted to perfect, if he did not really invent, that great philosophical instrument—the barometer, although efforts were afterward made on the continent to rob him of the honor. He also originated the art of engraving in *mezzotint*, which was subsequently improved by Evelyn and Prince

Rupert—his co-laborers in the Royal Society. Indeed there was scarcely any subject in the whole range of improvements and discoveries that did not, at times, engage the attention of this great experimental philosopher. In looking over the transactions of the Royal Society, of which he became such an active and useful member, we not only find him presenting valuable papers at almost every meeting, announcing discoveries and inventions, or suggesting improvements in former ones, but nearly every important discovery by other members was referred to him for examination. His opinions on all subjects were held in such esteem by his philosophical companions, that they were continually urging him on all points of great and momentous subjects. Robert Hook, one of the greatest mathematicians of that age, declared that “since the time of Archimedes, there scarce ever met, in one man, in so great a perfection, such a mechanical hand and so philosophical a mind.”

A few select friends at Oxford were in the habit of meeting, at stated times, for the purpose of discussing questions in natural and experimental philosophy. Dr. Wilkins, Hook, Ward, Newton, Boyle, Evelyn, Wren, and other devotees of science were members of the club. In that little company were made the rough drafts, so to speak, of some of the greatest discoveries that were matured within the next fifty years. The times, it is true, were unpropitious; political commotions and civil wars convulsed society. The power of Cromwell had culminated, and he had now commenced his downward career, which was consummated, by his death, on the 3d of September, 1658. But, during all these upheavings of society, this

association of young men, in the retiracy of Oxford, continued its labors; the members were steadily preparing themselves for usefulness, and to shed upon their age and country a glory far greater than could be won at the head of armies and on crimsoned battle-fields.

During the residence of Wren at Oxford, he studied anatomy, and was afterward for a time demonstrator under Drs. Scarborough and Willis, and greatly assisted the latter in preparing a treatise on the brain. He also first tried the experiment of injecting fluids into the veins, though this discovery was afterward claimed by the French. So profound was his acquirements in astronomical science, that when he left Oxford for the Metropolis, in 1657, he was appointed Professor of Astronomy in Gresham College. And now began his *public* life, so full of activities, so wonderful in achievements. He was now in his twenty-fifth year; in good health, of an ardent temperament, learned beyond any of his years, and ambitious to excel in whatever he undertook. His future life was the pathway of the peaceful conquerer, making conquest after conquest, and adding trophy to trophy, until, opulent in wisdom beyond all his compeers, and crowned with honors on which there rested no stain of blood or dishonor, he slept with his fathers in an honored grave, and left a name of which England will be proud when the race of her Stuarts shall have been forgotten.

In January, 1660, he was appointed to succeed Dr. Seth Ward, a Savillian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, and was admitted to its honors in May following, a few days before the restoration of Charles the Second. The return of the Sovereign to his rightful throne gave

great satisfaction to the nation, and promise of peace and security for the future. The civil commotions which had so long rocked the Island, under Cromwell and his son, ceased like the last vibrations of an earthquake, and stability in government afforded opportunities for intellectual culture and social improvement.

Charles was the patron of learning and learned men, and threw all the influence of his high position in favor of intellectual improvement. On the 28th of November, 1660, after a lecture by Wren at Gresham College, a meeting was held to promote the organization of a "society for the promotion of physical-mathematical experimental learning." Twelve were present, of whom Mr. Wren was one, and one of the most active. Then and there the corner-stone of the Royal Society was laid, and, on the 5th of December following, it received the approval of the king, and a charter of incorporation, which was drawn up by Wren himself. This opened a field of labor for Wren, into which he entered with his accustomed zeal and diligence, and, for the greater part of his subsequent life, he was its most active and useful member. Almost every subject proposed for investigation was submitted to the ordeal of his criticism; and nearly every new discovery was referred to him for examination.

It would require a volume to describe all his labors, and record the signal triumphs of his genius. On the 12th of September, 1661, he received his degree of Doctor of Civil Law, at Oxford, and about the same time he received the honor of the same degree from the University at Cambridge—so great already was his reputation as a scholar; yet he was only in the twenty-ninth

year of his age! Among other acquisitions of his active mind, was a knowledge of architecture, for which he had a particular fondness; and soon after he had taken the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, the king sent for him to come to London, and appointed him assistant to Sir John Denham, Surveyor-General of His Majesty's works.

Denham was a better poet than architect, and needed just such a man as Wren to aid him in the more important departments of his labor. Inigo Jones had long served as Grand Master (but was now deceased), and was acknowledged the best architect of his age. His son-in-law, Mr. Webb, a noted architect, was also distinguished as a Freemason, and had been the assistant of Sir John Denham in his official duties. Wren continued actively in the service of the king, and in his laborious connection with the Royal Society. His life was one of ceaseless labor, and his mind seemed capable of grasping all knowledge, and of solving every problem, however difficult or abstruse.

Charles the Second, as we have already seen, ascended the throne of England on the anniversary of his birth, 29th of May, 1660. During the years he spent in exile on the Continent, whither he had been driven by the protectorate of Cromwell, he had been made a Freemason, and was warmly attached to the institution. On his accession to power he encouraged the Craft by every means he could wield, consistently with his high position and the weighty responsibilities which claimed his time and attention. Masons were then builders—operative workmen, in practice as well as by profession. It was a profession, an isolated and peculiar profession; for while the members were engaged in their calling,

either as architects or operatives, they held their secret meetings to impart and preserve a knowledge of their art, and enjoyed peculiar privileges by special grace of the government. All public buildings of magnitude and importance were erected by them, and the whole business of building appeared to be conceded to them, and was under their control. The Order had long languished during the ascendancy of Cromwell, for his fanatical notions were in direct antagonism to Masonry, and he gave its members no encouragement. In addition to this, during the most of his protectorate the country was in a condition bordering upon anarchy, and there was little demand for the services of operative masonry. The people had neither time nor heart to engage in building. The tramp of armies and the shout of battle paralyzed the arm of industry, and hushed the din of the artizan: the people had no time for anything but to provide for personal safety and immediate necessities.

At what time Mr. Wren became a Mason, or where, we are unable to determine, for there is no record of it extant, so far as we have been able to discover. It was most probably in one of the Lodges of London, and very soon after he had passed his majority. He was naturally fond of society, provided its enjoyment did not prevent the gratification of his thirst for knowledge; and as the leading Craftsmen were then the men of learning, and the study of the arts and sciences a prominent object of the association, Wren doubtless found it congenial to his tastes, and resorted to it as the worn and thirsty traveler goes to the limpid waters to quench his thirst.

On the 27th of December, 1663, a General Assembly, or Grand Lodge, was held in London for the election of Grand Officers, and the transaction of such business as the exigencies of the Craft required. At this meeting Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, was elected Grand Master. This was the only elective office at that time, the others being filled by appointment of the Grand Master, who was Master, *then*, in more than name; he was not only the presiding officer of the General Assembly, or Grand Lodge (and it must be recollected that the Assembly embraced *all* the Craft, even to the youngest Entered Apprentice,) but he was emphatically the Grand Master of Masons. The Grand Master, therefore, at this meeting, appointed Sir John Denham as his Deputy, and Christopher Wren and John Webb his Wardens. Mr. Webb, having married a daughter of the celebrated Inigo Jones, received the benefit of instructions from that distinguished artist, and was now an assistant to Denham as Surveyor General. It will thus be seen that Wren was associated with industrious and vigorous Craftsmen, who were as ready for active duty as he was himself.

The session of the Grand Lodge at which Wren was appointed a Warden was an active and important one. To reduce everything to system, and secure order and regularity among the members, specific rules were adopted for their government. Six General Regulations were framed, founded upon the organic principles of Masonry, and formally agreed to. They were of great importance in reducing everything to order, and securing a correct deportment among the members. They contain the germs of those General Regulations

which were adopted in 1723, and have come down to our own times. Doubtless Christopher Wren bore a part in their preparation and adoption; and indeed they bear evident marks of his systematic habits and well-trained mind. We should not be surprised if they were drawn up by him, and adopted at his suggestion.

Mr. Wren served as Warden until the session of the Grand Lodge on the 24th of June, 1666, when a change was made in the Grand Officers, and Thomas Save, a nobleman, was elected Grand Master in the place of the Earl of St. Albans. The new Grand Master appointed Mr. Wren as his Deputy, John Webb and Grimlin Gibbons being selected as Wardens.

As Assistant Superintendent of His Majesty's works, Wren found employment congenial to his taste, and was constantly engaged in his favorite pursuits. On the 23d of October, 1667, the corner-stone of the Royal Exchange was laid by the Craft—the king officiating in person. In the succeeding years many of the finest structures in England were built, and mostly under the superintendence of Wren. He appears to have been the most industrious man in England, and the record of his labors would astonish one, even in the present "fast age." But we may not detail them all, for we have not room.

In 1671 he commenced the erection of his great Doric, fluted column, called, by way of eminence, THE MONUMENT, and finished it in 1677. It was built in obedience to an act of Parliament, to commemorate the great fire, and the rebuilding of the city. Its site is within one hundred and thirty feet of the spot where the fire began. It stands on a pedestal twenty-one

feet square, and its entire height is two hundred and two feet. It was then, and long since, regarded as the finest isolated column in the world; and was nearly thirty feet higher than that of Antoninus at Rome. But the height, durability, and style of the monument on our own Bunker Hill has eclipsed the glory of the great column in London. On the 20th of November, 1673, he received the honors of knighthood from his sovereign, Charles the Second, and they were never conferred on a worthier subject.

London, before the great fire, was a mass of architectural incongruities. The streets were narrow and crooked, turning and twisting in all kinds of curves and angles. The alleys were little more than paths between buildings; and the latter were mostly of wood, with the upper stories projecting over the street, and many of them were covered with pitch on the outside. No wonder it burned: the *only* wonder is that it had not burned sooner, and entirely. Upon preparing to rebuild the city, Wren was directed by the king to prepare a general plan, with new grades, a system of sewerage, and broad and regular streets; but the owners of private property entered their protests, and refused to yield. The acting commissioner found he could not accomplish all he wished, yet he succeeded in his designs to a very considerable extent. Many streets were widened and straitened; the buildings were arranged in better order and taste; the uncouth and antiquated projections of upper stories were prohibited, and brick and stone were substituted for wood. There was much opposition to all this, but Wren was in advance of his age; and by his prudent and judicious

management, together with the counsel and encouragement of the king and parliament, he was able to proceed with his herculean task, and London soon began to rise like another phoenix from its ashes.

About one hundred churches and chapels were to be rebuilt, besides the Royal Exchange, Custom House, Guildhall, Blackwell Hall, Bridewell, St. Paul's Cathedral, and some fifty other public buildings. These were *public* works, to be erected under the supervision of the government; and, from their numbers and magnitude, we may form some estimate of the amount of labor to be performed by Wren. He had now succeeded to the office of Surveyor-General, and, in person, prepared the designs for most of these great structures. He had his assistants in each particular department to execute the details, but the burden and responsibility rested upon Wren himself, and nobly did he perform his task!

The great cathedral was Wren's greatest work, and it is still the monument of his enduring fame. That magnificent structure, and the site it occupies, has a history, a romantic and brilliant one, running away back into antiquity, in the days of heathen gods and heathen worship. According to Flete, a monk of the fifteenth century, a temple once stood on that very spot, dedicated to the goddess Diana. Though this is not positively certain, yet, from the amount of Roman pottery, urns, vases, etc., found there while making excavations, it is highly probable that a temple to *some* deity worshiped by the Romans anciently occupied the ground.

The first Metropolitan Sees were established in England in the year A. D. 185, and a Christian church was then erected on the present site of St. Paul's—a heathen

temple thus yielding its place to the triumphs of the Cross. This early church was, most probably, destroyed during the persecution under Diocletian. But the religion of heathen Rome was destined to pass away before the simple but sublime teachings of the Gospel, whose earnest messengers went everywhere, proclaiming the new faith with a constancy and heroism worthy of the ancient prophets. The fires lighted by Diocletian were among the last spasmodic efforts of heathen Rome to preserve its ancient religion. With the decay of the Empire, its religion waned—for it had in itself no vitality. St. Augustine came to England about the beginning of the sixth century, on a mission from Pope Gregory, under whose preaching Ethelbert, the first Saxon king, embraced Christianity, and the Cross was then firmly planted on the soil of Britain. About the year 604, the first church named St. Paul's was erected on the site of the present one.

Some seventy years afterward, Erkenwald, the fourth Bishop of London, expended large sums in enlarging and ornamenting this church, which remained as a visible landmark in the progress of Christianity until 1083, when it was destroyed by fire. A much more splendid church (and the immediate predecessor of the present one,) arose from its ruins; but this, also, was greatly injured by fire, in 1135. It was still incomplete, for the steeple was not finished until 1221, and the choir not until nineteen years afterward. The length of this building was six hundred and ninety feet, breadth one hundred and eighty, and height of the roof, one hundred and two feet; it covered three acres, three roods, and twenty-six perches. The height of the steeple from the

ground was five hundred and twenty feet; the length of the cross above the ball was fifteen feet, and the transverse portion six feet. In 1444, the steeple was struck by lightning and set on fire; and again in 1561. In 1630, a commission was issued to inquire what repairs the venerable structure needed, and what funds were on hand to defray the expense. In 1633, the repairs were commenced, under the direction of the celebrated Inigo Jones, then the Grand Master of Masons; they were finished in 1639, at an expense of near half a million of dollars.

The building suffered greatly during the civil wars, and on the restoration of Charles the Second, a new commission was organized to repair it, in which Mr. Wren appears as architect. This was in 1663, and three years were occupied in removing adjacent structures, clearing away the accumulated rubbish, and providing materials for the work. While this was in progress, and when all were looking forward to see their venerable Cathedral restored to more than its former glory, the great fire of 1666 occurred, which decided its fate, and rendered it incapable of repair.

It was then determined to take down the remains of the old building and erect an entirely new one on the same ground; and a new commission was issued to this effect, with Christopher Wren as the chief architect. He accordingly prepared plans and designs, which were repeatedly altered and changed, but finally approved of by the king, who, on the first of May, 1675, issued his warrant for the commencement of the work.

The difficulty of removing the old walls and towers had been great. They were of stone, and the cement

which bound these stones together had been growing into stone itself for nearly six hundred years. To mount to the top of the walls and pick off the stones in fragments, was a very tedious as well as a very dangerous process; and it seemed as though it would require an age to accomplish the work and permit them to begin the new structure. The restless energy of Wren could not endure this tardy process; and his philosophic mind set to work to devise some plan to expedite the business. It would not do to undermine the towers and allow them to fall, for there was too much peril to the workmen; and to blow up the structure by gunpowder, would scatter destruction over the whole city. In this dilemma, the scientific mind of Wren devised a plan. He calculated the weight of one of the towers, and then the exact explosive force of gunpowder, in order to ascertain if the walls might not be thrown down without scattering the fragments. Assured of his calculations, he went to work.

In his progress of removing the old building he had come to the middle tower, on which the lofty spire had formerly rested. This was nearly two hundred feet high, and the workmen could not be induced to labor on the top of it. Here Wren determined to try his experiment, for the double purpose of facilitating the labor and working out the problem of his philosophical speculations. He caused a hole to be dug of about four feet wide, by the side of the north-west pier of the tower, from which a perforation was made two feet square, reaching to the center of the pier. In this he placed a small deal box, containing eighteen pounds of gunpowder. To this box he affixed a hollow cane

which contained a quick-match, reaching to the surface of the ground above, and along the ground a train of powder was laid with a match. The mine was then closed up and exploded, while the philosophical architect, at a safe distance, calmly waited with confidence the effect of his experiment.

The result proved that the small quantity of powder not only lifted up the whole angle of the tower, with two great arches that rested upon it, but also two adjoining arches of the aisles, and the masonry above them. This it appeared to do in a slow but efficient manner, cracking the walls to the top, lifting visibly the whole weight about nine inches, which suddenly dropping, made a great heap of ruins in the place, without scattering or accident. It was half a minute before the heap, already fallen, opened in two or three places, and emitted smoke. The result of his calculation was satisfactory, and the experiment eminently successful. He ascertained, by this experiment, the force of gunpowder—eighteen pounds only of which lifted the massive stone tower, which was two hundred feet high, with the additional arches, weighing more than three thousand tons, and saved the work of a thousand laborers! The fall of the immense weight, from so great a height, produced such a concussion that the citizens supposed it to be the shock of an earthquake. The experiment was one of the finest illustrations on record of the superiority of mind and science over mere physical force.

Satisfied with his experiment, Wren determined to continue the process; but being called away on other business, he intrusted it to the management of his next

officer, who, too wise to obey the orders of his superior, inserted too large a quantity of powder, which sent the fragments in every direction, to the great danger of the inhabitants. They made such complaints that an order was issued to use no more powder, though, with the original caution of the architect, it might have been continued without danger, and at a great saving of time and money.

The corner-stone of the new cathedral was laid on the 21st of June, 1675, by Sir Christopher in person, as D. G. M., assisted by his Wardens, and the structure was completed in 1710, by the great architect's eldest son—it being thus thirty-five years in building. The entire cost of the building was seven hundred and forty-eight thousand pounds—nearly four millions of dollars, and the amount was principally raised by a tax on coals imported into London, and the residue by voluntary contributions. And what, think you, reader, was the compensation received by this great genius for his untiring labor for more than thirty of the best years of his life? The paltry sum of *two hundred pounds per annum*—one moiety of which was reserved by the government until the completion of the work!

Sir Christopher suffered much abuse from nameless writers, charging upon him frauds of all kinds; and severe and villainous criticisms on the style and manner of building, by men who dare not put their names to their productions. Anonymous pamphlets were issued, full of scandalous abuse of the Grand Master, but he heeded them not. Fully conscious of his own integrity and ability, he quietly pursued his labor, depending on his work, when finished, to justify his

course, and upon posterity to do justice to his memory. Government, however, instituted critical and extensive examinations into his proceedings, which proved him *capable, correct, and honest*. He came out of the ordeal unsullied by the vile aspersions, and loved and venerated more than ever.

With all the great man's devotion to science, his achievements in his profession, the friendship of his sovereign, and the honors conferred upon him, he was not happy. It needed the pure and noble sympathies of woman to fill the void; for what are all other earthly blessings, without the bliss of wedded love! Early in 1674, therefore, he married the daughter of Sir John Coghill, and, on the 16th of February, 1675, his happiness was increased by the birth of a son, whom he named Christopher, after himself. His wife died soon after, and he subsequently married the daughter of Lord Fitzwilliam. For nearly thirty years after his marriage, his life was one of severe and unremitting labor, and its complete record would be but a continued repetition of dates, and deeds, and triumphs.

The great number of public buildings erected under the supervision of Sir Christopher were gradually completed. One after another they were accepted from his hands and consecrated to sacred, or dedicated to public uses. For all this labor, as above hinted, he received a very meager compensation, yet his public and philanthropic spirit induced him, in 1779, to donate, from his small salary, fifty pounds, to aid in carrying forward the work on St. Paul's. During this year he finished the church of St. Stephen, Walbrook—a most beautiful specimen of his skill in architecture. So delighted were

the people with their new church, that they presented to the wife of the great architect the sum of twenty guineas, as a kind of thank-offering. The following is an extract from the parish vestry-book :

“*August 24, 1679.*—Ordered that a present of twenty guineas be made to the lady of Sir Christopher Wren, as a testimony of the regard the parish has for the great care and skill that Sir Christopher Wren showed in the re-building of our church.”

It was, apparently, a *small* testimonial, but it was richly deserved and most worthily bestowed.

In 1680, Sir Christopher was elected President of the Royal Society—a most honorable mark of distinction. But he had labored faithfully and zealously to build up the institution, and well deserved the honor of being its first officer. Indeed, his labors were incessant; when not engaged on St. Paul's, the great work of his life, he was at some of the numerous other public buildings whose construction he superintended; while his evenings were mostly given to the Royal Society. During the period of his presidency, we find, on looking over its records, that he was rarely absent from one of its meetings, and scarcely a question of importance was brought before it but was subjected to the ordeal of his criticism, from the swing of a pendulum to the movements of a planet. Indeed, no subject seemed beyond the grasp of his capacious mind—no question so abstruse that he could not analyze it. As a specimen of his industry at this period of his life, we quote a single paragraph from Elmes's biography of the great builder.

“The next year (1683) of Wren's life passed much the same as the last, superintending and designing for

St. Paul's Cathedral, the Royal and Episcopal palaces at Winchester, the parochial churches, companies' halls, and other public and private edifices in the metropolis, and the two universities, besides his attendance on the Privy Council, the Court of Claims, the Royal Society, and unrecorded public and private engagements!"

Such were the multiplicity of claims upon, and such the unwearied labors of this great and good man and distinguished Grand Master. Well did a later writer say, in view of all his labors, "had he been remunerated as architects now are, he would have been, perhaps, the richest commoner in England." But he sought to be useful rather than to acquire wealth.

To go back a little and bring up his Masonic record: On the 27th of December, 1663, a General Assembly or Grand Lodge was held, when Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, was elected Grand Master, who appointed Sir John Denham his Deputy, and Christopher Wren and John Webb, Esqrs., his Wardens. This fact is stated on the authority of Anderson, Preston, and all the old Masonic writers, and universally credited by the Craft. At this session of the Grand Lodge, an effort was made, and partly accomplished, to reduce the general principles governing the Order to positive and specific rules; and in the earliest printed works on Masonry, we find the following six regulations as having been proposed and adopted at this session:

First.—That no person, of what degree soever, be made or accepted a Freemason, unless in a regular Lodge, whereof one to be a Master or a Warden in that limit or divison where such Lodge is kept, and another to be a Craftsman in the trade of Freemasonry.

“*Second.*—That no person hereafter shall be accepted a Freemason, but such as are of able body, honest parentage, good reputation, and an observer of the laws of the land.

“*Third.*—That no person hereafter who shall be accepted a Freemason, shall be admitted into any Lodge or assembly, until he has brought a certificate of the time and place of his acceptance from the Lodge that accepted him, unto the Master of that limit or division where such Lodge is kept; and the said Master shall enroll the same in a roll of parchment, to be kept for that purpose, and shall give an account of all such acceptations at every General Assembly.

“*Fourth.*—That every person who is now a Freemason shall bring to the Master a note of the time of his acceptance, to the end the same may be enrolled in such priority of place as the brother deserves; and that the whole company and fellows may the better know each other.

“*Fifth.*—That for the future, the said fraternity of Freemasons shall be regulated and governed by one Grand Master, and as many Wardens as the said society shall think fit to appoint at every annual General Assembly.

“*Sixth.*—That no person shall be accepted, unless he be twenty-one years old or more.”

The above six rules formed the germ of those “Ancient Charges and General Regulations” which were approved and adopted by the Grand Lodge in 1723. They were, most probably, the product of Mr. Wren’s systematic mind, and bear his impress. He was one of those tireless workers, who is never satisfied unless the

cause in which he is engaged is progressing; and, in order to accomplish anything, he knew the importance of system and rule. Like a wise and judicious master-builder, he would first draw the designs for his work, and then persistently follow those designs to completion. The government of Masonry, at that day, was loose and uncertain, much being left to the will of the Grand Master; hence the necessity of arranging and systematizing the laws, as above accomplished by Wren.

In June, 1666, the Earl of Rivers (Thomas Savage,) succeeded St. Albans as Grand Master, and Sir Christopher Wren was appointed his Deputy. The Grand Master was too indolent to attend properly to the duties of his office, and the superintendence of the Craft was left almost exclusively to his Deputy. In this office Wren served, with great acceptability, until 1685, when he was elected Grand Master. Two distinguished men had preceded him in the Orient during this interval—George Villars, Duke of Buckingham, and Henry Bennett, Earl of Arlington—but each had retained Sir Christopher as Deputy, so highly were his services appreciated. Then, for ten years, he presided over the Craft as Grand Master, in addition to all his other arduous and complicated duties. The Order flourished during all these years, for how could it be otherwise when the great Wren was at its head, imparting to it the vigor and restless activity so characteristic of himself?

In 1695, Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond, was elected Grand Master, and Sir Christopher was relieved of a portion of his burdens; but three years afterward, in 1698, Wren was again elected. How long he served

we are unable to state—probably until 1702—but, from his increasing age and growing infirmities, to say nothing of his public engagements, which still pressed heavily upon him, it is presumed that he could give but little attention to his masonic duties. It was, probably, in consequence of this, and partly to unpropitious public events during the reign of Queen Anne, that Masonry began to languish in London, and in a few years but four Lodges were to be found in activity. But a brighter day was ere long to dawn upon it—the morning of an eventful and glorious future.

Let us return a little, again, to gather up a few items in the history of the illustrious architect. We have seen he was elected Grand Master in 1685, and an eminent writer, referring to that period, says:

“Wren had now received almost every honor that could be conferred on him: knighthood from his sovereign, when that distinction was more selectly conferred than of late years; the presidency of the most illustrious philosophical society in Europe; the surveyor-generalship of all the royal works, the cathedral of St. Paul, and the public buildings of the capital; and the associate and correspondent of the first men for rank and talent in Europe. In this year his services were required in a parliament which Hume acknowledges was placed in a more critical situation than was almost any one preceding it. He was accordingly elected and returned a member for Plympton, in Devonshire, and served in that parliament which began at Westminster, May 19, 1685.”

In this new public position his duties were numerous and arduous, and his attendance on the meetings

of the Royal Society was not so regular as formerly; but he found enough to occupy every moment of his time, and really accomplished more in detailed labor than any man in England. Nor was this a mere spasmodic effort; it was continued year after year, and to read the matters referred to him by the government, some apparently of trivial importance, and some of the greatest magnitude, and, from his reports upon them, one would be led to think that the whole business of the municipal administration rested upon his shoulders. He seemed to do everything, because the government knew he *could*, and it required he *would*. He was the best model of a "business man" we have ever seen described—giving prompt and thorough attention to everything, and at the right time.

He was also an example in his morals. His life, in every respect, was blameless, and he thought it not inconsistent with his position to frown upon immorality, wherever found. In 1695, he, in conjunction with his associate commissioners of the public works, issued an order forbidding profanity among the workmen employed upon the cathedral, thus exhibiting his detestation of that inexcusable and ungentlemanly vice. In this he bore a striking resemblance to the illustrious Washington, and added another proof to the theory, that no one can be truly great who is not of pure morals and blameless life.

In 1698, as we have already stated, he was again elected Grand Master, and renewed his attention to masonic duties with the zeal of his earlier years, enhanced in value by his matured experience. One who was well acquainted with his history, refers to his

masonic zeal in the following language: "He distinguished himself beyond any of his predecessors in legislating for, and promoting the success of, the lodges under his care. He was Master of the St. Paul's Lodge, now the Lodge of Antiquity, and attended the meetings regularly for upward of eighteen years. During his presidency he presented the lodge with three mahogany candlesticks, of beautiful carving, which the members still possess, and prize as they deserve; and also the trowel and mallet which he used in laying the first stone of St. Paul's cathedral."

In the year 1700, Wren was again elected to parliament for the borough of Weymouth, and devoted himself to his public duties with the same zeal as formerly. St. Paul's was now approaching its completion. The venerable Wren still superintended the work upon it, but nearly four-score years had rendered him incapable of enduring the fatigue of his younger days. His son, whose skill as an architect was only inferior to that of his father's, had become his assistant in the completion of the great temple, and thus relieved his father of much of the active labors. Wren, himself, however, presided over the designs, and watched, with an anxious eye, the finishing of the work on the cupola and lantern. At last, in the year 1710, "when Sir Christopher had attained the 78th year of his age, the highest stone of the lantern on the cupola was laid by Mr. Christopher Wren, his son, attended by the venerable architect, Mr. Strong, the master-mason to the cathedral, and the lodge of Freemasons of which Sir Christopher was for many years the active as well as acting Master." Such is the simple record of the com-

pletion of this great work—the proudest, noblest building of its day in the British empire. He had been thirty-five years in its construction, but it is the only work of equal magnitude that ever was completed by one man. It was not only the great architect himself who watched it from its foundation to its cope-stone, but the principal mason, Mr. Strong, did the same, and so did the Bishop of London, Dr. Compton, who was also intimately associated with Wren in its erection. To examine the mighty structure *now*, one will wonder how it was finished in so short a period. St. Peter's, at Rome, was *one hundred and fifty-five years* in building; but there was lacking the profound and varied learning, the restless activity, the untiring industry, and unfaltering perseverance of Sir Christopher Wren in its superintendence.

But upright and pure in life as was the noble Wren, he was destined to share the common heritage of such men, and tread a thorny path ere he was permitted to enter upon his final rest. It will be remembered that of the paltry sum allowed him as an annual salary, by government, one-half was to be retained until the work was completed. Before this event men had risen to power “who knew not Joseph”—selfish, suspicious, jealous minds, who could not comprehend the great abilities of the gifted Wren, nor appreciate his eminent virtues. The cathedral was, substantially, completed, save some few adornments and addenda, and here his enemies endeavored to thwart his purposes by throwing obstructions in his way—doubtless to prevent him drawing the remaining moiety of his hard-earned and long-delayed compensation. He appealed to the

Queen, but his petition was referred to the commissioners, who were controlled by the influence of his enemies. He then petitioned the Archbishop of Canterbury, and also appealed to the public in a pamphlet, but still the cabal prevailed. Queen Anne died in 1714, and George the First ascended the throne. A new parliament was convoked, new commissioners were appointed, a new race of men gathered around the Hanoverian monarch, seeking to bask in the sunlight of royal favor, by crowding aside those more worthy than themselves. One historian says: "His age (*eighty-three*) rather than his infirmities, gave his enemies pretenses to annoy him; and the king's partiality for his German subjects, their friends and connections, to whom Wren would not condescend to stoop, removed the personal influence of the sovereign from our patriarchal architect."

In 1718, his enemies prevailed with the king to remove the venerable man from his position as Surveyor-General of the Royal Buildings, after having filled the office, uninterruptedly, for forty-nine years. His genius, and learning, and industry, had enriched the nation; his retention in office, so long, had been an honor to the reigns of several successive princes; but his dismissal, at such an age, with all his faculties undimmed, and half his just compensation withheld, was a disgrace to the reign of the first George that can never be effaced. The special enemy of Wren, a man by the name of Benson, who had succeeded him in office, was very soon found utterly incapable of performing its duties, and, within a year, was expelled from it in disgrace, while Wren removed to his house

at Hampton Court, full of years and honors, where he spent the residue of his days in peaceful and dignified retirement. "Here," writes one of his biographers, "he passed the greater part of the remaining five years of his life, occasionally coming to London to inspect the progress of the repairs at Westminster Abbey, visiting his great work, St. Paul's, and indulging, after such an active life, in contemplation and study. In addition to the consoling study of the Holy Scriptures, which had been the guide of his whole life, and with which he was well acquainted, he employed this leisure of his age in those philosophical studies to which he conceived it was the intention of Providence that he should apply himself more closely. * * * * *

"The life of this great and useful man began now to draw near its close; but accident, and, perhaps, disappointment at the ungenerous conduct of the king to him at so advanced an age, shortened that life which temperance and activity had so prolonged beyond the usual term allotted to man. Till the time of his removal from the office of Surveyor-General, he had principally resided at a house appropriated to his office, in Scotland-yard, Whitehall; but afterward he dwelt occasionally on St. James' street, and remained surveyor of the Abbey till the time of his death. He also rented a house from the crown, at Hampton Court, to which he made great improvements. Here he would often retire from the hurry and fatigue of business, and passed the greater portion of the last five years of his life in this calm recess, in those contemplations and studies which I have before enumerated.

"In coming from Hampton Court to London, he con-

tracted a cold, which, perhaps, accelerated his dissolution; but he died as he had lived, with the greatest calmness and serenity. The good old man, in his latter days, had accustomed himself to take a nap after his dinner; and, on the 25th of February, 1723, the servant who constantly attended him, thinking he slept longer than usual, went into his apartment and found him dead in his chair."

So lived, and so died, Sir Christopher Wren, one of the ripest scholars, and certainly the ablest architect, that England has ever produced. Perhaps no man ever lived a more harmless and blameless life than he, nor one of more unremitting labor. An ardent devotee of science, he consecrated all the stores of his varied learning to the practical benefit of his countrymen, and the adornment of the metropolis of his nation. A sincere believer in the Revelation which God has given to man, he adopted its holy precepts as the rule and guide of his faith and practice; and, from its sacred promises, drew consolation to cheer and strengthen him in his age and infirmities. Few men have lived so usefully—few have died so peacefully. He lived more than ninety years, and his death, said Dr. South, "resembled that of the saints, and might well be called 'falling asleep;' for the innocence of his life made him expect it as indifferently as he did his ordinary rest."

In the latter years of the illustrious Grand Master, Masonry had languished in England. Queen Anne was no friend to the Order, and public opinion was fashioned by reflection from the throne. Her immediate successor was neither qualified by mental capacity to appreciate, nor in morals to adorn, a society based on the immuta-

ble principles of morality; hence Freemasonry met with no encouragement from the sovereign, and the age and anxious cares of the venerable Wren precluded him from bestowing upon it his fostering attention. In 1717, there were but four Lodges remaining in the South of England, and these were in London. But the Order was not destined to become extinct, though royalty frowned upon it, and its great annual meetings had been for years neglected. In that very year, by the active efforts of a few zealous brethren, a Grand Lodge was convened; some changes were made in the organization and government of the Craft, which infused into it a fresh vitality, and it began, with more than youthful vigor, a career of expansion and usefulness which has continued for nearly a hundred and fifty years. The old Charges and Constitutions of the Order were collected and revised by a committee, and, after several year's careful thought, were reported back to the Grand Lodge, and finally approved by that body one month before the death of the venerable Wren. Thus that great man lived to see the Order with which he had been so long associated, for which he had done so much, and which he so fondly cherished, begin a new career of usefulness. The sun of Masonry, though obscured for years, rose again just as that of its great exemplar was calmly setting. The rising glory of the Order threw a halo around the tomb of its departed Grand Master, and crowned it with a wreath of perpetual benedictions.

The life of Sir Christopher Wren is an example for every young man, whose habits are yet to be formed and character to be won. His stores of learning were the accumulations of a life-time. When he left school, it

was not to riot upon the intellectual treasures he had garnered there, but to add to them. He had just begun his studies; his mental discipline had been with a view to future labors and greater achievements; and, instead of believing himself so opulent in intellectual wealth as to require no further efforts, he conceived that he had only acquired a working capital, with which, by patient industry, he might make further and greater acquisitions. He seemed to regard the mind as capable of almost infinite expansion, and of understanding all things within the reach of finite capacity. Hence he quailed not at any mental enterprise that presented itself, and determined to *master* whatever subject came within the range of his studies—believing the only barrier which could prevent further progress was that between the finite and the infinite. With such views of the powers of the human mind, it is not to be wondered at that he became the most learned man of his day.

His industry was another remarkable feature of his character, and without which the former would have been of little avail. Indeed, it was the great secret of his wonderful success. Perhaps no one man ever performed more real labor than Sir Christopher Wren. He never considered that he had accomplished anything, while more remained to be done. He believed that industry was the law which the Creator had stamped upon human nature, and that idleness was a crime no less heinous than profanity or drunkenness. He knew it was his *duty* to labor, that God required this, and, therefore, he found his *pleasure* in it. Hence, from the time he began his education in boyhood, until past the age of ninety years, he was never

idle—save when nature demanded rest. This, together with his habitual temperance and strictly moral conduct, was the cause, not only of his uniform good health, but of his greatly protracted life. He lived long, because he lived right and well. The amount of labor performed by this extraordinary man is truly astonishing. The erection of such a building as St. Paul's cathedral, at that age of the world, and with the comparatively limited facilities then at hand, would be sufficient to occupy a life-time; it was more than any man had ever accomplished before, or, we came very near saying, since. But the designing and superintending of that great structure was not a moiety of his architectural labors. He built churches, and public edifices, and private mansions, not by dozens, but by scores and fifties; and most of them remain until this day, the finest, most beautiful, and most substantial structures in the great metropolis of England.

But, in addition to all this, Sir Christopher found time to pursue his scientific investigations, and really accomplished more in this department of labor, than any of his illustrious compeers. The records of the Royal Society not only attest his genius and learning, but exhibit his unprecedented labor, and constitute a monument of his industry, as glorious and permanent as St. Paul's itself. It is surprising, nay, almost astounding, to look over these records, and see what can be accomplished by one man. Yet, not content with this, he found time to attend to social duties as well, and did more in the lodge-room than any score of Freemasons in all England. How often we hear men of the present day, who perform not one-tenth of the

labor that Christopher Wren did, say, "I have no time to visit the lodge!" Such men should read of the life and labors of this early Grand Master, and cease forever to make such excuses.

In another respect was Sir Christopher an example worthy of the emulation of all: we allude to his pure and blameless life. A devout believer in God, as the great creator, law-giver, and redeemer, he conceived it his first and highest duty to obey him, worship him, love him. Heartily believing in the divine authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, he embraced their precepts as the great unerring chart by which to regulate his life; and having once settled this, to the satisfaction of his own mind, he never swerved from duty until he closed his eyes in death. His whole life constituted a moral structure, beautiful in design, faultless in proportion, and perfect in detail; and when he had "finished his work," the stainless structure was a guarantee that his Divine Master would pronounce it "well done."

Such was Sir Christopher Wren, the most faithful, the most laborious, and the most distinguished Grand Master in the annals of Masonry, for the last two hundred years. Others have been eminent for one or more particular trait, or feature, or quality; but Wren embodied every excellence in his character, and left a record unequalled on the pages of Masonic history. It will be long, if ever, ere the Craft

"Shall look upon his like again."

THOMAS SMITH WEBB.

THOMAS SMITH WEBB.

THE name of this illustrious Freemason has been a household word among the Craft in America for more than half a century, yet but few of those to whom his name is familiar know anything about the man or his history. As an early and active workman in the mystic labors of the lodge-room, and as one who gave form and system to the old Prestonian "Lectures," he occupied a proud pre-eminence among his compeers; and the fruits of his intelligent and well-directed zeal are now the inheritance of the Craft throughout the United States. If it was proper, in the early days of Masonry, to place the virtues of distinguished and exemplary Craftsmen upon perpetual record, it is no less a duty at the present; and, "honor to whom honor," is a precept as worthy of observance now as when uttered by inspiration, nearly two thousand years ago. We propose, therefore, to gather up what fragments of information in relation to the history of Thomas Smith Webb we may be able to find, and place them on record, for the information of the present generation of Masons, and to aid some other

more competent hand in fully detailing his labors and weaving his history; and for the additional purpose of rescuing his fame from the "twattle" of ignorant and conceited retailers of pretended "personal recollections" of him.

There was "confusion among the workmen" on our mystic temple, at the close of the last century, not only in this country, but also in Europe. The old rituals which had obtained among the English Masons up to 1723, when the illustrious Grand Master, Sir Christopher Wren, closed his active and useful life, had been changed and distorted by successive Overseers, until they had almost lost their identity. About the middle of the last century a schism occurred among the Craft in London, and a new Grand Lodge was organized, under the name of *Ancient* Masons. This difficulty was, in part, based on an alleged invasion of a landmark in the *esoteric* mysteries of the Order; and the schism resulted in a permanent and important difference in the "work." The Chevalier Ramsay soon after came over from France, accredited by the Grand Orient, as its Grand Orator, and introduced the Royal Arch, in connection with the *Ancient* Masons, and this produced a still wider divergence, by both parties, from the original form of rituals. The celebrated Lawrence Dermott became identified with the schismatic, or "ancient," Grand Lodge, and by his zeal imparted new life and vigor to the movement. About the year 1756, he published the first edition of his *Ahiman Rezon*, as a rival of Anderson's *Charges and Constitutions*, which were first printed in 1723. The "Ancient Charges of a Freemason," as well as the "General Regulations," contained in the *Ahiman Rezon*, were,

in many essential particulars, different from the authentic and accredited work of Anderson; and as this new compilation became the acknowledged standard of the schismatics, the change in the rituals, so far as they are affected by written laws, became still greater, and assumed a permanent form.

The two Grand Lodges continued in activity, and in opposition, up to the year 1813: each claimed jurisdiction over all parts of the British Empire, and in countries where no Grand Lodge existed. Each planted Lodges and propagated its peculiar system of work, both in Europe and America, especially in the British army, and thus the variance in the rituals spread wherever English Masonry extended, until it became radical and almost universal.

The Rituals of the regular and legal Grand Lodge of England were, at the beginning of the last century, exceedingly brief, terse, and simple; the whole three degrees not embracing as much, *in verbiage*, as the first degree, as worked in this country, now does. During the latter half of the century, several eminent Masons, belonging to the Grand Lodge of England, successively re-modeled the rituals, amplifying and adding, until the entire system was changed, excepting the landmarks; and such liberties had been taken with it by successive Masonic teachers, that everything was at loose ends, and almost every Lodge had its own peculiar system, differing, in some respects, from others, even in the same jurisdiction. This difference—this great evil—obtained in America, as well as in the mother country, inasmuch as both Grand Lodges had established subordinates here; and the difference in work was as great in America as

it was in England. After Anderson, Desaguliers, and Payne had ceased their labors, the Lectures were revised first by Martin Clare, A. M., D. G. M., about 1739. Some ten years after this, Dr. Manningham made further alterations. Thomas Dunkerly, a natural son of George II., an active Mason and very zealous ritualist, was the next to introduce changes—about 1770. After him, William Preston re-arranged the Lectures, and published “his Illustrations,” about 1772. His revision was generally adopted by the Lodges under the Grand Lodge of England, and possibly, to some extent, by some of the so-called *ancient* Lodges.

Things continued in this state up to 1813, when, by an effort of the Grand Masters of the respective Grand Lodges (brothers, and sons of George the Third,) and other leading Craftsmen, a “Lodge of Reconciliation” was held, and a union of the two bodies perfected. It was then enacted that, thereafter, one system of work should be established, and forever recognized under the united Grand Lodge: but as there was a great difference in the work, as practiced by the two former bodies, and neither being willing to give up its own work entire and adopt the other’s, it was finally agreed to partially ignore them both, and out of the two construct almost a new ritual, which should strictly conform to the landmarks, and be adopted as the standard of the Grand Lodge of England and all its dependencies. This was done, and the ritual so adopted is still preserved in many of the lodges in England, but most probably in its greatest perfection by the Craft in London, where extraordinary measures have been adopted to preserve it intact.

An established and uniform work was as great a desideratum in *this* country, as it was in Europe; but there being so many Grand Lodges here, it could not be achieved here as readily as it was there. It was, therefore, left to the action of single Grand Lodges, which could only be binding within their own jurisdictions, or to zealous and influential Craftsmen, who might be able to secure adhesion to their own forms, in their own and other lodges. It required a man of commanding talents and influence, as well as extensive knowledge of the rituals, and a zeal which no difficulties could repress, to establish a system of work which should become universal among American Masons; a man that could grasp the various discordant systems afloat among the lodges, and from all these conflicting forms, arrange and perfect one complete system, that should harmonize with the landmarks, be a legitimate exponent of masonic principles, and commend itself to the approval of Masons throughout the country. The old Prestonian Lectures furnished a basis for this new work, but they required to be arranged and systematized by a master mind, and commended to the acceptance of the Craft by one in whom they had confidence. Within the last decade of the last century, such a man was found, in the person of Thomas Smith Webb, who will form the subject of this article, and to whose history we now invite attention.

This illustrious Mason was the son of Samuel and Margaret Webb, and was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the 30th of October, 1771. The father and mother had emigrated from England a few years previously, and settled in the metropolis of New England.

Their child was named after an uncle of his mother's, Rev. Thomas Smith, who was the first settled minister of Falmouth, now Portland, in Maine. The future masonic ritualist was noted, when a child, for superior mental capacities, and for a sweetness of disposition and amiability of manners, which secured for him the esteem of his teachers and friends, as well as the warmest affection of his young associates—and his parents were justly proud of him. As soon as he was old enough, he was placed in one of the public schools of Boston, from which he was afterward transferred to the Latin school, where he made rapid progress, and became an excellent scholar. He subsequently mastered the French language, in which also he became a proficient. He took great pleasure in study, manifesting a determination to lay up a store of useful knowledge, while young, that would enable him in after life to take an elevated and respectable position in society. Devotion to his books was a pleasure, and the "early buddings of his genius were soon discovered in the poetry of his youthful pen, and rewarded by the approbation" of his parents and friends.

After acquiring a good education, he selected the printing business as a profession, and served a regular apprenticeship to it, in the city of Boston.* It seemed an occupation congenial to his mind, for he was fond of books. Poetry and music were also his delight, and he devoted to the study of the latter a close and careful attention. He had a fine tenor voice, and sang sweetly,

* There is some uncertainty as to whether he learned printing or book-binding; it was one or the other; the weight of evidence is in favor of his being a printer.

giving promise already of the eminence which he afterward attained as a composer and performer of music.

Very soon after completing his apprenticeship, he removed to Keene, New Hampshire, where he worked at his trade. While residing in this town he became a Freemason, having been initiated in Rising Sun Lodge. This lodge was chartered by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, in 1784, there being then no Grand Lodge in New Hampshire. It is uncertain at what time Mr. Webb was initiated, but as his name appears as the twenty-sixth on the list of members of that Lodge, it is fair to presume that he was admitted very soon after he went to Keene to reside. He was twenty-one years of age in October, 1792, and the presumption is he went to Keene immediately after his majority; as there were but twenty-five members on the roll of the Lodge before him, and as the Lodge had already been at work eight years, we may reasonably conclude that he joined soon after his location in the town. It is *possible*, however, that he went there before his majority, and, under the old practice of requiring candidates to be "of mature and discreet age," instead, as now, twenty-one years old, he *may* have been admitted before he was twenty-one. It is probably now impossible to ascertain the exact date of his initiation: it is certain, however, that he was a member of the lodge above named, which is the earliest record we have of his connection with the Craft.

It was while he resided in Keene,* that he was married to Miss Martha Hopkins, of Boston, and soon after

* On the authority of a daughter of Mr. Webb: Rev. Paul Dean says, 1797.

his marriage he removed to Albany, New York, and opened a book-store. He had carefully studied the rituals of the old Prestonian Lectures, and saw the necessity of re-arranging them, and reducing them to system and order.

At the time Bro. Webb settled in Albany, that city was a great masonic center. Mr. Webb aided in organizing a Chapter and Encampment, and the degrees of the York Rite were worked from Entered Apprentice through all the degrees of symbolic, capitular and chivalric Masonry, up to Knight of Malta. But Webb had taken all these "higher" degrees previous to his removal, (the Rev. Paul Dean, in his Eulogy, says he received them in Philadelphia,) and being very zealous in his masonic duties, with a mind quick to discover and appreciate the beauties of the rituals, he was ready to enter heartily into the work, and was soon elected Master of Temple Lodge, in that city. In addition to the York Rite, the Ancient and Accepted Rite was also worked in Albany at this period, and it is fair to presume that Webb there received those degrees, or at least a portion of them.

In 1797, Mr. Webb published the first edition of his "*Freemason's Monitor*." It was said to be "By a Royal Arch Mason, K. T.—K. M., etc." It was printed for "Spencer & Webb," by whom the copyright was also taken out. The author says, in his preface, that "The observations upon the first three degrees are principally arranged from 'Preston's Illustrations of Masonry,' with some valuable improvements. Mr. Preston's distribution of the first lecture into six, the second into four, and the third into twelve sections, not being agree-

able to the present mode of working, they are arranged in this work according to the general practice." He says nothing about his authority in the arrangement of the degrees of the Chapter and Encampment, for the reason that the entire ritual, except perhaps a portion of the Royal Arch, are substantially of American origin; and they were, doubtless, *arranged* in Boston, by Bro. Webb himself, assisted by Henry Fowle, Dr. Bentley, and one or two others. The *skeleton*, so to speak, of *some* of these degrees, came from Europe, and the germs of others were borrowed from the Scotch and French Rites, but fashioned anew by the men above named. But this more properly belongs to the historian of Masonry in this country, rather than one who is merely writing a biographical sketch of an individual. That Mr. Webb, however, took a prominent part in the re-arrangement of the degrees, and in impressing upon them distinct features and characteristics, as well as in introducing some new degrees, avowedly to connect and perfect the series, and in systematizing the entire rituals, we state upon the authority of an old and leading Craftsman in Boston, from whom we received the facts, in person, in 1858.

Mr. Webb removed to Providence, Rhode Island, about the close of the last century, but the precise date we do not know. Rev. Dr. Randall, in his address at Providence, on the 24th of June, 1857, says that he "removed to Providence at the age of twenty-five." This must be an error, for he was twenty-five years of age in October, 1796, and we know, by printed documents, that he still resided in Albany, in 1799. Dr. Randall says, "in 1803 he published the Freemason's

Monitor;" but the first edition of that work, now before us, bears date, as heretofore stated, in 1797. We know that Mr. Webb was residing in Providence in 1801, and that his skill as a workman, and zeal for Masonry, were already known and appreciated in that city; for, in that year, St. John's Lodge appointed a committee to wait upon him, "and inform him that this Lodge (for his great exertions in the cause of Masonry,) wish him to become a member of the same." Bro. Webb immediately became a member of the Lodge, at once renewed his masonic labors with his accustomed zeal, and soon rose through the several official positions, until he was elected Grand Master of Masons in Rhode Island, in 1813, and gave such entire satisfaction that he was re-elected the following year.

After settling in Providence, Bro. Webb engaged in manufacturing wall-paper, and employed a large number of hands. He subsequently disposed of that business, and purchased an interest in the "Hope Manufacturing Company." He was the business agent of the company, and kept his store or office in Providence. Some years afterward, he sold out his interest in that establishment, and went to Walpole, Mass., twelve miles from Boston, where he built and set in operation a cotton factory of his own. He kept a business office in Boston, and spent a part of his time in the city, and a portion in Walpole. He continued in this business until 1817, when he sent the machinery of his establishment to Worthington, Ohio, intending to establish the business in that town—Bro. John Snow, a former business and masonic associate in Providence, we believe, taking the oversight of the establishment. But we will

go back a little, to note other matters connected with the history of this distinguished Freemason.

There is a historic fact connected with the history of Masonry in Rhode Island, during the Grand Mastership of Thomas Smith Webb, which is especially worthy of record, as it indicates a peculiar feature of Masonry. Every *true* and *genuine* Mason is, as well, or ought to be, a patriotic citizen—"true to his government and just to his country." During the time Mr. Webb presided in the Orient of Rhode Island, this country was at war with England; and the Grand Master, as well as the whole Craft, was warmly enlisted in the cause of the country. At a session of the Grand Lodge, on the 27th of September, 1814, the following resolution was adopted:

"That this Grand Lodge, sensible of the importance at all times of aiding and assisting in the defense of our beloved country, and deeming it important, at this critical moment, that the services of this society should be tendered for the erection of fortifications, etc., do appoint the R. W. Deputy Grand Master, Grand Senior Warden, and W. Brother John Carlisle, a committee to tender the services of the members of the Grand Lodge, and such of the members of the Subordinate Lodges under its jurisdiction as can conveniently attend, to the Committee of Defense, appointed by the citizens of this town."

It would seem that the citizens of Providence, fearing an attack from the enemy, had appointed a Committee to superintend the erection of such defenses as would be sufficient to protect the place, should the English conclude to make an attack upon it; and it was for the purpose of aiding in this patriotic work that the services of

the Craft were thus tendered. The offer of services was made and accepted, and the Grand Lodge convened again on the 3d of October, with G. Master Webb in the chair. The rest is better told in the language of the record, as it still remains in the archives of that Grand Lodge:

“The Grand Lodge was opened in ample form. At 8 o'clock, A. M., the Grand Lodge, with the members of the subordinate Lodges, about two hundred and thirty in number, formed a grand procession, and, accompanied by music, moved to Fox Point, at the south part of the town, and commenced the erection of a fort as laid out by the Committee of Defense. At sunset they completed their labors, having finished a breast-work of about four hundred and thirty feet in length, and about ten feet wide, and five feet high. After which a grand procession was formed, and having marched several times upon the parapet, from one extremity to the other, the Most Worshipful Grand Master, in the name of the Grand Lodge of the State of Rhode Island, gave it the dignified appellation of FORT HIRAM.

“In the evening the Grand Lodge waited upon his Excellency, the Governor, and obtained his approbation of the proceeding, and his sanction to the name which had been given to the fort. Perhaps,” continues the record, “in no instance has there been a greater work accomplished in one day, by an equal number of persons, than was done on this ever-memorable occasion. The day was remarkably fine, and the brethren evinced that refreshment was designed only as an incentive to active exertions, when called to labor at an early hour. The brethren separated, enjoying the consoling reflection of having done their duty.”

This is, probably, the only instance in history where the Craft, *as a distinct body of men*, performed duty in the defense of their country; although Masonry has furnished a full proportion of heroes in every war and in every conflict: when the country was in peril, none were ever more ready than they to meet the invader, whatever might be the sacrifice. Party spirit ran high in Rhode Island, at the period alluded to, and the members of the Grand Lodge were divided in their sentiments; "but the spirit of Masonry rose superior to the clamors of party, and in the erection of Fort Hiram, beautifully exemplified the spirit of that true loyalty which is taught in the principles of this Institution."

It is not at all strange that Freemasons should be loyal and patriotic. It is a cardinal doctrine of the Order, that it is not to interfere with the duties which a member owes to his country. Every initiate is instructed that his first fealty is to God, his country, and his family; and no duty or obligation which Freemasonry may enjoin can interfere with these first and higher duties. But, in addition to this, are the positive injunctions of the Order: "In the State you are to be a quiet and peaceable citizen, true to your government, and just to your country; you are not to countenance disloyalty or rebellion, but patiently submit to legal authority, and conform, with cheerfulness, to the government of the country in which you live." With such instructions, received under the most solemn circumstances, and given in the most impressive manner, it is not strange that Freemasons should have been noted for their loyalty. Some—*a few*—have proved recreant to their duty, and others *may*; but it must be chargeable

to something else than Masonry. Mr. Webb, therefore, and the Grand Lodge over which he presided, were acting in harmony with the principles and instructions of Masonry, when they volunteered to aid their country at a time when it was struggling in deadly conflict with a giant foe. They were not only obeying the precepts of Masonry, but were treading in the footsteps of the great Washington and his illustrious compeers of a former age, many of whom were members of the Order, and as true to it as to their country. Indeed, it is difficult for a man to be false to the latter, without, also, ignoring his duty to the former.

Whether the Grand Master obtained his military title by thus commanding a Masonic regiment in the erection of Fort Hiram, we are not advised, but it is certain he was known afterward as *Colonel Webb*.

In the organization of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, Bro. Webb took a prominent part; the original conception of this movement was, most probably, his, and its completion was mainly owing to his zeal and activity. A Convention of Knights Templar met in Providence for this purpose on the 6th of May, 1805, and, on the 13th, the organization was completed, Bro. Webb being elected the first Grand Commander. There was, at this time, an Encampment in Providence, another in Newburyport, and a Council of Knights of the Red Cross in Boston. Pennsylvania had a Grand Encampment of its own, but did not unite with the "General Grand Encampment." Webb had previously, while residing in Albany, "projected the scheme of a General Grand Royal Arch Chapter, and, in 1798, procured a meeting of delegates, from most of the Chap-

ters in the United States, at the City of Hartford, Connecticut," where the Institution was organized, and he was elected one of its principal officers. At a subsequent meeting of that body, in New York, he was elected as its presiding officer, but his modesty prompted him to decline the honor in favor of the Hon. De Witt Clinton, of New Ycrk.

The Rev. Paul Dean, in speaking of Bro. Webb at this period of his life, says: "For these high and numerous distinctions, he was worthy and well qualified, by his extensive and accurate knowledge of the ancient and modern history of the Fraternity, and also by his perfect acquaintance with the principles, obligations, and maxims of Freemasonry. He was apt to teach, both by precept and example, and formed to rule in the midst of his brethren. He wore his honors with a dignified modesty, and happily blended authority with mildness. He ruled but to instruct, improve, and benefit those whom he honored and loved. Wherever he came, he imparted light, and life, and spirit, as well as Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty, to our assemblies."

We have already alluded to the fact that Bro. Webb, in 1817, removed the machinery of his manufacturing establishment to the West, and probably intended to make his residence here. He came out himself in 1816, to examine the country and select a location. From this period until the close of his life, he kept a diary, in which he recorded his movements and his masonic labors, and which we have been kindly permitted to examine. We shall, therefore, make brief extracts from it, as it furnishes an authentic record of the closing labors and incidents of his life.

He left Boston, July 29th, 1816, and visited Hartford, Connecticut, where he was joined by Major Grinnell. They went to Hudson, New York, then North as far as Montreal, thence West to Niagara Falls and Buffalo. From Buffalo they proceeded to North Eastern Ohio, and then through the country to Pittsburgh, Pa. On the 15th of September they left Pittsburgh on a keel-boat for Cincinnati, where they arrived on the 26th. Here he "put up at Major McHenry's; visited General Gano's; rode out with Dr. Martin, and took tea with Mr. Davis Embree." Dr. Martin, above named, was a distinguished member of the Craft, and died but five or six years ago, in Xenia, Ohio. Davis Embree is still living, in Dayton, Ohio—a fine specimen of the early Craftsmen of the West. He presided in the first Chapter of R. A. Masons instituted in this city, and aided in the organization of the Grand Chapter of Ohio, in October 1816. But to the diary. Bro. Webb says, under date of "September 27th—visited the R. A. Chapter" in Cincinnati, over which Comp. Embree presided. The two friends next visited Louisville, and, under date of October 16th, he writes at Lexington, Ky: "Had a conference with the Royal Arch Convention, and agreed to give Dispensations to Shelbyville, Frankfort, and Lexington, for R. A. Chapters." Thus he laid the foundation of R. A. Masonry in Kentucky, and on the 17th of October he "Installed the officers of the three Chapters in the Masonic Hall."

Up to this time the Lodges in Kentucky, as in Ohio and other Western States, conferred all the degrees up to Royal Arch, when they had brethren capable of working them—their charters expressly authorizing

them to do so. In the Eastern States Chapters had been organized for some years, and the degrees of capitular Masonry were conferred only in the R. A. Chapters. It seems to have been a part of Mr. Webb's business, on this first tour, to organize the R. A. Masons into Chapters, and thus separate those degrees from the symbolic Lodges.

"Chillicothe, Ohio, Oct. 22, 1816.—Took breakfast with Colonel Brush," who was, at that time, the Grand Master of Masons in Ohio. "Columbus, Oct. 25th.—Met here with Hoit, Embree, and other R. A. Masons, who returned with us to Worthington." "Oct. 28th, Worthington.—Making arrangements with the officers of the Chapters of Cincinnati, Marietta, Chillicothe, and Worthington to form a Grand Chapter." "29th.—This day being appointed for the Installation of the Grand officers, a procession was formed and moved to Masonic Hall, where I installed the several officers into their respective offices. Oration by J. Kilbourne."

Mr. Webb uses the word "Chapters" here, but there were yet really no Chapters in the State. The Chapter degrees were conferred under the authority of Lodges, and the delegates at Worthington from Cincinnati, Marietta, Chillicothe, and Worthington, were simply Royal Arch Masons from the Lodges in those places respectively. The Grand Chapter of Ohio was, therefore, organized by individual R. A. Masons, and not by delegates from chartered and constituted R. A. Chapters. After the Grand Chapter was organized, charters were issued to constitute subordinates.

This is an item of history of some importance, as exhibiting the manner of transacting Masonic business at

that day. It should be borne in mind that there were no R. A. Chapters, regularly chartered and legally constituted. Those above named were merely working under the assumed authority of a Lodge warrant. The members who had attained the requisite degrees constituted themselves into a Chapter, and conferred those degrees. The practice was tolerated, because there was no State power to grant authority in a regular way, and the General Grand Chapter had either not yet assumed authority in such cases, or had not exerted it in the Western country. The attempt to organize a Grand Chapter for the State was not, therefore, by delegates from chartered Chapters, but from self-constituted bodies of R. A. Masons. A Grand Chapter for the State *was*, by them, organized, the officers elected, and the delegates separated and were on their way home, when they met Messrs. Webb and Grinnell returning from Kentucky. At the roadside, under the shade of a branching oak, a long conference was held between Embree and his associates on the one side, and Webb and Grinnell, two officers of the General Grand Chapter, on the other. The result was, that the delegates consented to return to Worthington, re-assemble their convention, ignore what they had done, and organize a State Grand Chapter under the sanction of the General Grand Chapter. No record of the first organization was preserved, and the above facts are given on the authority of one of the principal actors, yet living. We record these events in connection with the biographical sketch of Mr. Webb, as a historical fact worthy of preservation.

Webb and Grinnell afterward started eastward, *via* Zanesville, Cambridge, Cadiz, and Pittsburgh, and from

thence to Philadelphia, where they arrived on the 22d of November. This, his first visit to the West, seems to have been made for the double purpose of viewing the then new country, with reference to a business location, and to organize Chapters of R. A. Masons in Ohio and Kentucky. He was, at this time, the second officer of the G. G. Chapter, and Major Grinnell was the Treasurer. With some efforts they succeeded in having Grand Chapters established in both States, under the jurisdiction of the G. G. Chapter. A Convention had been held and a Grand Chapter for Ohio had been organized at Worthington, a few days before the arrival of these brethren, but the delegates were induced to re-assemble, ignore their previous organization, and renew it under the auspices of the G. G. Chapter, as above stated, an act which the venerable Embree has often told us he has regretted ever since. He has always believed it would have been better if they had remained as an independent State Grand Chapter. Kentucky seemed to think so, likewise, for the brethren there took measures to retrace their steps in a very few years afterward. It was deferred, however, until after the celebrated meeting at Hartford, in 1856, when the Grand Chapter of Kentucky severed its connection with the G. G. Body, and now remains an independent State Grand Chapter.

1818. Under date of Feb. 14th, Bro. Webb writes at Boston: "Granted a Dispensation to John Snow, to assemble a sufficient number of Knights Templar to form and open an Encampment in Worthington, Ohio." This was the first Encampment organized in Ohio, if not in the West. In October following, in company with his youngest daughter, he started again for the West,

via New York and Philadelphia, and arrived in Worthington on the 16th of December. On the 20th, he issued a Dispensation for an Encampment in Natchez, Miss. On the 26th, at Worthington, Ohio, he says: "Attended the Royal Arch Chapter and conferred the degrees upon the Rev. Philander Chase, whom I had made a Mason in Temple Lodge, Albany, twenty years before." Mr. Chase afterward became the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Ohio, and subsequently sustained the same relation to the Episcopal Church in Illinois. He was a man universally beloved for his simplicity of manners, his unaffected piety, and unwearied labors in his profession. The venerable prelate died but a few years since, the patriarch of that church in the Western States. Webb remained in Ohio, engaged in a manufacturing business at Worthington, until the following August. On the 8th of May, of this year, we find, in his diary, the following: "Wrote and inclosed to D. Embree charters for Madison and Brookville, Indiana, R. A. Chapters." These were, probably, the first Chapters organized in that State.

In August, 1818, as shown by his diary, he left Worthington to return again to New England. He first went to Sandusky and Detroit, and then down the lake to Buffalo, where he arrived on the 14th of August. From Buffalo he proceeded to the Falls, thence to Kingston, in Canada, Ogdensburgh, and St. Johns; then through Vermont to Boston, where he arrived on the 30th of August. He remained in Boston until spring, devoting himself, as usual, to the interests of Masonry in its several departments, and laboring to build up the mystic temple, and establish it in strength

and beauty. On the 10th of June, 1819, he started once more for the West, by the way of Providence, through Connecticut, New York, Niagara Falls and Buffalo. Here he took a steamer for Cleveland, and the last entry in his diary is dated on the 4th of July of that year. The boat seems to have run into Erie, and Bro. Webb writes at that place: "Sunday, 4th of July. Started at 8 A. M., after taking in wood." This concludes the record of his travels; and his life-journey, too, was almost ended. He reached Cleveland on the next day, Monday; and, for the rest, we are indebted to a letter, now before us, written from Cleveland, on the 8th, by Samuel Cowls, Esq., to a friend in Boston. We quote it entire.

CLEVELAND, *July 8th, 1819.*

WARREN DUTTON, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—Having had some acquaintance with you, when you was a tutor in Williams College, I then being a member, and having no other acquaintance in Boston, particularly having no knowledge of Colonel Thomas Smith Webb's family or friends, I take the liberty, through you, to communicate to them the painful intelligence of his death. This I am induced to do by a letter just received from General Henry Champion, of Colchester, in Connecticut, an acquaintance of mine, who passed through this place yesterday, and informed me that he was a particular friend of Colonel Webb's—in which General Champion, as a friend to Colonel Webb, requested me to take care of his papers and effects, and inform his friends in Boston of his death, and the attendant circumstances.

Colonel Webb landed here, from the steamboat, on Monday last, in the morning, and came to N. H. Merwin's hotel, where I board, and where he stayed until his death on the following day. Through Monday, and until after breakfast Tuesday, I was with him considerable, and did not perceive but that he was in good health and spirits. On Tuesday morning he had procured a horse and wagon to proceed to Columbus, and at about eight o'clock went into his chamber

to change his dress, previous to his traveling. In about forty minutes from that, he was found on the bed in his chamber, senseless, in a fit, as was supposed, of apoplexy. His breathing was tolerably regular, but laborious. His pulse, which I did not examine myself, I understood was occasionally intermitting, and generally feeble. In this state he continued without much alteration, except a gradual decrease of the action in the system, until about half-past six o'clock in the afternoon, when he expired.

From the time when he was first discovered, as long as he lived, the most vigorous exertions were made by two physicians, who constantly attended him, with as much other assistance as would be useful, to restore him to his senses. Bleeding in the arm and temple, with powerful applications to the surface of the body and limbs, with brushes, and warm flannels, and warm spirits, were the principal means. At one time there was considerable hope of his returning to his senses. He opened his eyes and struggled with his hands to resist the powerful applications we were making to his surface; but the hope was of short continuance. Though I am incompetent to judge of the means, yet I think his friends may be satisfied that all was done that could be done to save him. At any rate, there was no want of good will or exertions on the part of physicians or others.

As the weather was warm, it was thought not prudent to keep the corpse after the latter part of the day, Wednesday: accordingly, about six o'clock, P. M., on that day, the funeral was attended by a large collection of people (large for this place,) from this and the neighboring towns. He was buried in Masonic order, according to a form prescribed in a book of which he was the author. An appropriate sermon was delivered by the Rev. — Hurford, of Hudson, in this State.

After the death of Colonel Webb, his papers and effects, of course, fell into the hands of Mr. Merwin, his landlord, in whose custody they now are, where, I have no doubt, they will be safely kept until they are called for. They consist of a trunk, two valises, and their contents; his clothes, gold watch and trimmings, and some trifling articles about his person. Of these Mr. Merwin thought proper to take an inventory, in presence of witnesses. For that purpose he called on Samuel Williamson, Esq., of this place, Mr. Charles M. Giddings, of Onondaga, and myself. He opened, in our presence, the valises, in which were about —— dollars in specie and bank notes,

two letters to Miss Martha M. Webb, two to Colonel James Kilbourne, and other papers, clothes, books, and other articles, of which we took a particular account. The trunk he opened, but finding it to be very closely packed with books, papers, and other articles, he deemed it not worth while to examine particularly the contents, and closed it without. A gentleman has gone from here to-day to carry intelligence to the daughter and friends of Colonel Webb, at Worthington, and has taken the letters that were directed there.

By the little acquaintance I formed with Colonel Webb, while he was with us, I am persuaded that his family, as well as society at large, must sustain an incalculable loss by his death; and they have all my sympathy. I understand that he has left a wife and children in Boston. Mr. Cutter, of this place, has written to a friend in Boston, giving information of his death, and the society of Freemasons here, I understand, are about to make a communication to the family, which, perhaps, will make this communication superfluous. Nevertheless, I feel constrained, by the particular request of General Champion, to give them this information; and as I am a perfect stranger to them, I trust you will excuse me for requesting you to be the bearer. If any other information that I can give should be desired, I will cheerfully serve them. And do, sir, tender to them assurance of my sincere regard.

I am, sir, with much esteem,

Yours, etc.,

SAMUEL COWLS.

The remains of Col. Webb were buried in Cleveland, as above detailed, with masonic honors, and the Craft throughout the country deeply mourned his sudden and unexpected decease. He was in the prime of life, being not quite forty-eight years of age; was the best ritualist in America, and was universally beloved, for his excellent qualities, by all who knew him.

The scene at his funeral was certainly a strange and touching one. He was a stranger in the then small village of Cleveland, and strangers were the mourners in the solemn funeral train. It was "about 6 o'clock,

in the evening," a singular hour for the funeral. The sun was casting his last beams across the calm, blue waters of Lake Erie, and the twilight of a summer evening was gathering in shadows over forest and field, while the solemn tones of the "funeral dirge" rose from that group of mourners. It was a Master in the Masonic Israel they were bearing to a stranger-grave, far from home, and wife, and children, and life-long associates.

"Alas! nor wife, nor children more shall he behold—
Nor friends, nor sacred home!"

Yet he fell among friends, for Masonry secures such to a genuine brother in almost any part of the world. Mr. Webb's name had long been before the Masonic public, and he was known in Cleveland, as elsewhere, as an eminent ritualist; and when sickness prostrated him, and death followed rapidly in its train, the brethren of that place and vicinity, though personally strangers to him, gathered around the couch of their dying brother with sympathy and aid, and then bore his remains to an honored grave, in which they deposited the sprig of evergreen, and dropped the fraternal tear. It was a beautiful exemplification of the tender and fraternal spirit of the Order.

While Col. Webb resided in Providence, Rhode Island, in conversation one evening with a number of his masonic friends, he expressed a desire, should he die from home, to be brought back and buried in Providence, with those of his family who had died and were already buried there. After his death, a Bro. Richardson, of that city, in consulting with the Craft,

wished to have measures taken to comply with the wishes of their deceased brother. Some suggested that, as his remains were already entombed in Ohio, it was not necessary to disturb them. Bro. Richardson replied that he had "pledged a Mason's word to Bro. Webb, in his life-time, that he should be buried with his kindred in Providence, and *that pledge must be redeemed.*" To this proposal the brethren promptly assented. Accordingly, a Bro. John Jenks was sent to Cleveland, who disinterred the body and conveyed it to Providence, where it was again buried—to await the resurrection of the last day. Of this latter interment, we find the following record:

"Providence, Nov. 9th, 1819. Yesterday the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island solemnized, in this town, the re-interment of the remains of Thomas Smith Webb, Past Grand Master. At about 11 o'clock, a very numerous procession, consisting of the Grand and subordinate Lodges, Knights Templar, Royal Arch Chapters, clergy, and relatives of the deceased, was formed at St. John's Hall, and, accompanied by a band of music, marched to the First Congregational meeting-house, where the religious services of the day were performed in the presence of an attentive and crowded audience. The prayers and discourses by the Rev. Mr. Bates, Grand Chaplain, were highly appropriate and impressive, and the music, by the Prallonian Society, of which Col. Webb was the first president, added, in no small degree, to the solemnity of the occasion. After the religious exercises were concluded, the procession formed as before, and proceeded to the burial-ground, on the west side, where the customary masonic rites were

observed in committing to the earth the remains of this estimable man and accomplished Mason.

“The following gentlemen, Past Grand Masters, officiated as pall-bearers:—William Wilkins, Esq., Henry Fowle, Esq., Col. Purkit, Col. Bowen, Ebenezer Tyler, Esq., and Richard Anthony, Esq.”

Funeral honors were also paid to the memory of Bro. Webb by the Grand Lodge and the R. A. Chapters in Kentucky; by Jerusalem Chapter, New York; by Center Star Lodge, No. 11, at Granville, Ohio, on which occasion a funeral discourse was delivered by Bro., the Rev. Joseph S. Hughes, G. Orator of the Grand Lodge of Ohio. In Boston, his native city, a eulogy was delivered in Boylston Hall, at the request of the Craft, joined with that of the Handel and Haydn and Philharmonic Societies, by Bro., the Rev. Paul Dean. Both of the above-named discourses were published, copies of which are now before us. Monodies, dirges, elegies, etc., were written and published in memory of the noble dead, by various individuals. Different masonic bodies, Grand and subordinate, ordered suitable entries to be made upon their journals, expressive of their regard for their fallen brother, and their grief for his sudden and early death.

The old family tomb, in Providence, in which the remains of Mr. Webb were deposited, has, of late years, become greatly dilapidated; but the Grand Lodge of that State has inaugurated measures looking to the erection of a suitable monument to his memory—a work which, for the honor of the Craft in Rhode Island, it is hoped will be soon accomplished.

Bro. Webb was a poet of no ordinary talents, and a

musician of rare powers and attainments. That well-known song, beginning, "Companions, assemble on this joyful day," is sung and admired wherever R. A. Masonry flourishes on this continent; and the music, also his composition, is worthy of the lines. There are several of his poetic productions still extant, which attest his fine taste in that department of literature; and some of his musical compositions will be remembered as long as the love of harmony is cherished. Some time previous to his coming West, he united with others in the organization of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, of which he was elected president. The first public exhibition of this society was given in King's Chapel, when Bro. Webb sang the first tenor solo in the Messiah—"Comfort ye my people," etc. He was regarded as an excellent vocalist, and performed well on the flute and piano.

His first wife died about the year 1805, and he subsequently married her sister. He had five children by the first, and four by the second marriage, several of whom still survive, and reside in Brooklyn, New York, and Boston, Massachusetts.

Mr. Webb was, unquestionably, the most eminent Craftsman and most accomplished ritualist of his day. He had thoroughly studied the *construction*, so to speak, of the Royal Art, as well as its symbolism. Where he found disorder and confusion, he arranged and reduced to system, placing everything in its proper relative position, and restoring to the entire ritual order and harmony. The various responsible positions he occupied, as Grand Master of symbolic Masonry in Rhode Island, Grand Master of Knights Templar in Massa-

chusetts, as well as presiding officer in Lodge and Chapter, and the second officer in both the G. G. Chapter and the G. G. Encampment—all attest the confidence of the Craft in his integrity and skill.

It is generally conceded that Webb arranged and systematized the degrees pertaining to the Chapter and Encampment, and probably added some, for the purpose of completing the systems and series; and some have complained of this. He doubtless found the whole series in fragments, and scattered abroad, without form, system, or harmony. He gathered up the parts, and arranged them into a complete whole; it might, perhaps, have been better done, but not then. He also took liberties with the symbolic degrees; but the rituals needed revision, and he alone, at that day, was competent to the task; and whether it was an improvement or not, his name will go down to future ages, in connection with the rituals, as the master workman of his day.

The name of Thomas Smith Webb is more intimately associated with Masonry, as it now appears in this country, both in the arrangement of the degrees and the form of rituals, than that of any other man. Up to near the close of the last century, there were, strictly, but four degrees pertaining to symbolic and capitular Masonry—the first three pertaining to the Blue Lodge, and the fourth, or Royal Arch. The degree of Past Master was not, nor is it yet a degree, in the proper sense of the word, but merely a ceremony pertaining to an official position. It was, and is, simply installing the Master elect of a lodge into office. No separate charter was required for authority to confer the Royal

Arch. Members of a Lodge, who had attained that degree, could, and did, by virtue of the Lodge warrant, meet and confer the Royal Arch. When so met, separate and apart from all the other members, such body was called a Chapter. The Orders of Christian Knighthood, now conferred in an Encampment or Commandery, were also in a disordered condition, and without organization. As late as 1790, these Orders were conferred in but two or three places in the United States; in one of these places, simply the Red Cross was worked; in others both the Orders, and sometimes additional ones, which have now become obsolete.

When Mr. Webb entered the mystic temple as a novice, he found it in disorder. Some of the parts were incomplete, some but rudely constructed, others were out of place, and some were—wanting. It had the appearance of having been in possession of careless, or uncultured hands, or of those who had been indifferent to the beauty and harmony of which the original design was susceptible. It needed some one capable of comprehending the whole scheme to raise up the fallen columns, and place them in their proper position, to repair or reconstruct the adornments, and, where needed, to add additional ones, until the whole structure was complete in all its parts. Webb was that man. Discovering what was out of place, what was unfinished or defaced, and what was still needed, he, with the assistance of a few others, undertook the task, nor rested until he had “finished his work.”

Owing to causes named in a former part of this sketch, the symbolic degrees needed a revision; the cumbersome, obscure, and disjointed lectures of Preston were

not in harmony with the language and perceptions of the age. Webb separated the several parts, and then re-arranged them in forms of greater beauty and harmony. Where a portion appeared incomplete, he finished it; where additional ornament or symbol was needed, he furnished it; and when he had accomplished his task, the entire ritual had assumed a new and more beautiful form. In the opinion of many it was too elaborate, too ornate, too complicated; but there was more harmony and beauty in it, and it was admired because it bore the impress of genius. The chief fault of the "work," if any, is in its amount—there is too much of it. Fewer words, and less intricate machinery, while the essential spirit was retained, would have been less burdensome to the memory, and secured a more general uniformity. But such as it is, it is practiced, substantially, in almost every State in the Union, and the name of Webb is a household word from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

In the system of capitular Masonry, as Webb found it, there was but a single pillar—massive, beautiful, and of noble proportions. In the opinion of Webb and his associates, there were needed additional supports, and subordinate parts. To perfect this "inner sanctuary," the Mark degree was arranged from an existing skeleton; that of Past Master was dignified with a *position* in the system; and the Most Excellent was constructed to supply a vacuum, and make the ascent gradual and easy to the Royal Arch. This wholesale addition we have always thought was unfortunate, but it received the sanction of the active workmen of that

day, and has now become so fully incorporated into the system of American Masonry that it would be difficult to remodel it. An attempt at excision and compression would be fatal to its universality, for the Mark and Most Excellent are now worked in every American jurisdiction, as well as in Scotland and in most parts of England.

The rituals of Webb have been longer practiced than any preceding system. That there have been verbal changes and modifications, is not to be questioned—it is a wonder there have not been more; but the rituals are now substantially as Mr. Webb arranged them, nearly seventy years ago. No discerning man believes them to be *precisely* as Webb left them—that would be too great a tax on credulity; but in some States they approximate very nearly to the original standard; perhaps the work, as now recognized in Ohio, approaches more nearly the original than in any other jurisdiction. It is fitting it should; for here was the theater of the great ritualist's last labors, and here he died; while his immediate pupils disseminated his system among our Lodges, and one of the best workmen of them all was long our Grand Lecturer and Grand Master.

It will be seen, therefore, that, whatever the opinion may be of Mr. Webb's *work*, or of the liberties he took with the system as he found it, his name is most intimately associated with American Freemasonry, and will always remain so. His genius will be admired, and his labors appreciated, so long as the rituals which bear his name are practiced among Freemasons. He was, indeed, "a workman most rare," and has left the

impress of his great mind deeply graven on every portion of our mystical structure.

His private character was untarnished;—a “good man and true,” an upright Mason, a kind father and husband, a warm-hearted, benevolent, unchanging friend, and a consistent Christian. We close our reference to this distinguished and exemplary Mason, by quoting a stanza, quoted for the same purpose by another, soon after his death:

“Each mingled chord, each wandering note,
His magic touch would oft combine;
As dyes that o’er the azure float,—
Together in the rainbow shine!
If music now his soul inspire,
Harp of the winds thou art **his lyre!**”

REV. JAMES ANDERSON, D. D.

REV. JAMES ANDERSON, D. D.

It has been the good fortune of Freemasonry, in its checkered history, to number among its members men eminent in all the departments of knowledge; and when pressed by its enemies, by either ridicule or argument, it has found among its members men competent to meet the issue and successfully repel the assault. Whatever emergency might arise, talent and genius and power were ever found ready for the crisis; and thus the sons of the Craft have been its bulwark in the direst need; its ornaments in times of quiet prosperity; its support and strength when the storms beat and the waves dashed madly around it.

It is eminently fitting that, in this series of sketches, the name of James Anderson should succeed that of Thomas Smith Webb. The latter was the pioneer in ritualism in America, and has linked his name, for all coming time, with the mysteries of the Order as practiced in this country. The former was the pioneer of Masonic writers, compiler of the first Masonic book ever published—and that book the “Charges” and “Con-

stitutions" of Masonry—and the first writer in defense of the Order against its most bitter enemies. The one put into form and shape our internal or esoteric landmarks; the other the written ones. The one recorded the unchangeable designs of speculative Masonry, involving the fundamental principles, moral and judicial, by which the Craft may pursue their labors in all their future history: the other, as an operative workman in our mystic ceremonies, brought order out of confusion, reducing the chaotic mass to harmony and regularity, and made the pathway to distinction in this department easy and agreeable.

JAMES ANDERSON was born at Edinburg, Scotland, August 5, 1662, but the time of his death is uncertain. Allibone, in his Dictionary of Authors, says he died in 1728, and he is followed in this by the New American Cyclopaedia; while the records of the Grand Lodge of England, as published by Noorthouck, in 1784, assure us that he was alive and an active participant in Masonic labors as late as in April, 1738. The presumption is that he died soon after this latter date.

Born a Scotchman, in Scotland, and educated in Edinburg, his extensive acquirements and patient literary and antiquarian research were attested by works which have survived to the present day. He was proud of his native land, ardently devoted to its cause, and especially jealous of its honor and renown. The first we hear of his literary efforts was in 1705. Shortly before this period, a Mr. Atwood had published a work entitled "The Superiority and Direct Dominion of the Imperial Crown and Kingdom of England over the Crown and Kingdom of Scotland." The subject was at

that time one which greatly agitated the public mind, and a question on which Scotchmen were exceedingly sensitive. Atwood's book was so offensive to the public sentiment and feeling in Scotland that it was publicly burned by the common hangman. In 1705, Mr. Anderson published a reply to Atwood, in "An Essay showing that the Crown of Scotland is Imperial and Independent." Whether he had the best of the argument in this controversy, or whether it was because his sentiments gratified the public pride and feeling, we are unable to decide; but it is certain that he not only won distinction by the effort, but secured the public applause. The Parliament of Scotland gave him a vote of thanks, which were communicated to him by the Lord Chancellor in the midst of an admiring and applauding populace. In acknowledgment of the ability he had shown in defense of Scotland's royal claims, Parliament further authorized him to undertake the publication of a collection of the "Ancient Charters of Scotland, with fac-similes of the Seals of the Scottish Kings," and a large sum of money was appropriated to aid him in the work. This volume, under the title of "*Selectus Diplomatum et Numismatum Scotiæ Thesaurus*," was not published until after the author's death. It was edited by Ruddiman, who wrote a preface for it; the seals were engraved by Strutt, and the work was published at six guineas per copy. It was regarded as a very valuable and useful work, but is now very scarce. In 1727 he published, in four volumes, "Collections relating to the History of Mary, Queen of Scotland;" and, a few years before, he had published a very interesting pamphlet on "The Rise and Progress of Freemasonry."

This was for the purpose of general information, and in defense of the Order against some low and scurrilous attacks which had been made upon it. The pamphlet did good service, and is yet referred to as evincing a high order of talent in the author.

Dr. Anderson, soon after his first publication, removed to London, where he became the minister of the Scots Presbyterian Church, in Swallow Street, Piccadilly, and probably remained in London until his death. About the year 1714 he published a volume of sermons, but of their merits we are not advised.

At what time, or in what Lodge, Dr. Anderson became a Mason, is not known. The first time we find his name mentioned, in the brief records of the Order, is in 1721. It was at the Grand Lodge convened in London, on the 29th of September in that year, that he is first named. The members of that body, it is said, were dissatisfied with "the copies of the old Gothic Constitutions" which were accessible, and "Bro. James Anderson, A. M., was ordered to digest them in a new and better method." We shall understand this quaint language better if we recall the fact that, hitherto, nothing pertaining to Freemasonry had ever been put in print. The Order had been in a dilapidated condition for some years. The annual meetings had not been held; no Grand Officers had been elected; Sir Christopher Wren, the last Grand Master, was very old and infirm, and had ceased his active Masonic labors. But four Lodges remained in London, but they had preserved the mysteries of the Craft and furnished a basis on which to rebuild the grand structure which had so long been going to decay by neglect. Some time in

the winter of 1717, the four old London Lodges, "with some other old brothers," held a meeting, at which it was resolved "to revive the quarterly communication of the officers of Lodges, to hold the annual assembly and feast, and then to choose a Grand Master from among themselves, until they should have the honor of a noble brother at their head." Accordingly, on the 24th of June, of that year, a Grand Lodge was convened, a Grand Master was elected, and the Grand Lodge again fully organized. It may properly be said that at this time "the Craft resumed its labors," and they found much to do. The usages and customs of the Fraternity had been much neglected for many years, and it became necessary to "search out the old paths," and, in some measure, reconstruct the whole governmental machinery. The laws and regulations of the Order, expressively designated as "the old Gothic Constitutions," were merely written for the use of Lodges and individual brethren. These, doubtless, had become corrupted by careless copyists, and, at best, were only adapted to a condition of things which had passed away in the process of years and the transitions of society. No wonder, therefore, the existing regulations were found deficient. Society had changed materially in the previous half-century; the Order itself was in a transition state, from purely operative to an exclusively speculative character. The old constitutions did not meet the needs of the new order of things, and it became necessary to revise them, at least, and partially to reconstruct them. For this work a man of sound learning, of pure moral principles, and of an antiquarian turn of mind, was needed, and Bro. James Anderson was

selected as "the right man in the right place." His previous antiquarian labors pointed him out to his brethren as the proper person to gather up the constitutional fragments of the elder days, and reconstruct them in such shape as to fit them for present and future application. He was eminently fitted, by education and habits of mind, for this important work, and it became his special masonic mission. It is said that the construction of a certain key-stone, pertaining to one of the principal arches in the elder temple, was specially assigned to one who was designated as "a cunning workman," in order that its workmanship might be perfect: so, in the revival of Freemasonry, at the beginning of the last century, the organic laws of the Order were submitted for analysis and revision to Bro. Anderson, as best fitted among all the workmen in England for that special duty; and his brethren were not disappointed in their expectations.

The preliminaries to this great work were commenced at the session of the Grand Lodge held on the 24th of June, 1718. Bro. George Payne was elected to the office of Grand Master, and, appreciating the necessity of clear and definite laws for the government of the Craft, he "desired the brethren to bring to the Grand Lodge any old writings and records concerning Masons and Masonry, in order to show the usages of ancient times. And this year several old copies of the Gothic constitutions were produced and collated." The history of this session further states, that the brethren "now began visibly to gather strength as a body; and the wish expressed at the Grand Feast for collecting old manuscripts appears to have been preparatory to

the compiling and publishing a body of masonical constitutions, though such an intention is not mentioned until three years after." It is a fact worthy of note, just here, as showing the extreme caution of the Craft at that day, that, on learning the desire of the Grand Master to collect these old records and regulations, "several very valuable manuscripts (for they had nothing yet in print) concerning the Fraternity, their Lodges, regulations, charges, secrets, and usages, particularly one written by Mr. Nicholas Stone, the warden under Inigo Jones, were too hastily burned by some scrupulous brothers, that those papers might not fall into strange hands." It had become known among the Craft that the Grand Lodge was collecting such documents with a view of publication; and, fearing it would be injurious to the Order to put *any* thing in print, they rashly and inconsiderately destroyed the writings in their possession. What a pity that some of a later day had not a portion of the conscientious scruples of those stern old Craftsmen of a century and a half ago!

Dr. Anderson immediately set about the work assigned him. The old records, laws, regulations, constitutions, etc., which had been collected, were placed in his hands; and so perseveringly did he labor, that, on the 27th of the following December, he made his report to the Grand Lodge, and presented the Book of Constitutions very nearly as we now have it. The work embraced a rapid resumé of the condition of Masonry up to the close of the seventeenth century. Then followed the "Charges of a Freemason," containing the fundamental and universal laws of Masonry in their

elementary principles. To this was added the "General Regulations," designed for the special government of the Craft under the Grand Lodge of England. On the reception of the manuscript, the Grand Master, at the desire of the Grand Lodge, appointed a committee from its members, consisting of "fourteen learned brothers, to examine Bro. Anderson's manuscript of the constitution book, and to make report." History has not preserved the names of those "fourteen learned brothers," but we have no doubt they were selected for their learning, experience, and integrity—their knowledge of Masonry, and their devotion to its best interests.

The Grand Lodge was convened again on the 25th of March, 1722, at which were present the grand officers and representatives of twenty-four Lodges. The Committee of Fourteen made their report: "That they had perused Bro. Anderson's manuscript, viz.: the History, Charges, Regulations, and Master's Song; and, after some amendment, had approved of the same." This report was gratifying to Bro. Anderson, for his work had passed through a rigid criticism by "fourteen learned brothers," and had been approved. It would appear that his labors highly pleased the Grand Lodge, for, at this very session, Dr. Anderson was appointed one of the Grand Wardens. Immediately after the close of the Grand Lodge, he put the work into the hands of the printer, and, in less than a year, it was completed. On the 17th of January, 1723, a special session of the Grand Lodge was called, at which "Grand Warden Anderson produced a new book of constitutions in print, which was again approved, as

was also the addition of the ancient manner of constituting a Lodge," which had been added to the volume since it was first reported to the Grand Lodge.

Thus was completed and published the Book of Constitutions, which has been a light and guide for the Order in all nations and languages to the present time. It was a distinguished honor to have been its compiler; and, by his admirable work, Dr. Anderson won a nobler distinction than position or birth could have given him. His name is yet, after the lapse of nearly one hundred and fifty years, as familiar as a household word with every intelligent Craftsman the world over; and the work which bears his name will be a monument to his memory for ages to come, and imperishable as marble.

After this we hear but little more of Bro. Anderson in the transactions of the Grand Lodge. He had accomplished the work for which he was best qualified, and then retired modestly to the ranks, to enjoy in quiet the honors he had so nobly won. He was, doubtless, engaged in his clerical labors as minister of the Scots Presbyterian Church, and found sufficient in that field of usefulness to occupy all his time and talents. He had become involved, pecuniarily, by investments in the South Sea bubble, and suffered greatly in consequence.

At the Grand Lodge in February, 1735, Bro. Anderson again appeared in that body, and, "representing that a new edition" (of the Book of Constitutions) "was become necessary, and that he had prepared materials for it, the Grand Master and the Lodge ordered him to lay the same before the present and former Grand Officers, that they might report their opinion to the Grand Lodge." At the next session of the Grand

Lodge, in March following, "Bro. Anderson was ordered to insert in the new edition of the Constitutions all the patrons of ancient Masonry that could be collected, with the Grand Masters and Wardens, ancient and modern, and the names of the Stewards since Grand Master Montague." On the 25th of January, 1738, the Grand Lodge, in session, "approved of the new edition of the Book of Constitutions, and ordered the author, Bro. Anderson, to print the same, with the addition of a new regulation." This was accordingly done, and the literary labors of Dr. Anderson, in connection with Masonry, were at an end. We find his name once again as a member of the Grand Lodge, in April, 1738, and then he is seen no more. It is believed that he died soon after, for he was, at this time, approaching his **fourscore years**.

JOSEPH BRANT.

JOSEPH BRANT.

(THAYENDANEGBA.)

“SHOULD the sign of distress by a brother be given,
Though priceless to me is eternity's bliss,
May my name ne'er be found in the records of heaven,
If I fail to respond to that cry of distress.”

AMONG the masonic brethren of the last century whose names are interwoven with the history of our country, stands the name of JOSEPH BRANT, the Indian Chieftain of the Iroquois. Little is with certainty known of his parentage and birth, for “the Indians have no herald's college, in which the lineage of their great men can be traced, or parish registers of marriages and births, by which a son can ascertain his paternity. Ancestral glory and shame are, therefore, only reflected darkly through the dim twilight of tradition.”

Some have supposed that Brant was a half-breed, and that he owed his paternity to Sir William Johnson, a distinguished English baronet, who was the Indian Superintendent of the Six Nations at the period of his

birth, and that his mother was a full-blood Mohawk. Some have claimed that, at least, one of his parents was a Shawanese, while others assert that both his parents were of pure Mohawk blood.

His reputed father was certainly a full-blood Mohawk of the Wolf *totem* or sub-tribe, and tradition avers that the son, who is the subject of this sketch, was born on the banks of the Ohio, in 1742, during an expedition of his parents to the hunting-grounds of the West. He was named by his parents *Thayendanega*, the English interpretation of which has been given as *two sticks of wood bound together*, or *a bundle of sticks*. Its signification in the Indian tongue may have been *strength*, or it may have denoted *two races in his parentage*. But it is not our purpose in this brief sketch to determine whether Brant owed his paternity to an English baronet or a Mohawk Chieftain, for his name has as proud a place in the annals of the Iroquois as if it were emblazoned with all the devices of hereditary distinction that adorn savage or civilized heraldry.

Brant's reputed father died during his childhood, and his mother returned, about that time, to the home of the Six Nations, in New York, bringing with her her little son and a daughter. Here the first reliable history of our Chieftain commences. His mother soon married another Indian, whose Christian name was Barnet or Barnard, from a contraction of which, it has been said, arose the name of Brant. Others have believed that his name was inherited from his reputed, and not from his step-father.

The Six Nations, known in history as the Confederacy of the Iroquois, had existed in New York for an

undetermined period of time. Before the white man came to this country they were the lords of the soil from the Hudson on the east to Lake Erie on the west, and from Ontario on the north to the confluence of the Susquehanna and Tioga on the south. This beautiful country, now waving with yellow corn and smiling with villages and glittering with spires, was then an unbroken forest, where the wild game roamed, except in some secluded spots on the rich banks of lakes or rivers where their rude habitations were erected or their corn-fields cultivated. In the primitive symbolry of their language, they called their country their *Great Lodge*, the east door of which they located on the Hudson, at the mouth of the Mohawk; the south door at Tioga Point, the junction of the Susquehanna and Tioga; and the west door at the great water-fall of Niagara. History and tradition are both rich with descriptions of the primitive life the Six Nations here led, and their footprints are still seen on the mountain-tops where the Great Spirit was worshiped, and in deep valleys where their legendary deities were honored with moonlit dances. The plowshare now turns the flinty arrow from the soil, but the bow and the bowstring and the feathery plume are no longer by its side. The stone pipe, from which the smoke of friendship curled, is found without its reed, and the grim visage of its once lordly owner often meets us in the unearthed skull, on whose crown once waved the warrior's eagle plume. These are the broken but instructive records of the race to which Brant belonged, and were deposited in the archives of our soil before the white man's foot pressed its heavy tread on the ancient home of the Iroquois.

Christian missionaries came among the Six Nations to teach arts of love and the precepts of peace to a people who were fast becoming corrupted by the semi-civilization that the pioneer settlers of a pale-faced race brought among them. The chalice which the white men therefore presented to the lips of these sons of the forest was a strange compound of good and evil, and the kingly dynasty of the Iroquois faded as civilization advanced among them. Brant, who is said to have inherited a chieftainship from his birth, was in his youth brought to the baptismal font, and took the name of Joseph, and to his sister was given the name of Mary, or Molly, as she was familiarly called.

Little is known of the youthful history of Joseph, except that he was early upon the war-path. The Six Nations, at that time, had become allies of the English, and when Brant was but thirteen years of age, he accompanied Sir William Johnson against the French at Lake George, and was present in that memorable battle.

We know not whether his arrow tasted blood, or his tomahawk cleft the brow of the foeman in that sanguinary contest, but the youthful warrior accompanied Sir William soon after in other expeditions, and became with him a great favorite, and his *protégé*.

Brant's sister Molly was also a great favorite with Sir William, and the romantic story of her first acquaintance with him is still told in the Mohawk Valley. The traditions say that no Iroquois maiden was more sprightly and beautiful than she at sixteen, at which age she was present as a spectator at one of Sir William's reviews. As a field-officer was riding past

her, on parade, on a fine horse, she playfully asked his permission to allow her to ride along with him upon the same horse, behind. To this he gave his assent, without supposing she would have courage to make the attempt. She, however, sprung with the swiftness of a gazelle upon the horse behind him, while the animal was at full speed, and clinging to the officer, with her blanket and dark hair streaming in the wind, she rode about the parade-ground to the great merriment of herself and all present, except the young officer, who was somewhat abashed at the unexpected maneuvers of the Indian girl. Sir William, who was a witness of the spectacle, admired the spirit of the young squaw, became enamored with her person, and, as he was somewhat of a Solomon in some of his domestic relations, took her home with him as his wife in a manner consistent with Indian customs. She was ever after treated by him with affection, bore him several children, to legitimate which he married her, with the ceremonies of the English Church, a short time before his death. Such is the story of Sir William and Molly Brant, and many of their descendants are said to be still living in respectability in Canada.

There was, at that time, an Indian charity-school in New Lebanon, Connecticut, where many Indian children were gathered from the tribes within reach of the English colonies, to be educated in the arts and sciences of civilization, and to this school young Brant was sent by Sir William, and in it he received the rudiments of a good English education. Here his proficiency was such that he was employed by his preceptor in translating some parts of the Gospels and other religious books into the Mohawk language.

After his return from school he was engaged by Sir William in public employments, and assisted the missionaries also at times in their duties in the Iroquois missions. It was said by them that he gave evidence of Christian piety, and professed an interest in the practice of Christian duties. He married, also, a wife of the Oneida tribe, had a fixed residence, and employed much of his time in agricultural pursuits, when not following the chase as a pastime, or engaged in public duties by his friend and patron, Sir William.

The residence of Brant, at that time, was at Canajoharie, near the baronial home of Sir William, at Johnstown. The mission of his tribe was under the care of Rev. Samuel Kirkland, and a constant intercourse with the white people around him seems to have given Brant a good knowledge of the habits of civilized life even from his early years, and he then adopted many of the customs of his white neighbors, retaining, however, such of the habits of his native tribes as enabled him to exert a commanding influence in all their councils and movements.

About that period, 1766, a new element was introduced into the social life of his Anglo-American associates at Johnstown, by the formation there of a Masonic Lodge. His friend and patron, Sir William, was its Master, and his pastor, the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, and many of his white neighbors, were members. Conspicuous among these was the son and other male relatives of Sir William, and also Colonel Butler and many others who were subsequently so closely connected with Brant in the war-paths of the Revolution.

It does not appear, from the records of this Lodge,

that Brant or any of the Indians were made Masons in it, nor have we met with any written evidence to show that at that early period the American Lodges made Masons of any of their Indian neighbors. These wild noblemen of the forest had themselves their own mystic organizations, some of whose features and ceremonies were so akin to the Royal Art that they have been denominated Indian Freemasonry. They at times admitted their white friends into these associations with initiatory rites, and gave them Indian names. There was also a kindred custom among them of selecting some bosom friend, whom they afterward, on all occasions, regarded as their counterpart, and whose joys and sorrows became a part of their own.

Brant himself held that romantic relationship with a Lieutenant Provost, a half-pay English officer, who resided in the Mohawk Valley, and who was a member of the Masonic Lodge at Johnstown. The lieutenant was subsequently removed to his regiment in the West Indies, and his Indian friend was advised to drown his sorrow by choosing another white friend as a substitute; but he declared that no such transfer of his affections could take place, and he continued through life to cherish the memory of this chosen brother, sending him, at times, presents of the richest furs he could obtain.

New scenes now open in the life of Brant, that are so closely interwoven with the history of our country that we are compelled to leave the wigwam and the hunting-chase of the Chieftain, and listen to him at the council-fires, and follow him upon the war-path. It had been determined in the councils of the Iroquois, before his birth, that the Six Nations should become

allies of the King of England, and this agreement had often been ratified and confirmed by war-belts. Misunderstandings may sometimes have existed, but the covenant had not been broken. Sir William had long resided among them as the agent of the British Crown, but he had so won their affections that they regarded him as their own friend and protector rather than as the watchful guardian of the interests of England.

When the American colonies became engaged in controversy with the British Crown, they foresaw that, if they should be compelled to resist the aggressions of King George with force of arms, the Indians might become troublesome neighbors. They therefore sent colonial commissioners to them to say that this quarrel was none of theirs, and to desire them to remain at peace with both. But the Six Nations were under the influence of English Indian agents who resided among them, and they held them to the bonds of their ancient covenant as allies of the British King.

Brant was then the war-chief of the Mohawks, and his voice was soon heard at the council-fires of the Iroquois. He heeded not the words of peace that were spoken by the missionaries, nor the solicitations of neutrality that the colonial commissioners urged, but he remembered only the covenant bonds with the British Crown. In 1775 he visited England, but the object of his visit there has never been satisfactorily shown. He was received in London with marked distinction by the nobility, and honored as an Indian king. His dress was European, but he wore over it a belt of the finest wampum, and by his side a polished tomahawk, on which was engraved his name—THAYENDANEGEA.

Brant remained in England a few months, and it is believed that while there he was made a Mason. No record has come to us to show when or in what Lodge he became one, but as his name is not found on the records of St. Patrick's Lodge at Johnstown, which was near his Mohawk residence, and as he was known to be a Mason soon after his return from England, it is presumed he was initiated there, and received the first three degrees. Whatever prejudices of race may at that time have existed in American Lodges, none were then felt in those in England, and London was the Grand East of the masonic world, on whose ground-floor men of many different races often met in masonic brotherhood.

Brant was accompanied in his visit to England by a Captain Tice, who was a member of the Lodge at Johnstown, and if the Chieftain was made a Mason in London, he found not only a brother in him, but also in the Johnsons, Clause, Butler, and many other of his old friends at Johnstown, whose names are associated with his in the border warfare that soon followed. History has written dark pages on these scenes, and the name of Brant stands in the annals of border warfare as *Thayendanega—the terrible*. His war-path was like the lightning's track, but while it blasted the sturdy oak and the bending willow, and sometimes crushed the tender flower, yet it often overleaped or passed by objects for which no reason was apparent to the common observer.

Some of these incidents are to be found on the pages of written history, and Freemasonry has been incidentally mentioned by the historian as the principle that warmed the warrior's heart in the hour of conflict, thus

confirming our traditions, and bearing witness to our records, that Brant was a Mason; while other incidents are found on the same pages, of equal generosity to an unprotected adversary, or mercy to a fallen foe, without ascribing any cause. To follow the Chieftain through the bloody war-path of the Revolution, and detail each incident that shows a remembrance by him of his masonic vows, and a recognition of the claims of brotherhood, would exceed the limits of this sketch; but it is justly due to his memory that some of them be given.

“At the battle of the ‘Cedars,’ thirty miles above Montreal, in 1776, Colonel McKinstry, then a captain in Patterson’s regiment of Continental troops, was twice wounded, and afterward taken prisoner by the Indians employed in the British service. The previous bravery and success of Captain McKinstry had excited at once the fears and resentment of his Indian conquerors, and, in accordance with the customs of savage warfare, he was doomed to die at the stake, accompanied with all those horrid and protracted torments which the Indian knows so well how to inflict and to endure. Already had he been fastened to the fatal tree, and the preparations for the human sacrifice were rapidly proceeding, when, in the agony of despair, and scarcely conscious of a hope, the captive made the great mystic appeal of a Mason in the hour of danger. It was seen and understood by the Chieftain Brant, who was present on the occasion. Brant at once interfered in his behalf, and succeeded, by the influence of his position, in rescuing his American brother from his impending fate. Having freed him from his bonds, he conducted and

guarded him in safety to Quebec, where he placed him in the hands of the English, by whom he was permitted to return to his home on his parole."

Brant's friendship was continued to Colonel McKinstry during his lifetime; and, after the close of the war, he often called upon him at his home in Columbia County, New York, and on one occasion he visited the Lodge with him in Hudson. This was in 1805, nearly thirty years after the incident above related.*

In June of 1777, Brant having gathered a large force of hostile Indians on the Susquehanna, at a place now called Unadilla, General Herkimer was sent with an armed force to hold a peaceful conference with, or resist him, as circumstances might determine.

Herkimer and Brant had formerly been neighbors and friends. They were both Masons, and it is possible that the General thought he might still influence the Mohawk Chief to engage in the American cause, or at least desist from active hostilities. It was a full week after General Herkimer's arrival at Unadilla before Brant made his appearance, and then he came near his encampment accompanied by five hundred warriors. He halted at a distance, and sent a runner to Herkimer with a message to inquire the object of his visit. General Herkimer replied that he had merely come "*to see and converse with his brother Brant.*" The messenger cast his eye from the General upon his troops, and cunningly said, "*Do all these men wish to talk to my Chief, too?*" He said, however, he would carry the General's talk to his Chief; and having charged him not to cross

* Colonel McKinstry died in June, 1822.

the field upon the margin of which they were standing, he turned and departed.

An arrangement was, however, soon made by the aid of messengers, by which a meeting was effected. The encampments were within two miles of each other, and a spot was selected midway, where the respective commanders were to meet. A temporary shelter was erected and prepared to accommodate two hundred persons. By mutual stipulations, their weapons were to be left within their respective encampments.

Herkimer had already repaired to the council-ground with a company of his men, and soon the haughty Chief of the Mohawks was seen to emerge from the distant forest. He was accompanied by a few of his Tory friends, and a band of Indian warriors. When they approached, a circle was formed, and General Herkimer and Brant entered it, each attended by one or two of their principal officers. What a scene was here for the pencil! Both were Masons, yet no brother's grip was given. Brant cast his eagle eye on his visitor, and inquired the reason of his being thus honored. General Herkimer replied, he had come to see him on a friendly visit. "And all these have come on a friendly visit, too!" replied the chief. "All want to see the poor Indians! It is very kind!" said he, with a sarcastic curl of the lip. The conversation soon became animated, and Brant, who at first was disposed to give evasive answers, at length declared to Herkimer "that the Indians were in concert with the King, as their fathers had been; that the King's belts were yet lodged with them, and they could not violate their pledge; that General Herkimer and his followers

had joined the Boston people against their sovereign; that although the Boston people were resolute, yet the King would humble them; and, finally, that the Indians had formerly made war on the white people when they were all united, and as they were now divided, the Indians were not frightened."

During the conference Brant took a deep offense at some remark made by one of Herkimer's officers, and gave a signal to his warriors. They at once broke from the conference, resumed their weapons, and the war-whoop resounded through the forest. Explanations were given, and Brant was soothed and his warriors quieted. By agreement, the conference was adjourned until the next morning.

When the Mohawk Chieftain returned to the conference he entered the circle attended as before, and drawing himself up with dignity, said to General Herkimer: "I have five hundred warriors with me, armed and ready for battle. You are in my power; but, as we have been friends and neighbors, I will not take the advantage of you." At this instant he gave a signal, and his five hundred warriors burst from the forest, painted and armed for battle, and the shrill war-whoop rent the air. It was the scene in Scotland's history re-enacted, where the Highland chief brought his armed warriors to the view of Fitz-James; and not more potent was the signal, nor proud the bearing, of chivalric Roderick Dhu, than that of Brant on this occasion.

The proud Mohawk Chief then advised General Herkimer to return home, thanking him for coming so far to see him, expressing a hope that he might

some day return the compliment, and then turned proudly on his heel and disappeared in his native forest.

It was a midsummer morning, and the war-whoop of the savage had scarcely died away when dark clouds overspread the heavens, and the artillery of the skies seemed to echo back the Indian battle-shout. To the unlettered yeoman of that day the concluding scenes of this Indian conference may, in after years, have been remembered as the ill-omened emblems of the bloody scenes that soon followed.

Whatever may have been General Herkimer's expectations at this conference with Brant, he, at least, learned from it that no hope could be entertained of the assistance of the Mohawks, or even their neutrality. Up to this time they had struck no hostile blow in New York, but soon the hatchet fell with murderous fury.

The last conference had been held with the Mohawks, and Herkimer returned on his way to the settlements. Brant, too, passed on to the north with his warriors, and joined the forces under Johnson and Butler. In the following August the combined forces of the Indians and Tories under Brant, Johnson, and Butler engaged the American forces under General Herkimer at Oriskany, and one of the severest battles of the Revolution, considering the numbers engaged, took place. In it General Herkimer fell, at an early hour, mortally wounded.

At the battle of the Minisink, in 1779, Brant answered the mystic appeal, though falsely given, and even respected its sacredness when he afterward discovered

the imposition that had been practiced upon him. On this occasion an incursion had been made upon the settlements in New York, near the Delaware River, by a band of Indians and Tories under Brant, and the militia of Orange County had been called to pursue them on their return. Brant laid a skillful ambuscade, and drew his pursuers into a situation which resulted in a wholesale carnage and defeat. When the battle was over, and the Indian tomahawk was falling with murderous fury on the heads of the unhappy captives, a Major Wood, knowing that Brant was reputed to be a Mason, and having, by some means, obtained a knowledge of the Mason's appeal in the hour of danger, wildly gave the mystic sign. It was instantly recognized by the dusky Chief, and his life was spared. His cunning, however, did not prevent his detection soon after as an impostor, and the withering look of scorn which Brant gave him was never forgotten. His life, however, was spared, and, as soon as opportunity offered, he became a member of an Order whose claims to fraternity he had found were recognized even by the Indian on the battle-field. He was, accordingly, made a Mason soon after, while a prisoner at Niagara, in a British Military Lodge, and Brant, who was present on the occasion, advanced for him the customary initiatory fees.

Another incident occurred in the same year, but a few months later, in which the shield of masonic protection was again thrown by Brant around a captive brother. It was in the celebrated campaign of General Sullivan, so well known in the history of the border warfare of our country, that retaliation was

attempted by the American army on the hostile Indians, of whom Brant was the leader and war-king. An expedition for this purpose had been sent under Sullivan into their country, consisting of about five thousand men, well furnished with all the means to inflict the severest vengeance on the hostile tribes.

Sullivan had penetrated into the heart of Western New York, and his pathway was marked by a destruction so direful as to remain a blot on the history of our country. To oppose him, Brant had gathered around him all his swarthy warriors, and he was also aided by Colonels Johnson and Butler, with a band of Tories under them. Both Johnson and Butler were Masons, and they had each held official distinction in the Order, the first that of Provincial Grand Master; but the sequel shows that a ferocity had been kindled in their breasts by the war which Masonry did not control; while Brant, the Indian brother, was ready, at all times, to sacrifice his resentment and wrongs on an altar before which his whole heart had bowed.

It was when the chafed warriors of Brant were fleeing before Sullivan, seeing their corn-fields destroyed, their orchards cut down, their villages burned, and their helpless families driven into exile—when all that could arouse the fiercest passions of the civilized or the savage surrounded them, that a small advance scouting party of Sullivan's army were led into an ambuscade, and nearly all slain, except their leader and one other, who were made captives. Lieutenant Boyd, the leader, was a Mason, and on appealing to Brant as such, he at once promised him his protection. Deeming his captive brother safe, even with his infuriated

warriors, he left him to attend to other duties, when Colonel Butler, who commanded the Tories, came up and questioned the captive as to the strength and plans of General Sullivan's army. Believing that the safety of his commander depended on his silence on such a subject, and relying on the promised protection of Brant, he refused to give the desired information. Butler, whose character is infamous in the history of the border warfare of the Revolution, forgetful of military honor and masonic obligation, and destitute of that humanity which warmed even the breast of an Indian, gave up his captive, in the absence of Brant, to the wild fury of his savage allies, and he met his death amid tortures too horrible for the page of history. The name of Brant, we believe, stands in the archives of heaven uncharged with violating his masonic vows.

Jonathan Maynard, Esq., who afterward resided in Framingham, near Boston, and was a prominent public citizen of Massachusetts, often related to his friends that, in the war of the Revolution, he was taken prisoner in the State of New York, by a party of the enemy, composed chiefly of Indians under Brant. According to the custom of the Indians, he was about to be put to death by torture, and preparations were being made to that effect. As they were stripping him of his clothes, Brant, who was present, discovered the symbols of masonry marked with ink upon the prisoner's arms. All the dark passions of revenge at once forsook the warrior's breast, and he interposed and saved his captive brother. Mr. Maynard was then sent as a prisoner to Canada, where, after remaining for several months, he was finally exchanged, and re-

turned home. He lived to a great age, universally respected, and constantly bore testimony to Brant's faithful devotion to his obligations as a Freemason.

There are many other incidents in history of fraternal kindness shown by this Indian brother when all was hate and bloodshed around him. We might multiply deeds of forbearance which he showed on the war-path and in the battle-field to his adversaries, and often to defenseless woman and helpless infancy. Eloquent at the council-fire, his voice could stir the passions as the storm shakes the trees of the forest; cunning on the war-path, he could conduct his warriors with the secrecy and celerity of the serpent; brave in the battle-field, he could drench with blood the strongholds of his foes. He fought according to rules which he had learned in the schools of the forest, and his enemies called him *Thayendanega* — *the terrible!* Sullivan sought to crush him with the skill of civilized (?) warfare, and was afterward known at the home of the Iroquois as the *Town-destroyer*. It were well if a veil could be drawn over that part of our country's history which shows blood-stains upon the threshold of the Indian, as well as the hearth-stone of the white man.

When England had exhausted her energies in fruitless attempts to subjugate her American colonies, and consented to their independent nationality, she made little provision for her Indian allies, and most of them became dependent on the generosity of the new-born Republic for their future welfare. Brant had held a military commission in the English service, but he had received no pay under it during the war, nor did he, to our knowledge, receive the usual half-pay for life on his

retirement from her service at the close of the war. His nation, however, having been despoiled of its former rich inheritance in New York, a tract of wilderness, rich and beautiful, but entirely uncultivated, was given to it in Canada by the English Government, and, in 1785, Brant visited England, ostensibly to adjust the claims of his nation upon the British Crown.

It was the desire of the United States to so manage its affairs with the Indian nations who were within their territories and upon their borders, as to draw a veil over the past and conciliate their friendship; but the Indians had not forgotten their former native independence, and were not disposed to submit to all the new restrictions that were being imposed on them. Their council-fires were accordingly rekindled, and around them were assembled the war-chiefs of tribes who had never met in so general a council before. Their object was to effect such a union of all the native sons of the forest as would enable them to withstand any encroachments on their ancient possessions, or reduce them to Anglo-American vassalage.

It appears to have been the diplomatic policy of England to encourage such a confederation of the American Indians, and Brant was active in trying to effect its consummation. He exerted all his native eloquence with the Indians, all his sagacity with the American Government, and all his diplomacy with England, to rescue his fading race from that oblivion which fate had decreed for it. But there was a handwriting on the wall, which, even if he could decipher, he could not obliterate, and the red men have fallen like the leaves of their native forest, and their graves are

doomed to be turned by the plowshare, and their bones to fatten the fields of the husbandman.

During Brant's visit to England, in 1785, he was received by the highest dignitaries of both Church and State with a consideration due to his rank as an Indian Chieftain. His fame had preceded him, and his arrival at Salisbury was thus noted in a letter from that place, dated Dec. 12, 1785, and published soon after in London:

“On Monday last, Colonel Joseph Brant, the celebrated King of the Mohawks, arrived in this city from America, and after dining with Colonel DePeister at the head-quarters here, proceeded immediately on his journey to London. This extraordinary personage is said to have presided at the late congress of confederate Chiefs of the Indian Nations in America, and to be by them appointed to the conduct and chief command in the war which they now meditate against the United States of America. He took his departure for England immediately as that assembly broke up, and it is conjectured that his embassy to the British Court is of great importance. This country owes much to the services of Colonel Brant during the late war in America. He was educated in Philadelphia; is a very shrewd, intelligent person; possesses great courage and ability as a warrior, and is inviolably attached to the British nation.”

But while Brant was the object of marked distinction, even by royalty itself, he did not lose his own native dignity. It is related that, on his presentation to the royal family, he declined to kiss His Majesty's hand, but, with an admirable gallantry, remarked, that he would gladly kiss that of the Queen.

Brant also became a great favorite with the Prince of Wales, and often joined him in his diversions, and was a welcome guest at his table; but it is said that the dusky Chief lost some of his respect for the regal office by the familiarity with which he was treated by the royal family. That his own native dignity, however, was maintained, is shown by the relation of an incident that occurred at a court masquerade, at which the guests sought to hide their own personal identity in some representation of the features and costume of a chosen ideal personage. Brant, on this occasion, assumed no fictitious garb or character, but appeared among the motley throng of pseudo pilgrims and warriors, hermits and shepherds, knights, damsels, and gipsies, in his own character and costume as a Mohawk war-chief painted and armed for the war-path. He was, that evening, the observed of all observers, for the pageantry of fiction was unequal to the simplicity of truth; and an Oriental dignitary who was present, conceiving that the real American war-chief before him was some admirable fictitious character, in admiration of what he supposed the stranger's mask, attempted to examine the Chieftain's nose. In an instant the tomahawk leaped from his girdle and flashed around the Mussulman's head, and the hall resounded with the Indian war-whoop. It is said that no cry so terrific had ever before been heard in the saloons of fashion, and that its startling wildness blanched the cheeks of all the fictitious heroes of the royal pageant. The matter, however, was soon explained; but whether the storm-passion of Brant was assumed or real, the battle-cry of the Mohawk was not soon forgotten.

Neither the social pleasures nor diplomatic business of Brant, while in England, interfered with his desire for the civilization and moral improvement of his Indian kindred; and we accordingly find him engaged, while there, in a retranslation of the Gospel of St. Mark, the Prayer Book, and other devotional works into the Mohawk language, his former translation having been lost or destroyed during the war. Having accomplished the purposes of his mission, he left the gay metropolis of England, returned to his home in Canada, and, in his native forests, resumed his domestic employments. His intercourse and correspondence with distinguished Europeans were still continued, and his active mind was constantly employed in subverting the intrigues of the Colonial Government in Canada to despoil his Nation of their lands, and of the Government of the United States in dividing and removing the tribes within their boundaries, which he had sought, after the close of the war, to fix and unite in one common confederation, more potent and extensive than the famed league of the Iroquois.

In the pursuit of such objects he often visited distinguished citizens of the Republic, and held correspondence with them. He sometimes passed, in his journeys to New York, through the scenes of his former exploits during the war, and was not always free, on such occasions, from personal danger; for the wild passions aroused in civil war are not soon forgotten, and he, no doubt, bore the reproach of cruelties due to the baseness of Tory, and not of Indian warriors.

We know not what intercourse he had with the Masonic Lodges of Canada after the war. Few at that

time existed near his residence, but he was often in Detroit and Quebec, where they were held. His name, however, stands, as we have already related, proudly on the records of the old Lodge at Hudson, in New York, as a visiting brother, early in the present century.

Brant's efforts were entirely devoted to the social, moral, and religious improvement of his tribe during the last years of his life, and he was justly considered his Nation's greatest benefactor. He was a member of the Episcopal Church, and the first edifice erected in Upper Canada for the services of that Church was built with funds he himself collected for that purpose in England; and the first "church-going bell" that was ever heard in that province was his own free gift. His residence was near the head of Lake Ontario, and he died there on the 24th of November, 1807, at the age of sixty-four years and eight months. His remains were removed to the Mohawk Village on Grand River, and interred near the church which he had himself there erected. Thus closed the life of THAYENDANEGBA, the Indian Mason and Mohawk Chieftain. If he had faults, let us cover them with the mantle of masonic charity; as he had many virtues, let us cherish, respect, and remember them.

Many anecdotes might be added of the goodness and native shrewdness of Brant, in domestic as well as in public life; but the limits of this sketch admit of but one, and that, though it has sometimes been appropriated to Red-Jacket, we believe was a veritable occurrence with Brant. It is said that "when Jemima Wilkinson (who professed to be, in her own person, the Savior of the world in his second appearance on

earth) was residing in her domain in Western New York, surrounded by her deluded and subservient followers, she could not fail to attract the notice of Brant; while the celebrity of the Chieftain must, in turn, have forcibly commended itself to her attention. This led, of course, to a mutual desire to see each other, and Brant, at length, presented himself at her mansion, and requested an interview. After some formality he was admitted, and she addressed him a few words in the way of a welcome salutation. He replied to her by a formal speech in his own language, at the conclusion of which she informed him that she did not understand the language in which he spoke. He then addressed her in another Indian dialect, to which, in like manner, she objected. After a pause, he commenced a speech in a third, and still different American language, when she interrupted him by the expression of dissatisfaction at his persisting to speak to her in terms which she could not understand. He arose with dignity, and, with a significant motion of the hand, said: 'Madam, you are not the person you pretend to be. Jesus Christ can understand one language as well as another;' and abruptly took his leave." A volume might be written to refute her pretensions without an argument so apt and conclusive as this.

NOTE.—The foregoing sketch of Brant is from an unpublished work, by permission of the author, Bro. Sidney Hayden, of Athens, Pa.

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

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PRINCE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, Duke of Sussex, was born January 27, 1773. He was the ninth child and sixth son of George the Third. A descendant of the House of Brunswick, he not only claimed a noble ancestry, but one that was allied by the strongest ties to the ancient and honorable Fraternity of Freemasons. His great-grandfather, George the First, his grandfather, George the Second, and his father, George the Third, were Masons in good and regular standing. The same may be said of Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of King George the Second; the Duke of York, brother to King George the Third; Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, and William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, who were also brothers to George the Third. The Duke of Cumberland was elected Grand Master on the 10th of April, 1782. Prince William Henry, afterward King William the Fourth, was initiated in Lodge No. 86, held at the Prince George, Plymouth, March 9, 1786, and received the apron and rank as Past Grand Master in 1787. George Augustus, Prince of Wales, was initiated at a special Lodge held for that purpose at the

Star and Garter, Pall-mall, February 6, 1787, and was elected Grand Master on the death of the Duke of Cumberland, in 1790. The Duke of York was initiated in the Britannic Lodge, November 21, 1787, and subsequently received the rank of Past Grand Master. Prince Edward, afterward Duke of Kent, was initiated in Union Lodge, Geneva, in 1789, and became Provincial Grand Master of Halifax, and, in 1790, he was Patron of the Knights Templars of Scotland. He also received the apron and rank of Past Grand Master. Prince Ernest Augustus, afterward Duke of Cumberland, and subsequently King of Hanover, was initiated May 11, 1796, in a Lodge held at the house of the Earl of Moira, and was afterward invested with the badge and rank of a Past Grand Master. Prince William of Gloucester, nephew of King George the Third, was initiated in the Britannic Lodge in April, 1796, and received the rank of a Past Grand Master. He became a Royal-Arch Mason in 1797, and, shortly after, was created a Knight Templar.

Prince Augustus Frederick, the Duke of Sussex, whose masonic history we shall duly consider in its proper place, was, during his younger years, placed under private tutors, and received the rudiments of an education in the royal household. When sufficiently qualified he was entered, with his brothers, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, at the University of Gottingen. He remained for a number of years in Germany, pursuing his studies, and made considerable attainments as a classical scholar. His favorite studies were philosophy and theology, though he acquired a reputable standing in the department of the

languages. He had a fondness for travel, and was, probably, the youngest English Prince who undertook the tour of the Continent. He visited several parts of Italy, and was particularly interested with Rome, where he was on terms of intimacy with Pope Pius the Sixth. While in Rome he formed an acquaintance with Miss Augusta Murray, a lady of irreproachable character, descended from a family which, for centuries, had ranked with the noblest in Scotland. This intimacy ripened into an affection which resulted in marriage. In a letter to Lord Erskine the Duke thus gives a history of this interesting affair :

“In the month of December, 1792, being on my travels, I got acquainted, at Rome, with Lady Dunmore and her two daughters, who had just come from Naples. The well-known accomplishments of my wife, then Lady Augusta Murray, caught my peculiar attention. After four months’ intimacy, by which I got more particularly acquainted with all her endearing qualities, I offered her my hand, unknown to her family, being certain beforehand of the objections Lady Dunmore would have made had she been informed of my intentions. The candor and generosity my wife showed on this occasion, by refusing the proposal, and showing me the personal disadvantage I should draw upon myself, instead of checking my endeavors, served only to add new fuel to a passion which no earthly power could ever more have extinguished. At length, after having convinced Augusta of the impossibility of my living without her, I found an English clergyman, and we were married, at Rome, in the month of April, 1793, according to the rites of the English Church.”

Having some doubts as to the validity of his marriage, on his arrival in London with his bride he caused the marriage ceremony to be repeated at St. George's, Hanover Square, December 5, of the same year. The repetition of the ceremony attracted the attention of his father, George the Third, who immediately instituted proceedings for annulling it, under the Royal Marriage Act, which placed all marriages in the royal family under the control of the Crown.

This act originated in the displeasure of George the Third at the marriage of his two brothers, and it proclaimed every marriage of any members of the royal family, contracted without the consent of His Majesty, null and void. In accordance with the above, the proctor of the King instituted a cause of nullity of marriage against the Lady Augusta Murray, and obtained a decree, the effect of which was to set aside the marriage contract. In obedience to the same, Lady Augusta separated herself from her husband, which separation she survived until March, 1830. This inhuman act, while it shortened the life of that distinguished lady, embittered that of the Duke, and placed the children of the marriage in the most painful and equivocal position.

From the first appearance of the Duke in public life he showed himself the unswerving advocate of the principles of civil and religious liberty. Through all the political contests he remained a stanch, uncompromising Whig. In 1792, when the alarm created by the events in France divided the Whigs, he remained true to his party and said: "My family came to the throne on the principles of the revolution—on the principle of

a full, free, and fair representation of the people." This noble expression of sentiment manifesting itself in all his acts, greatly endeared him to the people, for the promotion of whose welfare he spent the whole of his life.

In 1806, in the debate on the restriction of the slave importation bill, he joined his brother, the Duke of Clarence, afterward William the Fourth, and the Duke of Gloucester, his cousin, in denouncing the slave-trade. His speeches and votes were afterward given in the support of all the liberal questions of the day, among which were the amelioration of the condition of various religious sects, the promotion of education, and the advancement of every thing that might tend to the elevation of the people.

In 1815, the war between the landholders and the rest of the community began, for the purpose of keeping up the prices which a succession of bad seasons, a successful industry, and the difficulty of obtaining a supply from abroad on account of the war, enabled them to do. He was strongly opposed to this exaction, and signed the celebrated protest against the Corn Bill drawn up by Lord Grenville. He also took an active part in the discussions on parliamentary reform, and was the medium of presenting petitions from Corporate bodies. In the debate on the Irish Church Temporalities' Bill, in 1833, he declared that "To support the Protestant interest was to show the most perfect toleration to all sects, for the essence of Protestantism is the right of private judgment and complete freedom of conscience." Such was his adherence to liberal views and policy that he incurred the displeasure of the

Crown, and, until the death of George the Fourth, he was entirely shut out from court favor, and treated with coldness and neglect, and was the only one of the royal dukes that was excluded from all lucrative appointments. His income was strictly confined to his parliamentary allowance. His principles cost something, and the sacrifices which he made of royal esteem and emoluments showed how greatly he prized them.

It was not, however, in the House of Lords alone that he was active in the support of civil and religious liberty, and in promoting whatever might tend to the welfare of the people generally, but he was literally at the people's command wherever his support was wanted, and Freemasons' Hall, the London and City of London Taverns, or Exeter Hall, were on numberless occasions, visited by him to attend meetings in which were discussed the great questions of the day. So accessible was he to the people, and so highly was he honored by them, that he could well say, as he once did, in addressing the House of Lords. "I know the people better than any of your lordships. My situation, my habits of life, my connection with many charitable institutions, and other circumstances on which I do not wish to dwell minutely, give me the means of knowing them. I am in the habit of talking with them, from the highest to the lowest. I believe they have confidence in me, and that they tell me their honest sentiments."

In addition to his claims to public consideration as a liberal and enlightened statesman, he was widely known and honored as a patron of science and litera-

ture. For eight years he occupied the distinguished post of President of the Royal Society. A London journal says: "Nothing would be more delightful than the evenings when Kensington Palace was thrown open by his Royal Highness to the public. At his *soirees* were to be seen all those who were distinguished in science, art, and literature, natives and foreigners. On these occasions he took a lively interest in all that was going on, and was always the soul of the party. Every discovery in science, every mechanical invention, every ingenious process, found expounders at Kensington Palace. Whatever the enterprise of travelers had discovered that was rare and curious, was first to be seen there. Nothing like these parties had ever been known in the country. Those who had the advantage of an entrance into the Duke's magnificent library will not soon forget them, or cease to think with kindness of the warm-hearted prince to whom they were beholden for so much enjoyment."

The Duke of Sussex was much interested in the present Queen of England, Victoria, and she was a favorite of his from childhood. The esteem was mutual, and his loss was keenly felt by Her Majesty. Notwithstanding the unhappy differences that existed between him and the Georges, he never manifested the least unkind or vindictive feeling toward them; and though, like all warm-hearted men, he felt most keenly acts of unkindness, he never resented them, and was always ready to forgive and forget. Though decided in his politics, such was the mildness of his manner in asserting his opinions, that his opponents never became his enemies. To his superiors he was always respectful,

and to his inferiors kind and condescending; hence, he enjoyed the esteem of the one, and the affection of the other. The qualities which combined in his person were of so exalted a nature that he was eminently fitted for the distinguished posts that he occupied.

Much of his time was devoted to literary pursuits. His large and well-selected library, consisting of upward of forty-five thousand volumes, contained many of the most valuable works in the different departments of literature, science, and the arts. It was particularly rich in biblical works, having the largest number and greatest variety of Bibles, in manuscript and in print, to be found in any library in the country. Much of his time was devoted to the study of the Bible, and it was a practice which he kept up to the end of his life, to read a certain number of chapters every day. From this sacred source he drew those lessons of wisdom which guided him in his intercourse with his fellow-men, and which enabled him to preserve that harmony and consistency of character which was so justly awarded to him by all.

Having said thus much in relation to the Duke's principles and general traits of character, we come now to speak of him as a Freemason. He was initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry in the year 1798, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. His initiation took place in the Royal York Lodge, at Berlin. On the death of Admiral Sir Peter Parker, Deputy Grand Master, and one of the most zealous Masons of that day, the Prince Regent, then Grand Master, appointed the Duke of Sussex Deputy Grand Master, on the 12th of February, 1812.

One of the most interesting masonic festivals ever witnessed was held in 1813, in compliment to that highly distinguished Mason and upright man, the Earl of Moira, subsequently Marquis of Hastings, and, at that time, acting Grand Master in the place of the Prince of Wales. It was held on the eve of his departure from England to take upon himself the highly important office of Governor-General of India. At this festival his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex presided, supported by his royal relatives the Dukes of York, Clarence, Kent, Cumberland, and Gloucester. This occasion was otherwise signalized by being the anniversary of the birth of the royal chairman, an event which has been subsequently celebrated by the London Fraternity, and, also, several provincial and foreign Lodges.

The Prince of Wales having expressed a desire not to be re-elected Grand Master, the Grand Lodge unanimously elected the Duke of Sussex to fill that dignified and important station, on the 7th of April, 1813. The installation was of an unusually splendid character, and was attended by thirteen Provincial Grand Masters. His Royal Highness was re-elected every year until the day of his death, which occurred on the 21st of April, 1843, and performed his public masonic services for a period of over thirty years, with honor to the Craft and credit to himself. He rendered the most eminent services to the Fraternity, both at home and abroad. His exertions to unite the two masonic bodies which existed in London into one, resulted most happily in bringing about a union, and gave a strength and stability to the Fraternity which

it had not enjoyed, in so remarkable a degree, for years. Co-operating with him in this great work was his brother, the Duke of Kent, the father of the present Queen Victoria, Grand Master of the other body, denominated the Athol Masons. When the union was effected, the Duke of Kent resigned in favor of his brother, and the Duke of Sussex was proclaimed Grand Master of the united Fraternity. During the thirty years that he presided over the Grand Lodge, many were the changes that occurred in society around him. One by one all his royal relatives who had taken an active part with him in the concerns of the Order had passed away from earth. At the completion of his twenty-fifth year, as a testimonial of the high regard paid to the Duke for his many and distinguished services in behalf of the Order, he was presented with an appropriate "Masonic Offering." The Deputy Grand Master, Lord John Churchill, who was charged with the presentation, made the following address:

"MOST WORSHIPFUL SIR: We, a committee of the brethren associated for the purpose of presenting a votive offering to their Grand Master, respectfully approach your Royal Highness to express the feelings and to fulfill the wishes of the great body of Masons whom we represent. For them, sir, and for ourselves, we fervently acknowledge the deep debt of gratitude due to your Royal Highness from the Craft of England. We do honor to ourselves in thus publicly proclaiming the truth and the boast that the illustrious Prince who, during the twenty-five years now rolled by, has

ruled the Order by its own free choice, has rendered to Masonry services unparalleled in its history. For the high social rank which the Fraternity nows holds in this country; for the absolute exclusion from our peaceful temple of those divisions, religious and political, by which men are elsewhere distracted; for our increased and increasing prosperity, we feel, and we glory in the recollection, how much we owe to your Royal Highness. The events of the last quarter of a century afford a bright example to other countries, and to future times, how perfectly, in the hands of a wise, benevolent, and zealous ruler, the freedom of our institutions may consist with the preservation of union and discipline, the happiness of our members, and the promotion of all those high interests which are the great objects of Freemasonry.

“In testimony of the deep sense which we and our brother subscribers entertain of the obligations which we owe in common with every member of the Order, we pray your Royal Highness to be pleased to accept the work of art which is now before us. It will, we are persuaded, derive value in your Royal Highness’s estimation, from the circumstance that in this offering of gratitude Masons of all ranks and in all countries have concurred. Toward this grateful object contributions have spontaneously flowed from brethren far and near, as lodges and as individuals, from the Prov. Grand Master to the Entered Apprentice—from the British Isles to the furthest parts of the world. The sentiments which the brethren entertain toward your Royal Highness have proved to be as universal as the principles which they are taught to profess. To preserve some

record of these sentiments, and the occasion and mode of their expression, we have embodied, in print, a statement of the circumstances attending this offering. And we further pray your Royal Highness to accept this copy of the little volume, from which the future historian may learn how strong and how just are the feelings by which we are animated toward our illustrious Grand Master.

“Finally, and in the heartfelt consciousness that in this prayer every good Mason will unite, we supplicate the Great Architect of the Universe that the favors of heaven may be continued to him who has so well deserved them, and that your Royal Highness may long rule in health and happiness over a grateful and united brotherhood.”

After the ceremony of presentation was ended, his Royal Highness arose, and spoke as follows:

“RIGHT WORSHIPFUL DEPUTY GRAND MASTER, PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTERS, OFFICERS OF THE GRAND LODGE, AND BRETHREN: I rise, under feelings of intense interest, and, if I may use the expression, amid a warfare of feelings, to utter my humble and sincere thanks for the kindness evinced to me on the present occasion. It is not the trifle that is offered, but the sensation that it has produced, which affects me; it is of a mingled nature, and, consequently, very difficult to express.

“Surrounded by so many faces, seeing so many kind friends, and yet marking vacancies, crowded as the tables are, which cast a shade upon thought, it is im-

possible to feel very lively, or that I should express myself as I ought. You have kindly noticed the past period of twenty-five years, to me years of great anxiety, I have presided over you, with fidelity, yet sometimes with feeling of oppression. Your kindness has given vigor, and I feel renovated, and from that kindness I have derived my confidence. In my career I have met with many and severe trials—trials to which human nature ought to be exposed, and which, as a Mason, it was my duty to bear up against. I have observed many a kind head has been laid low, and my account must be rendered up. On the mercy of God I have ever relied, and in the rectitude of my conscience I shall lay my head down in peace. This is a subject which every morning a Mason should call to mind when he supplicates his Maker, and when he closes his eyes. When the profane, who do not know our mysteries, are carried away by prejudice, and do not acknowledge the value of our society, let them, by our conduct, learn that a good Mason is a good, moral man, and, as such, will not trifle with his obligation. The principles of morality I am bound to enforce, and did I not, I should betray the confidence reposed in me. For myself, I want no compliment—no favor. Deeply as I am indebted to the brethren, yet I could not receive a compliment out of the fund of the Grand Lodge. Twice I have refused that compliment, because that is a public property, to be appropriated to masonic matters only, and it would be highly incorrect to encroach upon it in any other way; and if one farthing of it is touched for any other purpose than that of charity, you would be wanting in your duty. The

brethren then listened to me, and the matter dropped. I, however, stated, that if, at some future period, a spontaneous and united offer of a compliment, not taken from the public fund, was decided upon, after twenty-five years of service I would not object. The Duke of Sussex, in accepting this offering, can not be accused of robbing the poor Mason of a single penny. Arriving at the twenty-fifth year of my presidency, it is a warning to me how I am placed.

“My duty as your Grand Master is to take care that no political or religious question intrudes itself, and had I thought that, in presenting this tribute, any political feeling had influenced the brethren, I can only say that then the Grand Master would not have been gratified. Our object is unanimity, and we can find a center of unanimity unknown elsewhere. I recollect, twenty-five years ago, at a meeting in many respects similar to the present, a magnificent jewel, by a voluntary vote, was presented to the Earl of Moira previous to his journey to India. I had the honor to preside, and I remember the powerful and beautiful appeal which that excellent brother made on the occasion. I am now sixty years of age; I say this without regret. The true Mason ought to think that the first day of his birth is but a step on his way to the final close of life. When I tell you that I have completed forty years of a masonic life,—there may be older Masons—but that is a pretty good specimen of my attachment to the Order.

“In 1798 I entered Masonry in a Lodge at Berlin, and there I served several offices, and, as Warden, was representative of the Lodge in the Grand Lodge of England. I afterward was acknowledged and received

with the usual compliment paid to a member of the Royal Family, by being appointed a Past Grand Warden. I again went abroad for three years, and, on my return, joined various Lodges, and, on the retirement of the Prince Regent, who became Patron of the Order, I was elected Grand Master. An epoch of considerable interest intervened, and I became charged, in 1813-14, with a most important mission—the union of the two London societies. My most excellent brother, the Duke of Kent, accepted the title of Grand Master of the Athol Masons, as they were denominated. I was Grand Master of those called the Prince of Wales' Masons. In three months we carried the union of the two societies, and I had the happiness of presiding over the united Fraternity. This I consider to have been the happiest event of my life. It brought all Masons upon the level and the square, and showed the world at large that the differences of common life did not exist in Masonry; and it showed to Masons that by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, what great good might be affected. I have endeavored, all through my masonic career, to bring into Masonry the great fact that, from the highest to the lowest, all should feel convinced that the one could not exist without the other. Every Mason owes respect to the recognized institutions of society, and the higher his station the more is required from him. The great power of Masonry is the example; the chain extends from the highest to the lowest, and, if one link should break, the whole is endangered.

“I recommend to you order, regularity, and observance of masonic duties. If you differ with any brother, never attribute sinister motives to him with whom you

differ. These are the principles, brethren, which I hope to enforce; and many a time have I checked myself from too marked an expression, thinking that a brother might not be aware of his position—and we have argued the matter in private. I trust, in this, the twenty-fifth year of my presidency, I may not be considered saying too much by declaring what I have always done. I am grateful for the kindness and affection hitherto shown, and that my government, as far as it may be so considered, is one of kindness and confidence. I once again enjoin the observance of the laws, which are founded upon EQUITY, and not SPECIAL PLEADING. Equity is our principle, honor our guide. I gave full scope to my feelings in Grand Lodge, and have forgotten all that passed except those of good-will with which I left it; and, I assure the brethren that as long as my services are at my own command, the Lodge may claim them, but they shall be given honestly, fearlessly, and faithfully.”

This was one of the grandest festivals ever held in Freemasons' Hall, and the occasion was one of unusual interest to the Fraternity.

At Kensington Palace the Duke exhibited the most cheerful and abundant hospitality. At the frequent *soirees* held there, not only could be found royalty, but men distinguished for science and literature, church dignitaries, and others. He bore the name of “Britain's Mecænas,” the friend of the wise and the good. A lover by taste, a promoter by example, he was even more exalted as a munificent patron, of literature and learned men. Though he had a smaller income than

of the other royal Dukes, his contributions to private and public benevolence were immense. Till within the last three years of his life, there were upward of sixty established charities to which he was a permanent annual contributor. His whole life was spent in devotion to the public good, and he was willing, at his death, that his body should be given to the promotion of science. When the Anatomy Bill was passing through the House of Lords, an opposition being made to it on the ground that the parties most likely to be affected by it had feelings of repugnance to its enactment, he declared that he would not vote for inflicting any thing on the poorest man in the realm to which he would not himself submit; and, in order to attest his own sincerity, and facilitate the operation of a measure which he thought so useful, he then avowed his intention of bequeathing his own body to a scientific institution, that meaner subjects might not afterward shrink from the prospect of what a royal duke had, in his own case, submitted to. He was always ready to be an example and a benefactor to his race.

The last communication he made to a Lodge was to the Grand Stewards of the Annual Festival of the English Fraternity, informing them that he intended to be present. This communication was dated Kensington Palace, April 11, 1843. On the next day he was attacked with erysipelas. The best medical attendance was procured, and every means employed for his recovery. Bulletins were issued every day announcing the state of his health. As his illness increased, he was visited by many of the royal family. On the 20th he was visited by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and

also by the Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duke of Cambridge. Nearly the whole of the diplomatic corps, Sir Robert Peel, and most of the ministers, and about three hundred of the nobility and gentry called, in the course of the day, to inquire after his health. At noon, on the 21st, surrounded by the Duke of Cambridge, his royal brother, and several of the nobility, together with the domestics of the Palace, whom he requested to be present, he breathed his last in peace. The news of his death spread rapidly, and demonstrations of sorrow were everywhere seen. The bells in London were tolled, and the flags on the public buildings and the shipping were hoisted at half-mast. Orders were issued for the Court to go into mourning, and also the College of Arms, the Horse Guards, and the Admiralty. The theaters were ordered to be closed. In the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel delivered an address, in which he alluded, in the most exalted terms, to the Duke, and the zeal which characterized his life in promoting every object connected with science and literature, of which he was himself an illustrious example. At the close of his address the following resolution was passed, *nemine contradicente*: "That an humble address be presented to Her Majesty to express the deep concern of this House at the loss which Her Majesty has sustained by the death of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and to condole with Her Majesty on this melancholy occasion, and to assure Her Majesty that this House will ever participate, with the most affectionate and dutiful attachment, in whatever may concern the feelings and interests of Her Majesty and her illustrious house."

A still more eulogistic speech was made in the House of Lords, by the Duke of Wellington. In the course of his remarks, the Duke said: "I must do his Royal Highness the justice to add, although I unfortunately differed with him upon the general politics of the country, and upon various subjects which came under discussion, that I always found him most affable and condescending to me, and he treated me invariably with the utmost condescension and kindness. Having had the benefit of an excellent education, and having, in his youth, spent considerable time in foreign countries, he was a most accomplished man, and he continued his studies, and the cultivation of all branches of literature and science, up almost to the day of his death. He was the protector of literature, science, and the arts, and of the professors of all branches of each of those departments of knowledge." Addresses were also made by the Marquises of Lansdowne and Northampton, and an address of condolence to Her Majesty was unanimously ordered. Meetings were held by the Society for the promotion of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, by the Common Council, the Jews' Synagogues, the Artillery Company, and North Britain Volunteers. The Grand Lodge of England met, and, the Earl of Zetland, Prov. Grand Master, in the chair, passed appropriate resolutions, as also numerous subordinate Lodges. So well was he known and esteemed abroad, that the French court went into mourning eleven days for him.

While the Duke was lying in state, his corpse was visited by thousands. On the day of his funeral, which was the third of May, all the shops were closed, and no

carriage or any description of horsemen were allowed to remain on any part of the route, from Kensington Palace to Kensal Green, through which the procession was to pass. The coffin was of the most superb manufacture. The lid was divided into three panels. In the upper one was a large ducal crown, in the lower a magnificently delineated star of the Order of the Garter, with the motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" In the center was placed a large brass plate, with the following inscription :

DEPOSITUM,
 Illustrissimi principis
 AUGUSTI FREDERICI,
 Ducis Sussexiæ,
 Comitis de Inverness et Baronis de Arklow,
 Antiquissimi et nobilissimi ordinis cardui
 et
 Honoritissimi ordinis militaris de Balneo,
 Equitis
 Patriui Augustissimæ et potentissimæ,
 Victoriæ,
 Dei Gratia, Britanniarum Reginæ,
 Fidei Defensoris.
 Oleit die viscessimo primo Aprilis,
 Anno Domini MDCCCXLIII,
 Ætatis Suxæ LXXI.

The funeral cortège was one of the most august and imposing ever seen. The entire nobility of the realm was represented on the occasion. Solemn services were performed at the cemetery by the Bishop of Norwich, and the mortal remains were committed to the tomb. Sir Charles Young, Garter King-of-Arms, advanced to

the platform through which the coffin had descended, and pronounced the *style* of the deceased as follows:

“Thus it has pleased Almighty God to take unto his divine mercy the late most high, most mighty, and most illustrious Prince Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, Baron of Inverness and Baron of Arklow, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Knight of the Most Ancient and Noble Order of the Thistle, Acting Grand Master and Knight of the Grand Cross of the Most Honorable Military Order of the Bath, sixth son of his late majesty King George the Third, and uncle of her most gracious majesty Queen Victoria, whom may God bless and preserve with long life, health, and honor, and every worldly happiness.”

We can not close our sketch of this illustrious Freemason without some additional remarks touching his personal traits of character. That he was most ardently devoted to the Order is sufficiently evident from his long and faithful services. For forty-five years he had wielded the mystic trowel; for nearly forty years he had held an official relation; and he had served as Grand Master for thirty consecutive years! During all this long period his official relation was not a mere matter of form or royal condescension, but he took an active and affectionate interest in all that concerned the welfare of Masonry. His duties were arduous, and his labors constant. Up to the very day preceding the attack which closed his valuable life, he manifested his deep concern in the success of certain benevolent enterprises in which the brethren were engaged. During the long period of his connection with Freemasonry, the charities found in him a cordial advocate and a

liberal patronage. He was an adroit and efficient chairman of meetings to promote the cause of charities for masonic orphans, and the "aged and decayed Freemasons" and their widows. He was very successful in his appeals for contributions, and obtained the flattering compliment of being pronounced "the best beggar in Europe," a distinction of which he was remarkably proud. In the different asylums founded by the English Freemasons, both for age and orphanage, his memory is yet cherished with most affectionate regard. He was a father to the masonic orphans, gathered by the Craft into the asylums, to be trained and educated for usefulness and respectability in after life. In that one for orphan girls, at Clapham Common, near London, there exists a delicate and beautiful testimonial of the children's regard for the royal Duke, and their appreciation of his services in their behalf. It is a sampler, now hanging in the parlor of the institution, beautifully worked by the little girls of the school, as a

"Testimonial of respect and gratitude for the liberal patronage bestowed on the institution by his R. H., Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, who died April 21, 1843, aged seventy years.

"He's gone, our patron, prince, and friend; no more to tread the festive halls—the Lodge, no more; nor will he ever again this house and school revisit; nor shall its young inmates share his smiles of affable and princely condescension. Farewell, noble Duke of Sussex, a long farewell; may thy coronet be now a crown of glory!"

There is, also, upon the sampler, in elegant needle-

work, the design of a monument, with urn, weeping willow, and a ducal coronet. Such a testimonial, from infant hands, is a valuable tribute to the virtues of the illustrious Grand Master, and an evidence of the affection with which his memory is cherished.

The fondness of the royal Grand Master for books was proverbial. A ripe scholar himself, he encouraged learning by every means in his power, and collected, for his own use, the finest private library in Europe. It contained fifteen hundred copies of different editions of the Holy Scripture, besides many rare and valuable manuscripts. In his will he directed that his magnificent library should be offered to the British Museum, and, if the trustees failed to purchase it within a year, it should then be sold at public auction. The trustees declined to purchase, and the library was sold, and scattered over the world. We have seen some of the volumes in this country, in the hands of book collectors, still containing the evidence of their former royal ownership. What a pity that such a splendid collection of rare and costly works had not been preserved intact, either in England or America!

The Duke was not only the friend of learning, but of learned men; and, at his table and levees, as well as in his library, were generally found the first minds and ripest scholars of the age. Nor was he careful whether such men came of royal blood or of plebeian stock, so they excelled in knowledge. When the learned Methodist preacher, Dr. Adam Clark, so celebrated as a linguist, came to London, the Duke invited him to his palace, and to dine with him. He took him into his library, showed him his rare old manuscripts,

and consulted him on Hebrew criticism. On such occasions they would spend hours together, the Duke often questioning the good Doctor, and directing his secretary to note down the answers as important. When the learned and veteran preacher went to reside at Haydon Hall, near London, his Royal Highness returned these visits. He would go early in the day, and spend it with Dr. Clark in his library, then dine at the Doctor's table, and afterward return to Kensington. His love of learning was a ruling passion, and he sought many of his most intimate friendships among those of kindred tastes, without questioning whether their birth was in a palace or a cottage.

Another peculiarity of this distinguished Grand Master was his love of the people, and his feeling of kindred to them. Himself an illustrious scion of a royal line, he felt that goodness was the true criterion of greatness. Though contingently an heir to the throne of the British Empire, he looked for social enjoyments in affinity with the people, and based his hopes of divine mercy and acceptance not on his royal blood, but on his moral rectitude. In his address, in the House of Lords, on the Regency question, he remarked:

“At those times, when one may be said almost to stand face to face with one's Creator, I have frequently asked myself what preference I could urge in my favor to my Redeemer over my fellow-creatures, in whose sight all well-intentioned and well-inclined men have an equal claim to his mercy. The answer of my conscience always was: follow the directions of your Divine Master, love one another, and do not to others what

you would not have them do unto you. And upon this doctrine I am acting. The present life can not be the boundary of our destination; it is but the first stage—the infancy of our existence; it is a minority during which we are to prepare for more noble occupations: and the more faithfully we discharge our duties here below, the more exalted will be the degree of felicity that we may hope to attain hereafter.”

Such sentiments, uttered under such circumstances, did honor alike to the head and heart of the noble Duke.

In his marriage he ignored established rules, and took to his bosom a lady not of royal blood. When the heartlessness of his father caused a decree of separation between him and his chosen bride because she was not of royal blood, he *obeyed the law*, though it outraged every feeling of humanity. After the death of his first wife, he married again outside of a royal family. And so decided was he in his preferences, that he provided for his interment in a public cemetery instead of a royal tomb, that his dust might repose beside that of his chosen and cherished wife.

Frequently, in social life, the Duke was fond of laying aside his character of a prince of the blood, and desired to be regarded merely as a private gentleman. While president of the Royal Society, on one occasion during a debate, a member, perhaps inadvertently, addressing him as “Mr. President,” expressed a hope that the Duke would not be offended—other members had been “your-royal-highnessing” very extensively. “My good, sir,” said the Duke, “I always wish people to use proper terms in proper places. I am no royal

highness *here*—I am president of this great and useful society.”

The Duke had a splendid *physique*. He was nearly six feet four inches in height, very erect, finely proportioned, and of most dignified and commanding presence. Had he succeeded to the throne, he would have been “every inch a king.” As the Grand Master of Masons he “acted well his part,” and left an example worthy the emulation of his successors to the end of time.

We can not better close our sketch of this kingly Grand Master than with the following lines, by Bro. J. E. Carpenter, of England:

“Let our tears be shed o’er the funeral bed
 Where our Prince—our friend reposes,
 For the darksome gloom of no royal tomb
 His honored corpse incloses.
 The free, fresh air waves the branches there—
 Let no false pride upbraid him;
 He knew no state but the good and great,
 And ’mid those he loved they’ve laid him.

“The worldly fame and the royal name
 May pass—we claim another;
 In the *mystic bond* he’ll no more command—
 We mourn him as a BROTHER!
 May prayers ascend for our loved, lost friend,
 From our Lodges’ deep recesses,
 In words of love to the Lodge above,
 And from hearts that fervor blesses.

“Though tears may fall o’er the funeral pall,
 When his earthly course was ended,
 Far, far away, shall the Mason pray,
 For him who all befriended!
 May our minds be *squared*, and our souls prepared
 Like his, in virtue *center’d*,
 For the ‘*Lodge of Light*,’ in those regions bright,
 Where we trust *his spirit’s* entered!”

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

ON the "roll of the workmen" who have labored in the erection of our mystic Temple there are found many eminent and honored names—names that have been conspicuous in the history of our race, and which are often repeated when the great achievements of the past are recounted. The records of Masonry are adorned with such on almost every page. We need not go back to remote antiquity to search for distinguished Craftsmen among its traditionary legends, though such were not wanting even then. We have men enough and material enough within the reach of authentic history to gratify the utmost ambition of the Order. The records of our Craft are full, not only of noble names, but of the noble deeds of those who have shared in our labors and participated in our enjoyments. Especially has this been the case in lands where the people have enjoyed a rational liberty, and where humanity has been ennobled and the mind enlarged by the genial and elevating influence of Protestant Christianity. Men whose hearts have swelled with the pure

emotions which religion inspires, whose strong arms and great souls have been the bulwarks of their country's rights and freedom, and whose living thoughts on science, philosophy, and ethics have flashed like sunbeams on the intellect of the world; men who have adorned all professions that were honorable; honored every calling that was useful; and won distinction in every field of legitimate employment; among all these, and among the most honored of these, we find those who were proud to be numbered among the "Royal Craft," and hailed by them as Free and Accepted Masons.

For the present, however, we shall go no further back than the last century, and no further off than our own country, to select a name entitled to all honor, and a character worthy of general emulation. We select one whose memory and whose virtues are dear alike to the native and the adopted, to Christians of all sects, and to patriots of all parties. Not in the spirit of vain boasting, either, would we name him, for that would be dishonoring to his spotless fame; nor yet in the language of empty laudation, for that would be an offering unworthy of so pure a shrine. His best eulogium is the simple record of his deeds, and an honest portraiture of his character. His fame is interwoven with the history of his country during the most interesting period of its existence, and his name will be a tower of strength to the nation, and form a halo circling around its banner, while it can point proudly to that glorious motto of "*E Pluribus Unum.*"

The name of GEORGE WASHINGTON is familiar to every man, woman, and child in America, and his

wonderful history, the glorious deeds which rendered his life illustrious and his name immortal, the virtues which adorned his character, and still cluster around his memory—all are written as with a pen of iron upon the hearts of the American people. At the bare mention of his name the thoughts immediately turn to the shores of the Potomac as to a starting point; and then, tracing along the path of his life, which glows with an effulgence as beautiful as it is glorious, they call up in memory the young and athletic surveyor amid the mountains and the forests of the frontiers; Duquesne and Fort Necessity; the bivouac in the wilderness; the sudden onset, the wild foray, and the Indian battle; the ambush, the war-shout of the savage; the terrible conflict of Braddock, and the bloody defeat—all are unrolled in rapid succession, like the unfoldings of a panorama. And then come Trenton, and Brandywine, and Germantown, and Princeton, and Monmouth, and Yorktown, to add to the aggregate of his glorious achievements. With these are associated the successful strategy, the fierce attack, the heroic struggle against fearful odds, when a nation's freedom and a nation's existence were the prizes at stake; the courage which shrank from no danger; the wisdom and prudence and foresight which no skill could baffle; the virtues which no temptation could corrupt; and the power of that mysterious influence which enthroned him forever in the affections of his countrymen, and won the homage of civilized man everywhere—these are some of the bright images which come up in memory at the bare mention of his glorious name. America, aye, the world, knows his history, and needs none to repeat it. Even

his face, and every feature of his noble countenance, however roughly drawn, though it be but in outline, is instantly recognized by all, from the Atlantic to the Pacific!

If the reader should ever visit old Faneuil Hall, in Boston, the "Cradle of Liberty," he will see suspended against the walls numerous portraits of distinguished men of the Revolution, executed from life by the best artists of that day. There is one with the name of John Hancock underneath it; another with that of John Adams; another with Thomas Jefferson; another with Benjamin Franklin; another with General Knox, and so on, each giving the name of the illustrious original. But in the center of that galaxy of patriots there is one portrait, and only one, on which there is no name written; and yet, quicker than the eye can read the inscription on the others, that nameless one is recognized by every visitor as the portrait of Washington! The artist seems to have entertained the opinion that no name was necessary to indicate the original, when the lineaments of Washington's face and form were traced upon the canvas; and he judged rightly, for they are daguerreotyped distinctly upon the memory of every American, and will be until goodness shall cease to be appreciated or greatness admired. It is useless, therefore, to attempt to narrate any thing concerning Washington that is not already well known to every one; and yet we can not properly explain some facts to the masonic reader without recounting a portion of his early history at least.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was descended from an illustrious ancestry—not illustrious merely by titles of

nobility, though such were not wanting; but by the higher distinctions of honor, of virtue, and of patriotism. The eldest child of his father by a second marriage, he was orphaned at the early age of eleven, and grew up to manhood under the eye and government of his mother, a woman whose superior, in qualifications for the task imposed upon her by Providence, is probably not to be found in either ancient or modern history. Long before he reached his majority, he boldly assumed and faithfully discharged the duties of mature life. The masonic reader will please remember this fact, for it will be necessary to refer to it again when we come to treat of his masonic connections, and to explain some facts relative to his early initiation.

Washington retired from school at sixteen years of age, having diligently studied geometry, and acquired an accurate knowledge of surveying, both in theory and practice. Soon after he had left school, he was appointed by Lord Fairfax, (an English nobleman, who had settled in Virginia, and whose relative the elder brother of Washington had married,) to survey his large estates of wild land lying in the wilderness and among the mountains of the then frontiers of that province. Confident of his capacity to accomplish a task which would have tested the ability of mature years and ample experience, and relying entirely upon his own resources, the boy-man of sixteen, with his maps, his instruments, and a few assistants, started for the wilderness. For months he made his home in the forest, living upon the coarse fare which the cabins of the settlers or the rifles of his hunters could furnish, and sleeping at night under a tent or a tree, surrounded by his

forest companions. From this expedition he returned a little before he was seventeen, as one aptly remarked, "with his energies of body and mind consolidated into a full-grown man," and soon after received a commission from his native State as a public surveyor, a trust never confided, at that time, to any but experienced men.

Soon after this, difficulties with the Indians along the border settlements compelled the colony of Virginia to organize its military forces, and, at the age of nineteen, Washington was commissioned as major in the provincial army. For two years the young hero ranged along the frontiers endeavoring to protect the defenseless but venturesome pioneer settlers from the firebrand and the tomahawk of the bloody and relentless savages. And so well did he discharge the arduous duties which had been confided to him, that he not only received the blessings of the suffering inhabitants of the frontiers, but the hearty commendations of those in authority from whom he had received his trust.

The disturbances with the Indians were finally quieted, and Washington returned to the retirement of his home and the company of a mother whom he loved. But his repose was fated to be of short duration. It would seem that he was born for the service of his country; and, however great the sacrifice or the peril, he never faltered when duty called and honor pointed the way.

By virtue of having planted colonies on the Atlantic coast, England claimed ownership of the whole country westward to the Pacific Ocean—however far off that might be. Some wandering French Jesuits from Canada had found their way up and down the Mississippi

and some of its tributaries, in their efforts to make good Catholics out of ignorant and blood-thirsty savages. The grand forests and beautiful prairies of the great valley had never been traversed before by the foot of civilized man, and glowing accounts reached France of discoveries her missionaries had made in the interior of this continent. Forthwith the French Government assumed the ownership of all those vast regions by right of discovery; while England, be it remembered, claimed the same by right of her previous settlements along the coast. Neither could be satisfied with less than a continent, and both were regardless of the prior ownership of the Indians by right of possession. These adverse claims soon brought on a contest for jurisdiction. France established military posts on the Ohio, and at points northwardly to the lakes, and succeeded in securing the friendship of the Indians. England declared these acts to be trespasses upon her territory, and determined at once to give the intruder "notice to quit," and, in case of his refusal, to eject him by means more potent than a sheriff with his writ and *posse comitatus*.

But how should the Governor of Virginia give this notice? or who should be the bearer of it to the French officer commanding on the Ohio? Notice *must* be given, for so the authorities in England had commanded; but where was the messenger to be found? The distance was over five hundred miles, mostly through an unbroken wilderness, and over mountains then considered almost impassable—to say nothing of the danger from lurking Indians, the allies of France, and the deadly foes of the colonists. Inquiry was made,

but no one was to be found willing to risk the peril of the journey. There was silence, then, among the chivalry of the Old Dominion. At length young Washington presented himself and said, like the Prophet of old, "Here am I; send me!" There stood—there spoke, the future chieftain, the man ready for any necessary responsibility, and who was yet to become the conqueror of England and the Father of his Country. The Governor, a burly, strong-headed old Scotchman, was delighted with the spirit of the young man, and gladly accepted the offer of his services, remarking, at the same time, in his blunt, old-fashioned way, "Truly you are a brave lad, and if you play your cards well, you shall have no cause to repent your bargain."

Washington was then but a little over twenty years of age; yet he was intrusted with a commission that involved the peace of the two greatest nations of the world, and ultimately the fate of empires.

It was while the first blast of winter was howling through the gorges of the Alleghanies that Washington started on his mission of peace—or war—as France might choose. With but six companions, two of whom were Indian traders, he made his way over the mountains, crossing the streams on log rafts, tenting on the snow, braving perils and suffering privations that would have crushed almost any other man but Washington. About one hundred and twenty miles below where Pittsburg now stands, the young messenger found a French post and the French commander. Alone with his few attendants, nearly six hundred miles from friends or support, surrounded by tribes of savages, mostly in the pay and under the influence of France, Washington

presented his credentials, and, in the name of his namesake on the throne of England, sternly demanded that the French should quit the country. The reply which he received from the polite Frenchman was, that *he should remain where he was until his own sovereign might order him away!*

With this reply Washington made his way back to Virginia, and reached home after an absence of four months. It was at once resolved to send a military force to drive the French from the Ohio. Four hundred troops were raised, and Washington was appointed to their command as lieutenant-colonel. At the head of his little army he again started to cross the mountains, and when on the western slope he learned that the enemy had taken possession of the point of land at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers, in great force, and was engaged in constructing Fort Duquesne. A small party which he had sent forward to take possession of that very position was surrounded by an overwhelming force of French and Indians, when they capitulated, and were permitted to retire. This startling news reached Washington while he was yet struggling, with the main portion of his army, through the western spurs of the Alleghanies, and he was compelled at once to retreat for safety.

A few days afterward news was brought to our young hero that detachments of French and Indians were on his track, and crowding down upon him from different points. It was a starless and stormy night when the young commander, but little past his majority, was informed of his imminent peril. The unbroken wilderness, rugged and rocky, was around him; the

storm-king was abroad on his wildest revels; every living thing that could find shelter had found it. Man alone was abroad, and he in the grim attitude of war, on errands of slaughter and destruction.

Washington was a tactician, even at that early period of his life, and wisely concluded it were better to fall on his enemy at once, than to remain in camp and wait for his attack. With this determination he selected forty men, and, guided by some friendly Indians, he groped his way through the blackness of that stormy night, stumbling over logs and wading the swollen streams, until, at the dawn of day, he reached the bivouac of his foe. He divided his little party into two divisions, and crept cautiously up to within musket-range, giving his troops imperative orders *not* to pull a trigger until he gave the word. There was a pause. The great heart of the young hero throbbed with unutterable emotions as he thought of his position, his isolation, and responsibility; his imminent danger, and the fearful, *inconceivable* consequences dependent upon his single word. A hostile collision in that remote portion of America would begin a war that might kindle all Europe into a flame that would certainly change the boundaries of empires, and, perhaps, overthrow existing dynasties. No one could guess what or where the end would be; but it was certain that his single word would cause the monarchs of the old world to tremble on their thrones!

With this weight of responsibility resting upon him, the young commander, towering up to his full height of majestic manhood, in a calm, clear voice, gave the expectant word, and instantly the forest resounded with

the rattle of musketry. The echo of that discharge was heard in every court of Europe, and the consequences will only be fully known when the history of nations and of governments shall be brought to a close!

We shall sketch the general history of Washington no further. Enough has been written to indicate the character of the man, and afford an earnest of his future achievements. We will now go back a little, and note some facts preliminary to Washington's induction into the Order of Freemasons. His elder brother, Lawrence, was fourteen years his senior in age. He was a man of great wealth, and of much influence in the colony; and when the war spirit was aroused in consequence of the encroachments of the French, Lawrence obtained for his younger brother, then but nineteen years of age, the command of one of the military districts into which the colony was divided, with "the pay of one hundred and fifty pounds a year." The young major immediately set about the study of military science, in which he was assisted by his brother Lawrence, and one or two veterans who had served against the Spaniards in the West Indies.

While the young soldier was engaged in his military studies, the health of his elder brother, between whom and himself a very warm fraternal feeling existed, began to fail. A trip to the West Indies, in which he was accompanied by his brother George, proved ineffectual to restore his health. In the following summer, his symptoms growing worse, he returned home, where he died on the 26th of July, 1752. By his will he bequeathed, contingently, to George a large estate, and appointed him one of his executors.

On the 4th day of November, 1752, Washington was made a Freemason, in Fredericksburg Lodge, No. 4, at Fredericksburg, Virginia. Carefully analyzing the elements of masonic knowledge thus revealed to him, he patiently proceeded in his studies, and, on the 3d of March, 1753, he was passed to the degree of Fellow Craft. Still more delighted with the revealments of a science new and strange to him, but which won his regard by its beautiful symbolisms and elevated morality, he toiled on in his new vocation until the 4th of August, 1753, when he was raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason; thus occupying nine months in his mystic journey from the vestibule to the holy of holies of Masonry. This was less than three months previous to his departure on that perilous mission already described, to warn the French from the Ohio.

Fredericksburg Lodge, No. 4, was originally organized under a dispensation issued by the Provincial Grand Master of Massachusetts. How long it worked under this dispensation is now unknown, but, in 1758, it received a charter from the Grand Lodge of Scotland. Whether it had previously received a charter from the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts we are unable to say, or why it obtained one from the Grand Lodge of Scotland. Its present charter was granted by the Grand Lodge of Virginia, in 1787.

At our special request a friend has carefully examined the ancient records of the Lodge, and copied the following entries:

“*November 4, 1752.* — Received of Mr. George Washington for his entrance, £2, 3.”

“*March 3, 5753.*—George Washington passed Fellow Craft.”

“*August 4, 5753.*—George Washington raised Master Mason.”

The officers of the Lodge at the time of Washington's initiation were: R. W. Daniel Campbell, Master; John Neilson, Senior Warden; and Dr. Robert Halkerson, Junior Warden. The Bible used on that occasion is still preserved in the Lodge, or was, previous to the rebellion. It is a small quarto, beautifully printed, and bears on its title-page the imprint — “1688: printed at Cambridge, by John Field, Printer to the University.”

On the records of the Lodge are found quite a list of honored names. There are Brigadier-Generals Hugh Mercer, (who fell while fighting under the eye of Washington at Princeton,) George Weeden, and William Woodford; of Colonel John Jaringan and Major Gustavus Brown Wallace, all officers in the war of the Revolution. There, too, are the names of General Edward Stevens, Governor Spottswood, Colonel McWilliams, and Chief-Justice Marshall. The Lodge might well be proud of such a list of names, especially when that of George Washington is added as its crowning glory.

On the walls of the Lodge-room at Fredericksburg were formerly hanging a number of “funeral hatchments,” which bore the names of deceased members, and inscriptions in honor of them. On one of these is the following:

IN MEMORY OF

BROTHER GEORGE WASHINGTON,

Born in the county of Westmoreland, State of Virginia, Feb. 11, O. S.,
A. L. 5732, A. D. 1732.

Died at Mount Vernon, Dec. 14, N. S., A. L. 5799, A. D. 1799.

A life now glorious to his country led !
Belov'd while living as rever'd now dead ;
May his EXAMPLE virtuous deeds inspire—
Let future ages HEAR IT and admire.

It will be seen by the dates above given that Washington became a Mason before he was twenty-one years of age, and the question has been repeatedly asked, how this could have been, seeing that masonic law requires the candidate to have reached the age of twenty-one years? The question is readily answered. At the period to which we refer, the Masonic Constitution, as revised by Anderson in 1722, and approved by the Grand Lodge of England, was the supreme law with the Craft in this country, as it is still in England, in all its essential requirements, and *ought* to be everywhere. That law does not designate the *precise age* which an applicant must attain before he can be admitted among us. It simply required him to be of "*mature and discreet age*;" and who will affirm that Washington was not of "*mature and discreet age*" when he had passed his twentieth year? At sixteen he had completed his mathematical education, and soon after executed important trusts in the employ of Lord Fairfax; at seventeen he was commissioned as a public surveyor, an office, at that time, of high responsibility; at nineteen he was in command of one of the military districts of the colony

as adjutant-general, with the rank of major; and he was just on the eve of his departure, by authority of the Governor, to communicate with the French commander on the Ohio on matters of high national importance, when he was admitted to our mystic brotherhood.

We have already seen that his brother Lawrence died in the summer of 1752, leaving an ample fortune; and that, by his will, George Washington was appointed one of his executors. This fact, together with that above referred to, that he was at the same time holding a commission as major in the provincial troops raised by Virginia, show that he was not only recognized as a man of "mature and discreet age" by his friends, but also by the public authorities. He was not only mature in his mental perceptions, but his judgment and prudence were superior to many at the age of thirty. He was a man in all the elements of a fully developed manhood, and was already the morning star of that glorious era which gave freedom to a continent, and secured rational liberty to uncounted millions of our race.

It is not designed to be particular in noting the entire history of Washington's masonic life. There is usually but little written of such facts when they occur; and, at this distance of time, when the great man himself has been in the grave for nearly two-thirds of a century, and all his cotemporaries have passed to "the shadowy land," it is useless to attempt minuteness of detail. The records of Fredericksburg Lodge, made at the time, are still extant, as if preserved on purpose to bear witness to the fact of Washington's

initiation; but, like all such records, they simply state the fact in as few words as possible: that on such a date George Washington was initiated—on such a date passed to the degree of Fellow Craft—on such a date raised to the degree of Master Mason. The recorded evidence is still there, and sufficient to silence all doubts—if any honest ones exist—as to the fact of his having been a Mason; beyond that, little is ever written or preserved in the archives of Lodges.

Washington remained for many years a member of the Lodge with which he first affiliated. He did not hesitate, on every proper occasion, to avow his connection with the Order, and express his unqualified approval of its objects, its principles, and its labors. Lodges were not then numerous as now; the country was new, the population sparse, and these “sacred retreats of friendship and virtue” were “few and far between.” Besides, almost the whole life of Washington, subsequent to his initiation, was spent in the public service; much of the time he was absent from his home, with great cares and weighty responsibilities pressing upon him. He had learned, what every other Craftsman learns, that Masonry must not be permitted to “interfere with our necessary vocations, for these are on no account to be neglected;” and the claims of country, especially, are superior to those of Masonry. The public duties of the chieftain, in after years, sadly interfered with his social privileges, yet he embraced every favorable opportunity to mingle with his brethren in their private meetings, and aid them in the performance of their mystic labors.

Anti-masonic writers have unblushingly denied that

Washington was a Mason at all, and they have done this in the very face of documentary evidence as strong and conclusive as that which proves him to have been the commander-in-chief of the American army! The biographers of this illustrious man have seemed to pander to this morbid sensitiveness of the anti-masonic public by carefully abstaining from all reference to his masonic connections. Not one, so far as I have discovered, of all those who have written of Washington, has done him justice in this behalf. Whether this omission was intentional or not, it is difficult to say; but in so far it is a wrong to the memory of the Father of his Country. Why is this studied silence? Washington never repudiated his masonic affiliation, but, on the contrary, seems to have taken pleasure in avowing it on every suitable occasion, and mingled freely with the Craft, as one of them, both in public and in private. The record of the Lodge in which he was initiated, made at the time it occurred, and his autograph letters, still preserved, attest his membership in, and his devotion to the best interests of the Order; and its impressive rites and solemn monitions, doubtless, made a lasting impression upon his youthful mind, and aided much in molding his character into its grand and beautiful proportions. Shall his biographers be allowed to omit stating that which the great man himself deemed worthy of his attention and regard? Biography, to be valuable, should be a full and accurate portraiture of the original; no particular feature should be concealed, simply because it is disagreeable to the artist. Truthfulness in these things is what is needed; and he that purposely conceals a part of the truth,

when writing biography, injures his character for veracity, and taints the authority of his work as much as though he had knowingly affirmed what he knew to be false. But is it right or honorable for a writer professing to give a full and impartial history of a distinguished character, while he is careful to record every other minute fact in connection with him, to omit so important an item as that above referred to?

A single incident, well authenticated—indeed, a part of the public history of those times—puts it beyond dispute, if there were any room left for dispute on the subject, that Washington was not only a Mason, but that even while the great cares and anxieties of his position were pressing upon him, he found time to mingle with the Craft, and thus attest his devotion to its sublime objects.

Subsequently to the battle of Monmouth, General Washington was called to Philadelphia to consult with a committee of Congress on matters of public importance, where he was sojourning, near the close of 1778. That city had suffered much in its business while in the possession of the British troops. The consequence was, great distress among the poor, especially as the winter was just setting in.

To aid in relieving the unfortunate, the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania proposed to have a charity sermon preached before that body on the 28th of December in that year, (the 27th being Sunday,) by Bro. the Rev. William Smith, D. D., then Provost of the College of Philadelphia. It was, accordingly, preached in Christ Church, and was afterward published, a copy of which is in our possession, together with the programme of the procession and proceedings on that occasion, printed

at the time. General Washington *walked in the procession, and attended services at the church, dressed in masonic costume*, a distinguished place having been assigned him on the programme; and the clergyman, in his sermon, alluded to his presence in the following appropriate and respectful language. He had been referring to the patriotism of distinguished men in other lands, and in other times, and adds:

“Such, to name no more, was the character of a Cincinnatus in ancient times: rising ‘awful from the plow’ to save his country; and, *his country saved*, returning to the plow again with increased dignity and luster. Such, too, if we divine aright, will future ages pronounce to have been the character of a ***** but you all anticipate me in a name which delicacy forbids me on this occasion to mention. *Honored with his presence as a brother*, you will seek to derive virtue from his example; and never let it be said that any principles you profess can render you deaf to the calls of your country, but, on the contrary, have animated you with intrepidity in the hour of danger, and humanity in the moments of triumph.”

The sermon, which was soon after published, was, by order of the Grand Lodge, dedicated to General Washington in the following language:

“To His Excellency George Washington, Esq., General and Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States of North America; the friend of his country and mankind—ambitious of no higher title, if higher were possible—the following sermon, honored with his presence when delivered, is dedicated, in testimony of the sincerest brotherly affection and esteem of

his merit. By order of the brethren. JOHN COATES, Grand Secretary, *pro tem.*"

The original records of the American Union Lodge, which was attached to the "Connecticut Line" during most of the Revolution, are still extant, and preserved with great care at New Haven. We have carefully examined these valuable documents, and copy the following entries concerning Washington. The troops were at "Nelson's Point," on the Hudson, on the 24th of June, 1779, and the Lodge there celebrated the festival of St. John. The record states :

"After the usual ceremonies, the Lodge retired to a bower in front of the house, where, being joined by his Excellency General Washington, and family, an address was delivered to the brethren, etc., by Rev. Dr. Hitchcock," etc. Again, after the addresses, songs, toasts, etc., "His Excellency Bro. Washington, having returned to the barge, attended by the Wardens and Secretary of the Lodge, amidst a crowd of brethren, the music playing 'God Save America,' and embarked, his departure was announced by three cheers from the shore, answered by three from the barge, the music beating the 'Grenadier's March.'"

On the 27th of December, 1779, the army was in winter-quarters at Morristown, New Jersey, and the members of the American Union Lodge celebrated the day as usual. In the minutes of that meeting, after naming the officers and members present, it is added: "*Visitors present*—Bros. Washington, Gibbs, Kinney," etc. We make these extracts, not to furnish additional evidence that Washington was a Freemason, for that would be superfluous; but to show that, even in the

dark days of the war, with all his public cares and anxieties, his regard for Masonry prompted him to visit the Lodges and mingle with the Craft whenever it was convenient for him to do so.

An incident, which we have seen in print years ago, will indicate the sentiments which Washington entertained of Masonry while in the strength and maturity of his days. During the war with England, the chance of battle threw into the possession of the Americans a party of British soldiers, with their camp equipage and baggage, among which was a chest containing the jewels and furniture of a Lodge of Freemasons attached to the English army. As soon as this was known to the commander-in-chief, he promptly returned it to the enemy under a flag of truce, accompanied with a polite note, stating that such articles were not legitimate trophies of war!

The Lodge at Alexandria, which was first organized in 1783, as Lodge No. 39, under a warrant from the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, concluded to transfer its fealty to the Grand Lodge of Virginia. Application was, therefore, made to the then Grand Master of Masons in Virginia, Edmund Randolph, Esq., at that time Governor of the State. He, accordingly, issued his warrant for that purpose, bearing date the 28th of April, 1788, which is still carefully preserved in the archives of the Lodge, empowering certain persons therein named to assemble and work as a legal Lodge of Freemasons, under the name of Alexandria Lodge, No. 22. The *first* name mentioned in that warrant is "our illustrious and well-beloved brother George Washington, late general and com-

mander-in-chief of the forces of the United States of America." No one need be told that Washington's name could not have been in the warrant if he had not been a Mason; and every one familiar with such documents and masonic usage will know that, by placing his name first in the list, it was intended to designate him as the Master of the new Lodge.

For the satisfaction of all, we subjoin a portion of the warrant of Lodge No. 22. It is as follows:

"I, EDMUND RANDOLPH, Governor of the State, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, do hereby constitute and appoint our illustrious and well-beloved brother, GEORGE WASHINGTON, late general and commander-in-chief of the forces of the United States, and our worthy brothers, — McCrea, William Hunter, Jr., and John Allison, Esq., together with all such other brethren as may be admitted to associate with them, to be a just, true, and regular LODGE OF FREEMASONS, by the name, title, and designation of the Alexandria Lodge, No. 22," etc.

Washington remained a member of Alexandria Lodge, No. 22, until *his* great Master called him to a higher and more glorious affiliation in the heavenly Temple. After his death, in 1805, by permission of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, the name of the Lodge was changed to "Washington Alexandria Lodge," in memory of the illustrious man who was its first Master, and which name it still bears, while it preserves in its archives several mementoes of the noble dead.

The correspondence of Washington with various masonic bodies furnishes additional evidence, if any were needed, of his affiliation with the Order, and in-

dicates his opinion of its objects and importance, as well as the deep interest he felt in its prosperity. The following letters have been carefully collected and compared, and their authenticity can not be questioned. They are here arranged in the order of their dates. The original of the following is still preserved in the Lodge-room, but the occasion which elicited it does not appear:

MOUNT VERNON, *December 28, 1783.*

Gentlemen: With a pleasing sensibility I received your favor of the 26th, and beg leave to offer you my sincere thanks for the favorable sentiments with which it abounds. I shall always feel pleasure when it may be in my power to render any service to Lodge No. 39, and in every act of brotherly kindness to the members of it, being, with great truth,

Your affectionate brother and obedient servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

ROBERT ADAM, Esq., *Master, and Wardens and Treasurer of Lodge No. 39.*

MOUNT VERNON, *June 19, 1784.*

Dear Sir: With pleasure I received the invitation of the Master and members of Lodge No. 39, to dine with them on the approaching anniversary of St. John the Baptist. If nothing unforeseen at present interferes, I will have the honor of doing it. For the polite and flattering terms in which you have expressed their wishes, you will please except my thanks.

With esteem and regard, I am, dear sir,

Your most obedient servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

To an address of welcome and congratulation from King David's Lodge, Newport, Rhode Island, while on a visit to that State, as President, Washington returned the following answer:

NEWPORT, August 17, 1790.

To the Master, Wardens, and Brethren of King David's Lodge, Newport, Rhode Island:

Gentlemen—I receive the welcome which you give me to Rhode Island, and with pleasure; and I acknowledge my obligation for the flattering expressions of regard contained in your address, with grateful sincerity. *Being persuaded that a just application of the principles on which the Masonic Fraternity is founded must be promotive of private virtue and public prosperity, I shall always be happy to advance the interests of the Society, and to be considered by them as a deserving brother.* My best wishes, gentlemen, are offered for your individual happiness.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

In the following spring, during the recess of Congress, Washington made a visit to the South, and, while at Charleston, received an address from the Grand Lodge of Ancient York Masons at Charleston, South Carolina, to which he returned the following answer:

To the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, Ancient York Masons:

Gentlemen—I am much obliged by the respect which you are so good as to declare for my public and private character. I recognize with pleasure my relation to the brethren of your Society, and I accept, with gratitude, your congratulations on my arrival in South Carolina.

Your sentiments on the establishment and exercise of our equal government are worthy of an association, *whose principles lead to purity of morals, and are beneficial of action.*

The fabric of our freedom is placed on the enduring basis of public virtue, and will, I fondly hope, long continue to protect the prosperity of the architects who raised it. I shall be happy, on every occasion, to evince my regard for the Fraternity. For your prosperity, individually, I offer my best wishes.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[The above was written early in May, 1791.]

Near the close of 1792, the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts published an edition of their Constitutions, a copy of which was sent to Washington, with the following :

ADDRESS

Of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Honored and Illustrious Brother, George Washington.

Sir—While the historian is describing the career of your glory, and the inhabitants of an extensive empire are made happy in your unexampled exertions—while some celebrate the Hero, so distinguished in liberating United America, and others the Patriot who presides over her councils—a band of brothers, having always joined the acclamations of their countrymen, now testify their respect for those milder virtues which have ever graced the man.

Taught by the precepts of our Society that all its members stand upon a level, we venture to assume this station, and to approach you with that freedom which diminishes our diffidence without lessening our respect. Desirous to enlarge the boundaries of social happiness, and to vindicate the ceremonies of their Institution, the Grand Lodge have published a “Book of Constitutions,” and a copy for your acceptance accompanies this, which, by discovering the principles that actuate, will speak the eulogy of the Society; though they fervently wish the conduct of its members may prove its higher recommendation.

Convinced of his attachment to its cause, and readiness to encourage its benevolent designs, they have taken the liberty to dedicate this work to one, the qualities of whose heart and the actions of whose life have contributed to improve personal virtue, and extend throughout the world the most endearing cordialities; and they humbly hope he will pardon this freedom, and accept the tribute of their esteem and homage.

May the Supreme Architect of the Universe protect and bless you, give length of days and increase of felicity in this world, and then receive you to the harmonious and exalted Society in heaven.

JOHN CUTLER, *Grand Master.*

JOSHUA BARTLETT, } *Grand Wardens.*
MUNGO MACKAY, }

BOSTON, *December 29, A. L. 5792.*

ANSWER.

To the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts :

Gentlemen—Flattering as it may be to the human mind, and truly honorable as it is, to receive from our fellow-citizens testimonials of approbation for exertions to promote the public welfare, it is not less pleasing to know that the milder virtues of the heart are highly respected by a *Society whose liberal principles are founded in the immutable laws of truth and justice.*

To enlarge the sphere of social happiness is worthy the benevolent design of the Masonic Institution, and it is most fervently to be wished that the conduct of every member of the Fraternity, as well as those publications that discover the principles which actuate them, may tend to convince mankind that the grand object of Masonry is to promote the happiness of the human race.

While I beg your acceptance of my thanks for the "Book of Constitutions" which you have sent me, and for the honor you have done me in its dedication, permit me to assure you that I feel all those emotions of gratitude which your affectionate address and cordial wishes are calculated to inspire. And I sincerely pray, that the great Architect of the Universe may bless you here, and receive you hereafter in his immortal Temple.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

We copy also the following correspondence between the same parties, occurring at a later date :

ADDRESS

FROM THE GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS TO GEO. WASHINGTON.

The East, the West, and the South of the Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to their most worthy Brother, GEORGE WASHINGTON :

Wishing to be foremost in testimonials of respect and admiration of those virtues and services with which you have so long adorned and benefited our common country, and not the last nor least to regret the cessation of them in the public councils of the Union, your brethren of this Grand Lodge embrace the earliest

opportunity of greeting you in the calm retirement you have contemplated to yourself.

Though as *citizens* they lose you in the active labors of political life, they hope as *Masons* to find you in the pleasing sphere of fraternal engagements. From the cares of State, and the fatigues of public business, our Institution opens a recess, affording all the relief of tranquillity, the harmony of peace, and the refreshment of pleasure. Of these may you partake in all their purity and satisfaction. And we will assure ourselves that your attachment to this social plan will increase; and that, under the auspices of your encouragement, assistance, and patronage, the Craft will attain its highest ornament, perfection, and praise. And it is our earnest prayer, that when your light shall be no more visible in this earthly Temple, you may be raised to the ALL-PERFECT LODGE above, be seated on the right hand of the Supreme Architect of the Universe, and receive the refreshment your labors have merited.

In behalf of the Grand Lodge, we subscribe ourselves, with the highest esteem, your affectionate brethren,

PAUL REVERE, *Grand Master.*

ISAIAH THOMAS, *Senior Grand Warden.*

JOSEPH LAUGHTON, *Junior Grand Warden.*

DANIEL OLIVER, *Grand Secretary.*

BOSTON, March 21, 5797.

The following answer was received and communicated to the Grand Lodge, June 12, 5797:

ANSWER.

To the Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:

Brothers—It was not until within these few days that I have been favored by the receipt of your affectionate address, dated Boston, the 21st of March.

For the favorable sentiments you have been pleased to express on the occasion of my past services, and for the regrets with which they are accompanied for the cessation of my public functions, I pray you to accept my best acknowledgments and gratitude.

No pleasure, except that which results from a consciousness of

having, to the utmost of my abilities, discharged the trusts which have been reposed in me by my country; can equal the satisfaction I feel from the unequivocal proofs I continually receive of its approbation of my public conduct; and I beg you to be assured that the evidence thereof, which is exhibited by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, is not among the least pleasing or grateful to my feelings.

In that retirement which declining years induced me to seek, and which repose, to a mind long employed in public concerns, rendered necessary, my wishes that bounteous Providence will continue to bless and preserve our country in peace, and in the prosperity it has enjoyed, will be warm and sincere; and my attachment to the Society of which we are members will dispose me always to contribute my best endeavors to promote the honor and interest of the Craft.

For the prayer you offer in my behalf, I entreat you to accept the thanks of a grateful heart, with assurances of fraternal regard, and my best wishes for the honor, happiness, and prosperity of all the members of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

ADDRESS

Of the Grand Lodge of Ancient York Masons in Pennsylvania to George Washington, President of the United States of America.

Sir and Brother: The Ancient York Masons of the jurisdiction of Pennsylvania, for the first time assembled in general communication, to celebrate the feast of St. John the Evangelist, since your election to the Chair of Government of the United States, beg leave to approach you with congratulations from the East, and in the pride of fraternal affection to hail you as the great master-builder (under the Supreme Architect) by whose labors the Temple of Liberty hath been reared in the West, exhibiting to the nations of the earth a model of beauty, order, and harmony, worthy of their imitation and praise.

Your knowledge of the origin and objects of our Institution, its tendency to promote the social affections, and harmonize the heart, give us a sure pledge that this tribute of our veneration, this effusion of love, will not be ungrateful to you; nor will Heaven reject our prayers that you may be long continued to adorn the bright list of

master-workmen which our Fraternity produces in the terrestrial Lodge; and that you may be late removed to that celestial Lodge where love and harmony reign transcendent and divine, where the Great Architect more immediately presides, and where cherubim and seraphim, wafting our congratulations from earth to heaven, shall hail you "Brother!"

By order and in behalf of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, in general communication, assembled in ample form.

Attest: J. B. SMITH, *Master*.

P. LE BARBIER DU PLIESSIS, *Grand Secretary*.

ANSWER.

To the Ancient York Masons of Pennsylvania:

Gentlemen and Brothers—I receive your kind congratulations with the purest sensations of fraternal affection; and, from a heart deeply impressed with your generous wishes for my present and future happiness, I beg you to accept my thanks.

At the same time, I request you will be assured of my best wishes and most earnest prayers for your happiness while you remain in this terrestrial mansion, and that we may all hereafter meet as brethren in the Eternal Temple of the Supreme Architect.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The letter which elicited the following response we have often seen in print, but the original is probably no longer accessible:

Fellow-citizens and Brothers of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania: I have received your address with all the feelings of brotherly affection, mingled with those sentiments for the Society which it was calculated to excite. To have been, in any degree, an instrument in the hands of Providence to promote order and union, and erect, upon a solid foundation, the true principles of government, is only to have shared with many others in a labor, the result of which, let us hope, will prove through all ages a sanctuary for brothers and a Lodge for the virtues.

Permit me to reciprocate your prayers for my temporal happiness, and to supplicate that we may all meet hereafter in that Eternal Temple whose builder is the great Architect of the Universe.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The administration of General Washington, as President of the United States, closed on the 4th of March, 1797, and immediately afterward he returned to his estate at Mount Vernon. He was now once more within reach of his own Lodge, No. 22, which he had aided to organize in 1788. The members immediately took measures to testify their respect for the venerable chieftain, and, on the 15th of May, 1797, presented to him the following congratulatory address. It was published at the time in the "Dartmouth Sentinel," printed at Hanover, New Hampshire, a copy of which is now on file in the public library at Xenia, Ohio, from which we have copied:

MAY 15, 1797.

Most Respected Brother: The Ancient York Masons of Lodge No. 22 offer you their warmest congratulations on your retirement from your useful labors. Under the SUPREME ARCHITECT of the Universe you have been the *master-workman* in erecting the *Temple of Liberty* in the *West* on the broad basis of equal rights. In your wise administration of the government of the United States for the space of eight years you have kept *within the compass* of our happy Constitution, and *acted upon the square* with foreign nations, and thereby preserved your country in peace, and promoted the prosperity and happiness of your fellow-citizens. And now that you have retired from the *labors* of public life to the *refreshment* of domestic tranquillity, they ardently pray that you may long enjoy all the happiness which the *terrestrial* Lodge can afford, and finally be removed to that celestial Lodge where love, peace, and harmony forever reign, and where cherubim and seraphim shall hail you "Brother!"

By the unanimous desire of Lodge No. 22.

JAMES GILLIS, *Master*.

General GEORGE WASHINGTON.

To this address Washington returned the following truly fraternal reply:

Brothers of the Ancient York Masons of Lodge No. 22 :

While my heart acknowledges with brotherly love your affectionate congratulations, on my retirement from the arduous toils of past years, my gratitude is no less excited by your kind wishes for my future happiness.

If it has pleased the Supreme Architect of the Universe to make me an humble instrument to promote the welfare and happiness of my fellow-men, my exertions have been abundantly recompensed by the kind partiality with which they have been received. And the assurance you give me of your belief that I have acted upon the square in my public capacity, will be among my principal enjoyments in this terrestrial Lodge.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

In the year 1798 our country became involved in difficulties with France, which resulted in a quasi war with that nation. Washington was once more placed in command of the armies of the United States, and on his acceptance of that important trust, the Grand Lodge of Maryland addressed him a respectful letter, and presented him a copy of her "Constitutions of Masonry," to which he returned the following reply. It is doubly valuable, as it is the last masonic letter he wrote, and closes his correspondence with the Craft. The original is preserved in the archives of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, or was recently, and is dated

NOVEMBER 8, 1798.

To the Right Worshipful Grand Lodge of Freemasons for the State of Maryland :

Gentlemen and Brothers—Your obliging and affectionate letter, together with a copy of the "Constitutions of Masonry," has been put into my hands by your Grand Master, for which I pray you to accept my best thanks. So far as I am acquainted with the principles and doctrines of Freemasonry, I conceive them to be founded in benevolence, and to be exercised only for the good of mankind. I can not, therefore, upon this ground, withdraw my approbation from it.

While I offer my grateful acknowledgments for your congratulations on my late appointment, and for the favorable sentiments you are pleased to express of my conduct, permit me to observe, that, at this important and critical moment, when high and repeated indignities have been offered to the government of our country, and when the property of our citizens is plundered without a prospect of redress, I conceive it to be the *indispensable* duty of every American, let his station and circumstances in life be what they may, to come forward in support of the government of his choice, and to give all the aid in his power toward maintaining that independence which we have so dearly purchased; and, under this impression, I did not hesitate to lay aside all personal considerations, and accept my appointment.

I pray you to be assured that I receive with gratitude your kind wishes for my health and happiness, and reciprocate them with sincerity. I am, gentlemen and brothers, very respectfully,

Your most obedient servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

An extract from the records of Alexandria Lodge, No. 22, made at the time it bears date, may be a fitting close to the array of evidence we have collected of Washington's masonic affiliation. Those records, under date of December 16, 1799, contain the following entry:

“Lodge of Emergency: Convened for the purpose of taking into consideration and adopting certain measures relative to the burial of our late worthy brother, General George Washington.”

In view of the foregoing extracts from the records of the Lodge, how can any candid man deny that Washington was a Mason? Would such an entry have been made on the records of the Lodge if he had *not* been a member? If there were not any other evidence extant on the subject, we should feel

bound to receive this extract from the records of the Lodge of which he was a member, made at the time, as conclusive on the question. And, in addition to the record itself, appears this corroborating testimony: the Lodge *attended the funeral*. In the appendix to the "Life of Washington," by Sparks, and copied from the very particular and interesting narrative of his last illness by Mr. Lear, an inmate of his household, and who appears to have held the position of private secretary, among those who composed the procession to the tomb is "Lodge No. 22;" and, speaking of the services at the tomb, the same writer adds: "The Masons performed their ceremonies, and the body was deposited in the vault." It would seem that no further evidence were necessary to satisfy even the most incredulous, and we rest here, confident that we have shown, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the great and good Washington was not only a Freemason, but that he remained true to the trust reposed in him as a Mason, and retained his confidence in and attachment to the Order to the latest period of his life, and that his body was finally "deposited in the vault" by his brethren of Alexandria Lodge, No. 22, of which he was a member at the time of his decease.

Washington was not only a Mason by affiliation, but his life was a living exemplification of the tenets and teachings of the Order. In the language of our mottos, he was "true to his government and just to his country." In the exercise of these virtues he stands as a model for every Mason, and for all succeeding generations. He never swerved in his attachments to his country and her glorious cause. In the

hour of peril, when defeat and disaster followed each other in quick succession, others shrank from the vortex which seemed to yawn beneath them, and one even turned his sword against the cause in which he had previously and nobly bled. But, the darker the clouds grew, and the fiercer the tempest beat, the more firmly did Washington stand up to meet them, and the brighter flashed that eagle-eye in defiance upon his country's foes. Discontent crept into the army, not with Washington, but with Congress, and a proposition was made to invest their chieftain with supreme power, in order to save the country from anarchy. With the deepest concern and indignation he frowned these clamors into silence, and sternly required that the subject should never be mentioned again. He drew his sword for freedom, and for that alone; and from his noble heart there came an echo to the patriotic expression of Henry:

"Give me liberty, or give me death!"

No, no, he would not have touched a scepter though every man on the continent had pressed him to accept it. He would have been false to his government, unjust to his country, and such traitorous intentions never found a home or lodgment in the heart of Washington!

Perhaps few men ever more fully exemplified the cardinal virtues of Masonry than did George Washington. Take which of them you please, or take them all, and you will find in his blameless and matchless life a parallel. His temperance was of that rational and consistent character which proved that he held entire control over his passions. He was temperate in

all things, not alone in drinking. His food, his clothing, his equipments, were none of them extravagant. His style of living was befitting his station in life, whether public or private; and his pleasures and recreations were all tempered by a deep and all-pervading sense of propriety.

Fortitude was another of those virtues so strikingly exemplified in Washington. No danger, no defeat, no unequal odds, no adverse circumstances, could ever drive him from his purpose, or shake the iron will that held all within his influence to the great object for which they fought. His long and perilous marches through the wilderness, in his early campaigns; his desperate fight with the French and their Indian allies beyond the mountains; his position under the brave but imperious Braddock, at the terrible slaughter of his troops by the French and savages; these were enough to shake the fortitude of any one. But Washington ever maintained "that firm and steady purpose of mind" so necessary in such emergencies, and which enabled him to save what had, but for him, been lost.

Look at him at Valley Forge, during that terrible winter. Defeat and desertion had decimated his army. In the huts his men had scarcely clothing sufficient to keep them from freezing. He had been driven from New York, across the Jerseys, defeated at Brandywine, repulsed at Germantown, and even Philadelphia was at last given up to the victorious enemy. With a few brave hearts that treasured the hope of freedom

"As they clung to the promise of God,"

he was now with his tattered, half-starved, and half-

frozen army, lingering out the winter in miserable huts. O! of all the dark hours of that seven years' war, *that* was the darkest. Not a single star of hope beamed out on that restless sea of conflict which foamed and dashed around him. But amid it all, and *above* it all, *there* towered still the majestic form of Washington. With a steady and unquailing eye he still faced his foes, as though sustained by an assurance of success given by inspiration itself. He waited his time; and when the conquering Britons started from Philadelphia to reach their shipping at New York, he called his ragged troops around him, and sternly trod in the footsteps of the retreating foe. Overtaking them at Monmouth, he led his faithful heroes to the charge, and held them to the fierce encounter from morn till noon, and from noon till night, and conquered nobly at last. Such was the fortitude of Washington, and such its glorious results.

I have not room to dwell on his prudence and justice as I would like, though each of these virtues shone conspicuously in his character. In no one element of greatness or excellence was he deficient; and in every aspect of his life he as truthfully exhibited the virtues of the Mason as he did those of the patriot and the hero.

Let us look at a solitary example out of many that might be selected, and equally prominent, illustrating his fortitude and prudence.

It was the evening of Christmas day, 1776. Washington had been driven from New York, from the Hudson, through New Jersey, across the Delaware, and was now in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, with a mere frag-

ment of his army, anxiously watching the movements of its giant foe. The *summer's* campaign was ended, and it had been a succession of disasters and defeats. The period of enlistment for most of his troops had expired, and they had returned to their homes. Driven from post to post, and his army reduced to a little over two thousand men, he had finally taken refuge on the western bank of the Delaware—for *he could find no other!*

He had sent to the Highlands for Lee to join him immediately, with whatever force he might have at command; but Lee indulged a petty jealousy of his great commander, and *acted* as though he wished his ruin. Instead of flying to his rescue with all haste, with a soldier's zeal and a hero's magnanimity, he tried how tardily he could proceed, and at last was justly punished by being captured by the enemy while ignobly idling away his time at a farm-house in New Jersey. Gates, the next in command, was Lee's equal in littleness of soul, and greatly his inferior as a soldier. He, too, would have rejoiced at the fall of Washington, for he aspired to fill his place! *He*, also, was written to and requested to co-operate with Washington in a movement to retrieve, if possible, the fortunes of the country; but he pleaded ill health, and requested permission to visit Philadelphia! He was then desired to stop at Bristol on his way, and concert a plan of operations with the gallant Reed and Cadwallader, who were stationed there; but he could not even do this for Washington and his country, and hurried on, unconcerned, to visit Congress, coolly criticising his chieftain's abilities as he passed along!

Just over there in Trenton was the veteran Colonel Rahl, with his German regiments, in safe and comfortable quarters, and with all the appliances of a well-appointed army. And all along the Delaware below, and in his rear, back to New York, were stationed strong detachments of the enemy, while Lord Howe only waited for the Delaware to be bridged with ice to enable him to cross it and take possession of Philadelphia. To all human foresight *that* would have ended the contest, for Washington had no refuge left but the mountains and the wilderness. But in that hour of peril he faltered not. He thought not of self, of honors, of emolument—even *home* was almost forgotten. He thought only of the *cause*, and how he might save his country—for save it he would, or *perish trying*.

It was a cold and stormy night—that Christmas night, 1776. The Hessians at Trenton would, perhaps, be holding a jubilee, as is still the custom of the Germans on Christmas. Washington marched his little army to McConkey's Ferry, nine miles above Trenton, determined to cross over and make one more dash at the invaders at every hazard. The river was full of ice, and the passage was perilous in the extreme; but no dangers could appall, no obstacles thwart the purposes of that hero-mason. It is true, a weight of sorrow pressed his great soul. Gates was on his way to Congress to intrigue for the chief command; and Lee was a prisoner in New York, as the fruits of his disobedience; while Putnam, the rough but brave old hero of two wars, on whom he could rely in *any* emergency, was at Philadelphia, preparing for a death-strug-

gle in *its* defense. Thus it will be seen that the chief was deprived of his three principal officers at the very moment when their counsel was most needed. But still he was not alone. Knox, the ever-faithful, high-toned, generous Knox, with his artillery, was with him; and Greene, the Quaker-hero, in qualities and worth, as a soldier and a patriot, second only to his chief, was at his side; and Sullivan and Mercer, and Stephens and Stirling, and Stark and Knowlton, and others, each one a hero, and each a host in himself, were ready to share his perils, and, if need be, to die with their chieftain. And, above all, and more than all—with reverence I would write it—the Jehovah of Washington, whose power he recognized, in whom he trusted, and whose aid he invoked, was there to guide his footsteps on that wintry march, and shield him in the day of battle.

At length the river was crossed, and the army was safe ashore. In stern and gloomy silence, in the midst of a driving snow-storm, with bare and bleeding feet, that little army—the last hope of freedom—followed, without question, their glorious leader. At daylight they reached the outskirts of Trenton. Not a moment must be lost; every thing was at stake; and freedom must perish or triumph within the hour. At the head of his own division, and alongside of Foster's artillery, Washington dashed into the town at one side, while the thunder of Sullivan's cannon announced that he was pressing in on the other. It is hardly necessary to state the result. The Hessians were surprised, their colonel wounded, and the post, with a thousand prisoners, captured. It was the pivot on which turned the

fortunes of that tedious war, and gave hope of ultimate success. No wonder Washington exclaimed, as one of his officers rode up, "This is a glorious day for our country!" It was the fruit of his prudence and fortitude.

In one of Nelson's great naval battles his watchword was, "An earldom or Westminster Abbey!" This is indicative of at least one distinction between the two men. The first thought in one was "our country;" with the other, "an earldom," if he succeeded or survived, or "a tomb in Westminster Abbey," if he fell in the conflict.

I have room to name but one more feature of Washington's masonic character, and that is his unfaltering trust in God. He knew where to look and whom to ask for aid, when all other resources failed. He not only acknowledged the obligations, publicly and privately, which religion imposed upon him, but he gave evidence of his faith by his works. Immediately after the Declaration of Independence he appointed a chaplain to each regiment, to perform the public religious services; for, said he, in his order to the army, "The blessing and protection of Heaven are at all times necessary, but especially so in times of public distress and danger." Shortly after this he learned, with deep regret, that many of the officers and men were in the habit of using profane language. He therefore issued another order, in which he alludes to it as a "foolish and wicked practice, and a vice hitherto little known in an American army; add to this," said he, "it is so *mean* and *low*, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

He had learned, in our mystic halls, to bend with profoundest reverence at the mention of that awful Name, and could not, where he commanded, permit it to be profaned. Would that *every* Mason were animated by such sentiments, and emulated such a glorious and illustrious example!

There is a solemn injunction impressed upon the memory of every brother, and one which no *true* Mason will ever forget or disregard—that, before engaging in *any* great or important undertaking, he should always invoke the blessing of God. Washington had received this injunction from a mother's lips, at a mother's knee; it had been repeated in the monitions of inspiration, and again enforced, most impressively, when passing the ordeal of our mystic rites. It was never forgotten, or unheeded, by that great man and consistent Mason.

On one occasion, during that terrible winter at Valley Forge, a venerable Quaker was one day passing through a retired place, in a woods near the encampment. Suddenly a sound like the voice of prayer reached his ears. His attention was arrested by so strange a sound in the vicinity of such a place, and curiosity prompted him to turn aside and ascertain what and who it was. Directed by the voice, he drew near to the spot, when he discovered the commander-in-chief, on his knees at the foot of a tree, who, with

“Hands and heart and lifted eyes,”

was devoutly interceding with Heaven in behalf of the great cause for which he was struggling! The good old “Friend” was astonished; and meeting a brother

of the peaceful "Society" soon after, he told him he *now* believed the American cause was a good one, and would finally triumph. On being questioned as to the reason for so strange an opinion from a "Friend," he frankly detailed his discovery in the woods, and expressed his confidence that so sincere and earnest a prayer would be heard and answered.

If the reader ask me to name that feature in Washington's life which, in my opinion, surpassed all others in moral sublimity, I will point him to that act of secret devotion, on that winter's day, at the foot of that old tree, and in the darkest hour of his country's trials. The living portraiture of moral beauty and grandeur is that mighty chieftain on his knees at prayer!

Washington was the representative man of his time, and if it is desired to know the general characteristics of those heroes and sages who ventured all for our freedom, and nobly won it, you have but to look at Washington, in whom are beautifully blended the virtues that shone more or less in them all. He was, also, the representative Mason—"a good man and true, and strictly obeying the moral law"—a pillar of *strength* in our mystic Temple, opulent in *wisdom*, and richly adorned with that *beauty* which is the result of harmony in every part.

While we remember with gratitude that Heaven in its mercy gave our country a Washington, as Masons we may indulge in an honest pride that we have his name among the illustrious workmen of our mystic Temple. We should therefore honor his memory, while we emulate his virtues.

“ And ye, O his brothers! who reverence the tie
 Of that union so kindred and dear,
 Whose links were let down from the throne of the sky
 To bind us in harmony here :
 Whenever you join in the banquet or song,
 Let remembrance enkindle your love
 For him who is joined with that radiant throng
 In the Lodge that assembles above.”

But the labors of our chieftain-brother are ended, and he has been called up to receive his reward and his Master's approval. He “finished his work,” and he finished it well. Deep and solid he laid the foundation of this mighty nation. His was “square work,” even when tested by the severest rules of the Art. He proved himself a *master-workman*, wherever and whenever he applied his strength and skill; and at near the age which Providence usually allots to man, at peace with the world, in the bosom of his family, in a green and honored old age, he laid him down and died, in full hope of a “glorious immortality,” and was buried on his own ground, on the shores of the noble stream so dear to his heart.

“ Disturb not his slumbers; let Washington sleep,
 'Neath the boughs of the willow that over him weep;
 His arm is unnerved, but his deeds remain bright
 As the stars in the dark-vaulted heaven at night.

“ O! wake not the hero, his battles are o'er;
 Let him rest, calmly rest, on his own native shore;
 While the Stars and the Stripes of our Country shall wave
 O'er the land that can boast of a Washington's grave.”

The fame of our Washington has gone over the world. His exalted virtues, his mighty achievements, his unsullied character, and his uncorrupted and incorruptible integrity, have extorted homage even from our enemies.

The sons of our old oppressor, even, have awarded the chaplet to our chieftain-brother; and, in closing this sketch, I will quote from an English writer the sentiments of an English heart :

“ There’s a Star in the West that shall never go down
 Till the records of valor decay ;
 We must worship its light, though it is not our own,
 For Liberty bursts in its ray :
 Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard
 By a freeman, and thrill not his breast ?
 Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word
 As the Bethlehem Star of the West ?

“ ‘ War, war to the knife ; be enthralled, or ye die ! ’
 Was the echo that woke in the land ;
 But it was not *his* voice that had prompted the cry,
 Nor *his* madness that kindled the brand.
 He raised not his arm, he defied not his foes,
 While a leaf of the olive remained,
 Till, goaded with insult, his spirit arose
 Like a long-baited lion enchained :

“ Then struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,
 But sighed for the carnage that spread ;
 He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,
 But wept for the thousands that bled.
 Though he threw back the fetters and headed the strife
 Till man’s charter was fully restored,
 Yet he prayed for the moment when freedom and life
 Should no longer be pressed by the sword.

“ O ! his laurels were pure, and his patriot name
 In the page of the future shall dwell,
 And be seen in the annals, the foremost in fame,
 By the side of a Hofer and Tell.
 Revile not my song ; for the wise and the good
 Among Britons have nobly confessed
 That *his* was the *glory*, and *ours* was the *blood*,
 Of the deeply-stain’d fields of the West.”

DE WITT CLINTON.

DE WITT CLINTON.

DE WITT CLINTON, the son of Brigadier-General James Clinton, was born at Little Britain, Orange County, New York, March 2, 1769. His descent, on his father's side, was from English ancestors, and on the mother's side he was of French extraction. His youth was spent at home, where he began his education in a grammar-school, which was subsequently continued at the academy in Kingston, and finally completed at the Columbia College, where he bore away the college honors, in 1786. Immediately after his graduation he commenced the study of law, in the office of Samuel Jones, in the city of New York, and was admitted to the bar in 1788. He was subsequently married to Miss Maria Franklin, who brought him a liberal fortune.

Having an ardent temperament and a lofty ambition, he was led into the political field, and his opinions and sympathies determined his position under the banner of his kinsman, George Clinton, who was, at that time, at the head of the Republican party. While the

question of the adoption of the Federal Constitution was yet a subject of popular discussion, he displayed his talents as a controversialist in a series of letters published at that time, signed "A Countryman," in reply to the celebrated letters of the Federalist. He attended the State Convention which adopted the Constitution, and reported its debates for the press, and, abandoning his profession, became the private secretary of his kinsman, George Clinton, then Governor of New York. About this time he was appointed one of the secretaries of the Board of Regents of the New York University, and also secretary of the Board of Commissioners of State Fortifications. On the retirement of Governor Clinton and the accession of Mr. Jay to the gubernatorial chair, he relinquished his offices, but continued to advocate the cause of republicanism, in opposition to the administration of Mr. Jay in the State, and of Mr. Adams at Washington. He evinced his patriotism, while assailing the Federalists for their alleged hostility to France, by raising, equipping, commanding, and disciplining an artillery company, which was kept in readiness for the anticipated war. Besides all these occupations, he devoted himself to the study of natural philosophy, history, and other sciences.

In 1797 and '98 he represented New York in the Lower House of the Assembly, and was subsequently chosen State Senator for four years. As one of the Governor's council, he was active in securing the means of defense for a threatened invasion, and, also, in urging the importance of sanitary laws for the protection of health. He warmly advocated the improvement of the laws for the promotion of agriculture, manufactures,

and the arts, and labored to stimulate the great and finally successful effort of the time, to bring steam into use as an agent of navigation, employing all his talents and influence in mitigating the evils of imprisonment for debt, and the abolition of slavery, which then existed in the State.

At the early age of thirty-three his brilliant service in the Senate of the State was crowned by his election to the Senate of the United States. While a member of the United States Senate, he impressed upon the country a conviction of his eminent ability as a statesman. His elaborate and exhaustive speech in the Senate, in favor of moderation during a high popular excitement against Spain for her violation of treaty stipulations, in interfering with the commercial regulations of citizens of the United States on the banks of the Mississippi, indicated the broad, statesmanlike views by which he was governed.

He continued in Congress until called to assume the mayoralty of the city of New York, in 1803, by the appointment of George Clinton, who had again been elected Governor, and a Republican Council. He remained undisturbed in this office for five years, when he was removed. In 1809 he was restored to office, but was displaced again in 1810. In the following year he was re-elected, and continued in office till 1815, a period of four years. During this time, from 1803 to 1815, he was a member of the State Senate, and in 1811 was elected Lieutenant-Governor.

In 1813 he was nominated by the Republican party as candidate for the Presidency of the United States, in opposition to Mr. Madison, and received eighty-

nine electoral votes out of two hundred and eleven. His defeat operated disastrously, not only upon the Republican party, but upon himself, and, for awhile, he became unpopular. His sterling virtues, however, enabled him to outlive the calumnies of his enemies, while his stern adherence to principle, and his zealous labors to promote the public good, would not allow him to be forgotten. The city of New York had begun to feel the beneficial influence of the centralization of commerce. The deficiencies of its municipal laws, its defenses, its scientific, literary, and art institutions, were profoundly felt; but some lofty and comprehensive mind was wanting to embody this feeling and give it direction. De Witt Clinton was the man for the time. Associating with other citizens who engaged in the establishment of schools designed to afford the advantages of primary education to all, and with others who engaged in founding institutions of a higher grade, as well as those for the encouragement of the arts, agriculture, and manufactures, as well as benevolent institutions for the correction of vice and the promotion of morals, he showed a large-heartedness and liberality which distinguished him as a most efficient philanthropist. All these institutions shared largely in his pen, his tongue, his purse, and his wide-spread influence and official sanction. He showed his loyalty by the utmost liberality and efficiency, both as a mayor and legislator, in securing adequate means for public defense, by providing loans for the government, by voting supplies of material and men, and by soliciting the military command, to which his courage, talents, and influence justly entitled him.

Besides all this, he adopted, and supported most ably and efficiently, the policy of the construction of canals from Lakes Erie and Champlain to the tide-water of the Hudson, and showed most conclusively to his fellow-citizens the benefits of such improvements to the city and State, and the whole country. So successful was he in showing up the advantages of this great work of internal improvement, that, in 1812, he was deputed by the Legislature of the State to submit that great project to the Federal Government at Washington, and solicit the national patronage. Though the enterprise did not then, on account of the unsettled state of the country, resulting from the war, succeed, yet it was only delayed, and in 1815 Clinton prepared an argument in favor of the Erie and Champlain Canals, which was at once vigorous, comprehensive, and conclusive. It was in the form of a memorial from the citizens of New York to the Legislature of the State, and was submitted to a public meeting for adoption. The city immediately adopted it, and recommended the citizens of the State to do the same, which they did with enthusiasm, and other States and Territories gave in their approval of the enterprise. The Legislature of New York appointed Clinton with others as commissioners to make the necessary surveys and estimates, solicit grants and donations, and report to the next session. His success in the undertaking was such that popular favor returned, and he was again elected Governor of New York by the unanimous voice of the people. When his term of service expired, he was re-elected over D. D. Tompkins, then Vice-President of the United States. At the close of the term he declined a re-election. In

1826 he was again elected. During his entire administration he gave the best evidence of ability and patriotism, filling the high and important office with a dignity unequaled in the history of the State. In 1825, while Governor of the State, he was permitted to realize his highest wishes in sailing on a barge in the canal which connected Lake Erie with New York, the ground of which he broke with his own hand in 1817. Having inaugurated the construction of branches of the Erie Canal, by which it was ultimately connected with Lake Ontario, the Susquehanna, the Alleghany, and St. Lawrence Rivers, his counsel was sought in all directions, and he presided at the openings of similar canals in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.

He was thus permitted to witness the result of his labors in the opening up of the channels of commerce, and the rapidly increasing prosperity of the country. No man ever lived to better purpose; and the various institutions which he was instrumental in founding, and the improvements which he inaugurated, will prove a monument to his fame more enduring than brass, or

“Storied urn, or animated bust.”

Having “stood in his lot to the end of his days,” he closed his life at Albany, the seat of his official authority, and the theater of his active life, on the 11th of February, 1828. At his death, party spirit was hushed into silence, and a grateful people poured forth a tribute of affection to his memory.

Having presented the reader with a brief sketch of the career of this distinguished philanthropist and

statesman, it now becomes our duty to furnish an outline of his masonic life. De Witt Clinton was initiated into the mysteries of the ancient and honorable Craft, in the Holland Lodge, New York, some time during the summer of 1793. At the election of that Lodge, in 1793, he was chosen Senior Warden, and on the 24th of December delivered an oration before the Lodge. In December, 1794, he was elected Master of the Lodge, and presided over its labors with distinguished ability for the period of one year. In 1795 he was elected Junior Warden of the Grand Lodge, and re-elected in 1796 and 1797. In 1798 he was elected Grand Senior Warden, and in 1806 he was elected Grand Master, which office he filled, with credit to himself and honor to the Craft, for thirteen consecutive years.

At his installation as Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of New York, in the month of June, 1806, he delivered an address, a copy of which was requested by the Grand Lodge for publication. The sentiments of this address are so admirably in keeping with his character as a man and a Mason, that we can not withhold portions of it from the reader. After discussing the benefits resulting from the principles of voluntary association, he says:

“Of all the institutions which have been established for the purpose of improving our condition, none are more beneficial than charitable ones, and these are as diversified as the wants and miseries of man. Among associations of this description Freemasonry stands as pre-eminent in usefulness as it is in age. Its origin is lost in the abyss of unexplored antiquity.

No historical records, no traditionary accounts can point out the time, the place, or the manner of its commencement. While some have endeavored to discover its footsteps among the master-builders and artists engaged in the construction of the Jewish Temple, others have attempted to trace it to the Eleusinian mysteries, which are said to have taught the immortality of the soul, and other sublime truths of natural religion. Some again have ascribed its rise to the sainted heroes of the Crusades, while others have endeavored to penetrate the mysteries of the Druids, and to discover its origin among the wise men of that institution. Amid this uncertainty, which must ever result from the absence of written history, our safest course is to avoid a particular conclusion, and to rest satisfied with the general conviction that our Society is the most ancient benevolent institution in the world. It is remarked, by an eloquent and profound delineator of nature, that no other species but that of man is generally diffused over the globe. The assimilation of his nature to every clime and country indicates his excellence and demonstrates his superiority. This remark may be applied, with some modification, to our Institution. While other societies are either ephemeral in point of duration, or limited in respect to place, Freemasonry is coextensive with the enlightened part of the human race, and has raised its insignia in every quarter of the globe. Wherever man, in his cultivated state, fixes his habitation, Freemasonry may be seen enlightening and consoling him. No diversity of religion or form of government opposes barriers to her progress. Amid the dark clouds of fanaticism and

despotism she may be seen shining with unsullied brightness, diffusing light and imparting joy. In countries where one man's happiness is the cause of all men's misery, we observe, with astonishment, the ardor with which our Institution is cultivated, and the eagerness with which it is embraced by all descriptions of men; but our astonishment must cease when we reflect that it inculcates the natural equality of mankind. It declares that all brethren *are upon a level*, and admits of no rank except the priority of merit; while its only aristocracy is the nobility of virtue. The eagerness, therefore, with which men resort, in despotic countries, to the standard of Freemasonry, is the effort of nature to discover her original rites, and to surmount the corruptions of society. Amid the pleasing intercourse of brethren, the artificial distinctions of rank and office, and the adventitious advantages of wealth, are lost. Seeing the strong hold which Masonry has upon the human heart; that it entwines itself with the best sympathies of our nature, and is approved by the most enlightened faculties of the mind; that all the terrors of punishment, that even the horrid Inquisition has not been able to destroy the Institution; that, like the true religion, it has flourished on the blood-stained soil of persecution—who can fail to realize its worth? The despotic ruler, perceiving these striking characteristics of Freemasonry, and despairing of extirpating it, has endeavored to make it an engine of State, or to regulate it in a way conformable to his interests; hence, he has frequently descended from his throne, approached with reverential awe our sacred altars, and mingled freely among the brotherhood.

“The beneficent and enlightened ruler, although clothed with unlimited power, yet anxious for the good of his subjects, can not fail of countenancing an institution calculated to produce so much good to mankind. Hence, from different motives, and with various views, our Society has been encouraged and fostered in the most ungenial clime. Its progress in free nations, where law, liberty, and good order prevail, has been singularly great; but in these United States it has attained an elevation and a perfection unequalled in other countries. It travels with our population from the Atlantic to the Michigan—from the St. Lawrence to the Missouri; it flourishes in the sequestered hamlet, as well as in the wealthy city; it is embraced by all descriptions of men, as a softener of the cares and an improver of the felicities of life.”

The above extracts show the broad and comprehensive view taken by one who was deemed worthy by his masonic peers to be elevated to the throne of Masonry, and to rule over the Craft in the Empire State. The trusts reposed in him, from time to time, in the various departments of Masonry, were never betrayed on the one hand, or feebly administered on the other.

We are not advised as to the time or place, when, and where Mr. Clinton became a Royal-Arch Mason, but presume it was in the city of New York, and soon after he had fathomed the mysteries of symbolic Masonry. We know he was a member of the G. G. Chapter in 1799, as D. G. H. P. of the G. Chapter of New York. He was elected G. G. H. P. of the G. G. Chapter of the United States in 1816, and held the office, by re-election, until 1826. It was during his services

as the presiding officer of this body, and also as Governor of the State, that the "Morgan excitement" began. Anti-masons, especially those among his political enemies, did not fail to make use of this occurrence to injure the fair fame of the chief magistrate of the State. *All* Masons had to share a portion of the common odium, which, for a season, rested upon the Order, and the highest officer of the highest and most select masonic organization in the country naturally became heir to a double portion. It was hinted that he knew all about it; that he sheltered the guilty ones; or, at least, that he did not use his official position to bring them to condign punishment, etc. The more distinguished the mark, the more numerous the missiles hurled at it, always: in this case, because the Governor was, at the same time, the head of the Craft, he was, therefore, deemed the most guilty, and was doomed to receive the largest share of abuse. Yet, we are pleased to be able to say, that no man more promptly and unequivocally denounced the whole proceeding—the abduction of Morgan—and none made greater efforts to bring the offenders, whoever they might be, to justice, than he. He immediately opened a correspondence with gentlemen in the region where the offense was committed, looking to the adoption of active measures to bring the perpetrators of it to punishment. He issued his proclamation, enjoining upon "all State officers and ministers of justice in the State, and particularly in the county of Genessee, to pursue all proper and efficient measures for the apprehension of the offenders, and the prevention of future outrages;" and, also, requesting "the good citizens of this State to co-operate with the civil

authorities in maintaining the ascendancy of law and good order." This was on the 7th of October, 1826. On the 26th of the same month he issued a second proclamation, offering a large reward for the discovery and conviction of the offenders, or any one of them; and an additional reward "for authentic information of the place where the said William Morgan has been conveyed," etc.

In December following, the Court being about to hold a session in Ontario County, at which it was expected that proceedings would be had against some of the Morgan abductors, he determined that the State should be well represented; and that there might be no failure for want of legal talent in asserting the majesty of the law, he wrote to the Attorney-General of the State, and especially requested him to attend in person, to aid the District Attorney in any prosecutions against offenders. Early in the winter he opened a correspondence with the Governors of Upper and Lower Canada, with a view of ascertaining the whereabouts of the missing Morgan, or, if imprisoned or dead, to get on the track of the guilty parties.

Still no clue could be obtained of Morgan: still no one had been proved guilty of his abduction or murder. The mystery deepened; the excitement increased. The Governor had watched the proceedings with an anxious eye. If the guilty parties were Masons, he desired they should suffer the consequences, as though they were not, that the Order might be purged of the stain, instead of being charged as *particeps criminis*; and, whether they were or not, he wished the outraged laws to be avenged, and quiet and good order preserved. For this purpose,

on the 19th of March, 1827, he issued another proclamation, in which, after setting forth the fact that the measures adopted for the discovery of Morgan had not been attended with success, he adds :

“Now, therefore, to the end that, if living, he may be restored to his family, and, if murdered, that the perpetrators may be brought to condign punishment, I have thought fit to issue this proclamation, promising a reward of one thousand dollars for the discovery of the offender or offenders, to be paid on conviction, and on the certificate of the Attorney-General, or officer prosecuting on the part of the State, that the person or persons claiming the said last-mentioned reward is or are justly entitled to the same under this proclamation. And I further promise a free pardon, so far as I am authorized under the constitution of this State, to any accomplice or co-operator who shall make a full discovery of the offender or offenders. And I do enjoin it upon all officers and ministers of justice, and all other persons, to be vigilant and active in bringing to justice the perpetrators of a crime so abhorrent to humanity, and so derogatory from the ascendancy of law and good order.”

This does not sound as though the Governor desired to shelter the criminal, even though he were a Mason, from the legal consequences of his transgression. It is hardly necessary, after the foregoing, to hear Governor Clinton in self-defense, yet we will quote a single extract from a letter from him to Jacob Leroy, Esq., dated November 3, 1827 :

“I have always condemned the abduction of Morgan, and have never spoken of the measure but as a

most unwarrantable outrage, and as deserving the most severe punishment. I had no previous knowledge of any such intention. I never gave it, before or after, the least encouragement, either verbally or in writing, directly or indirectly."

Every unprejudiced mind will believe the statement.

At the triennial session of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, held in the city of New York, in September, 1829, the following report, in relation to the death of Governor Clinton, was made by a committee, and unanimously approved by the G. G. Chapter:

"The committee that had under consideration the subject of a proper notice of our bereavement in the death of De Witt Clinton, the first officer of this masonic body, ask leave to report:

"That, as more than nineteen months have elapsed since this mournful event, in their opinion the customary funeral rites, so consonant to the heaviness of recent grief, and so proper in their season, should be dispensed with at this meeting; as shrouding our Council-chamber in black, or wearing a badge of mourning for thirty days, would add nothing to the deep sense we feel at our loss, or fix more indelibly in our minds the recollections of his services. But, as no accident or length of time can ever efface or blot out his name from the pages of his country's history, or lessen the weight of his character, we deem it most meet and proper, while in session for the first time after his death, to leave on our records a brief memorial of so great and good a man as our late High Priest; and, also, to tell the world how sincerely we loved him, and to give our successors, or those who may search our archives hereafter, to under-

stand what manner of man *we* thought him—*we*, who lived in his day, and were guided by his counsels.

“For in him were united exalted genius, profound acquirements, a happy tact in business, with great patience and unwearied industry. In the morning of life he took up the noble determination to be great, and to make *usefulness* the basis of that greatness.

“He came to the duties of a freeman when our Republic, exhausted with the struggles for independence, was attempting to fix our institutions upon the rights of man, and the principles of eternal justice; but there was often seen a timid hand and vacillating policy. In the conflict of honest opinions he boldly took his part; and, if his zeal at times excited the fears of his followers, his patriotism won the hearts of his opponents.

“The portals of knowledge were then just opening anew in this country, with the brightest promises; and he was charmed with all her paths. With the grasp of genius he held the lamp of science through the wanderings of literature and the mazes of politics; and moral, political, and literary institutions received advantages from his intellectual light. Nor was he content to rest here, for he saw at a glance that Omnipotence, when he stamped the features and marked the physiognomy of the earth, gave intimations to man that he might change and improve these features for his benefit. His mind no sooner conceived than his soul was fired with the project, which he carried into effect. It was no narrow plan, no pitiful experiment, governed by village economy or district politics; the design was worthy of a master-mind, and the execution of an herculean arm.

The seas of the wilderness were united with the Atlantic Ocean. He saw the labor finished, and heard the *voice of the people pronounce it to be good*. In the midst of these arduous labors he did not forget how much human happiness depends upon well-regulated affections and permanent charities, and he entered the pale of our Order, and assumed the duties of Master, Almoner, and Priest; to teach the ignorant, and to check the wandering; to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and to implore blessings upon all mankind.

“He was morally, as well as physically, brave; and, in the generosity of his nature, pitied that miserable flock who, in the mild and peaceful day, turned their plumage to the sun for brilliant reflections, to attract notice and gain admiration from the world, but who were not to be found when the elements were troubled. He poised his eagle-wing on the whirlwind, and fearlessly breasted the peltings of the storm.

“His enemies, reviewing his life, are silent when they cast up the amount of his virtues, and his friends love him the more when they recount the deeds he has done. Malice never charged him with avarice, nor did Slander ever whisper that he could be corrupted by gold. If sometimes disappointed Ambition, in a paroxysm at the loss of office, alleged that he was partial, in a calmer moment she was forced to confess that his errors (for he was human, and could not be free from them) sprung from the irregular pulsations of too warm a heart, and from too much confidence in the professions of assimilated virtue; and even Envy, that first wishes and then believes all ill, owns, since he is gone, that the only harvest he ever gathered in was glory; and all must

acknowledge that the only estate he left for his orphan children is his fame.

“His exertions were not limited to the temporal welfare of his fellow-men, for he knew that the excellency of all knowledge consists in divine truth; and he was unremitting in his efforts to disseminate the Sacred Writings, believing that in them are the oracles of God, and the promises of everlasting life.

“His death has been deplored as that of one who died too early; but if the prominent deeds of men are so many milestones on the journey of life, *his* course can not have been short who has set up so many monuments as he traveled onward to eternity. True, all was finished before age had required the sustaining staff or the helping hand.

“Such was our companion and brother, the late chief officer of this General Grand Chapter: the pride of those who lived and acted with him, and an example for those who may hereafter arise to take a distinguished part in the welfare of our country.

“Let learned biographers write his life; let talented artists chisel his monument, and mold his bust for an admiring people, while we must content ourselves with a miniature profile of him, traced in a single moment, when kneeling at our altars; but there is some consolation for us in feeling that this sketch is made, as it were, upon our jewels, and is to be worn on our breasts, an emblem—a faint one, indeed—of his image in our hearts.”

The “Grand Encampment of Sir Knights Templar and Appendant Orders, for the State of New York,” (now the Grand Commandery of New York,) was

“regularly constituted by the Sov. Grand Consistory of the Chiefs of Exalted Masonry for the United States of America, its Territories and Dependencies, sitting in New York, on the 18th of June, 1814,” and De Witt Clinton was elected its first officer, *then* styled “Thrice Illustrious Grand Master.” He continued to be re-elected Grand Master at every annual conclave up to 1827, and filled that office at the time of his death. He took a warm interest in the propagation of these sublime degrees of Christian Masonry, and attended the meetings of the Grand Encampment whenever his public duties permitted. On his death, the Grand Encampment was convened in special conclave, and adopted the following resolution:

“*Resolved*, That whereas it has pleased the Almighty Ruler of the Universe to remove by death our M. E. Grand Master, DE WITT CLINTON, whose eminent services have been so distinguished, and the excellence of his virtues such as were worthy of imitation by all: and, *whereas*, this Grand Encampment deeply deplore this afflicting dispensation, the officers and members of the Grand Encampment, as well as subordinate Encampments, are requested to wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days; and that it be recommended to the subordinate Encampments to take such order thereon as may be deemed most advisable.”

A resolution was also adopted requesting the D. G. Master, Sir W. F. Piatt, to “deliver a suitable address on this solemn occasion,” at the next annual conclave, which was done; and the address was worthy the orator, and a fitting tribute to the fame of the eminent dead. We have only room for an extract:

“An All-wise Providence, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to call from this mortal pilgrimage our illustrious chief—to call him, we trust, from scenes of trial and tribulation to the full enjoyment of His divine presence, in that peaceful asylum where He himself presides. He died in the midst of active service for the good of this State, in the freshness and fullness of his merited fame, and the king of terrors has placed him beyond the reach of envy. Some future HOMER will sing this senatorial ACHILLES. Posterity will build him a monument of no common stones, and scatter on his grave flowers which grow in no common fields. He has fallen peacefully in his own dwelling, among the representatives of the free people which compose this great and growing commonwealth; and, to their honor, those representatives, forgetting all the asperities of party, and concentrating all the homage of their heads and hearts in the recollections of his worth, paid him their unanimous tribute of respect and veneration. He was worthy the tears of the people in the midst of whom he has fallen. His virtues and talents have endeared him to all who knew him. His memory requires not the language of eulogy to give it duration, and his works, proud and lasting monuments of his usefulness, have woven a never-fading chaplet of fame with which it is crowned.”

The General Grand Encampment of Knights Templar was organized in the city of New York, on the 20th and 21st of June, 1816, by delegates representing Encampments from New York and the New England States, and, at the election of officers, “M. E. and Hon. De Witt Clinton, of New York,” was elected G. G.

Master. He continued to fill this office by re-election, and with great acceptability to the Order, until his death, and was succeeded by Rev. Jonathan Nye, of New Hampshire. At the first session of that body, after his decease, to-wit: in September, 1829, the following resolutions were adopted :

“ *Resolved*, That the loss which has been sustained by this General Grand Encampment in the death of the M. E. Sir De Witt Clinton, the late General Grand Master, has impressed the hearts of its members with sentiments of profound regret, and impels them to record their tribute of respect among the transactions of this General Grand Encampment, that it may there remain as a testimony alike honorable to the memory of the deceased and to the institution over which he presided.

“ *Resolved*, That the members of this General Grand Encampment do most heartily sympathize with the bereaved relatives and friends of the deceased, and respectfully proffer their condolence under this afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence.

“ *Resolved*, That this General Grand Encampment, under a full sense of the loss sustained, feel called on to bow with humble resignation to the will of that merciful Father in whose hand are the issues of life; and to rejoice in the assurance that that which is to us loss is to him gain; and, that he with whom we have been so intimately connected has left us a bright example in the faithful performance of his duties as a patriotic citizen, and as a Christian Freemason.”

It would be a pleasure to make further record, not only of the eminent services to Masonry of this distinguished brother, but of the high estimation in which

he was held by the whole body of the Craft; but enough has been said to place his name high upon the roll of our most distinguished members. After having served as Grand Master of Masons in New York from 1806 to 1819; as G. H. Priest of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, from its organization in 1799, for more than twenty-five years; as Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of New York, from its organization, in 1814, to his death; and G. G. Master of the G. G. Encampment of the United States, from *its* organization, in 1816, until he was called to "put off the harness;" and having filled all these responsible positions with credit to himself, and honor and usefulness to the Order, the period at length arrived when labor was to give place to rest. He was sitting in his office in the city of Albany, conversing with his sons, when "the messenger came" and summoned him to his Master's presence. Thus died the patriot, philanthropist, statesman, and Mason, at peace with God and all mankind.

The sad intelligence spread mourning throughout the whole Masonic Fraternity, and numerous Lodges of Sorrow were held on occasion of the melancholy event. St. John's Lodge, No. 1, passed the following memorial:

"WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty and Supreme Architect of the Universe to call from earthly labor our Most Worshipful Past Grand Master, De Witt Clinton, one of our shining members, and whose name, in an especial manner, reflected honor on the Fraternity—whose works will bear the test of time, and receive the approbation of unborn millions; Therefore,

“*Resolved*, That this Lodge, being duly sensible of the heavy loss which, as Masons and as men, have befallen them by the decease of our illustrious brother, in token thereof they wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, and that the Worshipful Master of this Lodge direct the jewels and furniture of the same to be clothed in weeds of mourning for the remainder of the present year.”

Thus we close our record of the illustrious DE WITT CLINTON. His genius contrived, and his name is connected with, the earlier works of internal improvement, with which his native State led in the march of progress. As Governor of New York, his administration was marked by a comprehensive statesmanship and executive ability; and as the leading spirit of our Masonic Israël for nearly thirty years, his name and memory will be cherished by the Craft while its records endure to tell the story of his masonic achievements and official faithfulness.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

AMONG the Puritans who fled from persecution, and sought an asylum for conscience in the wilds of Massachusetts, was the father of the renowned Benjamin Franklin. He was poor, like most of our ancestors, but none the less respectable on that account. The aristocracy of that day did not consist of wealth or lineal distinction, but every man was esteemed in proportion to his integrity and uprightness of heart and life. In his humble cot in the town of Boston, situated on a narrow street, running out in the rear of the Old South Church, he sought, by honesty and industry, to maintain his family with that respectability his circumstances allowed. In this humble abode young Benjamin was born, on the 17th of January, 1706. In this old church, hallowed by a thousand reminiscences of early times, and which, during the Revolutionary war, was desecrated by the British army, who tore out its pulpit, altar, and pews, burned its library and ancient manuscripts, and converted its spacious hall into a riding school, the infant Franklin was dedicated to God

in holy baptism. It was befitting that a child of the Revolution should have been baptized into a faith which makes all men free, and awards life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, as the inalienable rights of all, in that old temple of Christianity and national liberty, as well that he took his birth, humble though it was, in that old city which stands as a monument of patriotism as resistless as the ocean-tides which break upon the rock-bound coast where stands that old New England town. So long as the shipping rides in Boston harbor, or the granite shaft pierces the skies from Bunker Hill, or the green sward invites to Dorchester Hights, so long will the memory of the brave dwell in the hearts of American freemen.

The youthful Franklin gave early evidence of a mind of superior cast, and being sent to school, where he enjoyed all the advantages afforded by the primary institutions of learning of that day, he made most astonishing progress. His father, however, was not able to continue him in so desirable a place for the development of his intellect, and, at the age of ten, he was obliged to take him from his books, that he might have his assistance in the chandler business. This did not, however, arrest the workings of his genius, or quench the aspirations of his soul. With great originality of mind, a distinguished trait of genius, and a somewhat eccentric manner, the youth of bold and daring experiment entered upon the study of natural philosophy and chemistry in the midst of tallow and soap. Having ascertained, by actual experiment, the precise quantity of sleep and food necessary to sustain nature in her healthy action, as well as the kind of aliment most

conducive to health, he adopted, at that early age, a system of temperance, frugality, and economy worthy the imitation of all, no matter how far advanced in years.

So thoroughly had he subjected his mind to a severe discipline, that he accommodated himself to all the circumstances in life by which he was surrounded, and did not allow any disappointment to depress or divert his mind. He fixed upon what he conceived to be the proper object of pursuit, and then, with an unswerving purpose and an unflagging energy, he addressed himself to the work of attaining that object. For the improvement of his mind, he devoted every leisure hour to reading, at the same time extending his observation to every object, event, or circumstance within his reach. His philosophic cast of intellect enabled him to apply the power of analysis, and draw important lessons from all things with which he was conversant, and the world knows with what clearness he comprehended the philosophy of mind and matter, of science, government and art, in all its various relations and appliances.

Thus starting out upon an independent career of thought, he became, like all the great that had preceded him, the artificer of his own fame and fortune. The narrow precincts of a chandler's shop could not satisfy the aspirations of his rapidly expanding intellect, and it was not long until he signified to his father a desire to change his occupation for one more congenial to his nature, and better adapted to meet its wants. To this end he was allowed by his father to make a selection of a different trade, and having chosen the art of printing, he was accordingly bound an apprentice to his

brother, who at that time published "The New England Courant," and went to work with a new zeal to master the mysteries of that art of arts, and which, above all others, wields an influence in controlling the destinies of men and nations. He felt that in exchanging tallow and soap for type and ink, that however important the former might be in purifying and cleansing the outward man, that the press was all-potent for enlightening the mind and improving the morals of the community, and that he had been happy in the choice he had made. So intensely was he bent on the acquisition of his trade, and of knowledge in general, that he sometimes spent whole nights at labor and study. For the purpose of replenishing his library, he took part of the sum paid him weekly for board, living on a simple vegetable diet, and with it purchased books. These were selected with great care, and not hastily read and thrown aside, but studied thoroughly, and the contents made his own. Among the books which he read with enthusiasm was the "Memorabilia" of Xenophon, and he found in the philosophic Socrates a model which he strove hard to imitate.

About this time the spirit of poesy came upon him, as it does upon most youth of a fervid imagination, and he conceived the idea of a heroic poem. His poetic effusion met with favor and applause from all but his father, who essayed to turn his rhyming propensity into ridicule, but at the same time intimated that he had doubtless some gift at prose writing, which, perhaps, it would be well for him to cultivate. Having a somewhat sensitive turn of mind, and fearing the shafts of a merciless criticism, he left the mount of the

muses and descended to the plain of sober prose. Still he was afraid to appear over his own proper signature, and preferring the *stat nominis in umbra*, he furnished several articles for his brother's paper, which were universally well received. When it became known who the author was, so universal was the favor bestowed upon Franklin that his brother became jealous, and treated him with great harshness and severity. This his proud spirit could not brook, and he resolved at once to sever the chains which bound him to his tyrant brother. An opportunity presenting itself one day determined him on leaving Boston and going to New York, which he accordingly did; but was unable, after arriving there, to obtain work. Not discouraged, however, and with but scant resources, he started on foot, and alone, for Philadelphia, where he arrived, a stranger in a strange place, only seventeen years of age, and with but one dollar in his purse. Full of courage, and determined to play the man in the great battle of life, he nerved himself for the strife. Believing, as poor Richard says, "where there is a will there is a way," he resolved to make what way he could out of the last, lingering sunshine. Accordingly, to refresh himself for the labor of working his way, he went to a baker's, and procuring two rolls of bread, which he placed under his arm, started in the direction of the river. With his wardrobe in his pockets, and his bread under his arm, as he walked through Market Street down to the Delaware, to drink of its water and partake of his simple fare, his grotesque appearance excited the gaze of the multitude. After he had finished his repast, he went, with a firm step and courageous

aspect, to the printing-offices, and made application for employment. There were only two printing establishments in the city, and as he could not obtain employment at the first, his only hope was the second. Nothing daunted, but, if any thing, more courageous as the chances grew less, he marched to the office, and—was successful.

While engaged as a compositor in this office, such were his singular habits of industry, temperance, and frugality, that he won the esteem of all the good, nor was he unnoticed by the great. Sir William Keith, then Governor of the province, invited the young printer to his house, and treated him with the greatest kindness. The Governor advised him to go to London, promising him assistance, and, on his consenting, gave him letters of recommendation. He accordingly embarked on a vessel, and arriving at London, found himself again thrown upon his own resources, a stranger in a strange land. Pushing his way, he soon found employment, and, with the same ease as at home, gained the confidence and esteem of his employers and acquaintances. Being, however, dissatisfied with the country, at the expiration of eighteen months he embarked for Philadelphia. On the passage he had ample time for reflection and study; and during the voyage he digested and drew up a set of rules for the government of his conduct, by which he obligated himself to frugality, unswerving fidelity to truth at all times and in all places, perfect sincerity, never allowing himself to create expectations in others not to be realized, never to speak evil of others, but feel the woes and hide the faults of all; and, in fine, to regard the human family

as a common brotherhood, doing good to all. Upon a foundation like this, what youth would not rear a superstructure more enduring and beautiful than the proudest monuments of Greece and Rome? We doubt whether any man ever became great—certainly, none ever became good—who had not some fixed rules of life to which he adhered with a firmness of purpose, resisting all temptations to evil, and marching forward in the path of duty.

When he arrived at Philadelphia, which was on the 11th of October, 1726, he was in the twentieth year of his age. Having on the passage formed an acquaintance with the merchant who owned the goods which made up the vessel's cargo, he entered his store as a clerk. Here, in this new field, an opportunity was afforded for exhibiting that versatility of talent which characterized him in all the departments of life. He soon became as much at home behind the counter as at the case; and such was his success in his new vocation, that a brilliant prospect was opening before him in the future. In this, however, he was doomed to disappointment. His employer died, and the establishment was closed. This calamity drove him back to his types, and after working for a few months with his old patron, he found a partner who had more money than brains, and with him commenced a lucrative business. Having now found a field for the full enlistment of all his energies, he summoned all his industry and artistic skill; and such was his enterprise, that he soon found it advantageous to buy out his partner, who had become worthless and embarrassing to the firm. He had found "the tide" which, "in the affairs of men, when taken

at the flood, leads on to fortune," and on that tide, unseduced by the blandishment of vice and folly, as he had been unmoved by the disappointment of life and the world's cold scorn, he went on the even tenor of his way, cheered by the smiles of an abundant prosperity.

We have now arrived at that period in the life of Franklin when his masonic history commences. Every event in the life of so extraordinary a man must be interesting to his countrymen; and the fact that he was an active and distinguished member of the Masonic Fraternity during the whole period of his adult life, is one the importance of which should not lightly be passed over: that it should have been omitted entirely by his biographers is enough to show how one-sided and partial, and consequently unreliable, must be all such narratives. To suppress important facts in the life of an individual, especially when they must have had a wonderful influence upon his principles and modes of action, is an unpardonable oversight or gross dereliction of duty on the part of the historian, which no prejudice on his part, or that of the community for whom he writes, can justify. In the estimation of some, association with the Masonic Fraternity is of itself sufficient to deprive a man of all claims to honesty and integrity, and so deeply impressed are this class with the idea that it is impossible for any thing good to come out of Nazareth, or, in other words, for a Mason to be either a man of sense or goodness, that every means is resorted to for the purpose of ignoring the fact.

Our object is to bring out the character of Franklin as a Mason, and we trust, before we are through

with this sketch, that fact will abundantly appear, and we shall see that to that ancient and honorable Fraternity he sustained a close, continued, and distinguished relation during much the larger portion of his useful life. We are sorry that more historic facts of his masonic life have not been preserved; but we are, nevertheless, gratified in being able to present to our readers such reliable information as will satisfy all of his identity with, and attachment for, the Masonic Institution. The fact of his having become a member of the Fraternity, and for many long years a zealous advocate of its principles, is a matter of history, but when and where he joined the Association is not known. There is an old engraving representing his reception in a Lodge at Paris, and it is stated that his name is recorded in the books of one of the Lodges of that city, as having received the degrees there. "The Massachusetts Historical Collections," vol. vi, third series, contains the following description of a medal which was presented to Franklin by his French brethren, but on what occasion it is impossible to conjecture: "Diameter, one inch and three-fifths. Obverse—fine bust of Franklin. Legend: 'Benjaminis Franklin.' Reverse—masonic emblems, the serpent's ring, carpenter's square and compass; in the center, a triangle, and the sacred name in Hebrew, etc. Legend: 'Leo Mac. Fran. a Franklin M: de la L—des 9 Sœurs O. de Paris, 5778.'"

It is known that Franklin did not visit France until 1766, and that this medal could not have been given to him at his initiation, inasmuch as he was a Mason in 1734; for, on the 24th of June of that year a peti-

tion, signed by him and several brethren residing in Philadelphia, was presented to the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, praying for a dispensation to hold a Lodge in that city. The prayer of the petitioners was granted, and Franklin was appointed the first Master of the new Lodge.

He was by this dispensation invested with special powers, inasmuch as in November following he affixed to his name the title of Grand Master of Pennsylvania, and gave to his Lodge the rank of a Grand Lodge.

In the archives of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts are to be found the following letters from Franklin to said Lodge:

Right Worshipful Grand Master and Most Worthy and Dear Brethren: We acknowledge your favor of the 23d of October past, and rejoice that the Grand Master (whom God bless) hath so happily recovered from his late indisposition, and we now (glass in hand) drink to the establishment of his health, and the prosperity of your whole Lodge.

We have seen in the Boston prints an article of news from London, importing that, at a Grand Lodge held there in August last, Mr. Price's deputation and power was extended over all America, which advice we hope is true, and heartily congratulate him thereupon. And though this has not been as yet regularly signified to us by you, yet, giving credit thereto, we think it our duty to lay before your Lodge what we apprehend needful to be done for us in order to promote and strengthen the interests of Masonry in this province, (which seems to want the sanction of some authority derived from home to give the proceedings and determinations of our Lodge their due weight,) to-wit: a Deputation or Charter granted by the Right Worshipful Mr. Price, by virtue of his commission from Britain, confirming the brethren of Pennsylvania in the privileges they at present enjoy of holding annually their Grand Lodge, choosing their Master, Wardens, and other officers, who may manage all affairs relating to the brethren here, with full power and authority according to the customs and usages of Masons, the said Grand Master of

Pennsylvania only yielding his chair when the Grand Master of all America shall be in place. This, if it seem good and reasonable to you to grant, will not only be extremely agreeable to us, but will also, we are confident, conduce much to the welfare, establishment, and reputation of Masonry in these parts. We, therefore, submit it for your consideration, and as we hope our request will be complied with, we desire that it may be done as soon as possible, and also accompanied with a copy of the Right Worshipful Grand Master's first Deputation, and of the instrument by which it appears to be enlarged as above mentioned, witnessed by your Wardens, and signed by the Secretary, for which favors this Lodge doubt not of being able to behave as not to be thought ungrateful.

We are, Right Worshipful Grand Master and Most Worthy Brethren, your affectionate brethren and obliged humble servants.

(Signed, at the request of the Lodge,) B. FRANKLIN, G. M.

PHILADELPHIA, *November 28, 1734.*

Accompanying the above communication was a private letter addressed by Franklin to Henry Price, Esq., Grand Master, in the following language:

Dear Brother Price: I am heartily glad to hear of your recovery. I hoped to have seen you here this fall, agreeable to the expectation you were so good as to give me; but, since sickness has prevented your coming while the weather was moderate, I have no room to flatter myself with a visit from you before spring, when a deputation from the brethren here will have an opportunity of showing how much they esteem you. I beg leave to recommend their request to you, and to inform you that some false and rebel brethren, who are foreigners, being about to set up a distinct Lodge in opposition to the old and true brethren here, pretending to make Masons for a bowl of punch; and the Craft is like to come into disesteem among us, unless the true brethren are countenanced and distinguished by some such special authority as herein desired. I entreat, therefore, that whatever you shall think proper to do therein, may be sent by the next post, if possible, or the next following.

I am your affectionate brother and humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN, *G. M. of Pennsylvania.*

P. S.—If more of the "Constitutions" are wanted among you, please hint it to me.

The "Constitutions" referred to in the above postscript was a small volume of "Masonic Constitutions," printed by Franklin in 1734. It was an exact copy and reprint of the first edition of "Anderson's Masonic Constitutions," published under the sanction of the Grand Lodge of England in 1723. The first American edition, by Franklin, is now exceedingly scarce; but three copies are known to be in existence. It was the first masonic book published in this country, and the probability is that it was the first book published at the Franklin press. Two years prior to the publication of the book of Constitutions he commenced the publication of "Poor Richard's Almanac," which he continued for five years, circulating ten thousand copies annually. This work, although of unpretending title, was one of great merit and usefulness, being filled with maxims and rules of the highest importance for every-day use in the various relations. It was so highly prized in Europe, that it was translated into several languages. We well recollect with what interest we read in our youth the sayings of Poor Richard, many of which are still fresh in our memory. About this time also he commenced the publication of a newspaper, which was conducted with great ability, free from all that personal abuse and low scurrility that, alas, to a great extent, characterize many of the partisan prints of the present day.

To a heart naturally benevolent, and which the principles of the Order whose motto is "Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth," gave a wider philanthropy, was united an intellect of great strength and power, embracing in its comprehensive grasp the grand principles

of human happiness: and nothing yielded him greater pleasure than to better the condition of his fellow-men. The more effectually to carry out his wishes, he formed a "Junto," governed by rules which exhibit a superior knowledge of human nature, illustrating the duty of man to his fellow-man and to his God. These rules were afterward merged into the "Philosophical Society." Among these rules, which contain sentiments of universal charity, benevolence, and good-will to men, was one for the suppression of intemperance, constituting a prophetic prelude to the exertions of subsequent times in regard to this noble cause.

A devoted student, he made such progress in intellectual culture, that he became master of the Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish languages. Through his exertions, a small library was commenced by the Junto, which constituted the nucleus of the present large collection in the city of Philadelphia. He wrote and published a highly valuable and interesting pamphlet on the subject of banks and banking, and the necessity of a paper currency, together with essays on various subjects of practical importance. His genius was not of that kind which spends itself on creations of the beautiful, as exhibited in works of art, where ornament alone is the end; but he was rather a genius whose vast powers were directed to those creations which may be denominated useful. In addition to his being the father and patron of the Philosophical Society, the Pennsylvania University and Hospital, he originated most of the great enterprises in the city and province at that time. He improved the mechanic arts, bringing to their aid philosophy, chemistry, and the various

combinations of science, economy, and the laws of nature. He improved chimneys, constructed a stove which still bears his name, and proposed many useful and economical inventions in domestic concerns, from the cellar to the garret, from the plow to the mill; in fine, he was a thoroughly practical man, not wasting his energies in futile attempts at perpetual motions and other impracticable speculations, but in the elaboration of plans and principles susceptible of a practical application. Science bowed to him as a master-spirit; the arts hailed him as their patron; he was the father of American literature; and the very lightnings of heaven, hitherto uncontrollable, obeyed his magic rod, and darted from their battery in the skies obedient to his will.

Such was his devotion to the Masonic Institution—being the Grand Master for the State—that his parents (particularly his mother) became fearful that his connection therewith would hinder his usefulness and retard his popular fame, which was increasing and spreading all over the land. Impressed with such fears, his father wrote him on the subject, inquiring, on his mother's behalf, into the nature of the Society about which she had heard so many strange and wonderful stories, but which she did not believe. The following is Franklin's answer to those inquiries:

PHILADELPHIA, *April 13, 1738.*

As to the Freemasons, I know of no way of giving my mother a better account of them than she seems to have at present, since it is not allowed that women should be admitted into that secret society. She has, I must confess, on that account, some reason to be displeas'd with it; but, for any thing else, I must entreat her to suspend her

judgment till she is better informed: unless she will believe me when I assure her that they are, in general, a very harmless sort of people, and have no principles or practices that are inconsistent with religion and good manners.

In 1744 he was chosen by his fellow-citizens to represent them in the Assembly, and continued a member of that body for a period of ten consecutive years. Though never regarded as an eloquent speaker, yet his conceptions of correct legislation were so clear, that what he did say always had great weight; and his influence as a statesman was, perhaps, more powerfully felt than that of any of his compeers. Notwithstanding he devoted his attention to those duties connected with his office as a legislator, he did not, by any means, neglect his favorite studies as a philosopher. When not engaged in the halls of legislation, he explored the fields of experimental philosophy, and brought to light many of those mysterious phenomena which had been locked up in the arcana of nature. His discoveries in electricity were, of themselves, sufficient to have given immortality to his name; but he stopped not after having extracted the lightning from the clouds, with which he was enabled to kill animals and fire magazines: he extracted magnetism from the earth, and imparted its mysterious power to metals. He did what the Almighty intimated to Job was beyond his power, when he said: "Canst thou send lightning, that they may go and say unto thee, Here we are?" Elaborating his principles, the lightnings have already been taught to speak as flashes of thought, nation to nation.

In 1753 he was sent by the Government to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, to conclude a treaty with the Indians. In

the year following he was elected delegate to the Congress of Commissioners which met at Albany, to devise means of defense against the anticipated hostilities of the French and savages. On the decease of the Deputy Postmaster-General of America, he was appointed to fill the vacancy, and raised that department from embarrassment to a fruitful source of revenue to the Crown. Difficulties arising between the proprietaries and government of the province of Pennsylvania, and their being referred for adjustment to the mother country, he was sent to England by the province to guard its interests. These difficulties being amicably settled, in 1762, he returned, after which he was variously employed in regulating the Post-office Department, making treaties with the Indians, and devising means of defense on the frontiers. New troubles arising between the proprietaries and the Assembly in 1764, he was again sent to England, with instructions to have the proprietary authority entirely abolished. While there, the plan for taxing the colonies was matured, which he boldly opposed at the threshold, and such were his declarations in favor of liberty and independence, that he was arraigned to answer numerous accusations brought against him on that ground. When brought before the House of Commons to undergo a public examination, he showed himself fully adequate to the task, confounding his enemies by the fearlessness of his manner, the clearness and force of his arguments, by which he put to silence every accusation, and, to the admiration of all, defended the rights and interests of his native country. He remained in England eleven years as the agent of the colonies, opposing the en-

croachments of British tyranny upon the rights of Americans, and successfully resisted the combined influence of intrigue, flattery, and malice. Understanding well the corruptions of court and the artifices of diplomacy, he never once bowed the knee to Baal or kissed the hand of a monarch. His services being needed at home, and the difficulties between the mother country and the colonies increasing to such an extent as to render it unsafe for him to remain, in May, 1775, he returned to Philadelphia, where he was received with great enthusiasm, and immediately elected to the Continental Congress. So dissatisfied were the colonists in regard to the high-handed usurpations of the British Crown, that the crisis was evidently rapidly approaching, when it would be necessary to throw off all allegiance. Franklin had much to do in shaping the course of events; and believing that God would defend the right, though they were weak in numbers and resources, he firmly resolved to bide the issue, preferring an honorable death to an inglorious freedom.

The disasters of the American army during the campaign of 1777 induced Congress to apply to France for aid, and all eyes were turned to Franklin as the man to execute this important mission. Accordingly, in October of the above-named year, he embarked for France, and succeeded in concluding a treaty of alliance with that nation on the 4th of February, 1778. When the news of this treaty reached England, the British ministry were much alarmed, and dispatched messengers to Paris to induce Franklin to enter into a compromise with Great Britain. The terms were so contemptible that Franklin did not even communicate them

to Congress. To the minister who came to him with the olive-branch of peace, he replied: "I never think of your ministry and their abettors but with the image strongly painted in my view of their hands red and dripping with the blood of my countrymen, friends and relations. No peace can be signed with those hands unless you drop all pretensions to govern us, meet us on equal terms, and avoid all occasions of future discord." Through all the storm of war Franklin stood firm at his post, ready for every emergency, and no one can calculate the value of his counsels to the nation in the critical period of the Revolution. At length, however, the colonists proved successful, and Great Britain was obliged to comply with the terms of an honorable peace, and acknowledge the independence of America in a definitive treaty of peace, concluded at Paris on the 3d of September, 1783.

Franklin was still continued in Paris until 1785, during which time he concluded treaties of commerce between the United States and the kings of Sweden and Prussia, and when the time for his departure for home arrived, every mark of respect was paid him by kings, courts, and literati; he was beloved by the millions, and his departure was regretted by all classes of society. At the advanced age of eighty, borne down by the toil of years, he returned to Philadelphia, where he was hailed with the greatest enthusiasm and veneration by all the friends of liberty, from the humblest citizen up to the illustrious Washington. To the American Israel he was as the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night. "He snatched the thunderbolt from Jove, and the scepter from kings;" he stood the Colossus of

Liberty among the monarchs of Europe, and wrung from them the homage due to a nation that dared to be free. Though advanced beyond the ordinary years allotted to active life, he was elected Governor of Pennsylvania, and in 1787 was chosen a delegate to the Convention that formed the Federal Constitution, and that instrument bears the mark of his master hand.

Early in the year 1790, Dr. Franklin was confined, by increasing infirmities, to his room; but, though his body was wasting away under the decays of time, his mental powers retained their vigor, and to him was given to enjoy a green old age. With an intellect clear as that of an angel's, though encased with the tottering fabric of mortality, his thoughts flashed out with their wonted brilliancy, and some of the strongest and most soul-stirring productions of his pen were written during his confinement. He was conscious that he was nearing the terminus of his journey.

“ A solemn murmur in his soul
Told of the world to be,
As travelers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea.”

The time of his departure at length arrived, and on the 17th of April, 1790, with calm and quiet resignation to the will of Heaven, he sank into that sleep which knows no waking, until eternity's bright morn should break the slumbers of the world, and wake to life the dead.

Of the numerous monuments erected to perpetuate the memory of the great Philosopher, the most beautiful and appropriate is in Boston, his native city. It was

inaugurated on the 17th of September, 1856, with all the pomp and ceremony becoming the city, and the illustrious man whose fame it was designed to commemorate. It is a bronze statue, standing on a beautiful pedestal in Court Square. Each of the four sides of the pedestal is ornamented with bas-reliefs, commemorating events in the life of Dr. Franklin. The statue is the work of that distinguished artist, R. L. Greenough, Esq. The inauguration of the statue was a great event in Boston, and deemed of sufficient importance to justify the committee in the publication of a large octavo volume of four hundred pages, detailing all the facts, and descriptive of the ceremonies. From that work we copy the following description of the statue :

“The statue is eight feet in height, and is cast in bronze, of a rich, golden color. Franklin is represented in the costume of the age in which he lived, the dress being modeled from that belonging to the Massachusetts Historical Society, and which was worn by the great original while at the Court of France, and has the appearance of being trimmed with fur, a kind of ornament very much used by Franklin in his advanced life. The attitude of the figure is easy, and yet exhibits a firm and manly form. Under the left arm is held a continental hat, while the right hand holds a representation of the old crab-tree walking-stick which Franklin bequeathed to Washington, with such honorable mention, in his last will. The foundation of the statue is from the picture of Duplessis, the form and lineaments of the head and face being taken from the original bust by Houdon, once the valued property of

Jefferson, but now, by the gift of Joseph Coolidge, Esq., one of the choice treasures of the Boston Athenæum. The expression of the face is singularly placid and benignant, while at the same time it is thoughtful and dignified, and seemingly unconscious of the public gaze. The personification of the great original is not so much that of the renowned statesman and practical philosopher, as of the man and citizen, in the simple repose of virtue and honesty, bearing the marks of true mental greatness. The base of the bronze which supports the statue has cut upon its western face the words 'R. S. Greenough, fecit,' and upon the easterly face an inscription denoting that the cast was made by the Ames Manufacturing Company of Chicopee.

"The statue stands upon a beautiful pedestal, wrought from verd-antique marble, and supported upon a granite basement, both designed by Henry Greenough, Esq., a brother of the artist of the statue.

"The basement upon which the pedestal is placed is formed of two blocks of massive Quincy granite. The lower or foundation-stone is about seven feet square, and the upper about six feet square; both together being four and one-half feet in height. The four faces of the granite have the following inscriptions:

"On the south side, fronting School Street—

"BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,

"Born in Boston, 17 January, 1706.

"Died in Philadelphia, 17 April, 1790.

"On the north side, fronting the City Hall—

"Eripuit Cœlo Fulmen Sceptrumque Tyrannis.

“ On the east side—

“ Declaration of American Independence,
4 July, 1775.

“ And on the west side—

“ The Treaty of Peace and Independence,
3 September, 1783.

“ The pedestal, which stands upon the granite base-ment, is constructed in three parts, neatly jointed with each other, and secured together by strong cement. The material is verd-antique marble, and was obtained from the quarries in the town of Roxbury, in the State of Vermont. The base measures four feet six and one-half inches square, and one foot in height, and is composed of several members—plinth, torus, fillet, and cavetto, the latter connecting it with the die. The die is four feet square, horizontally measured, and three feet and six inches in height; and it contains on each of its four faces a sunken panel, for four bronze bas-reliefs. These bas-reliefs represent prominent scenes in the life and public career of Franklin: the one in front exhibits Franklin at his press; the one in the back panel shows Franklin and his kite, drawing electricity from the clouds; the one in the eastern panel represents Franklin signing the Declaration of Independence; and the fourth one represents Franklin signing the definitive treaty of peace and independence with Great Britain. The cap measures four feet eight and one-half inches on each of its four sides, and one foot in height, and is composed of fillet, ovolo, fascia, apophyges, and fillet, forming the abacus, six inches

high; and a flat chamfer above the abacus, united by a quick curve, at a depth of thirteen and one-quarter inches, to a shaft two feet and six inches square, for the base of the statue, takes up the remaining six inches. The connecting joints of the three parts of the pedestal are above the fillet of the cap, and below the fillet of the base, thereby making it necessary that these fillets should be raised in the stone of which the die is formed, and with which they are connected by graceful curves. The abacus is exactly of the same size as the fillets, (three-quarters of an inch,) and shows, with them, the high finish and cohesive quality of the marble. The whole height of the pedestal is five feet and six inches. The verd-antique used for its construction weighed about twelve tons when taken from the quarry, and about ten tons when worked.

“The basement and pedestal occupy about ten feet in height; the whole elevation of the statue, with its support, is about eighteen feet.”

We have thus rapidly sketched some of the more prominent outlines of character of this great and good man, the incidents connected with which are highly instructive to all; and though we have not been permitted, in consequence of the want of material, to give the masonic reader much that pertained to his masonic life, still we trust what we have given will be regarded as a monument of great value to the Fraternity through all time to come. Indeed, the wonder with us is, not that we have so few incidents connected with his masonic life, but that we have so many. It is a remarkable fact, that, notwithstanding his industry, and the multiplicity of pursuits which have made him the wonder

and praise of the world, he did not excuse himself from masonic duties. Situated as he was, in the largest city, at that time, in America, driven to exertion both by his own personal business and the affairs of that public who believed that no plan could prosper which had not his sanction and his aid, besides the correspondence which his philosophical investigations obliged him to keep up, one can not but believe that he would, under the press of such circumstances, allow his seat, at least sometimes, to be vacant in the Lodge; but the duties of his masonic station were too important, in his estimation, to be suspended by any other consideration. It appears, from the minutes of the Order, that, during thirty years and upward, while he was Deputy Grand Master of Pennsylvania, he was rarely absent from a Lodge meeting. Two things may be inferred from this, both of which are strikingly illustrative of the character of the man, his economy of time, and his profound respect for the tenets of the Order. The first we know already, from proofs that will stand while the philosophy which his genius explained shall be remembered. The second has a lesson in it, not only to the world, but to every Mason. To the world, it admonishes the scoffer and suspicious to beware of speaking lightly of that secret Society which called for such punctuality from him, whose maxim was never to spend an hour in vain. It can not be supposed, even by the most uncharitable, that this great and good man would associate himself with any order of men whose moral tenets were dangerous to the peace of society, or whose political character was in the slightest degree detrimental to the existence of a republican government.

To the Mason, the example of this illustrious brother is a practical lesson of masonic duty, to which he will do well to take heed.

Indeed, the whole life of Franklin was a practical application of the first principles of Masonry. His study was constantly to do good, and through all coming time, in the history of our country, posterity shall admire the noble edifice he aided to found, as the most perfect model ever presented to the architect, whose task it is to erect in his own mind a beautiful and intellectual temple, whose symmetry of form and harmony of proportions fill all with admiration, and which shall last forever.

As a specimen of Dr. Franklin's epistolary correspondence, terse and pointed as it always was, we give two of his letters. The first was written to Dr. Priestley, in 1775, soon after Dr. Franklin had returned from Europe:

"All America is exasperated, and more firmly united than ever. Great Britain, I conclude, has lost her colonies forever. She is now giving us such miserable specimens, that we shall even detest and avoid it, as a complication of robbery, murder, famine, fire, and pestilence. If you flatter yourselves with beating us into submission, you know neither the people nor the country. You will have heard, before this reaches you, of the defeat of a great body of your troops by the country people at Lexington, of the action at Bunker's Hill, etc. Enough has happened, one would think, to convince your ministers that the Americans will fight, and that *this is a harder nut to crack than they imagined*. Britain, at the expense of three millions, has killed one hundred and fifty Yankees this campaign. During the same time sixty thousand children have been born in America. From these data the mathematical head of our dear good friend Dr. Price will easily calculate the time and expense necessary to kill us all and conquer our whole territory. Tell

him, as he sometimes has his doubts and despondencies about our firmness, that America is determined and unanimous."

The other is still more pointed, and is dated

"PHILADELPHIA, *July*, 1775.

"*Mr. Strahan*: You are a member of Parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns, and murder our people. Look upon your hands—they are stained with the blood of your relations! You and I were long friends: you are now my enemy, and

I am yours.

B. FRANKLIN."

LA FAYETTE.

LA FAYETTE.

WHAT American heart does not throb with liveliest emotions of gratitude at the name of La Fayette? If the names of Washington and Franklin are household words, inspiring with greater love and veneration than ever the *Dii Penates* of a Roman idolatry imparted to the inhabitants of the world-wide empire of the Cesars, the name of the patriot La Fayette is none the less worthy of veneration. These are not imaginary deities, or the apotheosis of heroes and warriors, in whom rage, revenge, and lust were the more prominent attributes, and who were thus regarded as the more commendable and worthy on that account; but they were living realities, and filled the country with their heroic and worthy deeds.

On the 6th of September, 1757, over one hundred years ago, Gilbert Mottier de La Fayette was born, in the castle of Chavaniac, in Auvergne, France. His father was an officer in the French army, and bravely fell fighting for his country, at the battle of Minden, when Gilbert was in his infancy. Thus early bereft

of a father, he was left to the care of a patriot mother, who instilled into his youthful mind a love of liberty and heroism which developed themselves in his after life, and secured for him a world-wide renown. At a very early period he gave evidence of talents of no ordinary character, and when only seven years of age he was placed in the college of Louis Le Grand, of Paris. With the development of his intellect, under the mental discipline to which it was subjected, were collaterally exhibited those traits of character which invariably secure to their possessor the esteem of all with whom they are brought in contact. He had great modesty and urbanity of manners, connected with a benevolence of heart, which prompted him to seek the welfare of all within his reach. He passed successfully and brilliantly through the college course, and graduated at an early age. The first position he occupied in society was that of page to the Queen, from which he rose to the rank of a commissioned officer in the French army, an honor, at that time, only conferred upon those who possessed superior talent and distinguished merit.

These distinctions were gained by him before he had reached his seventeenth year, about which time he entered into a matrimonial alliance with the Countess Anastasia de Noalless, one of the most accomplished and beautiful women of France. It was a happy union of kindred spirits, admirably formed by nature and education for ministering to each other's happiness. To the wealth of their affections was added a worldly affluence, which, though it possess not the power to confer happiness, is, nevertheless, wonderfully capable

of augmenting earthly bliss. They came not suddenly up, by some adventurous speculation or freak of fortune, into a princely style of life for which they were unfitted by taste, education, and habit; but they entered with grace and dignity the gayest court in Europe, the favorites of all, and the proudest and brightest ornaments of every circle in which they moved.

Surrounded, as he was, with all the endearments of society, every thing combining to render him happy, nothing but the profoundest love of liberty, the loftiest patriotism, and purest philanthropy, manifesting itself in a regard for the cause of human rights and a universal brotherhood, could have severed the silken bonds which bound him to country and home. In the midst of all the fascinating allurements by which he was surrounded, he heard the trumpet of freedom as its clear, shrill notes came sounding over the waters from the distant western world. The stern struggles of the American colonies in their efforts to resist British aggression and tyranny, and the self-sacrificing devotion which characterized the patriots of the Revolution, inspired La Fayette with an admiration and zeal for their cause, which prompted him at once to espouse it, and he made a proposition to the American Commissioners then in Paris, to enter the army of Washington.

Franklin and his associates could offer him no inducements in the way of emolument; indeed, anxious as they were to secure the services of the young French officer, they could not even afford him the means of conveyance to the scene of action. No obstacles of this kind, however, had any effect in deterring him from enlisting in the cause of freedom, and accordingly

he fitted out a vessel, and freighted it with munitions of war and clothing, at his own expense. Having got all things in readiness for departure, and having received letters of recommendation from the Commissioners to the Congress of their country, he embarked, secretly, for the land of the free and home of the brave, in the winter of 1777.

He had already become a member of the Masonic Fraternity, and had frequently met with Franklin in the Lodge. Like Washington, he had in early life identified himself with the Masonic Fraternity, and his attachment grew with his years. He had, doubtless, heard with no small degree of satisfaction that Washington and many of his generals were members of the ancient and honorable Order; and while he was going to assist in the vindication of the cause of human freedom, he was also about to identify himself with a brotherhood whose motto is "Universal Philanthropy, Relief, and Truth."

Early in the spring of 1777, his vessel landed at Charleston, South Carolina, and he and his companions were warmly welcomed by General Moultrie, Major Huger, and the little band of veterans around them. Timely was his arrival with a supply of clothing for the destitute soldiers; and, as he distributed to each, and gave a sword to every officer, he realized, in his own generous and magnanimous nature, a thrill of joy which all the trappings of royalty could not impart. From Charleston he hastened to Philadelphia, and delivered his letters and dispatches from the Commissioners to Congress. He offered himself as a volunteer, desiring to enter the army without any remuneration

except that connected with the high and ennobling satisfaction of enrolling his name with the heroic band who had pledged for liberty "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors." In July following, Congress passed an act accepting his services, and gave him a commission as Major-General of the Continental army. With this rank, which he so richly deserved, and which he so heroically sustained to the end of his brilliant career, he placed himself under the command of Washington.

It was not long until he was afforded an opportunity to display his skill and bravery on the field of battle; and the battle of Brandywine, where he was wounded and disabled for weeks, will forever tell of his heroic achievements. Again, we find him in the battle of Monmouth, the same brave and skillful officer. Such was the confidence his courage and skill inspired in Washington, that he was selected by him to lead several most daring and hazardous expeditions, in all of which he gave the most entire satisfaction to Washington, and, also, to Congress. In times of greatest trial, when the aspect of things was the most gloomy and disheartening, and it seemed as though the fortunes of war would turn on the enemy's side, and this fair land be given over to the hand of oppression, La Fayette never for a moment faltered. He stood like a rock in the midst of the ocean, against which the angry surges dashed in vain. He had embarked all in the struggle for independence; and with him there was no other choice than to see the end of the contest for freedom.

There is an incident connected with La Fayette, at the battle of Brandywine, which is worthy of record.

A broad-shouldered, brawny Scotch brother, by the name of Andrew Wallace, was a soldier in the American army on that eventful day. He was devotedly attached to his young French commander, La Fayette—not only because La Fayette was a patriot and a hero, but the mystic bonds of Masonry bound them to each other by enduring ties. During the confusion consequent upon the partial repulse of the American arms, the soldier, Wallace, found his beloved commander *and brother* wounded and bleeding, and unable, without assistance, to escape capture by the enemy. It has been said that “love feels no load.” Wallace was a giant in strength, and, without hesitation, he picked up his wounded officer as though he had been a child, and bore him upon his shoulders two miles, to a place of safety. We have seen the portrait of Bro. Wallace, published in 1835. He was then one hundred and five years of age, and was wearing a P. Master’s jewel. The record of his achievement in saving La Fayette on the occasion referred to is printed beneath the portrait. Such was Masonry on the battle-fields of the American Revolution.

When the struggle became so doubtful that it was difficult for the most sagacious observer to tell on which side the scale would turn, La Fayette, with a view of reinforcing the army, returned to France for volunteers. His labors were successful, and in July, 1780, France sent a naval force to the rescue. La Fayette was placed in command of the expedition against Lord Cornwallis, in Virginia. Here he found his troops in a forlorn condition, without food or clothing, and without hope of obtaining any from Congress. In this sad con-

dition, he borrowed money from merchants in Baltimore on his own credit, and appealed to the fair daughters of the Monumental City, who responded most nobly to the call by plying the needle in making up garments for the soldiers, who were soon comfortably clad.

When all things were in readiness, La Fayette took the field with his army against the veteran British General Cornwallis. On the 20th of September, 1781, a siege was commenced, and the result was a victory achieved over the proud forces of Great Britain. This signal victory decided the fate of the colonies, and shortly after the renowned General, whose skill and courage were worthy of a better cause, surrendered his whole army to the illustrious Washington and the brave La Fayette. Several nations promptly acknowledged the independence of the United States. The ensigns of royalty were banished from our shores, and the Stars and Stripes waved triumphantly over the land of the brave and free. An admiring world looked upon the heroic achievements of these sons of freedom, and their names became the watchword of liberty to all who were struggling for human rights in every land.

After serving in the American army for a period of six years, and having expended in that time one hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars in the glorious cause, he made preparation to return to his own country. On his departure he received the highest tokens of respect from Congress, the officers of the army, and the nation at large. The success which had crowned the efforts of the American people in throwing off the British yoke was felt upon the nations of Europe, and none felt its influence more than the people of France. The

whole French army became inspired with the spirit of freedom, and they resolved to be free; but, unfortunately, such is the crushing and stunning influence of a monarchy, that they could only embrace the abstract principles of liberty, and not having learned the principles of self-government, they were wholly unprepared for such a state. The excitement was up, and it was impossible to resist its power. The people, wild with the idea of liberty, rushed madly on, and so threatening became the aspect of affairs, that the States General Assembly, which had slumbered for years, was convened for the purpose of arresting the insurrection. This Assembly consisted of deputies chosen by the nobility, clergy, and common people. So terrific was the storm of passion which swept over the nation, that this august body trembled like a reed shaken by the wind. Anarchy mounted its desolating car, mad ambition reared its crested front, and Jacobinism put on its dreadful power. Civil war raged; the guillotine did its bloody work; and revenge and cruelty only ceased for want of victims wherewith to glut its rage. Amid this scene of carnage and death, La Fayette stood calm and undismayed. He commanded the military, and had the confidence of the entire soldiery. At one word of command he could have cut off the cold-hearted Robespierre, the cruel Mirabeau, the treacherous Duke of Orleans, the ambitious Paine, and the bloody Marat. But the companion of Washington had learned to rise above revenge and cruelty, and to practice humanity. By his calm and fearless course he succeeded so far in controlling the storm as to give to France a constitution approximating republicanism. The nation was not

ready for any form of government short of monarchy, and the result was that all the efforts of this distinguished friend of liberty were lost in the crazy whirl of Jacobinism. He resisted the intriguing plans of his enemies and the enemies of France, with manly courage to the last; and in the National Assembly he tore the mask from the hideous form of anarchy and wild ambition, and in the most overwhelming manner convinced all minds, not prejudiced, of the destructive measures of the opposite party. When he had finished his address, he withdrew, and taking command of his army, he marched against the Austrian Netherlands. But, no sooner had he departed than, coward-like, the Assembly proscribed him, and put a price upon his head. Finding that it would be impossible to stem the angry tide which was setting in so strongly against him, he resolved to flee to the United States. In his flight he fell into the hands of the Prussians, who delivered him over to the Austrians, and after being subjected to every indignity and insult, he was thrown into a loathsome dungeon at Olmutz, where a bed of rotten straw, an old table, and a broken chair constituted the furniture of his wretched apartment. While in this prison he suffered great tortures of body and mind; his estate was confiscated by the Jacobins, and his amiable and beloved wife cast into prison. England, the United States, and several other governments, looked upon the imprisonment of La Fayette as a violation of the laws of nations, of common justice and humanity. Washington and many others made great exertions to obtain his release, but the Emperor of Austria was inexorable. A bold but unsuccessful

attempt was made to rescue him by Colonel Huger and Dr. Ballman of South Carolina, whose thrilling exploits on that occasion are worthy of all praise. Such was the amiability and gentleness of Madame La Fayette, that even the bloodthirsty Jacobins were constrained to set her at liberty, and no sooner was she released than she hastened to the gloomy prison of her husband, determined to share his sad fate. With her two daughters she left France in disguise, and arrived safe at Olmutz. When she made application to see her husband, it was only granted on condition that she should never be permitted to leave the prison after entering within its gloomy walls.

Who has ever known the heart of woman to fail when the object of her love is in peril? This noble woman did not hesitate for a moment to comply with the merciless demand, and when the dungeon door rolled back on its grating hinges, the hard-hearted soldiers who guarded the prison witnessed a scene of deep affection, which caused them to weep like children. When she entered, all she could utter, as she clasped the companion of her youth in her arms, was, *My loved husband!* while the expression, *My dear father!* burst from the sobbing hearts of his affectionate daughters. That scene can never be portrayed by pencil or pen. Madame De Stael, in alluding to it, said: "Antiquity offers nothing more admirable than the conduct of General La Fayette, his wife, and daughters, in the prison of Olmutz.

Continued exertions were made in the Congress of the United States, and in the House of Commons in England, for the release of the prisoners, but nothing

could move the heart of the obdurate tyrant who held them, nor until the conquering Bonaparte humbled the proud and cruel Emperor did any ray of hope pierce the darkness of their dungeon. In accordance with the treaty at Campo Formio, in 1797, this patriotic family were restored to liberty, after an imprisonment of five years. After tranquillity had in some measure been restored to France, La Fayette and his family returned to the land of their birth. He located at La Grange, and soon inspired, by his demeanor, the respect and confidence of all who were around him. Ever ready to promote the welfare of his own people, he engaged in every undertaking calculated to bring about such a result; and showing himself at all times the friend of humanity, he presented to the world a model of benevolence and open-hearted, unselfish kindness, which every philanthropist would do well to imitate. He had not lost his power over the French people by his proscription and imprisonment, as was fully evinced at the memorable three days' revolution of 1830. He exerted at that fearful crisis an almost magic power over the excited multitude. In the short period of seventy-two hours he restored tranquillity, formed a new government, and commenced a new era in the history of that wild and impulsive nation. He could then have been crowned King of France, but, like the illustrious Washington, to him crowns were empty baubles, airy phantoms, formed to allure for a time, and then vanish in abdication, chaos, or blood.

All will recollect with what enthusiasm his visit to this country was hailed, in 1824. The whole land kept jubilee at his arrival, and his course through the

country was marked everywhere with demonstrations of joy and rejoicing. He was the man whom all delighted to honor. In every crowd he sought his surviving companions in arms, who had fought and bled by his side in the glorious cause of American Independence.

At Elizabethtown, New Jersey, Bro. La Fayette was publicly received by the Grand Lodge of the State. Bro. J. B. Munn was the Grand Master, and convened the Grand Lodge to meet the distinguished visitor on the occasion of his visit to Elizabethtown. Bro. Munn reported the proceedings at the next annual meeting of the Grand Lodge, in 1824, from the archives of which we make the following extract:

“On the 23d day of September last, pursuant to an invitation from Washington Lodge, No. 41, at Elizabethtown, I repaired to that place, in order, with them and the brethren invited, to meet our illustrious brother, La Fayette. On this occasion I have much pleasure in acknowledging the support and aid received by the presence of P. G. M. Bro. Giles, also the J. G. Warden, Bro. Darcy, the M. E. C., Bro. Ruckle, the W. Master, Bros. Tucker, Parsons, Little, Babbitt, and Ailling, of the Essex Lodges, and the members present. Bro. La Fayette and his escort alighted at the end of a lengthy procession of different Lodges, ready formed to receive him whenever he arrived; when, accompanied by the Governor of this State, Bros. Jonathan Dayton and Colonel T. T. Kinney, they walked through the open ranks of the procession to an elevated platform, arranged for the occasion, where he was received by the municipal authorities of the town, after which,

on a signal being given, attended by the Past Grand Master, Bro. Giles, the J. G. Warden, Bro. Darcy, and Bro. Ruckle, we proceeded through the line of the procession to the platform, where, on meeting our distinguished brother, I addressed him as follows:

“‘BRO. LA FAYETTE: It is my fortunate lot at this time to have the pleasure to meet and address you in behalf of my masonic brethren of New Jersey. With sentiments of ardent gratitude for illustrious services you have rendered us toward achieving our national independence, and particularly impressed with feelings of fraternal affection, we tender you a sincere welcome to our country.

“‘While the offerings of real respect and applause, and the spontaneous effusions of a delighted people greet you wheresoever you advance among us, we presume to offer you the deep veneration, the warm affection and friendship of your masonic brethren, inferior to none in ardor and sincerity. This happy meeting is to us an event of great importance; it is a day which we, our children, remote posterity, and more especially the Masonic Fraternity, will hereafter delight to call up in pleasing recollection. We hail it as auspicious to our Order; for, although superstition, prejudice, and persecution have frequently spent their whole powers upon us, nevertheless it is our consolation to know that many of the truly great and good in every age have been our supporters.

“‘In times past, particularly in the American Revolution, among hosts of worthies devoted to the cause of liberty, long since gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns, and who so gloriously and successfully

contributed to establish the freedom of millions, we hail as brothers and illustrious ornaments in our Temple the incomparable Washington, Warren, the martyr of liberty, and Franklin, the benefactor of mankind. La Fayette, a living monument of greatness, virtue, and faithfulness, still exists. Brethren, a second Washington is now among us. Let us celebrate the event with heartfelt joy. Among the archives of Masonry let the transaction of this day be recorded and deposited, that a surviving hero of our Revolution has now met with us on the level of true affection, and on the square of first equality; that it is our highest happiness not only to greet him as the undeviating advocate for the liberties of mankind, but also by the endearing tie of friend and brother.' "

The Grand Master then, on behalf of Washington Lodge, No. 41, presented the illustrious visitor with a jewel, as a token of respect and brotherly affection, and affectionately placed it upon his breast.

The address of welcome and the beautiful memento of regard were received by La Fayette in a neat and appropriate address, after which he presented his hand with affectionate regard to each of the brethren present. Such was his reception by the Craft in New Jersey; so was he received by all and everywhere.

While in the United States he visited many of the Lodges, and reunited with his brethren in the solemn and impressive ceremonies of the ancient Order. When Washington was living, he had sent a masonic dress, made by the hands of Madame La Fayette, to his illustrious brother. This dress consisted of a sash, collar, and apron. The color of the sash was crimson. It had

two large rosettes—one on the shoulder and the other at the side. The collar was made of the same material. The apron was of white silk, wrought and trimmed with broad gold fringe. The color of the sash and apron were peculiar to the Scotch rite Masonry, to which it is said La Fayette belonged. When La Fayette visited the Lodge in Alexandria, where these interesting memorials are kept, he recognized the dress as that (to use his own words) “which he had sent as a present to his dear Bro. Washington,” at the same time remarking that the dress was made by his beloved wife. The scene was represented by those present as one of profound and thrilling interest. While he spoke of the early associations connected with them, and dwelt upon the virtues of Washington and his compatriots as brethren, his feelings were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, and all hearts deeply participated in the moving scene. Subsequently, in a masonic procession, La Fayette appeared in the masonic dress of Washington.

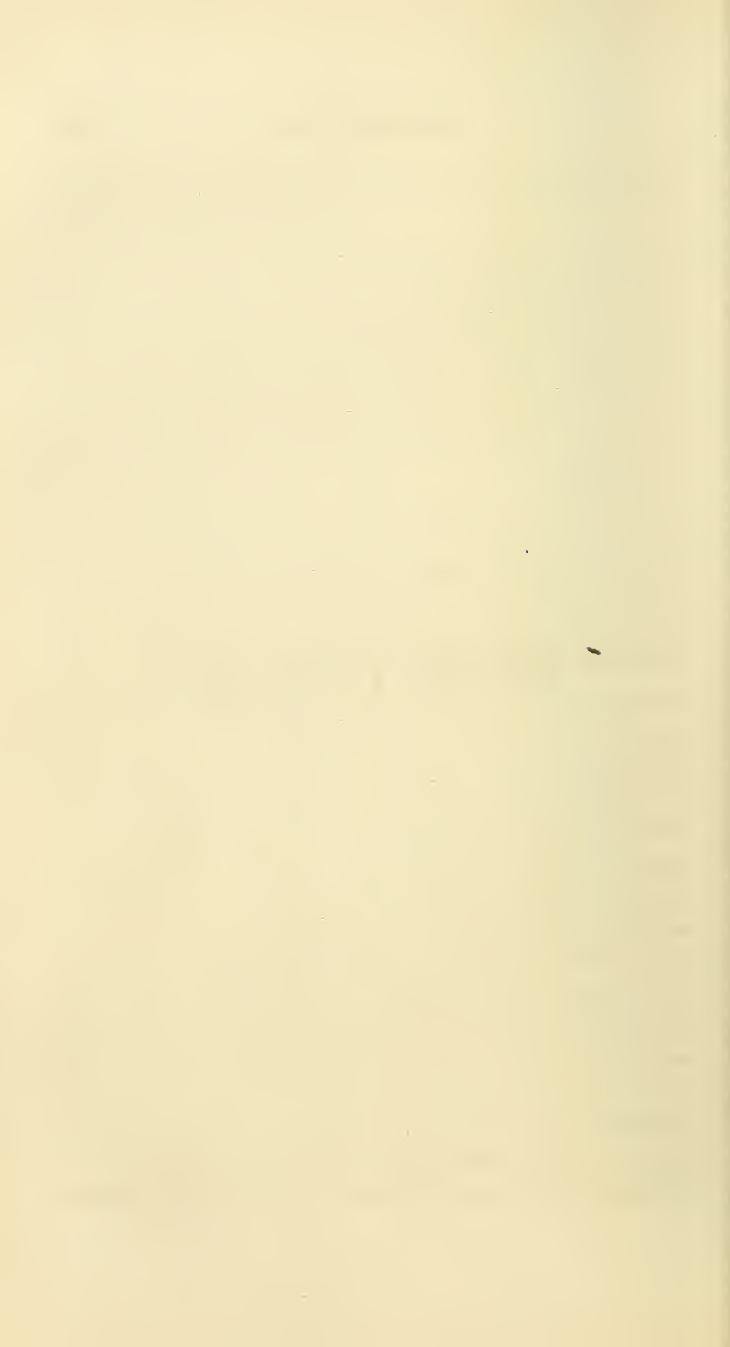
Many Lodges, in various parts of the country, were constituted at the time of his visit, and have since borne the name of the illustrious La Fayette. While he was in Cincinnati he visited the Lodge, and “old La Fayette” of that city boasts of a name equaled only by that of Washington. Masonic records in New York show that he was made a R. A. Mason in this city, and that here also he received the Knight Templar degrees.

We regret that we have so little historical data in regard to La Fayette as a Mason, yet we are happy to know that he belonged to the ancient and honorable Craft, and, on all occasions, in times of war and in times

of peace, met his brethren upon the level, and parted from them upon the square.

Congress remunerated La Fayette for his large expenditure of money in behalf of the nation, and when he left our shores to return no more, he left with the blessing and benedictions of the millions whom he had assisted in achieving their liberties. His useful and patriotic life, however, was drawing to a close. Nobly had he acted his part in the great drama, and when the time came for the scene to close, it found him calm, resigned, cheerful, and happy. With a firm hope in the glorious immortality that awaits the good in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, he closed his earthly life on the 21st of May, 1834. The pageant of his funeral was of the most imposing character. He was a member of the Chamber of Deputies at the time of his decease. The marked attention and sincere sympathy of that body, the deep lamentations of the French and American people, the demonstrations of grief by every civilized nation on receiving intelligence of his death, all combined to show the high estimation in which he was held by the old and the new world. Long as the deeds of our patriot fathers shall be remembered, long as we cherish the recollections of the soul-stirring events of the Revolution, long as America shall be free, and her glorious institutions shall be handed down from sire to son, from generation to generation, so long will the name of La Fayette, close by the side of that of the immortal Washington, be revered; and in the battle-cry for liberty, which shall be heard coming up from the oppressed nations, it will prove a watchword to stir the soul of the struggling to noble deeds.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.



ISRAEL PUTNAM.

It was a summer's day, more than a hundred years ago, when a plain, awkward country boy was wandering through the streets of Boston. It was the first time he had been in so large a town, and every thing was strange and new and wonderful to him. Dressed in coarse, homespun clothes, with no very decided fit, gawky in his manners, staring with ill-concealed wonder at the marvelous sights which met his eye, this boy soon attracted attention, more especially of the city boys. At length one of them, concluding to have some fun, (boys were then just as they are now,) began to annoy the country lad, whom he found, to his surprise, not quite so "green" as he had anticipated. The awkward boy bore the insults, for a season, very meekly; but, finally, the "game" in him was aroused, and he retorted with spirit. This only increased the ardor of his antagonist, who was twice his size, and taunting words were soon repaid with earnest blows. A fierce combat ensued, in which the rough, uncouth country boy soon vanquished his refined city antago-

nist, and gave him a sound thrashing. It was a lesson for both, which, it is presumed, was not forgotten in after years. It infused into the one a greater hatred to oppression, and taught him his own capabilities of resistance; while the other was thereafter more careful how he insulted awkward boys, even though they were his inferiors in size. That country boy was Israel Putnam, afterward the famous partisan in the French and Indian wars, and one of Washington's stout patriots throughout the war of the Revolution. The boy already gave promise of the man. ISRAEL PUTNAM was the eleventh in a family of twelve children, and was born in what is now Danvers, then a part of Salem, Massachusetts, on the 7th of January, 1718. From boyhood he was noted for his great physical strength and endurance, as well as his spirit of bold and manly independence. In his youth he had plenty of rough, hard work, which hardened his muscles, and fitted his compact iron frame for the rough usage of after-life. His education was very limited, and, intellectually, he had nothing to boast of but an abundance of good, hard, common sense, and a plain, practical apprehension of duties and events. He grew up a fine specimen of the hardy New England country boy of the period of which we write—good-natured, but brave and manly; and, in physical exercises or athletic sports, such as leaping, wrestling, running, etc., he was the equal of any of his compeers, and almost always bore away the prize.

When about twenty-one years of age he married and removed to Pomfret, Connecticut, where he bought and cultivated an extensive farm. Here his highest

ambition was to become a successful farmer, and secure a competency for the wife he had chosen, and a young and increasing family. It was not long until his well-known daring was called into requisition; and the opportunity was afforded him of revealing those attributes of character which raised him afterward to the highest military position in New England, and connected his name and his deeds with the history of his country in all future years. The country was yet so new as not to be entirely free from wolves, which sometimes made sad havoc among the sheep of the Connecticut farmers. One, particularly, an old and rapacious she-wolf, was the pest of the neighborhood, and in one night destroyed about seventy of Putnam's sheep and goats. The ire of the stalwart farmer was roused, and he determined, in conjunction with his neighbors, to pursue the animal, without intermission, until they should succeed in destroying her. "Having followed her tracks over the snow for forty miles, to the banks of the Connecticut, and then back again to Pomfret, they discovered her den, and spent the whole day in fruitless efforts to suffocate the enemy with burning sulphur, straw, and brushwood, but all proved unavailing." The wolf was too secure in her rocky cavern, and she had had too much experience in war and strategy to venture out in the face of hounds and huntsmen. It was now late at night, and the besiegers dare not leave their post at the mouth of the den, for their enemy would certainly escape before morning. Putnam, therefore, determined to bring the issue to the "wager of battle," and close the campaign before he slept. He first proposed to his black servant to go into the cave

and shoot the animal, but Africa shrunk from the dread encounter. To show that he did not desire others to undertake a hazard he was unwilling himself to risk, Putnam resolved to enter the cavern himself, and face his foe in deadly encounter.

“Divesting himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened about his legs, by which he might be pulled out at a concerted signal, he entered the cave head foremost, with a blazing torch, made of strips of birch bark, in his hand. He descended fifteen feet, passed along horizontally ten feet, and then ascended gradually some sixteen feet further.” Proceeding cautiously to this point, and carefully examining the cavern as he advanced, he finally discovered the glaring eyes of the enraged animal, who seemed frantic at the sight of the torch and the approach of her natural enemy. Having fully ascertained the position of the animal, he gave the signal to be withdrawn, and was brought out by his friends in such haste as to inflict severe bruises upon his person. He now determined to go in for the death; and, “loading his gun with nine buck-shot, he again entered the cave, with his gun in one hand and the torch in the other.” Again approaching the wolf, he found her wild with rage, and assuming an attitude to leap upon him. He immediately took deliberate aim between her eyes, and fired. Hearing the explosion, those outside again drew him out, without delay or ceremony. Having rested a little, and loading his trusty gun again, he once more entered the cave. Finding the wolf prostrate, he applied the torch to her nose, when he discovered that his shot had been effective, and the animal was dead.

Seizing her by the ears, he gave the signal again, and Putnam and the wolf were drawn out together. There was great rejoicing over the fallen enemy, and her captor was at once the acknowledged hero of the neighborhood. It was, comparatively, an unimportant event; but the circumstances proved the metal of the man, and was the further developing of that daring which afterward made its mark on many a well-contested field, in fort and forest, where freedom was the prize, and Indians, French, and English were the foe.

The above adventure occurred when Putnam was twenty-five years of age, and the succeeding twelve years were spent upon his farm; in which time, by industry and frugality, he had acquired considerable property, so that, when he gave up his farming and entered the army, he was enabled to leave his family well provided for in case of his death.

In 1755 he was appointed by the Legislature captain of a company raised in his immediate neighborhood, and designed to serve as rangers on the frontiers, in the war against France and her Indian allies. "His first expedition was under Sir William Johnson against Crown Point." He continued in command of his rangers in 1756, and in the following year he was commissioned as major. During these campaigns he had often been in imminent danger, and on one occasion escaped with twelve bullet-holes through his blanket. During the summer of 1758 he was engaged in that disastrous campaign when Fort William Henry, so bravely defended by Colonel Munroe against an overwhelming force of French and Indians, at last fell, and its garrison was inhumanly given up to slaughter.

Putnam was at Fort Edward, and with his scouts was ordered to watch the enemy's movements. On the morning after that night of horrors, Putnam and his men issued from the adjoining forest and were early upon the scene of blood. The war-whoop had been hushed and the carnage ended, for there were no more victims. The scene which presented itself was harrowing to the feelings of these rough but noble forest rangers. "More than a hundred women lay scattered around, their arms flung out upon the cold ground, and their long tresses streaming around their cloven skulls and over their gashed bosoms. Putnam stood and gazed on the scene with the emotions a brave man must always feel when he thinks of the distress he could have prevented, but for the cowardice and selfishness of others." Putnam's commanding officer had requested permission of General Webb to go to the assistance of Colonel Munroe; Putnam's rangers had promptly stepped out, anxious to be let loose upon the murdering savages; but Webb refused—an act which blotted his name with infamy forever.

It was not long after, while a party of men were in the forest cutting timber to make some repairs upon the fort, that the command of Captain Little, stationed near for their protection, was attacked by a superior force of Indians. He was so hard pressed that his small force was in danger of being cut off by the savages. Putnam was stationed with his rangers on an island near by, and so soon as he heard of Captain Little's danger, he and his men dashed through the water to the rescue. Having to pass near the fort, on their way to where the volleys told him the conflict

was raging, Putnam was hailed by the cowardly commanding officer, and ordered to stop. Putnam declared he would not, and rushed forward to the rescue. His charge upon the enemy was a bold and resistless one, and the forest warriors gave way before the intrepid daring of the rangers. Captain Little and his struggling band were saved. Putnam had disobeyed the orders of his superior officer, but his conduct was never questioned afterward.

During the following winter, the barracks near the fort took fire, and near them was the magazine, containing three hundred barrels of powder. The officer in command ordered the cannon to play on the barracks, with an intention to destroy them, and thus prevent the fire from spreading, but it was of no avail. Putnam, with his men, was not far off, and hearing the alarm, rushed immediately to the fort. Comprehending in a moment the whole peril of the case, he mounted the barracks, and ordered his men to form a line to the water and pass buckets to him. The water thus supplied he dashed upon the flames, but he made little progress in subduing them. He was compelled to stand so near the fire that his mittens were burned from his hands. Another pair, soaked in water, was handed him, and he continued his daring efforts. The commanding officer, seeing his danger, ordered him down, but he again refused to obey. Finally the building began to crumble beneath him, when he leaped to the earth, placed himself between the flames and the magazine, and renewed his efforts. The heat was intense, and the sturdy major was often enveloped in smoke and cinders, but he would not yield. The planks cov-

ering the magazine were burned almost through, but still the heroic Putnam, standing within a few feet of the powder on one side, and an equal distance from the flames on the other, remained firmly at his post; and, after more than an hour of the most herculean effort, succeeded in subduing the flames and saving the magazine and fort. Such was Putnam. He knew no fear, shunned no danger, shirked no duty. When patriotism and humanity called, he heard and followed, never pausing to count the foe or estimate the danger.

Once more, on detached service, he was permitted to measure his strength with the enemy. Encamped on a high, projecting point near the lake, and covered by a stone wall and bushes, he waited the coming of the French. When within range, Putnam opened with deadly effect upon the foe, and every shot from his rangers was echoed by the death-scream of an enemy. All night long he held the French in check, and at dawn retired before a greatly superior force, bringing his brave little command off in safety.

Putnam afterward served in the unfortunate campaign under Abercrombie, designed to reduce Ticonderoga, and was in the fierce battle where the English troops suffered so severely. As usual, he was in the thickest of the fight, but escaped unhurt, and aided, with his rangers, in covering the retreat of the army.

At length, however, the star of Putnam waned, and for a season was obscured by defeat and capture. With two other officers and about five hundred men, he was watching the enemy at Ticonderoga, when he was discovered and compelled to retire. On his way to Fort Edward he was attacked by a large body of French

and Indians; his men were temporarily repulsed and himself captured. He was tied to a tree, which, in the fluctuations of the battle, was, for a time, exactly between the contending forces. The balls from both parties flew about him like hailstones, striking the tree to which he was bound, and piercing his clothes; but *he* remained untouched, for he seemed to bear a charmed life. At length the enemy were obliged to retire, but they were careful to take their captive with them. His name had long been a terror to the Indians, and they regarded him as under the special protection of the "Great Spirit." While he had been bound to the tree, and the Provincials had yielded ground, a young Indian had, for amusement, tried his skill in hurling the tomahawk, by trying how near he could throw it at Putnam's head without hitting him. The instrument of death would strike the tree very near him, but he again escaped death. A Frenchman, more brutal than the Indian, had attempted to shoot him, but his gun missed fire, and he then struck his victim over the head with the breech of the musket, which came near killing him. On the retreat, he was divested of his shoes and stockings, a load of plunder was strapped to his back, and, with his hands tied behind him, bleeding and suffering from the cowardly blow of the Frenchman, he was compelled to keep pace with his retreating captors. His powerful frame at length succumbed, and, completely exhausted, he begged them either to release or kill him. A French officer at last interposed, and compelled the Indians to relieve him of a part of his load, and give him moccasins for his feet. This humanity was soon succeeded by a blow from an Indian's

tomahawk, which opened his cheek with a terrible gash. At night he was compelled to lie down on his back, with his hands and feet separately tied to as many trees, poles laid across his body, and a savage at each side of him.

The prisoner was regarded as a great warrior, and his Indian captors resolved to burn him at the stake. He was, accordingly, stripped and bound to a tree, fag-gots were piled around him, and the fire kindled. Hope began to fail him, and he concluded his hour had come. But a heavy shower deadened the flames, and the future grew brighter. Again the fire was kindled, and again it was nearly extinguished by the rain. Scorched, blistered, and half dead from wounds and fatigue, with frantic savages dancing in wild glee around him, his condition was desperate; but just then the French commander, Molang, discovered his condition, and released him. He was, subsequently, conveyed as a prisoner to Montreal, where he was discovered by Colonel Schuyler, through whose influence he was finally exchanged, and once more returned to his family in Connecticut.

In 1759 Putnam was made a lieutenant-colonel, and joined the army for the invasion of Canada. Under Amherst, he was at the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and continued in active service until the close of the war. When war was declared against Spain, in 1762, an expedition was sent out against Havana, in which Putnam commanded the Connecticut regiment, consisting of five hundred men. The vessel in which he sailed was wrecked near the shores of Cuba during a heavy storm; but his men formed rafts of the masts and spars of the ship, and finally reached the

land in safety. Though the expedition was successful, the men melted away under the deleterious influence of the climate, and very few of the New England troops ever returned. Putnam's iron constitution enabled him to survive the ordeal, and he returned in safety to his family. By field and flood, through fire and bullets, he had passed unscathed, for Providence seemed reserving him to lead off in the unequal contest for freedom in which his own native land, in her poverty and sparseness, was yet to grapple with the most colossal power of Europe—and prevail. Soon after his return from the West Indies, he commanded a corps of Connecticut men in an expedition against the Indians of the border, and then he retired, after ten years of severe service, to his home in Connecticut. He had already passed the ordinary age for military service; but his frame was indurated by exposure and active service, and he was as strong and sinewy as most men of much younger years. His reputation, too, as a military man, was established as among the first in the colony; and as a partisan officer he had no equal for daring enterprise and hardy adventure. He at once resumed the culture of his farm, and added to it the keeping of a country tavern, expecting to pass the remainder of his days in the quiet of home, and in the possession of a competency secured by his own honest labors. In the interior, before the rupture with the mother country, he served several sessions in the Legislature of the State, and took an active interest in all public measures.

The commencement of our difficulties with the mother country found Putnam a quiet farmer, and well advanced in life; but he threw himself into the contro-

versy with all the boldness and energy of his younger years. He declared for his country without hesitation, and pronounced the Stamp Act an unmitigated tyranny. He was one of a committee appointed to confer with the governor on the subject, who inquired of the committee what he should do if the stamped paper were sent to him. "Lock it up," said Putnam, "and give us the key; we will take care of it." "But suppose I should refuse you admission?" queried the governor. "In five minutes your house will be leveled with the dust," said the stern old warrior, and "His Excellency" was satisfied. Being familiar with the British officers, he held free conversation with them relative to the impending troubles. One of them inquired of Putnam if he did not think five thousand British soldiers could march the whole length of the continent? "Yes," Putnam promptly replied, "if they behaved properly, and paid for what they took; but if they attempted it in a hostile manner, the American women would knock them on the head with their ladles." Such was Putnam: a compound of blunt honesty, unswerving patriotism, and a bravery that no dangers could appall. He was a "rough ashlar," but sound; and his soldierly qualities, tried on many a battle-field, gave him unbounded influence in the community, which he wielded in supporting resistance to British aggression, at whatever cost and hazard.

The conflict at Lexington found him toiling in his field, but the story of blood and battle awakened the lion within him. He paused not to count his years, nor to tell his wife, nor consult with neighbors; but, "mounting in hot haste," he was off for Boston, eager

for the fray, and resolved to perish or triumph with his oppressed countrymen. On reaching Cambridge and consulting with the leading men, he returned to Connecticut to confer with the State authorities. He promptly offered his services, was made a brigadier-general, and at once returned to assume command. His experience in military affairs, and his well-known ability in active service, soon placed him, practically, in supreme command; and he was worthy of the distinction. In a council of war, Putnam and Prescott were in favor of taking the offensive, at least so far as to fortify Bunker's Hill, believing that their raw troops would fight if behind breastworks, and that a battle, on such terms, would result in disaster to the enemy, and help to raise the war spirit in the Provincials.

It was determined to occupy Bunker's Hill, but, either by mistake or design, Breed's Hill, still nearer to Boston, was selected for the intrenchments. Prescott commanded the troops, but Putnam was at his side, and at midnight marked out the ground for intrenching. By daylight the troops had completed a redoubt about eight rods square; and the British army in Boston rubbed their eyes with astonishment, when they saw, in the early gray of the morning, the threatening attitude of the Americans. It was the wager of battle, bravely thrown down, and England's pride could do nothing less than accept it. They *did* accept it, and, after hours of such fighting as the world had scarcely seen till then, secured possession of the intrenchments, *nothing more*, and paid for it—a price, in dead and wounded and martial prestige, that paled all England with deep concern. For the brave Colonists,

though driven from their position, and with the loss of their noble Warren, it was a glorious and needed lesson. They discovered they could fight, that they had leaders capable of commanding in any emergency, and that the British troops were not invincible. But we must follow Putnam. After "drawing his designs," preparatory to the use of pick and spade, he was constantly on horseback, superintending the work, encouraging the men, and giving directions to meet coming events. Before daylight, foreseeing the coming struggle, he hurried off to Cambridge for reinforcements, and had to run the gauntlet of fire across the Neck on his return. Feeling that all was safe under Prescott's command, he secured a detachment and threw up other breastworks on Bunker's Hill, to serve as a rallying point in case of defeat. He again rode over to Cambridge to hasten the reinforcements under Stark and Reed, and then coolly awaited the coming issue. Seeing the gallant Warren dashing up the hill to share in the coming fight, Putnam offered to place himself under his command; but Warren would not listen to it, well knowing that *he* was but a novice in war, while Putnam and Prescott were veterans. As the enemy were disembarking at the foot of the hill and preparing for the charge, Putnam rode along the lines, encouraging the men, and kindling their enthusiasm. He directed them to reserve their fire until the enemy were within eight rods of them, and then to aim at their waistbands.

We need not attempt a description of the battle, for the reader is doubtless familiar with the details. It is enough to know that our troops, after repeatedly repulsing the enemy with fearful slaughter, were com-

pelled, for want of ammunition and bayonets, to retire. Putnam attempted to rally them behind the embankments he had thrown up on Bunker's Hill. He rode between them and the enemy; he exhorted and raved by turns; but the men were only raw and undisciplined militia, and, once driven from behind their defenses, without cartridge or bayonet, and with a victorious foe in front, it was impossible to stop them. The British gained the position, but the Americans won the laurels. In the old cathedral at Chester, England, we saw, a few years since, a torn and tattered flag carried by the British Cheshire regiment on that bloody day. It went into the conflict near a thousand strong: but three lived to rehearse the story around their own firesides at home!

In a few days Washington arrived at head-quarters and assumed the chief command, while Putnam was commissioned the first major-general under him. He had been previously offered the same rank in the British army, if he would draw his sword against his country; but the brave old hero scornfully rejected it as an insult. Putnam continued with the army before Boston, and in the active discharge of his duties, until the British evacuated the city. There is extant a humorous story told of Putnam while the army was yet before Boston, which will serve, in part, to illustrate "the kind of man he was." Circumstances convinced the commander-in-chief that the enemy obtained information from within his lines, and strenuous exertions were made to discover the traitor, but all was unsuccessful. That there was a traitor somewhere in the camp or town was perfectly clear, but no watching or rewards

could find out who it was, and Washington became keenly alive to the importance of arresting the guilty one. One day, Putnam, by chance, discovered the author of the mischief. It was a coarse, brawny woman of loose character, who resided in the outskirts of the town, and the evidence being so conclusive, Putnam determined at once to arrest her. Riding up to her door, the General requested her company to head-quarters; but she declined the honor, and assailed the old warrior with a torrent of abuse that was perfectly appalling. Finding force must be used, he seized her with one hand, and, with his giant strength, placed her on the horse in front of him. With one arm round his prisoner, and with the other hand at the bridle, he put spurs to his horse, and rode at his utmost speed toward the tent of Washington. The termagant "screamed, scratched, and kicked," but the stern old man clung to his prize, and pressed his animal to higher speed. Washington, with his aids, saw Putnam coming, his face all ablaze and his horse in a foam, and stepped out of the tent to meet his approach, and unravel the mystery. What *could* be the matter, that the second in command should come in such a questionable plight? Reining up in the presence of his chief, Putnam unceremoniously tumbled his prisoner off, with—"Here's the traitor!" The whole affair is said to have been so exceedingly mirth-provoking that it raised shouts of laughter among the officers and staff, and even Washington himself was so overcome with a sense of the ludicrous that he could not refrain from joining in the merriment. But such was the rough, yet brave and true-hearted Putnam.

During the summer of 1775, Putnam, at the head of three hundred men, attacked the enemy on Noddle's Island, now East Boston, burned a British schooner, captured a sloop, killing and wounding seventy of the British, and brought off, as trophies, several hundred sheep and cattle. This little dash raised the spirits of his men, while it increased the reputation of Putnam as an active and daring officer.

In August, 1776, Putnam was with the army on Long Island, when it was attacked by twice its numbers, and terribly defeated. Greene was sick, and Putnam was unacquainted with the localities, else the issue might have been different. The timely arrival of Washington, favored by a dense fog on the river, enabled our army to escape, as almost by miracle. Putnam then occupied the city of New York, with a portion of the army; but the enemy followed up his success, and was about to close in on him. At this critical moment he put his men to their utmost effort, and reached Harlem Heights just in time to escape the snare that was laid for him. He was with Washington on his subsequent retreat across New Jersey, and was afterward sent to Philadelphia to put that city in a state of defense. Some time after the battles of Trenton and Princeton, he was placed in command at the latter place, and, in the following spring, was transferred to the Highlands, and put into a separate command. It was while here that a Tory lieutenant was captured within his lines, was tried by a court-martial, convicted, and sentenced to be hung as a spy. The British general sent a flag of truce to Putnam, claiming the prisoner as a British officer, and making terrible threats if he should be executed.

Putnam, however, was the wrong man to trifle with, and the Englishman's threats were of little avail. He sent the following tart and laconic reply:

HEAD-QUARTERS *August, 7, 1777.*

Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy, lurking within our lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be hanged as a spy.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

P. S.—He has been accordingly executed.

Soon afterward the army under the command of Putnam was greatly reduced, to augment the force under Washington, and the enemy took advantage of his weakened condition to attack and capture Forts Montgomery and Clinton, when Putnam retired with his small command to Fishkill.

During Putnam's stay in the Highlands, the celebrated President Dwight was chaplain to his army. He was as patriotic as his general; and when the war had dispersed his students from Yale College, he betook himself to the army, and ministered to the soldiers. It was a gloomy time then among the soldiers of Putnam's command, and the old hero himself was greatly disheartened. The enemy, victorious at Clinton and Montgomery, had broken the boom at West Point, burned the town of Hudson, and were pushing on up north to form a junction with the hitherto-conquering Burgoyne. Suddenly, however, light broke upon the gloom. Tidings came that Burgoyne had surrendered to Gates, and the whole army was alive with rejoicing, none being more jubilant than Putnam himself. It was Saturday when the good news came, and Putnam,

still true to his Connecticut instincts, determined to signalize the event by inviting President Dwight to preach to the army on the next day.

The day came, and the rough warriors, headed by their stormy but brave old commander, assembled to listen to the learned doctor. He took for his text—*“I will remove far off from you the northern army.”* (Joel ii: 20.) The theme and the occasion kindled the good man’s enthusiasm, while his burning and patriotic words awakened like emotions in his audience. The old “wolf-killer” was greatly moved. He could hardly sit still—smiled and winked, and gave his approving nods to the eloquent words of his favorite chaplain. The old man had fought much more than he had studied the Scriptures, and he could not believe there was such a passage in the Bible—so appropriate to the occasion, so pointed, so full of promise—and told one of his officers that *“Dwight had made it up for the occasion!”* at the same time confessing that the sermon was just as good as though the text were genuine Scripture. The officer, better informed, told his commander that he was mistaken—that the text *was* in the Bible. Putnam was incredulous—it could not be possible! and the officer, procuring a Bible, pointed out the very words to the astonished general. The brave old man could hardly believe his eyes, but, at last, exclaimed: *“Well, there is every thing in that book, and Dwight knows just where to put his finger on it!”* The Bible was, indeed, a wonderful book, and contained many wonderful sayings; but his chaplain was a wonderful man, and knew all about the wonderful book. That little army, too, had a wonderful commander in

the person of that worthy old Craftsman; and about the time Dwight finished his discourse on that occasion, Putnam felt himself equal to a contest with the entire British forces on the Hudson.

Putnam was soon after removed from command in the Highlands, inasmuch as a court of inquiry had been called to investigate the cause of the fall of Forts Montgomery and Clinton. The court decided that no blame could be attached to Putnam in the matter, and he was soon after placed in command of a force in Connecticut. It was while he was stationed here, in March, 1779, that he made that fearful dash, on horseback, down a rocky precipice, when escaping from the enemy. The notorious Governor Tryon had made an incursion into the State in command of fifteen hundred British troops, and approached Horse Neck, one of Putnam's outposts. There were but one hundred and fifty men, with two pieces of artillery, to oppose this formidable force. Putnam was not used to running, however, until he had at least exchanged blows with his adversary. He stationed his little force on the brow of a hill, and, after exchanging a few shots with the enemy, he discovered their dragoons about to charge upon him in large force. He at once ordered his men to take refuge in a neighboring swamp, inaccessible to cavalry, while he prepared to escape on horseback. Finding himself so hotly pursued, and the dragoons about closing in on him, he dashed down a steep declivity, where not an Englishman dared venture to follow. During his ride down the rocky hill-side an enemy's ball passed through his hat, but he escaped without personal injury. Calling out some militia, he

rejoined his little forces and hung upon the rear of the retreating foe, capturing fifty prisoners.

During the following summer he again had command in the Highlands, near West Point, and, assisted by his cousin, General Rufus Putnam, he completed the fortifications at that important post. After the army had gone into winter-quarters, Putnam returned to his family in Connecticut, where he spent the winter. In the spring he started once more for the camp, but, on the way, was attacked by paralysis of his left side, and he was compelled to return to his home. Though more than threescore years had passed over him, he was reluctant to give up the army, for his soul was in the cause. But the "pitcher was broken at the fountain," and the stalwart form that had passed through so many battles, and endured so much fatigue and suffering, was compelled to bow to the irreversible decree. On his farm, at Brooklyn, Connecticut, surrounded by his family, he watched, in quiet, the progress of that contest in which he continued to feel a deathless interest, but in which he could no longer take an active part. The storm of war still rolled on, and Putnam kept his eye on his beloved Washington as the Bethlehem-star that was to light the new-born nation to freedom and independence. At length came tidings of final victory from Yorktown, and they were soon followed by a cessation of hostilities, and an honorable peace. No man in America rejoiced over the result more than the venerable invalid, and he was permitted to live for seven years longer, and died on the 29th of May, 1790, while his old brother in arms and commander-in-chief was President of the United States.

He passed two years beyond his "threescore and ten," and then slept with the patriot fathers, while his remains were borne with martial honors to the tomb. On his gravestone was inscribed—

"HE DARED TO LEAD WHERE ANY DARED TO FOLLOW."

We copy the following characteristics of General Putnam from a sketch by Mr. Headley :

"Putnam was a brave and efficient commander, possessing great and striking military qualities. In person he was stout; his rough, weather-beaten face indicated the exposed and boisterous life he had led. His courage was proverbial, and his fortitude was equal to his courage. Headlong as an avalanche in his charge, he was, nevertheless, patient under restraint. His bravery was of that extravagant kind—like Murat's—which never allowed one to count the enemy, or see obstacles in his path. He would go anywhere, dare any danger, if he could only get his men to follow him. At the same time he was perfectly cool and self-possessed in the fight, and would stand all alone amid the raining balls as calmly as if he were impervious to death. . . . Overcome by no hardships, repelled by no difficulties, and daunted by no danger, he moves through his eventful career like one who bears a charmed life. Living in an adventurous period, his history seems stranger than fiction. Loving the excitement of battle, and at home amid the rattle of musketry, he gallantly fought his way up from captain of a militia company to major-general of the army of the United States. He carried great moral power with him, for men were afraid of one who was afraid

of nothing. They knew, when he resolved on a thing, if human daring and human energy could accomplish it, it would be done. He lacked, however, combination, and was not fit to conduct a campaign designed to cover a large territory and embrace the movements of different bodies of men. Hence he would have made a very inefficient commander-in-chief, and was not even a good major-general. Still, with all his deficiencies, he was a strong man in battle. His fiery courage, headlong impetuosity, and stubborn tenacity, made him a dangerous foe. . . . An iron man, he nevertheless had as kind a heart as ever beat in a human bosom. He was generous to a fault, frank and confiding, and of unswerving integrity. Beloved by all who knew him, faithful to every trust committed to his charge, a devoted patriot, and a brave and noble man, he helped to fill up the measure of his country's glory, and receive the blessings of a grateful people."

Putnam was a Freemason—a tried and true one. History has not told us specifically when or where he was initiated, and the Craft in Connecticut have been tardy in searching out the facts. It is well known that he belonged to the Order, and was connected with a Lodge located at or near Pomfret, in the vicinity of which he resided. The Lodge has long since ceased to work, we believe, and the records are probably lost; but the fact that the brave old general was a member of it comes down to us unquestioned.

The best years of his life were spent in the army, and he had little opportunity to acquire distinction as a Mason in the Lodge-room at home; but there were Lodges in the British army, and he doubtless mingled

with his brethren there, in fort or bivouac, as occasion offered; and we know not but he owed his escape from death at the stake, or captivity in Montreal, to the influence of Masonry. Such was often the case in those days.

General Putnam was buried with Masonic honors by his brethren at Pomfret, and Dr. Albigeance Waldo, a surgeon of the Revolution, delivered a Masonic discourse on the occasion.

In 1801 a new Lodge was formed in Pomfret, by a division of the old "Moriah" Lodge at Windham, and this new Lodge was called, in honor of General P., *Putnam* Lodge, a name which it still bears.

The Grand Lodge of Connecticut, a few years since, joined the State and citizens in the erection of a monument over the tomb of Wooster, in Danbury; and it was then well understood that their next achievement in this line should be a cenotaph to the memory of his fellow-patriot and brother Mason, General Putnam. The times since, however, have been unpropitious, but we may hope that the Masons and citizens of Connecticut will yet mark the spot where sleep the remains of one of the earliest Masons of the State, and one of the country's most patriotic and gallant defenders.

DAVID WOOSTER.

DAVID WOOSTER.

DAVID WOOSTER was born at Stratford, on the 2d of March, 1710-11, Old Style—the son of Abraham and Mary Wooster, and the youngest of six children. Reared in the Puritan principles and training of that era, the discipline of his early years was severe and sober. He graduated at Yale College, in 1738. He had but just reached his twenty-seventh year when England, in violation of treaty, and for the shameful purpose of monopolizing the slave-trade to the Spanish colonies, declared war against Spain. Innumerable pirates and smugglers had been invited to the American seas, by the protection which the British flag extended to an infamous traffic. Disturbed, however, in their adventures by the unexpected war, and by the vigilance of the numerous Spanish cruisers employed in the preventive service, these reckless sea-robbers did not hesitate to levy contributions along the whole American coast, and on a people under whose flag they professed to sail. To provide against a descent upon our exposed seaports, not only by the Spanish coast-

guards, but by the buccaneering enemies of the human race, the General Assembly of Connecticut, at its May session, in 1740, ordered a sloop-of-war to be built and equipped. Within the year the sloop was launched at Middletown, and appropriately named the Defense. Here, in the first war-vessel ever built by his native colony, we first meet David Wooster; here was the commencement of his long career of public service. Of the sloop Defense he was appointed lieutenant, and afterward captain. In this vessel we find him from 1741 to 1743, young, ambitious, and (if we may trust his portrait) handsome, cruising between Cape Cod and the capes of Virginia, (for such were the limits assigned by the resolution of the General Assembly,) taking the inner passage through the Sound. As he passes the rock-bound shores of old Connecticut, running into New London for stores and supplies from the ship's commissary; running into New Haven on a stolen visit to Mary, who was yet to be his bride; looking into the bays of Long Island, and the inlets of the Jerseys, in search for pirates, and then standing away for the capes of Virginia, he hopes, all the time, that some Spanish argosy with doubloons, from Havana to Cadiz, would be driven so far northward of her course. He searches the horizon for some Spanish cruiser not more than double the Defense in metal and men, and when, without any adventure, the headlands of Virginia heave in sight, he changes his course, and returns to New London to discharge his crew, or to drill and discipline them, as the General Assembly shall order. During this alarm, so faithfully did he execute the duties of guardian of the coast, that, although neigh-

boring colonies were frequently ravaged, the shores of Connecticut were unpolluted by any piratical invasion.

While Wooster was employed in this humble service, the war that originated in a mere question of colonial commerce, and which, at the outset, was confined to these distant colonies, grew into a general struggle of Europe, involving all the principles on which her States are founded, and desolating the four quarters of the globe. The Pragmatic Sanction, which settled the throne of Austria on Maria Theresa, was solemnly guaranteed by all the principal sovereigns of Europe. But the crown was hardly placed on her brow before Frederick of Prussia and Louis of France conspired to despoil of her hereditary dominions one whose sex, youth, and beauty presented the strongest claims to their protection, even if they had not been bound to her by sanctity of treaties and the oaths of kings. England remained true to the house of Hapsburg. Both hemispheres were plunged in war, and, as one of the direct results of royal perjury, thousands in the remote valleys of Connecticut, who would otherwise have descended in green old age to where

“The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,”

shed their young life-blood on battle-fields from Detroit to Louisburg, and found early graves in the snows of Canada and the tropical sands of the West Indies.

On this side of the Atlantic the lightning struck before the thunder was heard. Louisburg, on the island of Cape Breton, was the camp and arsenal of French dominion in America, and the scourge of the English. From it issued the French and Canadians on

their errands of massacre and pillage; from it sped those cruisers that swept our coasters from the seas, and annihilated our fisheries; from it now burst the war-storm upon one of our frontier settlements. At this time Massachusetts was governed by the resolute and adventurous Shirley. He conceived the bold idea of striking a blow at this terror and wonder of our primitive forefathers, of uniting the seven Northern colonies in an expedition that should drive the plowshare over the strongest fortress north of the Gulf of Mexico. It was an enterprise more formidable then, and more unequal to the comparative resources of the two periods, than would be now an armament, from the same States, for the capture of Gibraltar, or the emancipation of Hungary. The colonies embraced this plan with unexampled unanimity and zeal. It even assumed the character of an anti-Catholic crusade. Louisburg was not only the head-quarters of a hostile race, but of a hated religion. A Romish priest had marshaled and led her Indians against our Protestant brethren on the frontiers. The celebrated Whitfield, then on his third tour through New England, blew these sparks into a flame. He inscribed on a banner "*Nil desperandum Christo duce,*" and presented it to a New Hampshire regiment. One of the chaplains carried a hatchet, which he had consecrated to the purpose of hewing down the images in the enemy's churches. Under such powerful stimulants, the colonies taxed their strength to the utmost, and exhausted their resources. New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey contributed, lavishly, money and munitions of war; New England, as lavishly, men; Connecticut, never backward in such

emergencies, sent an entire regiment to Louisburg, under the command of Roger Wolcott, one of those massive characters hewn out by nature for the foundation of States—a man who, without one day's schooling, rose from a weaver's shuttle to the highest civil, military, and judicial honors.

Into this scheme, having for its object the present and permanent safety of all the Northern colonies, Wooster entered with all the affluent zeal of an ardent and unselfish nature. He was among the first to volunteer in the cause; he was among the first to receive a captain's commission; he was the first to recruit and arm his company, and report it ready for service. The month which immediately preceded his departure upon this expedition was, perhaps, the one of all others to which his mind reverted with the tenderest emotion, while he lay here, at the gates of death, in the fatal spring of 1777; for, on the 6th of March, 1745, he was married to Mary, the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Clap, President of Yale College—a wife who, from the date of her nuptials till she followed him to the grave, clove to his fortunes with all a woman's unfaltering constancy and devotion. About the same period, also, he purchased the old homestead in New Haven, on the street which now bears his honored name, and there established his household gods for the remainder of his days.

The Connecticut troops sailed from New London on the 11th of April, 1745, in eight transports, under the convoy of the colony's sloop-of-war *Defense*, and, on the last day of the same month, the united armament of the Northern colonies, consisting of one hundred ves-

sels, anchored in sight of Louisburg. They were here, most fortunately, joined by His Majesty's squadron, under Admiral Warren. William Pepperell, of Maine, an opulent merchant, but with no aptitude for martial exploits save uniform good luck, was the commander-in-chief of the combined forces. Roger Wolcott, of Connecticut, was second in command. Neither officers nor soldiers were at all skilled in that splendid science of modern times which has blotted out the word "impregnable" from our tongue, and reduced the capture of the strongest fortresses to a mere question of time. But if Pepperell could not rely upon military art, he had a tower of strength in the courage and hardihood of his troops. His artillery was dragged by human strength over morasses, and up rocky hills, impassable to wheels. Shanties of brush and turf were the only tents of the men, the earth their only bed, and disease was more fatal than the enemy's fire. The royal battery on shore was abandoned at the approach of the New Hampshire regiment. Five unsuccessful attempts were made to carry an island battery, which, far in advance of the main defenses, held the squadron at bay. It still frowned defiance at the fleet, while back of it the cannon thundered from the shore; and back of all, surrounded by its moat of twenty yards, towered, forty feet high, the walls of the stronghold, all enfiladed by the guns of the bastions. Hope was rapidly yielding to despair. Fortunately, the garrison was feeble and mutinous, provisions scarce, and the only ship relied upon for supplies had been captured by Warren, and, more than all, Duchambeau, its governor, was weak, irresolute, cowardly. While the Colonists were at the

very point of hazarding the fate of the expedition on the desperate chance of carrying these formidable works by storm, the French governor, more desponding than the besiegers, sent out a flag of truce, with an offer to surrender. The terms proposed were speedily accepted. On the 19th of June, the forty-eighth day of the siege, the fortress and city capitulated, and the next Sunday a Puritan chaplain (it might have been the very one that bore the hatchet) preached against the real presence, before the high altar of a Catholic cathedral.

Wooster seems to have won all the laurels at this famous siege which could be plucked from such a demoralized and panic-stricken foe. No subaltern was more conspicuous for courage, resolution, and martial bearing, while the following incident secured him an unequalled reputation for spirit and chivalry. A British captain had ventured to apply his ratan quite freely to the shoulders of one of Captain Wooster's men, a respectable freeholder and Church-member from Connecticut. Wooster remonstrated with the regular for so grossly abusing official superiority. The Briton resented this advice in unmeasured terms, and finally drew his sword to chastise the adviser on the spot. Wooster successfully parried his thrusts and speedily disarmed him. Applying his own sword to his adversary's breast, he told him that the life he had justly forfeited could only be redeemed by asking pardon, and promising that he would never again disgrace with a blow any soldier in the service. The terms were accepted without a parley. The jeers of his companions soon drove the officer from the army, while Wooster won the title of the soldier's protector and friend.

In consideration of the gallantry and gentlemanly deportment of Captain Wooster, he was intrusted with the command of a cartel ship that was to convey the trophies and prisoners to England. The year had been a disastrous one to the British arms. The fall of Louisburg was the only event that redeemed its misfortunes. The ministry were amazingly in want of victories and heroes. Captain Wooster was received in London with extraordinary exultation. His portrait adorned the walls of the coffee-houses and the pages of magazines. He was followed, *feted*, presented to court, and gladdened with the sunshine of the royal smile. He was more substantially rewarded. A captain's commission in His Majesty's service was graciously given to the future commander-in-chief of the Connecticut rebels. With the exception of the author and the lieutenant-general of the expedition, he was the only individual engaged in it that received any marks of ministerial condescension. Wooster returned to this country by packet to Boston. Impressed, while abroad, with the necessity of some tie that should unite all mankind in a universal brotherhood, he now procured from the Provincial Grand Lodge of Massachusetts a charter, which first introduced into this colony that LIGHT which has since warmed so many widows' hearts, and illumined so many orphans' pathway. Under this charter Hiram Lodge was organized, in 1750, and Wooster appointed its first Master.

I can not pass from this siege without calling attention to the auspicious coincidence that this citadel of the French surrendered to a league of the colonies on the 17th of June, and that, on the same day, just thirty

years after, was fought the battle of Bunker's Hill. Colonel Gridley, who planted the mortar which, on the third trial, dropped a shell into the citadel of Louisburg, marked out the lines of the famous redoubt on Bunker's Hill. Seth Pomeroy, the oldest brigadier in the Continental service, who walked over Charlestown Neck, through the cross-fire of the enemy's ships and floating batteries, to the same blood-stained heights, and Colonel Fry, afterward a brigadier in the same service, who plunged into the fight, cheered by this omen, were both at Louisburg. Wooster and Whiting, from Connecticut, were there. So early was Providence marshaling the causes and forging the thunderbolts of the Revolution.

The fourth intercolonial war, generally called the French and Indian War, now approached—the war which, by finally sweeping the French from the continent, removed the first great barrier to the independence of the States. It grew out of the hollow peace patched up at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748. The boundaries defined by that treaty were so uncertain and equivocal that they only served as pretexts and provocations to fresh hostilities. Each party encroached upon territory which, under its provisions, the other claimed. The settlements thus planted by Saxon and Gaul were backed up by both with military force. Hard words, blows, bloodshed followed. The parent countries were dragged into the conflict, and thus All-seeing Destiny opened the school in which Washington, Gates, Putnam, Stark, Wooster, Prescott, Montgomery, Lee, Mercer, and a host of others, were educated and disciplined for the fiery ordeal of the Revolution. Dur-

ing the seven years of this final and decisive struggle with France, our feeble colony—Lacedæmon of the West—in various expeditions, sent forth upward of thirteen thousand men, more than one-tenth of her entire population, more than one-fifth of her male adults. When I reflect that to every call from the Crown, in this war, Connecticut responded with more than her quota in money and men; when I reflect that she again decimated her population, and exhausted her means and her credit, in the Revolutionary conflict, I am proud to feel that she has fairly earned the discriminating commendation of Mr. Bancroft, when he says: “No State in the world has such motives for publishing its historical records; partly because none in the world has run a fairer or happier or more unsullied career than Connecticut; partly because the modesty of those who have gone before you has left unclaimed much of the glory due her, and partly that it is only in the past that you find the Connecticut people an undivided whole; since then, her increase in numbers has been so disproportioned to her original territory, that her citizens, or their descendants, are scattered all the way from Wyoming to the mouth of the Oregon.”

In 1756, as colonel of the third regiment of Connecticut, Wooster joined, at Albany, ten thousand regulars and Provincials—the finest army yet seen in America—designed, under the guidance of the Earl of Loudon, to capture Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and drive the French beyond the St. Lawrence. But at Albany, from early spring until August, the Connecticut troops waited for their sluggish commander, who was loitering away, in New York, the precious moments of action—waited,

idle, half-starved, and decimated by the small-pox, until his lordship arrived—too late in the season for a northern campaign. Nothing remained but for such of our men as disease had spared to return to their homes.

The next year, a third levy of five thousand troops was drawn from Connecticut for the reduction of the same posts, which the inefficiency of the British generals had spared in the preceding campaign. Colonel Wooster again marched his regiment from New Haven to the head-waters of the Hudson. Abercrombie—whom they afterward described as “one a child could outwit, and a popgun terrify”—was the imbecile dispatched by the ministry to conduct the campaign. Reckless of every thing but his own personal safety, without waiting for his artillery, he pushed forward the flower of his troops, over brushwood, stumps of trees, and all sorts of rubbish, to storm a breastwork of logs, bristling with swivels, and flanked by cannon, behind which Montcalm—the bravest of the brave—lay, with thirty-six hundred French and Canadians. The result can be foreseen: swivels and small arms mowed down officers and men. Courage and intrepidity only rendered the carnage more terrible. Wooster led his regiment into the thickest of this storm. They stood up to the butchery with unfaltering pluck, and his own escape was one of the miracles of the battle-field. After this prodigal sacrifice of life to his incompetency, Abercrombie emerged from a saw-mill, two miles from the field—where he had been safely ensconced during the action—and, in the extremest fright and consternation, hurried his army back to the foot of Lake George. With an abundant force at his disposal to accomplish all the objects of the

campaign, he merely wearied his troops there with laborious idleness, until the approach of winter permitted Wooster to return from the battle-field and the barracks, to where, in the mellow light of an October sun, curled the blue smoke of the old homestead; to the fields where his children gamboled; to the pious wife, who, daily and nightly, in the church and the closet, had wrestled with Israel's God for his safe return.

Before the next campaign opened—fortunately for the English dominion in America, and for the great interests of human freedom—the ministry which had sent ignorance and cowardice to lead our armies was hurled from power, and a man placed at the helm so born to command that he breathed into every servant of the State the might of his own thoughts and the enthusiasm of his soul. William Pitt now made himself the heart of the British empire, and through her stagnant and decaying veins sent, in a vitalizing current, health, strength, and energy. Under his auspices the aspect of affairs upon this continent was speedily changed. In the month of May, 1759, Colonel Wooster led his regiment to Fort George, to join the memorable expedition under General Amherst, which completed the conquest of Canada. I have before me a sermon which was preached to Colonel Wooster and his regiment, in the North Church of New Haven, just prior to their departure. The “drum ecclesiastic,” in those days, played the same inspiring airs which had kindled the enthusiasm of Scottish Covenanters, and led from victory to victory the old Ironsides of Cromwell. In these early colonial struggles, no company marched from a Connecticut village without the holiest benedictions

of the Church. They were conjured to fight bravely for Church and altar. They were told that God himself hated the coward; that while "they were engaged in the field, many would repair to the closet—many to the sanctuary; that the faithful of every name would employ that prayer which has power with God; that the feeble hands which were unequal to any other weapon would grasp the sword of the spirit; and that, from myriads of humble, contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, would mingle, in its ascent to heaven, with the shout of battle and the shock of arms."

Upon the advance of General Amherst's forces, Ticonderoga and Crown Point—the objects of so many fruitless campaigns—were abandoned by their garrisons. But, to guard against every contingency, this over-cautious commander detained his troops to repair and strengthen these important conquests. Meantime, Wolfe fell in the arms of victory on the Heights of Abraham. The meteor-flag streamed from the battlements of Quebec. Montreal was the last foothold of the French in the Canadas. Early in the spring, General Amherst, dividing his forces into two columns, directed them, by different routes, against this distant post. General Haviland led five thousand men by the way of Lake Champlain and the river Sorel, but the main army, ten thousand strong—to which Colonel Wooster's regiment was attached—went by one of the longest and most laborious marches recorded in our military annals. The State of New York, between Schenectady and the waters of Ontario—swarming now with millions of people, the great track of commerce and the home of industry—was then

a wilderness, unbroken save by one military post. Over this immense stretch of forest and marsh Colonel Wooster and his regiment toiled along, from June till August, by such roads as are now known in the heart of Nebraska and Oregon. Arrived at Oswego, the army crossed Ontario in open galleys, to the point where the waters of our great inland seas first find an outlet to the ocean. From thence they tread their way, doubtful as to the channel, through those thousand islands, where, for many a league, the naiad of the stream and the dryad of the woods flow on together in joyful honeymoon. The troops capture and garrison all the military posts; they attack and take a French vessel-of-war; they lose men and batteaux and artillery in descending the great falls; but on, on they go, whirling through the rapids, and plunging down the cascades of this magnificent river, to the last retreat of the vanquished Gaul.

General Amherst arrived at Montreal early in September. Haviland's column soon reached it by Lake Champlain. Murray had ascended with the English army from Quebec. Twenty thousand Britons were concentrated before a town unprotected by either walls or fortifications. Resistance would have been a wanton waste of life; without a battle Montreal capitulated, and the French—with the exception of a small and feeble settlement at the mouth of the Mississippi—were driven from the continent of North America.

So confident was Choiseul, the keen-eyed premier of Louis XV, that the conquest of Canada would result in the speedy emancipation of these colonies, that, after signing the treaty surrendering New France to the En-

glish, he exclaimed, exultingly, "We have caught them at last!"

The twelve years which followed the peace of 1763 embrace the longest period in his life that Wooster was permitted to enjoy the happiness and repose of the fireside. At this time he was rich; his family were afterward poor. Upon his return to New Haven from Canada, he had engaged in mercantile pursuits, which yielded quick returns and large profits. He had himself inherited an ample patrimony, and his bride, in addition to her other claims upon his admiration, possessed, also, those solid charms which were not entirely despised, even in the heroic ages of our ancestors. A salary was attached to the office of collector, which he then held; and he continued to draw his half-pay as captain in His Majesty's service. From these various sources he derived an income which enabled him to surround himself with all the comforts and luxuries of wealth. A nature amiable, affable, kindly, rejoicing in the sweets of friendship and the prattle of children, found now some recompense for the privations and dangers of a seven years' war. His style of living was in the highest elegance of the olden time. He spread a bountiful table, kept his horses, his phaeton, and a troop of black domestics. The old family mansion in Wooster Street, then fairly isolated in the country, with an unobstructed prospect of the Sound, opened wide its doors in genuine hospitality. It was the resort of the learning, the talent, and the polish of that era—the dawn of the Revolution. In winter the grateful heat of hickory blazed in its ample fireplaces; in summer the gentle breezes from the Sound fanned the

feverish brow, and, at all seasons, the long sideboard, loaded with the emblems of cheer and good-fellowship, welcomed every guest. Madame Wooster was herself a heroine of the Revolutionary type—strong in mind, bold and earnest in character, and with a presence and manners so dignified and imposing as to awe into reverence the drunken Tories, who subsequently sacked her dwelling. The only drawback upon her felicity, during the earlier years of her marriage, seems to have been, that she could not personally share her husband's dangers in the field, and, having now recovered him, safe from war's alarms, she exerted her rare accomplishments to enhance the charms of peace. An only daughter, just budding into womanhood, warmed the father's heart by her filial devotion, and lighted his dwelling with the social radiance which youth and beauty dispense. An only son, not yet faithless to the virtues of his sire, was comfortably settled in life, and promised fair to gratify paternal pride, and transmit an unblemished name. A retinue of faithful dependents—sailors who had cruised with him in the *Defense*, orderlies who had been attached to his person in some of his numerous expeditions, old soldiers who had followed him to the wars—surround him in his moments of leisure, appeal to him in their embarrassments, feed at his lavish board, and adore him as their benefactor and friend. From these tranquil enjoyments he was now summoned to that final struggle of which the previous wars had been the faint and feeble harbinger. When the blood that was spilled in the streets of Lexington closed forever the door of reconciliation, he turned his back upon this domestic Eden, abandoned

the prospect of commanding opulence, abjured his income from the Crown, and accepted in their stead toil, persecution, danger, and, as the event proved, death. He even spurned the temptation of a high commission in the British army, which was earnestly pressed upon his acceptance; and to a feeble colony, with hardly cash enough in its treasury to equip him for the war; to a penniless Congress, which must issue bills of credit ere it could set a battalion in the field, he gratuitously offered his services, to encounter the disciplined hosts and the exhaustless resources of a mighty empire. When it became apparent that war was inevitable, he did not even wait for official position. He was one of that party of private Connecticut gentlemen who, without committing the Legislature to any open act of hostility, planned the seizure of Fort Ticonderoga, and pledged their own personal securities to the State treasury for the loan which defrayed the expenses of the expedition. He thus participated in the first aggressive act against the Crown.

It was not till its May session, in 1775, that our General Assembly threw off the guarded and equivocal language in which they had hitherto masked their warlike preparations, and in plain terms ordered one-fourth part of our militia to be armed and equipped for immediate service. The force thus organized was divided into six regiments, and David Wooster appointed major-general and commander-in-chief, with Joseph Spencer and Israel Putnam as his brigadiers. Active service immediately followed this appointment. At the solicitation of the Committee of Safety of New York, Wooster was ordered, with the troops under his command, to

defend its metropolis against a threatened demonstration from the enemy.

He was now sixty-five years of age. He was not unprepared for the casualties of battle. He had not postponed till his advanced period of life the settlement of those momentous questions which the soul's immortality suggests, but in early youth, before the mind is distracted with the cares and vexations of manhood, he had brought his reason and faith to accord with the inspired claims of divine revelation. He accepted the Holy Scriptures as the only safe rule in this life, and the only sure guide to the next. He reposed his hope for a happy eternity upon the merits of an atoning Immanuel. In 1732, when but twenty-two years of age, in the church of his birthplace, by a profession of Christianity, he publicly assumed its vows, and acknowledged its hopes. I have alluded to the religious phase of General Wooster's character, not only because a portraiture of him would be imperfect without it, but as an appropriate introduction to the following incident. It reveals most significantly whose blessing he invoked when he first unsheathed his sword in a civil war; upon whose arm he leaned, and whose guidance he implored when about to breast the dark and portentous cloud that lowered before him. It is from the lips of an eye-witness, a venerable citizen of New Haven, now no more, himself an officer of the Revolution: "The last time I saw General Wooster was in June, 1775. He was at the head of his regiment, which was then embodied on the green, in front of where the Center Church now stands. They were ready for a march, with their arms glistening, and

their knapsacks on their backs. Colonel Wooster had already dispatched a messenger for his minister, the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, with a request that he would meet the regiment, and pray with them before their departure. He then conducted his men, in military order, into the meeting-house, and seated himself in his own pew, awaiting the return of the messenger. He was speedily informed that the clergyman was absent from home. Colonel Wooster immediately stepped into the deacon's seat in front of the pulpit, and calling his men to attend to prayers, offered up an humble petition for his beloved country, for himself, the men under his immediate command, and for the success of the cause in which they were engaged. His prayers were offered with the fervent zeal of an apostle, and in such pathetic language that it drew tears from many an eye, and affected many a heart. When he had closed, he left the house with his men in the same order they had entered it, and the regiment took up its line of march for New York. With such a prayer on his lips he entered the Revolution.

We now find Wooster, during July and August of 1775, encamped at Harlem. The threatened attack upon New York had not yet been executed, but the summer, notwithstanding, was a busy one for him. The British, blockaded in Boston, and distressed for provisions, laid under contribution Long Island and the islands in the Sound contiguous thereto. Upon Wooster devolved the hard task of guarding these exposed positions from the enemy's cruisers, and of assisting the defenseless inhabitants to remove their cattle and crops to a place of security. He is at Brooklyn,

or Oyster Ponds, at Montauk, at Plumb Island, everywhere, hovering over the whole coast with his protecting wings.

While engaged in these useful but inglorious employments, his enthusiasm met with an unexpected rebuff. The regiments which the States had separately raised were now received into the pay, and adopted as the army of the United Colonies. Under this new organization, Connecticut was entitled to one major-general, and to this grade General Putnam, Wooster's inferior in the colonial service, was promoted, while the commander-in-chief of the Connecticut troops was merely raised to the subordinate rank of brigadier. The slight was the more marked, because Wooster was the only colonial officer thus overslaughed by the Continental commissions. The blow was a severe one. It was the first wound to a soldier's keen sensibility to honor that he had received in a military career of more than a quarter of a century. I have been so fortunate as to find the precise language in which he expressed the first bitterness of disappointed ambition—the earliest grief of unrequited patriotism. Roger Sherman, at that time our delegate to Congress, had communicated this information to him in a letter, which contained the following paragraph:

“I am sensible that, according to your colonial rank, you were entitled to the place of major-general; and, as one was to be appointed from Connecticut, I heartily recommended you to Congress. I informed them of the arrangements made by our Assembly, which I thought would be satisfactory to have them continue in the same order. But, as General Putnam's fame was

spread abroad, and especially his successful enterprise at Noddle's Island, the account of which had just arrived, it gave him a preference, in the opinion of the delegates in general, so that his appointment was unanimous among the colonies; but, from your known ability and firm attachment to the American cause, we were very desirous of your continuance in the army, and hope you will accept the appointment made by Congress."

To which General Wooster thus replied: "No man feels more sensibly for his distressed country, nor would more readily exert his utmost effort for its defense, than myself. My life has been ever devoted to her service, from my youth up, though never before in a cause like this—a cause for which I would most cheerfully risk, nay, lay down my life. Thirty years I have served as a soldier; my character was never impeached nor called in question before. The Congress have seen fit, for what reason I know not, to point me out as the only officer, among all that have been commissioned in the different colonies, who is unfit for the post assigned him. The subject is a very delicate one."

His misgivings, however, were but momentary; he did not look back to the home he had left, to the position he had abandoned, to the British commissions he had scorned. With true magnanimity he overlooked the personal affront, and forgot himself for his country. In the month of October, in the same year, we find Wooster, (having accepted the Continental commission,) with the troops of the Connecticut line, at Ticonderoga, as a part of the ill-fated expedition against the Canadas. And we here enter upon the most painful and trying period of his whole history. To command an

army in a hostile country, demoralized by defeat, ill-armed, ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-paid, ill-disciplined, entirely unequal to the enterprise in hand; to be the one individual to whom its prayers and complaints are ultimately addressed, with no power to answer and relieve—the one, too, upon whom an anxious and excited nation imposes the odium of every misfortune and failure—are all that kind of trial which stretches to its extremest tension every emotion of the soul. And this was Wooster's position for eighteen months. The disasters and suffering of that memorable campaign, the disappointment of the high-raised expectations of the country, the blow that the cause of independence received through its most decisive miscarriage, would, singly, have been sufficient to break down the strongest spirit. But, in addition to his manifold anxieties as commander of the invading army, and his full proportion of the general sorrow, upon Wooster was heaped another burden, more difficult for a high-spirited and generous nature to bear—the thanklessness, the arrogance, and the insolence of his superior officer, General Schuyler, the commander of the Northern department—indignities which could not be adequately resented without jeopardizing the great interests which depended on their cordial co-operation.

Upon his arrival at Ticonderoga, Wooster found that he had provoked the decided enmity of his immediate chief. Upon his march thither he had permitted a few of his men to return home on furlough, and, when he reached Fort George, he had ordered a general court-martial, for the trial of all the offenses that had occurred during the advance of the brigade. These two

acts were regarded by General Schuyler as flagrant violations of his prerogative, and he addressed a letter to Wooster, couched in the sharp language of rebuke. "In spite of my earnest persuasions," was Wooster's conclusive reply, "the troops under my command have refused to sign the Continental articles of war, and, if governed at all, they must be governed by the law martial of Connecticut, under which they were raised. If there has been any infringement on etiquette, it was forced upon me by the imperious exigencies of the case, without intentional disrespect." But no answer could be satisfactory to Schuyler. He would neither forget nor forgive this fancied affront, but professed to see in it conclusive proof of a design on Wooster's part, by virtue of his colonial commission, to supersede Montgomery, who was his senior brigadier in the Continental line. He even ventured peremptorily to demand of Wooster, as a condition precedent to his further advance, that he should give a direct answer to the question, whether he considered himself above or below General Montgomery in rank? "I have the cause of my country too much at heart," was General Wooster's patriotic and unruffled reply, "to attempt to make any difficulties and uneasiness in the army, upon which an enterprise of almost infinite importance is now depending. I shall consider my rank in the army what my commission from the Continental Congress makes it, and shall not attempt to dispute the command with General Montgomery." He was now graciously permitted to proceed; but he had hardly arrived at St. Johns before Schuyler followed him with the following extraordinary note:

TICONDEROGA, *October 23, 1775.*

Sir: Being well informed that you have declared, on your way to this place, that if you were at St. Johns you would march into the fort at the head of your regiment, and as it is just that you should have an opportunity of showing your prowess and that of your regiment, I have desired General Montgomery to give you leave to make the attempt if you choose. I do not wish, however, that you should be too lavish of your men's lives, unless you have a prospect of gaining the fortress.

I am, sir, your most humble servant,

PHILIP SCHUYLER.

No notice was taken of this surly and offensive missive until some months afterward, when General Schuyler had foolishly complained to Congress of the unbecoming language which Wooster used in his dispatches. Provoked at such a charge from such a source, Wooster then says: "You will remember your letter to me while I was at St. Johns, founded in falsehood, and which you could have no other motive in writing but to insult me. I thought it, at the time, not worth answering, and shall, at present, take no further notice of it."

As if effectually to belie the ungenerous suspicions of General Schuyler, harmony, which had left the army, was recalled to it when Wooster joined. He co-operated heartily with Montgomery in the execution of all his plans. To their joint exertions the capitulation of St. Johns was due. They jointly attacked and dispersed the force under Sir Guy Carlton, which was hastening to its relief. They were joined in the resolution of Congress, which thanked them for these meritorious achievements. Together they marched upon Montreal. Wooster was left in command of its garri-

son, while Montgomery advanced upon Quebec, and fell, never to rise again, in the desperate assault of the 31st of December.

The death of his superior in the field left Wooster in command of a defeated, dispirited, impoverished army. With two thousand men he was called to achieve all the impossibilities demanded by the nation. He was to hold in subjection all the Canadas that had been overrun. With nothing but uncurrent Continental bills, he was to clothe and equip his troops. He was to extort supplies from a people he was also directed to conciliate; and, without an artillery company, a battering train, a mortar, or an engineer, he was to reduce the strongest fortified city upon the globe. Eight hundred men were all that could be spared for the operations against Quebec, and the madness of attempting to storm it with such a feeble remnant did not require the failure of the recent experiment to demonstrate. For the approaches of a regular siege, the number, the character, and the equipments of the troops were entirely inadequate. Nothing remained but the third alternative, so distasteful and odious to every soldier, in which neither honor nor applause, nothing but reproaches, odium, and misrepresentation were to be won—the slow, inglorious, wearying process of a blockade. In the fruitless attempt to starve out the garrison before supplies could reach them, the tedious months of that long winter finally wore away.

Wooster had hardly entered upon the command before the ulcer in Schuyler's bosom opened afresh, and the fire in the rear recommenced. Remaining himself at Albany, and sluggishly forwarding the sup-

plies and provisions at his disposal, he pursued the officer who commanded in the enemy's country with angry complaints, imperious mandates, and insulting letters. He issued orders, and then, in a most peremptory tone, commanded Wooster to obey them, as if every previous order had been disregarded. He interfered with the internal regulation of the army and the police administration of the captured towns, and in other matters which exclusively pertain to the general in the field. Because Wooster intimated that some of the prisoners taken at St. Johns, who had been permitted to return by permits from the commander of the Northern army, were guilty of open acts of hostility to the American cause, Schuyler, with a total blindness to his own infirmity, accused him to Congress of writing "subacid" letters. Throughout the whole correspondence, in courtesy, in forbearance, in generosity, in patriotism, in every thing becoming the gentleman and the officer, Wooster leaves his assailant immeasurably behind. Uniformly temperate and conciliatory in his language, when goaded to a point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, he contents himself with informing his superior that "he, too, claims the right to be treated with respect due to a gentleman and an officer of the Thirteen Colonies." He challenges him to mention a command which has not been cheerfully obeyed; an order which has not been promptly fulfilled; to specify wherein he has failed to pay all proper respect to superior rank, or to exert every faculty for union, harmony, and the success of the cause. "No personal ill-treatment," says he, "will ever prevent my steadily and invariably pursuing those meas-

ures most conducive to the public good." The controversy had now reached such a point that the two officers could no longer continue in their relative positions without serious detriment to the public service. Both united in referring their grievances to Congress. A committee was raised, and, to the great joy of Wooster, he was recalled from a field where valor, self-denial, and resolution were only repaid with ingratitude and odium. Within one month from his departure, the American army were driven out of Canada, not only defeated, but disgraced. Wooster immediately repaired to Philadelphia, and addressed to the President of Congress a letter to the following purport:

"The unjust severity and unmerited abuse with which I have been assailed in the colonies by those who would remove every obstacle to their own advancement, and the harsh treatment I have received from some members of the body over which you preside, renders it necessary that I should vindicate my administration of the army in Canada. The honor of a soldier being the first thing he should defend, and his honesty the last he should give up, his character is always entitled to the protection of the virtuous and the good. I have, therefore, to request that a committee may be appointed to examine thoroughly into my conduct in Canada, that I may be acquitted or condemned on just grounds and sufficient proof."

A committee was accordingly raised, and it is unnecessary to say that the result of a most thorough investigation was an unconditional acquittal of all blame. Impartial history has ratified the verdict, and charged our misfortunes in Canada not to the officers in com-

mand, but to the absolute and entire inadequacy of the means placed at their disposal. Wooster returned to Connecticut with the undiminished respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens; and as the Assembly had recently raised six brigades for home defense, he was again appointed by it major-general and commander-in-chief. With zeal, unchilled either by age or misfortune, he again entered the service of the commonwealth. Madame Wooster was frequently heard to repeat, that when her husband was called upon to lead the Connecticut troops against the enemy, he could say, "I can not go with these men without money," and would draw from his own funds, and pay both officers and men, taking their receipts for the same. The papers and vouchers for these disbursements were all destroyed when the British pillaged her house, in 1779, and this venerable and accomplished woman was, in her declining years, actually imprisoned for debt, and the key of the jail turned upon her, from the impossibility of recovering the money her husband had advanced to his suffering country.

On the morning of the 25th of April, 1777, twenty-six vessels, with the Cross of St. George at their respective peaks, were seen under full headway, steering up the Sound. By noon they are standing in toward Norwalk Islands, and by four o'clock they had dropped anchor in what is now known as the harbor of Westport. Two thousand men, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, were immediately landed on Cedar Point, the eastern jaw of the Saugatuck's mouth. As the different companies land, they rendezvous on the beautiful hill that overlooks the Sound. Having here formed into

close column, they pass through the little hamlet called Compo, until they reach the old country road, and follow it to the east, until it meets the road to Danbury, when they wheel off toward the north, guided by two imps, Stephen Jarvis and Eli Benedict by name, born in Danbury under a malignant star. The enemy establish their quarters for the night about eight miles from their landing place, within the limits of the town of Weston. When it was known that William Tryon commanded the expedition, its destination and objects were readily divined. He was the Tory governor of New York, and having a natural genius for such pursuits, was armed by his masters with a firebrand instead of a sword, and employed as incendiary-general in a predatory war. Connecticut was the chosen field of his glory. In 1777, he burned Danbury; in 1778, Fairfield and Norwalk, and used the torch freely in a piratical inroad against New Haven, in 1779. He had fairly earned his enviable distinction. It was not from his own colony, but from Connecticut rebels, that the repose of his administration was most disquieted. Before his own constituents had spirit enough to drive him from the government, Wooster marched our militia into his capital, and flaunted "*Qui transtulit sustinet*" in his face. From aboard the *Asia*, to which he finally fled, he could see the "Sons of Liberty" from Connecticut, that broke up the infamous press of his favorite Rivington, and for the first time inoculated New York with patriotism. He threatened a bombardment of the city if the troops from Fairfield County, under General David Waterbury, that went down to welcome Lord Howe upon his flight from Boston, were permitted

to enter, and the lukewarm Provincial Congress of New York echoed the threat. It was these timely visits that first introduced to His Excellency our humble State, and drew upon us afterward such frequent tokens of his remembrance. His present advent was the first return visit with which he had honored us, and was the more marked because it was the first time that a foreign invader had trod upon our soil.

On the morning of the 26th, the quiet denizens of Reading on the Ridge open their eyes in wild astonishment at the unusual spectacle of red-coats filing through their streets, saluting the church, as they pass, with a volley of canister and grape, from musketry and cannon. Tryon meets with no serious opposition thus far. The grisly visages of age, and woman's frightened face, are all that gaze from the windows, as his proud array passes along. Every fencible man had early taken the old queen's-arm from the pegs on which it hung, and hastened away to where a more formal reception was in preparation. But as Tryon ascends Hoyt's Hill, a few miles from hence, a serious obstacle presents itself in his path. A solitary horseman appears upon the brow, directly in the line of march, and waving his sword and turning his head, as if backed up by a mighty army, exclaims, in a voice of thunder, "Halt, the whole Universe! wheel into kingdoms!" The British come to a stand; flanking parties are sent out to investigate the precise position into which the "kingdoms have wheeled;" the two pieces of artillery are brought to bear upon "the Universe," when the solitary horseman, outflanked by these maneuvers, slowly turns about and disappears. It was now about two o'clock in the

afternoon; the enemy had passed through Bethel, and were now entering the south end of Danbury, when the solemnity of the occasion was disturbed by another incident, serving to show that the comic and tragic thread are woven together in all human experience. A man by the name of Hamilton had on deposit, at a clothier's, in the lower part of the village, a piece of cloth, which he was determined at all hazards to rescue from sequestration. He accordingly rode to the shop, and having secured one end of the cloth to the pommel of his saddle, galloped rapidly away. But he was seen by the enemy's light-horsemen, who followed hard upon him, exclaiming, "We'll have you, old daddy; we'll have you." "Not yet," said Hamilton, as he redoubled his speed. The troops gain upon their intended victim; the nearest one raises his saber to strike, when, fortunately, the cloth unrolls, and, fluttering like a streamer, far behind, so frightens the pursuing horses that they can not be brought within striking distance of the pursued. The chase continues through the whole extent of the village to the bridge, where, finally, the old gentleman and the cloth made good their escape. Tryon established his head-quarters with a Tory by the name of Dibble, whose residence was at the south end of Main Street, and in close proximity to the public stores. As the light troops were escorting Erskine and Agnew, the brigadiers of the commanding general, to a house near the bridge, at the upper end of this street, four young men fired upon them from the dwelling of Major Starr, situated about forty rods above the present court-house. The British pursued, slew them and a

peaceable negro who was in their company, threw their bodies into the house, and set it on fire.

The destruction of the public stores now commenced. The Episcopal Church was filled to the galleries with barrels of beef, pork, rice, wine, and rum. In order to save the building, these were removed into the street and consumed, and a white cross conspicuously marked upon the church, to protect it against the general conflagration, which Tryon had already foreordained. The gutters run with the melting pork. The air is thick with the fumes of the burning beef. The liquids are only spared from the flames to be appropriated by the soldiers to their own immediate refreshment. The commissioner of the army had, against his will, placed part of the provisions in the barn of Dibble, the Tory. These are also carefully removed to the street, the safety of the building insured by a cross, and the provisions spared, probably to be transferred to the loyalist, as rent for the forced occupation of his premises. But short work is made of another barn, used for the same purpose, but owned by a patriot. It was immediately set on fire and consumed, with all that it contained. The soldiers now begin to feel the effects of their free indulgence in rebel rum. They lurch as they walk; they lie sprawling in the streets and the door-yards; but three hundred are fit for duty, as the curtain of night falls upon the indecencies of a general debauch. The firebrand had not yet been generally used; but the white cross, now seen distinctly on every Tory's dwelling, indicates clearly enough that those unprotected by it are already doomed. These faithful allies had inti-

mated to Tryon that the foe is gathering in the neighborhood. His sleep is far from tranquil. Early on the Sabbath morning, while it was yet dark, the signal is given, and, on a sudden, a lurid and unnatural glare chases night from the sky. The torch is carried from house to house, and from store to store. From the sacred recesses of home, from the roofs that guard the hard-earned savings of this frugal people, the fire breaks upon the surrounding darkness, and joins in the general havoc of the element. The aspiring tongues of flame climb and curl round the spire of the Congregational Church, until it totters and falls into the burning mass. The sun, as it rises, looks only upon the flickering embers of a once smiling village, save where here and there a solitary house stood unscathed, but branded with the indelible stigma of harboring only traitors to freedom. By the cold light of early dawn is seen, not the stealthy savage, but the disciplined army of a Christian king, stealing away from the desolation they had caused, and from the avenger on their heels, while the aged and the young, the sick, the helpless, and the infirm, gather round the smoldering ashes, for that warmth which is all that is left of the comforts of home.

The intelligence of the enemy's landing was communicated to Wooster, at New Haven, on the morning of the 26th. Arnold was fortunately there, on furlough, who, though finally a Judas, was, in mere bravery, second to no man in whom the breath of life was ever breathed. Both generals immediately proceed to the scene of operations. At Fairfield, they learn that General Silliman had ordered all the militia that could be raised to rendezvous at Reading. They follow on,

spreading the alarm as they go, and soon arrived at Silliman's head-quarters. With the forces there assembled, they pursue the enemy as far as Bethel, which they reach at eleven o'clock at night. Seven hundred undisciplined militia constitute their entire force. On the morning of the 27th, Arnold and Silliman are directed to take five hundred men and intercept Tryon in front, while Wooster, with the two hundred left, follows the enemy's track to worry and harass the rear. He soon comes up with them, and, aided by the broken and hilly ground, falls upon one of their regiments and captures forty prisoners. He again attacks them a few miles from Ridgefield. The British rear-guard, supported by two field-pieces, wheel to receive him. A sharp encounter ensues. Wooster's troops deliver and receive several volleys, but the undisciplined handful soon stagger and fall back before the grape-shot that the enemy's artillery scatter. The old veteran, more familiar with this iron hail, infuses his own steadfastness into his untried band, and as he is inciting them to a renewed onset, with the cheering words, "Come on, my boys, never mind such random shots," a ball, deliberately fired, as it is said, by a malignant Tory, who recognized his person, struck him obliquely in the back, breaking the bone as it passed, and burying itself in his body. He falls, fainting, from his horse. He is carried from the field on the sash which he wore in the battle. When the surgeon examined the wound, he did not disguise from Wooster that there was no hope for him this side of the grave. The tidings are received with the serene composure of one who had so recently shown, by a signal contempt for life, how confidently he expected one

more blessed and glorious. He is removed to Danbury with the tenderest care. His wife, who had been summoned, arrives, but not until the inflammation had extended through the spinal column to the brain, and he could only look on the face he knew the best, and loved the most, with the wild, unrecognizing glare of delirium. Her tearful and impassioned appeals can extort no sign of welcome. For three days he lies here in extreme agony, aggravated by the fruitless search of the surgeon's probe for the fatal bullet. On the morning of the 1st of May, the sudden cessation of pain indicates the commencement of that frightful process which destroys sensation while life still lingers—the unmistakable precursor of death. It was noted by her, who, faithful to the last, unremittingly watches his pillow, that during this and the following day, (as is frequently the case in the closing scene of an active life,) his mind was busy in exciting reminiscence. By the feeble light of flickering reason, he was tracing the long and weary pilgrimage, the cruises, sieges, battles, marches, through which he had passed, only to reach the grave. The home of his childhood, the cabin of his ship, the old mansion by the Sound, pass in a blended image before his fading vision. The dash of waves, the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon, ring confusedly in his deafened ear. His hand can not respond to the gentle pressure of affection. His breathing grows shorter and shorter, while the icy chill advances nearer and nearer to the heart. As his wife wipes the death-damps from his brow, his eyes, hitherto closed, open once more, and in their clear depths, for one glad moment, she discovers the dear, the old,

the familiar expression of returned consciousness; his lips gasp in vain to utter one precious word of final adieu, and the last effort of his departing soul is to throw on her one farewell glance of unutterable tenderness and love. Thus, on the 2d of May, 1777, in the service of the State to which his youth, his manhood, and his age had been devoted, David Wooster died. Of the thirteen thousand sons which Connecticut gave to the French war, and of the thirty-one thousand which she gave to the Revolution, he was among the foremost: equal to any in courage, in patriotism, in generosity, in zeal for liberty, and that true magnanimity which can forget all personal slights and affronts in her great cause; second to Putnam, and to Putnam alone, in the length, variety, and hardship of his martial labors; superior even to him in the glory of his final exit and the obscurity of his grave. Exhausting his means in the public service, he only bequeathed poverty to his family, and oblivion to his remains. Unrewarded, unrequited in life, in death he received a monument that was never built, and an inscription that was never engraved.

We can not follow such a career, we can not stand by such a grave, without renewing our consecration vows to Freedom. By what a long century of conflict; by what death struggles with earth's master-races, the Celt, the Gaul, and the Saxon; by what weariness of spirit, what agony of soul, what squandering of blood, has her fair inheritance been purchased!

"Freedom, thy brow
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs

Are strong with struggling. Power at thee
Has launched his bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee :
They could not quench the light thou hast from heaven.

O ! not yet
May'st thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by
Thy sword ; not yet, O Freedom, close thy lids
In slumber, for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven."

Congress afterward appropriated means to erect a monument over the grave of Wooster ; but the money was placed in unfaithful hands, and the work was not done. A few years since, a distinguished American writer remarked, in relation to this martyr to liberty, " He sleeps among a recreant people, for no monument rises above his ashes." His native State felt keenly the merited rebuke, and measures were soon adopted to remove the reproach. It was determined to build a monument to his memory, at an expense of three thousand dollars, of which the Legislature appropriated fifteen hundred, the Grand Lodge furnished one thousand, and the citizens of Danbury raised the remainder. The body was originally buried in the old graveyard, now almost in the center of the town. A large and beautiful cemetery having been laid out on high ground to the north-west of the town, and named " Mount Moriah," the remains of Wooster were removed to a commanding spot in this new cemetery, and the monument erected over them. It was dedicated with masonic ceremonies by the Grand Lodge, on the 27th of April, 1854, on which occasion Bro. the Hon. Henry C. Deming, one of Connecticut's most talented sons, pronounced the eloquent oration, from which we have taken the foregoing sketch of Wooster.

The sash which Wooster wore at the time he received his death-wound, and the sword which he carried, were both exhibited to the audience after the oration of Bro. Deming was ended. They are both the property of Yale College, and, with his portrait, were presented in a letter from Admiral Wooster, of which the following is a copy :

“REV. J. DAY, *President of Yale University* :

“*Rev. Sir*—As I shall soon leave this my native place, and there is much uncertainty as to my ever returning to it again, I beg you to receive, in behalf of the college, these three relics of my much respected grandfather, whose memory, I believe, is still cherished by every American patriot. His portrait I found, by mere chance, in the city of Santa Yago, the capital of Chili, in the year 1822. The sword is the same which he had drawn at the time when he fell in repelling the inroads of the enemy of our country; and the sash is that on which he was carried from the field, after receiving the wound which caused his death.

“With feelings of high respect and esteem,

“I remain, reverend sir, your obedient servant,

“A. D. 1837.

CHARLES W. WOOSTER.”

The monument is forty feet high. The base is eight feet square, and perfectly plain. The plinth is richly molded, and bears the name, WOOSTER, in raised letters. The die is five feet six inches square, and upon the front panel is a *bas-relief* representing the hero on horseback, and at the precise moment when, leading his men in pursuit of the retreating enemy, he is struck with the fatal bullet, and yields his life, bravely fighting for his country's freedom and glory. Upon the frieze, immediately over the *bas-relief*, and in raised letters, is the date of the action, RIDGEFIELD, 27TH APRIL, 1777. Higher up on the plinth of the main shaft is sculptured, in high relief, the arms of Connecticut,

shrouded in drapery. The main shaft is ornamented by a trophy (also in relief,) which consists of a sword, sash, and epaulets, encircled and supported by a wreath of oak and laurel. The capital is highly ornate, and terminates in a half-globe, upon which the American eagle, with spread wings, is represented in the act of lighting, bearing the peace-branch and the wreath of victory. On the opposite side of the die and shaft are the emblems of Masonry, beautifully executed.

The monument bears, among others, the following inscription:

BROTHER DAVID WOOSTER.

Impressed, while a stranger in a foreign land, with the necessity of
some tie that should unite all mankind in a

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD,

He returned to his native country, and procured from the
PROVINCIAL GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS

A CHARTER,

And first introduced into Connecticut that Light which has warmed
the widow's heart and illumined the orphan's pathway

Under this Charter, in 1750, HIRAM LODGE, No. 1, of New Haven, was
organized, of which he was the first Worshipful Master. Grateful
for his services as the Master Builder of their oldest Temple,
for his fidelity as a brother, and his renown as a patriot
and soldier, the Free and Accepted Masons have
united with his native State and the citizens
of Danbury, in rearing and consecrating
this monument to his memory.

Erected at Danbury, A. L. 5854, A. D. 1854.

DAVID CLARK, G. Master.

It is not known in what Lodge General Wooster was made a Mason · but it was probably in an army Lodge,

or while in London, after the capture of Louisburg. It is enough now to know that he acted well his part, and had the distinguished honor of organizing and presiding over the first Lodge in his native State. While Masonry is perpetuated or freedom prized, the name of Wooster will be held in grateful remembrance.

ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS.

ON arriving at the town of Ayr, in the west of Scotland, the tourist will at once be reminded that he is in the "LAND OF BURNS;" and, perhaps, the first ragged boy he meets will offer his services to guide him to the spot where the poet was born. It is a pleasant walk, over a beautiful road, bordered by cottages and green hedges, and presenting a most picturesque scene of rural thrift and beauty. About two miles from the town, and just before you reach the river Doon, on your right hand, and within sight of "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," you will find what is known in Scotland as a "clay biggin"—a small, one-storied cottage of two rooms, roughly plastered on the outside, and whitewashed to make it presentable to the stranger. In one of the little rooms of that unpretending homestead, on the 25th day of January, 1759, was born ROBERT BURNS, the Poet-Mason, whose native genius became the boast of Scotland, eclipsing, as it did, nine-tenths of the magnates of the realm; and whose songs are still on the rosy lips of childhood

and the tongue of trembling age, wherever the English language is spoken. Three and a half years later, on the 12th of August, 1762, was born the Prince of Wales, afterward George the Fourth. The latter now sleeps in a royal tomb, in London; the other, in a quiet church-yard, in the town of Dumfries. The royal heir is almost forgotten, save in kingly annals; while each passing century shrines the poor Ayrshire poet more sacredly in the world's affections, and adds a greenness to the wreath which adorns his tomb.

The original family name of the poet was Burness, and it was so written until the poet grew up to manhood, and was about to venture on the publication of the first edition of his poems, when, his father being dead, he concluded to contract it into Burns, and send it to the world as the name of an author; and there is not a heart in Scotland, or scarcely among Anglo-Saxons the world over, but has thrilled with rapture at its mentioning. His father, William Burness, was a gardener in Kincardineshire, but, while yet a young man, settled on the Doon, where, at the age of thirty-six, he wooed and won the heart and hand of a sweet Scotch lassie, in humble life like himself, by the name of Agnes Brown. They were both poor, but industrious and of spotless character. Taking a lease on six acres of ground, suitable for a nursery and garden, he built a house on it with his own hands, into which he removed his young bride, and began the hard struggle of life, with little in prospect but labor and poverty. It was a cheerless path that lay before him; but he had a firm purpose, an active faith in a superintending Providence, a brave heart, and a strong arm. Though his house

was but a cottage, and that of the rudest kind, yet it was cheered by the presence of his heart's treasures, and to him it became a paradise. With no capital but an unstained character, and the will and capacity to labor, he began the toils of life with a cheerful heart, for he had wedded love for his dowry, and domestic happiness as his richest revenue.

Robert Burns was bred to a farmer's life, under the eye of his strict Calvinistic father, until he reached the years of manhood. He early manifested a taste for poetry and song, and soon began to write verses in his own simple Scotch dialect, into which he breathed all the enthusiasm of his young and impassioned soul. He gives an amusing account of the first development of his genius, and from what source he acquired the rudiments of his education. In a letter to the poet Moore he thus describes it:

“I owed much to an old woman (Jenny Wilson) who resided in the family, remarkable for her credulity and superstition. She had a large collection of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraps, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poesy; but had so strong an effect upon my imagination, that, to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a look-out on suspicious places.”

This will, doubtless, account for so much of the supernatural in his productions in after-life. During his labor in the fields, and when driving his cart from place to place, he generally had a collection of songs

about him—the simple ballads of the country—for he either could not appreciate more refined and elevated literature, or it was beyond his reach. Poetry, though of a rude kind, seemed to constitute his intellectual nutriment, and his mind grew and expanded by it, until he became a poet himself. His soul was naturally strung to music; and his genius struggled like an imprisoned bird for freedom and utterance. Added to nature's own inspirations, his mother was in the habit of reciting songs in his presence, and sometimes she would sing them, until the young poet's imagination would be kindled, and his soul swell with rapture, and he would long to be a poet, to write and sing his own songs, and give expression to the wild enthusiasm of his own warm heart.

Burns had other sources of inspiration, even at an early age. Female charms exercised a bewitching influence over him. He says, in his letter already referred to: "You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labors of harvest. In my sixteenth autumn my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself; she was, in truth, a bonnie, sweet lass, and, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-house prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys. How she caught the contagion I can not tell; I never expressly said I loved her; indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evenings from our labors; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Eolian harp, and particularly why my pulse

beat such a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Among other love-inspiring qualities, she sang sweetly, and it was her favorite reel to which I attempted to give an embodied vehicle in rhyme: thus with me began love and verse." Thus his intercourse with, and his love for, the fairer portion of creation, was at once the power which awakened his precocious genius, and the tempter that lured him into danger. You will remember that Burns was now but sixteen.

So Burns grew up a farmer, but interweaving with his toils episodes of love and song—poetry and revelry—with an occasional brief attendance at school. A part of one summer he spent at Kirkeswald, "learning mensuration and land-surveying, where he mingled in scenes of sociality with smugglers, and enjoyed the pleasures of a silent walk under the moon, with the young and beautiful." In the year 1781, when about twenty-two years of age, he went to Irvine, to learn the business of flax-dressing with a distant relative. He was now removed from under the eye and restraint of his pious father, and he gave free scope to his love of jollity and pleasure. During the day he would labor diligently to acquire a knowledge of the business he had selected for his vocation, but "at night he associated with the gay and the thoughtless, with whom he learned to empty his glass, and indulge in free discourse on topics forbidden at Lochlea." His social nature and jovial disposition were too strong for his sense of propriety. He could not endure restraint, and he was rapidly forming those habits which became the bane of his life, ruined his constitution, and ulti-

mately, at the age of thirty-seven, hastened him to a premature grave.

Judging from the tenor of a letter still extant, he was, at times, deeply conscious of his errors, and endeavored to conceal them from his father; at the same time he had not sufficient moral courage to abjure the society he was so fond of, or restrain his passions within proper bounds. His condition, at this time, is well expressed in the following lines:

“ I know the right, and I approve it, too;
I see the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.”

Yet it would seem he was trying to form resolutions of amendment, and struggling against the tide that he foresaw was bearing him on to ruin.

He was now in the twenty-second year of his age, and it was time he should settle down into the sober duties of manhood. He had been some time engaged in the business of flax-dressing, but, on the following New Year, they must needs welcome the season by a carousal in the establishment, which resulted in the shop taking fire, and the morning found him, as he jocularly expressed it, “like a true poet—not worth a sixpence.” Either just previous to his removal from Lochlea, or soon after the catastrophe which sent him back penniless to his father’s house, he was made a Freemason in St. James’s Lodge, at Torbolton. It was, unfortunately, too much the practice, in those days, for the members of Lodges to spend a season, after the Lodge was closed, in feasting, drinking, and revelry. From early times, the Craft, in all countries, have observed the natal days of their patron saints by a feast; and gradually the

practice came to be abused by being more frequently introduced, until it succeeded almost every meeting of the Lodge. As they mostly met at taverns, drinking followed eating, and festivities were kept up until a very late hour. Thus habits were sometimes formed which proved ruinous in after-life—growing, by degrees, upon the thoughtless victim, until humanity wept over the ruin which these pernicious practices had induced. It is much to be feared that this custom aided in undermining the moral constitution of the young poet, and of confirming him in those habits of festivity which unfitted him for that systematic and persevering devotion to duty which his position in life required. His brilliant mind flashed out prematurely under these excitements, and then faded into darkness ere it had reached its noon-tide glory.

The disaster we have just alluded to was soon after followed by one much more severe: his father died. Robert, being the eldest son, was now regarded as the head of the family, and to him they looked for direction under these trying circumstances. His proceeding is thus described by Allan Cunningham:

“He gathered together the little that law and misfortune had spared, and took the farm of Mossgiel, near Mauchline, containing one hundred and eighteen acres, at a rent of ninety pounds a year. His mother and sisters took the domestic superintendence of home, barn, and byre, and he associated his brother Gilbert with him in the labors of the land. The poet was young, willing, and vigorous, and excelled in plowing, sowing, reaping, mowing, and thrashing. He was careful and frugal; purchased books on farming, and

took advice from the old and knowing. But he was not to become a mighty agriculturist. The dreams of Burns were of the muses, and not of rising markets; of golden locks, rather than of yellow corn."

His appearance and mode of living at this time, when his genius began to attract attraction, is described by his own countryman, already quoted, most graphically. "His clothes, coarse and homely, were made from home-grown wool, shorn off his own sheep's backs, carded and spun at his own fireside, woven by the village weaver, and dyed in the village vat. They were shaped and sewed by the district tailor, and as the wool was coarse, so, also, was the workmanship. The linen which he wore was home-grown, home-hackled, home-spun, home-woven, and home-bleached, and was of course strong yarn, to suit the wear and tear of barn and field. His shoes were armed, sole and heel, with heavy, broad-headed nails, to endure the clod and the road. His head was covered with a broad blue bonnet, with a stopple on its flat crown, known in all lands by the name of scone bonnets. His plaid was a handsome red-and-white check—for pride in poets, he said, was no sin—prepared with more than common care by the hands of his mother and sister. His dwelling was in keeping with his dress: a low, thatched house, with a kitchen, a bed-room, and a closet, with floors of kneaded clay, and ceilings of moorland turf; a few books on a shelf; a few hams drying above-head in the smoke, which was in no haste to get out at the roof, a wooden settle, some oak chairs, chaff beds well covered with blankets, with a fire of peat and wood burning on the middle of the floor. His food consisted

chiefly of oatmeal porridge and potatoes and milk." And yet this was the man who, in less than ten years after, was the idol, as well of the peasantry as of the aristocracy, of Scotland—whom her poets and philosophers, her learned professors and high-born nobles were anxious to honor and reverence.

Burns began writing verses at sixteen years of age; but they were *mere rhymes*, with little of poetry or elevated sentiment about them. They were mostly the utterances of his heart, inspired by the beauty and attractions of his youthful associates of the fairer sex. As his mind matured, his verses improved, and before he had reached the age of manhood he had written poetry of which the most gifted of Scotland's sons would have been proud to acknowledge the authorship.

He is described, at this period, as "tall, young, good-looking, with dark, bright eyes, and words and wit at will." In one of the "Centenary Poems," written to commemorate him, in 1857, there is an apostrophe to Burns, which describes him fully in a single line:

"You great, strong man, with woman's soul, and heart of a little
child!"

This brief description gives us a better idea of the young and gifted poet, his rare attractions, and the consequent dangers that beset his way, than a volume of labored delineation. His path was a blooming one, but thorns grew all along it, and death lurked in many a rosy bower! What a misfortune that he had not been better educated, both in head and heart; that some more of the stern, moral virtues, so peculiar to

his countrymen, had not mingled in the elements of his character! Then might his moral influence have been as effective for good as his meteor-like thoughts were dazzling and attractive; then might the glory which still clings to the memory of his genius have been as *pure* as it is *bright*. We must condemn his follies, while we weep over the circumstances by which he was entangled in their mazes.

There were times when Burns struggled hard for a higher position. He was very industrious, attentive to his farm, procured and read useful books, and seemed resolved to fit himself for a different position in life. Fortune, too, for awhile smiled on him, and his flocks and harvests, by a favoring Providence and propitious seasons, yielded him encouraging returns for his care and toil. In the summer of 1784, his health failed, which seriously alarmed him for awhile, for he began to look upon a speedy dissolution as very probable. The religious element in his character, which he had imbibed from the instructions of his excellent father, was now fully awakened, and Burns gave signs of sincere repentance and thorough reformation. It was at this time, and with such feelings, that he wrote some stanzas, one of which we quote as indicating the feelings of his heart:

“O, thou great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to thee!
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controlling power assist even me
Those headlong, furious passions to confine;
For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
To rule their torrent in the allowed line;
O, aid me with thy help, Omnipotence Divine!”

This lasted as long as he was sick; but with recovered health his social spirit returned upon him with increased power, and led him a captive into other excesses. I have already referred to his masonic affiliation, and expressed a fear that, in consequence of the prevailing habits of the times, this connection was not favorable to his moral improvement. The history of his masonic relations is thus described:

“The St. James’s Torbolton Lodge, No. 178, was constituted by a charter from Kilwinning, in 1771. A number of members left the St. James’s in 1773, and formed themselves into the St. David’s Lodge. A union of the two again took place on the 25th of June, 1781, and it was agreed that the one Lodge then constituted should bear the name of St. David’s—probably a compliment or concession designed to please the schismatic body. Burns was admitted an apprentice in this Torbolton Lodge, styled St. David’s, on the 4th of July, and passed and raised on the 1st of October, 1781. A new disruption took place in June, 1782, and the separating body then reconstituted St. James’s Lodge. Burns was of this party, and thenceforward his name is found only in the books of the distinct St. James’s Lodge. It would, therefore, appear that, though entered in what was nominally the St. David’s Lodge, he does not properly belong to the detached Lodge now bearing that name, but to the Lodge distinctly called St. James’s, which he has immortalized in verse.”

The presiding officer at Burns’s initiation was Alexander Wood, a tailor residing at Torbolton. It will be remembered that Burns removed from Lochlea early in 1784, or late in 1783. On the 27th of July, 1784, his

name appears on the minutes of the Lodge as "Depute Master," (an office peculiar to the Scotch Lodges in the last century,) and in that capacity his name appears on the minutes for two or three of the succeeding years. Mossgiel, where he resided at this time, was four miles from the place where the Lodge met, yet he seems to have been a regular attendant: the *social* spirit prevailing among the Craft doubtless being sufficient to attract the poet to their place of resort, and its enjoyment a full compensation for eight miles of travel after the labors of the day! Burns's amusing poem on "Death and Dr. Hornbook" had its origin in one of these meetings. The latter personage was a Mr. John Wilson, who was also a member of the Lodge at Torbolton. He was the schoolmaster of the parish, and kept a small shop of groceries in the village. Having fallen in with some medical books, he conceived a strong passion for the study of that science. This led him to add medicines to his stock in trade, and, to make them sell more readily, he advertised that he would give "advice in common disorders gratis." He was a man of infinite self-conceit, and not overburdened with knowledge or prudence, which made his company by no means agreeable. It was in the fall of 1785, at a meeting of the Lodge, that Burns and Wilson had a dispute about some matter, "in which the poor dominie brought forward his therapeutics somewhat offensively." On his way home that night Burns composed his famous poem on "Death and Dr. Hornbook," in which poor Wilson is most unmercifully satirized. He represents a meeting between himself and Death, and details a long conversation between them, in which "Dr. Horn-

book," *alias* John Wilson, is described as interposing between the grim monster and his victims with

“—— some new, uncommon weapons—
 Urinus Spiritus of Capons;
 Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
 Distilled *per se*;
 Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings,
 And mony mae.”

But the stern tyrant declares that Dr. Hornbook had been a much better friend to the sexton than *he* had been:

“Where I killed ane a fair strae death,
 By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
 This night I'm frae to tak my aith,
 That Hornbook's skill
 Has clad a score i' their last claith'
 By drap and pill.”

Burns represents himself as sitting very composedly alongside his grim majesty, and listening to his details of Dr. Hornbook's achievements in medical practice, until

“The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell,
 Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
 Which raised us baith;
 I took the way that pleased mysel',
 And sae did Death.”

✓ We shall not attempt to trace the gradual development of Burns's mind as he proceeded from stage to stage in revealing that genius which has made his name immortal. Up to his twenty-sixth year he had hardly thought of writing for the public eye. His *business* was farming; unwearied toil his lot; and he thought

of poetry only as amusement, or to give expression to his likes and dislikes.

About this period, however, a change came over the spirit of Burns. His mind seemed to expand and grapple with larger ideas; his genius blazed out with a brilliancy which astonished his friends; and there seemed to be a power about him which was felt and acknowledged by the learned and intelligent.

The harvest of 1785 was a sad failure, and the poet, with his young brother, Gilbert, began to have serious doubts about their success in life at the business they were then engaged in. Robert, too, began to be conscious of his power as a poet; and the dark cloud that rested on his worldly prospects may have turned his attention to a more careful estimate of his mental powers, and probably induced efforts to which, until now, he had been a stranger. About this time he wrote "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and repeated it to a friend during a walk on a Sunday afternoon. His friend declared he "was electrified" by it, and that two or three of the stanzas, especially, "thrilled with ecstasy through his soul." This, probably, increased the poet's appreciation of his own budding gifts, and suggested the possibility of poetry being the means of mending his fortunes; for the drudgery of a plowman's life, the poverty of soil, high rents, and ungenial seasons gave little promise of future ease, or of a competency in declining years.

He was offered, about this time, a situation as clerk on a gentleman's estate in the island of Jamaica, and he determined to accept it. He therefore gave up his interest in the farm to his brother, and began preparations for his voyage to the West Indies. In the mean

time, however, his pen was active, and poem after poem was written, as though the Castalian fount had developed new resources—fresh, sparkling, and inexhaustible. He astonished his friends; he astonished himself, and soon became conscious of his own wondrous power—that at last the superincumbent rubbish had been removed, and he could now work the discovered mine with honor, at least, and, possibly, with profit.

Before leaving Scotland he determined to publish a volume of his poems. He had obtained subscriptions for three hundred and fifty copies, but he ventured on an edition of six hundred. The little venture was successful, and, after deducting all expenses, he realized a profit of about one hundred dollars. This would pay his way to the West Indies, and he took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail. His chest was already on the way to the vessel; he had bidden farewell to the members of his Lodge, by writing that immortal song beginning with—

“Adieu—a heart-warm, fond adieu,”

and had uttered the last “good-by” to friends, when a letter from one of the first literary men in Edinburg overthrew all his schemes, by opening new prospects to his poetic ambition at home. By chance, a copy of his little volume of poems had fallen into the hands of Dr. Blacklock, who was so impressed with the wondrous talents of the author, that he immediately wrote him to come to Edinburg and prosecute his literary labors: and to Edinburg he went.

A brighter day seemed now dawning upon the strug-

gling poet; the dark clouds that had so long rested upon his path were passing away, and the future, sunny and bright as a Persian's dream of heaven, opened before him. Unfortunate Burns! With plenty of good resolutions, and an innate longing after the pure and the beautiful, he *desired* to tread in the path of honor and goodness; but the very blandness and geniality of his disposition was the tempter whose persuasions he could not resist. How the heart of Philanthropy throbs for him, just here; and how gladly would Compassion snatch him away from the thousand snares in his path! But we must go back a little, if we would have a fair exhibit of the man, and see how well he proved that "to subdue the passions and act upon the square" is the only path of honor and safety.

It has already been intimated that the heart of the gifted poet was easily affected by the charms of gentle woman; indeed, most of the errors of his life had their source in the impressibility of his nature. He loved—

"Not wisely, but too well,"

and the consequences embittered his days, planted thorns in his pillow, and came near sending him to the distant Indies, to become food for the fevers, or the victim of vain regrets.

About the beginning of 1785 he saw—and loved—Jean Armor, the daughter of a strict, stern, Calvinistic farmer, in the vicinity of Mossgiel. She was sweet eighteen, with brilliant eyes, handsome in person, and a tongue of purest melody. His affection was ardently reciprocated, and the lovers were sincere in their attachment; but *her* father belonged to that party in the

Church against which Burns had written some severe satirical verses, and he sternly declined to give his consent to their union; and so incensed was he at the idea of his daughter's marriage with one who was a Freemason, and was considered profane in speech, and otherwise not blameless in morals, that he compelled her to renounce her lover. This was a severe blow to Burns, and came near upsetting his reason, for he loved her with all the ardor of his passionate nature.

The consequences of this estrangement from one whom he loved so tenderly were sad, indeed; and his condition was such as to excite for him the deepest sympathy. He gave up his interest in the farm, as we have already stated, and roamed about the country, in a gloomy and desponding state of mind. He offered every thing in his power—he was willing to leave his Jean, go to the West Indies, to better, if possible, his condition, and, that accomplished, to come back and claim his bride. But the father was inexorable, and Jean, at last, was half-willing to renounce her affianced altogether. This drove him almost to the verge of insanity, and he resolved at once to fly to the Indies.

But he was destitute of means, and how to pay his passage was a question which loomed up like a mountain-barrier in his way. He did not then dream that in the old stand-drawer at Mossgiel there were songs and manuscripts of his own composition, which, if once put in print, would not only bring him means to pay his way to a distant land, but hand his name down to immortality, as one of the first poets of Scotland. A judicious friend, of whom he asked counsel in his extremity, advised him to revise and publish his poems.

It was a new thought to Burns, and he caught at it at once. The scattered manuscripts were gathered up; the old stand-drawer was compelled to yield its treasures; the songs were revised; a few others were added, and, in a little time, the volume appeared. Its reception is thus described by a Scottish author:

“Had a summer sun risen on a winter morning, it could not have surprised the Lowlands of Scotland more than this volume surprised and delighted the people, one and all. The milkmaid sung his songs; the plowman repeated his poems; the old quoted both; and even the devout rejoiced that idle verse had, at last, mixed a tone of morality with its mirth. ‘Keep it out of the way of your children,’ said a Cameronian divine, ‘lest ye find them, as I found mine—*reading it on the Sabbath!*’ The poems were mostly on topics with which they were familiar; the language was that of the fireside, raised above the vulgarities of common life by a purifying spirit of expression and the exalting fervor of its inspiration. And then there was such a brilliant and graceful mixture of the elegant and the homely, the lofty and the low, the familiar and the elevated; such a rapid succession of scenes which moved to tenderness or tears—to subdued mirth or open laughter; unlooked-for allusions to Scripture, or touches of sarcasm or scandal; of superstitions to scare, and of humor to delight; while through the whole was diffused, as the scent of flowers through summer air, a moral meaning, a sentimental beauty, which sweetened and sanctified all.”

But we must turn, just here, to another episode in the life of Burns. Renounced by Jean Armor, to whom

he was so devoted, and spurned by her father on account of his poverty, and as the author of "Holy Willie," etc., he obeyed the impulse of his nature, which yearned for affection, and turned to another. Mary Campbell was a "Highland lassie"—"a sweet, sprightly, blue-eyed creature, of a firm modesty and self-respect." He had probably met her before, as she was living near by, and was attracted by her gentle loveliness. Rejected by the Armors, his affection turned to his "Highland Mary" with all the force of a mountain torrent. They met again, and exchanged their pledges of affection and constancy. Mary was on the eve of returning to her friends in the Highlands, and it is most probable that a union was agreed upon, to take place at a future day. The lovers had a farewell meeting in a retired spot near the banks of the Ayr. "Their adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions. The lovers stood on each side of a small, purling brook; they laved their hands in the limpid stream, and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They exchanged Bibles as mutual pledges, she giving him a small, plain one, while he presented her with an elegant copy in two volumes." The latter I have seen. On the fly-leaf of the first volume is inscribed, in Burns's handwriting: "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely—I am the Lord." On the other: "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oath." On another leaf his name is inscribed, together with his *Mason-mark*. The lovers parted: *it was their last interview on earth!* She returned to her family, and died sud-

denly, in the following October, at Greenock, as she was returning to the Lowlands to meet her engagement.

It was long after Burns was married, and on the recurrence of the anniversary of the death of his Highland love, that he wrote that remarkable address, "To Mary in Heaven." He had been thoughtful and dejected all day. In the evening he went out and lay down by the side of one of his own corn-ricks, where, in the chill midnight air, with his eyes fixed on a "bright, particular star," his wife found him, and with difficulty persuaded him to return to the house. But the address to Mary was already composed, and he had only to reduce it to writing. I can only quote a part of it:

"That sacred hour can I forget—
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love!
 Eternity can not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace—
 Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

"Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,"
 O'erhung with wild-woods thick'ning green;
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene;
 The flowers sprang wanton to be press'd,
 The birds sang love on every spray,
 Till too, too soon the glowing west
 Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

"Still o'er those scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but the impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hearest thou the groans that rend his breast?"

Mary lies buried in the yard of an ancient church, in Greenock, in a now thickly-populated part of the town. Some years since the Freemasons of that place erected a very beautiful monument above her grave, and on the front of it is inscribed the last stanza of the above.

Time wore on; the poems were in press, and Burns was only anxious that the book should bring him enough to take him from the country, for the Indies seemed to be his only refuge from despair. In the mean time he was winding up his affairs, bidding farewell to friends, and gradually preparing to sever himself from all he held dear in Scotland. His masonic ties were the last to be severed—to his masonic friends the last adieu was to be given; for his heart clung to the Craft with the fondness of a child to its departing mother! It was, probably, at the June Festival, 1785, that he gave his memorable

FAREWELL TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE.

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

"Oft have I met your social band,
 And spent the cheerful, festive night;
 Oft, honored with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the Sons of Light:

And by that hieroglyphic bright,
 Which none but Craftsmen ever saw,
 Strong memory on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa.

“ May Freedom, Harmony, and Love
 Unite you in the grand design,
 Beneath the Omniscient Eye above—
 The glorious Architect Divine!
 That you may keep th’ unerring line,
 Still rising by the plummet’s law,
 Till Order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my prayer when far awa.

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

It was while Burns was watching his poems through the press, and making his preliminary arrangements to leave Scotland, that he attended a meeting of the Kil-marnock Lodge, at which place his book was being printed. His mind was pressed with care, anxiety, and vexation, but when surrounded by his brethren of the Order he seemed to throw off his burdens and was himself again. On the occasion alluded to, he produced the following address to the members of the Lodge:

“ Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie
 To follow the noble vocation;
 Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
 To sit in that honored station.
 I’ve little to say, but only to pray,
 As praying’s the ton of your fashion;
 A prayer from the muse you well may excuse,
 ’Tis seldom her favorite passion.

“Ye powers who preside o’er the wind and the tide,
Who marked each element’s border;
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
Whose sovereign statute is Order:
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
Or withered envy ne’er enter;
May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the center.”

The last four lines of the above stanzas are singularly appropriate, and most touchingly beautiful. None but Burns could have uttered such poetry, blended with such a felicity of sentiment.

I can not forbear to note another incident in the poet’s life, which occurred during the summer of 1785, and soon after his poems made their appearance in print. It reveals the heart of Burns in a better light, and forms a bright, sunny spot in the dark pilgrimage of that eventful summer.

A few miles from Mossgiel lived the Rev. George Lawrie, minister of the parish of Loudon. He was a superior man, had a warm heart, a cultivated mind, and knew how to appreciate the talents, while he wept for the follies of the wayward Burns. He was delighted with the poems of the rustic bard, and took measures to have them brought to the notice of leading literary men in Edinburg. Soon after, Burns paid a visit to the minister at his own house, where he was received with great cordiality, and remained all night. Mr. Lawrie had an amiable wife and most interesting family of children. They spent a very pleasant evening, when Burns retired to his chamber. He was late coming down next morning, and the son was sent to call him to breakfast. He met the bard on the stairs, and

asked how he had slept. "Not well," replied Burns, "the fact is, I have been praying half the night. If you go up to my room you will find my prayers on the table." He went, and found, in several stanzas, a prayer for the family—father, mother, brother, sisters—written in most fervent language, and breathing the very spirit of earnest invocation. As a specimen, I give the closing stanza, all I have room to give, referring to the entire family:

"When, soon or late, they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wanderer lost—
A family in heaven!"

We have rarely seen any thing so exquisitely beautiful as these lines. It would seem that the prayer was breathed from the heart of love itself, and must—*must* be answered.

But the poems were out, and in cottage, manse, and hall were read with unmixed admiration. The heart of Scotland gave back an answering throb to the deep emotions that breathed in his numbers. The entire edition was sold off in a few weeks, and the poet had now means to take him to the Indies. Scotland was a land of shadows to him: Jean had cast him off; his Highland Mary was in her grave; and poverty and misfortune were crowding close at his heels. He engaged his passage, sent forward his chest, and wrote his last song, when a letter from Edinburg arrested his progress, and changed his destiny for life.

This letter was to the poor poet like the shout of "land!" from the mast-head to the bewildered and storm-beaten mariner. But how was he to reach that

Mecca of his hopes, unless on foot? He finally borrowed a *pony* from a friend, and started. It was a two-days ride; and midway, in a quiet valley, lived a well-to-do Scotch farmer, who was a great admirer of Burns. The poet sent him word that he would pass the night with him on his way, and the old farmer arranged with his neighbors that he would give a signal to call them together, should the poet come to spend the evening with him. About sunset he arrived. A white sheet, attached to a pitchfork, was immediately planted on the top of a corn-stack, which was seen from every house in the parish, and soon the sturdy yeomen gathered to the central point of attraction. There was a merry meeting that night at the house of Mr. Prentice, and Burns won all hearts by the charms of his conversation. This Mr. Prentice was a fine specimen of the Scots in the olden days; a man of great physical strength, strictly religious, and of much native good sense. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" had won his heart to the author, and no man dare utter a disrespectful word of Burns in his presence. Some person, one day, was quoting from an *apology* for Burns, which had been written, when the old man became greatly excited. "What!" said he, "do *they* apologize for *him*? One-half of his good, and all his bad, divided among a score of them, would make them all better men!"

He soon found himself in Edinburg—a stranger, and almost penniless. He wandered about the city for some days, gazing at the many things which met his eye, new and attractive to one just from the rural districts. He inquired for the grave of Ferguson, the poet; and, when he found it, kneeled down and kissed the sod

which covered his remains. He searched for the house where Allan Ramsay had resided, and on entering it, reverently uncovered his head in token of respect for his memory.

In the lonely condition of Burns in the great capital of Scotland, Masonry kindly came to his aid. A Mr. Dalrymple, a friend of the poet's in Ayrshire, and a prominent Mason, had given him a letter to a relative in the city, by whom he obtained an introduction to the Earl of Glencairn and other distinguished gentlemen of the metropolis. He arrived in Edinburg on the 28th of November, 1786, and on the 7th of December he attended the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge, where he was introduced to the Hon. Henry Erskine, the Past Master of the Lodge, and through him he soon became acquainted with a circle of the first minds in Edinburg. Such results are some of the benefits of Masonry, when judiciously and properly used. The stranger among strangers, if faithful to his Order, feels its gentle and powerful influence in his behalf—opening a door to friends and friendship when both are needed.

The volume of Burns's poems fell into the hands of Dr. Mackenzie, by whom it was most ably and favorably reviewed in a leading literary journal, and such an indorsement from one whose influence was felt in society was most opportune. It paved the way to the hearts and the hearth-stones of the best society in Edinburg, and Burns was at once sought after as a prodigy in genius, and welcomed to the most select circles.

A publisher agreed to issue a new edition of his poems, and Burns carefully revised them, at the same time

adding many new ones. Nor did he neglect his masonic privileges, but, whenever he could, conveniently, he attended a Lodge, where he was always welcomed with the liveliest satisfaction. On one occasion he attended the Grand Lodge, where his native modesty was severely tried. At a festive supper, after the Lodge was closed, the Grand Master gave as a toast—"Caledonia, and Caledonia's Bard—Bro. Burns!" which rang through the assembly with repeated acclamations, to the great confusion of the rustic poet.

During the winter he was elected Poet-Laureate to the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge; and at a meeting, at which were present many of the most distinguished men of Edinburg, he was crowned with all due form and ceremony.

The new edition of his poems was issued in the spring of 1787, and he realized from its sale a net profit of about five hundred pounds. During the summer he, in company with a young masonic friend by the name of Ainslie, made a tour through different portions of Scotland. They visited Berrywell, where they tarried some days with Mr. Ainslie's parents, and an incident occurred which shows Burns's skill in availing himself of passing circumstances. He went to church with the family on Sunday, and the minister selected a text which contained a severe denunciation against the wicked. During the sermon, Burns observed Miss Ainslie turning over the leaves of her Bible in search for the text, when he took out a slip of paper, and, with his pencil, wrote the following lines and handed her.

“Fair maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue;
’T was *guilty sinners* that he meant—
Not *angels*, such as you!”

During this tour he was made a Royal Arch Mason in the St. Abb’s Lodge at Weymouth. We say “Lodge,” because all the degrees were then conferred under a Lodge charter, Chapters not having yet been separately organized. The entry in the records, on the occasion alluded to, is a little curious, and highly complimentary to Burns. It reads:

“At a General Encampment held this day, the following brethren were made Royal Arch Masons, namely: Robert Burns, from the Lodge of St. James, Torbolton, Ayrshire, and Robert Ainslie, from the Lodge of St. Luke, Edinburg. Robert Ainslie paid one guinea admission dues; but, on account of Robert Burns’s remarkable poetical genius, the Encampment unanimously agreed to admit him gratis, and considered themselves honored by having a man of such shining abilities for one of their companions.” So much for his “poetical genius;” it saved him a guinea, and won him a compliment.

Notwithstanding Burns’s fondness for mirth and revelry, and the unfortunate habits he had contracted, his conscience was alive to the responsibilities of the future. During a severe attack of illness, while on this tour, he writes to a friend: “I am taken extremely ill. Embittering remorse scares my fancy at the gloomy forebodings of death. I am determined to live for the future in such a manner as not to be scared at the approach of Death. I am sure I could meet him with

indifference, but for the 'something beyond the grave!' Aye, with *all*, it's the 'something beyond the grave!'"

Burns returned to his mother's, in Mossgiel, where he was warmly welcomed. He left home an obscure rustic bard; he came back with a laurel-wreath upon his brow, placed there by the first men and women of Scotland. He left home poor; he returned in easy circumstances. The stern old father of Jean laid aside his bitterness and greeted him; the sight of *her* revived all his former feelings, and they were soon as intimate as ever. In the following spring he married his early love, rented a farm in Ellisland, on the banks of the Nith, and settled down to hard work again as a farmer. He and his wife both labored industriously. Jean superintended the household affairs, while the poet plowed, reaped, made fence, tended flocks, and—every now and then wrote poetry. He could not forget this work of his heart; and whenever he was elated or depressed in mind, he would give expression to his feelings in song. Burns's poetry all came from the heart, and that is the mystery of its influence over the hearts of his readers.

Burns had a most feeling and compassionate nature, and it was manifested even for the brute and inanimate creation. His lamentation over a beautiful flower, prematurely destroyed, goes direct to the heart; and who can read, without emotion, his lines to a little mouse, whose nest he had destroyed by the plow; or his poem on a wounded hare, which had been wantonly injured by a cruel sportsman! He never engaged in field-sports, and but once in his life was known to use the fishing-rod.

As early as 1789 the disease began to be developed

which finally hurried him to the tomb at the very noon of life. When suffering from these attacks, his thoughts would revert to the grave and the world beyond it; he would become sincerely penitent, and at times express a confidence in relation to the future. In a letter to a friend, about this time, he speaks of being "weary of one world, and anxious about another." In the same letter he refers to the future with anticipations of meeting "an aged parent, now at rest from the many buffetings of an evil world, against which he so long and so bravely struggled;" and, also, "a friend, the disinterested friend, of my early life. There should I, with speechless rapture, again recognize my lost, my ever-dear Mary, whose bosom was fraught with truth, honor, constancy, and love."

He continued his labors to provide a competence for those dependent on him, but did not neglect his wonderful gift of poetry, and, during the year 1790, some of his finest effusions were produced. But these efforts of mind and body were gradually wearing away his life, while yet his voyage was but half-accomplished. He was conscious of it; and a friend, who spent several days with him, says: "Every now and then he spoke of the grave as soon about to close over him. His dark eye had, at first, a character of sternness; but, as he became warmed—though this did not entirely melt away—it was mingled with changes of extreme softness."

It would require a volume still to conclude the story of the poet's life; so we must pass over much that is interesting, and much, too, that is calculated to throw a tinge of melancholy around the fate of one so gifted. His latter days—though he died at the noon of life—

were clouded and sorrowful, for misfortunes thickened around him, and ruinous habits grew upon him, and body and mind alike suffered in the wreck which all had foreseen must, sooner or later, come. Poor Burns! with a mind sparkling like concentrated rays of light, and with a heart glowing with affection and moved by every generous and noble impulse, yet he was compelled to grapple with poverty and toil through a brief existence, and then go down to the grave when he should have been in the meridian of his strength.

In three years of farming Burns lost three hundred pounds of the money he had made by poetry, and he determined to give up the plow forever. He therefore relinquished his lease, sold off his stock, and, in 1791, removed his family to Dumfries, where he had been appointed to a place under government, with the pitiful salary of seventy pounds a year! But his removal to Dumfries was unfortunate for him. Desponding in mind, he was ready to resort to dissipation to relieve himself from the incubus that pressed upon him. Added to this, he was now more in the way of those convivial spirits who desired nothing better than "a night with Burns;" and they lured him to the taverns and private parties, from his quiet home, where he gave way to the tempter, and lost, to some extent, his self-respect. How humanity weeps over that great genius, by imprudence ruining himself, his family, and his fame! Thus he went down-hill with a constantly accelerating speed, until the physical man became a wreck, and the star that had risen in such unwonted splendor passed, at noonday, behind a cloud.

Still he labored and wrote—and wrote sometimes as

he never had before. The flame which burned within *would* flash up occasionally with a brilliancy it had never equaled in his happier years. An old love affair had existed between the poet and a lady in Edinburg, which had grown up during his first visit to that city, and, like all his loves, was romantic and reckless. After his marriage with Jean, he ceased to correspond with the Edinburg lady, and he had not heard from her for some years. In the winter of 1791-2, she sailed for the West Indies; but, previous to her departure, she wrote Burns a farewell letter, in which she says to him: "Seek God's favor, keep his commandments, be solicitous to prepare for a happy eternity. There, I trust, we will meet in never-ending bliss." This letter kindled the flame anew, and elicited a reply from Burns, which, for poetic excellence, is among the finest productions of his pen. I have only room to give two stanzas:

"Ae fond kiss, and then we sever—
Ae fareweel, and then forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

"Had we never loved sae kindly—
Had we never loved sae blindly!
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!"

Sir Walter Scott pronounced this poem worth a thousand romances; and Mrs. Jameson not only reaffirms Scott's opinion of the lines, but declares that they are, "in themselves, a complete romance." "They are," she adds, "the Alpha and Omega of feeling, and contain the essence of an existence of pain and pleasure distilled into one burning drop."

Another of Burns's beautiful poems was written during these days of sorrow, as though the lamp were burning the brighter because of the dark clouds which gathered around it. It is an address to the river Afton, in which the cherished name of Mary is again introduced. A single stanza will show its character :

“Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes—
Flow gently; I'll sing thee a song in thy praise :
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream !”

It was about the same time, also, that he wrote the inimitable war-song beginning—

“Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled !”

He was traveling with a friend through Galloway, on a pleasure excursion, or, rather, in search of health, when they were overtaken by a storm. The sweeping winds, the lightning, and the thunder, furnished the inspiration, it was said, which produced the imaginary address of Bruce to his army previous to the battle of Bannockburn.

But we can not minutely follow the gifted poet through the few remaining years of his brief but checkered life. He continued in his office, and made out to realize from it sufficient to provide for his family the necessaries of life, but very few of its luxuries. By his growing habits of dissipation, he broke down his health, and hastened his progress to the grave, while he became low-spirited and querulous. His wife was one of the best of women—a patient, kind, forbearing creature, who bore all for her children and

for Burns, to whom she clung as the trusting heart of woman *can* cling to its early and only love.

By reference to the records of the Lodge at Dumfries, it is found that Burns was quite regular in his attendance, after his removal to that town, down to within a few months of his death, when his health entirely forbade his going out at night. He seems to have retained his love for Masonry to the last; and, although not in any official position as formerly, still he felt a deep interest in the prosperity of the Order. His attendance at the Lodge is noted, for the last time, on the 14th of April, 1796.

In May, 1796, Burns wrote his last poem, and it was one of his sweetest and tenderest songs. He called one morning on a lady, a particular friend of his wife's, and for whom he entertained a very warm personal regard. His health, at this time, was very feeble. The lady was fond of music, and the poet told her if she would play an air of which she was particularly fond, he would write her a song for it. She went to the piano and played her favorite air. As soon as the poet became accustomed to the melody, he sat down and wrote the following song, in the Scotch dialect, as though addressed to herself:

“O! wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'!

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
 The desert were a paradise
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there ;
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
 The brightest jewel in my crown
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen !”

These verses were worthy of his better days; but the flame was dying upon the altar. The celebrated Mendelssohn, after Burns's death, set the song to music, and love, poetry, and music have become immortal together. The lady for whom the song was written was a Miss Lewars, sister of a Mr. Lewars, who was one of Burns's most intimate friends. She was a most estimable and accomplished young lady, and a particular favorite of both the poet and his excellent wife. Mr. Chambers, in his life of Burns, alluding to the foregoing incident, adds :

“The anecdote is a trivial one in itself; but we feel that the circumstances—the deadly illness of the poet, the beneficent worth of Miss Lewars, and the reasons for his grateful desire of obliging her—give it a value. It is curious, and something more, to connect it with the subsequent musical fate of the song; for many years after, when Burns had become a star in memory's galaxy, and Jessy Lewars was spending her quiet years of widowhood, over her book or her knitting, in a little parlor in Maxwelltown, the verses attracted the regard of Felix Mendelssohn, who seems to have divined the peculiar feeling beyond all common love which Burns breathed through them. By that admirable artist—so like our great bard in a too early

death—they were married to an air of exquisite pathos, ‘such as the meeting soul may pierce.’ Burns, Jessy Lewars, Felix Mendelssohn — genius, goodness, and tragic melancholy, all combined in one solemn and profoundly affecting association!”

Burns gradually grew worse, until, on the 21st of July, 1796, he calmly passed away from earth, and the harp which had so long filled the land with its sweet and touching melodies ceased its vibrations forever.

The remains of the poet were followed to the grave by a very large procession, composed of the citizens of Dumfries and the surrounding country, together with a military escort, the “Gentlemen Volunteers of Dumfries,” of which Burns was a member, and other volunteer regiments. The scene was imposing and solemn: the military with reversed arms; the band playing the Dead March in Saul; the deep emotions that pervaded all hearts, regretful of the fate of one so gifted and so loved! The body was laid away in the north-east corner of St. Michael’s Church-yard, and three volleys were fired over his grave by the military.

Dr. Currie, who is, probably, the best authority on the subject, has left us the following description of the poet’s personal appearance and manners:

“Burns was nearly five feet ten inches in height, and of a form that indicated agility as well as strength. His well-raised forehead, shaded with black, curling hair, indicated extensive capacity. His eyes were large, dark, and full of ardor and intelligence. His face was well-formed, and his countenance uncommonly interesting and expressive. His mode of dressing, which was often slovenly, and a certain fullness and

bend in his shoulders, disguised, in some degree, the natural symmetry and elegance of his form. The external appearance of Burns was most strikingly indicative of the character of his mind. On a first view, his physiognomy had a certain air of coarseness, mingled, however, with an expression of deep penetration and of calm thoughtfulness, approaching to melancholy. There appeared, in his first manner and address, perfect ease and self-possession, but a stern and almost supercilious elevation, not, indeed, incompatible with openness and affability, which, however, bespoke a mind conscious of superior talents. Strangers that supposed themselves approaching an Ayrshire peasant who could make rhymes, and to whom their notice was an honor, found themselves speedily overawed by the presence of a man who bore himself with dignity, and who possessed a singular power of correcting forwardness, and of repelling intrusion. . . . His dark and haughty countenance easily relaxed into a look of good-will, of pity, or of tenderness; and, as the various emotions succeeded each other in his mind, assumed, with equal ease, the expression of the broadest humor, of the most extravagant mirth, of the deepest melancholy, or of the most sublime emotion. The tones of his voice happily corresponded with the expression of his features and with the feelings of his mind. When to these endowments are added a rapid and distinct apprehension, a most powerful understanding, and a happy command of language—of strength as well as brilliancy of expression—we shall be able to account for the extraordinary attractions of his conversation—for the sorcery which, in his social parties, he seemed to exert on all around

him. In the company of women, this sorcery was more especially apparent. Their presence charmed the fiend of melancholy in his bosom, and awoke his happiest feelings; it excited the powers of his fancy, as well as the tenderness of his heart—and, by restraining the vehemence and exuberance of his language, at times gave to his manners the impression of taste, and even of elegance, which in the company of men they seldom possessed. . . . No languor could be felt in the society of a man who passed at pleasure from grave to gay, from the ludicrous to the pathetic, from the simple to the sublime; who wielded all his faculties with equal strength and ease, and never failed to impress the offspring of his fancy with the stamp of his understanding.”

The grave of Burns remained unmarked by any monument for many years; but his Jean, whose love was true and unfaltering while she lived, at length, out of her own scanty means, placed a plain stone upon it to mark the spot, and bearing merely his name and age, and those of his two sons interred by his side. At length, some of those who had known and admired Burns inaugurated measures by which public attention was awakened to the subject, and a subscription was started to erect a suitable monument to his memory. The means were soon raised; the designs for a handsome structure matured; the remains were removed from the spot where they were first deposited to a more eligible location in the same graveyard, and, in the fall of 1815, the monument was completed.

Burns now sleeps beneath a beautiful monument, and around him lie the dead of many generations. The

monument is an octagon of pillars, surmounted by a dome; three sides, between the pillars, are inclosed by heavy plate-glass. In the back part is a statue of the poet, of life-size, and of pure white marble. One hand is grasping the handle of a plow (also of marble) which is imbedded in a furrow; with the other he holds his cap, or "scone bonnet," as though he had just taken it from his head. Above him is the genius of Scotland, in the act of throwing her mantle over him, as though for shelter and protection.

It is *the* monument of the graveyard. All around sleep the wealthy and the high-born for five or six hundred years past; but *his* monument is the most noted and the soonest marked by the inquiring stranger. It is not a structure built by wealthy and aristocratic heirs, to mark the resting-place of one who had accumulated a fortune for them, and then died unloved, save by his own, and unhonored, save by the marble which his wealth could purchase. It was built by voluntary contributions from an admiring public, over the grave of one of the sons of toil, born to no fortune and heir to no renown. His death was in poverty almost as abject as his birth, but his genius had won him a place in the affections of his countrymen, and carved his name among the most honored in the land. From the humble clay biggin to the ducal palace, his name was familiar as a household word, and his songs were chanted by lord and rustic with an enthusiasm never witnessed before. To mark their appreciation of their poet, the poor man brought his penny and the opulent of his abundance, until, on the banks of the Doon and the Nith, as well as on a lofty hill in the

proud old city of Edinburg, overlooking the palace and the graves of Scotland's ancient monarchs, there are monuments to Scotland's sweetest poet. And everywhere in the three kingdoms, in palace and parlor and hall, in old cathedral and splendid library, in park and cottage and university—*everywhere* you see the portrait and statue and bust of the plowman-poet. Such is the homage which genius has won from old dynasties and proud aristocracies. The whole British nation, from the throne to the peer, and from the peer to the peasant, is this day doing homage to the name and the memory of the immortal Bard of Ayrshire.

But we must bid farewell to the gifted poet, and, in parting, must lament that such rare gifts of poetry, such tender and exquisite sensibilities of soul, and such uncommon natural talents had not been refined by a better culture and consecrated to the higher interests of man. Yet we learn some valuable lessons in reviewing his history. Human nature—however fallen from its original purity; whatever clouds may obscure its intellect; however absorbed in money-getting or office-seeking—will *still* do homage to genius, though the possessor of it may be left for the time being to starve, or dig, or beg. Whether he trudge through life in humble poverty, or move in the saloons of wealth and fashion, the man of true genius will leave his mark upon the world, though it may not be fully revealed to the public gaze until the man himself is beyond the world's censure or its praise. He will write his name somewhere—either among the stars or the flowers, on the rocks of the earth or the hearts of his fellows. Genius may be cramped and fettered, but still it will

scar and shine; and, frequently, the more obstacles in its path, by position and circumstances, the greater will be its achievements when it has risen above them. You may bar the door and fetter the limb, but you can not imprison the mind, nor put shackles upon thought; you might as easily chain the earthquake or fetter the lightning. The more dense the gloom which envelops the mind struggling to assert its birthright, the more intense and startling will be the light of its track when it shall have broken away from its bondage, and soared to mid-heaven in its daring flight. The glories of the mind, as well as the virtues of the heart, are more highly estimated when the form that enshrouded them has moldered into dust; and those who turned away in scorn from a star of the first magnitude, when its milder glories illuminated only the cottage and the home circle, are first to offer their oblations when it has passed beyond the earth's orbit, and taken its place among the constellations.

Robert Burns was born in obscurity and reared in penury; he was left to grope his own way through a brief but erratic existence, and shroud a mind, at noon-day, that might have outshone the greatest lights of his day and nation. But the very men who neglected to foster and direct his mighty energies while living, were the first to build his monument and weep over his tomb when dead. When the meteoric flash had gone out in darkness, men worshiped its memory who would not even turn to gaze on it when in the zenith of its brightness!

But the fame of Burns has been growing brighter with each passing year since his death. The world will con-

tinue to love his memory and do homage to his genius until true poetry ceases to be admired, and true genius fails to command a worshiper. In parting from him, we feel like using the words of his brother poet—

“O, Robert Burns! the man—the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone forever?
And hast thou crossed that unknown river—
 Life’s dreary bound?
Like thee where shall we find another
 The world around?”

“Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
In a’ the tinsel trash o’ state;
But by thy honest turf I’ll wait,
 Thou man of worth,
And weep the sweetest poet’s fate
 That lived on earth!”

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