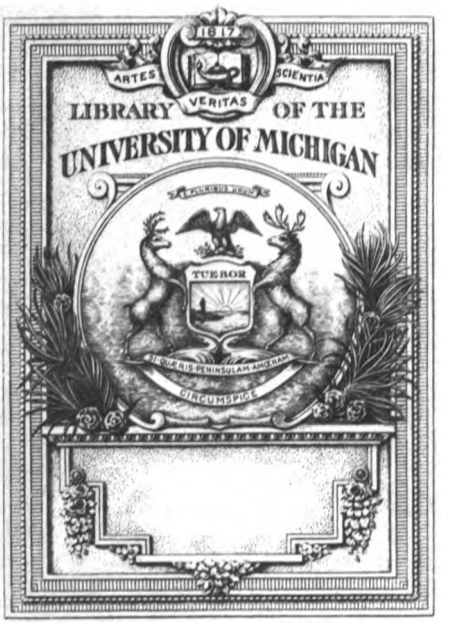
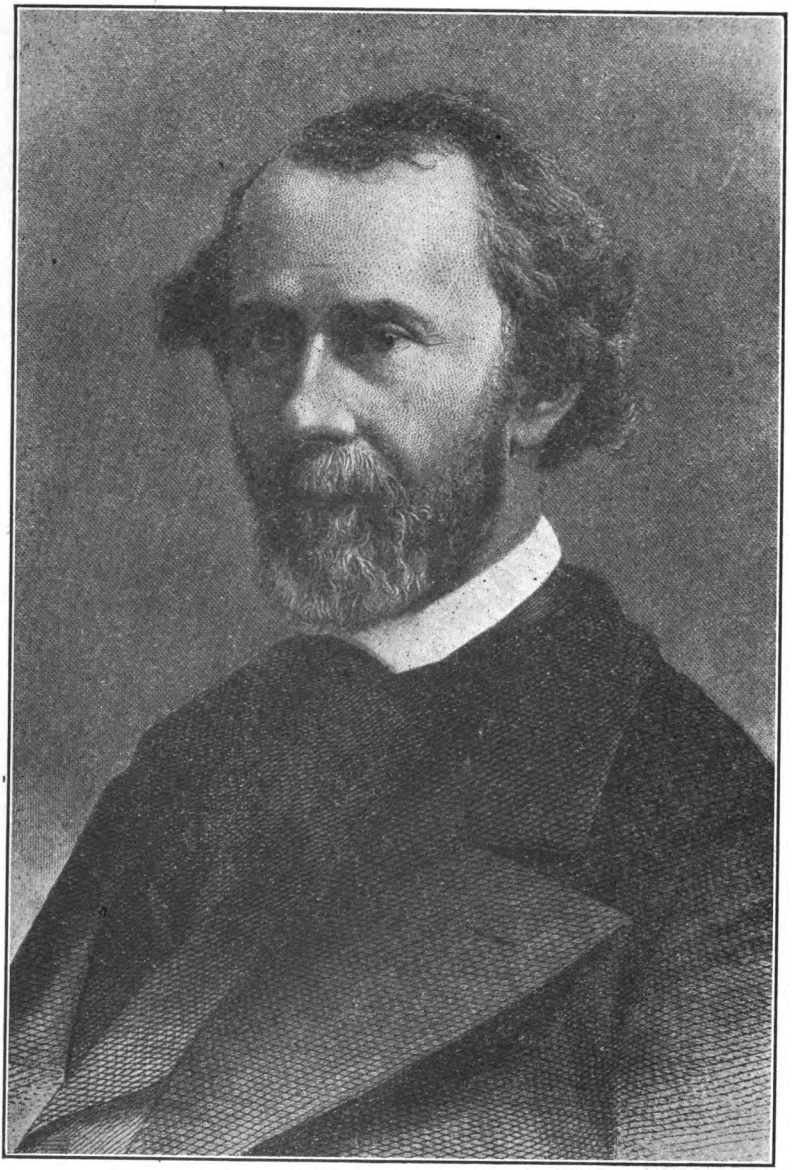
PIONEERING IN MASONRY

LUCIEN V. RULE



To John Wilson Townsend
who has done so much for the
appreciation and preservation of
Kentucky tradition and literature,
with the highest regards of the author.

Lucian V. Rule
Louisville, Ky.
Feb. 8, 1945



ROB MORRIS
(At the Age of 54)

PIONEERING IN MASONRY

The Life and Times

of

ROB MORRIS

Masonic Poet Laureate

Together with

The Story of Clara Barton

and

The Eastern Star

by

LUCIEN V. RULE

Published for the Author by
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Louisville, Kentucky

DEDICATION

To My Wife and Little Daughter

IDA LEE

Bridal Song

Sweetheart, this is our bridal day—
The sunny, showery Sixth of June!
Love holds the melody of May
For hearts with his in perfect tune.

The apple blossoms, Sweet, had bloomed
When we two pledged our tender troth:
The Road of Life before us loomed
With hope and promise for us both:

The Road of Life that led to Love
Beneath this sheltering "Apple Bower,"
Where robins build and sing above,
And home is near when sorrows lower.

An humble home it is, My Sweet,
With no pretense of wealth or pride;
Where seasons mild and stormy meet,
And good and ill the days divide.

The morrow of our bridal day
Was father—mother's bridal, too:
Life's twilight settles o'er their way—
But Love-stars brighten all the blue.

So till the sunset comes, My Own,
May Love still guide and hold our hand.
Dark Death will then have friendly grown
And lead us to Love's Mother Land!

MARY LILY

Cradle Song

Little stranger in the manger
Of our lowly hearts and home,
Straight from heaven with the leaven
Of delight thou sure didst come!

Little flower with the power
To invest all motherhood
With the honor of Madonna,
Bless the Giver of all Good!

Little fairy, Rosebud Mary
With a Lily on thy breast,
Song or sadness, grief or gladness,
Angels guard thy gentle rest!

FOREWORD

This Life of Rob Morris, Masonic Poet Laureate, Was Gathered From Three Great Sources By the Author:

I. The Rob Morris Library and the rare personal papers in possession of his life-long friend, Rev. Henry R. Coleman, still living at the age of 88 years. Much of this material has already appeared in the Masonic Home Journal. Editor W. H. McDonald published the first article when he came to the Home Journal and has carefully read and approved every chapter that has appeared. He has constantly advised on the preparation of the whole work.

II. The Archives and Priceless Historic Records of the Masonic Library of Kentucky, opened to the author by the late Grand Secretary, Dave Jackson, who, with the author, located the Lost Autobiography of Dr. Morris. Brother Jackson gave us such assistance in this work that the book itself is almost his memorial, too.

III. The Records and Traditions of the Grand Lodge of Indiana, and the rare and beautiful biography of Dr. Morris, published in 1878 by his gifted friend and fellow-laborer, Rev. Thos. R. Austin, Grand Master of Indiana in 1861.

The Lost Masonic Autobiography of Dr. Morris, which we discovered, and upon which a large portion of this book is based, was found to be so vitally interwoven with the Conservator Movement inaugurated by Dr. Morris in 1860, that it became necessary to rewrite the events and incidents and facts contained in this priceless document. Otherwise it would have been unintelligible to the general reader. Furthermore, we found other equally priceless documents from the pen of Dr. Morris and have been compelled on that account to condense our material so as to do justice to every part and period of his great life. We have already run beyond the limits intended at the outset of this work; and we are preparing another volume to be published probably in 1923, called "The Home-Land of Rob Morris." This other book will contain much that it was not possible to include in the present biography.

The Story of Clara Barton and the Eastern Star gives to the world for the first time the inspiring experience of this greatest of American women as the daughter of a Royal Arch Mason, a Civil War heroine, creator of the American Red Cross, and the noblest incarnation of the ideals for which the Order of the Eastern Star stands. We are indebted to many sources and individuals, in the preparation of this great work, that are not mentioned here; but we are no less grateful; and we offer the results of our labors and researches to the Craft with the earnest hope and prayer that the Life of Rob Morris and the Story of Clara Barton, supreme Pioneers in Brotherhood and Service, may become more widely known and loved with each succeeding generation.

L. V. R.

"Apple Bower," Goshen, Kentucky, June 6th, 1922.

The Life and Times of Rob Morris

CHAPTER I.

THE CROSS, THE ROSE AND THE STAR

* * * *

Robert Morris, Masonic Poet Laureate

Great-hearted minstrel of the Cross and Rose,
Beloved Laureate of our glorious Craft,
Let Memory's cup in honor of thee quaffed
Bring Friendship's Heavenly gift to former foes.
Knight-errant thou, who dealt the bravest blows,
And like a dauntless Israel prophet stood
For that high faith and trust in Womanhood,
Which now to comradeship and freedom grows!
Toil's gracious Boaz at the gate of Truth
Still waits to wed Love's gentle gleaner, Ruth;
And lo, the Star of Childhood's birth and home
In Bethlehem and lowly Galilee
Still beams for Brotherhood in yonder dome
And heals the heart of all Humanity!

* * * * * *

The Stranger Within the Gates

A FEW years ago a bright young lawyer from the LaGrange, Kentucky, Masonic lodge was in a western city a total stranger. Feeling rather lonely and homesick, and being informed of a certain lodge in session that same evening, he went round and registered. When the work of the evening was over the Worshipful Master said he understood there was a visiting brother from Kentucky in the hall and would be pleased to have a word from him.

The young Kentuckian arose much embarrassed and completely at a loss what to say even among brother Masons who were strangers to him. Glancing around the hall for some familiar symbol or suggestion of Masonic thought his eye fell upon a picture of Rob Morris. Instantly the strings of his utterance were unloosed as by inspiration. A thousand tender memories and associations connected with the name and home lodge of the great Masonic Laureate came flooding to mind and the young lawyer captured the hearts of all.

There were present in the hall men who had known Rob Morris personally. Others were lovers of his poems and life work, and the handshake that went round after the meeting was such as we hope will welcome you here today. And I would that you might carry hence with you from this sacred spot the same vision and devotion that these Masonic brothers and Eastern Star sisters imparted to me two years ago when I was called to be a minister of human brotherhood behind the bars.

On the walls of the Chaplain's study at the Indiana Reformatory hangs a picture of Hoffman's Christ, with the kindly eyes of compassion for all the weakness and wrong-doing of human nature. On the same wall hangs another picture painted by one of the inmates representing the passing of the ball and chain and the brutal zebra stripes from the victims of involuntary servitude. I only wish you could study with me the work of that great institution done on Masonic and Christian lines. You would then understand how deeply the spirit and mission of our order has permeated the social fabric of the age and made it more fraternal.

Two Stars of Womanhood

If you will look to the East these golden autumn mornings, when day is drawing nigh, you will see the beautiful star of dawn, while in the dark blue West another brilliant star is sinking slowly below the horizon. These two stars seem to me symbolic of two noble types of American womanhood contemporary with Rob Morris in the Eastern Star movement and order. The one was Clara Barton, greatest of American women, born in New England like Rob Morris, and wearing the emblem of our sister order upon her breast as a Red Cross heroine throughout the Civil War. The other was Mrs. Martha Eubank, the first Matron of the Masonic Widows and Orphans' Home in Louisville, who was for fifty years a Mother in Israel to hundreds of boys and girls cast on the world with no one to care for them. In the name of the Child of Bethlehem these little ones were gathered into the fold and she died a martyr's death for their sake. Some day the Masonic records and traditions and characters, which we have so long cherished in Oldham county, will be given to the world as the true story of "Rob Morris and His Friends."

Early Life of Rob Morris.

Rob Morris, the great American apostle and poet of Freemasonry, was born August 31, 1818, near Boston, Mass. Both his parents were teachers, and, like so many New Englanders at that time, he became an itinerant pedagogue for some years in his native section of the country, then traveled by stage, steamboat and horseback to the faraway Sunny South, where he found employment as principal of the Mt. Sylvan Academy, Oxford, Miss.

There he fell in love with and married a sweet Southern girl, who became the mother of his children. He was scarcely twenty-three years old at this happy epoch of his life, but domestic love soon broadened into the love of humankind. At the age of twenty-seven he became a Mason and immediately awakened to the wonderful old-new world of fraternity.

Rob Morris was already an earnest Christian and a devout member of the Presbyterian Church, but he made another great discovery; he found a new experience of the spirit. "I found," said he, "that the effect of Masonry, properly appreciated, was to render men lovely to their fellows, pleasing to their God. In my poems I said as much, and said it in the most forcible, the most tuneful words at my command. I have visited more than one lodge where learning, religion, the useful and liberal arts, law, polished manners, all that marks and embellishes the best society, and man as a constituent in the best society, is found; and of such I endeavored to be the reporter, that by their life I might aid in vitalizing other lodges."

These words constitute the key to his heart and life work. His development and progress in the great subject of Freemasonry was rapid and inspiring, and it was not many years until he stood at the forefront of the Craft in this country. He was a worker and writer of noble vision and devotion. His training as a teacher made him simple, patient and sympathetic with the crude and unlettered beginners in the Craft. He was the most zealous and distinguished Circuit Rider of Freemasonry in the South and West, traveling hundreds and thousands of miles on horseback visiting lodges before the days of railway convenience.

"At that period," says his biographer, "American lodges were at a low ebb of information. The ceremonials were often wretchedly burlesqued by ignorant pretenders, and Rob Morris came among them as a reformer. Instead of an unmeaning tragedy the Craft acquired a sublime symbol, and if the neophyte had a soul at all able to appreciate a grand thought, he received a permanent impression.

"On the Sabbath days Dr. Morris addressed communities wherever he might be, in their churches and schoolhouses, upon 'Freemasonry as Identified with Bible Truth.' Once at least in every village he invited a union of the ladies with their husbands, fathers and brothers in the lodge room, and to the united assembly gave his beautiful system entitled 'The Eastern Star.'"

Religion and Fraternity

Religion and fraternity went hand in hand with Rob Morris. "He visited sick brethren, if there were any, at their homes and imparted comfort," says his biographer. "He inquired for destitute brethren and tendered them aid. He looked up the graves of departed Masons and suggested better care of them. He set the Secretary to make a list of the widows and orphans of the Craft, that if any were needy they might not be overlooked by the brotherhood in the future."

It goes without saying that such an evangelist of brotherly love brought peace, unity and purity in church and lodge wherever he worked or went. He was the embodiment of a great fraternal vision and advance in his time and generation. And, indeed, the spontaneous origin and growth of organized fraternity is one of the most inspiring facts in human history. Every movement for human freedom and social betterment has sooner or later assumed a fraternal form.

Religion and fraternity were one in the early Christian movement, and every religious reformation and social revolution since that time has widened the borders of freedom and bound the heart of man more closely to his brother.

In spite of superstition and fanaticism; in spite of ignorance and greed; in spite of hatred and prejudice; in spite of cruel warfare and needless bloodshed on the battlefields of nations and industry, faith and sacrifice, freedom and fraternity have lifted the Red Cross of love and mercy above the dead and dying, and emerging from their martyrdom, have rebuilded the altar of brotherhood.

Woman and Fraternity

The recognition and acknowledgment of woman's original right and work in the world of fraternity and social service is a comparatively recent fact in modern times—a matter of fifty years or more in our own history.

The State of Indiana has the honor of first strongly encouraging, if not originating, the Order of the Eastern Star, the Rebekah Sisterhood and the Pythian Sisters as well. Rob Morris, the American promoter of the Eastern Star Order, did his best work in Indiana. An Eastern Star historian thus describes his mission and message:

"When Bro. Robert Morris, of LaGrange, Kentucky, visited St. John's Lodge No. 20, Free and Accepted Masons, of Columbus, Indiana, en route to the Holy Land in 1866, he found that St. John's Lodge had never conferred the degree of that beautiful historical lesson taught in the Holy Bible on their mothers, wives, daughters, sisters or widows. He at once proceeded to convince them that they were neglecting an important duty which they owed to their families, in case of death or danger.

"Bro. M. O. Cooper, then Master of St. John's Lodge, and other members consulted Bro. Morris and decided to confer the degree of the Eastern Star, by which ladies are adopted into the Masonic communion, the forms, ceremonies and lectures enabling them to give evidence of their claims in a manner that no stranger to the Masonic family can do.

"When Bro. Morris was here, and the lodge was called to order, Bro. M. O. Cooper, the Master, and others presented their wives for initiation. The class was a large one. The ceremonies were beautifully impressive, made solemn by the heroic characters of Bible times. No one knows how much sacred history there is contained in Masonry until he has taken the degree and witnessed the lessons upon which the work is founded. Bro. Morris was very earnest in giving the degrees and his lecture was of the highest standard."

Youth and Fraternity

The latest and greatest sign of the times is the appearance of youth and fraternity bearing the Social Crusader banner of human uplift. Youth is presumed to be exclusive, secretive and selfish in its associations, but youth is also generous, fraternal and democratic in its instincts. Boys and girls everywhere

go in gangs and groups, as any scout leader can tell you; but the social mission of this great movement has been to teach them the larger lesson of mutualism and service.

"Frats" and secret societies at the high school age are forbidden by law on the ground that the free social group is a dangerous privilege to the undeveloped

CLARA BARTON

and undisciplined boy or girl. It is also claimed that the rites of secret initiation at that age invariably tend to rowdyism and abuse in juvenile hands.

Yet in no age of history have there been so many groups and so many forms of fraternity among the rising generation. State and national institutions have always responded with generous sympathy and helpfulness to our social experi-

ments with the young people of Edward Eggleston's old circuit in Southern Indiana. Just as the Scout movement has solved the problem of social discipline and the training of boys and girls in social service, so the numerous fraternal organizations growing out of the Scout movement, as its young folks demand maturer social ideals, will accomplish a revolution of good in community life. Rob Morris had this vision clear and full of the future of youth.

"The Scout movement broke up cliques and gangs among us in high school," said a young Girl Scout in Crothersville, Indiana, recently. Another Scout of the same troop, laying aside her outgrown uniform, after three joyful years together, exclaimed: "I've had the time of my life in that old suit!"

You will not be surprised then when we tell you that these young folks refused to disband and scatter abroad, and that only the finishing touch was needed to make them fraternal forever. We have had wonderful results with our Scout work in Southern Indiana, and it is because we have worked with this great end in view from the very beginning of our association together, just as Rob Morris would have worked were he alive today.

We have gone a step farther in putting our boys and girls together in team work. The Social Crusader manuals and rituals embody the modern ideals of social service in story, song and dramatic degree work. These experiments, made as director of the social service and country life work of the Presbyterian Church in Southern Indiana and Kentucky, have succeeded so far beyond our best hopes when the work began that the publication of a new edition of the manuals and rituals, with a fuller account of the work, has become imperative. This is the present fruitage of Rob Morris' fraternal work a generation ago in Indiana.

Religion and fraternity, the church and the lodge, worked together nobly in the little towns where we were pastor and Scout leader for some years past; and we resolved in the glad centennial year of the Old Hoosier State to make the summer memorable by religious and social celebrations with all the fraternal orders in historic succession, and, if possible, make these occasions a permanent feature of community life. Our young people pass into the church and lodge doubly experienced and trained to appreciate the lofty ideals to which they vow allegiance; and life is far safer and happier with the strong arm of religion to lean upon and the powerful hand of fraternity to guide and defend, whatever comes. Mrs. Sarah C. Findley, one of the same noble women who received the Eastern Star degree at the hand of Rob Morris himself, was a leader in this memorable centennial work in Jackson County, Indiana.

The Cross and the Rose

In my bedroom at the Brownstown, Indiana, hotel there hung a beautiful print of a cross and rose. Its meaning impressed me more and more. One day our Scout Master surprised me by producing a large chart drawing of a cross and a rose entwined.

"This," said he, "is a parable of young life leaning upon Calvary's love and sacrifice. We must teach and train the rising generation aright if we would prevent their falling away in the dust or being trampled in the mire of the world about them. The rose is very beautiful and fragrant, but young life must learn the lesson of suffering and sacrifice sooner or later."

Thus we talked to our young people. Then we read the "Legend of the Rose" in French literature and pondered anew the story of the Eastern Star and its glorious heroines. The life work of Rob Morris led us on, and the result was the little poetic drama with the above title, which has done more to cement and unify the fraternal life of our young people than anything in their experience. They gave it at the little Presbyterian Church in Crothersville, Indiana, after the evening service one Sunday in March, 1913. It has since reached and inspired hundreds. It is a poetic pageant of the Eastern Star.

There are so many beautiful and touching incidents associated with the emblem and the work. It would take a book to tell them all. After much experience and consultation with leading Masons and Eastern Star members associated with us we decided upon a Crusader Cross, a white, unfolding rose, and

a golden star, combined in one beautiful emblem. This design was worked out by the Whitehead & Hoag Company, Newark, New Jersey.

This is our memorial tribute in Indiana to Robert Morris. It was at the summit of his Masonic fame, when he was the crowned Laureate of the Craft throughout the world, that I met him one golden summer day on a characteristic mission of mercy and comfort. It was in my earliest boyhood. There had been a sudden and terrible storm a day or two before, which had blown down the limb of a forest tree upon a physician of our county passing through the woodland on his way to see the sick. Death was instantaneous. He was a Mason fallen on the field of duty and service. Who knows the hailing sign and call of distress he may have given in his last hours? Only the great God heard!

But Robert Morris and others bore him tenderly to his burial and consoled the grief-stricken widow and fatherless children. It was a notable example of fraternity. That day after the funeral, the great and gentle Masonic Laureate dined at our home as the honored guest. He was an elder in the little Presbyterian Church at LaGrange, Kentucky, where my father was pastor. We became friends at once. He found his way instantly to the heart of childhood and youth. He told me about his trip to the Holy Land and sang for us with much feeling his famous song, "Galilee." I showed him my little curioes and historic treasures, and when he went home he sent me a beautiful little red box with choicest mementos from Mt. Lebanon, the River Jordan and other sacred spots in the Holy Land. He himself passed over the River of Death a few years after, but the memory of that hour with him will remain with me forever.

Rob Morris, the Friend

As Freemasons we recall the wonderful and beautiful traditions of Rob Morris as a peacemaker and lover of men. Morris moved about his home town like a heavenly character. He was more like Christ than any man in the history of the community. Every man, woman, child and dog loved him. Whole troupes of children followed him about. He went into all the churches alike and made talks on fraternity or sang his tender songs. He was a Presbyterian and a man of deep religious nature, but he was also broad and brotherly in all his relations with men. He believed profoundly in God and country. He was loyal to the Union in the Civil War. He was too humane not to be against slavery. One time the call to arms reached LaGrange and Morris went forth as a Colonel of the Militia or Home Guard, so tradition says. They were at Newcastle. The cannon was planted and the enemy were approaching. But Morris stepped up to the cannon and said:

"Boys, don't fire. We don't want to kill these men. They are our own flesh and blood."

With that his military career ended. Like the great evangelist Moody, he could not shoot down his brothers on the other side. He loved human and animal life with a marvelous tenderness. He had a big fine dog, which was with him all the time except when away. In his master's last sickness the dog watched the train constantly. He missed his master sadly and one day they let him see Dr. Morris lying in bed. The dog seemed much grieved, and when his master was dead the poor animal crawled under the house and died of a broken heart.

CHAPTER II.

THE MORRIS FAMILY IN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY

* * * *

(The recent purchase and restoration of the home of Rob Morris in LaGrange, Ky., will establish for all time to come the memory and tradition of the great poet-laureate of Freemasonry. This happy realization is comparable to the purchase and preservation of "The Old Kentucky Home" at Bardstown, Ky., with which the tender folk-songs of Stephen Collins Foster are forever identified.

Rob Morris was the ideal of my early childhood; and the first great purpose of my Masonic studies has been to search out and restore the lost history of his memorable work and service as a Freemason and the founder of the Eastern Star I have had access to rare and treasured sources of Masonic history within the past year; and I now desire to resume the publication of these once familiar, but now forgotten chapters in the life of Rob Morris. It was our hope to finish this labor of love in the centennial year of Clara Barton, "The Christmas Lady," and the greatest Eastern Star hereoine outside of Holy Writ. Was it not significant that her life and work so closely paralleled that of Rob Morris? This parallel will be perfected in our biographic chapters).

* * * *

THERE were two Rob Morrises in American history—one the great financier and patriot of the American Revolution, and the other the great poet laureate of American Freemasonry. Family history says they sprang from the same original parent stock in Old England, which is undoubtedly true. But Rob Morris, the financier, and his father came by way of the South as English emigrants to Maryland in the long years before the American Revolution, while the ancestors of Rob Morris, Masonic poet-laureate, were sturdy Puritan toilers and handicraftsmen who came over in the Mayflower and planted a large and flourishing family tree in the rocky soil of New England. There were a number of Roberts in these generations.

The ideals of the two Rob Morrises were so entirely different that they hardly seem related by name, blood or birth. But the circumstances of their lives were so typically American in two succeeding centuries that a brief parallel cannot but be interesting. The one was primarily and pre-eminently a speculator and money-maker, the other was first and foremost a man-maker, the apostle and poet of human brotherhood, who was never entirely free from the pinch and handicap of poverty, and who lived his life and sang his songs from the palace gate to the humble cabin door, saying, "One is your Father and all ye are brethren."

Rob Morris, the financier, came to America and landed in Maryland about 1747 as a boy of thirteen, whither his father had preceeded him. His immediate ancestors were sailors and mechanics, and we find on several coats of arms of the Morris family branches in Old England the frequent figure of a lion and scaling ladder and also a cross. Thus they were a courageous and determined type of folk with plenty of primitive fighting stock in them. But increasing intellectuality and culture, commingled with the softening and refining influences of the Christian religion, elevated their vision and ennobled their dream until the nineteenth century Morris family in England and America could produce poetic types like Rob Morris, the Masonic laureate, and William Morris, the great English poet of labor and brotherhood.

So we find that these last two have much more in common than the financier and the Freemason. The biographer of William Morris tells us that "on the Morris side he came of Welsh ancestry, a fact accounting perhaps for the mingled gloom and romance of his temperament. His father was a discount broker in opulent circumstances and his mother was descended from a family of

prosperous merchants and landed proprietors. On the maternal side a strong talent for music existed, but in the Morris family no more artistic quality can be traced than a devotion to general excellence, to which William Morris certainly fell heir."

It is true that the Morrises were a practical and thorough people in manual and mechanical skill and that the foundation of artistic and fraternal instinct in Rob and William Morris was laid in a long ancestral line of old-fashioned craftsmen. The two poets were also close akin in their dreams and social ideals. Of William Morris it is said that he was "a man of one pre-occupation amounting to an obsession, the reconstruction of social and industrial life according to an ideal based upon the more poetic aspects of the middle ages. From first to last the early English world, the English world of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, was the world to which he belonged. 'Born out of due time,' in truth, he began almost from his birth to accumulate associations with the time to which he should have been native and whose far-off splendor lured him constantly back to it."

The dream of William Morris was fundamentally Masonic, for his biographer tells us that in one of his earliest boyhood romances "he imagines himself the master mason of a church built more than six centuries before and which has vanished from the face of the earth with nothing to indicate its existence save earth-covered ruins 'heaving the yellow corn in glorious waves.' His description of the carvings on the base reliefs of the west front and on the tombs shows with what loving intensity he has studied the most minute details of the work of the ancient builders in whose footsteps he would have rejoiced much to tread."

The biographer significantly adds: "How far his family sympathized with his tastes it is impossible to say, but probably not deeply. We have few hints of the personal side of his home life. We know that a visit to Canterbury Cathedral with his father was among the indelible experiences of his first decade, and that he possessed among his toys a little suit of armor in which he rode about the park after the manner of a Froissart Knight. And that is about all we do know until we hear of the strong disapproval of his mother and one of his sisters for the career that finally diverted his interest from the church, for which they had designed him."

In a moneyed man of Rob Morris's home town we found a surprising comprehension of the poet-dreamer of human brotherhood. "He was too fine for ordinary people in the place to appreciate," said the financier. "If you are hunting real things about Rob Morris, you will have to go to the few living friends that were closest to him and understood what he was. He was a woman's type of man, a gentleman, too great for common folks to take in."

Then too, there is a well-authenticated story that one day a lady of fine musical appreciation happened to drop into a home where Rob Morris was composing and practicing one of his beautiful songs of brotherhood. She heard him playing softly with exquisite touch the tones to which he was wedding his thought and sentiment.

"Who is that playing so wonderfully?" she asked in a hushed whisper.

"Oh, that's Mr. Morris, just fooling away his time as usual," answered the practical Martha-like hostess of the household in cynical contempt of all idealists and dreamers.

Perhaps if Rob Morris had been blessed with the means to realize his dreams as was William Morris, he might have made a more "substantial impression" upon his contemporaries. But even so, he was the most generous of men with what he had, and, like William Morris, he became a master-poet of human fraternity who will long outlive his sordid-minded detractors. It is the world-old contradiction between the money-makers and the man-makers.

CHAPTER III.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF ROB MORRIS

* * * *

IT is now nearly two years since we made our first visit to Reverend Henry R. Coleman in earnest quest of material for the life of Rob Morris. About the first book Brother Coleman loaned us was the famous Rob Morris book on William Morgan (written in LaGrange) from which we drew the story of the Morgan affair as Rob Morris knew it after a life time of tireless research. This book cleared Freemasonry for all time of the foul aspersion of being the murderer of William Morgan, though thousands of ignorant and uninformed people still believe that stale old political lie. Nevertheless, if we would rightly estimate the value of the service Rob Morris rendered our beloved order in clearing its good name of such a hellish accusation, let us note carefully a syndicated newspaper clipping by Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, dated October 1, 1912, on "The Anti-Masons" from which we will quote just a few paragraphs:

"The disappearing of one William Morgan from Batavia, N. Y., eighty-six years ago, September 26, 1826, resulted in the making of a page of history that is the strangest in our country's story.

"Morgan was born in Culpepper county, Virginia; served under Andrew Jackson at New Orleans, afterwards moved to Canada, and finally settled at Batavia, N. Y.

"In 1826 shortly after the report had been circulated that he was about to expose the secrets of Freemasonry, he suddenly disappeared and was never seen again. It was charged that he was kidnapped and murdered by the Masons and the excitement was immense. A body found near Fort Niagara was for some time thought to be Morgan's; but upon investigation it proved to be that of another man; but still the search continued and still the excitement grew.

"Throughout the North, but especially in New York, there was hot indignation against the Masons, which instead of cooling down as the days and months passed, became steadily more and more intense, resulting at last in the formation of the Anti-Masonic party, to which belongs the unique distinction of being the one party in American political history not based on some theory of constitutional construction or on some governmental policy. Thurlow Weed, the creator of the party, recognizing the political value of the Anti-Masonic excitement, said of the body found near Fort Niagara that it was 'a good enough Morgan until after the election,' and forthwith proceeded to make good use of it.

The agitation spread to neighboring States, and the Anti-Masons made an attempt to organize along national lines in opposition to Andrew Jackson.

"But the party did not immediately die. It controlled Pennsylvania for three years, but was strong in Ohio and Massachusetts, but after 1835 it disappeared as rapidly as it had arisen. Its leaders, Thurlow Weed and William H. Seward, took to other pastures and the Anti-Masons took their place along with the antediluvians and were soon forgotten.

"Of course the whole thing was nothing but a mean, dirty trick on the part of the politicians. The office seeking scamps were well aware of the fact that the Masonic Fraternity had nothing to do with the disappearance of Morgan; but, as Weed intimated, the excitement was a good vote-getter, and that was all they cared to know about it.

"To say the least, the Anti-Masonic tempest was a very doubtful compliment to the intelligence of the American people of that time."

Where Was Rob Morris Born?

The next important matter in the life of Rob Morris that we took up with Brother Coleman was regarding the parentage and birthplace of Dr. Morris. We felt sure that no living man could inform us more accurately about this than

Brother Coleman, and we were not mistaken. He informed us that Rob Morris once let pass in print a statement that he was born in New York City. But Doctor Morris' only living sister wrote Brother Coleman a letter after her brother's death saying he was born at Taunton, Bristol County, Massachusetts, during a visit of the parents there with relatives in August 1818. Further correspondence on this subject followed and Brother Coleman, who has been very ill for a year past, has found the letters from the sister of Doctor Morris except the first one about his birth in Massachusetts. Says Brother Coleman:

"In going over some old bundles of memoranda in a trunk among the many things I did not know I had, I picked up the enclosed, which may incite or may not incite some thought as you are writing up Dr. Morris. The first letter I received from Mrs. Wilson (the sister of Dr. Morris) was the one in which she said the Doctor was born in Taunton. You see what she says in these (I have not found the first). It is possible he was born there when his parents were visiting relatives in Taunton."

At all events these letters are priceless and show the high culture and refinement of Dr. Morris' family. They belong to that sacred period right after the death of Dr. Morris in 1888 when his bosom friend Reverend Coleman, was setting his earthly affairs in order and discharging those last solemn obligations committed to his hands. The first communication follows:

"118 Main St., Taunton, Mass.,
"Sept. 1, 1888.

"The Rev. H. R. Coleman.

"Dear Sir: My brother Robert was born in the city of New York, August 31, 1818, where my parents resided until 1821-22. Yours sincerely,

CHARLOTTE F. WILSON."

On the back of this letter Rev. Coleman wrote, "Mrs. Charlotte F. Wilson is the sister of my lamented friend, the late Dr. Rob Morris, and settles the dispute in the papers concerning the birthplace of Dr. Rob Morris."

The second letter is an exceedingly interesting one and shows Taunton, Mass., to have been the New England home of the Morris family where Rob Morris lived for some time with an aunt after the death of his father. The letter seems to insist upon New York City as the birthplace of Doctor Morris:

"118 Main St., Taunton, Mass.,
"Sept. 23, 1888.

"Rev. H. R. Coleman—

"My Dear Sir: I can give you no other information with regard to the place of my brother's birth, than I have already done. I have always supposed that it was in New York where I know that my oldest brother and myself were born. If accidentally this birthplace was elsewhere I was never aware of it, and there are no family records in existence to enlighten me. He was three and one-half years older than I am, and for a while after my father's death (which I was too young to remember) he lived with an aunt in this place, but she and her husband are long ago dead, as are all the members of my mother's family.

"My brother went to the West when quite young, and we have been separated often years at a time, ever since. Indeed, we never lived together. We have, however, always been in constant correspondence, and all I know of his life since he left the East has been through his letters. Is it of vital importance that his actual birthplace should be known? I received another letter from Mr. Rowlett, of LaGrange, about the same time of your first one, asking the same question, and made him the same reply, which is the only one I am able to make. You speak of having known my brother for many years. Are you the friend who wrote a pamphlet called 'A Well Spent Life,' which he sent me but which I have lost or mislaid? If so, you are an Episcopal Clergyman.

"If there are any other questions you would like to ask, which I can answer, I shall be very glad to do so, but of all of my own family and the friends of my youth, there are none left now, who could help me to remember the events of so long gone by. Very truly yours,

"CHARLOTTE F. WILSON."

Brother Robert Morris, Jr., on his visit to LaGrange at the celebration of his father's birthday in the fall of 1921, told us that there was no doubt in the world that Dr. Morris was born in Massachusetts. He said that in all the years of his association and work with his father he never intimated anything else but that he was born in New England. So we may rest content that this is true because it is so stated in all the authentic sketches and biographies of Dr. Morris.

"The Well Spent Life"

The author of this now famous biography of Dr. Morris was one of the great friends of his lifetime and Masonic labors. He was a native of England, a graduate of Oxford University and an uncle of Alfred Austin, late poet-laureate of England. Dr. Austin was also a graduate physician and surgeon of English and Continental Institutions. He was a student and Masonic scholar of the first order. He came to America and made the acquaintance of Dr. Morris far back in the fifties. This friendship ripened into an intimacy that made Dr. Austin a great figure in the several movements for Masonic reform that drew upon Dr. Morris the fire of the enemies and the bitter hostility that progressive souls like his always encounter. So that the biography of Dr. Austin became the key to many hidden and lost chapters in the career of Dr. Morris.

We are indebted to Miss Edna Goodridge of the Rob Morris Chapter of the Eastern Star at LaGrange for putting into our hands her priceless clippings and articles on Dr. Morris and the Eastern Star. We took these and followed them to their original sources. Having completed the story of Dr. Morris as published in the Masonic Home Journal, we were greatly surprised and delighted to find evidences and traces of other material about him even more personal and authentic. For several months past we have been deeply buried, in the long watches of the night, in the archives of the Masonic Library of Kentucky where Brother Dave Jackson gave us access to the untold treasures that we sought. Slowly and with great labor we located what we wanted and copied it by hand until our task was done.

In the archives of the Masonic Library of Indiana at Indianapolis we have also located invaluable evidences of the wonderful labors of Dr. Morris during the Civil War. He looms up as a much more powerful figure in that great National crisis than we had been led to believe by the accounts we had of him from hearsay and tradition. Dr. Morris was a Kentuckian for a period of nearly forty years and nearly thirty years of that time was spent in LaGrange as his home. From the very first day that he set foot in the town as a citizen until he was borne by loving hands to his last resting place in the little cemetery below, he was the greatest and most famous man in Oldham County history.

CHAPTER IV.

ROB MORRIS AND CLARA BARTON

* * * *

IT WAS customary in the childhood home of Clara Barton to entertain ministers, teachers and public lecturers with warm hospitality. The Bartons were very intellectual people and the companionship of unusual persons was always welcome. When Clara was fifteen years old there came a celebrated phrenologist by the name of L. W. Fowler to lecture in the community. He was entertained the entire time at the Barton home. As a matter of course, the subject of Clara's future and her native gifts were discussed with the eminent psychologist.

Clara was ill at the time with the mumps and was reclining on a couch outside the sitting room, but within easy earshot of her mother and Prof. Fowler. The mother was distressed at Clara's timidity, shyness and hesitation to express herself in the social circle. She asked Prof. Fowler what this bashfulness meant and what her daughter could do in life. He replied:

"The sensitive nature will always remain. She will never assert herself for her own sake. She will suffer wrong first. But for others she will be perfectly fearless. Give her some responsibility to bring out the best that is in her. Make a school teacher of her."

Clara overheard this conversation with a beating heart. It gave her great hope. The traditions of her family were entirely in keeping with the profession of a teacher. Her biographer says that school teaching subdued the inborn spirit of shyness and fear that was such a source of pain and suffering to the young girl. The world knows of her great victory over the first school of forty pupils, where she established herself firmly in their affections in the class work and upon the playground. Her gratitude to Prof. Fowler for his words of encouragement always remained.

It is a noteworthy fact that this same famous psychologist, character-reader and phrenologist, as he was variously called, made a searching analysis of the character of Rob Morris in the year 1856 in the city of New York. This analysis was made at the urgent request of New York Freemasons who were full of enthusiasm over the work of the future Masonic laureate. This analysis proved to be a remarkable forecast of his character and career. It begins by pointing out certain traits of benevolence and unselfishness that Clara Barton also possessed —especially the tendency to sacrifice herself for others, and the inevitable exhaustion of nervous energy and bodily reserve.

"You have," said Prof. Fowler to Rob Morris, "an unusual temperament and organization. Your tone of mind is peculiar and your abilities are available, especially in the higher channels of mental development.

"Your physiology indicates naturally a strong constitution. There is a great amount of mental activity, susceptibility, and ardor of mind. You are noted in all your section of the country for your industry and desire to be constantly employed. You have a fair degree of the motive or muscular temperament, but there is a quality in your constitution that is hereditary, that gives you ability to perform labor and execute business. You, however, need vital temperament. There is not enough of it to give you the warmth, pliability, easiness of disposition and coziness of feeling, necessary to sit down and enjoy life. You exhaust vitality faster than it is supplied, and you are coming to a premature grave unless you take life a little easier. You are spending your life too much for others. You must turn the tables and take sympathy from others, allowing yourself to be strengthened instead of exhausted by your contact with society."

Rob Morris and Clara Barton were distinguished for benevolence of character. They were both capable of sacrificing not only themselves, but everything they possessed in a cause that was worthy and that demanded such devotion. Clara Barton's biographer says that when the service of country or humankind called forth the sacrifice of money upon her part she seemed to be utterly wanting in the proverbial New England characteristic called "Yankee shrewdness." It was so with Rob Morris. The story is told that Rob Morris, the great financier of the American Revolution, began his career in business by a neat little deal that brought him in a good round profit. Some of his friends expressed serious doubt as to the ethics of the matter, but the company where Morris was employed shortly afterward availed themselves of his business acumen by making him a partner. Thus his future as a speculator and leader in high finance was predetermined. Rob Morris and Clara Barton were the contrary type and gave themselves utterly to the good of all.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN ROB MORRIS CAME WEST

"The Brave Old Pioneers."

* * * *

THE Ohio River is one of the most historic streams in America. The Indians called it the Beautiful River. The entire line of this classic stream that borders Oldham county Kentucky, is full of romance and heroism as preserved in the traditions of the early pioneers. On a farm just below Harmony Landing in this county on November 14th, 1921, our friend, Mr. Virgil Snowden, copied the following inscription from the tombstone of a memorable pioneer:

"Wm. Trigg, died July 10th, 1822.

Think, O man, as you pass by;
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, so you must be:
Prepare yourself to follow me."

This pioneer was the father of the late James Trigg of Prospect, Kentucky. At the age of 95 years Mr. James Trigg gave us an account of the journey of his parents from Virginia by way of Pittsburg to Oldham county. His father and mother left Virginia for Kentucky in the year 1798, going to the Monongahela River above the present site of Pittsburg, where they embarked in a flat-boat, with other pioneers, and floated down the Ohio to a landing called Harmony, just below Fern Grove, Indiana. It was Christmas time, a wet, snowy day, with a bitter wind blowing; and to make matters worse, as they neared the Kentucky shore, the Indians fired at them from the opposite side of the river, so that it was quite a while before they dared to disembark.

The close, smoky cabin of the flat-boat had nearly smothered the occupants the latter part of the voyage, and the Triggs were glad enough to get ashore at last. There were only two log houses in the neighborhood at that time, still used as forts in case of Indian attack; so the Triggs proceeded to erect an open-side log hut such as Lincoln's father and other early settlers first occupied. It was a hard and discouraging struggle before they moved into a more comfortable cabin. Many a night the father stood guard over his loved ones while his devoted wife melted and molded bullets at his side. A few years later she was left a widow with six small children to support, her son, James, being the youngest. Exposure, hardship and pneumonia had been too much for the brave Virginian emigrant.

Mrs. Taylor Adams, of Louisville, commenting upon this account, tells us that she had understood it was Christmas day, 1799, when the Triggs landed; and that they named Harmony Landing from the fact that for the first time in many long weeks they experienced a day of peace and harmony from danger of death at the hands of the Indians. Of course we cannot determine which date was the exact one. Nevertheless Mrs. Adams and the investigation of Mr. Virgil Snowden mentioned above, have convinced us that the Triggs planted a home in the bottom near Harmony Landing.

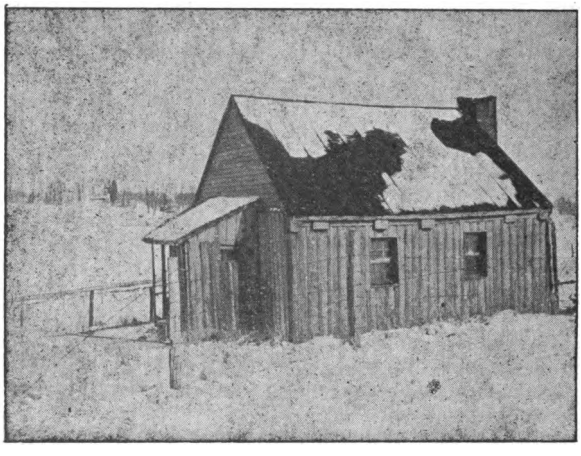
In the account of those early days and trials that we had from the lips of Mr. James Trigg before he died, we find the spirit of Freemasonry most beautifully exemplified in the pioneer community. "We got along some way," said the good old man, who was six years old when his father died. "As we grew up mother taught us to work and we did the best we could to make a living. The neighbors were very good to us. It seems to me that people were much more sociable and helpful than they are now. Need and danger made us dependent upon each other, but the good old customs have passed into forgetfulness, and people seem much more selfish and grasping today than in the pioneer period.

"I was a wood chopper in my early teens and made the money for my first Sunday coat cutting wood at 35 cents a cord on the river below here."

"Tales of Masonic Life"

The spirit of adventure and romance that filled the early pioneers possessed Rob Morris from his youth up. He tells us that when a young man of twenty years he came down the Ohio River and made what we take to be his first stop on Kentucky soil. The wild beauty and free spirit of the West drew him like a magnet. His early stories and Masonic sketches are filled with Indian tradition and the long-lost legends of human brotherhood. He loved to study the Western type; and even the scenes and characters of the border drew him with an irresistible facination. Just think of this cultivated and gifted young fellow on his way to Missouri where the Mormon community was filled with the riot and excitement of real warfare! Certainly he was not a coward. He went to the office of the Louisville Journal, and made arrangements for writing up the Mormon affair. But somehow, George D. Prentice, the editor, did not take the proposition favorably. In those days editors of "newspapers," socalled, did not get the news but used a large pair of shears and filled up their columns with clippings from exchanges. Rob Moris was by instinct a good reporter and would have written up the Mormon affair in a worthy way.

We have made diligent search for the early stories of Dr. Morris that bear on the years of his youth. He mentions a story that he wrote out of his youthful experiences as a surveyor and civil engineer. These stories were taken from the Southwest and show that he not only traversed the Ohio and Mississippi rivers time and again but that he crossed over into the Indian country and the very heart of the primitive border life of the West. Again, we are convinced that Rob Morris was not a weak, womanish character, as some have represented him to be. He was a born traveler. He studied the Indians in their own native haunts.



PIONEER PRESBYTERIAN SCHOOLHOUSE (Still Standing)
Near Goshen, Oldham County, Kentucky, on Farm of J. C. Pierce.

He found the traces and traditions of primitive Freemasonry among them and incorporated all this in his very first Masonic stories. It is a matter of pride that his first volume of these Masonic tales was given to the world very soon after he became a resident of Kentucky.

We do not think many Masons in Oldham county have ever seen the famous book of Dr. Morris called "Tales of Masonic Life." We have searched and advertised for this book for many years; but the only copy we have ever examined is in the Masonic Library in Louisville. It is a book full of Masonic romances and stirring incidents that the author himself experienced. One story in this volume gives the atmosphere and thrill of the river life which held Dr. Morris

with such a grip in his Masonic travels. He tells us in one place that he was, from his boyhood up, a close observer and auditor of the William Morgan stories. In a word, he approached the scenes and dissipations of border life with the keen eye and the penetrating spirit that are manifest in all his written work. The one tale that has become as famous as his "Level and Square" is called "The Timely Warning."

"The Timely Warning"

"The following from my work, 'Tales of Masonic Life,' was committed to paper as an encouragement to all Masons to perform that positive and bounded duty of giving due and timely notice to a brother whenever he needs it:

"It was about a year since, I was traveling on a stern-wheeler from Cairo to Memphis, and a slow, painful conveyance it proved to be. The bill of fare was frightful, scanty, the bedding bug-haunted, the company profligate. Gambling was going on from sun-rise to mid-night, and every hour or two a fight settled the game, after which a new "deck of keerds," as the gamblers uncouthly style them, was "fotch on," and another round began, to terminate as before.

"Among the passengers I had observed a young man of that gentle, amiable cast of countenance which young men even at this day sometimes wear, who have been raised in pious families, under the hands of loving mothers and praying fathers. How such a man got to the gambling table, I have never ascertained; but, rising one night awhile before twelve, after vainly attempting to snatch sleep among the roaches, and more offensive vermin, I discovered him there excited with liquor, furiously excited with the gambler's madness—worse than delirium tremens itself—and in rapid process of being plucked by the experienced scoundrels around him.

"The sight shocked me; I was quite unprepared for it. Through my conversation with him the previous day, I was confident he knew little or nothing at cards, a thing easily enough seen, by the way, in his awkward style of handling them: and that he would not rise from his dangerous place while he had a dime in his pocket. After standing by for a considerable time, during which dollar after dollar disappeared from his pile to enlarge that of his opponents, I took a chair close by, and leaned my elbows upon the table in real distress. A square piece of tobacco lay there—a plug, I think, such things are called—with a knife by it. Mechanically I took them up, and begun, thoughtlessly, to chip the edges of the tobacco. While doing so, the young man reached his hands in my direction for the pack of cards, it being his deal, and exposed his wristbands to my view. By the flash of the candles I observed that they were fastened with gold buttons, having Masonic emblems—the Square and Compass—on them, a sign I never fail to see, when within my purview.

"A thought occurred to me. This is a Mason; I will warn him of his danger; so with the knife I cut deeply into the tobacco the same emblems, the Square and the Compass, and, laying it down with the knife before him, as I supposed they were his property, I arose and left the table. I could see that his eye caught the emblem instantly, and that he understood me.

"It was a curious thing to observe him then. He went on dealing the cards, but so listlessly and carelessly as to forfeit the deal. He laid his forehead in his hands, thoughtfully, and his hands upon the table. Once or twice he counted his pile of money, now reduced to a very trifle.

"He got up for a drink of water, and walked, in an uncertain manner, to and fro; sat down again, played his game out, and, by the evident co-operation of his adversaries, won it; got up again, drank, and took a longer walk; played again and won; and then as with a power given to him at that instant from on high, he threw down his cards with startling vehemence, fell on his knees, raised his hands aloft to heaven, and with a mighty voice, repeated an oath that he would "Never, never, never gamble again, so help me God!"

"I sat by his side all that night bathing his head in cold water, and that saved him, I think, from a terrible attack of brain fever—saved him for a lovely girl to whom he was even then betrothed—saved him to be the charming

father of as charming a child as ever sprung like an olive-shoot by human feet—saved him to become one of the best officers in one of the best Grand Lodges in the land—saved him to become one of the best correspondents and truest friends—a Mason, with whom I hope, at the resurrection day, to rise.

"Nor is this the whole story; for one of the gamblers, to whom the knife and the tobacco belonged, seeing the Square and Compass cut on his plug, sat with me all that night at my brotherly work, avowed himself, a Mason-declared, in language more ardent than necessary, (for under other circumstances I should have called it blasphemy), that, had he known the young man was a Mason, he was essentially d—d if he would have played a game with him; and the next morning, learning the exact amount that he had won, collected it from the others and returned it to him. That gambler took a step in the right direction, consequent upon the rebukes, compliments, and counsels, which, combined in equal doses, I administered to him, and quit the river forever; opened a book store, became a grain dealer, a dry goods merchant, and made money at all these things; was elected sheriff of the county, and still holds that position; and to conclude my story, I still have the plug of tobacco in my possession, with the original Square and Compass cut upon it!"

The temptations to drink and gamble were ever present in the pioneer community. A dispensation was issued for Fortitude Lodge at Westport by the Grand Lodge in 1817. Westport was a little river town at that time, but it contained some of the brightest young lawyers in the State. When it became the county-seat it drew legal talent from surrounding counties. Fortitude Lodge was evidently the Mother Lodge of Freemasonry in the county. These early lodges had a struggle to subdue the passions and appetites of men. We find in them the beginnings of the great social movements that afterwards culminated in permanent and noble reforms. Especially was this true with regard to drinking and gambling. The husband of Aunt Martha Eubank was a talented young attorney at Westport when he married her; but he shadowed her devoted young life with the habit of drink. Other names even more prominent than his in county annals could be mentioned of men who were slaves to liquor but who made heroic battle for self-control when they became members of the Masonic Order. Rob Morris was a man of great social pleasantry and we find in all his association and intercourse with fellow Masons and fellow men a genial and generous disposition. The banquet table and the social hour after the conferring of degrees never had a brighter star. But from his first meeting with George D. Prentice, (who was a victim of drink, due mainly to the habit of treating on the part of his friends) Rob Morris was a constant and tactful advocate of temperance and moral uplift in the Masonic Order. We have in our possession the historic records of this work in Oldham county, which we shall touch upon later on.

"Historic Old Fortitude"

We find among the papers given us by Miss Edna Goodridge a clipping about Old Fortitude Lodge, dated July 1887, which will be read today by every member with very keen interest:

"This venerable Lodge, now in its 69th year of existence, occupied their new quarters in the Grand Jury room of the court house on Saturday night. The apartment, though rather small, has been neatly fitted up by the Masons, carpeted and made attractive. Being directly over the jail it is thought there is no danger in the essention secrets of Masonry leaking through and falling into wrong hands.

"At the meeting Saturday night, the Master, James M. Hall, placed the veteran Rob Morris in the East, and announced that this was to be a jubilee occasion. The Doctor made a suitable acknowledgment for the honor, and things went off in good style. Considerable work is anticipated this winter and it is believed this old Lodge will be revived. There is only one other lodge in the county, that at Westport.

"During the meeting Dr. Morris read the following impromptu poem, composed for the occasion. We publish it by request of the Lodge:

"Rally; boys of Fortitude!
Workers stout and square and plumb;
Gather one and all tonight,
To our new-made chambers come.
Three score years and nine have gone
Since the birth of Forty-seven;
Dead and living make the throng;
Part are here and part in heaven;
Rally in your aprons white;
Come to Fortitude tonight!

"Bring new resolution, boys!
Bold in heart, sincere in prayer;
Shame upon the craven heart
Would desert the plumb and square.
By the Acacia sprigs that bloom
At the graves of friends we knew;
By celestial hopes that cheer
On life's weary journey through,
Rally, Number Forty-seven;
Let a prosperous year be given!

"So when we shall pass away;
Sweet to sleep with comrades dear;
Masonry may still display
All its notable influence here;
Rally, boys, with new delight;
Come to Fortitude tonight!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE LEVEL AND THE SQUARE

* * * *

(A REMINISCENCE OF ROB MORRIS, BY JOHN SCOTT, IN 1854)

IN THE early days of September, 1854, on a bright Saturday afternoon, I traveled, on horseback, the road from Hickman to the cabin-home of Rob Morris, in the extreme Southwestern corner of Kentucky. It was a gently undulating region, originally heavily timbered, but at that time interspersed with small farms, some of the fields containing numerous blackened stumps, and others filled with trees long dead, but many of them still standing. The log cabins first occupied by the pioneers were yet to be seen, but in some places they had been replaced by more pretentious abodes, built of logs partly dressed, raised to a second story, and covered with shingles nailed in place. But the old and lowly cabins were roofed with boards split from short sections of oak trees, laid in rows on rough similar logs resting on the roof. Each cabin had its large open fireplace, surmounted by an immense chimney built of rude sticks, filled and covered with clay mortar, extending a short distance above the low comb of the cabin.

Rob Morris was then publishing the "American Freemason," at Louisville, a monthly journal that, in its third year, had reached a circulation of several thousands; and his name and fame as poet and writer were widely known. From casual meetings, at Grand Lodge, and from reading his paper and published volumes, I had drawn upon my imagination for a comfortable residence for this brave Knight of the Quill. At the end of a ride of fourteen miles through scenes above described I was not at all prepared to draw rein and dismount at the door of his castle, finding it still more humble and dilapidated than any of those already passed.

But such it proved to be. It was in the edge of a ten-acre clearing, some

thirty rods from the highway, about which a lowly worn fence straggled, and staggered as if not having fully determined whether to stand or fall.

These were the surroundings of this knightly gentleman, the Christian minister, the poetic genius, the versatile writer, the loving and tender friend, father and husband, surrounded by his household gods.

If by the word "castle" my reader assumes that Rob Morris occupied but one such tenement as I have described, he reckons too fast. The family was sheltered by the clap-board roof and rough walls of one cabin, but at the distance of ten or fifteen yards there stood another, designed on the same rules of architecture, constructed of similar materials, erected about the same period, both bearing the burden of years that rested not lightly upon them; but the second edifice was surpassed in each of the three dimensions by the first. The walls were raised so that there was but one log about the low door. The roof rose by easy grades to a low apex, and there was no other ceiling to the space enclosed. And this den, known in the family as "the office," with some shelves made of rough boards, an improvised desk, of the same material, at which there was but room for the great and good man to stand when at work, his head being in close proximity to the clapboard roof and the rough boards which supported it.

From this rude hamlet came "The American Freemason." Rob Morris had already gathered great stores of material for his work. Every corner was filled with books, pamphlets, manuscripts, or odds and ends that would bring delight to the heart of an antiquarian. His correspondence was immense. Letters and papers were everywhere. Rude shelves, rough boxes, and the numerous crevices in the walls contained hundreds of letters and valuable papers. But the most convenient "files" consisted of the inner ends of the rows of clapboards that formed the roof. These were everywhere within easy reach, and by exercise of memory he supplied the lack of labels and lettered pigeon holes and would lay his hand readily on whatever he might wish to use.

For his own convenience he had secured the establishment of a Post Office, named Lodgeton, of which he was the "Nasby," contractor and mail-carrier. "The Office" above described was also the depository of the mail; and everything, without bar, bolt, or lock, was accessible to all comers and goers, with no more obstruction than the tumble-down rail fence, the rude door on its wooden hinges, and a mangy cur that warned against the approach of cowans and eavesdroppers as well as other more welcome visitors.

On the day mentioned the lord of this goodly manor was not at home. He had crossed the State line, having gone some miles to attend a lodge meeting in Tennessee. He was not expected before "The wee, sma' hours, ayont the twal." No lodge at which Rob Morris was a visitor was ever known to hasten its closing, or to speed the departure of its guests. The loving and patient wife accepted what the fates decreed, and gave no encouragement that I should see mine absent host before the light of another day should shine. The alternative was to enjoy the homely fare, the hard couch, and inspection of the treasures at hand, and await his advent.

Nearly forty years have passed; but that Sunday in September, which was my first day in the home of Rob Morris, still "in memory is green." In the afternoon, at the house of a neighbor, there was the customary meeting for simple forms of worship, at which he was the leader. The remainder of the day was given to exchange of thought and memories, at times in the office, at times in the woods, and as the sunset approached we were found by Charlotte, his little girl, seated on the fence near the house. She bashfully whispered in her father's ear. In a few moments, with an air of reverence, he announced that the hour had come in which it was their family custom to offer adoration to the Deity, and invited me to join them if it were my pleasure to do so. I will always be glad that I accepted the invitation.

On entering the room the children were seen to be promiscuously seated about the mother, who, with a child in her arms was gently rocking, and crooning to the babe. On a small stand near the center were a Bible and book of hymns. The two vacant home-made chairs were taken by the host and guest.

After a brief pause Morris took the Book and read some selections in a manner most informal, and entirely void of all affection of solemnity, but with an

air of reverence. Closing the volume he took up the other and a hymn was sung, the air being led by the wife. He then asked the children if they wished to sing something else. One of them mentioned a favorite piece. He rose, went to the melodeon that stood near the door, where he was joined by two or three of the older children. He played the instrument while their voices joined in the song. At its conclusion he inquired of each one, including the mother and guest, if they had another selection. One of the children named a hymn, the first stanza of which is:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken;
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
I have called Thee Abba, Father——" etc.

At the conclusion of this hymn he rose, placed his chair near the center of the room, kneeled upon his left knee, his right forming a square, across which two of his children bowed their heads, kneeling on each side; and with his hands upon the heads of his children, another one clinging to his shoulder, his wife sitting near, the husband and father and friend raised his voice in supplication. It was the most simple and unaffected devotion I had ever witnessed—and I am not ashamed to say that as he poured out his soul for blessings on his guest, I sobbed like a penitent and grateful child!

On Monday, after some hours of close application of the business that had brought us together, and attention to his correspondence, he extended his hand to his clap-board files, and brought out a bit of paper. As he unfolded it he remarked that on the Sunday of the previous week as he strolled through the woods, a certain musical air was in his mind which insisted on expression by the voice and seemed to connect itself without his will with the words "We meet upon the level and we part upon the square." He took a scrap of paper and his pencil, seated himself on a fallen tree, and scrawled that which came to him. He read it, and asked whether it was of sufficient merit to justify its publication in his monthly journal.

Being profoundly impressed, I did not at once reply. With a shadow of impatience he asked the reason. On being told that this was his master-piece; that it was that by which he would be remembered through all time, he was almost resentfully incredulous.

He mentioned various poems that he regarded as greatly superior to this one: and at the thought of which I smile as I write the fact. But he gave it with some misgivings to the world, in the next number of the "American Freemason," of date September 15th, 1854. He afterwards made many changes, some of which may be classed as improvements, but I confess to the greatest love for the original form, with which are to me such pleasant associations.

CHAPTER VII.

"JESTERS WITH WHOM I HAVE JESTED"

* * * *

ROB MORRIS was a born humorist. One of the most interesting and valuable group of sketches he ever wrote was a series of articles for the Louisville Sunday Courier-Journal a few years before his death called, "Jesters With Whom I Have Jested.' First among these brilliant character sketches was one of George D. Prentice, so long the editor of the old Louisville Journal.

Prentice was to the West what Horace Greeley was to the East. The old Louisville Journal was law and gospel to every crossroad store, tavern, and blacksmith shop. Prentice was a humorist and wit and recontre who adapted his story to the crowd. He was a famous newspaper paragraphist. He was ever overflowing with wit and humor and fun. He was a native of Connecticut, born December 18, 1802. He died in Louisville in January, 1870, aged 68 years.

Rob Morris first met George D. Prentice in 1838 while passing through Louis-

ville on his way from Missouri, where he had visited the scene of the Mormon outbreak, and was on his way to Washington City. Morris gave the famous editor a highly sensational account of the Mormon affair and Prentice boiled it down to a few vigorous paragraphs. In those days editors were utterly indifferent to real news. In vain have we gone over the old files of Prentice's Journal to find this write-up.

Prentice did his editorial work in a room 18 by 20 feet, piled up with books and papers, and penned his biting paragraphs so surrounded. He pushed a pile of books and papers off a chair and told Rob Morris to sit down. One visitor after another constantly interrupted him but he got his bunch of editorial stuff ready betimes just the same. Old Ben Hardin used to say that Prentice was a beef-hash of oddity, wit and fun. Rob Morris enjoyed a long, close friendship with him and found him spontaneous as a song-bird. Charles McKay, the poet, was entertained at a wine supper by Prentice in 1857 as he passed through Louisville. The temperance people and Freemasons greatly admired him but Rob Morris said he was a failure upon the platform.

McKay told Morris that Prentice had a large, orbicular head but when it was applied closely to a subject it was apt to wabble; and Morris made a close observation of the head of Prentice as presented in the Courier-Journal statue of him and agreed with McKay that the great editor was witty but superficial.

In early newspaper days the editor even of a city paper did much of his own drudgery and Prentice always worked hard with good cheer. But few editors in the West refused to drink with a friend in those days. Thus a social habit was formed in him by the friends who called him out to have a glass with them. The habit fastened on him, weakened his will and wit and character and made of him a coarser jester. He struggled hard to win, and Rob Morris, who was very close to him, says:

"There was for many years a faithful group of religious and temperance workers around Louisville ever ready to hold him up in these attempts. He joined the Kentucky State Temperance Society. He joined the Washingtonians. He joined the Sons of Temperance. In behalf of the latter movement, led for some years by the Honorable Charles Egenton of Covington, he wrote and once or twice lectured upon the advantages of total abstinence as compared with the disadvantages of the habit.

"While we who loved him best mourned the most deeply his subjection to this one vice, none mourned it so deeply as himself. Are there not old men remaining in Louisville among your readers who have heard him express his shame and sorrow at his own lapses? The aged preacher, Hiram A. Hunter, who died recently in your city, remembered an hour's conference we two had with Prentice in which intemperance was the subject of conversation and Prentice read aloud from the ninth chapter of Genesis the disgrace of Noah. Mine own poem, 'The Drunkard's Grave' was written at his request.

"Long years and hard he strove
Against the syren cup;
Wife, Children, Brotherhood combined
To bear him kindly up,
And cheer him midst that mighty woe
With which the unhappy drunkard has to do.

"We plead by This and This;
We urged his plighted word;
We told him what a shameful tale
His story would afford;
We gathered 'round him all our band
And warned and threatened with stern command.

"In Vain; too strong his chain—
Our cable tow too weak!
That cursed thirst had burned his soul,
He would no warning take;
He broke the heart that leaned on his,
And brought himself, at last, at last, To This!"

When Rob Morris was Grand Master of Kentucky in 1858-9 he was very much in the company of Prentice, as indeed he had been during the six or eight years previously. Prentice was impressed with the convulsion that threatened the nation and was preparing to go out through the length and breadth of the land to warn the people in public lectures and private conferences of their danger. Yet Rob Morris saw no change in him on the score of cheerfulness. He never gave in to bitterness when attacked on all sides by those of opposite opinion. Like Morris, he remained absolutely loyal to the Union. Rob Morris closes his comment on Prentice with these words, about a memorable interview that Morris had with Abraham Lincoln in 1860:

"I told Mr. Lincoln at Springfield the month before the election in 1860 that if ever we lost George D. Prentice the place could best be supplied by Mr. Lincoln, for the oral flashes of the one were the counterpart of the written flashes of the other. Whereat the Aesop of Illinois expanded his capacious jaws, elongated his marvellous limbs and gave utterance to a laugh that seemed to come from the bottom of the great deep."

The Jesters of Long Ago

Rob Morris spent a half century of his life in travel. He knew Davy Crockett, Jack Downing and all the jesters of long ago. He also knew Artemus Ward and his generation of jesters. He was well acquainted with the forever genial Ben Hardin of Bardstown, Kentucky, who was born in Virginia, May 12th, 1786, and died at Bardstown, September 24th, 1852, aged 66. Rob Morris saw a portrait of this remarkable man and pronounced it a wonderful likeness. He said that Ben Hardin was the embodiment of old time comedy.

At a banquet once with Thomas Corwin and other Masonic notables in Cincinnati there was a feast of reason and a flow of soul. It seems that Ben Hardin was present in spirit with the great hospitality that characterized him; and Rob Morris was moved to give a toast as follows:

"Eat and be filled; let every jest
Betray the joy of every guest.
Let mirth abound and lightsome song
Our glad festivities prolong."

Rob Morris was greatly impressed with Governor Thomas Corwin. He met him at Lebanon, Kentucky, in 1857 at the house of an old friend. "Governor Corwin," says he, "was a prominent Freemason, elected Grand Master of Ohio in June, 1827. The Order at that time was suffering under the outbreak styled the Morgan affair, and it was an evidence of his Masonic attachment that he should accept the office under the opprobrium with which it was temporarily beclouded. He delivered a number of Masonic orations which may be found in his collected works and ever exhibited his attachment to a society whose social and charitable aims corresponded so nearly with the tenor of his life."

Governor Corwin's humorous stories were proverbial in the Little Miami. He was once in an office with a solemn old Quaker and told joke after joke till, after a long while, the centennial solemnity of the Quaker was penetrated and thawed out and a burst of laughter, the first in a life time, came out. The Quaker went home and made a confession to his fellow Friends that he had sinned grievously with the ungodly listening to a worldly jester and clown. The Friends were horrified but the Mother of the Society insisted that he must repeat the jokes he had heard. He did so and one by one they took effect, and lo and behold, the solemn Quakers fell to the floor, shrieking with laughter for the first time in all their lives. They rolled over and over with tears of mirth streaming from their eyes; so that the vote to exempt him from all punishment was unanimous.

Rob Morris gives a fine character sketch of Thomas Corwin: "Thomas Corwin was a large, bulky man, stocky as to frame, ponderous as to cheeks, double as to chin, slow as to speech and with a twinkle in his ocular that revealed a wealth of wit and fancy. And these are my recollections of Thomas Corwin,

born near Paris, Bourbon County, July 29, 1794; deceased at Washington, D. C., December 18th, 1865, aged 71 years.

"In every relation of public life he was efficient—member of the Ohio Legislature, member of the Lower House of Congress, Governor of Ohio, Senator in Congress, Secretary of the Treasury under President Tyler, and finally as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Mexico in 1861-64. He was of noble intellect and says S. S. Cox: 'His faculty of wit was so brilliant as to be rarely equalled among the gifted children of nature. The charm of his conversational powers made him the center of every gathering, domestic or social.'

"In our galaxy of wits we styled him the Buckeye Teamster. Nor did he shun this allusion to his early life, but like so many others of his time he was proud of the humble beginning from which he sprung. In manners he was open and ingenious and the sweetness of his nature was responsible for his lasting popularity.

"Like all famous humorists, Thomas Corwin was a melancholy man at heart. The flow of his spirits which seemed ever bright, electrical, was but the froth and foam upon the surface of the wave that moved dark and solemn underneath. The playfulness of his nature so exquisite was the lightning that illumines the cloud. But the ludicrous in his temperament was so inimitably blended with the serious and the grave that it was only those who enjoyed his confidence that could form a true estimate of the man. The love of the comic which set his hearers into such roars of laughter gave to superficial observers a sense of his character utterly erroneous. He was a man of great force, intellectual and courageous; of the most natural and simple manners; in whom kindliness and warmth of feeling predominated. We saw in him the graceful benignity of a Henry Clay. Among Roman historians none could tell a story so well save Livy. The language of irony consorted well with his rare humor, but pathos was more natural to him, and no man had a finer sense of humor."

Rob Morris and Artemus Ward

When word came in March, 1867, of the death of Artemus Ward in London, Rob Morris sent a letter to the Chicago papers speaking of him in high praise as a friend of many years. Morris had long watched the rise of the young humorist from a poor and ill-paid reporter on a Cleveland paper to the leading laugh-maker of America. During his brief but brilliant career of seven years Morris met Ward in Louisville, Cleveland, Chicago, Indianapolis, New York and elsewhere and always found him a loyal, boon companion and humorist. Ward gave Morris a perpetual pass to his lectures, oddly worded.

The last time that Morris used this pass was one cold winter night when Ward was delivering a lecture on his "Panoramic Commentary," with a big blank book before him and a moon operated with a wire. He made the audience roar with laughter and called on Rob Morris to help operate his luminary behind the scenes.

Ward was a native of Maine and it would seem that he could stand a cold climate; but he was a tubercular and in the spring of 1886 Rob Morris warned him as a friend that the English climate would prove too much for his weak lungs. But Ward went anyhow, being possessed of that cheerful hope which usually keeps the heart of a tubercular optimistic. He was on the road to riches and great fame. He made a great hit in England. The British press was unanimous in its praise of him. London Punch opened up its columns to him. He made his debut in London in November and went rapidly from one success to another till January.

It was a tragic thing to witness his break-down in health. He went to the Isle of Wight for a rest and passed away when he started for London. The death of no American man of letters ever created such general sorrow over-seas as did this sudden and unexpected demise of the great humorist. Rob Morris wrote a beautiful memorial poem entitled "Bear Him Home." In the published poems of Rob Morris this poem is entitled "Pilgrim's Home." The London Spectator published an exquisite

Monody Upon Artemus Ward

Is he gone to the Land of No Laughter,
This man that made mirth for us all?
Proves death but a silence hereafter
From the sounds that delight or appall?
Once closed, have the lips no more beauty;
No more pleasure the exquisite ears?
Has the heart done o'er-flowing with beauty,
As the eyes have with tears?

Nay, if aught be sure, what can be surer
Than that earth's good decays not with earth?
And of all the heart springs, none are purer
Than the springs of the fountain of mirth.
He that sounds them has pierced the heart's hollows—
The places where tears are and sleep;
For the foam-flakes that dance in life's shallows
Are wrung from life's deep.

He came with a heart full of gladness,
From the glad-hearted world of the West;
Won our laughter, but not with mere madness;
Spake and joked with us, not in mere jest.
For the man in our heart lingered after
When the merriment died from our ears;
And those who were loudest in laughter
Are silent in tears.

CHAPTER VIII.

RECOLLECTIONS AND TRADITIONS OF MRS. MARTHA E. EUBANK, A GREAT MASONIC MOTHER

* * * *

THE one great woman soul associated with the earlier Masonic and Eastern Star work of Rob Morris in Kentucky was Mrs. Martha E. Eubank, the Clara Barton of our State, fifty years ago. The story that follows is an account of her life gathered from personal recollection and tradition, showing her wonderful human sympathy and self-sacrifice for others. We shall follow this with another story of her life as the beloved Matron of the Masonic Widows and Orphans' Home and of her death, when she was honored by the Craft of the entire city for her devoted services. Mrs. Eubank was also a gifted poet, and after long and tireless research we have recovered and restored for all future years the record of one who rose through struggle to a fame and affection beautiful to contemplate as a type of Masonic womanhood. Everybody called her "Aunt Martha," and she wore it like a crown of love and glory.

Her soul of love was like the dove
That in the woodland moaneth;
Sorrows grew sweet she had to meet,
For grace the spirit toneth.
She murmured not, but soon forgot
Herself in service lowly;
And as one reads her gentle deeds
He feels a fragrance holy.

The girl or boy without employ
Or parents she uplifted;
She saw the good and understood
The wayward souls that drifted.
She had her loss and bore her cross,
As a young wife and mother;
And such a rose but rarely grows,
In this life or the other.

With tact untold she gained a hold
Upon hearts by the hundred;
And never yet did one regret,
Or wish the friendship sundered.
Men rose to fame through her good name,
And by her hand upholden;
From everywhere they came to share
Her gifts of love so golden.

"Aunt Martha? Yes," they said; "God bless
Her memory so saintly;
She always heard the child or bird
That called, however faintly.
Unto the last the poor outcast
Came to her home for shelter;
Her lamp burned low for every woe
Whose tale could touch and melt her."

Her mother soul made others whole
With mercy so Masonic,
That just to claim her friendship's fame
Healed every thought ironic.
She had good cheer for every tear,
A balm for all life's wounded;
Forever young, the songs she sung
Like Bethlehem's chorus sounded.

She freely gave the burdened slave
A kindly recognition;
Lifted the blot from his sad lot
And helped to hope's position.
At eventide she bravely died
For little babes bereaved,
And so passed on into that dawn,
Whose star her soul received.

When I was five years old I went nutting with my brothers and cousins in the woods some miles from our native village. The mellow sunlight falling on the gorgeous foliage, the dreamy quiet of the forest, and the tender tranquility of the dying season made an impression on me that I yet vividly recall.

After nutting I went with the others to see a sick lady in the "berg," a village bordering on the woods. A sense of pain and sympathy smote me as I crossed the threshold and saw the aged but sweet and cheerful face of the sufferer, lying there upon the white bed. Like the circling year, her noble and beautiful life, so fruitful in good works, was rounding toward its eternal finality.

Calamity had smitten her down much like the relentless frosts slay the flowers, and the bleak winds of early winter strip the trees. She was nearly seventy. The accident occurred on a hill above my native village that summer. She was a Mother in Israel to the orphan children of Louisville and vicinity. She had in charge two little ones whose mother had died suddenly, and whose father was drowned in a creek with his horse, coming to see them. She was returning to the city with them in a spring wagon drawn by a horse fractious and unsafe, and driven by her brother.

They had reached the hill above our village and begun to go down. Suddenly Aunt Martha saw the wagon crowding the horse's heels. "The harness is giving way, brother!" she cried.

"Whoa! Whoa!" shouted the now alarmed man, leaping over the wheels to prevent a runaway. The frightened animal was kicking right and left.

"Hold her, brother! Hold her! Oh God, save us!" said Aunt Martha aloud, with whitening face as the horse's furious heels broke over the dashboard and mangled both of Aunt Martha's limbs in a horrible manner. With true motherly instinct she thrust the children out of harm's reach, and received the fatal blows instead. A runaway was imminent, but the brother clung to the horse's head till some one came up, and then the sad party returned to the "berg," where the brave and devoted woman was attended by physicians, hastily called. She lingered several months in unspeakable agony, but smiled her way down into the Dark Valley.

"Aunt Martha always looked on the bright side," said my mother in after years. "She only saw the good in humanity. People used to laugh when they heard a compliment from her. 'Why, she says that of everybody!' She loved bright colors and cheerful clothing. She dressed characteristically but becomingly. On the other hand, her elder maiden sister was as plain as an old shoe, outspoken where Aunt Martha was diplomatic, and despondent where she was hopeful. Aunt Nancy was the family oracle to all of us.

"Aunt Martha was left a widow on the verge of womanhood. She married a man whom she idealized, but who darkened her young life by intemperance and improvidence, and when he died she became a teacher. Her own children died in infancy, and her wounded, tender heart became all-embracing toward the poor and dependent. She was a Masonic Mother, possessing all the sentiment and imagination of a true poet, and wrote many sweet verses. When the labor of her hands and the love of her heart as an individual failed, she attained to the vision of social love, bravely devoting her every energy to the needy; and numberless people rose up to call her blessed. The following remarkable and romantic story of slave times Aunt Martha often related, and it was only one of many in her unusual career and experience:

* * * *

A SLAVE TIME ROMANCE

"In the old slave days there was a wealthy Louisville gentleman who happened to stop one day in a store to make a purchase. He was waited on by a most beautiful young woman, with the fascinating features and form of a Creole. He was swept off his feet at first sight. The girl crimsoned under his gaze, and turned away trembling. He made immediate inquiry about her.

"It seems her advent in the store had caused much speculation. She gave no unnecessary details of her past. It was merely understood that she was a Creole girl without means of support and was working for a living. She was modest and timid, and the attention of this elegant stranger frightened her. When she noticed his whispered inquiries from a clerk she turned pale as death, and for a day or two acted like a hunted deer. The girls asked if she was ill; but she merely nodded, 'No!'

"It was evident that her terror was connected with the elegant customer, for, when he appeared again to purchase and approached her counter she slipped away quickly, and he was noticeably annoyed. The proprietor reprimanded her and she wiped the tears away without a word of reply. The girls teased her till they marked her real terror. Then they supposed the elegant gentleman was persecuting her with evil intent, and their sympathy was with her more than ever. The poor girl uttered never a word.

"The gentleman, baffled in his approaches toward her as a working girl, and utterly thwarted in his possible design to take advantage of her unprotected position, was driven to solicit a formal introduction through mutual acquaintances. They remarked upon his attention to a wage-earner, and he showed some indignation, but insisted, so that the girl's terror was overcome and a meeting with the dreadful gentleman was arranged. His deeper sentiments of manhood seem to

MRS. MARTHA E. EUBANK.

She was born in Oldham County, Ky., in February, 1808, and died in Louisville in January, 1877. She was the daughter of Richard Woolfolk and Sarah Taylor. She married at Westport, Ky., in 1826, Philip R. Eubank, a lawyer, and about eleven years after, in the brief space of a few weeks, lost her children and husband. This tragedy left her desolate, but she rose superior to her sorrow and gave her life to teaching and caring for the orphaned and neglected little ones of Louisville and vicinity, where she labored for a period of forty years in every avenue of charity and social service, and became known throughout the whole country for her love and benevolence. She was a woman of rare culture and her work as a teacher was her main support, but she won distinction in her position as Matron of the Presbyterian Orphanage for quite a number of years, and in 1871 she was chosen Matron of the Masonic Widows and Orphans' Home, stamping upon that institution the same deep, tender, maternal character until 1874, when failing strength necessitated her resignation, so greatly regretted by the Board. The recently recovered records of her life and death bear remarkable testimony to the Christian, Masonic and Eastern Star spirit in which she lived and died, a beautiful martyr soul.

have been evoked by her timidity, and when they were at last alone, he said: 'My child, you need not fear me, I am your friend!' Not a word did she say.

"He became genuinely in love with her. All the reproaches of his fashionable associates made him the more loyal to the working girl. She held him aloof as long as possible, and by the time he had won her confidence she had completely captured his hitherto fickle heart. She maintained a mysterious reserve even amid his passionate avowals of love and devotion. She did not seem anxious to parade herself in public. She had always lived rather secluded since coming to Louisville. And his friends denounced her as a vile interloper.

"But love prevailed. It was a mellow summer night when he had taken her driving by moonlight. Her fears seemed quieted, and she allowed the first gentle caress, the first sweet kiss of an adoration that had grown and strengthened through noble struggle.

"'Mr. S————,' she said, 'you know nothing of my past. It is nothing dishonorable on my part. But the secret of my life must die with me. And yet you offer me all. I will never say yes to your generous proposal, as other women reply. But if my love and devotion can make you happy, they are all yours till death, in return for the protection you offer me.' The tears flowed down her cheeks and the old fear made her beautiful form quiver.

"'My darling,' he responded passionately, 'you are mine forever! The sheltering loyalty of my good name and fortune is yours now and always!' So they were married in a quiet, becoming manner. They began their home life becomingly also. And the gentleman was the happiest husband in all Louisville. In due season a beautiful child was born—a son, christened with the father's name. He was so proud and happy, it makes one sigh to think of it. The wife was quiet, but no less devoted and loving.

"Two or three years passed by. One day a Southern stranger arrived in Louisville and registered at the Galt House. He was evidently a prominent planter. He did not make his business known, but held a quiet consultation with detectives, who were set watching the home of the happy couple. When the stranger's plans were completed he went with the officers to the downtown room of the gentleman of Louisville.

"'My good sir,' he said, 'I am here on a disagreeable errand. I am Colonel So-and-So, from such-and-such a city in the South. I am very sorry to tell you that your wife is a mulatto and a runaway slave of mine. I have the proof with me and have come to claim my property to take back South. I am here to listen to any reasonable proposition, and to spare your feelings as a gentleman. I am at your service, sir!'

"The Louisville gentleman was too dumb-founded and indignant to answer calmly. He burst forth into curses at the insult to his wife, and would have felled the planter to the floor with his fist but for the interference of the officers. He threatened to shoot the planter, but the latter kept cool, and within the pale of the law, as it was solid on his side. He and the officers reasoned with the hot-tempered young husband, showed him the papers, and in a couple of hours had completely upset his dignity and nerve. He was so beside himself that he took them immediately to his home.

"The young wife was murmuring a love song over the child, now asleep in her arms, as they entered the house. She started up at the sudden intrusion, and had not a nurse been at hand the babe would have fallen to the floor, as the mother fainted dead away when the planter looked into her eye with calm cruelty.

"Enough be it said that when she recovered consciousness and some composure, and was faced with the facts by the determined master, she admitted having run away from slavery, but bitterly denied that she was of mixed blood. She wept her protest, and prayed her husband to save her from doom. The laws of Kentucky did not recognize such a union. The word of a slave was no testimony at all. She was presumably a Negress, on the bare witness of the slave-owner. He kept cool and stuck to his rights under the law. The distracted husband, heart-torn between social ostracism and manly devotion, paid a thousand dollars ransom, and then yielded to the formal divorce pronounced by law.

"The poor girl was frantic at being turned out of her home, although some provision was made for her. She went back to work in a store. The affair

created a great sensation. The merchant was proud of his family, and not even the love of a husband could stand in the way of traditional honor. He soon began to pay his addresses to a woman of fashion, who accepted him. They were married, and this new wife paraded very conspicuously as Mrs. So-and-So. The distressed and broken-hearted girl who had been divorced and torn from her home, and her child taken from her, grew frantic with grief, even going to church where the merchant and his wife attended, annoying them in every possible way without actually saying or doing anything openly. This did no good, of course, and only drove the young woman to wreck and ruin. It was never known what became of her. Some think she sinned and died. At all events her end was shrouded in mystery.

"The child was sent away to a Northern school. The father could not endure the idea of his son being a Negro. He never allowed him to come back anymore. He was educated and put to work somewhere. After the father's death, Aunt Martha was surprised one day at a call by a handsome young man, who told her she had been recommended to clear up his past history. She received him with great sympathy, and made possible a trip South to look into the facts of his mother's origin.

"In due season, after much trouble, he discovered that the mother of his mother was indeed a Creole child, stolen from its home somewhere and sold as a Mulatto into slavery. Her master took her to himself as a morsel of pleasure, and the daughter was born to them, held as a slave, and escaped the intolerable position when she, too, was a marked victim of violence. The tale of her trip to Kentucky was filled with terror and romance. She was a wonderful woman. The son returned to tell Aunt Martha how the social stigma, removed in one form, clung the more terribly in another. He hardly knew which was the greater shame.

"Aunt Martha had a peculiar sympathy with such tragedies. She had given up so much for the sake of love, you know. A few years before the awful accident that terminated her life she had an offer of marriage for herself, and a home for her sister, from an unusually nice old gentleman in Louisville, and would have accepted but for her sister's bitter protest. Aunt Nancy had remained single because her lover died in youth. And she wished Aunt Martha to remain a widow, even as she remained a maiden, to the end."

CHAPTER IX.

THE STORY OF "AUNT MARTHA"

* * * *

IT IS an infinite satisfaction to recover the life story of so great a woman as "Aunt Martha" Eubank from oblivion and put it on record where succeeding generations may warm their souls for service as by an altar fire. From the writer's earliest childhood "Aunt Martha" was his ideal of the Eastern Star, just as Rob Morris was his ideal of Freemasonry; and to the city of Louisville fifty and seventy-five years ago she was the Mother of Associated Charities. At her death the whole city arose and called her blessed, and from the testimony of her contemporaries at the time of her tragic end we shall build a fitting memorial that will outlast the stone monument above her hallowed dust in Cave Hill Cemetery. The Courier-Journal of January 29, 1877, made this announcement of her decease:

"Death of Mrs. Martha E. Eubank"

"We regret to have to announce the death of this estimable lady, which occurred at 10 o'clock last night at the residence of her nephew, Capt. R. H. Woolfolk, on Fourth avenue. Mrs. Eubank was born in Oldham county, and it was while visiting that county about four months since that she received the injuries that resulted in her death. She had been an intense sufferer, but bore all with the cheerful resignation of a Christian. Mrs. Eubank was a member of the Presbyterian Church for more than forty years, was for many years Matron

of the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, and for some time also the Matron of the Masonic Widows and Orphans' Home. She was widely known and universally beloved and esteemed, her life being one of Christian labors and duty. The time of her funeral will be announced tomorrow."

"Gone Home"—Tribute of Will S. Hayes

"Mrs. Martha E. Eubank is no more of earth. After a long life of usefulness she has gone down through the dark valley of the shadow of death to stand upon the shores of eternity and beckon for the angels to come and lead her home. God bless her! We have seen her fold in her loving embrace many a little boy and girl, and with that loving and tender voice of hers tell them of Heaven. To her many a man and woman owes a debt of gratitude which they can only pay in tears of sorrow and with hearts bowed down with grief as they see her borne away in the icy embrace of death.

"To many a man and woman and lonely little orphan has that kind-hearted Christian ministered words of sweet hope and consolation in their darkest hours of sickness and affliction, and now, if there is a vacant seat before the throne of grace and a crown for the brow of one of God's noblest of women, the angels will certainly escort her from the pearly gates of Heaven to the one and deck her brow with the other.

"We have known her from our earliest childhood. We have known her only to love, honor and respect; and we close the window blinds and tie the mournful emblem of sorrow upon the door of our heart, that we may lament the loss of a true woman—she who has so often made it glad and put sunshine into it, when it was filled with the darkest clouds of sorrow.

"Farewell, thou venerable friend,
A sad farewell to thee;
I loved thee, not for what thou art,
But what thou wert to me.

"A mother, benefactor, friend,
Whose life was one of love;
Who told me when I was a child
Of all that's pure above.

"The grave may claim its victory
And death thy form control;
But God is mightier than death,
And He has claimed thy soul.

"Farewell, a sad, long, last farewell,
Thou wert a friend to me;
And all that's left that I can do
Is shed these tears for thee."

A Memorable Funeral.

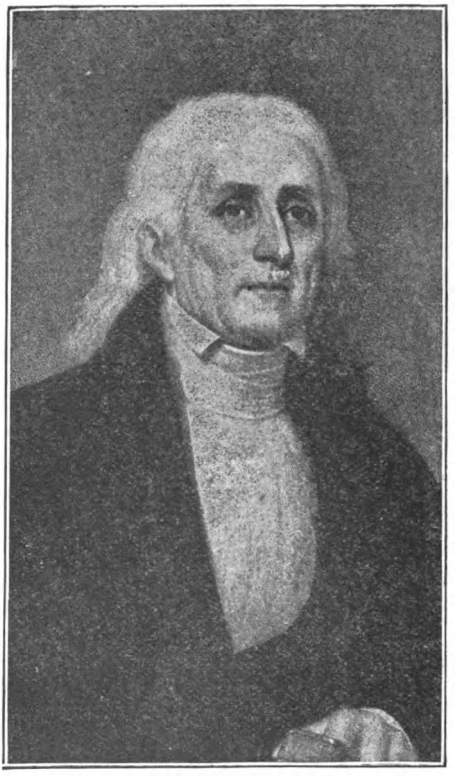
The Courier-Journal reported the funeral service in a most befitting manner:

"Probably no woman in Louisville was more generally known or more universally beloved than Mrs. Martha E. Eubank, whose mortal remains were deposited in Cave Hill Cemetery yesterday afternoon. The esteem and veneration in which she was held was evidenced by the crowd of men, women and children that filled the Second Presbyterian Church during the funeral services. These services were exceedingly solemn and impressive. They were opened with a touching prayer by Rev. A. B. Simpson. Rev. Dr. Robinson's discourse was most appropriate, and his tribute to Mrs. Eubank's excellence and to her Christian character was echoed by every heart in the large assemblage. Rev. John Rule, of Oldham county, made the concluding prayer at the church.

"The singing was beautiful: 'Come Ye Disconsolate;' 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus;' 'Home,' and 'Over There,' being the selections, with a little hymn by the

one hundred and twenty children of the Masonic Widows and Orphans' Home, who were present and sung at the special request of Mrs. Eubank.

"It seemed as if the larger portion of the assemblage at the church followed the remains to the cemetery, where Rev. Mr. Simpson conducted the services. Two more appropriate hymns were here beautifully sung by the children of the Masonic Home, and amid the tears of the many mourners the body was consigned to the dust. All the proceedings and ceremonies were simple, earnest, touching and solemn and well befitted the character of the good woman.



GIDEON BLACKBURN

Great Presbyterian Pastor, teacher of Aunt Martha Eubank's childhood and youth in Oldham County, Kentucky. Bosom friend of Andrew Jackson and Chaplain in all his Indian Wars.

"We publish herewith Dr. Robinson's sermon, as we know it will be read with the deepest interest both at home and abroad by those who were unable to hear it. Second Timothy, 4:7-8: 'I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.'"

The Tribute Of Dr. Robinson.

The very great value of Rev. Dr. Stuart Robinson's memorial sermon on the life and death of Mrs. Eubank lies in the fact that it is the only authentic source

today of biographic data, and was discovered by the writer in the Louisville Public Library after long research that was indeed rewarded. Dr. Robinson was one of the greatest ministers of his time in Kentucky or the South, and his estimate of the character and service of "Aunt Martha" is worthy of its noble subject. Said he:

"In view of the peculiar circumstances surrounding the last days of this venerable and universally venerated Mother in Israel, our grief at the thought of her loss is restrained by the comforting thought of the release which she has at last obtained from the agony of physical torture which she had been called to endure by reason of the dreadful injuries received many weeks since.

"Martha E. Eubank was born in Oldham county, Kentucky, in February, 1808, and therefore had at her death almost completed her three score years and ten. Her mother, Sarah Taylor, was a first cousin of President Zachary Taylor, and her father, Richard Woolfolk, a first cousin of President Madison.

"At the early age of seventeen she was married to Philip R. Eubank, at that time a lawyer of Westport, Kentucky, of unusual ability, who settled in Louisville in 1832 for the practice of his profession. Mrs. Eubank was left in widowhood in 1837. She had previously united with the First Presbyterian Church, from which she subsequently went out with a small colony to organize the Fourth or Hancock Street Presbyterian Church.

"Just before the death of Mr. Eubank she had been bereaved of all her children, all dying within the short space of a few weeks. It was probably the unutterable grief and loneliness of heart with which such affliction must necessarily fill a mother who had not yet reached her thirtieth year that developed that peculiar phase of Christian character—her affectionate sympathy for motherless children, which distinguished her whole subsequent life.

The Matron-Mother.

"In 1839 Mrs. Eubank established herself as a teacher in this city and soon was surrounded by a collection of children greatly attached to her, with an affection that has continued growing with their growth to the present day. Her earnest, practical benevolence soon made a wide impression, and the blessings of the poor were poured upon her head.

"On this account, shortly after the establishment of the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, she was invited to take charge of the children in the capacity of teacher. But in a short time the development of her singular excellencies and her remarkable fitness for the care of children induced the managers to entrust the entire care of the institution to her charge. And in that position, acting as a true mother to the motherless, and infusing her deeply Christian spirit into all the training of the household, she soon won the admiration and highest esteem of all concerned.

"Her affectionate heart and her practical intelligence, after a short experience in this new line of Christian work, led her to the true conception of what a Presbyterian Christian Orphanage should be. As a church institution it should, in her view, become, not as a public charity, a sort of juvenile alms-house, for the mere feeding and clothing of children, but a parental home for the parentless, in which these children should receive the care, training and Christian culture furnished in every intelligent Presbyterian Christian household. For the Christian training of the family is a first principle of Presbyterianism and the chief source of ts power.

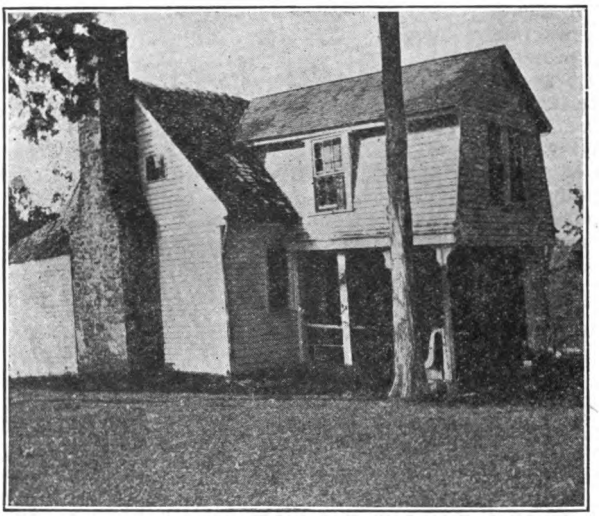
"And it should be the aim of such an institution to train the children for future usefulness in any position in life which they may have the capacity to fill. And so far as the very limited means at her command allowed, she very successfully exemplified her conception. Many now occupying positions of Christian usefulness trace back their success to the affectionate Christian training of this noble woman."

Working Out Her Ideal.

Dr. Robinson was so thoroughly familiar with the ideal of "Aunt Martha" at the Presbyterian Orphanage and the Masonic Home that we will do well to recall

her wonderful success in these two great services. "At that period," says he, "the Presbyterian Orphans' Home Society was too poor to carry out in any large degree these ideas. With an endowment of less than fifteen thousand dollars, in property contributed by the liberal Presbyterians of that day, which furnished merely a shelter, and dependent upon its current expenses on such casual contributions as the lady managers could gather on the streets, the Home continued necessarily in a crippled condition.

"But as the death of Mrs. Eubank recalls these unsuccessful struggles to realize her noble conceptions in that day of poverty, should it not arouse anew the attention of every adult member of the Presbyterian Church in this city of both Northern and Southern connection to the inquiry whether they are fulfilling the high trust which has been laid upon them in this regard, and endeavoring now, in the day of the comparative wealth of the orphanage, to realize the conception of this noble-minded Christian?"



BLACKBURN ACADEMY

Pioneer Presbyterian School near Goshen, Kentucky. Established by Gideon Blackburn, where he and his son, Rev. John N. Blackburn, taught the boys and girls of Oldham County the higher branches. Here Martha Eubank and her brothers received the training that fitted them for life and service. This old Academy was the first Pioneer Fortress at Goshen in Indian days. The old Joseph Snowden home.

This was precisely the experience, training and purpose that "Aunt Martha" brought with her to the crowning work of her life as Matron of the Masonic Widows and Orphans' Home; and her ideal Home for the bereft little ones became that of every Freemason in the State of Kentucky. Certainly a woman who gave as many years of her life to the care and comfort and rearing of the orphans as "Aunt Martha" knew what she was to do in the work.

"In 1858," says Dr. Robinson, "Mrs. Eubank resigned her position at the Orphans' Home and removed to Goshen, where she engaged again in teaching, but still having charge, in addition, of motherless children. Subsequently she located at Anchorage and continued the same double work.

"In 1871 she was invited by the Board of Managers of the Masonic Widows and Orphans' Home in this city to become Matron of that noble charity. This position she accepted and held some four years. The influence of her gentle Christian spirit was at once felt, and the profound regret of the Board at her

determination in 1874 to resign this public position and take charge of a motherless family in the neighborhood was a new testimony to the value of the work of this earnest Christian lady in giving to the institution the spirit and character of a joyous home to its otherwise homeless children.

Faithful Unto Death.

"As the feebleness of age came upon her she felt constrained at last to give up her charge of this motherless family also. And it is singularly in keeping with the one great idea of her life that it was, as she was bringing her little wards to the city to make a sorrowful surrender of them to their relatives, that the dreadful accident befell them; and that it was in her struggle to shelter one of them from impending death that she received the fatal wound which, after

TOMB OF REV. JOHN N. BLACKBURN

Early teacher of Aunt Martha Eubank; also her pastor in Oldham County. A man of noble ideals and a Minister Martyr in his untimely death on the field of service. Tomb on the Samuel Snowden farm, Goshen, Kentucky.

weeks of terrible suffering, ended her useful life. Thus it may be said she died a martyr to the ruling principle and passion of her life—a motherly, self-sacrificing devotion to helpless children.

"I enter into no detail of the testimony which she bore for Christ amid the pains of her lingering death. Through all that protracted suffering she gave expression to her faith substantially in the Apostle's triumph and death song, 'I am now ready to be offered.'

"For two days previous to her death she was only partially conscious. But in every moment of consciousness, as through the long weeks of previous suffering, she evinced unwavering faith in Jesus. And all her sufferings seemed never for a moment to repress the outgoings of that affectionate heart, from which, as from a perennial fountain, flowed forth its love toward not only that noble-hearted kinsman and his household, who lavished on her all the kindness of

children to an idolized mother, but toward all the multitude of friends who pressed about her sick-bed, each grieving as though she had been the mother or sister of them all."

"A Martha Immortal."

Rob Morris himself could hardly have expressed with finer poetic feeling the Eastern Star ideal of womanhood that is contained in the beautiful summary of Mrs. Eubank as "A Martha Immortal." The broken column may well symbolize even her full life so tragically ended; but she endures through all the years and ages of Masonic tradition as a supreme type of devoted service. Dr. Robinson's interpretation is exquisite and perfect:

"The humble Mary of Bethany, by her act of devotion to the Master, erected her monument to stand through all time; and its epitaph inscribed by the Son of God himself, 'She hath done what she could,' to be read 'wherever this gospel is preached.'

"The record of the humble, kind-hearted Dorcas, by the pen of inspiration, has transmitted her name to be revered in all ages and climes, and thereby erected a monument which Claudius Caesar would readily have purchased with all the wealth of his empire. And on that principle this venerable servant of Christ has reared her own monument, and that an imperishable one. She has impressed her name and memorial on so many other souls that as in coming years men shall ask, Who and where is Martha E. Eubank? and hundreds of Christian souls shall answer, "Here! Here! She lives in us, and will live in others after us, to whom the Lord shall enable us to impart her noble influence!'

"Well might this modest woman write, as I find among her papers, these beautiful directions as to her choice of a grave for herself:

"MY OWN GRAVE

"Oh, bury me not with honors and state
'Neath a monument costly and rare;
And carve not my name with the rich and the great,
Where curious strangers, admiring, may wait;
Oh, make not my sepulchre there.

"I ask not a place 'neath the time-hallowed dome
Where the ashes of monarchs repose;
For why should I covet a glittering tomb?
Can splendor enlighten the depths of its gloom,
Or grandeur the dust they enclose?

"But seek a green spot in the lone forest shade,
Where the birds sing the flowers to rest;
And there let my ashes be quietly laid,
Far away from the clamor of idle parade,
And green be the turf on my breast.

"Yes, green be the turf; let the flowers be fair
That encircle the spot where I lie;
Nor shed on my grave an unreconciled tear;
For the heart that once sorrowed hath put off its care,
And the eyes of the mourner are dry.

"To the spirit released from the bondage of clay
A purer existence is given;
And her midnight of sadness is turned into day,
All peaceful, all holy, nor fadeth away,
Eternal with angels in Heaven."

"Look back forty years ago," said the eloquent man of God, "and contemplate the case of this young Louisville attorney's widow: All her cherished hopes in

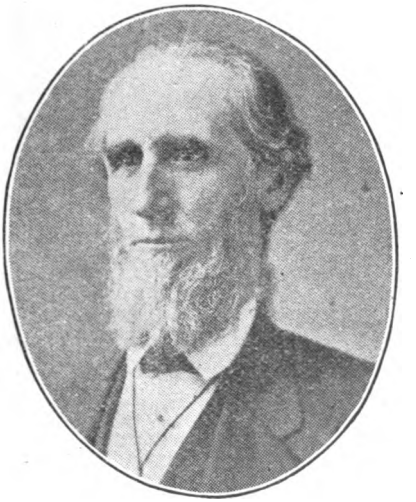
life blasted; broken-hearted and lonely in her childlessness; poor and comparatively a stranger, unknown in the city. What now can she do to attest her love for Christ? That love, however, gushing up in her soul under all this sorrow, will find a way of expressing itself. 'Lord, what wilt thou have me do?'

"And he opened the way. It was indeed an humble way; not one, as we would have supposed, high and wide enough for a lady of such native refinement and such culture to tread. Yet she followed along in that humble way till it led her up to a position in the affections of the whole community and to an influence for good which few have attained. Who among us have accomplished more for the honor of Christ and the happiness of the poor during thirty years past than Mrs. Eubank?

"Around these remains has assembled, or will assemble, such a multitude to signify their blessings on the memory of the sainted dead. Oh, ye humble children of God, so numerous in this time of general distress and embarrassment, consider the life and work of Martha E. Eubank and listen to the Master, saying: 'Go ye and do likewise.'"

CHAPTER X.

DR. NEWTON, SUPERINTENDENT OF MASONIC HOME IN 1873-4



DR. A. S. NEWTON

ASSOCIATED with Mrs. Martha Eubank as Superintendent of the Masonic Home in the early years of that institution was Dr. A. S. Newton, a prominent Masonic physician of Oldham county, who practiced many years at Goshen. Dr. Newton was a Connecticut school teacher, who came South in the same profession as Rob Morris. He came first to the family of Mr. Thomas Woolfolk, in Trimble county, Ky., where he taught Lucien, William, Alex, and the other young people. Some of these pupils became distinguished in the ministry and law. Rev. Lucien Woolfolk was one of the most eloquent and scholarly Baptist preachers in the State, and Alex Woolfolk was a leading attorney in Chicago.

After visiting the Woolfolks in Woodford county, Dr. Newton came to Westport, in Oldham county, the early home of Mrs. Eubank. In this little town, which was a rival of Louisville long ago, he met Miss Agnes Phillips, whose mother was a Woolfolk. They were married, and the doctor, when he finished

his studies, lived at Christiansburg in partnership with a Dr. Clayton. He later had a drugstore in Louisville under the firm name of Newton and Ruggold.

Dr. Newton came to Goshen, in Oldham county, and superintended the Academy there after the death of Rev. Mr. Crouch, in 1859. He remained during the Civil War and some years after. He also took up the practice of Dr. Pendleton, of Goshen, who had removed to Missouri shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War. But Dr. Newton gave close attention to his duties as Superintendent of the Goshen Academy, which had, for at least ten years, been one of the best collegiate institutes in the State. The leading families of Louisville often sent their sons and daughters to this quiet, cultured and refined old community to receive their foundation work in the classics, mathematics and other branches of knowledge necessary to entrance in college or university.

Dr. Newton rearranged the buildings to accommodate his boarders and continued the school until he accepted the superintendency of the Masonic Home, which Mrs. Eubank was largely instrumental in securing for him. He was associated with her so closely in the work of the Goshen Academy for the many years of its useful history that he did not seriously hesitate when the way opened to serve with her in caring for the widow and orphan of the Craft. The story of that old Masonic community on the Upper River Road has been written and published by

Masonic Academy at Goshen, Ky., Superintended by Dr. A. S. Newton, who was assisted by Mrs. Martha Eubank during the Civil War. Miss Mary Woolfolk, the author's mother, taught music, song and pageant work to the pupils here and sang for the hospital and prison soldiers in Louisville.

the writer, and any one who knows its culture, tradition and atmosphere will appreciate the reason why Rob Morris was so devoted to the people of Oldham county and loved to sojourn for rest and work in its charming seclusion.

The record of the old Pythagoras Lodge at Goshen has been lost, but the memory and tradition of it remain. Dr. Newton was a leading figure in its deliberations and fellowship. He was a highly cultured man and mastered any subject he undertook. He was a great lover of the French novelists like Hugo, Sue, and other interpreters of social problems; and in conversation the doctor was versatile and charming. He was very fond of music and gave his time in promoting it in the academy and community. The academy reached a very high standard of excellence under his management. The social culture of the young people, under Mrs. Eubank's direction, was ideal, and during the Civil War she led them in Red Cross work which frequently had far-reaching and romantic results.

"Aunt Martha" watched the lists of prisoners published from time to time, and was always ready to send them good things to eat and wear. One day she saw the name of Sherwood Woolfolk among the Southern captured in a Northern prison. She supposed the initials S. H. were those of her nephew and wrote to him. Then, too, she was a Woolfolk herself, and felt a keen interest in every kinsman. Sherwood replied that he was another Woolfolk, but "Aunt Martha" had the girls of the Goshen Academy write messages of sympathy and send a nice box of things to him.

He answered, thanking them all, but his heart was most touched by the letter of sweet and gentle Mary Magruder. As soon as he was free to come he visited Goshen and met "Aunt Martha" and lovely Mary. He only made a few trips and they were married in 1866. The young wife died a year afterward when her first and only child was born, and the grieving husband brought her remains back to the old Magruder home, and even now, though living in the West at an advanced age, he makes an occasional pilgrimage back to the scene of his hallowed early love. "Aunt Martha" to him is a saintly memory indeed.

Countless instances of her wonderful hold upon the heart of youth could be given. She was one time visiting her brother in Missouri. While there a boy by the name of Toliver Schaffner became very much interested in her work for

"Aunt Martha" Eubank at the time of her death in 1877.

unfortunate boys and girls. He fell in love with the motherly "Aunt Martha," and, being dissatisfied at home, ran away and came to "Aunt Martha" in Louisville. She always had room for one more at her home, so she found work for the boy and wrote to her brother where he was, so that his family would know he was in good hands. The boy was bright and became an expert in telegraphy. After the Civil War he was prominently associated with the laying of the Atlantic cable, was one of its leading European representatives, and reached wealth and fame in later years. Many people said he ought to have manifested his gratitude to "Aunt Martha" for starting him out right in life by a substantial endowment of her noble work for the friendless, but he never did.

Dr. Newton was profoundly in sympathy with this great human service of Mrs. Eubank, and it was his dream and desire to crown his own career as an associate with her at the Masonic Home. But it remains for us to record the very sad death of the doctor not very long after he assumed these benevolent labors. The surroundings of the Home at that time were damp and malarious, and Dr. Newton contracted the trouble some way, so that his constitution was undermined, and he passed away, much lamented by all who knew him. He was one of the kindest of men and had endeared himself to the children while he was there. He was buried in the Masonic lot in Cave Hill Cemetery. He was truly a beloved physician.

"Your Father's House."

Our mother, who was a pupil and life-long friend and worker with "Aunt Martha," says that "Aunt Martha" touched with poetry every labor of love she performed. Naturally, therefore, the little sheaf of songs left by Mrs. Eubank is a priceless revelation and possession. If one had no knowledge whatever of her life, the soul of service and the vision of fraternity would live always in her sweet and tender verse. She very strikingly resembles Rob Morris in the transparent and exquisite simplicity of her lines, thoughts and images. Like him also, her stanzas are the product of an exalted spiritual devotion and a deep human sympathy, combined with a melody that is the very essence of folk-song, the mother's lullaby, home longings, heart yearnings, and all the sentiments that ennoble the common duties of every day.

"Aunt Martha," during the years that she was in Louisville, organized religious and social relief work on "The Point" and other places that are today the territory of the Associated Charities. She took with her the most cultured and refined Christian young people into these abandoned districts and brought them in close contact with all phases of misery, misfortune and crime. She taught them to see the prodigal and the outcast, the street Arab and the girl gone astray right where they were, and just as they were; and the church to her was "Your Father's House," not a social club or a cloistered sanctuary where the lame, the blind, the halt, the thief, the gambler, the prostitute dared not and did not come. She went outside with her willing-hearted young workers and compelled them to come into the Sunday Schools she organized and the church where she worshipped. A very beautiful picture she has left us of a congregation assembled in this spirit of penitence and helpfulness, with a pastor like Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," who "lured to brighter worlds and led the way."

From life's dusty thoroughfare
Gathered to the House of Prayer;
Hot and wearied with the race,
Pausing for a little space;
Reverent let us bow the head,
While on holy ground we tread.
Some are here in sable shroud,
'Neath a weight of sorrow bowed;
Some with hearts all light and gay,
Like a butterfly at play;
Many an age and many a state
On the Pastor's teachings wait;
With what guiding shall he lead,
Suited to their every need?
Hark, 'tis a familiar story,
Known to child and father hoary;
Yet its freshness faileth never.
Deep its stirs the fount of feeling,
To our tender sense appealing,
While we see the wanderer kneeling,
Pardoned freely and forever.
Mark the Pastor's gentle swell
As he ends the touching tale!
See his tender, kindling eye,
Bright with fervor from the sky!
Hear him say in tones of love,
"Rise and seek your home above;
Weary children, ye may come,
A Father's House indeed your home!
Long your wanderings, far and wild,
Yet He calls you each His child;
Welcomes you through Christ, His Son,
To the Kingdom for you won.

"Will you spurn His love away;
From your priceless heirdom stay?
Feed on husks and joyless roam,
When you have a Father's Home?
Oh, what words could stronger prove
Richer pardon, sweeter love?
Not invited for a day,
Once adopted, you may stay.
Willing is He? Aye, far more;
See, He opens wide the door!
What are earthly pleasures fleet,
Priced with love so rich and sweet?
What are trials here below
When we homeward e'er may go?
We no more will aliens be,
But Thy children, Father, free!"

One day Aunt Martha went out to the Louisville Work House and found a boy there who was the kind that Freemasons look after and educate. The story of this boy stirred her soul and she wrote one of the most beautiful poems on record of its kind. She was at the time full of hope and enthusiasm over the success of the Masonic Home and School at LaGrange. This poem was a contrast to the ideal of the Masonic Home and its love for boys and girls and is also a terrible indictment of the penal system of Kentucky and other States which allowed scores, hundreds and thousands of young boys to mingle with hardened offenders and degenerates, to the utter ruination of such youth.

The Workhouse Boy

In a workhouse damp and dreary,
With its walls of old grey stone,
Where the hours roll heavily
As if time had weary grown,
And each grating sound uncheerful
Tells the heart a tale of woe,
There a child, all pale and tearful,
Stood and cried in accents fearful,
"Let me go; Oh, let me go."

"Let me hasten to my playmates,
Sporting in their fearless glee,
While the welkin loud is ringing
With their shouts of laughter free;
For a spell of gloom is o'er me,
Fast the bitter teardrops flow,
Haste, unbar these gates before me,
And to liberty restore me;
Let me go; Oh, let me go!"

"Oh, that I again could ramble
Through the woodland's shady bowers,
Where the wild vine weaves its arches
Over paths bedecked with flowers;
Where the songster gaily warbles
On the bending green wood bough,
'Neath whose shade the cool spring bubbles,
And the heart forgets its troubles;
Let me go; Oh, let me go!"

"Let me trace the silver streamlet
Laughing on so bright and free,
O'er the pebbles ever dancing,
Joyous in its liberty.
To the meadows I would hie me,
Where the unfettered breezes blow:
But alas! these bolts defy me,
And the clank of chains is nigh me;
Let me go; Oh, let me go! "

"Why with criminals detain me,
In this prison house so drear?
What the law that I have broken?
Why confine the guiltless here?
Vice-polluted men allure me,
Teaching me the path of woe;
Fearful scenes depict before me,
Till a chill comes creeping o'er me;
Let me go; Oh, let me go!"

"All night long I dare not slumber
In my cell so dark and cold;
For in dreams I start and shudder
At the visions I behold.
Hideous monsters, lifeblood seeking,
Move about me to and fro,
O'er me raise their weapons reeking,
Till I start with horror shrieking;
Let me go; Oh, let me go!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE MASONIC HOME FIFTY YEARS AGO

* * * *

THE GRAND LODGE in 1873 attended the memorable and beautiful exercises given by the children from the Masonic Home. President T. L. Jefferson presented the children most fittingly to the audience—ninety-one in all. After prayer by the Grand Chaplain the orphans' greeting song to the Masonic fraternity followed, entitled "Feed My Lambs." Eleven little girls gave this with the words beautifully lettered on cards around the neck of each child. Miss Jennie Chase, daughter of Principal Chase of the Louisville Female High School, conducted the song drills and assisted in the vocal and instrumental music. The children were very devoted to her.

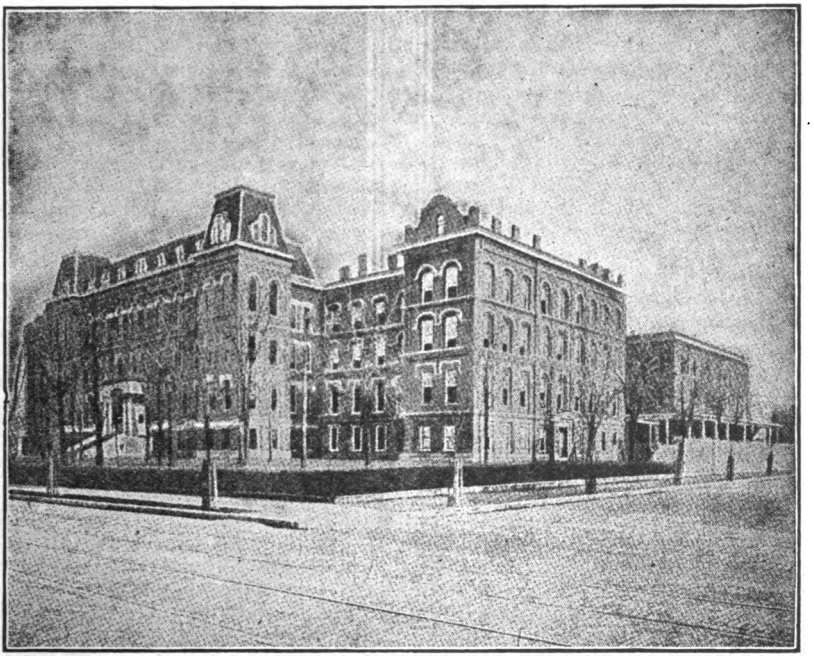
The program resembled that of the previous year in its general outline and brought out very finely the various gifts and talents of the boys and girls. A lovely bouquet was presented to the Grand Master. A motion was made and carried that six little girls go down in the audience and take a collection for the yellow fever sufferers in Memphis. The collection amounted to $275.

Mr. E. S. Fitch, who had acted as Superintendent of the Home before the coming of Dr. A. S. Newton, made an address. Then Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Austin, of Indiana, feelingly expressed his pleasure on the occasion. Other prominent Masons spoke, but the concluding remarks of Dr. H. A. M. Henderson made the deepest impression of all. His tribute to the faithful work of the benevolent women who had done so much for the Home and to Mrs. Martha Eubank, the matron, was very fitting: "Woman is always unfalteringly true to any enterprise that can command her approbation and retain her pure affections. Success is assured in the fact that the Home is located in a city full of glorious companies of philanthropic ladies who are true descendants of Dorcas, and who reap their richest harvests of happiness in the fields of human charity. I find occasion for

gratitude in the fact that an elegant, kind-hearted lady, Mrs. Eubank, is impressing her sweet spirit and refined nature upon these wards of the Home. In photographing herself upon the impressible tablets of their young hearts, we are securing the reproduced image of one of the noblest of her sex."

In Memory of Dr. Newton

The exercises of 1874 were saddened by the memory of losses sustained since last the children met before the Grand Lodge; yet the program and participants ranked with the very best ever presented. Mr. T. L. Jefferson made a choice introduction and Grand Master Pickett responded fittingly. The "Orphans' Greeting" was sung by the children and touched the hearts of all who heard. Preston Brickey, a ward of Fleming Lodge, No. 112, then delivered an opening speech. He referred in touching terms to those who had died during the year and paid a pretty tribute to the memory of Dr. Newton, the Superintendent, who had died during the



The Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home, Louisville.

year. He described the many benefits of the Home to orphan boys and girls and announced that the number enrolled had increased from 86 to 129. A beautiful "Anniversary Day" song was then sung.

A little waif from Lexington, Willie Crane, next made a speech, and it was told that a benevolent gentleman who had no children of his own had applied to adopt him. There were other splendid song drills, dialogues and recitations. Past Grand Master Tilden then told the story of a Masonic widow dying with consumption and begging to come with her children. They had no room at the time; but Aunt Martha Eubank could always make room for one more; and so they sent a telegram for her to come on with the children. Sad to relate, the spirit of the poor mother had departed from her little flock and they were received alone. These little ones stood out before the Grand Lodge with eyes full of tears and it made a profound impression.

The Level and the Square

A recitation was then given by thirty-four children representing the famous song and sentiment by Rob Morris, "We meet on the Level and part on the Square." This was an exquisite presentation and thrilled those who witnessed it. "Feed My Lambs," "Little Sunbeams" and other favorite songs of the children were rendered in drill and chorus. This was one of the best great public exercises given by the children of the Home before the Grand Lodge. Aunt Martha Eubank closed her service sometime afterward because of failing strength to bear the burdens of the great work she loved so well. But, like Dr. Newton himself, who died at his post, this good woman finally gave her heroic life in martyrdom to helpless childhood.

Brother Adams, present Superintendent of the Home, has very kindly looked up for us out of his old records the following names and dates which are not found elsewhere:

Mrs. Josephine Atkinson, of Uniontown, Ky., was elected Matron of the Home April 7th, 1871. She was the first Matron. In the fall of 1869 Brother E. S. Fitch was employed to travel over the State and solicit funds for the Home. He began this work on January 1st, 1870. Brother E. S. Fitch was elected Superintendent of the Home January 1, 1872. Brother Fitch resigned in the fall of 1873 on account of private affairs, and the health of his wife. Mrs. Eubank was connected with the home at that time. Brother Dr. A. S. Newton, of Oldham County, was elected Superintendent in the fall of 1873 to succeed Brother E. S. Fitch. Brother Newton died February 4th, 1874. Brother Fitch was re-elected Superintendent and returned to the Home April 1, 1880, and remained until March 1st, 1883. Rev. Dr. Stuart Robinson, who preached the funeral of Aunt Martha Eubank, said that the Board of the Home elected her Matron in 1871, and that she remained nearly four years. It is evident, therefore, that Mrs. Eubank was the one great motherly soul of the Home when it was first established.

The worth of Dr. Newton was thus commented upon at the time of his death:

"Dr. Newton was a superior man in every way and had peculiar qualifications for the responsible position he had filled for several months so acceptably. His loss is a severe one to that institution and to society."

Grand Master Fitch, the First Superintendent

The records of the Grand Lodge show that Grand Master Elisha S. Fitch, who made such herculean efforts among the lodges of the State to obtain adequate support for the Widows and Orphans' Home, was the first Superintendent elected by the Board. We now understand that Aunt Martha Eubank was Matron with him and inspired those first formative years with her devotion and love. Dr. Newton succeeded Grand Master Fitch as head of the Home. The following sketch of Grand Master Fitch is peculiarly appropriate, being written by Brother H. B. Grant, who knew him so well:

"Elisha Seaman Fitch was born in Bridgeport, Ohio, July 22, 1822, and came to Kentucky in 1830; attended Morrison College and the Law Department of Transylvania University; graduating in 1843. He was taken into the law office of Henry Clay, and while Representative in the Legislature (two terms) was selected to advocate an appropriation for the Clay monument. So effective were his pleadings that the Legislature doubled the proposed appropriation. Possessed of a wonderful command of language, he cultivated his talents and won the sobriquet of 'Silver-tongued.' He delivered the address (as Grand Master) at the laying of the cornerstone of the Masonic Home, in whose interest he had traveled from lodge to lodge, and of which he became the first superintendent.

"At the meeting of the Grand Lodge (1896) he wrote a report on 'Our Home,' and expressed the belief that it was probably the last time he would attend the Grand Lodge, then said: "I wish you to see to it, that no display be made when I am dead.' In contemplation of his death he wrote a characteristic letter of in-

structions touching his obsequies, enjoining in detail, the most simple methods of everything. (See Masonic Home Journal, January 28th, February 11, 1897.)

"Brother Fitch was made a Mason in Montgomery Lodge No. 23, (1844), and a Royal Arch Mason in Mt. Sterling Chapter, serving as Master and High Priest. He was elected Grand Orator (1853) at his first appearance in Grand Lodge, and served two terms as Grand Master, 1865-67, the first instance of the kind since 1817.

"He was a member of the Christian Church.

"He married Amanda Walker, a most estimable woman, who with one son and a daughter survived him.

"He was a good friend and I cease not to mourn for him. I trust that

"Where the old grow young again
I'll grasp my Brother's hand."

MISS MARY WOOLFOLK

The author's mother, who was closely associated with Mrs. Martha Eubank in all her Red Cross and Eastern Star work during Civil War times.

REV. JOHN RULE

The author's father, who succeeded Dr. A. S. Newton as head of the Masonic Academy at Goshen, and assisted at the funeral of Mrs. Eubank.

Notices of Dr. Newton

From the files of the Louisville Courier-Journal of February 4th to 6th, 1874, we read:

"Died—Wednesday evening, the 4th inst., at 7 o'clock at the Masonic Widows and Orphans' Home, this city, Dr. A. S. Newton, Superintendent of that institution, in the 59th year of his age. Funeral will take place from the Home on Friday the 6th inst., at 11 a. m."

DEATH OF DR. NEWTON

"Dr. A. S. Newton, the late Superintendent of the Masonic Widows and Orphans' Home, whose death was mentioned yesterday morning, was formerly a partner in the practice of medicine of Drs. Cummins and Bullitt, of this city, and bore the reputation of a very skillful physician. A few years ago he removed to Goshen, a small village in Oldham County, where he resided until the 15th of last September, when he was appointed to the position of Superintendent of the Home to fill the unexpired term of Superintendent Fitch, resigned, and on the first of January, when the term expired, Dr. Newton was elected Superintendent for the ensuing year. About the 20th of the month he was stricken down with pneumonia and inflammation of the liver, and, after suffering for fifteen days, died on Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. During the time of his sickness he was patient and hopeful and a few days before his death expressed the belief that he would get well. He died in his 59th year, leaving a wife who attended him in his last illness, and two sons, one of whom accompanied the bereaved mother at the bedside of his father. His remains will be interred in the lot owned by the Home in Cave Hill Cemetery, and the funeral will take place with Masonic honors in Christ's Church at 11 o'clock this morning, Friday, February 6th, 1877."

Dr. Newton had a very keen sense of humor. He used to laugh at his good wife Agnes, who was so awfully particular and over-nice in her quiet lady-like way. Out at Goshen, before they went to the Masonic Home, she had her own modest house and did her own domestic work and milked her own cow when the slaves were set free. She was neatness and order incarnate without the slightest suggestion of imposing her ways on others. So when she went with Dr. Newton to the Masonic Home where meals were served to so many, and such large quantities of food were prepared, it almost upset her peace of mind. Dr. Newton laughed and said she could now only make her own little pot of tea and wash her own little cup and saucer. After the Doctor's death she moved into two neat rooms in Wilkes Block, Louisville, where she kept house herself until she went West to live with her sons. She was known to a large circle of relatives and friends as "Cousin Agnes," and a sweeter, gentler soul never lived. She and "Aunt Martha" Eubank were very congenial, and all the little troubles at the Home that so amused the good Doctor were made easy by "Aunt Martha" and were borne with perfect patience by "Cousin Agnes."

CHAPTER XII.

ROB MORRIS ON THE MORGAN AFFAIR

* * * *

PERHAPS the greatest book that Rob Morris ever wrote was his story of the famous William Morgan affair. This book was written after forty years of the most careful and pains-taking research and investigation. It was written at the very crown and climax of Rob Morris' career when his powers of judgment and literary expression were at their best. This book was written at LaGrange, Kentucky, and dedicated to its great purpose, being completed in March, 1883. In the preface to it Rob Morris refers in a most beautiful and fitting way to the time and manner in which he was made a Freemason. He then enters on his task with characteristic thoroughness.

"It is well nigh two score years since a gentleman at Oxford, Mississippi, then, as now, honored and beloved, pronounced the mystic words that proclaimed me a member of the Masonic fraternity. I have not forgotten—can I ever forget? —even the smallest details of the time, place and occasion. The cold, stormy night in March; the little circle of ten or fifteen, all well known to me as neighbors and friends; the dilapidated apartment, then transformed under the magic of Masonic symbolism into 'the checkered pavement of King Solomon's Temple;' the ceremonies, quaint and pregnant with ancient saws and apothegms; finally, the EXPLANATORY LECTURES, so elequently delivered by one whose equal in that branch of inculcation I have rarely met through all subsequent years; such is the vision that recurs vividly to my mind as, in the loneliness of my study, I indite this preface.

"Among the injunctions laid on me upon that memorable occasion was one which in a life-time of active labor in Freemasonry I have never violated, either in letter or spirit. It was this:

" 'Neither are you to suffer your zeal for the (Masonic) institution to lead you into argument with those who, through ignorance, may ridicule it.'

"In the volume to which these remarks are prefatory the superficial reader will detect, or fancy that he detects, an infringement of this ancient law of Masonry. This would subject me to the reproach of coming out of the retirement appropriate to the veteran teacher in Masonry, and entering into arguments with those who ridicule Masonry.

"My one reply to all these critics is that my book is not in any sense an apology for Freemasonry or an answer to the stuff that passes for argument in anti-Masonic publications. It is simply a statement of the facts connected with the Morgan affair, and its consequences. No unbiased history of these events

has been written. The facts are scattered through hundreds of documents. In general, it is taken for granted that Morgan was murdered by the Freemasons, and some even intimate that the principles of Freemasonry justify the act upon such a perjured traitor as Morgan was. Now, if anything negative can be proven, it is that William Morgan was not murdered, but that his departure from Western New York, September, 1826, was entirely of his own free will and accord. The facts, as I present them in the following pages, will bring the unprejudiced mind to such conclusions, and it is for this purpose only that I now put to print a work for which I began to gather materials in 1846, or earlier."

Burlesquing Freemasonry In Ben Franklin's Time

It is no new thing for the Masonic Order to be attacked from time to time by its enemies through ignorance and prejudice. The first historic experience of this kind was in the early years of Benjamin Franklin's Masonic activity in the city of Philadelphia nearly one hundred years before the famous "Morgan Affair," which we are shortly to describe. This storm of public prejudice in Franklin's day was caused by a generation of young rowdies, not themselves Freemasons, who for years made a mock and burlesque of imaginary Masonic degrees and the witless victims of their mischievous impositions. This duly led to serious and criminal results, and the entire story as told by Sidney Hayden in his Masonic Life of Washington and his fellows is well worth our close attention. We shall give it here entire:

"Freemasonry in Philadelphia, although it appears to have been popular at this time, was soon after under the ban of public suspicion there, and Franklin's connection with it was much commented on by the public press of that city. It appears from the civil record and public journals of that day, that in 1737 a few thoughtless individuals attempted to impose on an ignorant young man and persuade him that by submitting to some ridiculous ceremonies he might become a Mason. He submitted to all they required, and was by them invested with sundry pretended Masonic signs, and told he had taken the first degree. The principal perpetrators of the farce appear not to have been Masons, but they soon after communicated to Benjamin Franklin and others an account of their practical joke, and told him they might expect to be saluted with the signs they had given to the young man when they met him. Franklin did not approve of their imposition, but laughed heartily at the ridiculous farce they had played, and thought no more of it. Not so with the active parties in it, for they determined to further dupe the young man, and for this purpose induced him to take a second degree, in which they blindfolded and conducted him into a dark cellar, where one of the party was to exhibit himself to him disguised in a bull's hide, the head and horns of which were intended to represent the devil; while the others were to play a game they called snap-dragon, which consisted of picking raisins from a dish of burning fluid. Then the bandage was taken from the young man's eyes, and when he had gazed for a moment on the scene before him, one of the party thoughtlessly threw upon him the pan of burning fluid, which set fire to his clothes, and so burned him that he lingered for but three days and then died. This occurrence caused great excitement in Philadelphia, and the guilty parties were arrested and punished for manslaughter.

"As it appeared at the judicial investigation that Franklin had been made acquainted with the first outrage on the young man after its perpetration, although he had no knowledge that a second attempt was to be made, and disapproved of the first, many ignorant or excited citizens, knowing his Masonic position, sought to cast odium on him and the fraternity of which he was a leading member. A personal attack was also made on the character of Franklin by a newspaper in Philadelphia, accusing him of conniving at the outrage. This was promptly denied by him, and the denial was verified by the oaths of those who were acquainted with the whole affair. The Grand Lodge also deemed it its duty to express its disapprobation of such proceedings, and the Grand Officers appeared before the authorities in Philadelphia and signed the following declaration:

" 'Whereas, some ill-disposed persons in this city, assuming the names of Freemasons, have for some years past imposed upon several well-meaning people

who were desirous of becoming true brethren, persuading them, after they had performed certain ridiculous ceremonies, that they had really become Freemasons; and have lately, under the pretence of making a young man a Mason, caused his death by purging, vomiting, burning, and the terror of certain diabolical, horrid rites; it is therefore thought proper, for preventing such impositions for the future, and to avoid any unjust aspersions that may be thrown on this ancient and honorable fraternity on this account, either in this city or any other part of the world, to publish this advertisement declaring the abhorrence of all true brethren of such practices in general, and their ignorance of this fact in particular, and that the persons concerned in this wicked action are not of our society, nor of any society of Free and Accepted Masons, to our knowledge or belief.

"Signed in behalf of all the members of St. John's Lodge in Philadelphia, 10th day of June, 1737.

"'THOS. HOPKINSON, G. Master; WM. PLUMSTED, D. G. Master; JOS. SHIPPEN, Warden; HENRY PRATT, Warden.'

"The knowledge of the outrage that had been perpetrated in Philadelphia in the name of Freemasonry, and the attack on Franklin's character, soon came to his parents in Boston, and his mother, with true maternal feelings, induced his father to write to him on the subject, and make inquiries respecting the society which was then agitating the public mind. To these inquiries Franklin replied under date of 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 secret society. She has, I must confess, on that account, some reason to be displeased with it; but for anything 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.'

"Although the excitement had run so high in Philadelphia, that during the trial of those who had been engaged in duping the young man with pretended Masonic degrees, every Mason was challenged from the jury box, yet Franklin's popularity did not suffer. He was then postmaster of the city and clerk of the Provincial Assembly, and he continued to hold these offices for many years."

Abduction of William Morgan.

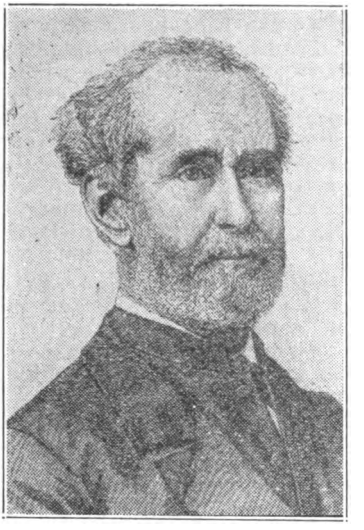
No incident in the whole history of American Freemasonry has ever aroused such long and bitter controversy as the alleged "Abduction of William Morgan." This man was a native of Virginia. He was born in 1776. He served as an apprenticed brickmason in Madison County with one Joseph Day. It is said that he worked near Lexington, Kentucky, in his youth and then returned to Virginia, where he was employed upon the Orange County Courthouse. He thereupon went to Richmond, Virginia, for a while. Rob Morris discovered a family story to the effect that Morgan was at one time at least partially deranged, but there is no definite reference to this in his after history, because he was a jovial fellow and by no means given to morbidness or melancholy, nor indeed to any known queer actions except when intoxicated. He was subject to violent fits of temper, but this, too, was when under the influence of liquor.

It was said that Morgan was a captain in the army of General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans; but the records of the War Department never showed his name, although a standing offer of fifty dollars reward was made to prove that Morgan was a soldier under Old Hickory. The story goes that Morgan himself frequently boasted to bar-room audiences that he had been a pirate on the high seas in the far South. All writers agree that very little is known with certainty regarding his earlier years. These various statements about him originated after he came into prominence in the anti-Masonic excitement nearly one hundred years ago.

It seems postitive, however, that he came to Rochester in the State of New York, from Canada, about the year 1823, and pursued his trade of a stonemason, receiving assistance and help from the Masonic order at that place. Morgan

claimed to be a Freemason and to have been made one somewhere in Canada. He asserted that the lecture work of the lodge-room where he received the degrees was different from that of the order in Western New York. The searching investigation of Rob Morris proved, beyond doubt, that Morgan wormed his way into the lodge-room by imposing upon the credulity of the order at Batavia, New York. He stammered and stuttered when questioned and examined, but owing to the charity of the brethren, he got by somehow.

We next find him honored with the Royal Arch degree at LeRoy, New York, May 31, 1825. He made oath that the other six degrees had been conferred upon him in a regular and lawful manner. Rob Morris condemns the laxity of those who admitted Morgan upon the slender evidence he was able to give of his worthiness and fitness for Masonic advancement. Morgan removed from one place to another at his trade and made himself a boon companion in the bar-room and a lively fellow at all Masonic festivities. When under the influence of liquor he could sing a good song and tell a questionable story to the delight and laughter of the crowd. Of course in Masonic assemblages he toned himself down to the demands of decency and order; but the universal account given of him



ROB MORRIS in 1883 when he wrote the Book on William Morgan.

to Rob Morris by friend and foe alike was that he possessed the characteristic ear-marks of a loafer and vulgarian.

It is within the bounds of probability that with education and opportunity and the real culture that the Masonic order gives, William Morgan might have become a very worthy and popular member of the fraternity. He had great gifts of good fellowship, which prove that his personality was by no means contemptible. Morgan must have had a good memory to catch from the degree work of the lodge-room enough knowledge of the ritual to pass as a regular member of the Craft. He was undoubtedly shrewd and diplomatic, but was wanting in the instincts of truth, honesty and sincerity. For example, he claimed that he belonged to a class which received Masonic lectures from a prominent Freemason at Batavia, Dr. Blanchard Powers. On the contrary, Dr. Powers always declared that he never had any confidence in Morgan or encouraged him in his Masonic aspirations.

Upon this point hinges the course of our story. In the year 1825 or 1826 a petition was prepared to establish a chapter of Royal Arch Masons in the town of Batavia. It seems that Morgan was at that time popular amongst a certain class

belonging to the order of Freemasons and this petition was presented to him for his signature. Of course he readily signed it. But as the petition went around and met the eye of Dr. Powers and other leading members, the name of Morgan upon it was so unacceptable, not to say repulsive, that an entirely different petition was prepared, and the name of Morgan left off. This petition was sent to the Grand Chapter and a charter obtained. When the charter came and the Chapter was organized, Morgan was greatly surprised and angered that he was not included in the charter membership. To a man of his type of self-esteem this was a wound that would not easily heal. He could not be admitted to the Chapter except by unanimous vote, and of course it was a foregone conclusion that he could not be admitted at all. This was the insult to his vanity that turned him into a traitor to the entire Masonic order. From that hour his hatred and desire for revenge grew and strengthened. Among his bar-room associates he sought consolation and found it. Slowly but resolutely the purpose was formed to make an exposure of Masonic secrets and publish to the world the mystic degrees of the lodge-room.

This sinister announcement created ridicule in the community amongst the Masonic membership; but Morgan had his friends and it was not long until he gathered around him a group of men who encouraged his rash undertaking with the hope and promise of fame and fortune through the sensational revelations of Masonic mysteries. Morgan himself did not have sufficient education to prepare a book of this sort for the press. But he found in one David C. Miller, a confederate and publisher. Morgan's name was to appear as the author, and the men who were backing him were to furnish the capital and push the sale of the book. Rob Morris made careful investigation of the progress of the Morgan-Miller plot above mentioned. In August, 1826, word went round that they were preparing "illustrations" for the book; and Miller announced in his paper that he had been threatened with violence if they did not desist from their purpose to put out so obnoxious a work.

Miller made sensation in order to create a demand for the book. Thurlow Weed, who comes into the story later on, says that Morgan lay concealed in Rochester, New York, for two months while working on the book. He says also that Morgan made his bargain with Miller after failing to find a publisher in Rochester. When Miller undertook the task the type was set at night and on Sunday. On August the 9th, 1826, a notice appeared in one of the papers warning the Masonic fraternity against imposition by William Morgan. He laughed at this notice when he saw it, but it went round the country nevertheless and created the caution against him that was intended. It was natural that the expected book should be talked of everywhere and that it should excite the animosity of the Masonic order.

Thurlow Weed gives the most extended account of the Morgan affair from the standpoint of Morgan's friends. He claims that Masons from outside of Batavia held frequent meetings with the Masons of the town after the talk of Morgan's book got abroad. He says that Miller was harassed with prosecution for some small debts and threats were made that the book would never reach the public. Miller profited by these reports and armed himself to defend his print shop. Morgan also at this time received several summonses for small debts and was in daily expectancy of prosecution.

At this juncture another man by the name of Daniel Johns appears in partnership with Morgan and Miller to back them with money. One unproved theory is that Johns was a third party to obtain the manuscript and prevent its publication. Anyhow, what he obtained was only a portion of it. Meanwhile, Morgan and Miller proceeded with the printing of the first three Masonic degrees as they had stolen and garbled them. On the eighteenth of August, according to this account, Morgan was put under arrest on a warrant sworn out against him. It was on Saturday afternoon. His friends came to his relief, but it was too late to release him. It is claimed that the house of Morgan was searched by the officers and that anything resembling a manuscript was carried off. Morgan continued in jail until Monday, when he succeeded in obtaining bail. All day Sunday he was

visited by various people who did their best to persuade him to relinquish his purpose to publish the intended book. Yet he remained dogged and determined in his vengeful resolution.

Somewhere about the tenth of September the print shop of Miller was assaulted and set on fire. Miller was prepared to defend his property and this episode proved to be a fiasco, in which it was charged that Miller himself had his shop set on fire to arouse sensation and sympathy. Anyhow, Morgan was arrested and taken away from the town charged with petit larceny. Five or six months previous he had borrowed a shirt and tie from a hotel-keeper by the name of Kingsley, in Ontario County, promising to return these articles at an early date. The warrant was regularly issued and served. Batavia was a border town in those days, with numerous grogshops, much drinking and rowdyism galore. The officers who arrested Morgan anticipated some resistance and took with them enough men to bring away the prisoner. The party took supper six miles from town at a tavern and spent the night at a tavern in Batavia. Morgan at the time boarded with his family with a man by the name of Stewart. The constable serving the warrant found Morgan in a grocery and quietly informed him that he was wanted. It seems that Morgan understood the nature of the charge against

First Spurious Portrait of William Morgan published by the Anti-Masons and exposed by Rob Morris.

him and made no objection whatever to surrendering himself. He returned to the tavern with the constable and had breakfast with him and the party.

While the company were at table the printer, Miller, appeared and made objection to taking Morgan away because he was already on Morgan's bond in a similar charge. When the meal was over Morgan seemed anxious to get out of town as soon as possible and so expressed himself to the men who had him in custody. They were in no hurry, but about 9 o'clock on Monday morning, September 11, 1826, they left Batavia and took the prisoner on a journey of about fifty miles. There is no evidence whatever that Morgan resisted arrest or had any serious objection to facing the charges against him.

The story is told that early in the previous month a certain young man was on his way to the Masonic lodge one night in Batavia to take his first degree. Passing along the street he encountered a crowd of rowdies listening to the humorous mockery of Freemasonry by Morgan, who was evidently under the influence of liquor. He told the young man that if he would wait a few weeks he would be able to get more knowledge of Masonry for a dollar than he could get in that cursed lodge-room for fifteen dollars. Incidents like these had already reached the ears of Masonic members and exasperated them beyond endurance.

One Freemason of high standing, Henry Brown, who afterward published a book on this whole affair, advised silence and indifference to the boasting pretensions of Morgan and Miller. He told the Craft that these men would only profit by being opposed in a way to give them wider publicity. He said that they had but little ground for success in their enterprise, and that the Morgan book would excite no comment if ignored. This sound advice, however, did not satisfy the brethren. In view of this fact, Mr. Brown published an article a week or ten days previous to the arrest of Morgan in which he exposed the scheme of that pretender and again counseled calmness and wisdom in the face of any attack upon the Masonic order.

The comment of Rob Morris upon this article and the Morgan affair at this juncture is worthy of our close attention. "It is certainly to be regretted that so much shrewdness and good sense failed in its aim. The outraged sentiment of the Craft, especially the younger members, was not thus to be assuaged. The sight of Morgan, whose family had for years enjoyed their beneficence—that besotted and ungrateful wretch proclaiming publicly in the streets from day to day that 'he was half through the first degree,' that 'he would finish the Entered Apprentice's degree next week'; that 'he was about to enter upon Fellow Craft's part;' that 'for one dollar he would give the people more Masonry than that d—d lodge ever knew,'—the scene presented by the reeling wretch repeating to a crowd in the public bar-room what he called the obligation of Masonry, the aggravations increasing every day, of the lewd classes of the village, publicly throwing out signs and gestures which Morgan had taught them, the sound of the press in the low second-story of Miller's printing-rooms as he rattled off the successive sheets of the 'illustrations,' say what we may of patience and discretion and the dignity of silence, this was more than human nature could endure. Threats were openly made by the young and rash around Batavia that 'if William Morgan goes on with that scheme of his, he will be found some dark night with his throat cut!'"

CHAPTER XIII.

THURLOW WEED AND WILLIAM MORGAN

* * * *

IN THE year 1826, Thurlow Weed, the noted New York politician, was the editor of a small daily paper at Rochester, in the same State. He conducted a printing office in connection with the paper and was beginning to reach out after political power. He says that he was not at the time or ever afterward a member of the Masonic order. He held the institution in respect as a very useful one. He was aware that such men as Washington, Franklin and LaFayette were Freemasons and the fraternity enjoyed great popularity so far as he could observe.

One morning during the summer of that year Mr. Weed's next-door neighbor, a man by the name of Dyer, knocked at his door and was admitted, with some curiosity, to the privacy of the sitting room. Glancing about suspiciously, Mr. Dyer asked if they were absolutely alone. Being assured that they were, the visitor said:

"Are you a Freemason, Mr. Weed?"

"No, I am not," answered Mr. Weed.

"Well, I have a matter of great importance to mention, and I desire you to take an oath upon your honor that you will not give it away under any circumstances."

"I must decline to take an oath, but you can rely absolutely upon my word not to reveal what you tell me."

"What I wish to tell you is that for several weeks past a Captain Morgan, from Batavia, has been staying at my house and has just finished a book which is a full exposure of the Masonic degrees. He wants to find a publisher who will do the work secretly, for Morgan realizes that when the book is put out into circulation the publisher and the author will be in peril of their lives!"

Mr. Weed looked at his visitor with some degree of surprise, and thought a moment or two, then answered: "It will be impossible for me to undertake the publication of the book, because my partner is a Freemason and of course would never consent to such a thing."

"Very well, then; let me again insist that you keep your word not to violate this confidence," said Mr. Dyer as he arose to go.

In September, about the time that the news of Morgan's arrest reached Rochester, Thurlow Weed gave attention to the incident and watched the course of events with an eye to news-items. He heard that the printed sheets of the Morgan book had been seized and that the arrest and absence of Morgan had occasioned alarm and excitement in the town of Batavia. Reports also of a public meeting there reached Rochester. Thurlow Weed then published an editorial paragraph to the effect that Captain William Morgan had been spirited away from his family and home by Freemasons with the purpose of preventing his publication of Masonic secrets. That this was a violation of the law by over-zealous members of the order, and that it was incumbent upon the better-informed membership to take the matter in hand and set Morgan at liberty.

Scarcely had the issue of the paper containing this article reached its readers ere one subscriber and advertiser after another began to come to the office and insist that the paper be stopped and their advertisements discontinued. Most of the business men in Rochester where members of the Masonic order, and in the space of one day, utter ruin suddenly stared Thurlow Weed in the face. Nor did his partner escape the same condemnation.

"What is the matter with these people?" asked Mr. Weed.

His partner made mention of the fact that a member of the Masonic order was bound by the most solemn oath that any man can take not to reveal the secrets and degrees of the fraternity. "What would you think of a fellow who took such an oath of his own free will and accord and then deliberately violated it?"

"Well, I should say that a man who had no more regard for his oath and word of honor than that deserved the punishment he had called down upon his own head," answered Mr. Weed.

Commenting upon this conversation in his autobiography half a lifetime afterward, Mr. Weed says: "I have ever regarded the institution of Masonry as a benevolent and useful one, remembering how often I had heard Franklin, La-Fayette, and other eminently good men spoken of as members of the Order. But while I cherished these general views of Masonry, I had never cared to become one of the brotherhood, although suggestions to that effect had been occasionally made to me. I was influenced by a veneration for Washington's farewell address, a paper which always seemed to me to contain the whole duty of an American citizen, and in which he warns his countrymen against secret associations."

It seems rather amusing that Mr. Weed would respect Washington as a member of the Masonic Order in one breath and then find in his famous farewell address a warning to his countrymen against becoming members of a secret order. This was not the first time that the words of Washington had been turned from their intended meaning and made to serve the purpose of one who looked upon Freemasonry from the outside and whose prejudice against it sprang into a secret and malignant conspiracy of its enemies. In the case of Mr. Weed, he had alienated his best friends and was made to feel the sting of a righteous, instinctive resentment from the Order. Whatever had been done with Morgan at that time, the indignation of Freemasons at Rochester against Mr. Weed for even so slight a reflection upon the honor of the Craft is sufficient evidence that the Craft generally would not countenance a violation of law or crime against personal liberty such as the "Abduction of Morgan" implied.

However, Mr. Weed gave up his partnership very soon afterward and left town. He applied for a position on a paper at Utica, New York, but was immediately turned down. He experienced a similar disappointment at Troy. Without a doubt, Mr. Weed paid the penalty of his article reflecting upon the Masonic Order. Smarting under the ostracism to which he had subjected himself, and burning with a desire to strike back in self-defense, he searched out an old

printing press, purchased it and began the publication of an anti-Masonic newspaper. From this moment forward, Thurlow Weed became the master-spirit in the whole Morgan affair and exploited it with a characteristic genius for political ends.

The party that arrested William Morgan proceeded to Canandaigua, New York, where he was presented before the Justice of the Peace and was discharged. He admitted taking the shirt and tie from the tavern, as charged in the indictment, and his defense was that he had borrowed them. He was immediately re-arrested on a new charge and confined in the county jail. This was on the evening of Monday, September 11th. From this time onward there are conflicting stories of what became of Morgan. Thurlow Weed gives one account and Rob Morris another from the records and the testimony of many witnesses. It will be our aim to get at the truth as nearly as possible.

Thurlow Weed claims that the wife of William Morgan became alarmed at his absence and heard of his arrest; that she went to the sheriff in Batavia and asked where her husband was. The sheriff gave her the facts. Mrs. Morgan asked if the sheriff thought Morgan would be released if she gave up certain Masonic papers in her possession. He answered that he thought so, and advised her to go to Canadaigua in company with some influential Freemason and surrender the papers. It is claimed that these were examined and that Mrs. Morgan was taken to the town where her husband was lodged in jail. Thurlow Weed further claims that Mrs. Morgan was kept in the dark as to the disposal to be made of her husband. He says that she was taken back to Batavia and given every assurance that her husband was alive, but would not be allowed to return home. She was also offered every assistance within the power of the Masonic Order in the way of provision for herself and her children. These offers, says Mr. Weed, Mrs. Morgan rejected and cast herself upon the mercy of the anti-Masonic friends of her missing husband.

Rob Morris, who went to Batavia and who studied the Morgan affair for nearly forty years, talking with witnesses yet living and examining every possible bit of evidence, says that Morgan lay in jail on Tuesday, September 12th. He consulted with those who had brought him to Canadaigua. He begged a bottle of liquor and was permitted what he wanted. About 9 o'clock in the evening he was released and was put in a carriage going northward.

It is claimed that when the wife of the jailer, he being absent, released the prisoner, a man gave a shrill whistle at the front door as if calling his comrades together. This same man, Lawson by name, took Morgan by the arm in a friendly manner and conducted him to the carriage. Some say that Morgan cried "Murder!" when he was put in the vehicle. Others deny this and say that Morgan went with his captors without making objection. It was in the darkness of night and the evidence was so distorted or misinterpreted to suit the opposing sides that it is hard to follow the trail of truth. This was natural in the excitement and bitter controversy that arose after the disappearance of Morgan. Upon his part, Thurlow Weed plotted to take advantage of the heated popular imagination and sentiment aroused against the Masonic Order and to fasten upon them as a whole the odious crime of kidnapping and murder. We shall see beyond a doubt that this animus was essentially the same as that which prompted Morgan to publish his attack upon the order, namely, for vengeance and personal gain.

What Became of William Morgan?

Thurlow Weed says in his account of the Morgan affair that the protracted and mysterious absence of Morgan from Batavia soon aroused the community. Public meetings were held the last of September and the first of October to express general indignation. Mr. Weed says: "It did not appear that all who belonged to the Masonic fraternity were concerned in the conspiracy. On the contrary, many highly respectable Masons were among the foremost in demanding an investigation. But it did appear that all those engaged in the conspiracy were Freemasons, generally young, but all zealous and active members of the order."

He says that a committee of ten highly respectable citizens were appointed to investigate the deportation of Morgan. On the second day of October, this

committee sent a letter to Governor Clinton with a report of the public meeting held and certain depositions concerning the affair taken at Canandaigua. The committee expressed to the Governor their alarm at the excited state of the public mind and requested of him to take some action that would result in clearing the unfortunate affair. The Governor replied as soon as possible, deploring any violation of the law or of personal liberty, and said that while he could not offer a reward just at that time for the arrest of the offenders, he was ready to pay any expense incurred in detecting and bringing to bar the guilty parties. The Governor also authorized the publication of this letter and followed it with a reward offered for any information regarding the missing man. This reward was increased from time to time and showed the earnestness of the Governor, who was the highest acting Masonic official in America. He kept in close and constant touch with the whole affair, and even with those who, like Thurlow Weed, were taking advantage of the anti-Masonic sentiment to boost themselves under pretense of the public good.

Thurlow Weed attempted to make a great point against the Masonic Order by blaming it for not taking a more vigorous stand in threshing out the facts of the Morgan affair and denouncing the supposed conspirators therein: "At this stage of the investigation, greatly excited as the people were, it was in the power

Second Spurious Portrait of William Morgan Published by the Anti-Masons and Exposed by Rob Morris.

of the Masonic fraternity to have averted most of the painful experience of the next two or three years. Most of our intelligent, enterprising citizens were Freemasons. Had prominent Masons, hundreds of whom were both innocent and ignorant of the offence, united with the people in their effort to investigate the outrage, it would have calmed the 'troubled waters,' for up to this period there had been no general or indiscriminate denunciations. But, unhappily, Masons generally either regarded the popular feeling as directed against their Order, or were led to believe that the excitement was artificial, and the conspiracy had for its object a crusade against Masonry."

Yet Thurlow Weed, long afterward, in this same autobiography, quotes a letter from Frederick Follett to himself concerning the Morgan affair, in which Mr. Follett states most explicitly that, although he was a Freemason of high standing in the lodges of Batavia and other towns and was close to the incidents of the Morgan affair, he never once heard it mentioned in the lodge-room or discussed amongst Freemasons outside in the manner Mr. Weed implies.

"I was then a Mason, and a member of the lodge and chapter at Batavia, and the encampment of Knight Templars, then located at LeRoy," says Mr. Follett.

"I mention this fact that I may be enabled to mention another, which goes to disprove the assertion then made, and in the excitement then prevailing very generally believed, that all Masons, and especially of the higher order, were either concerned with or cognizant of the fact that Morgan was to be dealt with for violation of his Masonic obligations, which is this: That although I was in constant habit of attending every meeting of the lodge, chapter and encampment, I NEVER ONCE HEARD THE SUBJECT OF MORGAN'S ABDUCTION, OR IN ANY OTHER WAY INTERFERING WITH HIS PERSONAL RIGHTS, ALLUDED TO IN ANY MANNER WHATEVER. On this point I speak confidently, for I know the fact. What may have been done outside the lodges, if anything, by individual members, looking toward such a contingency, I have no knowledge whatever, and can only speak for myself. I neither talked with anyone on those points, or heard them discussed by others. And here I wish to state a fact personal to myself. I occupied a prominent position as a member and officer in all the organizations above alluded to, notwithstanding which I was never once called upon the stand as a witness, or prosecuted as a principal in any of the trials, and they were by no means few, growing out of the abduction of Morgan."

According to Thurlow Weed, Morgan was taken from the jail in Canandaigua on September 12th. He was then taken to Fort Niagara and confined for several days in the magazine. About the 20th of September, so Mr. Weed and some witnesses say, Morgan "was taken in a boat to a point where the Niagara River empties itself into Lake Ontario, and there thrown overboard, heavily weighted. More than a year afterwards a body was found at the mouth of Oak Orchard Creek, forty miles from Fort Niagara, which had evidently drifted ashore from the lake. Strong as were the circumstances and coincidences which led an intelligent and impartial inquest to declare that that was the body of William Morgan, public opinion hesitated, questioned and doubted. Was it possible, or even probable, said many presses and people, that this body could have been drifting about Lake Ontario more than a year? To these by no means unreasonable questions, it was answered that in September, 1827, under the direction of Bates Cook, persons were employed for three weeks dragging the lake at the point at which it was supposed Morgan had been thrown into it, and that his body, thus released from its weight, might have risen and floated down to Oak Orchard Creek."

It was Thurlow Weed's theory that the Freemasons of Western New York conspired together in a manner that was more zealous than wise to suppress Morgan's book, a book which on its own merits would most likely have fallen still-born from the press. He says the conspiracy only resulted in creating a demand for the book; and then the conspirators determined to carry away Morgan himself. He admits that these men were law-abiding citizens and that they had no purpose in taking Morgan away from Batavia but to separate him from Miller and others who were in the scheme to publish the book.

Mr. Weed says that the idea of taking Morgan's life did not occur to the conspirators until their friends in Canada, who were to send Morgan up into the fur country of the Far West, failed to do so, and sent back word that they would have to be relieved of their charge. He insists that after Morgan had been confined for some days in Fort Niagara, he had become so loud and troublesome that something had to be done. He claims that a consultation was held in the Rochester Chapter and that a certain clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Cummings by name, in the heat of wine at an installation supper, gave a toast in which he wished all enemies of the Masonic Order to occupy six feet of earth!

Mr. Weed asserts that this sentiment aroused everybody who heard it, and that the men who took Morgan's life were impelled to such a crime by the excitement of the hour and the stimulants. According to his story, made up of the supposed confession of Elisha Adams, the ferryman at Fort Niagara, lots were drawn and the man selected to put Morgan out of the way. His body was made heavy with weights; he was taken out into the middle of the river at the black hour of midnight and the conspirators cast him overboard without mercy. It is said that he clutched at the boat like a drowning dog and even bit the hand of one of the men who pushed him into the water.

Elisha Adams was an old soldier and a devoted Freemason. During the excitement of the Morgan affair he left New York State and went to the home of

his sister in the mountains of Vermont. When Thurlow Weed became the leader of the Morgan crowd he went after Adams and arrived at the little mountain home far in the night. The Freemasons of the surrounding country gathered to defend Adams, but his captors were allowed to depart with him. Thurlow Weed has some very sensational stories to the effect that Adams confessed to the murder of Morgan, giving every gruesome detail. But when Adams was put on trial these confessions did not come out in the evidence. As a consequence Adams was hounded to death by the anti-Masonic party and died not so very long after.

When the body was found on the shore at the mouth of Oak Orchard Creek, below Fort Niagara, Thurlow Weed and his party assembled a crowd of witnesses and held an inquest that 17th of October, 1827. It was announced to the world that this was the body of William Morgan beyond all doubt and that Divine Providence had interposed the strong arm of justice to show up the crime and the criminal. Mrs. Morgan was present and gave her word that this was the body of her missing husband. About eighty people were present and Thurlow Weed felt secure in his theory that Morgan was murdered; and now that his body was found, the murderers would be discovered and punished.

This plausible theory and most timely discovery of the alleged body of the missing man appeared to be the security of Thurlow Weed's political ambition. But hardly had they deposited the remains in the ground ere word came across from Canada that a certain Timothy Monroe had been drowned in the same river a very short time before. Very uneasy, yet determined not to be outdone by the Masonic side of the controversy, Thurlow Weed speedily summons his crowd of witnesses and reports to the world that the testimony of the widow and son of the said Timothy Monroe bore out the fact that this was not the body of her husband but was, beyond all doubt, the body of William Morgan.

It did not seem at all disconcerting to Thurlow Weed that the body of William Morgan, if so it was, had been in the water for a whole year and was yet intact in flesh and general appearance! Even the scars of the body aided in establishing the identity of the said William Morgan, deceased. Mr. Weed tells us that this body business transpired on the eve of the election of 1827. The anti-Masonic party maintained with great vehemence that William Morgan had arisen from the dead, so to speak, and confounded his murderers!

One day Thurlow Weed was passing by the billiard room and stopped to see a friend. While engaged in conversation, Ebenezer Griffin stopped and said to Mr. Weed with a laugh, "Suppose we prove that the body found in the river is that of Timothy Monroe, what will you do for a Morgan?" Thurlow Weed says that he answered, "Well, that is a good enough Morgan for us until you bring back the one you carried off."

This story got into the papers and witnesses testified that Thurlow Weed said that the body of Timothy Monroe was a good enough Morgan until after election! It was proven also that the hair and beard of the body had been tampered with to bear out the resemblance to the missing Morgan. This also was cast at Thurlow Weed in the same way. He admits that he answered ironically as if guilty of the charge, when in truth that was just exactly what he had done. In the excitement of the time people did not stop to calmly weigh the evidence or sift the facts, and Thurlow Weed's political fortunes grew brighter the more he magnified the story of how Morgan was murdered. Thus above the earth where rests the body of the ill-fated Timothy Monroe, a monument was erected to the memory of William Morgan; and the anti-Masonic party, made up of political and religious partisans, sanctified the memory of William Morgan as a hero and martyr.

CHAPTER XIV.

ROB MORRIS ANSWERS THURLOW WEED

* * * *

IN his masterly review of the whole Morgan episode, Rob Morris examines and refutes the charges of Thurlow Weed at every point. There is not a Freemason living or dead who knew Rob Morris but will believe that he was capable of judging evidence and would not withhold the truth, no matter whom it hit or hurt. And certainly when Rob Morris gave half a lifetime to this memorable matter, his conclusions are worthy of our fullest confidence.

"For more than fifty years," says he; "indeed, ever since my emergence from boyhood, I have been interested in the current history of the Morgan affair; and from the year of my entrance on Masonic labor, I have neglected no opportunity to acquire, equally from friend and foe, authentic FACTS concerning this mysterious occurrence. There is no place in Western New York, in any way associated with Morgan's movements, that I have not explored. Correspondence, the most untiring, both with participants in his removal and with those who set themselves to untangle and expose the affair, proves my determination to secure the BOTTOM FACTS; nor can I reproach myself with neglecting any means of information at my command. Proofs of my industry and zeal in this direction abound."

Dr. Morris says in this connection that what convinced him of the insincerity and hyprocisy of Thurlow Weed's account was the deep-dyed political animus and hatred impelling every action and published statement. Yet Dr. Morris gives in full the several versions and interviews authorized by Thurlow Weed in his old age and leaves the reader to make up his own mind whom to believe. But Dr. Morris shows that as an old man of eighty-six, bedfast and totally blind with cataracts on his eyes, Thurlow Weed grieved over his having incurred the life-long enmity of the Masonic order. Not, indeed, that he repented one whit of his bitter controversy over the Morgan affair, or retracted one syllable that he had given to the world about it; but dying as the sworn enemy of the Masonic fraternity was a thorn in his pillow. He accused Freemasons with having followed him vindictively his whole life long, and then reasserted and published, under oath, the story of Morgan's abduction, with which the reader is already familiar.

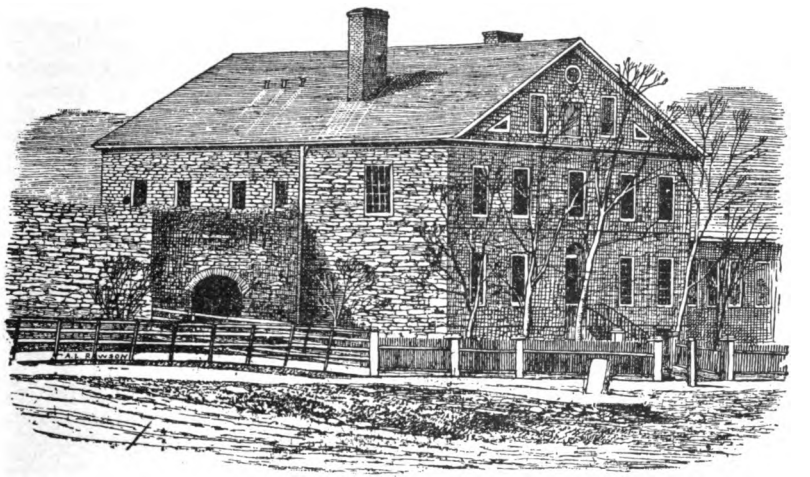
There can be but two theories to choose from, says Dr. Morris. The one is that the arrest of Morgan was merely a blind to spirit him away from his friends at Batavia; that he was taken out of jail at Canandaigua under false pretense, hurried with violence, and against his will, out of the country; and then, as Thurlow Weed asserts, either drowned or murdered outright. The Anti-Masonic party have stood by this theory for a hundred years, and have had the support of such men as Seward, Thurlow Weed, Millard Fillmore, Wiliam Wirt, John Quincy Adams and others.

The second theory is that the entire Morgan affair, beginning at Batavia and ending on Canadian soil, was undertaken and carried out with the full knowledge and consent of Morgan himself, for the purpose of getting him away from his confederate Miller and preventing the publication of the so-called Masonic expose. Not only was no violence contemplated against Morgan, and none perpetrated upon him; but he was removed to Canada of his own free-will and accorded, under condition and solemn promise never to return, but there to settle down and await the arrival of his family, both he and they being fully provided for.

Rob Morris assumes that the Masonic witnesses in the Morgan affair are just as credible as Thurlow Weed. In the summer of 1861 Dr. Morris spent the day with the venerable Jeremiah Brown, one of the stage drivers on the journey from Batavia. Being asked if he was sure that Morgan left Batavia without threat or coercion, Brown replied:

"I tell you, Brother Morris, that never did woman leave her father's house more willingly, to go out into the world with the husband of her choice, than Morgan left Batavia, and Dave Miller and his creditors. He had now, as he said, paid all his debts at a blow. He was going among old friends in Canada where he could turn over a new leaf and begin life again. He was promised forgiveness for the past. His family was to be sent to him. A good sum of money ($500) was to be paid him, and more than that if he behaved himself. Just take it for granted, Brother Morris, that he went with us of his own free will and accord."

We have the statement of Dr. Morris that "The whole subject of the deportation of Morgan was engineered by John Whitney and Nicholas G. Chesebro. There were but a few persons in their confidence, among whom were Col. William King, Burrage Smith, Loton Yawson and Eli Bruce. The plan from inception to consummation contemplated nothing more than a deportation of Morgan by friendly agreement between the parties, either to Canada or some more distant country. Ample means were provided by the concurrence of DeWitt Clinton and others, for the expenses of the deportation, and the after support of Morgan and his family. For several months the minds of the Masonic Brethren through the counties of Monroe, Ontario and Genesee had been agitated by rumors that William Morgan, a man too well known to them, was preparing an exposition, under the advice of various suspended and expelled Masons, and would be prepared to spring it upon the public early in the winter following."



The Famous Jail at Canandaigua, N. Y., where William Morgan was Confined

Careful investigation revealed the fact that Morgan had never been made a Freemason in an orderly and lawful manner but had wormed and insinuated himself into the confidence of the craft until he could pass muster in Masonic assemblages. This word went round and was communicated to Governor Clinton, who was, as Dr. Morris confirms, "the highest Mason in the United States." Therefore, the opinion and statement of Governor Clinton in the Morgan affair may be thoroughly credited. Chesebro caused to be published in the Canandaigua paper on September 9, 1826, a notice that Morgan was a swindler and a dangerous man and that the Masonic Brethren were prepared to give any necessary informatio.. to confirm Morgan's ill-repute. This notice was copied in several other papers and met the severe censure of Governor Clinton. Chesebro saw his indiscretion but excused the notice on the ground that the Masonic fraternity had been generous to Morgan and his family and that Morgan was an ingrate and a reprobate.

Even as early as August, 1826, John Whitney journeyed to Albany and had a lengthy interview with the Governor as to how best to outwit Morgan and preven. the obnoxious publication. DeWitt Clinton had been a leading light in Masonic

councils for full thirty years. He was a man of unimpeachable integrity. He would not for a moment countenance anything calculated to injure his own reputation, hurt the good name of the order to which his very life was devoted, or to violate the rights of any fellow-man. He was ambitious of political preferment, if one wishes to judge his innermost motives; and it would be far from him to advise any step in this Morgan affair that was not dictated by considerations of prudence and common-sense. He had for a number of years admonished the craft against the promiscuous acceptance of members like William Morgan; and now they were reaping the embarassing consequences of their own laxity and carelessness.

In the year 1859 John Whitney communicated to Rob Morris the facts of this memorable interview with Governor Clinton, with the understanding that the facts were not to be published until after Whitney's death, unless a new attack was made upon the Masonic order by Thurlow Weed and his satellites. Governor Clinton talked to Whitney far into the night, giving Whitney an autograph letter advising the purchase of the Morgan manuscripts, the friendly persuasion of Morgan to leave the country and separate himself for good from Miller and the other associates in the conspiracy to attack Freemasonry. The Governor said that Whitney might depend upon a thousand dollars, if necessary, to obtain the consent of Morgan to depart; that positively "no steps must be taken that would conflict with a citizen's duty to the law;" and that, these conditions being adhered to, Whitney might depend upon the support of all wise and judicious Masonic brethren.

Somewhere about the 5th of September, 1826, Whitney set out in a private vehicle from Rochester to Batavia. Stopping at Donald's Tavern, he disclosed to the proprietor his identity and mission. Whitney said that he had come on the authority of Governor Clinton to interview Morgan, to stop the pernicious publication; and that he wished Morgan might be sent for immediately. Whitney and Morgan were old acquaintances and a message sent by the tavern-keeper to the Stewart house where Morgan and his family boarded soon brought the man desired—to take supper with an old friend on a very important mission.

"Well, Morgan, I find you here in a bad fix," said John Whitney, as he afterward reported the conversation to Dr. Morris.

"Yes, a bad fix, John Whitney, a cursed bad fix indeed," answered Morgan.

"Just about as low down as a fellow ever gets, eh?"

"There's only one place lower, John, and that's hell-fire itself; and I'm not caring much how soon I get there."

"What? No friends left to stick by you?"

"Not a ghost of a friend, John, but my wife; and she's the very last soul on earth I have a right to expect consideration from, the way I've treated her. We have a baby three weeks old and are just about next door to starvation."

"Out of funds, too, Morgan?"

"Haven't seen a twenty-five cent piece for a week! John, I'm down and out if ever a poor cuss was."

"Well, now, Morgan," said Whitney after awhile; "I'll be frank with you and tell you just why I am here tonight; but I must insist that you keep this matter from your partners. I came here to stop that publication you are working on; and if you will listen to me and follow good advice, I will make it worth your while."

Morgan agreed without further hesitation; gave the most solemn pledge that he would comply with the conditions demanded; said he knew all the time that Whitney was his friend; and he was ready to go away quietly, after surrendering the manuscripts upon which he was engaged, Morgan was to destroy the printed sheets, quit boozing, clothe himself more decently on the money that Whitney advanced him, relieve the needs of his family, keep away from his former confederates, Miller, et al., and be ready at an hour's notice any day to cross into Canada, settle down among old friends, get back to his trade and never return to the States. His family were to be well cared for, sent to him in due time; and not only all his old debts about Batavia and vicinity cleaned up, but $500 or more supplied him for the future.

Morgan was greatly elated over this outlook, and the only objection he interposed was how to subtract himself from the town without exciting suspicion and opposition from his many creditors. Whitney undertook to solve the difficulty by paying Morgan $50 down, with the tavern-keeper as a witness. Morgan thereupon surrendered a package of manuscripts and proof sheets. It was four o'clock in the morning before Morgan and Whitney agreed to retire; and early next morning, of that same day, Whitney cleaned up the local debts, saw that Morgan got the new clothes and then departed for Canandaigua to arrange for Morgan's transportation to Canada. The foregoing details fixed themselves forever in the memory of John Whitney and he told Rob Morris that he would never forget them till judgment day. There was not the slightest hint or thought of force in this entire transaction; and Morgan placed implicit confidence in the men who had charge of his removal.

Nicholas G. Chesebro was the chief figure in the second act of the drama, as Dr. Morris calls it. In the most solemn manner Chesebro always declared that he only took part in the transportation of Morgan with the understanding that Morgan went away of his own free will and accord. Otherwise, he would never have had anything to do with the matter. We may readily credit this statement when we know that Chesebro endured imprisonment for his part in the transaction and maintained his innocence of any hostile motive or intent of harm to Morgan. His old neighbors and friends stood by him, for they understood that the arrest and removal of Morgan from Batavia to Canandaigua was merely to get him away, because Miller and other creditors could legally interpose objections, as Miller actually did. Yet Morgan appeared at the summons of Chesebro and cheerfully surrendered himself, even though Miller made violent threats as to what he would do if Morgan were taken away. Batavia at that time was a border town and the men who accompanied Chesebro were neither cowards nor bullies; but they put a quietus on Miller's vociferations. Morgan himself, with a great oath, bade the driver be off; and thus they left the town.

The formalities of the law were speedily complied with at Canandaigua and Morgan slept soundly at the jail Monday night, September 11, 1826. Arrangements were completed the next day for the trip to Fort Niagara, which was to be made by stage across the country. When the party appeared at eight o'clock Tuesday evening to take Morgan away it was discovered that someone had slipped a bottle of liquor in to him, and that he was posing as a pirate, having very much excited the fears of the jailer's wife by recounting his exploits on the Southern seas. Unluckily, the jailer himself was absent and the wife at first refused to deliver up the prisoner. But her misgivings were finally overcome and Morgan came staggering out into the night air where the carriage awaited him. He forgot his part in the transaction and made as though he would break for liberty. In his drunken stupor he shouted the word, "Murder;" and his hat dropped off. This circumstance was the basis of the most serious charges made by the Anti-Masonic party that Morgan was undoubtedly abducted to his doom and martyrdom.

But worthy witnesses testify that he presently recovered himself and climbed into the carriage, which was driven northward about nine o'clock, Tuesday night, September 12, 1826. It was a bright moonlight night and those Freemasons who accompanied Morgan, as Dr. Morris emphatically insists, after weighing every item of evidence, could not fail to see exactly how Morgan conducted himself. It was the unshaken testimony of these and all credible witnesses that no force or compulsion whatever was used upon Morgan; that he was not bound, blinded, nor threatened in the conveyance; and that he departed on the journey as willingly as he had left Batavia.

John Whitney once more appeared upon the scene a short distance from the jail and saw with his own eyes the maudlin condition Morgan was in. Whitney asked him what he meant by creating such a disturbance. Morgan recognized Whitney and quieted down at once, after an outburst of profane friendliness. There was not another motion from Morgan. The air seemed to revive him and he conversed in his usual jovial manner.

When Fort Niagara was reached, after a day or two, Elisha Adams and Edward Giddings had a ferry ready and in the cool night time of early fall rowed the Morgan party across. They landed at an obscure spot opposite the fort and about a mile from the village of Niagara on the Canadian side. Morgan remained in the boat, sipping water from his hand and bathing his blood-shot eyes. He was still feeling the ill effects of his recent liquor and cursed in low tones as he munched some food that he had in his coat pocket.

The Canadian Masons appeared at the village and came down to the boat with the American brethren who had Morgan in charge. Morgan was then called up on the bank by Eli Bruce and in the moonlight was questioned closely by Col. King, who assured Morgan most solemnly that whatever was done, and wherever he went, it must be of his own free will and accord; that no force or coercion was contemplated; and that he was simply expected to play fair with the Masonic order in this transaction.

Other members of the party addressed questions to Morgan and he made admission of the fact that Miller and his associates at Batavia had promised him half a million dollars for the "Exposition of Masonry." He acknowledged the fact that he had never been made a Mason in any lodge, but that he had taken the Royal Arch Degree and did not contemplate its publication because he felt in honor bound by his oath. He then said that Miller and his partners had utterly failed to compensate him for his work, and that he had now entered into an agreement with John Whitney to drop the whole thing. He declared it impossible for Miller to make such headway without the Morgan manuscripts, which he had already surrendered or destroyed.

Dr. Morris says that the object in crossing to Canada was to get Morgan away from Miller and use every diligence to suppress the intended publication. "They proposed to place Morgan on a farm somewhere in the interior of Canada. But the expected arrangements with the Canadian Brethren had not been made as promptly as was expected, and it became necessary to wait a few days. Morgan was therefore placed for security in the magazine of the old fort, which was dry, empty and well ventilated. This was about daylight of Thursday, September 14, 1826, and Bruce never saw Morgan afterwards or had any communication with any person respecting his ultimate destination."

The testimony of John Whitney as to what further occurred on that same night is clear in every detail: "At the village (Niagara), we had learned that our Canadian Brethren would be ready to perform their part and remove Morgan westward by the latter part of the present or the first of the coming week. They objected so strenuously to having him remain among them in the meantime, that it was agreed he should be taken to the American side until the Canadians should notify us that they were ready. This being explained to Morgan, he consented to it, as to all the rest. It was agreed that he should remain in the magazine without attempting to get out until matters were made ready for his removal. So we rowed back and all went together into the bomb-proof. It was clean empty save a few ammunition boxes, well-ventilated, as powder magazines are, and as comfortable a place as need be. Giddings provided a matress with pillow and bedding, a chair, table, etc., and before we left, which was nearly daylight, we saw that Morgan was comfortably asleep."

An unexpected embarassment arose meanwhile. Says Whitney: "During the day it was reported to us at Lewiston that 'Morgan had gone into the theatricals;' and was shouting and alarming the people in the vicinity. It was a common thing with the fellow, as the people of Batavia used to testify. He had had delirium tremens. He couldn't endure to be left alone. His eyes hurt him terribly. He saw snakes in the apartment. He had been a half-way convert of Joe Smith the Mormon and had learned from him to see visions and dream dreams. So we sent a man down to him, and before night two or three men, before he could be quieted; and nothing less than heavy doses of rum did it at last."

Whitney, Lawson and others remained in the vicinity until Sunday night, the 17th. Then two Canadian brethren came over, took Morgan in charge, gave receipts for the $500 paid to Morgan for going away, and crossed over to the west side of the river. Whitney says that Morgan had quieted down by that time.

Thereupon, the Canadians set out on the last stage of the journey: "They traveled on horseback, three horses in the party, Morgan riding one all that night and part of the next day. Monday night, the 18th, they rode some thirty miles further to a point near the present city of Hamilton, where the journey ended. Morgan signed a receipt for the $500. He signed also, as attested by two witnesses, a paper which I had previously drawn up, detailing the circumstances of his deportation, commencing Monday, September 11th, declaring that he had entered into the arrangement of his own free will and accord, pledging himself to remain in Canada in the vicinity where the party left him until he should get permission from Col. King, Sheriff Bruce or John Whitney to change his location, and finally promising to reform his habits by industry, economy and temperance."

John Whitney declared to Dr. Morris in the most solemn manner that the foregoing was " a true account of the deportation of William Morgan. We supposed we could at any time trace him up. We were preparing to send his wife and children to him as agreed. We were happy in the thought that the excitement which had arisen in the Lodges would be allayed.....We went home filled with the reflection that the Craft would be the gainer by our labors. I wrote a personal letter to Governor Clinton giving him all the circumstances of the affair, and really supposed that was the end of it."

Whitney is just as truthful about the tragedy that followed: "What a tremendous mistake I made; what a tremendous blunder we all made, I need not tell you. Had we really put the miserable fellow to death; had he been drowned or poisoned before leaving Batavia, not half the uproar would have followed. It was scarcely a week until we saw what trouble was before us. It was not a fortnight until Col. King sent a confidential messenger into Canada to see Morgan and prepare to bring him back. But, also, he who had sold his friends at Batavia had now sold us.

"He had gone. He had changed his name, changed his clothes, bought a horse and left the village 'riding as on the wings of the wind,' within forty-eight hours of the departure of those who took him there. King sent a second person who employed an old Indian scout, thoroughly posted in the calling, to follow him up. He found that Morgan had gone east at the rate of fifty miles a day to a point down the river not far from Port Hope. He had sold his horse and disappeared. He had doubtless got on board a vessel there and sailed out of the country. At any rate that was the last we ever heard of him."

Rob Morris given his own conclusion of the testimony and evidence as to what became of Morgan. He says that Judge Brown and John Whitney have the most probable solution, in substance here stated: "I have no doubt myself of its correctness. Having changed his name and changed his raiment; having shaken off his creditors and domestic encumbrances; enjoying now the opportunity of mortifying and wounding those who had swindled him at Batavia and those who had conducted him, as a vile creature, from the country. Finally, having in his pocket a round sum of money ($500 in good money, that is, gold money, which I think he stipulated for, that so he might use it in foreign countries), which seemed a fortune to the thriftless, impecunious man, he shipped as a sailor before the mast, for which his old experience had amply qualified him, entered the forecastle of some ship at Montreal or Quebec, and with all the vices and diseases of forecastle Jack, vanishes from history. All my investigations of this mysterious subject since 1846 lead my mind to this theory, which, like every good theory, satisfies the conditions."

No man or Mason, living or dead, was ever closer to Rob Morris in confidence and friendship than the Reverend Henry R. Coleman, who was thoroughly familiar with every detail of the Morgan Affair and the amazing mass of evidence that Rob Morris collected for the publication of his famous book on the subject. Brother Coleman saw this matefial and talked over the facts many a time with Dr. Morris. He also conversed in person with various individuals connected in one way or another with the time and circumstances of the Morgan tragedy. More important still, Brother Coleman possesses yet the Rob Morris Library, a portion of which constitutes a rare collection of published literature on the Morgan Affair

nowhere else in existence. So the footnote of Brother Coleman to Dr. Morris' story of William Morgan is of vital interest and value to every student of this mysterious episode: "The only genuinely authentic account of the Morgan Affair ever published."

Brother Coleman as late as April 21, 1917, reread the entire Morgan history, as written by Dr. Morris, and adds: "This is a priceless contribution to the history of Freemasonry; and the history of Freemasonry in the world would never be complete without it. I was an associate and co-worker with Dr. Rob Morris for many years. I knew him to be a truthful, upright, good man, an elder in the Presbyterian Church; and I am confident that he has never had a peer in Masonry up to this date."

Whatever fate William Morgan met, we are confident, with Dr. Morris, that the evidence of violent abduction and murder is wholly inadequate and unconvincing. Even had he been thus put out of the way, the participants were punished and persecuted enough to satisfy not only law and public sentiment, but savage vengeance as well. The story of protest and feeling against the Masonic Order was fanned to fever heat by Thurlow Weed, and on it he arose to crafty leadership in political life. He accomplished his direst determination to damage the Craft in the Empire State, for, where five hundred and two lodges had formerly existed, only seventy-two survived the wave of excitement, hatred and even mob violence that vented itself against everybody and everything Masonic.

Now in the fullest and frankest manner possible Dr. Morris condemns whatever lawless action may have been taken by Freemasons long ago to deport Morgan and suppress the publication of his book. He says positively that Eli Bruce as a peace officer had no right whatever to participate in the deportation or "abduction," whichever you will. Governor Clinton, although the personal friend of Eli Bruce, at once removed him from the office of sheriff by proclamation as soon as it became evident that Bruce had transgressed in this matter. He was arrested, tried, convicted and served a sentence of twenty-eight months in prison. He lost his health and property and was persecuted and hounded to his death by the Anti-Masonic party. But he bore all this with singular courage and heroism.

As a matter of fact, Dr. Morris assures us, the men who took Morgan away were in a sense his securities and pleaded guilty of abduction in court for the very purpose of clearing themselves fully and finally of the unjust charge of murder. It may be said that this was but a cowardly evasion on their part to cover up the crime of murder they were alleged to have committed. But if so, then it was up to the prosecution to convict them; and the Governor himself came out boldly on the side of law and order from the very earliest moment.

Governor Clinton did not let his high Masonic connection interfere in the least with his solemn, sworn duty to uphold the law of the land. He published a proclamation October 4, 1826, warning against the reported interference with the rights and liberties of citizens at Batavia, having William Morgan himself in mind. He next offered a reward of $300 for the discovery of the parties who abducted Morgan, and $100 for each separate conviction. As a further inducement, he offered $200 for any reliable information about Morgan, dead or alive. The following March these rewards were increased to $1,000 by the Governor and every lawful means urged to bring the guilty men to justice if Morgan had actually been murdered. He addressed a personal letter to the Batavia Committee on the Morgan Affair firmly maintaining that this deplorable tragedy was never tacitly or in anywise sanctioned by the Masonic Order of the State of New York. Furthermore, the New York Grand Chapter followed these proclamations of Governor Clinton with the strongest possible resolutions condemning the abduction of Morgan; and Rob Morris says that of Thurlow Weed and his emissaries had not at once launched a political movement and propaganda denouncing all Freemasons as murderers and assassins, actually or intentionlly, every fact in the Morgan Affair would speedily have been brought to light and given to the

world. Of course no mortal could foresee or control the outburst of indignation that came like a storm when it was supposed that the liberty and life of even a most humble and erring citizen had been violated. Every American and Freemason can well understand this. But to exploit a deplorable episode politically and attempt to fasten forever upon the Ancient and Honorable Order of Freemasonry the crime of murder, which never was and never will be proven in this Morgan Affair, recoils at last in the light of impartial history upon the heads of Thurlow Weed and his fellow conspirators.

CHAPTER XV.

ROB MORRIS THE MASONIC REFORMER

* * * *

The cycle of a century is here
Since he who from his very blood and birth
Seemed called to bring back brotherhood to earth,
By noble service made his name so dear,
That like his Eastern Star it shineth clear.
Teacher and traveler, he saw mankind
Devoid of vision, and this seal designed;
The symbol form; the message of a seer.
Then song by song a wondrous temple grew
And to its altar countless thousands drew.
Passing the portals of its Three Degrees,
They find the God of Truth on bended knees;
And in the East where dwells eternal dawn
Their eyes behold the New Age hastening on.

A VERY close friend of Rob Morris was telling the writer one day how he became a Freemason. Living in Louisville far back in the days of the Civil War, he saw much of the devotion and charity manifested by Rob Morris and his friends in the beginning of the Masonic Widows and Orphans' Home. This young man witnessed the laying of the foundation stone with Masonic ceremonies and the beautiful solemnity of the service out there in the cold, icy winter atmosphere impressed him profoundly. He became acquainted with Rob Morris not long after, and received his further impress from that master of the Craft, who personally conferred upon him the degrees of the Blue Lodge. The young man took these sublime lessons to heart. He was just newly married, and they gave him a far different conception of home life. Fifty years ago, and in the old South, says this yet-living and wise member of the order, it was not generally considered in good form for a man and wife to toil with their own hands. But the fundamental Masonic thought with Rob Morris was the vital relation of Truth and Toil Labor and Love. So this young man established his home and reared his children as Rob Morris himself taught and lived; and in due season the husband and wife became charter members of the Eastern Star home chapter founded by Dr. Morris in LaGrange. This venerable Masonic brother is one of the few surviving men who sat at the feet and shared sweet fellowship with the great apostle of human fraternity.

Rob Morris made a profound and comprehensive study of the critical social problems involved in the Morgan episode. He studied Batavia, New York, as a primitive frontier town with crude ideas and standards of moral obligation and conduct. He analyzed William Morgan as a man of dissipated habits, no sense of obligation or word of honor; a man who had wormed his way into the Masonic Order by cunning imposture; a boon companion at the bar and all convivial meets. Quite a songster and comical performer, much applauded locally, but so low and coarse in language and manner as to disgust decent people. Yet he was the incarnation of a very decided and numerous class of people who had Masonic aspirations; and while Rob Morris did not advocate the Masonic Order becoming puritanic and undemocratic in the utter exclusion of men like William Morgan, he did

most solemnly insist that when the Fraternity took into its bosom a man incapable of appreciating its principles and keeping its sacred compacts, the fraternity itself suffer the consequences.

Yet, as he turned about the same time to the study of the Robert Burns tragedy, he was confronted with the same type of moral laxity and low buffoonery even in the lodges of old Scotland. He saw with unerring eye the perversion of the social spirit and the perilous temptation to promising youth like Burns. He understood why sincere and conscientious ministers of the Gospel found occasion for attack upon the Masonic Order as a demoralizing agency in the community; and how the partisans of puritanic tyranny joined hands with these sincere souls to outlaw an organization that seemed to them inimical to the church as an institution.

Thurlow Weed and his colleagues were alert to avail themselves of this powerful and prejudiced foe of Freemasonry, and it was not long until they had covered the land with unprincipled propagandists who utilized every species of lie and slander to discredit the Order. Rob Morris gives us the facts concerning these vile emissaries and it was these very "fellows of the baser sort" who inspired and applauded the merciless persecutions, the community terrorism, and the widespread mob methods directed against Masonic lodges and members everywhere. It was worth a man's life and reputation in many States to own himself loyal to the Craft. Only stalwart men like Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay and Thomas Corwin had the courage to brave the tempest or detraction and ostracism let loose against the brotherhood. They were accustomed to the border codes and standards of conduct and to the unfair and foul tactics resorted to in the political warfare of that generation; and they witnessed, too, the purifying effect on the Craft that this period of persecution brought about.

When Rob Morris was a resident of Hickman, Kentucky, in June, 1852, he published his "Lights and Shadows of Freemasonry," a book of sketches, stories and poems containing in beautiful form the ideals and traditions of the Order in this country. The opening chapters contain a fine portrayal of the Masonic spirit amongst the Indians and the free-hearted heroes of the early West. They describe, too, the wonderful loyalty and devotion of the Order in Revolutionary days. Then, like the breath of a pestilence, the Morgan tragedy poisons the social atmosphere and good fellowship of the American people. One's heart sickens as he realizes how mean and devilish was the vindictiveness and revenge former neighbors and fellow-citizens were capable of toward each other.

The most tragical story in the book, taken from life in the East or South, tells how an aged and noble Episcopal pastor, made a Mason in youth by Washington himself, was hounded to death in his declining years for faithfulness to the Masonic Order. Summoned to the church by his persecutors to answer charges against himself, a venerable lodge brother appeared and scored the persecutors; but they were vindictive unto death.

According to Thurlow Weed and his witnesses, it was on the fateful 14th of September, 1826, at a Royal Arch installation in Lewiston, New York, not far distant from Fort Niagara, where Morgan was confined, that the so-called Masonic purpose and plot to make way with Morgan finally culminated. Mr. Weed asserts that the jubiliation over Morgan's capture and abduction reached a fever heat as the cups went round, and that the Rev. Francis H. Cummings, a highly respected Episcopal pastor of Rochester, New York, offered the famous toast that inspired the murder of Morgan:

"The enemies of Freemasonry! May they soon find graves six feet due East and west and six feet perpendicular!" Now Rob Morris asked John Whitney in the most earnest manner if he ever heard such a toast at the banquet mentioned. Whitney replied: "Brother Morris, I have denied that charge against Cummings for more than thirty years. I knew him well, often attended his church and loved him dearly. He assured me in the most solemn terms that he never utttered such a sentiment and that he was incapable of it! You know that I was in prison with Eli Bruce for a year or more. Bruce declared that the charge was a most unprovoked and outrageous slander."

This malicious fabrication was repeated by Thurlow Weed under oath in his old age. It had been the cause of many a minister of the Gospel renouncing his Masonic obligations and becoming an enemy of the Order. Yet it was not primarily the "abduction" and "murder" of Morgan that inspired the most powerful religious opponent of Freemasonry to leave the fraternity about this time. In the biography of the Rev. Charles G. Finney, the famous Presbyterian evangelist, who was at that time a young lawyer in New York State, where the Morgan affair occurred, we are told that it was pure religious conviction that led him to drop out of the Masonic Order. He was honorably dismissed more than two years before the Morgan affair came to pass and did not make this tragedy the basis of his opposition. He seemed to have a respect for his former Masonic connections not to join the Thurlow Weed following; but with the Rev. Finney originated a sincere, conscientious and even fanatical hostility to all secret societies that gave to the anti-Masonic movement of that time a moral stamina and potency it never would have possessed otherwise.

Rob Morris as a Masonic Reformer in His Earlier Years.

When Mr. Finney became President of Oberlin College (Ohio), the trustees and faculty set their faces like flint against all "college frats," and Mr. Finney confounded the juvenile excesses of "frat life" with what he considered the ungodly social diversions of Masonic gatherings: "From the beginning, the authorities of Oberlin set themselves in opposition to secret societies, and none have ever been permitted among the students. . In his early life Finney himself was a member of the Masonic lodge, but after his conversion he quietly withdrew, and was granted an honorable dismission, dated May 7, 1824. For some years he did not feel called upon to make any revelations prejudicial to the Order, but when, by the murder of Morgan in 1829, attention was directed to the character of Masonic oaths, Finney no longer felt any scruples in letting the public know that Morgan's revelations of Masonry were correct, at least so far as Finney himself

had gone in its degrees. But he was not prominently known as an opponent of the system until 1869, when circumstances connected with the First Church in Oberlin thrust the subject upon him; and with his accustomed energy and decision he both preached and wrote upon it until it received full treatment at his hands. Finney's sermons and articles resulting from this discussion were soon afterwards collected, arranged, revised and published in a volumn of about 300 pages by the Western Tract and Book Society, and it has since constituted one of the standard works of anti-Masonic literature."

Now what gave moral force to the religious enemies of Freemasonry was the convivial indulgence and moral laxity of Masonic social life handed down from the eighteenth century. It was these very things that lowered the Masonic standards in Western New York when William Morgan crept into the Order; and we have but to pick up the Lockhart Biography of Robert Burns to find abundant confirmation of the fact that an atmosphere of convivial indulgence and moral laxity was indeed, contaminating and ruinous to young men who at the same time were taking their initial and intoxicating draught of "liberal opinion" and "free thought." Altogether they "went to the head," and in the case of Robert Burns caused speedy spiritual shipwreck.

The Burns biography tells us that "it was during the same period that the poet was first initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry, 'which was,' says his brother, 'his first introduction to the life of a boon companion.' He was introduced to St. David's Lodge, of Tarbolton, by John Rankine, a very dissipated man, of considerable talents, to whom he afterward indited a poetical epistle * * * * Rankine, a boon companion of Burns and a man after his own heart, was a well-to-do farmer of the parish of Craigie, residing near Lochlea, the poet's former home. Rankine was noted for his jokes, more or less practical, some of which have been recorded by Allen Cunningham, Mr. Scott Douglas and others. He was the subject of Burns' verses on various occasions.,'

Now before he became a Freemason Robert Burns belonged to "The Bachelors' Club," a most creditable association of young men for social and literary improvement, in which circle he shone like a star. But he had already been secretly demoralized by a young sailor companion during his sojourn and work at the town of Irvine. The poet himself said: "His knowledge of the world was vastly superior to mine; and I was all attention to learn. He was the only man I ever saw who was a greater fool than myself, where woman was the presiding star; but he spoke of illicit love with the levity of a sailor—which hitherto I had regarded with horror. Here his friendship did me a mischief."

Lockhart says: "Our youthful poet had not, as he confesses, come unscathed out of the society of those persons of 'liberal opinions' with whom he consorted in Irvine; and he expressly attributes to their lessons the scrape into which he fell soon after 'he put his hand to the plough again.' He was compelled, according to the then all but universal custom of rural parishes in Scotland, to do penance in church, before the congregation, in consequence of the birth of an illegitimate child; and whatever may be thought of the propriety of such exhibitions, there can be no difference of opinion as to the culpable levity with which he describes the nature of his offense, and the still more reprehensible bitterness with which in his 'Epistle to Rankine,' he inveighs against the clergyman who, in rebuking him, only performed what was then a regular part of the clerical duty, and a part of it that could never have been at all agreeable to the worthy man whom he satirizes under the appellation of 'Daddie Auld.'"

There is an idea prevalent among many Freemasons in Kentucky that Rob Morris left a manuscript Life of Robert Burns. We have made diligent inquiry concerning this of our good friend, Rev. Henry R. Coleman, who certainly would have known whether or not such a work existed. Bro. Coleman, however, assures us that Rob Morris never mentioned any biography of Burns that he had written. In the Rob Morris library list is a very rare and complete collection of books on the great Scottish poet, but Dr. Morris' beautiful story of "Burns' Farewell to Masons," published in his "Lights and Shadows of Freemasonry" in 1852, is the only study of Burns that he ever gave to the world. It is a classic of its kind. "Disappointment," said he, "had set its mark upon Robert Burns. The indulgence of passions that raged within him as the pent-up fires rage beneath the sealed

crater of the volcano, had brought to him its legitimate consequence in the upbraidings of conscience, the forfeiture of friendship, and, worst of all, the loss of self-respect. The restraints of Freemasonry had been neglected, while its social joys were most keenly relished. In other words, our tenants had been faithfully sustained, while our cardinal virtues were neglected. The use of the compass had never blessed his hands. The fine genius, the equalled gifts that enabled Robert Burns to conceive and execute 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' could not confine him into the ordinary channels of prudence, and even then he was a doomed man.

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

"And now, all other remembered subjects having been marked by the tears of the poet, the poet himself being on the road to the port of Greenock to the ship that should witness his last glance at his native land, his heart turned lovingly, involuntarily, toward Masonry. For Robert Burns was a Freemason, prepared first in heart. In none of the vast folios where stands the vast catalogue of our brethren, ancient or modern, is there a character shaped more truly by Masonic skill than his. Nowhere one, who, in the expressive language of the Ancient Constitutions, would 'afford succor to the distressed, divide bread with the industrious poor, and put the misguided traveler into the way,' more cheerfully than Burns.

"He understood right well 'that whoever from love of knowledge, interest, or curiosity desire to be a Mason, is to know that as his foundation and great corner stone, he is firmly to believe in the eternal God, and to pay that worship which is due to him as the great Architect and Governor of the Universe;' and Robert Burns governed himself accordingly."

"None lament the weaknesses in his character more than his brethren; but be those defects in number and in extent what they may, his brethren protest in the name of their common humanity against the inhuman judgments that have been pronounced against him. If the royal dignity, the divine partiality, the unlimited wisdom of a Solomon, First Grand Master of Speculative Masonry, could not preserve that prince of peace from the errors of the passions, who shall dare too cruelly to judge the son of an Ayrshire cotter, nurtured in penury and debarred the most ordinary relaxations of his age?"

After describing in a graphic way how Burns penned his famous Masonic Farewell, Dr. Morris goes on to tell how "it pleased God at this crisis to turn the destination of Robert Burns and to spare to Scotland and the world this affectionate heart. By a train of circumstances almost miraculous, certainly unprecedented, he was brought unexpectedly to the notice of the literary circles of Edinburgh, then, as now, the most classic and critical in the world, and with one consent that society placed him foremost in the ranks of his country's poets. Fame and profit then flowed nightly upon him. His pen was put into constant requisition; his company was everywhere sought after, and his talents met with their due appreciation. The Masonic Order added its judgment to that of an approving nation."

CHAPTER XVI.

ANDREW JACKSON AND THE MORGAN AFFAIR

* * * *

IN HIS history of William Morgan, Rob Morris presents President Andrew Jackson as the chief courageous soul to face the malignant foes of Freemasonry and put them to open shame. We also republish here a memorable letter and incident of Andrew Jackson and the Morgan affair which Rob Morris, Jr., found among the papers of his beloved father, and may not have been at hand when the Morgan book was written:

"Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States, was initiated into Masonry early in life, was elected Grand Master of Tennessee, 1822-3, and maintained his devotion to the Order to the last. Even in the midst of the anti-Masonic imbroglio, 1826 to 1836, his utterances were conveyed in forcible terms. He assured the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts that he would ever feel a lively interest in the welfare of an institution with which he had been so long connected, and whose objects are purely philanthropic. During the very fury of the strife, when the uneasy, the disappointed, the reckless fag-ends of society, the remnants of all the parties that had suffered defeat through four successive presidential elections, fragments which, like stray birds in November, had lain by and waited to join some passing flock southward bound, when I say these had combined in the attack on Freemasonry, General Jackson wrote this open letter to the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, in reply to an invitation to join them in planting the corner stone of the Associate Methodist Church, Alexandria, Virginia, March 29, 1830:

"'Washington City, March 27, 1830.

"'Respected Sir—

"'I regret that the duties of my office will not allow me to avail myself of the polite invitation conveyed in your note of yesterday. It would afford me the highest pleasure to unite with my Masonic brethren of this district in laying the corner stone of a religious edifice proposed to be built in Alexandria, and in marching afterward to the tomb of Washington. The memory of that illustrious Grand Master cannot receive a more appropriate honor than that which Religion and Freemasonry pay it when they send their votaries to his tomb fresh from the performance of acts which they consecrate.

"'I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"'ANDREW JACKSON.'"

Andrew Jackson As A Freemason.

In searching over some old papers of Dr. Rob Morris, I ran across the following letter, which may be of interest to your readers. It was dated Troy, Tennessee, September 21, 1855; signed only in initials T. B., and reads:

"In conclusion, I will give you a circumstance that took place in this town (Brownsville, Pa.) in 1828, in which our departed and highly venerated Brother Andrew Jackson evinced his unwavering attachment to the Masonic fraternity.

"He was on his way to Washington to take his seat as President of the United States. At the hotel where he put up for the night were two gentlemen awaiting his arrival, anxious to be introduced and have an evening's conversation. One of them was direct from the North (where anti-Masonry, under immediate superintendence of his Satanic Majesty, was piping hot), and had waited some three days for that purpose. The other, a minister, who lived about three miles from town, had waited every day for nearly a week for the same purpose—he glowing with all the ardor of an anti-Masonic zealot.

"It happened to be the night of the regular communication of the lodge of that place. The lodge met and the business was soon transacted. A motion was made and it was decided that a committee of Past Masters should wait on our venerable brother and extend an invitation to him to visit the lodge. I had the honor of being one of the committee. On arriving at the hotel we found the three seated in a warm parlor in conversation. We called the General's attention

and informed him of our mission. With eyes flashing joy and animation he responded aloud, 'With pleasure, gentlemen; with pleasure!' Calling his servant to bring his boots and cloak, and throwing his cloak gracefully around him, he turned to his two companions, saying: 'Gentlemen, please excuse me; my brethren of Lodge No. 60 have invited me to visit them, and I always take great pleasure where I can make it convenient to join in the labors of the Craft!' As I left I distinctly saw them look intently into each other's face, then up at the ceiling. Many years have passed since that night, but I shall never forget the fraternal feeling exhibited on that occasion. The most active opposers of his political preferment were there; yet the friendly grasp, the affectionate embraces, were felt by all alike.

COL. WILLIAM BARTON
Masonic Hero of American Revolution. A Relative and Ideal of Clara Barton.

"In our Worshipful Master's address he took occasion to remark that 'our hall was not so splendidly furnished as those in the South.' The General, straightening himself up to his height, replied: 'Worshipful Master, it is not in splendid walls where virtue dwells; it is in the heart,' and, turning to the brethren around the lodge, 'I hope I find it here.'"

The Heart of Old Hickory

During the French and Indian war in colonial days there was a young Irish member of the forty-ninth British infantry by the name of Hugh Jackson, who followed General Braddock to bloody slaughter at the hands of the Indians and yet survived to stand bravely with General Wolfe at Quebec and General Amherst

at Montreal. In the year 1756 four companies of his regiment were detailed to quell a threatened uprising of the Cherokees in Mecklenberg county, North Carolina. Here they were stationed about twelve months, until the danger to the pioneers was past.

Hugh Jackson was a great hunter and it was his duty to provide fresh meat for the company. Thus he went about the country a great deal and noticed its desirable sections for new settlers. He had younger brothers back in Old Erin who might better themselves by coming to America. They were small farm renters in the north of Ireland, where times were bad enough at best, although the long established custom of freeholders kept alive the spirit of independence and self-reliance among the people.

It was not until the fall of 1764 that the young soldier's term of service expired. Then he immediately returned home and began organizing a group of emigrants for the Carolinas. About twenty families consented to go back with him in the spring, among them his brother Andrew's. But just at this point of the enterprise the young soldier fell in love with the daughter of a merchant and got married. She refused to go with him to the wilds of North America, so he was compelled to break up the proposed company of emigrants, much to his own embarrassment and their disappointment.

However, a yet younger brother, Sam Jackson, who had gone to sea during the absence of Hugh in the army, came into port with his vessel and was making preparations for a return trip to Charleston. This decided Andrew and three other families to undertake the voyage to the New World.

They arrived safely enough, but after a passage similar to being cooped in a slave ship, and there yet remained a journey of two hundred miles into the interior, through a rough and scarcely inhabited country. They made the trip with characteristic Irish pluck and courage and settled down to the life struggle with renewed energy. The young emigrant Andrew had not money enough to purchase a tract of land within the limits of the Waxhaws settlement, so he moved six miles away on another creek and hewed out the logs for his humble cabin home. This was in the fall of 1765. He cleared several acres that winter and raised a fairly good crop in season. During the ensuing winter he busied himself more than ever about his little farm with the help of the heroic young wife.

The Jacksons had two little boys scarcely beyond the age of infancy. Tradition is vague at this point of our story, but it seems that one day about the first of March, 1767, the young pioneer went out to his work in the clearing as usual. He was ambitious to get as much done as possible and was doubtless lifting and rolling logs to the very limit of his strength.

Somehow, he overstrained himself and ruptured a blood vessel. His call of distress reached the ears of the young wife and mother, and she hastened to his side. He managed to get back to the cabin and lay moaning upon its humble bed. Yet he endeavored to quiet the fears of his faithful companion with the assurance that he would soon be better. It was twelve miles to the nearest physician, and Mrs. Jackson dared not leave him for a moment. Besides, they were too utterly poor to spare that expense. So he lingered in agony for forty-eight hours and made the last surrender.

The poor woman was shortly to become a mother once more, but she managed to get word to the few neighbors, doubtless by taking the two children with her and walking thither herself after poor Andrew breathed his last. Anyhow, help soon came, willing, sympathetic, pioneer service. It was about the saddest funeral thus far in the settlement, even to those iron-hearted Irish Presbyterians.

The sad rites were over and the people were returning home from the church yard. The poor widow was so grief stricken that she could not endure the thought of another day at the lonely cabin. She faced life alone with her two little boys and a third child soon to inherit his share of sorrow and struggle. Her kind-hearted brother-in-law, McCamie, and her loving sister led her away home with them, and there, two weeks later, her most famous child was born and immediately named for his deceased father.

Years afterward this dutiful and devoted son endeavored to locate the unmarked grave of his revered father, but without success, and he always said that it would break his heart to go back to that old cemetery any more. He was

a lad of very tender feelings and loved his mother with a deathless devotion. His own childhood was so wanting in joy and sunshine that all his life long he sought the company of young people as his happiest diversion.

Mrs. Jackson left one of her boys with the McCamies and took the other with her infant Andrew to live with another invalid sister in the settlement. Here she remained for several years keeping the house and family. She taught Andrew to read before he was five years old and sent him to school when he was seven.

One of his teachers was a poor young law student and the other the Presbyterian pastor at Waxhaws, Dr. Humphries, who changed the school into an academy and gave the lad good advantages. When he was ten years old he had the honor of being the public reader of the Philadelphia newspapers to the assembled patriots of the settlement and read to them for the first time the Declaration of Independence. A little later he wrote an essay at school in which he urged his discouraged countrymen to continue the fight of liberty unto death.

Mrs. Jackson became one of the famous nurses of the revolution. When the brutal Colonel Tarleton swept down upon the Waxhaws community in May, 1780, and massacred its brave defenders in cold blood, Mrs. Jackson and her boys assisted in caring for the survivors, left maimed and bleeding upon the ground. Hugh Jackson, her oldest boy, perished the year before on the battlefield, fighting to the last with his comrades, under Colonel Davie, though striken with fever at the time.

The world knows the story of how Robert and Andrew were captured and mistreated as prisoners, and how the brave mother, coming to their rescue, rode forty miles with the boys back home, Andrew on foot. Robert and Andrew were both deathly ill with smallpox, and Robert's system was so enfeebled that he died after reaching the settlement. The heroic mother buried her boy, nursed Andrew back to a reasonable degree of recovery, then sent him to an uncle's for his convalescence, she herself determining to go with some other patriot women to care for, and if possible exchange some ship prisoners in Charleston harbor. She called Andrew to her side, before starting away, and said:

"My son, I may never see you again. But I wish you to remember some things, I have told you. You will have to make your own way in the world. You cannot do this without friends. You can win friends by your honesty and hold them by your loyalty. Be true to them always, and remember that they will expect as much from you as you give to them. Never forget the obligations of friendship. You will suffer for it if you do.

"Be courteous, my son, but never obsequious. People will respect you in the same degree you respect yourself and are worthy of their regard. Never have a quarrel with anyone if you can honorably avoid it. But be a man and never suffer insult. Defend yourself if necessary. Control your own feelings and do not wound the feelings of others. Be true to yourself and to the standards of honor I have taught you."

With a parting prayer and her blessing she left him, and he never saw her again. She journeyed to Charleston, where the British commander treated her with great courtesy, went aboard the ships and to the limit of her ability and strength ministered like an angel of mercy and humanity to the suffering and dying. Yellow fever had lately been brought from the West Indies and had got scattered abroad through the prison hulks. Mrs. Jackson contracted this dreaded disease herself and was compelled to go ashore and begin her return trip of one hundred and seventy miles back to the Waxhaws, mounted on horseback.

She had proceeded but a few miles when her fever became so alarming that she stopped at a relative's by the name of Barton over night. She was ill but a day or two, then died and was buried in an open, sandy field with hundreds of similar victims. The news of this great loss reached young Andrew as soon as it could be communicated and he was dazed and dumb with grief. He wanted to start for Charleston immediately to find her grave and mourn for her there. "When the tidings of her death reached me I at first could not believe it," he said long afterward. Then he brooded and suffered in heroic silence until physical recovery alone lifted the load from his heart and mind. But his biographer,

Buell, truly remarks what a tragedy it remained to him when in February, 1772, he made a trip to Charleston, and vainly endeavored to locate the sacred spot where she lay sleeping. It was a desolate, sand-swept potter's field, and the broken-hearted boy gave up the search.

Still, witness the sacred memory, as Buell so feelingly describes, "the affection in which Andrew Jackson held his mother. It was more than ordinary filial pity. It was a passionate devotion, a chivalric faith, akin to fanaticism in religion. To the latest day of his seventy-eight years, his synonym for everything that is lovely, lofty and holy in womankind was: 'Just like my poor mother.'"

Thus the Heart of Old Hickory was a heroic, Masonic heart for all that was noble in manhood and that was virtuous and devoted in womanhood. And his lamented mother worthily leads the list of the brave war-time women who died for others in the history of human freedom in America. She was a fore-runner of the Eastern Star and the American Red Cross.

CHAPTER XVII.

STORY OF STONEWALL JACKSON

* * * *

ROB MORRIS believed that the apostolic succession of Freemasonry descended from one great soul to another, and how true it was of the Jacksons! But few people are aware that the father of Stonewall Jackson was a devoted member of the Masonic Order and that he gave his little son a thorough training in those manly and noble virtues which are the very soul of Masonic knighthood.

Furthermore, the father of Stonewall Jackson stood firmly by the Brotherhood in those trying times of terror when the Morgan episode had frightened thousands of weak-kneed Masons out of the Order. Stonewall's father was of the same caliber as Old Hickory himself, and it is no wonder that Stonewall Jackson was the "Old Hickory" of the Civil War. He came from a race of heroes, and received his name and baptism of blood at Bull Run in July, 1861. His courage was hereditary. He was the very image if his great grandmother, Elizabeth Cummins. She was a sturdy Irish girl, whose people were in good circumstances. Her father died and her mother married again when Elizabeth was about fifteen. The step-father was repulsive to her, according to the family story, and one day he so angered the girl that she hit him over the head with a water pitcher. He naturally dominated over her more than ever after that and she finally ran away from home and made up her mind to come to America.

On the way over Elizabeth met John Jackson, a tall, fine looking young fellow, who was a giant in strength and a knight at heart. He fell in love with the girl at first sight and pressed his suit with ardor and devotion. They came to an understanding and he generously offered assistance. But Elizabeth Cummins was not the clinging vine type of a girl. She was a vigorous, intelligent, self-reliant young woman and lived with some friends in Baltimore until she paid her own passage across the ocean. Then she married young Jackson and went with him to the mountains of Western Virginia, where they built their home amid death and danger from Indian attacks. Mrs. Jackson had the nerve of a Deborah. She would not tolerate cowardice in a man. She was very gentle and kind with women and children, but she calmed even them when the red men were at the very door. She could defend the fort equal to any man. Her husband enlisted in the American Revolution and served with remarkable courage and loyalty.

Grandmother Elizabeth lived to be one hundred and five years old, and saw her future famous great-grand-child "Stonewall" an infant in arms before her death. He received her last benediction and inherited her intrepid Irish spirit. They were Presbyterians of the old Covenanter type. Stonewall's father was like John Jackson his ancester in physique and appearances. He was a man of strong mind, good business ability and made a success of law. His standards of honor

were high, for he was an earnest, generous hearted Christian and Freemason. The mother was a genial, lovable woman, with much personal beauty. The young couple lived happily in a neat brick cottage in Clarksburg, Virginia.

Unfortunately, Lawyer Jackson's big Irish heart led him to indorse the notes of men who came to him for assistance, and he was compelled to sell the roof over his head to pay the debts of others. Then his little daughter Elizabeth was taken sick with a contagious disease and died. The father was her nurse and he, too, contracted it and lost his life. So the mother of Stonewall was left like the mother of Old Hickory with her remaining children. The Masonic lodge came to her relief and secured a small cottage to shelter the widow and the fatherless little ones. The mother taught a small school during the day and did sewing at night to supplement her slender allowance. She had been used to comfort in her girlhood, but she now faced poverty and hardship.

MISS CLARA ADELLA LISETOR-LANE

Founder of the Girl Scouts of America, the most noble memorial of Clara Barton and the American Red Cross. The author of this Life of Dr. Morris organized the first troops of Boy and Girl Scouts in Southern Indiana in 1910-11, at Brownstown and Crothersville, in Jackson County, and trained them in juvenile fraternal work as "Social Crusaders." This degree work was a poetic pageant of the Red Cross, the first and only one ever written and presented. It was published in beautiful red ritual booklets and widely circulated at the time. In all this work the author had the personal and continuous counsel and assistance of Mr. Ernest P. Bicknell of Indiana, at that time National Director of the American Red Cross.

However, the good mother was not strong physically. She even had a tendency to tuberculosis, and it is rather surprising that she married again three years after the death of Lawyer Jackson. The new husband was not sufficiently prosperous to do much for the step-children, and so they were put out among relatives to make their own way in the world. It was a heart-rending scene—breaking home ties. "Uncle Robinson," a kind old family servant, came for Stonewall on horseback. The little fellow was the idol of her heart; the separation nearly killed his mother. It was also like death to the child. His heart ached with dumb grief which even dried his tears.

Old Uncle Robinson's eyes were wet with tears, too, and finally he took the boy away very much like one takes the mourner away from the last look at a loved one who is gone forever.

It was so with Stonewall Jackson. He lost his mother within a year, and he, only seven years old at the time. He got to her bedside before she passed away and received her tender farewell. This was harder than the first, but it decided the boy to be a man after his mother's own heart. She was buried away up on the West Virginia mountain side near The Hawk's Nest, and her devoted son visited the sacred spot like a holy shrine. "While standing at her grave," he said, "I experienced feelings to which, up to that time, I had been a stranger." It was the beginning of his heroic life as a Christian soldier.

Yet there was nothing morbid or unnatural about the boy. Indeed, he had a will of his own which you could subdue by kindness but never conquer by force. The home of the new uncle and aunt was a good place to live, but the uncle was a man who tried punishment instead of reason and companionship with the young. He made a serious mistake with Stonewall. Though only a child of eight he took his hat and left the house and walked across the mountains through the woods to Judge Jackson's, another relative in Clarksburg. He went up to his aunt and said: "Please give me something to eat. I am awful hungry. I have had a long walk." His aunt gave him food and as he sat down to eat he continued:

"My uncle and I fell out. We can't get along together. I've quit and shan't go back any more." The aunt talked with him until she drew out his story and then tried to smooth the trouble over, but the plucky little fellow insisted that he was done with his uncle for good. He stayed over night and then struck out alone over the mountains afoot to another uncle whom he loved, eighteen miles away. He was once more with a brother and was happy. This uncle was a prosperous farmer and lumber man and also kept good horses for the races of that time. Jackson dearly loved horses and could ride like an Indian. Then, too, this uncle was a man of public affairs and taught his nephew many points of human nature and genuine success in life. He made a companion of the boy and put the responsibility upon his young shoulders. Thus the lad learned to give attention to details and was also sound in judgment, reticent and discreet in speech and full of native courtesy and chivalry.

He was not afraid of hard work, either manual or mental. There were but few slaves in that section of the country and Jackson performed his part of the farmwork faithfully. He would not give up any task until he had mastered it. He was thorough and truthful to the very core of his heart. And yet he was fun-loving and played the violin well. He could hunt and fish and was the leader in every boyish sport. He studied mathematics and mechanics and was a practical engineer at construction even in youth. This laid a good foundation for his future work at West Point. Such is the making of a soldier.

The Angel Of The Battlefield.

The father of Clara Barton, Captain Stephen Barton, was another great Masonic soul who stood faithful to the Craft with Andrew Jackson when the Morgan terror was abroad in the land. This is Clara Barton's centennial year and we wish to tell how her inspired Eastern Star vision of womanhood conceived the American Red Cross.

Sixty or seventy years ago there was no college or university in America open to young women. Higher education was regarded as the exclusive privilege of young men. But one day in 1852 a bright young New England girl enrolled among the students of Clinton Liberal Institute in New York State. Among her schoolmates was a certain Mary Norton, who became warmly attached to her. So it was not long until they were exchanging confidences about their work. The New England girl had been a remarkably successful young teacher where the old methods of repression and punishment had utterly failed.

"I tell you, Clara," said Mary one day to her New England friend, "You must come down in New Jersey for a while. There's a big work for you there."

So it came to pass that the timid and modest, but plucky young school teacher did accept a position in the school at Hightown, Jersey State. Somehow, it

"HEROES OF THE ROAD."

A memorable group of young men in Brownstown, Indiana, who somehow got together, as young men do, in the cosy and chatty little shop of young Fassold, the Masonic Tailor (center man in second row). Ere they knew it, under his spontaneous and inspiring leadership, they became chums and comrades for life. One day before they scattered out into the world they had this picture taken. Quite a number became trusted Railway men, and the second and fourth in lower line, young McCormick and young Burrell, died as "Heroes of the Road" on the altar of Duty and Service. The Red Cross Training Classes organized by the Social Crusaders of Brownstown and Crothersville became their most fitting memorial.

Our color is red for the martyred dead
Who lived for the whole world's good;
From Calvary's Tree to the brave and free,
Where the white-robed saints have stood.

"DO UNTO OTHERS."

Group of officers and members, Brownstown Chapter, Social Crusaders, at the Christian Church. This was the favorite motto of Toledo's famous Mayor, "Golden Rule" Jones, who was a devoted Crusader. In Brownstown and Crothersville, Ind., there were two Sunday School classes of young girls with the same motto of Love and Service, and the pure White Rose of Fraternity sprang up in their hearts.

Mrs. Sarah C. Findley, to the left, received her Eastern Star work from Rob Morris at Brownstown years ago.

Oh, the Crimson Cross and the fair White Rose,
Blest emblems of Christ and Truth,
Ye lead us on to the Gates of Dawn,
At the call of Love and Youth!

became noised abroad that she was a genius at managing unruly boys and girls, especially the boys. Not many miles away was another little town where the rowdies ruled in undisputed possession. The village churches continually quarreled over the question of free schools because they could not control the curriculum and insist upon their own particular sectarian teaching. But Horace Mann, the great New Englander, had fought this issue to a successful finish, and this sweet and charming young Yankee school marm was the champion of the Mann idea. It did not matter to her that even well-to-do families, who ought to have known better, sneered at the public school as fit only for paupers. That was another mighty reason why she was devoted to it; simply because it gave equality of opportunity to the willing and worthy poor boy and girl.

"Ain't no use! Never will do no good in the world! It has fell through ever'-where, ever' time," said the local wiseacres of Bordentown when the young New England girl applied for the position as head of a free school to be established in the town at once by the trustees.

"You just give me one quarter term to try, and I'll teach a school at my own expense," declared the young teacher confidently.

The trustees were won over by this irresistible argument; but the wiseacres proceeded to remark: "They ain't no good building nowhere's that she can git, noways."

But she did secure an unused dilapidated old house, where she opened school one morning with six street Arabs who came mainly out of curiosity. The rest staid away to make fun. But when those half dozen urchins started home in the afternoon they were beseiged on every corner by their chums.

"School butter!" shouted several.

"Well now, school butter nothin'. You jest orter ben there!"

"Why? How's that?"

"You don't know what you missed."

"Now, none of your kiddin'. What you mean, ennyhow?"

"Nemmind, you jest orter been there, I tell yer."

The absentees were piqued beyond expression. Day by day they sneaked in, and such was the contagion of spirit and enthusiasm spread abroad that the six lone urchins in five or six weeks increased to six hundred. The trustees threw up their hands in astonishment and the wiseacres gaped like a sick chicken.

"Hit won't last; hit won't! Jes excitement's all they is to it!"

But the trustees, who had no faith whatever at first, now authorized the erection of a four-thousand-dollar school building and gave the New England girl free rein with the rowdies, street Arabs and all. There was not a single strap, beech switch, ruler, or any other implement of punishment to be found high or low about the building. Yet the discipline was incredible. The boys and girls loved their teacher so that they would have ostracised a rowdy without mercy. And the young teacher gave her very heart and soul and mind and strength to the good work of God and humanity in Bordentown.

Just a few years afterward she met those boys of hers in blue, lying wounded and dying on many a field of battle in the Southland, where she came as the first great Red Cross nurse and heroine. So, with moist eyes and trembling lips of love and gratitude they gave her the new baptismal name at the head of this chapter. She believed in her boys, and dared to manage them with gentleness and kindliness rather than by harshness and force. What a revolution that was; and so we want to tell the story of this greatest of all American girls.

Clara Barton was born at Oxford, Massachusetts, December 25, 1821. There is a little autobiography of her in most public libraries which every boy and girl should read. It was written at the urgent request of a noted man who went one day to an old country home where Miss Barton was convalescing from an illness due to overwork for distressed humanity. He asked her to please put down the facts of her life from the earliest impression of infancy. Similar requests came from school boys and girls all over the land, and she finally consented. The book is a charming biography of girlhood, prefaced with two of the most characteristic letters imaginable from a boy and girl.

Rescue from danger seems to have been the chief thing in Miss Barton's childhood. When she was a wee tot she attempted to pet a big snake at the front door step, but her mother's piercing scream saved the little innocent. On another occasion her father appeared just in time to prevent a big ram butting her down in the barn lot. Not long afterward a storm was coming, and as she watched the bulging, frowning front, white and fleecy as wool, with the red lightning flash and the thundering roar, she thought the big sheep was upon her once more; and such screams the mother never yet heard! Miss Barton recalled, too, a long and furious ride after the doctor when her little life was despaired of during a spell of sickness; and she always believed she was preserved alive for some good purpose.

Miss Barton says the representations of her as a naturally brave and self-possessed young woman are wholly incorrect. She was a very shrinking, self-conscious child, and only the fortunate training she received from every member of the family enabled her to overcome the timidity and to cultivate the calm determination that afterward characterized her in emergency.

Her father was a soldier who had seen service under "Mad Anthony" Wayne, of Revolutionary renown, and he familiarized his little daughter with everything military from the time she could listen and read the stories of her country's heroes, which he was so fond of telling. Thus did she become a true soldier's daughter.

Her brother, David, was a great lover of horse-flesh, and he took her afield on many a mad gallop upon one colt, while he rode upon another at her side. This inured her to the saddle, and she safely fled the enemy more than once in war times. Her brother, Stephen, was a splendid mathematician, and he was her first teacher in that difficult study, intending to make her a strong reasoner in the abstract sciences. She owned her indebtedness to him; and her gratitude to a certain Richard Stone and Susan Torrey, models in the school room, is charmingly acknowledged.

The good mother seems to have wondered and worried what her dear child would do in the world. It chanced that a famous phrenologist of the day was stopping at her father's house, and he examined the little maiden's head for signs of future usefulness or greatness. His judgment was that Clara was over-sensitive and timid; that she was fearless for others, but would always allow herself to be imposed upon. The conversation between the mother and the wise man drifted through an open door to the ears of the daughter, and she pondered the matter deeply. Anyhow, as her sisters were teachers, it was decided that she would become one also.

Miss Barton never understood just how she managed to enter the little New England school house that first morning where forty boys and girls curiously awaited her coming. Such a slight figure had need of no little nerve to seem dignified and self-possessed behind the big desk. Nevertheless, she began in her own original way by having the pupils read with her and comment upon the Beatitudes. Thus in the spirit of the Great Teacher she succeeded admirably from the outset. At noon she went to the play-ground and proved to the boys that she had brothers of her own and knew their manly sports. Thus passed the term all too rapidly in good fellowship, and when the last day came she slipped away to hide her tears, leaving them almost inconsolable.

Miss Barton has told the story of the Red Cross Movement in her own delightful way. The book is in most public libraries, and every boy and girl should read it and try to serve humanity in the same unselfish spirit. Loyalty and love in little things determined her success in larger undertakings. And if our boys and girls will take as their ideals such women as Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton, a new spirit will become incarnate in the rising generation of young Americans.

Miss Barton beautifully describes the Spirit of Peace standing back in the shadow of the grim monster, War, and foretells the time when the angel song of peace on earth, good will to men, will indeed be realized. It is our national purpose to make the Red Cross Movement another monument to her noble

memory since she passed from earth. The color Red, significant not of carnage and murderous greed, but that blood of which God hath made one all the nations of men. And the Cross, symbol of service and martyrdom for the sake of humanity.

A newspaper writer thus describes Miss Barton during the Civil War: "One of her best remembered services is that at the battlefield of Antietam. When she appeared from among the corn, the surgeons working over a multitude of wounded lifted their heads to exclaim: 'The Lord has remembered us! You are here again.'

"'Did you want me, then?' she asked.

"'Want you! Why we want you above all things; and we want everything.'

"'I have everything,' she replied quietly.

"Her helpers unloaded the wagons she had brought past the hospital supplies, which were not allowed to come into the zone of danger, and she supplied chloroform and lint and bandages and many, many things, even food, to the increasing mass of wounded men. As darkness settled down and the untended soldiers could no longer be seen, the head surgeon was in despair.

"'Five hundred men will die before daybreak unless they have attention, and I have no lights,' he groaned, letting his head fall in his hands.

"'Get up, doctor,' said the Christmas woman gently. She took him to the door and pointed outside. It was like a garden illuminated with Chinese lanterns. He looked dazed. 'I brought plenty of lanterns this time,' she explained gently. 'The men will be here in a few minutes to light the house. You will have abundance of light and all the help you want.'"

Among the badly wounded boys in blue on that great battlefield was a young captain from Indiana, afterward an honored elder in the Presbyterian church. It was with deep emotion that he told the boys and girls on Easter Day how he lay wounded and famished for water beside a straw-stack when two ladies came to render first aid to the injured. A comrade lay beside him with an arm shot to pieces, and their canteens were dry. Welcome indeed were the messengers of mercy, and the good old captain urged upon the boys and girls to be always ready to render like kindly service in time of need. Miss Barton's death was beautifully commemorated by the boys and girls in a public service.

During the recent World War the story was told everywhere how Clara Barton received her inspiration for the Red Cross through the degree work of the Eastern Star while serving the sick, wounded and dying soldiers of the Civil War. And what greater tribute to the name of Rob Morris could be paid than to associate forever with him this saintliest of all the Eastern Star heroines of modern times!

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW ROB MORRIS CAME TO LAGRANGE

* * * *

THIRTY years ago there appeared in one of the current Masonic periodicals the following interesting item about the coming of Rob Morris to LaGrange to live. It had reference also to him as a Masonic poet and worker of world-wide fame and to the worthy monument erected that year to his memory:

"LaGrange is noted as being, for many years, the home of the late Dr. Rob Morris, a man perhaps more widely known throughout the world than any other Freemason of his time. Dr. Moris settled in LaGrange in 1859, and soon after his home was destroyed by fire; but a new residence was erected, which stands today a historic spot at whose shrine Freemasons over the broad land do homage. Dr. Morris was a voluminous writer, his published works comprising 150 volumes and are principally devoted to Masonry; but if he had written but that little song, 'Galilee,' it would have made his name known wherever Christian songs are sung.

He made two trips to the Holy Land, and his song was written while resting on the banks of the Sea of Galilee. In October next a monument will be erected to his memory, a granite shaft, 30 feet in height, a plain, simple shaft, typical of the purity and simplicity of the life of him whose remains lie beneath, but whose freed spirit is basking in the realms of that still greater Light, in search of which all good and true Masons are engaged today."

In the story of his own life, written nearly 60 years ago, Dr. Morris makes this reference to LaGrange, which was already a town celebrated throughout the Masonic world because of the location there of the Masonic University. Says Dr. Morris: "Among the more pleasing recollections of this year (1859) is the re-establishment under the hands of Professor John Trimble, Jr., at LaGrange, Kentucky, of the Masonic University. This institution had successfully risen by legislative favor and the labors of its friends from the rank of a Seminary or Academy, in 1843, to that of a College, and afterwards (1850) to a University. The fluctuations in its history had corresponded with those of the times, and of the greater or lesser reputation of its faculty. Prof. Trimble, than whom no riper scholar graces the country, brought his great abilities and experience to beaf upon it, and at once prosperity returned to its halls. The Commencement exercises of 1860, the first under his administration, presented some of the finest displays of collegiate success ever witnessed in the Western country. That of 1861 was only less interesting owing to the bursting out of the Civil War, and the decadence of the University in the latter part of that year is attributable to that event alone."

In the same story of his life Dr. Morris tells us about the removal of his family to LaGrange: "In April, 1860, I removed my family to LaGrange, Kentucky, and accepted the chair of Ancient and Modern History in the Masonic University. At the annual commencement, June, 1860, I was honored by the same with the collegiate degree of Doctor of Laws. My labors as professor were confined mainly to one weekly lecture, which I continued until the decadence of the University in the latter part of the succeeding year. The annual commencement of 1860, was the most brilliant occasion of the kind I ever witnessed. The oration of the year was by Rev. Charles B. Parsons, D. D., of Louisville, a divine of national reputation, whose son was one of the professors in our faculty. Nothing but a calamity like that of the Civil War could have prevented this institution, under President Trimble, from becoming one of the best in the Mississippi Valley."

Story Of The University By Dr. Morris

It will be of surpassing interest to read Rob Morris' own story of the great Masonic school at LaGrange and how it grew into a University, only to be shattered by the storm of Civil War. In his "History of Freemasonry in Kentucky" Dr. Morris speaks of the Home and School as reported to the Grand Lodge in 1846:

"The Committee on Education report at great detail; the following is a synopsis: The Masonic College was in a state of successful operation far beyond what could have been expected two years ago; it will yet prove a proud monument of blessings that have been conferred on the human family by Masonry. The Female School at LaGrange is taken under the patronage of the G. L. The President of the College, J. Randolph Finley, had traveled four months for the College, and with such success, that since his return, forty-one students had come in from Louisiana and seventeen from Mississippi. The whole number of students in the classes, was two hundred and three, representing nine different States. The trustees had resolved to devote one-half of the tuition fees to the support of beneficiaries, and that each subordinate lodge, which had taken a perpetual, or ten years, scholarship, might send one beneficiary. Nine beneficiaries had been received in all. Real estate of the 'Funk Bequest' had been received, to the value of $3,175. The College had, thus far, incurred no debt beyond its means of liquidation, but had purchased a valuable apparatus. A new faculty, (except the President), had been chosen, composed of men of distinguished ability, and unquestionable character.

"In conclusion, the Committee declare, that in the success of this enterprise, Freemasonry will be lifted up on high, in the sight of all men, taking her own proud stand in the estimation of all, and clad in her pure and spotless garments, appear as an Angel of Light on an errand of Mercy. The trustees consisted of William E. Gibson, E. T. Berry, Robert Mallory, William D. Mitchell, Henry Wingate and Charles Tilden. Their report was adopted."

The Grand Lodge in 1847 heard a glowing report of the progress of the Institution and listened to a very fine address by William D. Mitchell, of La-Grange, Grand Orator for that year. He was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Masonic College and took an increasingly important part in its progress.

The following is a synopsis of the Third Annual Report of the Board of Trustees of the Masonic College. Setting out with glowing proofs of the success of this Institution in silencing the tongue of the slanderer, and convincing the world of the benign influences of Masonry, they report a catalogue of 170 students, representing nine States; 64 being from Kentucky. Louisiana and Mississippi unitedly had sent 88. Eleven lodges had sent beneficiaries, in all, 12. President Finley had taken a tour Southward of four and a half months, meeting at all points with heart-felt welcome and cheering success. A strong recommendation was made to establish a permanent fund for beneficiaries.

The plan of scholarship embraced three classes: 1—Five year, sold at $75, cash in advance. 2—Ten year, $100. 3—Perpetual, $300. Students board in private families, and study during the day in professor's rooms. Great care is taken to discourage extravagance in expenditures. Health has been uncommonly good. The Board of Trustees was composed of Robert Mallory, Wm. D. Mitchell, E. T. Berry, Wm. E. Gibson, Henry Wingate, Willis Stewart and Dempley Carrell. The faculty consisted of J. Randolph Finley, President; E. T. Peabody, P. S. Ruter, M. Sutro, Cephas Gregg and Geo. M. Bibb.

The oration was delivered at the First Presbyterian Church by Wm. D. Mitchell, Grand Orator, printed and appended to the proceedings.

The report of the Committee on Education was adopted. They recommened that the Grand Lodge of Alabama be authorized to contract for the education of one hundred students per year at the Masonic College, LaGrange, for the round sum of one thousand dollars, as proposed; and that a portion of the real estate of the G. L., consisting of about thirty acres of land, with buildings, etc., to be sold.

The report of 1848 shows the falling off of support on scholarships by subordinate lodges, and a consequent reduction in the number of pupils. President Finley resigned after a strenuous and highly successful service to build up the institution. William D. Mitchell again comes to the front in connection with the Masonic College, and the work of the Grand Lodge. The reports of 1849 and '50 continue discouraging, especially that of 1850, which instances the prevalence of cholera up and down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers being the cause why Southern parents feared to send their sons and daughters to Kentucky to school. But the great experiment of coeducation under Masonic supervision had proved a surprising success at LaGrange, for the Grand Lodge took over the Female Seminary, and President Finley's tours of the South had brought to LaGrange some of the finest boys and girls in all Dixie Land. The catalogue of the institution during these years proves its rank with Center College and Transylvania University in the make up of the faculty and the number and progress of the pupils.

This great Masonic educational enterprise, which enlisted the enthusiasm and devotion of many and gave to LaGrange a national celebrity, aroused in others a sneering scorn as though it were a mushroom institution issuing fake diplomas. The secret of these attacks was a personal jealousy and hatred of Rob Morris himself, who had become a national Masonic figure and reformer. We take from his magazine of that time the following typical attack and answer.

Attacks On The University And Dr. Morris.

"A series of statements concerning the institution appears in the December issue (1862) of the Boston Freemasons' Magazine, which, in the language of the worldlings, would be termed falsehoods, or worse, but Masonically, we must use softer words.

"The editor, Charles W. Moore, in his desire to blacken and defame the President, Rob Morris (a desire sufficiently manifested in his publication of the past year) has so contradicted the historical facts known to all readers of Masonic matter of the last 15 years, that it is superfluous to follow him. Those, if any, who are not informed upon the subject, can have the annual catalogues sent them, especially the circular of June last, which contains a historical sketch of the University.

"Were the chairman of the Board, Hon. Henry Wingate, under whose guidance all the University business has been conducted during that period—were he still living (he deceased October 4, 1862) the slanderous statements of Bro. Moore would probably have a sharper answer. We give one of Bro. Moore's paragraphs entire, and declare it a lie out of whole cloth:

" 'Many instances have been known to us in which the highest of these degrees has been forwarded by post to gentlemen in this city and elsewhere, whose surprise may be better imagined than described, when on opening a letter they have been greeted with the startling intelligence from the President, Doctor Morris, I have made you a L. L. D.'

"This is a fair specimen of the spirit of mendacity which pervades the entire article."

Dr. Morris Answers These Attacks.

In the Boston Freemasons' Magazine for April, 1863, Chas. W. Moore, the old sore head, made mock of the LaGrange University conferring the degree of Doctor of Laws on the "Kentucky Schoolmaster and Charlatan"—Rob Morris! Dr. Morris replied to this attack with his customary point and power:

"The Masonic University of Kentucky, which for ten years and upwards has been controlled in its policy by one of the purest men Kentucky has ever afforded, the Hon. Henry Wingate, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, is regularly incorporated with the amplest powers, and when the war broke out was, under the Presidency of Dr. John Trimble, Jr., one of the most flourishing institutions in the South. Its lists of alumni from year to year have been published abroad, and no one has had the mendacity or boldness of falsehood to deny its collegiate rights until now.

"On the 24th of June, 1862, I, who received my own degree from the University in 1860, was elected President of the College and accepted the appointment with a view to keeping the institution alive and holding the faculty together. I accepted it for one year with a positive refusal to devote any portion of my time to teaching. This fact of my occupying the place of President is the cause, and the sole cause of the attacks of Chas. W. Moore upon the College.

The lists of alumni, whose diplomas have been signed by me were made out at the time of my appointment and regularly acted upon. I have never offered collegiate degrees upon my own motion, as charged by this calumnious editor; but my official correspondence has been modeled upon that of my predecessor, one of the best educators in the land. So much for the truth in this matter."

Dr. Morris then quotes "An Act Approved March 4, 1850;" Section 3: "That the President and Trustees of said University shall have power to confer such degrees in any and all of the Faculties, Arts, Sciences and Liberal Professions, and also the Honorary Degrees usually conferred in any of the Colleges and Universities in the United States."

The lies and attacks of this man Moore made the Kentucky Masonic brethren uneasy; but Dr. Morris answered him fully and finally.

CHAPTER XIX.

ROB MORRIS AT HOME IN LAGRANGE, 1860

* * * *

AMONG some of Rob Morris' old family letters the son of the famous poet laureate of Freemasonry found the following from Salem Towne, LL. D., dated November, 1860:

"Having spent a day with him in his own Sanctum Sanctorum the past summer and exercised my ears and eyes pretty freely, I will give from my note book a few of the scratches made therein, and picture him and his surroundings.

"His domicile I found at LaGrange, Ky., twenty-nine miles out of Louisville, on the Frankfort railroad. I passed through a fertile and nice region to reach it, but the little town lacks houses and people to make it as large as Jeddo and a man might go through the place without knowing it. The landlord at the inn pointed me to a neat two-story building on the edge of the village as the whereabouts of 'Dr. Morris,' as he styled him. I passed a neat green park which surrounds the county court house. Then the 'Three Cedars' loomed up before me, from which Bro. Morris' place is named, slips from which cedars are found in the portfolios of his friends far and near. Entering the gate I was at once in the presence.

"Bro. Morris is exactly a fathom in height, straight as a Pawnee Loup, and supple as a cat. His hand-grip is like a vise, and he has a way of his own of catching a fellow by the right shoulder when he is really glad to see him. I saw him do it several times to his visitors while I was there, and learned to discriminate by that mark their character. His voice is deep, swift, and pleasant as music to the ear. He had me down by his side, or rather tete-a-tete within thirty seconds, and I was at home in thirty more.

"His Sanctum Sanctorum is a small hall-room in the second story of his dwelling, and not more than 18x12 feet in dimensions. What with the three desks, shelving for books, piles of 'copy boxes,' letter boxes, miscellaneous boxes, chairs, and great folios and quartos too huge for earthly shelves to hold, he is elegantly crowded. But he likes that. He says he wants everything 'at his hand from a Morgan to an Oliver,' and judging by appearances, he has it.

"And first, his library. This consists of about 1,200 bound volumes, most of them made up of tracts and pamphlets of small size upon every conceivable theme of Masonry and anti-Masonry. Of these there is an index, itself an immense folio, which catalogues each work by author and subject, but, as he confesses, this is quite imperfect as to what it should be. Nearly every volume in this collection has its history. Some are presents from the dead, some from the living. Some were procured in Maine; some in Texas. Some cost their weight in gold; others were esteemed of the least possible value by their former owners. A considerable number were gleanings of that active individual, Bro. E. D. Cooke, in Western New York and Europe. Amongst the former he shows works presented him by Bros. Mix, Reynolds, Brown, Chesebro, Whitney, Gould, Towne, and others; amongst the latter valuable presents from Dr. Oliver, Dr. Ladd, Bros. Warren, Wilson, etc. England, Scotland and Ireland. A hasty estimate of these pieces collected here, counting portraits and medals, as well as printed pieces, makes the amount to exceed fifty thousand, yet the greedy fellow speaks slightly of his acquisitions in this line; complains that many to whom he writes begging letters on this subject do not respond, and earnestly solicited me, when I should return to collect up and send him 'anything from a copy of by-laws to a bound folio in one hundred volumes!'

"To say that it is strange how Bro. Morris gets through the labor he does poorly expresses the fact; it is wonderful, marvelous, miraculous. The day I was with him, though he was talking to me nearly all the time, and listening to me when his tongue was still, he wrote and posted twenty-nine letters, (I counted them myself); wrote a circular relative to his paper (The Voice); overhauled, corrected and prepared for publication a considerable pile of copy for the Voice,

and wrote at least one or two column articles as a leader. And when I asked him if he was not trying himself he smiled grimly and said, "That was no day's work at all." I never saw a man get over work so rapidly. For instance, his mail brought him sixteen letters; a single glance at each revealed their contents, and to reply to the whole did not occupy him an hour. His partner at Louisville sends out every night the correspondence of the day, all of which he reads, and replies to such as embrace questions of Masonic law, etc., which a considerable part do. He showed me his list of 'private and confidential' correspondents. This embraces nearly every well-known leader of the Masonic Craft, and with these he corresponds monthly. But his general correspondents count by thousands, and the subjects are innumerable as the sands on the sea shore.

"I regretted that it was vacation in the University, as I had heard many favorable things concerning it, its President and faculty. Of the latter Bro. Morris is Professor of History (Ancient and Modern) and gives a lecture every Friday evening. I was glad to hear that shortly before my arrival the Board of Trustees of the University had honored him and two other distinguished Masons, whose names I have lost, with the merited honor of LL. D.

The Rob Morris Home at LaGrange in 1883. His first residence was burned by guerrillas November 7, 1861, because of his loyalty to the Union.

"But to see him work! Right above him the portrait of John Fitz Towsend. Grand Master of Ireland. At a desk on his right his oldest son, a promising youth of eighteen, whose labors, he says are invaluable; behind him (working as little as possible folding and copying) his other two lads. The mocking birds upon the locust tree on the lawn; the three cedars, rich in their verdancy, below the window; the cooing of pigeons, the barking of—ah, big Leo, I pardon your honest nip, in view of your after repentance, and scratch, scratch, scratch, with an old-fashioned quill pen (bought by half hundred ready made), the great missionary of the Craft! It was a sight to remember as long as memory abides faithful.

"I judge a man by the things he is proud of. Bro. Morris kindled up when he pointed to piles of correspondence, amongst which I remember to have seen the letters of Hubbard, Stoke, Tucker, Taylor, Blanchard, French, Bancroft, Creighton, Jones, King, Dodge, Rockwell, Mackey, Wood, Penn, Scott, McCullough, Reynolds, Miller, Barber, Guilbert, Young, Yates, Wilson, Howry, Hunt, Cushing, Hastings, Fellows, Abell, Woods, Furnell, and so many others that my pencil gave out noting them down. Bro. Morris says that his library executors will have a rich treat when they read his archives of correspondence, but doubts if his financial executor has much to do.

"The eye-sight of my illustrious host is fast becoming enfeebled and he has been compelled, for the most part, to interdict candle light reading and writing; therefore, when night came, he turned away to four charming little girls, who claimed his knees and clamored for his kisses, and taking me down in a broad beautiful park nearby gave me, until long past low XII, a sketch of his labors, trials and hopes. I found him very sensitive on the score of personal abuse. To be stabbed at through the press, and by such men as his assaulters—men vulnerable at every opening; to be accused of mercenary dealings; when he entailed nothing but poverty upon himself and family in reward of all his Masonic labors, he acknowledges to suffer more pain from these sources than all his business troubles and ill health united. But when he speaks of the future; when he opens out the plan of his life, and descants upon the glorious results to follow upon the success of the enterprises in which he is embarked; where he describes the great Craft all speaking with one tongue, and doing one work and pursuing one aim and seeking one reward, the pale face lightens up, the eye beams with generous fire, and the inner man is fully developed. No man can say he knows Rob Morris until he has caught him in this mood."

This man Salem Towne was one of the most eminent Freemasons of his time. Dr. Morris makes numerous references to him in his history of William Morgan. He was a poet, educator and writer who gave most of his life to promoting the cause of brotherhood in the land. Salem Towne took a conspicuous part in the Morgan affair as a defender of the Craft and lived through the long years of terror when mobs gathered in many places, especially in New York State, to disperse the faithful daring to assemble. He declared time and again that he would withdraw from the Masonic order the moment it was proved beyond a doubt that Freemasons murdered William Morgan. When he visited Dr. Morris, at LaGrange, in 1860, the Doctor was even then well into the material for the great book on William Morgan which he wrote twenty years afterward at LaGrange. During the visit of Salem Towne they went deeply into the subject, for Dr. Towne was Grand Chaplain of New York for sixty years and had seen and known nearly every character connected with the famous Morgan affair.

The Friendship With Dr. Austin

The tribute of Salem Towne to Rob Morris in 1860, was pre-eminently as a Masonic writer and worker. In keeping with this same character was the friendship that Rob Morris shared with another great Masonic brother to whom we have already referred. This was Dr. Thomas R. Austin, Grand Master of Indiana in 1861. He played so vital a part in the life of Dr. Morris from this time on that we desire to give a fuller sketch of his career. From an Indiana history by Dunn we take these facts about Dr. Austin:

Thomas Ralph Austin, M.D., LL.D., was born in the parish of Hackney, England, June 16, 1810. He was an uncle of Alfred Austin and in 1832, came to New York, where on May 2 of that year he married Miss Martha Haigh. He went back to England and graduated in medicine, and then returned to America. He came west and located in Indiana, in Harrison county, where his wife died in 1841. On November 17th, 1847, he married Miss Jane McCauley, in Harrison county, Indiana.

Dr. Austin entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal church and served at Jeffersonville, Terre Haute and Vincennes, coming on Easter, 1872, to St. James Church at the last named place—the historic building erected by Rev. B. B. Kellikelly. He was an enthusiastic Mason and in May, 1861, was elected as a surgeon in the 23rd Indiana Regiment. He was detached from the regiment in February and appointed acting medical director, in which capacity he established the Army hospitals at Paducah, Kentucky, and Bolivia and Dunlap Springs, Tennessee.

Dr. Austin resumed the ministry after his military services and died at Vincennes, February 5, 1884, highly honored in church and Masonic circles.

From historical accounts in Jeffersonville we learn that Dr. Austin became Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Jeffersonville on November 4th, 1867. He came from the Methodist church and was ordained a priest in New Albany,

April 15, 1868. The vestry of the church in Jeffersonville decided to purchase the Government Chapel at Camp Joe Holt and a lot was procured from the Baptists on Mulberry Street. They gave one hundred dollars for the old church and made an even exchange of lots. Thus by sacrifice and fidelity the church was consecrated by Bishop Talbot April 16, 1868. Dr. Austin remained with the congregation until 1870, when he accepted a call to the St. Stephen's Church in Terre Haute.

During these years following the Civil War that he was just across the river from Dr. Morris, Dr. Austin shared a great and noble intimacy with Dr. Morris. To this he refers most tenderly in the preface to his biography of Dr. Morris called "The Well Spent Life." "I have personally known Dr. Morris since 1852. For a number of years we were neighbors, nothing but the Ohio River separating us. Of equal age, of kindred tastes, I received from him those instructions in symbolical Masonry which for so many years I have communicated to others. One of my sons bear his name. More than one of his popular effusions was composed, as he says, 'To embody the intimacy of friendship that makes us one.' Each was long since pledged to the other to perform the last rites of Masonry due the departed. I will let Cicero speak for us in his words, 'There is no man in all the world whose sentiments so perfectly agree with mine.' It seems, therefore, that in making up this brief record of The Well Spent Life, I am but performing the part due to so long, so near and so prized a friendship."

CHAPTER XX

ROB MORRIS AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN

* * * *

AFTER weeks and months of ceaseless research among old Masonic archives we have unearthed the authentic facts and accounts of Dr. Rob Morris and his loyalty to the Union during the Civil War. We are now able to present him to history as one of the great national personalities that held Kentucky true to the Union. He paid the price of loyalty in suffering; but his name lives now with Clara Barton's as a great fraternal benefactor. These accounts are from Dr. Morris himself in his Lost Autobiography:

A Conversation With Mr. Lincoln

"In the month of October, 1860, about a month before the Presidential election of that year, we were in attendance upon the Grand Lodge of Illinois at Springfield, and in accordance with an invitation to that effect, called upon Mr. Lincoln.

"As we were known to be no politician, but had written a severe article the month before denouncing the treasonable indications of Southern politics, Mr. Lincoln was exceedingly courteous to us and gave us a lengthy and most pleasing conference.

"To draw out of him in a pleasant manner the fact as to whether he was a Freemason or not, we remarked: 'Mr. Lincoln, I came up the road last night with an old Masonic friend, Judge Douglas. Last Friday I came down to Louisville with another old Masonic friend, Mr. Breckinridge. And a few weeks ago one of my agents, Mr. Porter, met in the Grand Lodge of Tennessee, Mr. John Bell. So you see all three of your opponents for the Presidential chair are Freemasons!'

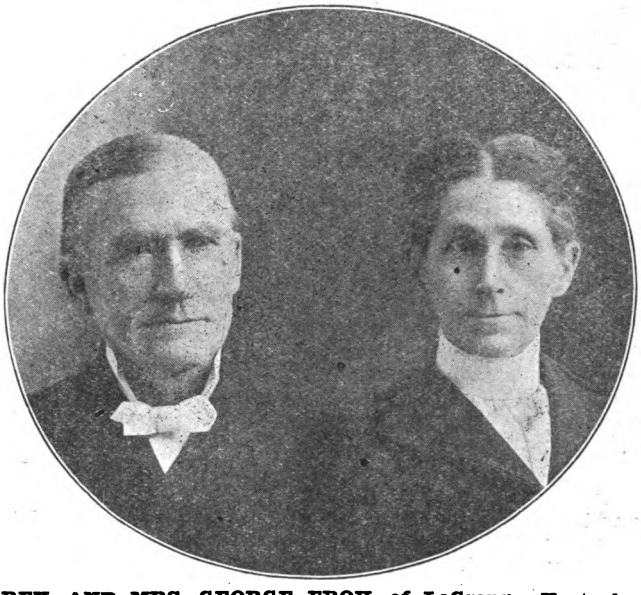
"Mr. Lincoln replied: 'I am not a Freemason, Dr. Morris, though I have a great respect for the institution.'

"Seeing so many Masonic bodies laboring under the supposition, since his death, that he was a Freemason, we have thought it best to put these facts upon record. We have often stated the same thing in our lectures, as the brethren will testify."

The Civil War Inevitable

General George B. McClellan says in his Memoirs that his contact with the South for several years previous to the election of Lincoln convinced him that Civil War was inevitable. This was precisely the experience of Dr. Morris, as he tells us in his Autobiography:

"The mutterings of the storm soon to break over our free and happy country, began this year (1860) to be heard. My acquaintance with the South had convinced me that the leaders in that section would never acquiesce in the political measures which the leaders of the Northern section were preparing for them. I looked around with dismay at the imminent peril in which all our interests were involved. But the matter had gone too far for arbitrament by anything less stern than the sword. A mild and, I thought, conciliatory appeal, published by me in the 'Voice of Masonry,' in August, 1860, was taken in such high dudgeon by my Southern readers as to cost me not less than a thousand subscribers, while my urging of moderation upon the party in power at the North was charged upon me as proving that I was a Secessionist!



REV. AND MRS. GEORGE FROH, of LaGrange, Kentucky.

Friends of Rob Morris for many years. Mr. Froh came to LaGrange the same year that Dr. Morris did and was a young Union volunteer when the Morris residence was burned by midnight enemies. Mr. Froh rendered distinguished service on Southern battlefields.

"Between the two fires stood all at that time who did not plunge into the horrid abyss of Civil War. Where now are the hundreds and thousands of generous and affectionate hearts who were the lights of the Lodges from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and whose correspondence formed for so many years the pleasantest labors of my life?" Again he says:

"The storm of Civil War burst forth in all its fury in the spring of this year (1860) and all such 'things of peace' as Masonry were laid aside to many of our Craft, forever. Mail facilities between the North and South began to be closed in May, and by July the barriers were set up between brothers of a common tie which have not yet been removed. Since July, 1861, every battlefield has been crimsoned with blood from the veins of my old friends and correspondents. The roster of every regiment has their names upon it from that of Colonel downward.

They are in every company who fight with their faces turned toward the North or towards the South! Every cannon shot that destroys a dozen men, sweeps from existence some one of those whose names were on my list of patrons or were more indelibly inscribed upon my heart. When the war ends, where shall I look for my old friends?"

Dr. Morris Pays the Price of Loyalty

In September, 1861, Dr. Morris accepted a commission as Masonic lecturer under the Grand Master of Indiana. He soon paid the price of his loyalty to the Union. Says he:

"It was upon this tour while at Crown Point, Indiana, November 7th, that my dwelling at LaGrange was burned by the midnight torch and my family turned out to the night air homeless. By the great good fortune of a camp of Federal soldiers being hard by, my costly collections of Masonic books were saved, though in a mangled condition. I received the intelligence next day by telegraph and hastened home to comfort the distressed group.

"Early in September of this year the prospects of the subjugation of Kentucky by the Confederate armies appeared to me so imminent that I withdrew my membership from Fortitude Lodge No. 47, LaGrange, of which I had become a member the year before and was now the master, and prepared to move my family to New York. The intention, however, was changed shortly after as the danger alluded to passed away."

There are yet living in Oldham county two survivors of the earliest Union volunteers who may recall the burning of Dr. Morris' home and the saving of his property; but we have not had time to see them and make inquiry. They are Rev. George Froh, of LaGrange, and Mr. George W. Dick, of Skylight.

Dr. Morris Called Into Service

In July, 1862, Dr. Morris was summoned by the Governor of Kentucky into actual military service in Oldham and the counties adjoining, not only in prospect of an invasion by General Kirby Smith, but to put down the constant threat of guerrilla attack upon the unprotected people of his home community. Reluctant as he was to become involved in actual hostilities, Rob Morris was no weak and womanish character, as many have represented him. No incident of his entire life has so puzzled and baffled us as handed down by tradition, in which he is depicted as a spineless pacifist who fainted at the first smell of gunpowder! Instead, he was the most firm of Union men and would have followed the Old Flag to battle if necessary. He was not a weakling or coward, reluctant though he was to take up arms. He first tells us about accepting a commission as Colonel from the Governor; and then follows the card he published in defense of his loyalty to the Union:

"In July, 1862, I accepted very unwillingly the position of Provost Marshal of Oldham county, Kentucky, which caused me infinite trouble and expense. In August a commission as Colonel to raise a regiment of State Guards for three months' service was tendered me by the Governor. I accepted it with the view of preserving the county in which I lived and the adjoining district from the inroads of guerillas, and held the commission until the entire State Guard was mustered out of service about the 1st of November."

A Card

"It is mortifying to me to acknowledge before the world that Masons in prominent places can lower themselves so far below the dignity of their profession as to utter wilful calumnies against one another. Yet it is true; and I have been made so often the victim of deliberate slanders, as to justify me, if I choose, in publishing offending Brethren before the world. That I have not done so is due to my sense of the impropriety of exposing the private affairs of Masonry to the public.

"The last slander, though not the foulest, that has been perpetrated to my injury, is that I am disloyal to my country. A greater falsehood could scarcely be uttered. The Government at Washington and the Government of my own State have a thousand convincing evidences to the contrary. The fact of my appointment as Provost Marshal, and my election as Commander of the Horse Guards; the offers I have had from the Federal Government of distinguished positions; the universal sentiment of my neighbors and those who know me best; my heavy losses in consequence of my faithful allegiance; and the record of my whole life, must speak for me and stamp upon the charge the infamy it merits.

"ROB MORRIS.

"LaGrange, Ky., August 1st, 1862."

CHAPTER XXI.

DOCTOR MORRIS AND THE "BATTLE OF NEW CASTLE"

* * * *

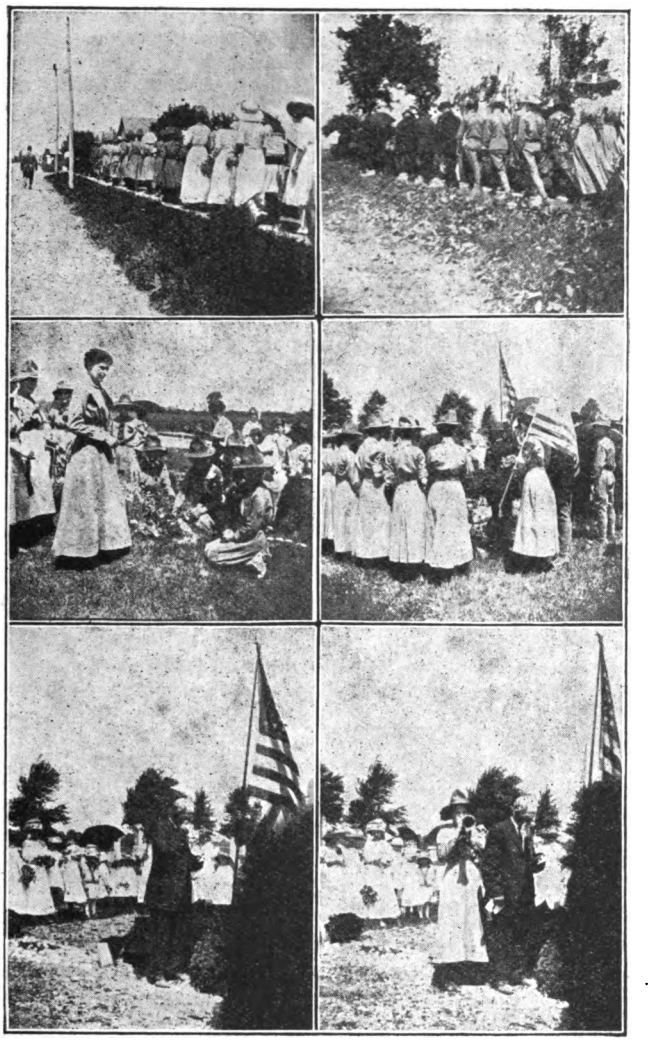
MR. D. H. FRENCH, of LaGrange, says that Dr. Morris, like himself, was a Union man and opposed to slavery. Dr. Morris married a Southern girl in a slave-holding family and the subject was not much discussed in his home. From local tradition at LaGrange we learn that Dr. Morris was Provost Marshal at LaGrange during the Civil War; and when General Kirby Smith's troopers came to attack New Castle, Rob Morris was ordered out to defend it. A number of LaGrange boys were among the Kirby Smith troopers and Rob Morris' company planted the cannon (a six pounder) in front of the court house or on the public square at New Castle; and they were ready when the Confederate troops came in sight. A Union lady cried out, "Why don't you fire that gun at them?" Dr. Morris was not a soldier by instinct or profession. Imagine Emerson or Whittier or Longfellow leading a charge in battle! He was more bent on a bloodless victory, if possible, to ward off the Johnny Rebs as most any town of neighbors and friends would be. He did not care to kill anybody unless it was actually necessary. So he answered the Union lady with solemn humor, "Why, madam, if I fired that gun it would shatter every window in town!" And she doubted the loyalty of the Doctor!

Yet the Rob Morris company resisted the attack of the Kirby Smith troopers, several of whom were killed and wounded, we are told; but the Kirby Smith troopers resisted in turn so fiercely that the LaGrange Home Guards were driven back, fell into confusion and fled. This episode became a standing joke among the Southern sympathizers at LaGrange and in Oldham county. We relate this incident at length in our History of Oldham County under the title, "Fireside Patriots." The writer had uncles at Goshen, in Oldham county, who were at heart with the South; and when the news of the Kirby Smith advance upon New Castle and LaGrange reached the Goshen Home Guards they made a most comical show of patriotism.

Our Uncle Newton Woolfolk was a secret Southern sympathizer; and when the Goshen Home Guards were getting their horses out of the field on the Woolfolk farm, Uncle Newton stood over the hill by the barn, just out of sight, and wildly waved the tails of his long coat at the horses every time they came in view. Of course they broke into a crazy panic and stampeded and ran the life out of the Union boys trying to catch them. But the Union boys were not half so eager for the job as they let on.

The story goes that when these Goshen Home Guards finally reached the wet woods above Oldhamburg, on their way to LaGrange, to repel the Kirby Smith attack, there were some cattle in the woods, which scattered wildly at their approach and nearly scared the Home Guards out of their wits! It is said that when they finally lined up at LaGrange, every fellow was trying to see his neighbor, like all raw recruits, and the Commander cried out: "Hey, there! Eyes to the front! You fellows look like a —— worm fence!"

Tradition says this "worm fence" scattered like sheep when the Kirby Smith troopers were victorious. Uncle Newton used to laugh till the tears ran down his cheeks at the "Fireside Patriots," as he called them. Doubtless Dr. Morris, too, would have taken a humorous view of the episode had he heard the inside story of the retreat or rout from this point of view. He was sincere and faithful in his



"ON FAME'S ETERNAL CAMPING GROUND."

Crothersville, Indiana, Scouts Celebrating Memorial Day with the old soldiers, May 30, 1913; Miss Ellen May, Scout Master.

Union defense, but was not a soldier by intent or purpose; and his military record suffers eclipse so far as glory is concerned, because the heart of the Goshen Home Guards, and doubtless many of those in LaGrange who did not want to fire on their own home boys in the clash at New Castle, was with the South and retired willingly.

We heard a similar version of this military affair and fiasco from Mr. Risley, of LaGrange, before his death; and we have given it here to put on record the real state of the case. The story goes that the LaGrange and Goshen contingents spiked their guns as they retreated and that a local poet celebrated the rebel victory with mock heroic stanzas, ending, "They spiked their guns with a rattail file." The Morgan men and other Johnny Rebs were quick to profit by the humor of the situation in the heated excitement of war time; and Dr. Morris' legion of friends and neighbors have always related the story with a smile and apology. It was a long while before we ourselves could piece the fragments of history and tradition together sufficiently to find the facts. But, knowing for a surety that the Goshen "Fireside Patriots" were secret Southern sympathizers who very willingly retired at the first fire, we do not wonder that Dr. Morris loses what claim he may have had to military renown. At all events, it is the most genuinely funny story of the whole Civil War period in Oldham county. No man thinks for a moment that Dr. Morris was not sincerely Union, or that the Oldham county soldiers were cowards. So history is justified of her children in this case; and we put the truth on record.

Why The Fight At New Castle Was Stopped.

In a previous chapter we have proven beyond all doubt from the statements of Dr. Morris himself that he did not hesitate at any time to do even military duty in defense of home and fireside. In the first half of this chapter we have given the account of the "Battle of New Castle" as handed down by tradition and as told us by a number of people who were contemporaneous with the event described. This last account leaves the reputation of Dr. Morris in military service scarcely less amusing than the exploits of the renowned Don Quixote himself.

But deeper inquiry into the facts of this episode have revealed a thrilling story of Masonic devotion and heroism in the midst of the confusing and conflicting versions given to us. One of the very closest friends of Dr. Morris (who was at one time a resident of New Castle and heard these various stories) makes the statement, without giving his name, that the powerful influence of Freemasons on both sides in this battle stopped the fight before it reached the stage of a genuine encounter. Indeed, the presence of influential men who were still distressed at the clash between the North and South stopped the battle beyond all doubt.

But we have in hand the Masonic story mentioned above given to us by Uncle John Wright, one of the most genial and beloved members of the Masonic Order in Indiana. When we hear his story of how deep and pervading was the influence of the Masonic Lodge in camp at this time, we do not hesitate to credit the statement of the Masonic brother who lived at New Castle. We shall now give the story of Uncle John Wright as we heard it from his own lips:

The Masonic Lodge In Camp.

Uncle John was a devoted Freemason. He believed that the remedy for immoral conditions in army camp life, as in the great wars of the past, in large part lay with the Masonic Lodge, or similar fraternities, whose group life was one of the grandest features during the Revolution, the War of 1812, the War with Mexico and the late Civil War. Just as the friendship between David and Jonathan was such a moral stimulus, so always human brotherhood purifies and keeps back from sin and shame.

Uncle John told a beautiful story of a young Confederate soldier in General Kirby Smith's army, who had heard on the eve of expected battle that his wife was dying twenty miles away. He asked his Captain for a furlough; but the Captain answered that only the General could grant it. General Smith refused because the battle was so near. That night the young soldier went home, anyhow. He found his young wife much better than he expected; so he returned at once to the camp.

His absence had been discovered and reported. General Smith ordered that he be court-martialed and shot. He was stood up and at a short distance a squad was placed to fire upon him. There was a puff of smoke, but the young man did not fall. General Smith himself stood near to see that the execution was carried out.

He asked what was the matter. Another squad was called, but with the same result. The General ordered them court-martialed for failure to perform their military duty. The Commander of the squad replied: "General, you may order out the whole army, but you haven't enough powder and lead in the entire camp to shoot that young man down!" The General then understood that the young man was a brother Mason in the Army Lodges, which were organized North and South, as in the Revolutionary days.

Brotherhood is the one bright star that shines out clearly through the long night of the Great World War. Uncle John told another story about one time when two opposing armies of the Civil War were encamped on opposite banks of a river in one of the Border States. Just across were the Federal lines. In the Confederate camp was a soldier from the far South, who had never seen a snow, and he felt himself slowly freezing to death. He crawled down the river bank and called across: "Oh, Yank, can't you take pity on a brother Reb? The Johnnies are freezing. What can you do for us?" The Yank was deeply moved and answered: "I can't do much, Brother Reb; but if you will watch the water by that pile of drift wood, I'll throw something to you in a few minutes!" Sure enough, in a little while he cast out seven blankets and other comforts to his brother Masons on the other side. When rebuked for not firing upon the Johnny Reb by his superior officer, he replied adroitly: "I couldn't fire upon a man who was saying his prayers!"

This spirit of fraternal feeling was the most wonderful healing element in reconstruction days. A Southern Mason expressed it thus to a brother Mason from the North: "We Rebs were rather proud because we had servants in the house and you Yanks did not. We boasted so much that the Man upstairs had to take us out in the back yard and punish us severely for our pride. Then he made us come into the house. We were crying and humiliated because we thought you Yanks would laugh at us. But instead we found you crying, too. So we all have become happy brothers again!"

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RED CROSS AND CHRISTMAS LADY

* * * *

VERILY, when noble men and women die, the works they do live after them. On Saturday morning, August 31, 1918, at the beautiful little town of LaGrange, Kentucky, thirty miles east of Louisville, Freemasons and members of the Eastern Star Order from far and near assembled to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Rob Morris, who was so long the famous and beloved poet-laureate of the Craft throughout the world, and who founded the Order of the Eastern Star, which holds him in like devoted memory.

There in the little town for half a life-time, when not away on the world-wide journeyings of Masonic apostleship, the great man lived and worked in the bosom of his family upon the poems and other writings that have made his name a household word in every Masonic family circle. And there in the sheltered "Valley of Rest" below the town he sleeps in peace while pilgrims from all over the English-speaking world come thither to pay reverent tribute at his tomb.

The name of Rob Morris is not so familiar to the general public outside the realms of Freemasonry; yet he rendered a service in his time and generation that links his fame with that of Clara Barton and the American Red Cross for all the years to come. It has never been the custom of Freemasons to court

publicity in any line whatsoever, and as a consequence even history and biography have passed by in silence some of the deepest sources of human endeavor and social achievement.

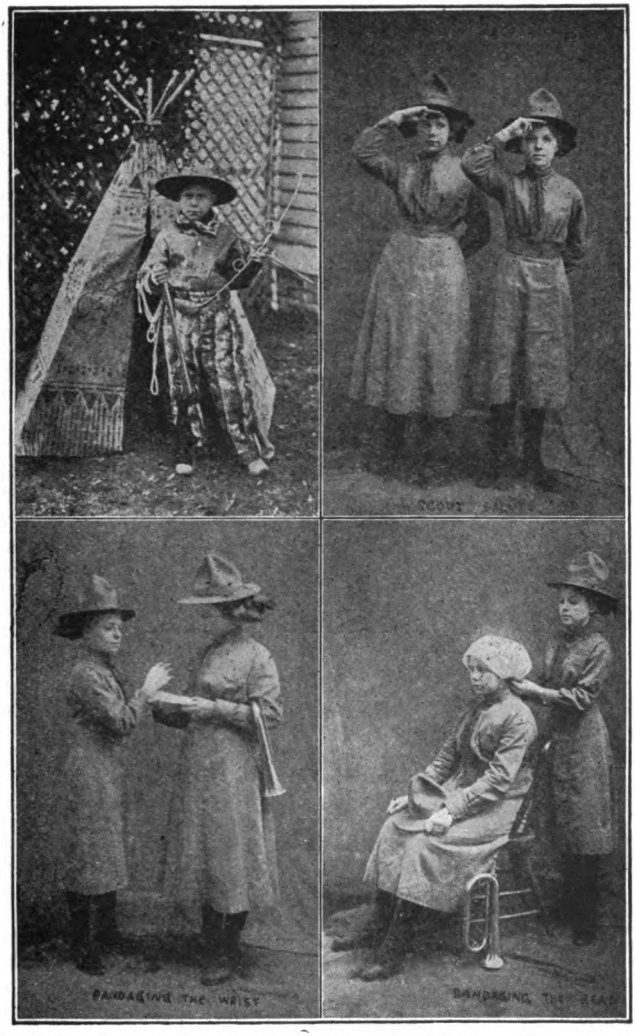
For example, it is not at all known to the general public that the American Red Cross was, in the largest possible measure, begotten and cradled in the arms of American Freemasonry; that Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross, got her biggest inspiration from the Masonic Order and the Order of the Eastern Star; and that Rob Morris, founder of the Eastern Star, rendered one of the most noble and knightly services in our history by preparing the Masonic soldiery, North and South, for the memorable work of Clara Barton.

GIRL SCOUT BUGLER, INDIANA, CROTHERSVILLE TROOP.

Indeed, without this inspiration and preparation which we have mentioned, it is practically certain that Clara Barton would have hesitated long in fear and misgiving, whereas with this inspiration and preparation her work took root at once and grew to glorious results.

American Freemasonry dates back to the very beginning of our national genius for social and benevolent organization. Ben Franklin was the father of American Freemasonry, and the founding of this great fraternity was simply one

of his many practical expressions of co-operation for mutual and social welfare and relief. When he was a Yankee journeyman printer in London long ago, he persuaded his fellow-workers to cut out booze and get down to business, and the result was the modern typographical union in Great Britain and America. He got behind the public school; he pushed public libraries; he started the first police force and fire department in the country; and everybody knows we are indebted to him for the modern post office.



A JUNIOR SCOUT **GIRL SCOUT SALUTE**
Bandaging the Wrist. **Bandaging the Head.**
Crothersville, Indiana, Troop.

The point of all this is that the Yankee knows what humanity needs, and if it is not forthcoming, invents it. Ben Franklin advocated higher education for women and young girls before anybody in New England. He saw the thrift and intelligence of a young wife who conducted her business as a widow; and he ever

afterward befriended and upheld the cause of womankind in the big struggle against ignorance and prejudice. Clara Barton had her training in this same struggle as a young school teacher for years and years in the face of tremendous odds; but she triumphed and wherever she knelt at the side of her brave boys on the field of battle, she thanked God that she had endured everything uncomplainingly for her ideals, which her boys and girls loved even unto death.

Rob Morris was just three years older than Clara Barton, and, like her, was a native of Massachusetts. He, too, taught school for ten years and down South met, loved and married a sweet daughter of the land. There also he was first made a Freemason; and while taking the degrees there came to him such a vision and inspiration that he resolved to give his life to the cause of Freemasonry, just as Clara Barton gave her whole life to the American Red Cross. In seven years time Rob Morris had traveled over the entire country, teaching the lesson and communicating the spirit of brotherhood to lodges, churches and communities everywhere. He wrote songs, stories and poems based on the Masonic Order from its earliest history amongst us; and he gave the degrees of the Eastern Star to scores, hundreds and thousands of Masonic mothers, wives, daughters, sisters and widows. The first beginnings of this noble order were in France about the year 1730, and its introduction into this country dates back to 1778. But Rob Morris first founded the order worthily and gave it a beautiful ritual. He encountered strong prejudice and opposition from the outset, for a reactionary generation instinctively scents progress in every awakening of womankind and endeavors to hamper and impede her forward impetus toward light and liberty for all.

That is why it took so long to firmly establish the Eastern Star; and it was this very same obstinate and unreasoning prejudice that smote Clara Barton to the very heart when she stood on the threshold of her great Civil War work, hesitant and distressed beyond words to describe. The full story of that inward struggle and how she triumphed is thus related in a rare biographical sketch of Civil War times which even her latest biographer seems to have missed reading carefully, as it was authorized by her family and should be told everywhere today:

"Could she, as a young and not unattractive lady, go with safety and propriety among a hundred thousand armed men, and tell them that no one had sent her? She would encounter rough soldiers, and camp-followers of every nation, and officers of all grades of character; and could she bear herself so wisely and loftily in all trials as to awe the impertinent and command the respect of the supercilious, so that she might be free to come and go at will, and do what seemed good to her?

"Or, if she failed to maintain a character proof against innuendoes, would she not break the bridge over which any successor would have to pass? These questions she pondered and prayed and wept over for months, and has spoken of the mental conflict as the most trying one of her life. She had foreseen and told all these fears to her father; and the old man, on his death-bed, advised her to go wherever she felt it a duty to go. He reminded her that he himself had been a soldier, and said that all true soldiers would respect her.

"He was naturally a man of great benevolence, a member of the Masonic fraternity, of the Degree of Royal Arch Masons; and in his last days he spoke much of the purposes and noble charities of the Order. She had herself received the initiation accorded to daughters of Royal Arch Masons, and wore on her bosom a Masonic emblem, by which she was easily recognized by the brotherhood, and which subsequently proved a valuable talisman.

"At last she reached the conclusion that it was right for her to go amid the actual tumult of battle and shock of armies. And the fact that she has moved and labored with the principal armies in the North and in the South for two years and a half, and that now no one who knows her would speak of her without the most profound respect, proves two things—that there may be heroism of the highest order in American women—and that American armies are not to be judged of by the recorded statements concerning European ones."

It only remains to be added that it required the chivalrous service of another Freemason to establish the dream of Clara Barton in creating the American Red Cross: The administrations of Presidents Lincoln, Grant and Hayes turned down

her repeated and persistent appeals, even when the Red Cross Council of Europe stood astonished and grieved that we still held aloof when semi-civilized nations were being admitted. The reason was that traditional fear of "entangling alliances" with European politics and wars. At last President Garfield, who was a Freemason and had been close to Clara Barton on the battlefields of Virginia, hastened the passage and signed the law establishing the American Red Cross; and when the centennial anniversaries of these great souls are celebrated in coming time like that of Rob Morris, the Red Cross of Masonic Knighthood may well be displayed with that of the Red Cross, ministering in mercy upon the modern battlefield.

CHAPTER XXIII

FREEMASONRY AND THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

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THE records tell us that Rob Morris was "brought to Masonic light" on the 5th of March, 1846, when he was about at the climax of his young manhood and work as a teacher. He was twenty-seven years of age at the time, and on the very night that he passed from darkness to light he conceived a vision of fraternity that was prophetic of all his after labors in Freemasonry and the Order of the Eastern Star. He tells us this in the preface to that memorable work, "The Lights and Shadows of Freemasonry," experienced, written and published within five or six years after his own great awakening.

Being a poet and a man of culture, Rob Morris saw instantly, by inspiration, the wonderful world of sacred tradition, noble symbol, knightly endeavor and glorious achievement opened up to him; and he was pained and surprised at the multitudes whose souls still remained in outer darkness, though they shared the same initiation and entered into the very same temple of truth as himself. He tells us that an overwhelming sense of gratitude possessed him when he was made a participant in the sublime word and work of fraternity, and he vowed within himself to give back by a life of devoted service the gracious vision he had received.

At that time the tradition, the story and song, the history, and even the fame of Freemasonry were suffering temporary eclipse in our land; and Rob Morris arose as the knight errant of truth and the inspired apostle of brotherly love to restate and restore, to re-erect and recreate where the altar places were torn down and the temples were dismantled. That little book of Masonic tales, songs and sketches accomplished a revolution of opinion and sentiment everywhere that it was circulated and read; and shining like a beautiful Star on the bosom of Evening are the first poems from his pen dedicated to the O. E. S. which he had already founded and transformed within the circle of his own fraternal intimacy and which was destined soon to become his most enduring monument.

It may be said of Rob Morris more truly, perhaps, than of any other man that ever lived that he made the world safe for fraternity. That is why his greatest poem, "The Level and the Square," fittingly stands at the golden gate of Masonic Song. He believed profoundly that a man must be "prepared in his heart to become a Mason" ere he could understand its sublime degrees. "God makes the Mason," said he long ago, "the Lodge only pronounces him free and accepted; free to her privileges, accepted to her breast. It has been said that a poet is not made but born one. We say not that a man is born a Mason; but we affirm that the real speculative work of Masonry, to which all our emblems, implements, and so on, point, is a thing between the Mason and his God, and not of the Lodge."

"Come, let us live the poetry we sing," said Edwin Markham; and surely Rob Morris "lived the poetry he sang." Could we endeavor to express that wonderful life of fraternal love in simple stanza, we would say:

To meet on the level and part on the square,
Is treating your fellow-men honest and fair;
Is doing to others as you would have done
If yours were the burden and friends there were none.

To meet on the level and part on the square,
Is treating all womanhood, humble and rare,
With kindness so knightly that noble and strong
Your spirit will triumph in struggle with wrong.

To meet on the level and part on the square,
Is helping the aged their burdens to bear
By courtesies shown them and words with a smile,
Consoling the sorrows of life's afterwhile.

To meet on the level and part on the square,
Is bringing to childhood a song and a share
In May-time and play-time, the glory of life,
When lovers are pledging as husband and wife.

To meet on the level and part on the square,
Is treating all Nature with justice so rare
That birds will be comrades and animals, too;
Because we are tender, thoughtful and true.

To meet on the level and part on the square,
Is fighting injustice and finding the lair
Of every oppression that preys on mankind,
Till Love rules the kingdom of morals and mind.

Freemasonry's Laureate, whose honors we share,
Made Love his true level and Justice his square;
And in the World Struggle now everywhere on
We follow the Star of Fraternity's dawn.

To meet on the level and part on the square
Makes Earth like an Eden and Heaven more fair;
The Age of all ages in glory begun;
Immanuel with us.and Paradise won.

The greatness of Rob Morris was most truly manifest in his modest humility of spirit, his childlike candor and tenderness of heart, his companionship and patience and sympathy with all classes of people. He was the Lincoln of Freemasonry and his name and tradition will grow dearer to the heart of each succeeding generation. For this reason, as well as our love for the brethren, let us reverently read and cherish the story of his time and contemporaries for all the years to come.

Rob Morris The Red Cross Knight.

The crowning record of the Morris Centennial was the story of his service to the nation during the Civil War. Freemasons and members of the Eastern Star have reason to be prouder of this story than any other of his noble life. We have told it over and over to childhood, boyhood and girlhood, manhood and womanhood everywhere, and now put it on permanent record in these memorial sketches of his service to the world:

BROWNSTOWN, INDIANA, SCOUT TROOP MEMORIAL DAY, 1912.

Red Cross Ambulance U. S. A., Vallonia, Ind., October, 1912.

Resuscitation Drill on White River by Brownstown Scouts.

Brownstown Girl Scouts decorating soldiers' graves with Mrs. Belle Tutton, Scout Master.

Brownstown Girl Scout learning the tailoring trade in shop of Drill Master George Klauss, leader of the Junior Scouts.

Sergeant Toops directing the Rescue Drill work.

In childhood days thy genial spirit found
And followed Love in Golden Galilee,
Where Jesus walked and taught beside the sea,
Feeding the hungry multitude around.
In manhood then amid the bruised and bound,
The souls astray like sadly wandering stars,
Thou wert a Brother, healing o'er the scars
And planting feeble feet on higher ground.
Yea, and thine eyes beheld the Holy Grail
When Liberty was in the balanced scale;
And thou didst bear aloft the Cross and Rose
Where Freedom struggled with her deadly foes,
And dark assassination in the night
Struck down the greatest Friend of human right.

A man of peace but not a pacifist
Wert thou, O Laureate of Fraternity!
Throughout the War that set a slave-race free,
Thy knightly name shone clear on Glory's list.
Not by mere might of arms nor force of fist
Will come the Brotherhood that is to be.
But in this World-wide War beyond the sea
Three stars have met once more in heavenly trist:—
The Star of Liberty for all mankind;
Democracy, to which the Hun is blind;
And Fellowship of Love he undermined.
These stars the Sword of God will full restore.
For this alone the Allied cannons roar;
For this Youth's cup of precious blood we pour!

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MORRIS-COLEMAN FRIENDSHIP

* * * *

THE friendship between Dr. Rob Morris and Rev. Henry R. Coleman is one of the classic and beautiful stories in the annals of Freemasonry. In his history of William Morgan, Dr. Morris pays a fine tribute to Mr. Coleman as his associate in the sacred and classic researches of the Craft in the Holy Land; and we have had from Mr. Coleman in his quiet, thoughtful memories of the past, a full account of how he met Dr. Morris and formed with him the attachment that was so mutual and admirable.

Mr. Coleman was the Methodist pastor in Perryville, Ky., in 1875. One day he met Uncle Joe Hopper on the street, and Uncle Joe, with a solemn look and twinkle in his eye, said: "Mr. Coleman, there are people about town talking of you—and I was just wondering."

"Well, Uncle Joe," answered the minister with a serious air, "I can't imagine what folks are saying about me—nothing bad, I hope. I've tried to be on the square with every one and to treat high and low, rich and poor, as I would wish them to treat me. I surely haven't knowingly said or done anything against anybody here."

"Yes, that may be very true," continued Uncle Joe, "but they're talking just the same; and I'm wondering."

"You have surely got me guessing, Uncle Joe," pursued the young minister, serious enough now. "What can you mean?"

"They are asking how in the world it happens that Brother Coleman, a man who lives upon the level and the square with everybody, isn't a Freemason? And I'll confess that I have been wondering, too," said Uncle Joe.

Greatly relieved, Mr. Coleman made answer that there was really no good reason why he was not a member of the Order, and Uncle Joe agreed. Thereupon, they crossed the street together and it was but the matter of a few moments to sign up an application; and in due season Henry R. Coleman became an enlightened and devoted brother of the mystic tie. He was impressed from the very first, like Rob Morris, and found in Freemasonry a fulfillment of his dream of fraternity. Not a great while after this he was pastor of the Methodist church at New Castle, Ky., and Dr. Morris came there to lecture. It fell to Mr. Coleman to advertise the meeting and he met Dr. Morris for the first time. A great and inspiring friendship was the result.

Mr. Coleman has many points of Dr. Morris' life at his tongue's end; especially the item about Dr. Morris' birthplace. He possessed a letter from Dr. Morris' sister, saying the Doctor's father and mother lived in New York and were visiting in Massachusetts when he was born. Rob. Morris once allowed a statement to pass in print that he was born in New York, doubtless referring to the residence of his parents in that State. Mr. Colemar said that Dr. Morris

was a young traveler in the South and took up teaching as a means of making his living. An outline of his own life will enable us to appreciate more thoroughly his association with Dr. Morris.

Henry R. Coleman was born upon the banks of the Ohio River, in the Muse Bottom, Jackson County, (West) Virginia, December 3, 1833. The land in that section was given to Colonel Muse for fighting Indians before the Revolutionary War. Henry Coleman's father bought it when still a forest. The elder Coleman was left an orphan boy when four years old. He kept a woodyard for steamboats on the Ohio and thus cleared up his land. He left his son Henry a heritage of 455 acres. We understand that both father and son were natives of Jackson county, West Virginia.

Henry Coleman grew up there on the farm and attended school in the vicinity. He afterward went to college in Ohio. He conducted a store for his father until the time of his own marriage, when it became necessary for him to make some efforts in the way of a settled business for self-support and the demands of a family. So he conducted a steam grist and saw mill, which kept him very busy.

It seems that while engaged in this mill enterprise he became deeply interested about his spiritual state. He was converted at a prayer meeting in his father's house. He united with the Methodist church during the revival services conducted in the good old fashioned way at the homes of the people where there was no church building. There were thirty others who followed him to the altar. His wife was converted in the same gospel meeting. Mr. Coleman's father was a very active man for the public good; and as they had a brick kiln, they built Coleman's Chapel with brick of their own make right on the ground.

The mother of Henry Coleman was born at Letart's Falls, Ohio. Her father was stolen in Germany when a child and taken to Baltimore as a bond-servant, "indentured servant," as it was then called, and was bought by a man in the Valley of Virginia. This good master adopted the boy as his own son and afterward deeded to him the farm at Letart's Falls, Ohio, where the son married, lived and died. Henry Roush Coleman was named for this exile boy, his maternal grandfather.

The call to the Methodist ministry came to young Henry Coleman as the logical conviction and result of his spiritual leadership at Coleman's Chapel and in the country round about. During the Civil War he was active in the work of the gospel and had a very fruitful ministry. He says that Dr. Morris was a thorough Union man, though he never said a word against the South. He was not a type of man to desire or advocate bloody conflict; but when it came, he accepted the issue and had his decided convictions.

Mr. Coleman became a member of the Kentucky Conference about the year 1866. It was in the year 1868 that Dr. Morris got $10,000 from the Masonic Order in America to go abroad to the Orient and trace the beginnings of Freemasonry in that fabled and classic land. He did so with great success, and Mr. Coleman received his inspiration to travel also and trace the same ancient story and its connecting links. He went to the Holy Land after Dr. Morris had gathered the data and facts at Damascus and other historic places. Mr. Coleman enjoyed rare fellowship with a number of great minds versed in Oriental lore and fraternal tradition. Thus he perfected himself in the atmosphere, spirit and letter of Oriental degree work, which he was enabled to confer with signal success upon others when he himself had been so honored.

"Freemasonry In The Holy Land."

It is an old Masonic legend, said Mr. Coleman, that Solomon had only Masons to work on the Temple; and when they were done and ready to disperse they were given the power to make Masons of others. In after years a Jewish father instructed his son in the general principles of Masonry up to his eighteenth year, and then communicated to him the secrets, obligations and signs of the Craft. When a youth was fatherless his uncles assumed this solemn obligation.

For a long while, this old legend states, new members of the Masonic Order had to trace their ancestry back to some one who worked upon the Temple.

Then, too, the mother had to be a Jewess before one of Gentile parentage could receive the degree. During the middle ages the Craft spread westward to Europe and members of the nobility and royalty were admitted into the Masonic Order.

Formerly, under the ancient order amongst Jewish Masons, and for long centuries after, says this old legend, there was only one degree, which the father conferred upon the son, and which was the very sum of Masonic teaching and truth. About the year 1717 Modern Freemasonry had its rise in Scotland and the one degree was elaborated into three, which we now have in all lawfully constituted lodges of Freemasons.

Some students of Freemasonry have declared that its origin can be traced back to the primitive tribal brotherhoods; that it began in the first crude laying of rock and stone; and that the band of men who knew this sort of work could only teach the art to other worthy men. You had to be a youth of character before you could become an apprentice or an operative Mason. Thus, according

REV. HENRY R. COLEMAN
Bosom Friend of Rob Morris.

to this theory, Freemasonry may be defined as an idea and system—the finest thought of the finest men organized into a working code and group of degrees inculcating the noblest morals and ethics of the race life. The most primitive people were honest because dishonesty did not pay in primitive society. The dishonest man was discovered and ostracised—or stoned. Primitive men treated each other as they wished themselves to be dealt with—on the level and the square.

In the preface of his "Freemasonry in the Holy Land" Dr. Morris says: "I offer this book to the Masonic public in redemption of my pledges to the generous friends who furnished me the means, both for my expedition of 1868 and for publishing the book itself. That I have been more than three years getting it up speaks, I think, for the thorough manner of its preparation.

"Agreeably to original promise, the book is adapted to the plainest reader; one that the owner will take home and read in his domestic circle, and afterward

lend to his neighbor to read; equally a reference book to the student, and a handbook to the traveler; large enough to embrace so great a subject, yet no effort has been spared to compress the information."

Dr. Morris confessed that he wrote in the spirit of reverence for the Holy Scriptures and was entirely averse to the skeptical temper of French and German atheism, which had then made no serious inroads upon American Freemasonry. Yet Dr. Morris, and after him Rev. Henry R. Coleman, approached their Oriental Masonic brethren in a most admirable receptivity and appreciation of spirit. Nothing in all Rob Morris' career more truly demonstrates his catholicity of mind and generous outgoing of human sympathy. The culture of the Craft was never more nobly expressed, without in the lēast diminishing his fundamental loyalty to the religion of the Christ.

"As so large a proportion of American Masons are professing Christians," says Dr. Morris in this same great work, "the demonstration at Baltimore, Maryland, September, 1871, proving that our wisest and best members in very large numbers rejoice to bear the symbolic emblem of the MAN OF GOLGOTHA, I have not hesitated frequently to 'name the name of Jesus' in this volume, although no one has so often and publicly demonstrated that Freemasonry was ten centuries old when the Star of Bethlehem arose. Nor can our Jewish brethren, many of whom have received a welcome into the American lodges, complain that I neglected the interests of their long-persecuted, but now emerging society, while I was in the East.

"At the same time I have fully expressed my admiration for much of the character and many of the precepts of Mohammed, as embodied in the Koran. Avoiding the doctrinal points and, read in the spirit of fraternal love, as illustrated in the lectures of Freemasonry, that remarkable book, the Koran, might justly be taken as a comment upon the much older, far wiser, and most remarkable book ever written, THE OLD TESTAMENT of the Hebrew dispensation.

"To those who are accustomed, without the slightest examination, to denounce the Koran (as well as its author), I will simply say, with Isaiah (8:20), "To the law and to the testimony; if it speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in it."

In the year 1859, when Rob Morris was Grand Master of Kentucky, he suspended the Master of Lodge No. 115 and wrote a long letter justifying the suspension upon the ground that this particular Master did not hold sound ideas regarding the sacred scriptures, but on the contrary was highly skeptical and unmasonic in his views. The matter came before the Jurisprudence Committee, which held a lengthy and rather heated discussion with the Grand Master, insisting, it seems, that it is not the province of Freemasonry to apply a religious test to any man or brother Mason. So the Grand Lodge declined to express any opinion whatsoever respecting any man's views upon the subject of the Bible and religion, so he accepted the fundamental requirement of faith and trust in the Creator and Father of all mankind, unto whom we shall all render account at last. The suspended Master was forthwith restored to his office over the head of the Grand Master; and from that time onward Rob Morris manifested a tolerance and courtesy toward the views of every man that he had never before experienced. And when he journeyed to the Holy Land in 1868, he "approached the East" in a spirit that won the heart of his Oriental brethren from the outset.

Rev. Henry R. Coleman was scarcely less highly regarded by the Craft members in the Holy Land. Speaking of the beautiful degree work in which he and Dr. Morris so distinguished themselves, Mr. Coleman gives this experience: One night in Damascus at his hotel a committee of Orientals called upon him and told him they wanted him to go with them. He understood at once that they were Masonic brethren of the highest accredited order and standing; so he arose to accompany them without question.

In the order to which these men belonged any one of the brethren would die to protect you at a moment's notice according to the most solemn obligation that a human being could take; and Mr. Coleman had no fears whatsoever, though he did not understand the language of the men who had come for him. They took him to an immense hall where a great throng of the brethren were having

a banquet; and at its close the master of ceremonies announced that the class present would receive the degree at the hands of their chosen Grand Chancellor.

Mr. Coleman was not familiar with the Arabic language, but he had mastered the degree perfectly in its English form from the original tongue; so it was arranged that he confer the degree in his own way and let the British ambassador, who was present and understood Arabic, translate as Mr. Coleman proceeded. This was done to the entire satisfaction of all concerned; and the atmosphere and spirit of fraternity manifested by Orientals of another race religion and tongue toward British and American brethren of the Masonic Order, forever won the heart of Mr. Coleman, even as it did that of Dr. Morris many years before on his first trip to the Holy Land.

We can readily see why Dr. Morris speaks in the dedication of his book in such pleasing and appreciative terms of "His Excellency, Mohammed Raschid, Pasha-General of Syria and Palestine," as "one who delights to wear the Masonic apron, having shared joyfully in the mystic confidence of their fraternal group. And the brethren at Smyrna rejoiced to speak of the intelligence, urbanity, and Masonic skill of their renowned brother at Damascus, and favored me with letters of credence and introduction.

"Early upon my arrival in Damascus, therefore, I hastened to pay my respects to your Excellency, and to present you the greeting of a half million American Masons, who are working (in more than six thousand lodges) the same principles of Divine truth, justice, and fraternity in which you, yourself, were inducted in your Masonic initiation at Smyrna. At the same time I laid before your Excellency the peculiar mission upon which I had embarked and solicited your valued approval and patronage."

Dr. Morris was so pleased with and indebted to this distinguished personage that he solicited the honor of dedicating his book to him, which was granted with a gracious acquiescence, betokening high culture and a broadly Masonic spirit. After his return to America Dr. Morris visited more than 600 lodges, and everywhere bore testimony to the aid and assistance of this good man in the pursuit of his Masonic researches. He told the Craft that the success of his mission was in large measure due to the kindness and fidelity of this eminent Oriental brother of the Mystic Tie. And Rob Morris concludes his dedication with these wonderfully beautiful words:

"Our earthly lot differs most widely. Your name is spread afar as one to whom God has intrusted the government of a people. Our forms of faith are diverse. In language, customs, and modes of thought, we are cast in different moulds; but in Masonic UNITY we are one, and one in Masonic FAITH. As our hopes and aims and labors are one, we, trusting in one God, and doing, each of us, what we believe to be His expressed will, do humbly expect a common reward when we have passed that common lot which none can escape. To the Divine power, therefore, I tenderly commend your Excellency, both for this world and for that which is to come."

Rob Morris, the Masonic Crusader

In reviewing the long series of expectations and disappointments that preceded the accomplishment of his memorable Masonic mission to the Holy Land, Dr. Morris mentions certain stirring circumstances that give to his career the constancy and devotion of a Crusader: "In common with my fellows in Masonic work, I had keenly experienced the Crusader's impulse 'to precipitate myself upon the Syrian shore' and often cast about me for the mean's to gratify the yearning. In the autumn of 1854, I came so near accomplishing this wish that, by the favor of a loan of $1,000 from the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, joined to the liberality of other friends, I reached New York, having my face earnestly 'set toward Jerusalem.' But here an unlucky accident frustrated my hopes, and turned me back to the Occident. Fire, which had so often proved my foe, consumed the Judson House, in which I was a lodger, and by destroying my papers and clothing and so on, so disarranged the scheme that I could not carry it out successfully at that time."

Men scoffed and laughed him to scorn as a fool. "Yet, for all that, though advancing years and the hard realities of life interposed with a purpose almost inexorable, I never once resigned my determination to go to Palestine; but always in my Masonic descriptions spoke of 'those traditional localities which some day I am resolved to visit.'

"In the meantime, I continued the practice, established long before, of reading whatever publications promised to shed light upon the Lands of the East; and in church, Sunday school, and elsewhere, lectured on the subject with a minuteness of detail that compelled me to study the theme in its various historical and scientific associations. This, in fact, served to educate me against the time when it might please the G. A. O. T. U. to grant me a furlough for the Oriental tour.

"In purchases of books for my Masonic collections, I gave prominence to those upon Oriental matters, as my old library, now in the keeping of the Grand Lodge of New York, will show. In brief, I sought to emulate the spirit of old Thomas a Kempis in his saying, the earnest and diligent man is prepared for all things."

Dr. Morris said the time would surely come when he would look back with inspiration at the trials through which he had passed in reaching the goal of his Masonic dreams. In the year 1867 circumstances at last proved favorable to him. There were lines of steamships that covered the entire voyage from Europe to the Syrian coast. The Turkish government, which had previously forbidden foreign tourists and investigators to set foot upon her soil, now opened the way for research. Books of travel to the Holy Land were plentifully published and many Americans journeyed to the East. So Dr. Morris completed his careful preparations and set out upon the long enterprise.

He tells us that his family affairs at home in LaGrange, Ky., were such that he could best be spared at that time. The eldest of his children had married and the younger were not so dependent now. Then, too, his "labors in the various departments of Masonic history, rituals, poetry, and so on, seemed measurably terminated. Having no money capital of my own for publication, and the fields of Masonic literature affording little profit to authorship, I felt that in the issuance of seventy-four Masonic publications I had given sufficient evidence of my devotion to the old institution, and might justly claim exemption from further labors and losses in that direction, and enter upon a new field."

Dr. Morris felt that he had "a reasonably vigorous constitution, never impaired by excessive living or intemperance; some knowledge of the Scriptures in their original and translated forms, a large course of reading in matters relating to Oriental countries, a circle of Masonic friends reaching round the globe, and a strong will to execute whatever I undertook—these formed the encouragements that bore me out, at the age of fifty, to begin the service of Masonic exploration of the Holy Land, conceived so many years ago, of which the present volume is the record."

The Doctor felt sure that his enlightened Masonic brethren would understand how the Holy Scriptures and the Holy Land would illumine the pages of Masonic history; but he determined to make his mission practical even to those not of "the mystic tie." He thereupon made up a list of various specimens and sacred curios from the Holy Land that he felt sure the Craft would appreciate, and published a proposal to which Freemasons might contribute two, three, five, or ten dollars, as they chose. With this appeal he visited 130 lodges in Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Illinois, West Virginia, Nebraska and New York, addressing the brethren wherever he went. He would open the meeting by reciting his favorite poems, such as, "The Level and Square," "The Letter G," "The Holy Bible," "Our Vows," "The Drunkard's Grave," "The Five Points of Fellowship," "The Emblems of the Craft," and so on. He then presented his proposed Masonic pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Dr. Morris says that in spite of the closeness of the money market and the hardness of the times following the Civil War his proposition met with a fairly favorable reception. In some sections the crops had been bad and many Freemasons had little, if anything, to give. Some, he says, looked upon his enterprise

as Quixotic. "Many others contributed the lowest amount asked for, namely, one dollar. Yet nearly four hundred of them gave me ten dollars each, trusting, as they said, to my pluck to accomplish the end proposed, or willing to show their respect for an old and industrious laborer who came before them with an appeal so reasonable and practical."

The total number of contributors was 3,782; the amount was $9,631. From this amount the family of Dr. Morris was to be supported for two years; the expenses of himself and his assistants to be met out of it, Mr. G. W. Bartlett aiding in the collection of the money and a Mr. Thompson accompanying Dr. Morris to Palestine. There was much expense in getting out a journal in six issues describing the tour and his discoveries, and nearly 70,000 Holy Land specimens were prepared, labelled, packed and forwarded. In the end, Dr. Morris was short of funds needed to the extent of $1,200, which he made up by his lecture tours on his return home.

Thus at the age of fifty Dr. Morris set forth upon a mission that had engaged his time and thought as long and as profoundly as the Morgan Affair, and some years later, when Rev. Henry R. Coleman became associated with him in these Masonic researches, writings, and lecture tours, a friendship grew and strengthened that cheered solaced and inspired Dr. Morris to the last hour of his life. In a subsequent chapter we shall review some of the memorable results of this friendship in the beautiful and classic work of Freemasonry and the Eastern Star Order.

CHAPTER XXV.

"YOUTHFUL EXPLORERS IN BIBLE LANDS"

* * * *

ONE of the first books that Rob Morris published on his return home from Palestine was "Youthful Explorers in Bible Lands." He wanted to interest the children and young people of America in this great subject of his own heart and life. "Walking the shell-paved beach of Joppa on May-day, 1868, we pondered this question," he says in the preface of this book. "Having been accustomed ever since we were twelve years of age to keep a idary, we felt at home in this style of literature." So he gave the general outline of the story "to the reader" as follows:

"Elliot, John and Harriet Morell are the only children of Ebenezer Morell, a wealthy and pious merchant of New York. This gentleman had taken great pains to interest his children in Bible knowledge; and he promised them several years ago, that if they made good proficiency in the geography and history of the Holy Land, they should some day pay a visit there, and see that memorable country for themselves. In February, 1869, they started.

"He put them under charge of Mr. Richard Fountain, a well educated and religious man, nearly fifty years of age, who had already made a visit to the Lands of the Bible. It was a very fortunate thing that the young people had so good and kind a guardian, entirely competent to advise them, and devoted to their improvement and happiness. Mr. Fountain has for a long time been Superintendent of the Sunday School of which Elliot, John and Harriet are members.

"Elliot is only twelve years of age, but he can read and write well, can sketch with his pencil, can write shorthand, and knows a very large number of Bible verses by heart. He is well grown for his age and thinks himself a man. You will be pleased at what the brave boy says, and sees, and does. He is the very soul of truth and honor, and will not tell you anything but what he believes to be true.

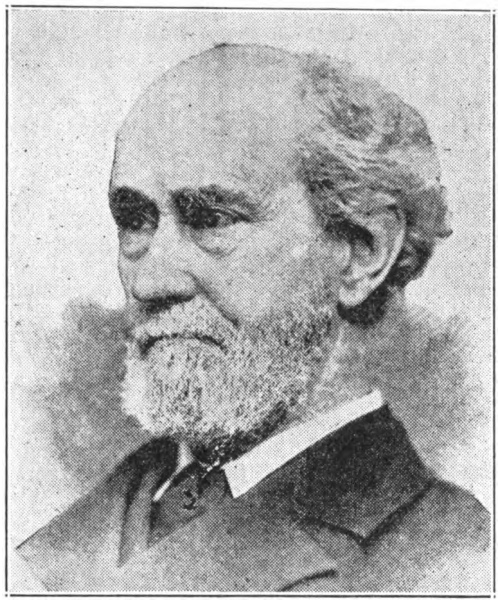
"John is seventeen and a good student. Harriet is twenty and has a polished education. Both of them are first class Bible scholars, and professors of religion. They desire nothing more earnestly than to become useful Christians. It is their diaries which make up this book.

"Such is our simple fiction. In its use we promise to give our readers fresh and abounding information upon the scenery, ruins, production, customs, antiquities and traditions of scriptural countries, written in styles adapted to all classes of readers."

Dr. Morris remembers and mentions the great Sunday School and young people's leaders of his day by having the "Youthful Explorers" dedicate to them some classic tree, fountain or wayside shrine:

"I have dedicated that noble palm tree to Rev. J. H. Vincent, of New York, whose lectures on the Holy Land were the first ones I ever heard that I could understand. His language is as graceful and sweet as the blossoms I picked from the top of that palm tree." Dr. Vincent was the father of the modern chautauqua.

"We three have agreed to dedicate this fountain to the Rev. Edward Eggleston, editor of the Sunday School Teacher, which has proved to us all a fountain of religious refreshment ever since Mr. Eggleston has conducted it. May the good man live to pour out many a refreshing draught for the comfort of the generations yet to come." The very next year Mr. Eggleston leaped into fame with "The Hoosier School Master."



Dr. Morris as Poet Laureate of Freemasonry.

"We leave it to Harriet to dedicate the tree. She selects that noble Sunday School laborer, Rev. J. L. McKee, of Louisville, Ky., who for many years has preached a sermon every Sunday afternoon to the children of his church. He is nearly blind." Dr. McKee was one of the great Kentucky preachers of his time and educated hundreds of boys and young men in the Bible class at Centre College, where he was Vice President.

"We venture to dedicate this solitary palm to Henry Ward Beecher. Its grand fronds, like his doctrines, are spread out from a celestial altitude, equally to the north and the south, the east and the west."

The result of this gracious spirit and admirable adaptation of his Holy Land story and lecture work to the understanding and interest of the young, popularized "The Scholars' Holy Land Exploration" throughout the country, and opened to Rob Morris a new field of labor in preparing other volumes of the same character

and illustrating his talks with a little red box of Bible "specimens" or curios, which won the hearts of thousands of little folks. It was on the occasion of such a visit to our home in the writer's childhood that Rob Morris interested us in his "Bible Specimens" and formed another friendship which all the years but still increased. We had a little group of historic articles which we showed him; and then he told us about his Holy Land trip and promised to mail us from LaGrange one of those famous little red boxes of "Specimens." It came in a few days with the circular explaining each article. One was a tiny bottle of water from the River Jordan. Another was a bottle of the lintles or beans of Jacob and Esau. Another was a cone from the cedar of Lebanon. Still another was a block of palm wood. A chip of stone from the Pyramid Cheops in Egypt, and other sacred relics completed the list; and this collection became the basis of a cabinet of great historic interest and value in after life. Our father at the time was Dr. Morris' pastor.

Memories of Galilee.

On the occasion of this same visit Dr. Morris played and sang his famous song, "Galilee," for our mother. She has always said he was not an accomplished or trained musician; but he had the poet's gentle heart and touch, and he sang with great feeling and expression. In looking through the pages of his "Freemasonry in the Holy Land," published in 1876, for some indication of the writing of "Galilee," we find that on the ship going over he was wonderfully taken with a beautiful Sunday School song of the day entitled, "Jesus by the Sea." He tells us how this song recurred at his first sight of the beloved body of water beside which the Divine Master lingered and taught.

"At the first grand and resplendent view of what will ever be to me the most memorable portion of the earth's surface, I burst forth involuntarily with the song I had learned three months before, while lying sick in my berth upon the Atlantic steamer, entitled, 'Jesus by the Sea.' Nor am I ashamed to acknowledge that until I finally lost sight of the Sea of Galilee, three days later, on the heights north of Safed, that melody and these words occupied my mind as no words and melody had ever done before."

Referring to the subject again, he wonders what could have been the melodies and psalms and hymns sung by Jesus and His disciples along those hallowed shores? Prof. Root was the author of "Jesus by the Sea," and Dr. Morris said that its simple, appealing words and measure must have been composed by one who walked these paths and revived the very scenes and incidents of blessed Galilee. "The day of my arrival at Tiberias, as my longing eyes first caught sight of that most beautiful of lakes (the Sea of Galilee) I had formed the determination, so far as in me lay, to associate Jesus Christ with every locality around its shore in which he had done many wonderful works. Sitting now above the oleanders, on that charming May morning, I sang the first verse:

Oh, I love to think of Jesus as He sat beside the sea,
Where the waves were only murmuring on the strand:
When He sat within the boat,
On the silver wave afloat,
While He taught the waiting people on the land.

It was this beautiful gospel song that gave Rob Morris the inspiration for his far more beautiful and immortal "Galilee."

"Closer Than A Brother."

The friendship between Dr. Morris and Rev. Henry R. Coleman in all this Holy Land Masonic Movement became so deep and tender that they were of one mind and soul, it mattered not how far apart they might be. One time Dr. Morris was in the East and Mr. Coleman in the West. All through the day Mr. Coleman silently breathed a wish to Dr. Morris, "God be with you!" Nor was he surprised when a beautiful poem came by mail from Dr. Morris with that very title. We

understand that Dr. Morris always sent the first copy of his poems to Mr. Coleman. When Dr. Morris' famous last poem, "A Message from the Grave," was written, he sent it to a few chosen friends with a note similar to that which he wrote to Mr. H. B. Grant. "I have composed this poem as under the shadow of impending death. I have made a few copies and sent them to particular friends, only asking that they should not be published, or any public use made of them until I am gone."

When Mr. Coleman received his copy of this poem he at once wrote an answer to it. He was somewhere at his hotel in a certain city and the response swelled up in his heart as by special inspiration. He wrote several pages to Dr. Morris, and after the death of Dr. Morris, Mr. Coleman found the answer that he had sent to the poem, on the other side of the page of Dr. Morris' scrap book.

Mr. Coleman says that the personal scrap books of Rob Morris, which are preserved in the library, are of wonderful interest to look over. Every one who reveres the name of Rob Morris and his Masonic work could look over these scrap books alone for days at a time. The idea of Rob Morris in publishing the Masonic Library, which he edited, was to get every lodge in the land to take a set and so induce the new membership to read and become really informed, intelligent Freemasons. But in this hope Dr. Morris was most grieviously disappointed, and upon the venture he lost time and money. In after years Dr. Morris confided more in Mr. Coleman about business matters. They were like David and Jonathan even in money affairs. One time when Mr. Coleman was in Europe, Dr. Morris sent him $300 to Paris, fearing he would need it; and on another occasion Mr. Coleman sent Dr. Morris $600 for emergency use in the same way.

The Pilgrim Knight.

Rev. Mr. Coleman took a memorable part in making permanent the results of Dr. Morris' journey to the Holy Land in the organization of "The Pilgrim Knight, an Oriental Order of the Palm and Shell." The worthy purpose is thus clearly stated by Supreme Chancellor Coleman in the hand-book preface and opening section:

"The object of the Masonic Holy Land League, in whose membership all Pilgrim Knights are enrolled, is to encourage the researches commenced in Holy Land in 1868, under the personal lead of Rob Morris, LL. D., and to gather from cradle lands of Freemasonry all the light which they may shed upon the traditions and practices of the ancient Craft. The band of the large-hearted who, in 1867, contributed more than ten thousand dollars to set the enterprise on foot, has been steadily growing for twelve years, and now includes very many of the lights of the Masonic Order. From being an incoherent body of contributors, without system or head, an organization has been effected, as the following pages show, and zealous men set forward in the lead. As none but Master Masons are admitted to the order, a private ritual has been prepared, of which this volume is the exponent; and, under the name of Pilgrim Knights, the members of the Holy Land League are consecrated to the work of rescuing from oblivion the most important truths of Freemasonry.

"The Masonic Holy Land League was formed in 1867, by a combination of Master Masons in the various parts of the Union and Canada, for the purpose of investigating the condition of Freemasonry in the land of its origin; inquiring into those forms of primitive Masonry that exist among the Bedouin Arabs; organizing lodges and a Grand Lodge in Palestine, and erecting a worthy edifice for Masonic purposes in the city of Jerusalem. The amount of money contributed was raising ten thousand dollars; the number of donors exceeded three thousand.

"Under such auspices, Robert Morris, LL. D., of LaGrange, Ky., to whom the inception of the undertaking is due, set out from New York, February 2, 1868. He was everywhere received with the honors appropriate to his age, talents, learning and Masonic experience; and his labors were facilitated by the Craft whom he met in Europe, Asia and Africa. Under protection of the Masonic flag,

he had ample security. The results of his researches are published in the volume, 'Freemasonry in Holy Land,' issued in 1872 by the Masonic Holy Land League, and in other volumes and very many articles in newspapers and magazines.

"Dr. Morris opened a lodge of Masons in Jerusalem in 1868, which in 1873 was fully chartered and set to work, to which he gave his best energies to accomplish all parts of the original plan.

"From Oriental Masons, Dr. Morris gathered many curious and useful facts, not heretofore incorporated into American systems of Masonry. Among these are signs, words and ceremonies believed to be coeval with the origin of Freemasonry, and such as shed real light upon the work and aims of the Order, as every brother will testify who has received them. To give them consistency, and make them more forcibly to impress the mind and memory of the recipient, Dr. Morris, with suitable assistance, has woven them into the system called 'The Oriental Order of Pilgrim Knights' to which the present publication is the guide."

In another chapter we are prepared to give a most interesting and valuable account of the business affairs of Dr. Morris, based on facts that are in possession of Mr. Coleman, his closest friend. We have gone over every detail of this matter in order to put on eternal record the testimony of bosom friendship and life-long association that Dr. Morris was a man of honor and care in money matters, despite the fact that he was a poet and dreamer and did his immortal work for a mere pittance. No living man knew him as closely as Rev. Henry R. Coleman; and we feel infinitely gratified that he has handed over to us all the essential details of Dr. Morris' personal and business experiences, his gains and losses. Of this in our next chapter the reader shall have the full benefit.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FREEMASONRY AND HUMAN BROTHERHOOD

* * * *

SO MANY people at LaGrange were Southern in sympathy that Rob Morris' positive stand for the Union made him unpopular in his home town for a long time. That was one reason why the Eastern Star was so long taking hold. It was also after the Civil War that he gave himself more fully to his dream of "Freemasonry in the Holy Land." In this book we find a reference to the healing influence of the Masonic Order in the passions of the great American Conflict. Doctor Morris lamented this tragedy of civil and fratricidal strife just as he did the madness and hatred aroused by the William Morgan episode. So in answering an eminent Oriental ruler's questions about Freemasonry in America, Doctor Morris said: "I told him the institution was introduced into our country prior to 1733. That in its membership many of the statesmen and soldiers of our country are affiliated, particularly naming Benjamin Franklin and George Washington. That in 1826 an unfortunate affair connected with the abduction of one William Morgan, brought a storm of popular wrath upon the Order, which checked its spread for ten years. That the society has entirely recovered from this, and stands today one-third of a million strong, working in more than eight thousand lodges. That the charities of the Masons are large and blest of the Most High God. That its principles of conciliation were strongly felt during our late unhappy Civil War, and are doing some part in restoring the era of national brotherhood and good feeling for which all good men pray. And finally that our theory does not permit us to receive into our communion any but men of good morals, true and trusty. All of this agreed with his own conception of the great fraternity."

Dr. Morris told the Oriental brethren that they should have a Masonic Lodge in Damascus and a strong petition was sent to the Grand Lodge of England for authority to organize one. But the appeal was denied at the time on the ground of insufficient jurisdiction on the part of the English Grand Lodge. Dr. Morris impressed the brethren with the force of his gifts as a writer and oral instructor

in Freemasonry. He told them that America contained more than two-thirds of all the Masonic Lodges in all the world, and that his brethren had sent him to the Holy Land to meet the Craft in the East and to gather the ancient traditions of the Order. He said to them that in every American town and hamlet was a hall of brotherhood to greet the stranger who was a brother. And here follows one of the finest definitions of Freemasonry ever given:

"Then I informed them that the grand objects of Freemasonry are the honor of God, the increase of brotherly love among men, and the relief of the poor and distressed. The world in which we live is afflicted with sorrow and cursed with selfishness. Strangers are usually unkind to each other, or at the best indifferent: while those professing opposite creeds hate and worry each other. But in this ancient and world-wide institution we have a common religion—the worship of God—and a common language—that of the sign, the hand-grasp, and the word; so that we both recognize and fraternize with each other through it. In all its rites we are assimilated by solemn obligation and thus by duty as well as love, we become brothers.

"The world, it is true, cannot understand this: nor do we care that they should. Those who have not penetrated our charmed circle are slow to believe this: nor are we careful for that. We know it to be true. I, who for more than twenty years have traveled from lodge to lodge, studying and instructing (bearing the light of Freemasonry as upon a torch from heart to heart), I know that this claim is well founded. Ever since I left home I have secured additional proofs of this. The steamer upon which I crossed the Atlantic had among its officers and passengers ten Freemasons. We recognize each other, and exchange the undying proof of sympathy and fraternal esteem.

"The steamer which brought me from Marseilles to Beyrout was not wanting in the 'good men and true' who bore their Masonic Covenants gracefully. At Smyrna, where I remained for a few hours, the Craft conducted me to their halls; heard my message gladly; entertained me with the largest courtesy; nor suffered me to depart until they had loaded me with their grateful burdens of sympathy, loving wishes and prayers. At Beyrout I found more than sixty Masonic brethren.

"In like manner I have now been greeted by you. So that only one week a resident of Damascus, I am no longer a stranger here, but an acquaintance; a neighbor; brother; yea, a brother of the same Father—the Father in Heaven. Nor do I believe that ever we shall become strangers to each other again. There is a Lodge in which all good men hope to meet—a Master at whose feet all good men hope to worship and adore through the cycles of eternity."

The words of a dreamer and sentimentalist we say, in these days of cold commercial calculations and bitter race hatreds! Yet Rob Morris stood in the Holy Land on ancient fraternal grounds and amid the scenes that were long ago sanctified by such incidents as the generous chivalry of Abraham over Lot's selfish pick of the finest land: and the unmatched devotion of Jonathan and David; all the classic instances of unselfishness and fraternity in Holy Writ: and he attended the worship of the Orientals not as a bigot and sectarian, but as a human brother who respected even though he could never accept, the rites and beliefs of an alien religion. Dr. Morris traced out the analogy between the forms and ceremonies and traditions of fraternity in the religions of the East and West; and in his wonderful story of Abd-el-Ka-der (a wealthy and noble Arab who was not only a soldier and patriot but a high-minded brother to European and American Christians at the time of local hatred and massacre), Dr. Morris proves beyond all doubt that the Orient and the Occident could meet on the level and part on the square even as he hoped and prayed for this to happen between the bleeding North and South at home after the Civil War.

His "Freemasonry in the Holy Land" passed through ten editions and made him an international reputation. It was published by Knight and Leonard of Chicago; and in this connection we wish to quote the statement of Rev. Henry R. Coleman about Dr. Morris' books in particular at the close of his earthly affairs. The general impression has prevailed that the splendid Rob Morris Library was long since sold and scattered to the winds. But, instead, it is still intact and entire in the possession of our venerable Brother Coleman, whose last mortal

wish is to see it adorn the rooms of the Kentucky Grand Lodge Library for all the generations to come. Brother Coleman has spent a small fortune in Masonic labors and Oriental study in the footsteps of Rob Morris. The whole Masonic world will be interested in knowing that Rob Morris closed his mortal affairs, through the fidelity of Brother Coleman, without the shadow of a single known unpaid debt attached to his name. Even with his visions and dreams, it appears that he broke even with his brethren in matters of honor and money. And he provided for his own household faithfully against the future. Not since the days of the Divine Master himself, who surely neither lived nor died for personal gain nor selfish profit, has a human soul more sincerely believed in and labored for brotherhood than Rob Morris.

Statement of Rev. Henry R. Coleman.

Under date of February 21, 1921, Brother Coleman makes the following carefully written statement about the business affairs of Rob Morris, in answer to our earnest request for same:

"You speak of 'failing to get written down' (in your visits to me) the matter about the Morris first publishers? I will say to you, Brother Rule, that from my knowledge of Dr. Morris, I doubt if he ever made known his private (business) affairs to anyone—even his own family—aside from myself. I might tell you of many things (nothing bad) that he confided to me. But as heart to heart friends these things have passed without taking account of them for future use.

"Speaking of publishing matters, as you asked me, the Doctor got quite behind at one time and I paid (as near as I now remember) $600, which I took no account of at all. At one time while in Jerusalem, one Sunday morning, I received a telegram that there was at a certain place in Paris, France, $300, which I received when on my way home. That was the only money I received from him, except some traveling expenses (itemized) while making a list of appointments for him in Indiana, in the first of our association together.

"If at any time I had needed money, he would have helped me, if it had taken his last dollar. And so would I have done for him. The last debt he owed was when on his way home, from the West, he settled with his publishers; and there was due (as near as I remember) something over $4,000. I notified the party (Charles A. Knight, the publisher) who held the note, of the public sale. He came to the sale. He wanted the Library to bring all possible so he might get his money. So he kept on bidding until it fell on his hands.

"After the sale he came to me and wanted me to dispose of it for him. I had sent catalogues of the Library over the country before it came to a public sale. (He indemnified me to sell it privately.) I tried for over a year by sending catalogues over the United States; and could not sell it.

"This man was not a Mason: said he did not want to move it: and anything I did he would agree to it. I tried for a year but could not sell it. I met him in Chicago one day and told him I could not sell it. And I was afraid to hold it any longer. He asked me what I would give him for it: and he figured it out; and I think he threw off the interest: and I canceled the debt and took it. I acted in the matter as if the debt had been my own. Dr. Morris was a godly man, and very charitable, and he only had about $75 and his home when he was called up higher."

The Rob Morris Library.

Brother Coleman showed us two very valuable papers between Charles A. Knight and himself: the sale bills of the Dr. Morris Library to H. R. Coleman, very important evidence and proof of this entire transaction. This library matter has been looked into and the statements of Brother Coleman have been verified in every particular by the best Masonic attorneys in Kentucky, so that in leaving the Rob Morris Library as a Masonic legacy to future generations, he will be remembered for his loyalty to Rob Morris and for the preservation of the library to the fraternity.

KNIGHT AND LEONARD CO.,
Printers
105, 107, 109 Madison Street
CHICAGO

October 17, "90"

It is this day agreed between Rev. H. R. Coleman and Charles A. Knight, that the former becomes the sole owner of the "Miscellaneous Library" of the late Dr. Rob Morris, and the latter becomes the sole owner of the electrotype plates of "Poetry of Freemasonry" and "Coin Sheets," the former having paid the latter twenty (20) dollars to equalize the value.

H. R. COLEMAN,
CHAS. A. KNIGHT.

Chicago, Ills.
October 17, "90."

For the sum of one dollar and other valuable considerations, I have this day sold and conveyed to Rev. H. R. Coleman the entire balance now remaining on hand of the "Miscellaneous Library" of the late Dr. Rob Morris.

CHAS. A. KNIGHT.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ROB MORRIS AND THE EASTERN STAR

* * * *

THE earliest mention of the Eastern Star by Rob Morris occurs in his "Lights and Shadows of Freemasonry" completed at Hickman, Kentucky, in June, 1852, and published in Louisville the same year. This mention is a sketch of "The Eastern Star Degrees" or "Androgynous Masonry," and shows that he became familiar with the work soon after becoming a Freemason. It also shows that he received these first crude degrees of the Eastern Star and studied them very carefully with a possible view of improving upon them in his own later works.

Mrs. Sarah Terry, Grand Secretary of the O. E. S. for Kentucky, writes us under date of June 20th, 1921, that she deplores the fact that the Rob Morris Library is not now in the possession and keeping of the Eastern Star, for its archives and documents might settle beyond all doubt the fact that Rob Morris was the real creator of the Eastern Star Order in America. Mrs. Terry is troubled over the contention that is raised in the Eastern States, especially in New York, that Rob Morris was not the creator of the Order associated with his name.

Now we can say, on the authority of Brother Henry R. Coleman, the present owner of the Rob Morris Library that its records and documents do settle this matter beyond all doubt. Rob Morris makes all due acknowledgement to the actual and traditional Eastern Star degrees in existence before he was born; but we have in our possession all the historic facts relating to these degrees when the master hand of Rob Morris retouched and transformed them into nobler beauty and poetic harmony. Sister Edna Goodridge of the Rob Morris Chapter at LaGrange preserved for many years every scrap of published information on this subject. These papers show that Rob Morris began work on the degrees as early as 1850, and his "Lights and Shadows of Freemasonry" conclusively proves this.

We have also in our possession the authorized history of the Eastern Star in Indiana, which affirms beyond all cavil that "The first communication of the Eastern Star degrees in Indiana was by Rob Morris at New Albany in 1852. Subsequent to that Brother Morris claimed that he communicated the degree in Indiana on over two hundred occasions to thousands of women." This statement is backed up by the names of the constellations and their officers. All this was in the first Era of the order from 1850 to 1866.

The records in our possession assert that "In 1866 Robert McCoy, subsequent Grand Patron of the Grand Chapter of New York, arranged a manual which was more widely used than any that had preceded it; and upon his departure for the Holy Land in 1868, Brother Morris transferred to Brother McCoy all the authority he had assumed and exercised in regard to the Order. Brother McCoy immediately set about arranging the work more systematically and succeeded in casting it for use in duly organized Chapters in such a manner as to ultimately insure the success of the Order. Under his guiding hand the Supreme Grand Chapter, a self constituted body, was organized in December, 1868, and under its vigorous management deputies were appointed in various parts of the country, and in the next eight years over 600 Chapters were organized in thirty states and territories."

Now these facts are fully verified by the contemporary testimony of Brother Henry R. Coleman and the Rob Morris records and documents in his possession. Says he: "With reference to the real, original creator of the Eastern Star in America it was Rob Morris instead of Robert McCoy. I will make this positive statement: Robert McCoy was not the creator of the Eastern Star in America, nor any part of it. But he did become the owner of it.

"Some persons may say that is a pretty strong assertion. I can only explain a few things about it here as my paralyzed hand cannot stand it. Robert McCoy was my personal friend, as you know Dr. Morris was. At a certain date (which I do not remember) Dr. Morris had so much literary and Masonic matters on his hands that he did not feel that he could print the matter of the O. E. S. and loving Robert McCoy as I know he did, he conveyed the whole thing to Brother McCoy. I saw the article (of conveyance) in the doctor's own handwriting, and the above is about the terms he used in the conveyance, and Brother McCoy being a Masonic publisher, was partly the motive. I may have some of the old manuscripts in my office, but of this I am not sure."

Not for a moment would any sincere person desire to detract from the honor and credit due Robert McCoy for his masterly part in shaping and organizing the O. E. S. in America on broader grounds; and we are sure that both he and Rob Morris would not for a moment have disputed the glory of originating the Eastern Star in this country. Robert McCoy in the Preface of the Eastern Star Ritual which he arranged and published distinctly, says: "Dr. Morris, whose labors in connection with this subject are well known, has given his unqualified approbation of the present plan. I have every reason to believe that in the preparation of this work nothing has been left undone that will conduce to the permanency, prosperity and extended usefulness of the Order of the Eastern Star.

Enough therefore. Let all cavil cease. Brother Coleman was an eye witness to these things and tells us how on one occasion some self-seeking spirits, intent on claiming all honor and glory and authority in the Order, excluded from their deliberations even Robert McCoy himself, having gotten Rob Morris in their toils and inveigled him into their pet schemes and induced him to indorse their unworthy work. We do not care or need to name times or places or people, for this was years and years ago and all of the actors are now most probably dead and gone. But Brother Coleman says: "Afterward as Robert McCoy and I were walking the streets of New York, Brother McCoy rehearsed to me all these things (with which I am familiar) and cried like a child at the way he had been treated.

"Dr. Morris was indebted to no one for material for the O. E. S. He got his inspiration for the Order from the mountains of Gilead, the field of Boaz and other parts of the Holy Land."

So we can assure Sister Terry that any controversy intended to rob Dr. Morris or Robert McCoy of the honor due them both for their part in making the Eastern Star what it is today is but an unworthy echo of times and contentions incident to every great fraternal movement and order. We who knew Rob Morris in the flesh and are the heirs of his life work and tradition may confidently leave these contentions alone and rest secure in the faith of his undying fame.

In his great book on William Morgan, Dr. Morris credits Blanchard Powers, a physician at Batavia, New York, with being the author of the "Heroine of

Jericho" degree of Adoptive Masonry. This man was a hero of the Morgan excitement in his loyalty as a Freemason; and the account given of him and the degree bearing his name is of exceeding interest, showing as it does the type of Eastern Star Work previous to the time of Rob Morris:

"Blanchard Powers, whose name frequently appears in the history of the Morgan times, was a Thompsonian physician, as practitioners were called who took their book, theory and license from Dr. Samuel Thompson of botanic fame. Their Materia Medica was roots, seeds and herbs, and in the frontier settlements their practice was popular and lucrative.

"As a Mason, Dr. Powers was deemed "bright," and enjoyed the confidence of the Craft of the district in which Batavia was reckoned. Green says ("Broken Seal") that Powers lectured William Morgan, and designates the apartment; but Brother Powers always denied this, and declared that "he never had any confidence in Morgan or encouraged his Masonic claims." He left Morgan's name off the revised petition for the Royal Arch Chapter at Batavia, and this, it is believed, was the moving cause of Morgan turning traitor to the institution. Powers died at Bethany, Genesee County, New York, April 8, 1849, of dropsy, aged nearly eighty. He had a Masonic burial, and his body now rests in the rural cemetery of the Putnam Settlement, but without a stone to mark the spot. Further information concerning this good man may be looked for in a subsequent chapter.

"This is in allusion to the androgynous order in Masonry, styled the Heroine of Jericho, much cherished by Royal Arch Masons and their ladies, in those days, and conferred with peculiar fervor by Blanchard Powers, who possibly was the author of the degree. Its history is that of Rahab and the assistance she rendered the spies of Joshua, recorded in the second chapter of that book. The Badge of this pleasant Order is a Scarlet Sash of ribbon, and I have seen, among the old families of New York and other Middle States, very elegant and costly crimson sashes of silk wrought with needle work by the fair owners, and used by them as Heroines of Jericho. At the celebrated affair at Batavia, June 25, 1827, described on previous pages, quite a display was made in the procession by some thirty ladies, wives of the Brethren, ladies highly respected in the community, who marched with the Craft, conspicuous in their scarlet sashes. The historian has passed over this part of the subject lightly, but I am of the opinion that the attack by the outsiders, which was certainly contemplated that morning, was prevented in part, at least, by the presence of these fearless Heroines of Jericho, who would have been the first to suffer from a rush of the crowd, or the fall of missiles.

"How far Adoptive Masonry (Ladies Masonry, Androgynous Masonry, etc.) had been disseminated prior to 1826 I can not ascertain. There were numerous rituals published on the subject both in Europe and America prior to 1826, one in Boston, in 1825, and where there is a supply, a demand must have preceded it."

From the historic Records of the Grand Lodge of Indiana we learned that there was a very valuable Masonic Autobiography of Rob Morris written and published more than fifty years ago. This priceless work from his own hand was the basis of "The Well Spent Life," by Dr. Thomas R. Austin, a distinguished Episcopal clergyman, Past Grand Master of Indiana, and perhaps the closest friend of Dr. Morris in the earlier and middle portion of his Masonic career. From these Indiana records we learned how and where to locate this lost autobiography, which we found in the possession of the Grand Lodge Library of Kentucky in Louisville. Covered with dust and oblivion this work constitutes the final statement about Rob Morris and the Eastern Star. He published a manual in 1850, which he afterward greatly revised and improved and republished in 1865 as the "Rosary of the Eastern Star." What he published in 1850 seems to have been a system of lectures on the Eastern Star, which passed through three successive editions.

In the Autobiography Dr. Morris says: "My first regular course of lectures was given in November, 1850, at Colliersville, Tennessee, about forty miles east of Memphis. These lasted three days. On the Sabbath following I lectured before a public audience upon the theme of "The Building of King Solomon's

Temple.' This met with so great a reception that I afterwards gave extraordinary attention to the subject, reading up for it and gathering the views of friends upon it.

"At Colliersville, likewise, I conferred the degrees of Eastern Star and Good Samaritan. Both of these I had received some years before, the latter from Brother Stevens, the same who presided at my Passing and Raising. The restrictions under which the Eastern Star was communicated to me were, that it should only be given to Master Masons, their wives, widows, sisters and daughters, and only when five or more ladies of the classes named were present. These rules I have always adhered to, and testify that from the many thousands of the fair sex to whom I have communicated this ingenious, chaste and elegant system, but one opinion has emanated, that it is eminently worthy of their study and practice."

Dr. Morris makes this statement: "I proposed to make the system of Adoptive Masonry, based upon the Eastern Star degree, a general and a practical thing." He writes in defense of Adoptive Masonry and the Eastern Star degree in reply to the editorial contempt heaped upon it by certain Masonic Journals. He next writes and publishes in his own journal, "The Voice of Masonry," during the Civil War, "The Five Rays of Light In Adoptive Masonry" with a beautiful poetic "Exordium" and summary of the five virginal characters Adath, Ruth, Esther, Martha, Electa. As far back as 1854 he says he had for some time been preparing a system of Adoptive Masonry. In the opening number of his "Five Rays" he gives us his idea of the origin of Eastern Star work and also his idea at that time of the origin of "The Heroine of Jericho:"

"As to its origin we know nothing more than its opponents. If the Covenants of Blue Lodge Masonry, as now given, are ancient, then females must always have had a personal and direct interest in Masonry. This interest, to have been of any use to them, must have been explained to them, and the manner of its explanation MIGHT HAVE BEEN associated—we do not say it was—with a secret pledge. If so, that was Adoptive Masonry.

"One thing can be proved viz: that 'The Heroine of Jericho,' so called, dates back near the origin of American Royal Arch Masonry (about 60 or 70 years before 1863) and its author, associated as it was with the scarlet cord of Rahab, was most likely the same, viz: Thomas Smith Webb. This at least is a more honorable ancestry than some other, now highly valued degrees and systems of Masonry."

The final authority on the subject of Rob Morris and the Eastern Star is Dr. Thomas R. Austin in "The Well Spent Life." Dr. Austin covers the subject admirably: "A popular opinion prevails that Dr. Morris is the author and originator of what is called 'Ladies' Masonry.' This is very far from the truth. Without attempting here to trace up the origin of the idea—French, German or whatnot—one thing is known to all readers of Masonic literature in America: that numerous degrees in which both sexes are admitted were in use among us long before Dr. Morris' day. The "Heroine of Jericho," "The Secret Monitor," "The Masons Daughter," "The Good Samaritan," "The Ark and Dove," and others, whose authorship is unknown to the compiler, may be cited in proof of this. Dr. Morris merely used his privilege as a Masonic teacher to invent and put into use other degrees of the same class, but far superior in merit. The most popular of these is "The Eastern Star," composed and first communicated by him in 1850. This is divided into five sections, named from as many historical characters—"Jepthah's Daughter," "Ruth," "Esther," "Martha," and "Electa"—and so popular has it become in twenty-eight years that there are now, in 1878, more than five hundred organizations styled "Chapters of the Eastern Star," extending from Massachusetts to California, meeting regularly under well-devised laws for the purpose of instructing ladies and Masons in the peculiar forms and doctrines of "The Eastern Star," and dispensing relief to distressed persons upon the plan practiced in Masonic Lodges. In the West Indies, Portugal and Central America there is also a large number of societies of the Eastern Star. It is proper to say, for the information of foreign Masons, that in this country there exists a gallantry, with religious sentiment at its basis, toward the weaker sex. In no nation, we think, is woman so highly respected. This fact is recognized in the Masonic Covenants,

which go as far as to aid and protect a Mason's wife and daughter as a Mason himself, and the thought lies at the foundation of all "Ladies' Degrees," particularly those of the Eastern Star. To the one first named our industrious author has added others, entitled "The Queen of the South," "The Cross and Crown," etc.

"If asked what beneficial results have followed upon these organizations, it would be easy to show that the hungry have been fed, the orphan child provided with a home, the widow cheered and encouraged, by the dispensation of gentle hands. The establishment of THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS' HOME OF KENTUCKY, the only successful effort of this class in America, grew out, it had been claimed, of the inculcation of Masonic Charity to the female sex through the workings of the Eastern Star. As to opposition to Adoptive Masonry, there is no more of it than there is or has been against every modern system of Masonry. There is, of course, no end of that clamorous argument against the use of a thing by the abuse of it, and in this particular Freemasonry itself has been hit hard and often.

"In the following lines Dr. Morris expresses the theory of his degrees·

"To win the love of women to our cause,—
The love of mother, sister, daughter, wife,—
To gain her admiration of our laws;
This were the greatest triumph of our life.
For this we well may work and well agree;
No emblem on our Trestle Board so rife
But would the brighter shine could we but see
On woman's breast its rays—that fount of purity.

"Ladies, the hearts of Masons are sincere;
For you and yours we cheerful meet and toil;
We plan in mystic gloom and silence here
That which doth make the widow's heart to smile,
That which the mourner's sorrow doth beguile,
That which gives bounty to the fatherless
And rescues innocence from plottings vile.
Your God and ours such charities doth bless;
Then lend your brightest smiles FREEMASONRY to bless!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A MASON

* * * *

Great heart that beat for all the Brotherhood,
Sudden thy summons to the Land of Light,
Leaving us still to sorrow in dark night.
Yea, thou art gathered with the great and good,
Who through all ages have Time's storms withstood.
Yet down the long trail of that heavenly height,
Thy genial laughter floats and fear takes flight.
The Great Adventure, Death, no morbid mood
Brought unto thee; for thy familiar friend
Death was, who guided at the journey's end.
Well-founded was thy faith, and toward the East
Thy feet were faring when this earth life ceased.
A dumb, mute sadness comes since thou art gone;
But, oh, the Lodge celestial and the dawn!

"God bless you, brother, it means something to be a Mason!" Perhaps this friendly greeting fell from the lips of our late lamented and beloved Brother Dave Jackson more often than any other to the younger members of the Craft. It will

be remembered as long as his name and noble work endure. One Saturday afternoon while we were talking and working together on the material for the Life of Rob Morris, in which he was so great an assistance, Brother Jackson said to us that he was going to speak the next day to a Bible Class Brotherhood and asked if we could not go over a few thoughts together on the subject. A glance at the concordance in the Bible very quickly gave us some beautiful thoughts. The first mention of Brotherhood in the Bible was back in Genesis between Cain and Abel, where Cain said to the Lord that he certainly was not his brother's keeper. No man like that could ever be a Mason. The world in all ages has been full of his type; and it would take a long time to get his heart right and ready for the first principles of fraternity.

The second mention of brotherhood that we found was in Deut. 24:10 where the Hebrews are admonished to deal justly and generously with a brother Hebrew, and the word neighbor is there synonymous with brother. The next reference was in Prov. 17:17, which tells us that a brother is born for adversity. In the same book we are told of the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Thus through the pages of Holy Writ we traced the golden thread of fraternity and the great dark eyes of Brother Jackson beamed the meaning and message he always put into his statement that it means something to be a Mason. He was a devout Christian and the most beautiful side to his religious life was manifested in fraternity. Since our dear Brother went on the last great journey we have often thought of the lines of Dr. Van Dyke:

"Who seeks for Heaven alone to save his soul
May keep the path but will not find the Goal;
While he who follows Love may wander far,
But Love will bring him where the blessed are."

Men like Dave Jackson constituted the body and soul of Freemasonry in the time of Rob Morris. Yet some forty-five years ago a caustic critic of the Craft in England made the following satirical summary of Freemasonry:

"Thus began the present era of Masonry, retaining the original constitutions the ancient landmarks, symbols, and ceremonies. The society, proclaiming Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth as their guiding principles obtained a wider field for their operations and more freedom in their mode of action. But to what does this action amount? To eating, drinking, and mummery. There is nothing in the history of Modern Masonry, in this country at least, that deserves to be recorded."

It is needless to say that this hostile critic was not a Freemason. Nor did he understand the spirit and motive of the Craft. He was a brilliant analytical brain at dissecting the data of history; but for the perception and appreciation of these deep mystical ties of fraternity that bind man to his fellow man the whole world round, he has no insight of soul at all. It is wonderful how such a critic can be answered by the most humble and sincere member of our great Brotherhood. To this end we will tell a story from life.

While we were engaged with Brother Jackson at the Masonic Library on our great task of compiling the Masonic Autobiography of Rob Morris we were accustomed to take our meals at a quiet restaurant on North 4th Street. At this home-like restaurant we met in due time a Masonic Brother of the old time type and spirit. We speak of Brother Samuel Leidigh of Compass Lodge No. 223. He is a member of DeMolay Commandery and Eureka Chapter, Louisville Council No. 4. He is Past Grand Master of the Council for 1906-7.

Discovering, as Masons do, the mystic tie that binds all brothers together, Brother Leidigh told us something of his past life and how he became a Freemason.

He was born in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, in an old fashioned community of the Dunkard Brethren. This body of Christians dates as far back for 200 years in European history. They were founded by a pious miller by the name of Alexander Mack. Religion with them was carried into all the affairs of life and

business and social relations, as their historian tells us. Non-conformity to the world was applied to the entire denomination of these good people when they emigrated to the United States and settled in Pennsylvania, where amid the hills and mountains, they founded communities and neighborhoods that above all else were distinguished for honesty, industry and loyalty to each other. Samuel Leidigh says that in those old communities the principles of fraternity mentioned by Brother Dave Jackson in his talk before the Bible Class Brotherhood were daily practiced. When Brother Leidigh was a boy he well remembers a man coming one day to borrow one hundred dollars from his father. His father got the money and gave it to him without the scratch of a pen, for in those old Dunkard communities a man's word was as good as his bond. In this case the man did not turn out to be honest and everybody set him down as a black-leg. He was forced finally to leave the community.

It was a singular prejudice of primitive religious orders like the Dunkards to be opposed to secret societies and lodges. They thought that the church brotherhood was full sufficient. The Puritan prohibition of pleasure, recreation, culture, education, and many of the conveniences and comforts of life was a cardinal point in their belief and practice. Yet this did not preserve them from the enlightenment and progress of other Christian bodies surrounding. When the father of Brother Leidigh moved to Ohio on a farm between Dayton and Columbus, the Dunkard community had undergone a gradual transformation; and in due course of time the prejudice against secret orders had largely died down. The name and fame of men like James A. Garfield, who stood by the side of Clara Barton on the battlefields of Virginia and saw her devoted work with the wounded and dying, accomplished this change. Powder-stained and weary, she gave up sleep, rest and strength to lift and succor the maimed and bleeding forms of the boys who fell in battle. And, as the world should know, she wore on her breast the earliest emblem of the Eastern Star.

Brother Leidigh came to Louisville in 1882. He was made a Mason 1890 in Compass Lodge, No. 223, and from the first years of his acquaintance with the Craft it has been his aim and purpose to inform and improve himself in the principles that should animate a man who takes upon himself the solemn vows of our sacred order. Among the cherished friends of Brother Leidigh in past years was Brother William Nettleton who came from Belfast, Ireland to Louisville and married here.

He was a Knight Templar and often came to the office of Brother Ledigh to talk about Masonry. He gave to Brother Ledigh a number of choice English books on Freemasonry. Among them was "The Freemason's Pocket Companion", a little blue-bound booklet with a wonderful compendium of information and instruction in the principles of the Craft. This little book answers in a masterly manner the charges mentioned above that Modern Freemasonry is merely a round of eating, drinking and mummery. Let us turn for a few moments to its statement of the "Aims and objects of Freemasonry". The author selects his summary from a manifesto issued by the Freemasons of Portugal in the year 1869, just about the time that the caustic critic put forth his bitter accusation. The little book speaks out in words of gold; "Freemasonry is a great association of men who have made it their task to live in perfect equality, intimately united by the bonds of mutual confidence, mutual esteem, and friendship, under the name of brothers—the sweetest and truest appelation they could attribute to themselves—and to stimulate each other to the practice of benevolence and charity.

"Freemasonry is great in the eyes of the generous, good, and honest; nothing to the narrow-minded, the wicked, the faithless. It is sublime; it is everything to the wise and virtuous; it is nothing to the ambitious, the covetous, the false. It is great to the sensible man, and who feels the obligation of healing them.

"Freemasonry is neither a conspiracy nor a party affair; it neither serves ambition nor deceit. It is order and truth in all things. It hates all vices; it loves every virtue. It is the Godly voice which calleth upon us to love and help each other. It is tranquility in storms, and a beacon in shipwreck, and consolation in misfortune; it is, in a word, the true union of nations.

"Freemasonry is august; it is everything to those who comprehend it; it is nothing to those whose heart and soul are dead.

"Freemasonry is an institution which allows no doubt, no contest as to its principles. It is the purest and simplest of all institutions. Its principles are such as to agree best with that reason so liberally bestowed on us by the G. A. O. T. U.

"Freemasonry is neither a religious sect nor a political party; it embraces, however, all parties, all sects, in order to unite all its disciples in one common brotherhood.

"Freemasonry is the touchstone for every truth. It is the torch of reason, serving to distinguish good from evil, truth from falsehood, courage from cowardice, and generosity from selfishness. It teaches us to conquer obstacles which ignorance, fanaticism, and prejudice oppose to it."

CHAPTER XXIX.

DAVID JACKSON

* * * *

He was a Brother unto all,
The rich, the poor, the high, the low.
His gracious heart cured hatred's gall
And caused forgiving love to flow.

No malice in his makeup found;
No bitter thought of any one;
He loved mankind the whole world round,
In deeds of kindness daily done.

No man of books and classic lore,
Cloistered apart with ready pen;
He loved life's freedom and outdoor
And read the open book of men.

His great dark eyes saw through the soul
Of every mortal that he met;
And his deep instincts sensed the goal
Towards which the race is striving yet.

Honor dwelt with him and high truth;
Gladness and laughter walked with him;
Yea, spring-time song and happy youth
Called him beyond death's darkness dim.

Home-loving hearts are happiest,
The poet said in olden days;
And be it uttered in his praise,
He was at home of all men blest.

The romance of his younger years
Was sweet as mortal ever had;
And his soul-mate, through fates and fears,
Cherished her children and their Dad.

She stood beside him in the strife
For sustenance and home secure;
And in a world with falseness rife
His heart toward hers was clean and pure.

So fell the curtain of his fate
Ere yet his sands of life were run;
But love went with him, soon or late,
And the Celestial Lodge was won.

It was the custom of Rob Morris, whenever a Brother Mason of eminence died, to prepare and publish a character sketch of his life and services as a memorial for after generations. Since the death of Dr. Morris himself few Masons of our State have passed off the stage of human life more lamented and beloved than Grand Secretary Dave Jackson. Other sketches of his life and work have been written and published; but we wish to describe him here as a man and Mason after Rob Morris' own heart. He was a native of London, Laurel County, Ky., where he was born January 27, 1856. The father of Dave Jackson was a farmer and builder and contractor. When not busy on the farm he came to town and built a large part of the houses erected there years ago.

Dave Jackson was very much like his father in genial companionable ways. The father was named Andrew Jackson and everybody called him "General." He was a soldier in the Civil War, and the story was often told with great relish and humor by Brother Dave himself how, when a little lad of seven or eight a group of officers from one of the contending armies of the Civil War rode up to the gate of his father's home one day. They questioned little Dave as to which side his father was on. Without hesitation, (for you never heard of a Jackson who did not speak the truth freely and fearlessly), little Dave made answer to them. Running into the house he told his mother about it while the officers were consulting together outside. They proved to be enemies of the cause for which his father was fighting; and it was now certain that the house would be under suspicion. At this point wise old Aunt Liza, the slave, came to the rescue. She told Mother Jackson to let her get dinner ready for the officers at once; so the cook went out into the yard and told the officers to come in and wait for dinner. Then, under their eyes, she caught up the fat and thrifty fowls and began wringing their necks. This whetted the appetites of the officers, and they came into the house, where Mother Jackson made them welcome. They partook of the bountiful dinner but they searched every paper in the house; and little David learned from that incident the great Masonic virtue of keeping a secret that ought not to be told.

Dave Jackson had a mighty good mother. He left home just before he was 21 years old and went to Whitesburg, Kentucky, where he worked in a general store. He got his experience of mercantile life also at Pikeville, Kentucky, where he gave great satisfaction and made many friends. He received the best schooling that his early life afforded; but he was a self-made man. What brought him into general acquaintance with men and the outside world was his employment by the old Bridgeford Company in the Big Sandy Valley, where he sold stoves with such success that his customers were his personal friends; and it is said that when other traveling men got to a town before him the dealers would wait until Dave Jackson came before giving an order. He never misled or deceived a customer; and he established a reputation for honesty and trustworthiness in business that was worth its weight in gold. Here again the great virtue of character, that so distinguished him as a man, was the foundation of his life as a Freemason.

It is not necessary in this outline of his life to enumerate his many Masonic affiliations; but we would mention that he was brought to Masonic Light, like Rob Morris, while yet under 30 years of age. It was evidently a great spiritual experience to Brother Jackson. It brought something into his life that had never before been awakened. Yet he was of all men prepared in his heart to become a Mason when he receivd his initiation, November 11, 1884; was passed January 13, 1885; and was raised a Master Mason March 16, 1885, in Hampton Lodge No. 335, Catlettsburg, Kentucky. The wife of his heart says that he never held malice toward anyone. He was easy to forget a harsh word and never meant any bitterness of speech, even when he spoke hastily himself. He had the native fire of the Jackson temper, but with it an abounding good humor that forgave even his enemies, if he had any, which we seriously doubt.

Dave Jackson was a born lover. His heart was as full of romance as a June Rose. He was a poet and dreamer in his native Southern admiration of beautiful young girlhood; and it was no more surprising that he should fall in love with lovely young Kate Mahan than that a bird should sing and mate with its own in

spring time, when the whole world is full of love and romance. When this big-hearted man of 32 years went to the mother of this beautiful young girl of 18 to ask for her consent to the marriage, after he had won the girl's heart, good Mother Mahan told him that the only objection was that her daughter was so young. Yet, said she, the memory of "General" Andrew Jackson as a lover, husband, and father, was so great and noble in the community that Mother Mahan felt confident that the son, Dave, would be to his young sweetheart the same protector and lover that his father had been to Mother Jackson when she was young. So Dave Jackson and lovely young Kate Mahan were married December 12, 1886; and a love story was begun that is worthy to be told to the world.

After his marriage the great dream and desire of Dave Jackson and his wife was to have a home of their own. He dreaded debt, and she hated to spend money for rent that might be better invested in a roof-tree to dwell under. So it came to pass that the good father, "General" Jackson, came to town with his men, and a home was built that made the young couple very happy. It was modest and simple enough; but it was the foundation of security and peace of mind for twenty years until they came to Louisville. This good sense and economy in Mrs. Jackson was a great help to her husband. He deferred to her judgment in many things, and wisely; for he was a very busy and free-hearted man; and it fell to her lot to look after home affairs when he was away. Not only in these domestic matters was Mrs. Jackson a wonderful help-mate to her husband; but when the cares and responsibilities of his great Masonic life work came upon him, she was ever at his side to render a service that Freemasons will never forget.

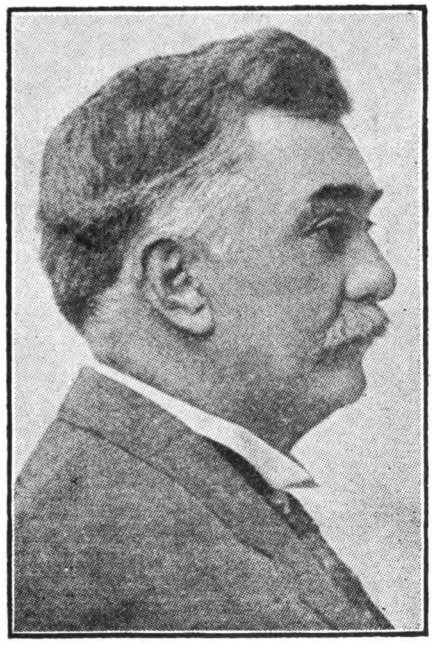
It was 10 years after his marriage before Dave Jackson became a member of the church. In those days, not so very many years ago, denominational lines were more strictly drawn than they are now; and Dave Jackson was like Rob Morris in his love of harmony among people who went up to the house of God. "Behold, how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity" was to him the sum of religion. Of course he saw to it that his own heart was right with God; and he was not a man to excuse himself from fellowship with the people of God in order that he might lead a life after his own free will. No; the conviction came over him, and the call of faith, just as the awakening to fraternity had come; and once in the service, he was a born leader.

The very first duty assigned to him was to take a class of young girls about 15 years old. The class started off like magic under the magnetism of the new teacher. He did not go about it with any high-brow talk or affected pietism. No; he was just as natural and open with those girls in the way he gave them the truth as he would have been with his own children. The result was that each and every one of the girls remembered him and loved him like a father. One of them wrote to Mrs. Jackson after his death that she would never forget him. Such was his success with the girls that the church managers wisely put him on the boy problem; and when the youngsters about town heard that Mr. Dave Jackson was going to be the teacher, they came in such crowds that the Sunday-school room would hardly hold them. One of these pupils said afterward that it was the practical life lessons that the teacher gave these boys that stood by them in the temptations of all the years. The fame of these classes went out all over the mountains; and from that time Dave Jackson had the same gift of addressing churches and religious gatherings that so distinguished Rob Morris himself.

After his untimely death a leading Mason of Louisville said that what the Gospel Evangelist is to the church, so Dave Jackson was to Freemasonry—the Evangel of Brotherhood. He made many speeches and talks, but always loved to sit in conversation with a friend and gather the thoughts he was to present. He always discussed his subjects with his wife, who had much more time to read up and gather together the little things that make such talks attractive and pleasing. Her husband would then take the subject and put into it all the pep and inspiration necessary. He was thus one of the most demanded Masonic speakers in the State.

Brother Jackson was not a man of books; but he was a deep reader of human character. He could look any man over and size up any audience at a glance. He had in perfect measure the gift and instinct of adaptability. One of the most discerning and cultured Freemasons of the State said of him to the writer:

"Some call Brotherhood the instinct of harmony. I once worked out a beautiful theory on that subject myself; but I have drifted so far from it that I am now in doubt. Dave Jackson, however, was by nature a human brother. His sense of honor in an age of commercialism was simply the unspoiled, undefiled manhood in his makeup. You may say he was born under a lucky star, and all that; but it was in the man himself, however it got there. His sense of human fellowship, his desires and deeds for the good of others were part and parcel of the same unsullied sweetness and optimism of the man. That was the soul of sunny, smiling Dave Jackson.



BROTHER DAVE JACKSON.

Late Beloved Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky who so greatly assisted the author in locating "The Lost Masonic Autobiography" of Rob Morris.

"Then his fine, happy home-life was the reaction of his loving heart to the same deep forces and influences of fellowship and domestic affection. Say what you will, the security of homelife always and forever lies in the close association, the propinquity and intimate companionship of the family itself. Even blood relationship does not count for much these days unless those who are bound by it see each other and associate with each other continually. Romantic and domestic love are both the product of propinquity; and in the case of Dave Jackson, it is no wonder he was a noble husband and loving father; because that same splendid heart of his rang true to the instincts of the hearthstone and the fireside."

The foregoing estimate of Brother Jackson in the heart and home of his family was borne out to the letter when we asked Mrs. Jackson to tell us the secret of his great hold on his children. She went upstairs and brought down a

picture of Brother Jackson with his charming young folks all about him on the porch of the home. You could see his familiar smile even in that picture; and one of his boys, indeed his own name sake, remarked that Dad used to take him on trips from home when he was but a wee bit of a boy. Thus father and son never lost touch with each other; and his daughter said, on a recent visit to her mother, that she realized now more than ever how good Dad was to them even in the days when he was a salesman on the road. He always came home with something for each one; and his arrival was equal to the coming of Santa Claus at Christmas, anytime.

A companion of Brother Jackson in the years of his business career on the road said he was the soul of honor. He never padded his expense account like some others; and he always left himself the poorer if it was a question of honesty in money matters. Many times people took advantage of him because of his big heart; and he was often like a dreamer in not setting any covetous value on money as such. A Masonic contemporary made the remark that the most destitute and ragged Freemason in the world could ask Dave Jackson for assistance without the slightest hurt to his pride or patronage when the aid was given. This fine sense for the feelings of others was the supreme virtue of this great-hearted knight among men.

A great writer has finely said: "We serve the ideal by doing good, discovering truth, and realizing the beautiful. At the head of the holy procession of humanity walks the good man, the virtuous man; the second rank belongs to the searcher after truth, the scientific man, the philosopher; then comes the man of the beautiful, the artist, the poet. Jesus appears to us under His celestial aureola, like an ideal of goodness and beauty. Peter loved Jesus, understood Him; and was, in spite of a few weaknesses, an excellent man."

How true are these words in the summing up of the character of Dave Jackson! Modest and humble always in self-forgetfulness, he leads the procession of humanity by reason of his goodness and virtue, his love and brotherly kindness. Like Peter, he no doubt had his own weaknesses; but he understood the Divine Master's method with men. Mrs. Jackson said that her husband did not always have time or take thought to reason a subject through; but he reached unerring conclusions by the deep instinct of a heart that was right toward God and his fellow men. She said that in his last days, when he was aware that he was a sick man and liable to pass away suddenly, there was a peculir sadness and home-sickness of the soul that presaged his final departure.

In this connection, she told a very touching incident about his being in an Eastern Kentucky town one night after a Masonic meeting. When he left the road and became Grand Secretary, he missed the going about among men and meeting his old friends; and when his duties called him from the office to distant points like this one, he rather gladly answered, because it gave him the satisfaction of travel and diversion. But on this trip the burden had been too heavy. He was taken ill at his hotel in the town; and the attending physician called up Mrs. Jackson on the 'phone, reassuring her in regard to her husband.

She bore the suspense for a little while; but her maternal instinct told her that her husband needed her badly; so she took the train at night from Louisville and arrived in the town where he was, about 5 o'clock in the morning. The hotel clerk recognized her instantly and took her to the room upstairs. She went in and gently turned on the light. Her husband roused up and looked at her with his big dark eyes, exclaiming, "Mother, is it you?" Then he burst into tears. He was so glad to see her that his heart overflowed. It was such a manifestation of love and devotion as only those know who have realized the perfect bond between husband and wife on this earth. "You did not think I would come, did you, dear?" Said the good wife. He answered, "No." Then she added, "You mean that you did not think I ought to come on such a long trip; but you knew in your heart that I would come, didn't you, dear?" For answer he only wept his love and relief like a child; for he loved his wife with something of the devotion that he had given to his own mother. It was worth pure gold to hear him utter

that beautiful word, "Mother!" It meant everything to him; and to hear him speak another word, addressing younger Masons, always touched the deep places of the heart: "Son."

Mrs. Jackson brought her husband home and took care of him till he was up and out again; but she said that for four years she lived in daily and nightly expectation of the end that came. This gave her all the more courage and devotion to stand by her husband in all his duties; and her name will go down in the history of the Craft beside his own. In our researches amongst the records of the Masonic Home history, made possible to us by Brother Jackson we discovered a striking parallel to his death in the sudden decease of a noble Masonic Brother of fifty years ago, C. Henry Finck, friend of Rob Morris and one of the founders of the Masonic Home. The account of Brother Finck's death was so like that of Brother Jackson that we give it from the files of the newspapers under date of October 15, 1878:

"The life of a good man came to a sudden end yesterday afternoon, causing a sensation of sadness throughout all social and business circles. About half past one o'clock Mr. C. Henry Finck for many years known as one of the most prominent merchants of Louisville, left a party of friends, with whom he had been conversing at the store of Messrs. Dolfinger and Company, and took a Market Street car for The Homestead. Two hours later the news came to his friends that Mr. Finck was dying at the corner of Eighteenth and Broadway.

"In returning from The Homestead about 3 o'clock, Mr. Finck became suddenly ill; but it seems his condition attracted no special attention until the car reached the corner of Eighteenth and Broadway, where a transfer of the passengers was made to an open excursion car. All the passengers left the car except Mr. Finck; and when the driver observed his passenger did not stir, and thinking he was asleep he went to arouse him, but at once discovered he was ill and unconscious. The driver at once called some men from the neighboring shops to his assistance and Mr. Finck was removed to the sidewalk in front of the street car stables, where he was laid upon a temporary bed of quilts and blankets. Runners were immediately sent in all directions for a physician; and in response to the first summons, Drs. Whipple, Palmer and Turner Anderson came promptly to the place. At first glance the doctors observed that Mr. Finck was suffering from an appoplectic stroke and that his condition was hopeless. Nevertheless, all possible restorative methods were applied. A few minutes later Dr. Octerlony, Mr. Finck's family physician, came but arrived only in time to see his friend breathe his last.

"The news of the sad affair spread rapidly throughout the city; and a large number of Mr. Finck's friends, together with some members of his family, soon gathered at Eighteenth and Broadway and conveyed his remains to the family residence, corner of Brook and Gray streets."

How similar to the sudden death of David Jackson! And now what shall we say as to the future? Sitting with a friend who has delved deeply into human thought, but who does not possess the beautiful faith of our departed Brother; this friend sadly commented on the increasing skepticism of this age and generation. He said that faith and hope are fine things to live by; but that great numbers of men are destitute of these spiritual guides. They seriously doubt the existence of any Controlling Intelligence in the universe, and say they find no evidences that satisfy them on that point. They are drifting. Neither are they convinced that we either need or do survive the change called death. They settle themselves down to enjoy and partake of the comforts and pleasures of this life, because they believe that when we are dead, we are done for, as they bluntly express it. Is this philosophy of skepticism to prevail over the sweet and comforting faith of religion and fraternity? Our answer came in the words of song with which we close this tribute of love and gratitude to David Jackson of immortal memory:

IS DEATH THE END?

Is death the end, O noble friend
  Now slumbering in the dust?
Are Love's glad dreams and Truth's high themes
  A lie we cannot trust?

Is there no God beneath the sod
  Where cold and still you sleep?
Is yonder tomb our final doom,
  And vain the tears we weep?

Is this brief life of wolfish strife
  And surfeit for the few,
The best that man could plot or plan,
  And all that God can do?

Nay; while I list the atheist
  Is answered by a bird
Whose tuneful throat in fields remote
  Sings what the heart hath heard.

A prophecy of things to be
  On that millennial morn,
When Mother Earth in glad rebirth
  Shall change her life forlorn.

When Brotherhood (not understood,
  But scorned and outcast now)
Shall meet and mate with Love elate,
  And crown sweet childhood's brow.

Yea, still there springs with shining wings
  Fond Faith; and well we know
That after Time, Life more sublime
  Shall call us when we go.

The Christ of Truth in endless youth
  Hath conquered Death indeed;
And men of mind are deaf and blind,
  Whose hearts hear not nor heed.

Nay, not the end, O noble friend
  Now slumbering in the dust!
God's glorious dreams and heavenly themes
  Are one with mortal trust!

CHAPTER XXX.

ROB MORRIS: THE MAN AND HIS MISSION

* * * *

A VERY cultured and judicious editor friend of ours, who has delved long and deeply into the hidden riches of American history and biography, said the other day that a sincere historian and biographer cannot afford to be scattering and superficial in his treatment of any great man or epoch, but had much better confine himself to a given sector of the period or subject and do the work thoroughly and well. He said, moreover, that it takes a long time to get at the truth about any great historical character and his generation and quoted John Fiske to the effect that we are now, after the lapse of more than a century, only beginning to get at the "germinal events" of our own national genesis, and to treat them truthfully. Hence, a book about the Life and Times of Rob Moris is no small undertaking. His whole mental vision embraced the age-long struggle for human Liberty. His great heart was Lincoln-like in its dream of human Equality. But the soul of the man was supreme in its passion for human Fraternity. And when we say that his theory and tactic of approach to these great goals of the long, long years of mental travail were instinctively Masonic, we assert a fact that calls for the clearest and most forceful illustration.

Falling back again to our editor friend, he applied the rigid law of mechanics to his estimate of historic personalities and periods; and, though he expressed himself in rather caustic terms as to certain traits in great Americans of long ago, he gives us an illuminating statement of what he means. Said he:

"In all human life and history there are what we would call centrifugal and centripetal forces and personalities; those which diffuse, dissipate, scatter abroad, tear down and disorganize; and those which gather together, conserve, create and reconstruct. Certain ages and conditions of society call for and demand these diverse forces and individuals; and in honestly and truthfully writing the history of any period, epoch and personality, we are bound to state the facts and not edit or surpress what appears to us to be radical, erratic or unpopular in the man or his opinions. For instance, there is the Jared Sparks edition of Washington's works which Sparks edited according to his own preconceived idea or prejudice as to what Washington ought to say and do; and the truth of history has since demanded an entirely new edition with nothing left out or changed.

"Then, too, there is the Parson Weems sort of biography, spun out of whole cloth and untrustworthy tradition, which is of no real value. Recently I came across a book purporting to be the intimate story of Martha and George Washington at Mt. Vernon; and I found on perusal that the author was a sort of Female Weems in her tales of the Washingtons. It takes a century for the actual facts of a great man's life to come to light. I have been digging deep into the records and data of the Valley Forge period of the American Revolution and Washington's tragic experience there. About all we know is that his soldiers went barefoot in the snow, and that the great Commander was about to be rejected by a clique or cabal in that darkest hour of our country's history."

But what Washington was to Liberty in his time; what Lincoln was to Equality in his age; Rob Morris was to Fraternity in his generation and all succeeding years. There were fellow-men and Brother Masons who had their own personal prejudice against any opinion of Rob Morris; and at every point and period of his life, when his sole aim was to advance and serve the cause of Fraternity, there were men to misjudge and condemn as well as to bitterly oppose him. Indeed, we find throughout his entire career the same jealousy and hatred of him that gathered around Washington and that followed Lincoln in the supreme

purpose and dream of their lives. Washington had his Valley Forge; Lincoln had his Gethsemane; and Rob Morris had his lonely vigil and Calvary of the spirit.

Yet, the more deeply we study the ideal and dream that this man had of Human Brotherhood, the greater becomes our admiration and love for him. He was supremely a centripetal force, a constructive personality, a creative and conservative soul. In the midst of times and periods when the passions of men ran riot and wars laid waste the land and world that he loved with a whole heart, he stands out like Clara Barton as a beacon to the generations of all times and countries. The fair-mindedness and justice of the man Rob Morris, as well as his insight into the course of history, amazes. Yet it was his Masonic vision and discernment that enabled him to rise far above the contending elements surrounding and prepare a meeting-ground for the forces of Fraternity in the after years. His conception of Fraternity was never more finely and fully expressed than by the following statement of a great English Freemason, who thus characterized the Moral Duties of the Craft:

"First, then, our Order instructs us in our duty to the Great Artificer of the universe; directs us to behave ourselves as becomes creatures to a Creator; to be satisfied with his dispensations, and always to rely upon Him whose wisdom cannot mistake our happiness, whose goodness cannot contradict it.

"It directs us to be peaceable subjects, to give no umbrage to the civil powers, and never to be concerned in plots and conspiracies against the well-being of the nation; and as political matters have sown the seeds of discord amongst the nearest relations and most intimate friends, we are wisely enjoined in our assemblies never to speak of them.

"It instructs us in our duty to our neighbor; teaches us to injure him in none of his connections; and in all our dealings with him to act with justice and impartiality. It discourages defamation; it bids us not to circulate any whisper of infamy, improve any hint of suspicion, or publish any failure of conduct. It orders us to be faithful to our trusts; to deceive not him who relieth upon us; to be above the meanness of dissimulation; to let the words of our mouths be the thoughts of our hearts, and whatsoever we promise, religiously to perform.

"It teaches inviolable secrecy; forbids us to discover our mystic rites to the unenlightened; or to betray the confidence of a brother. It warms our hearts with true philanthropy, with that philanthropy which directs us never to permit a wretched fellow-creature to pass by till we have presented him with the cup of consolation, and have made him drink copious draughts of the heart-reviving milk of human kindness. It makes us lovers of order; stifles enmity, wrath and dissention, and nourishes love, peace, friendship, and every social virtue; it tells us to seek our happiness in the happiness we bestow, and to love our neighbors as ourselves.

"It informs us that we are all children of one Father; that man is an infirm, short-lived creature, who passes away like a shadow; that he is hastening to that place where human titles and distinctions are not considered; where the trappings of pride will be taken away, and virtue alone have the pre-eminence; and thus instructed, we profess that merit is the only proper distinction. We are not to vaunt ourselves upon our riches or our honours, but to clothe ourselves with humility; to condescend to men of low estate; to be the friend of merit in whatever rank we find it. We are connected with men of the most indigent circumstances; and in Lodge (though our Order deprives no man of the honour due to his dignity or character) we rank as brethren on a level; and out of a Lodge, the most abject wretch we behold belongs to the great Fraternity of mankind; and therefore, when it is in our power, it is our duty to support the distressed, and patronize the neglected.

"It directs us to divest ourselves of confined and bigoted notions (the source of so many cruel persecutions); and teaches us that humanity is the soul of all religions. We never suffer any religious disputes in our Lodges (such disputes tend to disturb the tranquility of the mind); and, as Masons, we believe that in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him. All Masons, therefore, whether Christians, Jews, or Mohammedans, who violate not the rule of right written by the Almighty upon the tablets of the heart; who do fear Him, and work righteousness, we are to acknowledge as brethren; and though we take different roads, we are not to be angry with each other on that account. We mean all to travel to the same place; we know that the end of our journey is the same; and we are all affectionately to hope to meet in the Lodge of perfect happiness. How lovely is an institution fraught with sentiments like these; how agreeable must it be to Him who is seated on a throne of everlasting mercy; to that God who is no respector of persons."

Pioneering in Masonry

CHAPTER 1

WHAT INDIANA THOUGHT OF ROB MORRIS

* * * *

AS WE sat in the Masonic Temple at LaGrange, Kentucky, on the afternoon of May 5, 1922, and witnessed Rob Morris Chapter of the Eastern Star confer the beautiful degrees of the order upon two candidates in the presence of the Worthy Grand Matron of Kentucky and a large gathering of Eastern Star sisters and brothers, we wished with all our heart that Rob Morris himself could have awakened from his long sleep in the Valley of Rest below the little town and stepped into the room. Yet his enduring spirit and personality were there in our midst and will always brood above us whenever we gather for labor or refreshment. Beholding this beautiful scene, we recalled a sonnet written when the grand-daughters of Rob Morris received the same sublime degrees; only then it was autumn, while now it was lovely Maytime:

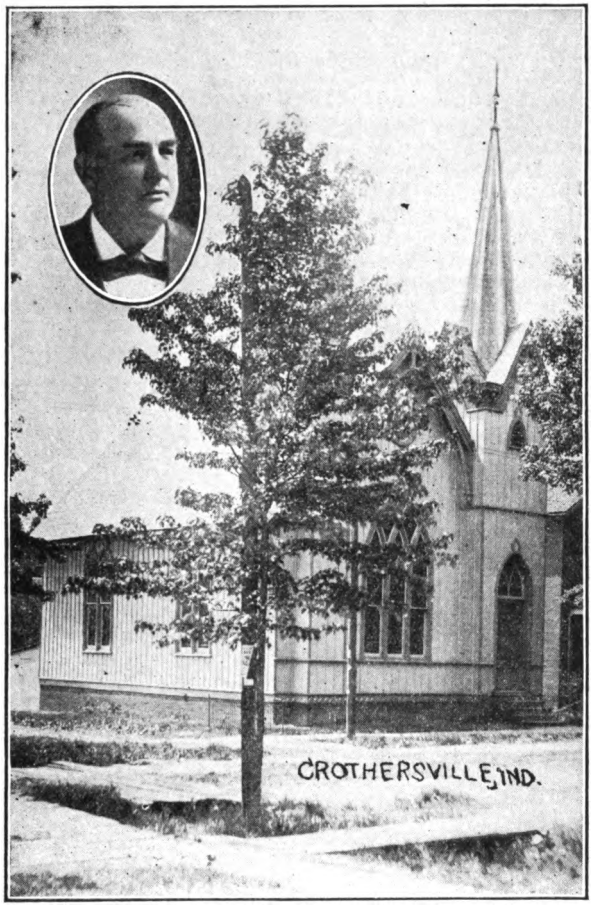
Daughters of that high Knight of Womanhood
Who wore her Eastern Star upon his breast
And in her cause braved many an arduous quest.
In her behalf he every foe withstood
And found his fame with all earth's great and good.
Around this holy altar reverent bend,
While angel choirs our prayer and song attend,
And his pure spirit o'er our own doth brood.
Let Autumn grace the solemn festival
And cast her mystic spell upon us all;
While in the heart of Winter hidden deep
The hope of Spring shall God and Nature keep—
Bringing to birth the golden age at hand,
Millennial Love and our New Motherland!

And so the word and work of Rob Morris have gone out into all the world; and after one hundred years since his birth, we may sum up his Masonic labors for future generations to judge and be guided by. Next to Kentucky herself no State cherishes the memory of Rob Morris more devotedly than Indiana. He performed some of his greatest and most enduring Masonic work in Indiana; and the estimate of him found in her Masonic History is a keen and incisive character sketch, critical and pointed in places, but one that will do him justice in the long years to come. This sketch, we understand, is from the brilliant pen of Brother Will English, son of William H. English of Indiana. Brother English had before him the Masonic Autobiography of Dr. Morris and handles his subject with a master hand. The sketch follows:

Rob Morris, Past Grand Master.

No Mason in this country, during the past 40 odd years, kept himself so prominently before the Masonic Fraternity as did Rob Morris. He was better known personally to the Masons in Indiana, although not a member of the Fraternity in this jurisdiction, than any of our own distinguished brethren. Within a period of ten years he visited nearly all the lodges and came in personal contact with nearly all the brethren; therefore a brief sketch of his somewhat eventful career as a Masonic author and lecturer may not be without interest to those who knew him well, and especially to those who may have become connected with the institution since he passed away to another state of existence.

He was born in Massachusetts, August 31, 1818, and was made a Mason in Oxford, Mississippi, in March, 1846. He became interested at once in the study of the principles and literature of the Order, and devoted all his spare time in preparing himself for whatever duties might devolve upon him as a student and teacher of Masonry. In his youth he received a liberal education, and fitted himself as a geologist, but was unable to establish himself in that occupation, and followed other pursuits. In 1850 he failed in business, and all his hopes for



The little Presbyterian Church in Crothersville, Indiana, where the Social Crusader Fraternity was organized. Preston Rider (deceased) founder of the Church and earliest promoter of the young people's movement. This movement was primarily and pre-eminently "In the Footsteps of Rob Morris," and the author was assisted at every turn by old Masonic and Eastern Star friends and fellow-workers of Dr. Morris. This "Social Crusader Fraternity" was a Poetic Pageant of the Red Cross in History and anticipated the "Order of DeMolay" for boys by nearly ten years.

the future were blighted. The immediate cause of the disaster which overtook him, as related by himself, was on account of a crisis of monetary affairs of the country, short crops, bills payable that must be paid, and bills receivable that could not be collected, false friends and—bankruptcy. He gave up all, and with a large family, clean hands and a resolute heart, he set out to find a spot in which to commence life anew. After trying various things without success, he

decided to become a Masonic Lecturer. From that date on until his death his entire time, talents, and energies were devoted to the preparation and dissemination of the Webb ritual; the compilation and publication of a Universal Masonic Library, embracing in thirty large volumes the standard works on Masonry; the publication of a Masonic magazine; the writing of Masonic addresses, sketches, stories, and a volume of original poems; the preparation and publication of annual Masonic almanacs; a republication of Webb's Monitor; an elaboration and systemization of the Adoptive degrees of the Eastern Star; and in the discharge of other duties in the same direction too numerous to mention.

How Rob Morris Looked.

He was tall and slender in build; full dark beard, trimmed short, sparkling gray eyes; and that he was a man of great intelligence, a clear, keen, and incisive writer on every subject he attempted to handle, an indefatigable worker, and a most genial, entertaining companion and associate, all can truly testify who were so fortunate as to know him personally. During one of his lecturing tours, shortly after he entered upon that occupation, a local paper made of him the following excellent pen picture:

"Lank as a rattle-snake, and quite as swift to strike; nervous as a silver poplar leaf, and almost as pale; dyspeptic to the last degree of indigestion; full of wit as an egg of meat; devoted to the science of Masonry, yet equally ready upon all subjects of science, from a star to a fossil starfish; a devourer of books, fluent as Niagara Falls and generous as the sea."

Not A Mercenary Man or Mason.

Masonry was his sole occupation. Out of it he was compelled to secure a sufficiency to support himself and family. Some who did not understand him thoroughly, or were not conversant with his surroundings and personal environments, were inclined to charge him with making use of Masonry for the money he could get out of it. Knowing him personally, and through a correspondence covering several years, the writer does not believe that he cared for money beyond what was necessary to provide a living for himself and family and meet the obligations of his publication schemes. That he made no money out of his great services to the Institution is evidenced from the fact that he died penniless, everything—his library, Masonic collections, books, copyrights and electrotype plates—having been swept away to secure money to pay debts incurred in pushing forward his various Masonic enterprises. Money with him came easy and went easy, and so long as creditors were not pressing him, and he had enough to live on, he was as happy as a lord.

In reply to criticisms in regard to making money out of Masonry, he wrote during the latter years of his life: "As a matter of history, I must declare that I did not enter the Masonic pursuit from mercenary motives, and that it has been anything but a source of profit to me. During my life as a Freemason I have published the first work ever issued on Masonic law; the first Masonic history in this country, and three editions of Webb's Monitor. I have composed or compiled nearly seventy works of a Masonic character; written a score of Masonic addresses; hundreds of Masonic odes and poems; visited more than two thousand lodges, and delivered lectures innumerable. In all these labors it would be strange if I had not made some mistakes.

"For all my services as a Mason I have made but the poorest and most inadequate support for myself and family. I have necessarily neglected the education of my children and all my home interests. At my time of life, when I ought to think of rest, I have the world to begin over, as I began it twenty-seven years ago. This is the pecuniary reward of my labors."

A Period of Depression.

He was broken in health, without money, or apparently friends, and it is not much to be wondered at that he became pessimistic, and in one of his gloomy moods wrote the following:

"The future of Masonry in this country is gloomy. The times indicate great changes. Masonry for this generation has passed its meridian, and it demands the best wisdom and strength of its votaries to preserve it from serious decline. We look for the dissolution of most of those additions to Masonry (excrescences, we fear they have proved), called the 'Higher Bodies,' and shall be mistaken if some of the Grand Lodges themselves are not dissolved from want of interest and support."

In regard to the cryptic degrees, as he called them, he added:

"I am thoroughly convinced that their claim to antiquity is entirely unfounded. If lecturers would but cease to press the unfounded claims of the Chapter and Council degrees, admit their want of antiquity, and give their real history, they might well be perpetuated for their dramatic beauty."

Rob Morris and the Eastern Star.

He adopted "Rob" as a prefix early in his Masonic career. The immediate cause of this was, he stated, a determination not any longer to be confounded with Robert Morris, the author-poet, of Philadelphia, of whom he, for many years, complained that whenever he wrote anything in prose or verse that was good, it was credited to the Philadelphia Morris, and whenever the Philadelphia Morris wrote anything more than ordinarily dull and flat, he got the discredit of it! To obviate this and give each Morris his due, the change referred to was made.

It has of late years come to be generally understood that he was the originator and author of the Order of the Eastern Star. Albert G. Mackey, in his excellent "Lexicon of Freemasonry," falls into this error. Under the head of Eastern Star he says:

"An American adoptive rite called the Order of the Eastern Star, invented by Rob Morris." Brother Morris never claimed to be the author of that beautiful order. In his "Sixteen Years a Freemason," published in the "Voice of Masonry" in 1862, he set the authorship at rest, so far as he was concerned, by making this statement: "At Colliersville, (Tenn.), I conferred the degree of Eastern Star and Good Samaritan. Both of these I had received some years before. The restrictions under which the Eastern Star were communicated to me were that it should only be given to Master Masons, their wives, widows, sisters and daughters, and only when five or more ladies were present. These rules I have always adhered to, and testify that from the many thousands of the fair sex to whom I have communicated this ingenious, chaste and elegant system, but one opinion has emanated: that it is eminently worthy of their study and practice."

In 1850 he published a manual, which was greatly revised and improved by the publication of the "Rosary of the Eastern Star" in 1865, in which was given full instructions in regard to the degrees, how to confer them, etc., and concluded by giving a brief sketch of the history of Adoptive Masonry, in which he said:

"Since the author (Rob Morris) published his first system of lectures upon the Eastern Star in 1850, its manual has passed through three successive editions. By this means an immense dissemination of the degree has been secured, and the Craft from high to low have been made acquainted with its objects. It may be safely asserted that 50,000 ladies are in the knowledge of its secrets. The history of Adoptive Masonry is like the history of Masonry itself—uncertain and obscure. Books were published upon the subject, both in the German and the French languages, prior to 1750, and the system received an immense development, particularly in France some thirty years later, the first noblemen and ladies of the Kingdom participating in it. In the United States we find much reference to it in Masonic writings of 1816 to 1826, when such degrees as the Heroine of Jericho, etc., were popular among those entitled to receive them."

At what period and by whom the Eastern Star was invented history fails to record. Robert McCoy, who signed himself National Grand Secretary, says it was introduced into this country in 1778, but he gives no further information concerning it. But enough is known to warrant the statement that it was in existence long before Rob Morris knew anything about Masonry. However, when he

received it, it was undoubtedly the merest skeleton of what it is now. He saw that it could be made a useful and beautiful system, and at once set about filling up the skeleton with biblical references, lectures, historical sketches of the five illustrations female characters of Bible times that make up the degree, and added additional signs, pass-words, colors, and generally systematized the rite, so that it commended itself to Masons in general, and to the females who were entitled to receive it especially. It is now a recognized order, and is as firmly established in this country as any of the other attachments of Ancient Craft Masonry, for which Brother Morris should be given credit to that extent.

Rob Morris The Poet.

He was a poet of more than ordinary ability, having composed and published a volume of two hundred pages, embracing a collection of Masonic odes and poems, some of which will live long after his name is forgotten. He had a happy faculty of utilizing the everyday happenings of life as subjects for poetic thought, applying the moral to some point in Masonry. His little poem, "Leaning Towards Each Other," is an illustration in point. These amusing lines, he said, were composed on the cars while traveling through North Carolina in 1858. The tenacity with which a newly married couple, fresh from the uplands, clung to each other amongst the exciting jolts suggested an analogy to Masonic attachments which ought to be more carefully observed as the circumstances of life become more distressing. Here is a verse:

The jolts of life are many as we dash
Along the track;
The ways are rough and rugged and
Our bones they sorely rack.

We're tossed about; we're in and out;
We make a mighty pother;
For less would be our pains if we
Would lean towards each other.

Turning his eyes to the newly married couple referred to, he wove the thought their leaning towards each other suggested into the following:

Behold that loving couple, just wedded
For their life;
What care they for the joltings, that happy
Man and wife?

The cars may jump, their heads may bump
And jostle one another;
They only smile and try the while
To lean towards each other.

But the very best of his numerous poetic productions is "The Level and The Square." From the first it was received with great favor, and has attained a wide-spread notoriety not equalled by any other Masonic poem of ancient or modern times. It has been set to a dozen different melodies, is sung and recited at labor and refreshment, at the grave-side, at the festival, in the domestic circle, and has been translated into all languages over the world wherever Masonry exists.

The Level and the Square.

It was written in the summer of 1854, and was an inspiration. The circumstances under which it was written, as related by himself, were as follows: "The common expression," he said, "We meet upon the level and we part upon the square," had been running through his head for several days, when, happening to couple it with the pretty air of "Jeannette and Jeanot," he sat down upon a

fallen tree one hot summer's day, as he was walking to a neighbor's house, and composed the entire ode in a few minutes. He afterwards, however, made several changes in the lines, especially in the first verse, but the meaning remained about the same. The second line of the third stanza, as originally written, was:

"We mingle with the multitude, a cold, unfriendly crew." He soon changed the last four words, making the line read:

* * * * a faithful band and true!

Which gave an entirely different shading from the original draft.

In 1858 he attended the annual session of the Grand Lodge of Indiana, and, as it was about to be closed, he repeated this poem, prefacing it with these affecting remarks:

"It is in the power of this Grand Lodge to say when we shall part, but it is not in the power of any man or body of men to say we shall meet again! This hall, which has resounded through all the week with the voices of brethren, earnest in the defense of Masonic truths, will soon be vacated, and which of us will return? These groups of Master Builders will soon be dissolving. We shall disperse to the North and the South, to the East and the West, but which of us will ever come back? Under the solemnizing influence of these thoughts, let us take comfort in our departure by the reflection that there is another and better Lodge, whose starry pavements shall be trodden by our feet, and whose joys are eternal."

We meet upon the Level and we part upon the Square—
What words of precious meaning those words Masonic are.
Come, let us contemplate them, they are worthy of a thought;
With the highest, and the lowest, and the rarest they are fraught!

We meet upon the level, though from every station come,
The rich man from his palace and the poor man from his home.
For the one must leave his wealth and state outside the Mason's door,
While the other finds his true respect upon the checkered floor.

We part upon the square, for the world must have its due;
We mingle with the multitude, a faithful band and true;
But the influence of our gatherings in memory is green,
And we long upon the level to renew the happy scene.

There's a world where all are equal—we are hurrying toward it fast;
We shall meet upon the level there—when the gates of death are past;
We shall stand before the Orient, and our Master will be there,
To try the blocks we offer by His own unerring square!

We shall meet upon the level there, but never thence depart;
There's a mansion—'tis all ready for each faithful, trusting heart—
There's a mansion, and a welcome, and a multitude is there.
We have met upon the level and been tried upon the square.

Let us meet upon the level, then, while laboring patient here;
Let us meet and let us labor, though the labor be severe;
Already in the Western sky the signs bid us prepare
To gather up our working tools and part upon the square.

Hands round, ye faithful Masons—form the bright fraternal chain;
We part upon the square below to meet in heaven again;
Oh, what words of precious meaning those words Masonic are:
We meet upon the level and we part upon the square.

He had, undoubtedly, his faults, as all of us have, but it is safe to say that no other man during the past half century did so much for Masonry, with so little credit and recompense, as this same Rob Morris. He had, notwithstanding, many

admirers and faithful friends, who knew him personally and appreciated him for the great services he had rendered the Fraternity, among whom was our late distinguished and much esteemed brother, Dr. E. W. H. Ellis, of Goshen, Indiana, who expressed the general sentiment of the Craft in the following charming verses:

Ah, Rob, my lad, We ken ye well,
Frae head to feet a brither,
And when ye'er gane, nae tongue can tell
When we shall meet anither.
Sae genial, blithesome, full o' heart,
Sae genuine to nature,
Wi' tongue sae glib yet free frae smart,
Wi' kindness on each feature.

We love ye, Rob, and when ye go
Each brither's heart's upon ye;
And aye thro' life, in weal or woe,
Our blessings, too, light on ye.
And tho' on earth we meet nae more;
When life's sweet ties are riven,
We'll hope to meet, these labors o'er,
Around the throne in heaven!

CHAPTER II

THE CONSERVATOR MOVEMENT

* * * *

NO OTHER incident in the whole life of Rob Morris aroused such wide discussion and bitter criticism as did the organization of "The Conservators," a movement started by Dr. Morris and others within the Masonic Order itself to attain that "uniformity of work and lectures" which they so ardently desired to bring about. It is not the province or the purpose of this biography to discuss the merits or demerits of the Conservator Movement and its object; but we shall cover the subject with carefully chosen data from both sides of the controversy and leave conclusions to the judgment of the Masonic student and the verdict of future Masonic history. In his Masonic Autobiography Dr. Morris clearly indicates the great end he had in view; and this episode constitutes one of the most vital and difficult periods of his entire life. It begins far back in the first years of his labors as a Masonic lecturer and undoubtedly inspired him to write the Masonic Autobiography, which was to prepare the way for the "Conservator Movement." The Movement began with great hopes to Dr. Morris and ended in very painful disappointment at the time. Perhaps no Masonic writer anywhere has given such a clear and friendly account of the Conservators as has Brother Will English of Indiana in his History of the Grand Lodge of that State. We give this sketch entire:

Uniformity of Work and Lectures.

It was about 1860 that the Grand Lodge of Indiana began to wrestle with the great question of what was then called the "uniformity of work." The necessity for the more uniform system of work and lectures was admitted on all hands, but which was correct among the numerous works taught, and attempted to be taught, by Grand Officers and itinerant lecturers perambulating the country, was a question concerning which there was wide difference of opinion. In fact, the discussion of the question for several years revealed the fact that Indiana had no "uniform" or established work, and there seemed to be about as many different kinds of work—except as to what was called the "essentials"—as there were lodges in the Grand Jurisdiction! No one could tell where the work in use in

this State came from, who brought it here, who was the author of it, or whether it was the genuine 18 carat Webb work or a spurious article!

As far back as 1818 the Grand Lodge attempted to settle the question by adopting the following resolution:

"RESOLVED, That the illustrations of Masonry published by Thomas Smith Webb, be adopted for the government of this Grand Lodge, and that they be recommended to be adopted by all the subordinate lodges of the State for the government of the same."

At that time the work—that is, that particular part of it that was understood to contain the principal secrets—was communicated from mouth to ear, and in this manner the secrets of Masonry were supposed to be transmitted, pure and

The Crothersville, Indiana, Chapter of Social Crusaders who first gave the Red Cross and White Rose Degree at the Presbyterian Church in March, 1913.

The Conservator Movement of Rob Morris had behind it the dream of nobler Masonic standards of character and the vision of a Brotherhood of all lands using one uniform system of Masonic lectures and degrees as a basis of Fraternity. The "Social Crusaders" dreamed of a great national and international Brotherhood and Sisterhood of youth based on the ideals of the Red Cross personified and presented in community groups everywhere. In the preparation of the Red Cross and White Rose Degree the author was assisted by George Gray Barnard, the great American sculptor in person.

unimpaired, from generation to generation! But, sad to relate, such was not the case. Almost every "bright" Mason became a "lecturer," and he knew he had the correct work because he got it from so and so, and so and so got it from so and so, and so on back to Webb himself! But as time wore on confusion became worse confounded, and the necessity for a radical change, and the adoption of a uniform system of work and lectures, was conceded by all.

Many of the old fathers of Masonry, however, who believed they had the true and unadulterated work, opposed any change as being contrary to the Ancient

Landmarks and calculated to result in irreparable injury to the Ancient Craft in this jurisdiction. Before the question was finally settled the parties to the controversy became wider and wider apart, and contrary to the teachings of the rituals about which they were contending, a good deal of crimination and recrimination was indulged in on both sides. All the Masonic papers and magazines in the country, and many of the secular publications, took up the question and discussed it from various standpoints, and even some enthusiasts were threatened with charges and expulsion or suspension.

Robert Morris, Past Grand Master of Kentucky, was the originator of the idea looking to the general uniformity of work, which he promulgated through a cipher called "Mnemonics," a system so complex that the "brightest" Mason, with the key and full instructions, could hardly decipher it; and so the fears of the timid that the profane might get hold of it and discover the "secrets of Masonry" were not well founded! Evidence that these mnemonics contained the genuine Webb work and lectures was produced, and its introduction throughout the State was very rapid; and was fully accomplished within a year or two; and really before it had been adopted and received the official sanction of the Grand Lodge. As a matter of fact, that was the only way it could have been introduced and generally accepted as the original Webb work with the feeling that then existed against this alleged innovation by a considerable number of prominent Masons throughout the State.

The manner of disseminating the work was to select a number of active working members in each Lodge, who formed a sort of wheel within a wheel. A degree called the "Conservator" was adopted and conferred upon them, and they were obligated to secrecy in regard to everything in connection with the scheme. The degree, however, amounted to nothing beyond a means of recognition, and was soon abandoned. Copies of the mnemonics were furnished each member at a price which was deemed sufficiently remunerative to prevent the publisher from losing money in its distribution; and the task of deciphering the hieroglyphics was begun at once; frequent meetings were held, at which the work was rehearsed, errors pointed out, and corrected, and preparations made for exemplifying the new work in the lodge. As a means of more thoroughly introducing it, lodges of instruction were frequently called, at which one of the brightest Conservators would be selected as instructor; and so on at the succeeding meetings until all had an opportunity to show how much they knew about it. In this way it did not take long to thoroughly introduce the work into most of the lodges in the State; and as in nearly every instance the newly-elected Master was a Conservator, and therefore in favor of the uniform system of work. The Grand Lodge was soon composed of members favorable to the adoption by that body of the proposed change looking to what was then called the Webb work.

In 1860, W. C. Tarkington, then of Bloomington, introduced resolutions into the Grand Lodge looking to the appointment of a Committee of one from each congressional district who should determine the work and lectures that should be used by subordinate lodges and provide for teaching the same. These resolutions were referred to a select committee of three, of which John B. Fravel, of LaPorte, then Junior Grand Warden, was chairman. He had previously taken a lively interest in the subject, and was fully committed in favor of uniformity on the basis of the Webb work. He reported in favor of dividing the State into eleven districts, corresponding with the congressional districts, and recommended that the delegates to the Grand Lodge from each of said districts at that session select a district Deputy Master; that so soon as said District Deputies should be appointed, they should meet together and rehearse the work and lectures; that they might call to their assistance any qualified Mason living or residing in or without the State, whose work and lectures were approved (by them), to instruct them; that each subordinate lodge should possess the right to employ said district Deputy Master to exemplify the work and deliver the lectures in their several lodges. These resolutions were adopted and the district Deputies appointed, among whom were such distinguished brethren as Past Grand Masters Thomas R. Austin, William Hacker, John B. Fravel and H. G. Hazelrigg.

This was the action on the part of the Grand Lodge that established "a uniform system of work and lectures in this Grand Jurisdiction." The Grand Lodge did not say in so many words what that uniform system was, but as the work adopted by the Committee was to be the work, that was not necessary. Rob Morris and others had been laboring for years in compiling and arranging the esoteric and exoteric ritual of Webb and Preston, and at that time the work had been just finished.

The resolution stated that "they (the district Deputies) may call to their assistance any qualified Mason residing in or without the State, whose work and lectures are approved, to instruct them." This was for the purpose and virtually did approve the "Rob Morris work," as it was generally designated, and gave Brother Morris legal authority from the Grand Lodge to disseminate throughout the jurisdiction "true Masonic Light and knowledge to his uninformed brethren."

At the same meeting of the Grand Lodge, Thomas R. Austin, who was at that session elected Grand Master, in his report for the committee reviewing the proceedings of other Grand Lodges, devoted considerable space to the question of uniformity of work as connected with our Grand Lodge. He stated that the importance, the essential importance, of having but one system of work and lectures in all lodges in Indiana could not be overestimated. The Grand Lodge had from the first ever and uniformly admitted it. He said: "Having looked and examined for ourselves; having read all that is to be found upon this subject in the mass of proceedings before us; having witnessed the practical workings of Masonry under quite a number of lecturers, we feel free to express ourselves in behalf of what is now termed the Webb-Preston work. This work we deem to be the only genuine continuation of the old work that is now in vogue. This we believe from various reasons. It has been openly, fairly and boldly exhibited in many of the states for several years past, under charge of National Schools of Instruction, of which Brother Morris, of Kentucky, is President. Your committee has attended several of them, and found that every portion of the work and lectures is systematically submitted to an analysis, philological and historical, which no other system could endure for an hour."

They found all the arguments in favor of the Webb-Preston work, and earnestly recommended its adoption by the Grand Lodge.

At a later meeting of the committee, held at Indianapolis in December, 1860, Rob Morris was again present by invitation, and rehearsed and exemplified the work as at the previous meeting. The committee having formerly agreed upon the skeleton or outline of the Webb work as a correct basis, then took up the various subjects that made the filling up, and, after deliberation, adopted them one by one, and then unanimously adopted the whole.

Rob Morris was, by general consent, accorded the honor and distinction of being the originator and promulgator of the reformation that was then sweeping over the entire country; and within the period of a year or two he had visited nearly all the lodges in the State, rehearsed and exemplified the work, delivered lectures, repeated poetry and told stories, which resulted in working up such a degree of enthusiasm and gave Masonry such a "boom" in Indiana as it had never had before; and surely such as it has never had since. At this session of the Grand Lodge the committee on Accounts reported in favor of allowing district Deputy Masters the sum of $204.60 for services, which was allowed, and also offered the following:

"RESOLVED, That the Grand Secretary draw his warrant on the Grand Treasurer in favor of Brother Morris for one hundred dollars.

The vote having been called for by lodges, resulted one hundred in favor of the allowance and fifty-four against. This was the first and only test vote for and against the adoption of the Webb work as taught by Morris. Those who voted for the allowance were those who favored the new ritual, and those who voted against it were those who opposed the adoption of the work agreed upon by the Deputies, which was what they called the "Rob Morris work." Thus ended a memorable struggle, and so uniformity of work was established—the grandest and most important achievement of the Grand Lodge since its organization.

CHAPTER III

MICHIGAN AND KENTUCKY REJECT THE CONSERVATORS

* * * *

ROB MORRIS published a little monthly magazine, "The Conservator," devoted to the end he had in view, namely, the achievement of "Uniformity in the work and lectures" of Freemasonry.

In the second issue of "The Conservator," November, 1861, appeared a biographical sketch of Dr. Morris as a Masonic author and lecturer, from the hand of a closé friend, setting forth the claims of Dr. Morris as a Masonic Reformer. There can be no question whatever of the remarkable ability, sagacity and sincerity of Dr. Morris in the Conservator Movement; but his hopes of success were unduly exalted by the notable victory in the Indiana Grand Lodge in 1861. Hence, to have the movement turned down as it afterward was by the Grand Lodges of Michigan and Kentucky, was a blow from which he never fully recovered. Let us first read the sketch of Dr. Morris and then the story of how the movement was rejected. Laudable though his purpose was, and signal as his success in Indiana proved to be, the Grand Lodges of Michigan and Kentucky resented the very same method employed and the very same propaganda pursued as undemocratic and unmasonic and expressed its displeasure and disapproval in no uncertain terms. On the other hand, Dr. Morris just as earnestly and powerfully protested his innocence of any undemocratic intent and unmasonic purpose.

After stating that Brother Morris was born August 31, 1818, and initiated into Masonry March 5, 1845, and giving a sketch of his labors as a Masonic writer, the author friend of Dr. Morris says:

"As a ritualist Brother Morris early set himself to the discovery of the pure and genuine work. This was a task of exceeding difficulty. Upon the death of Thomas Smith Webb in 1819, who was the **Ritualist** of this country par excellence —every lecturer gave loose run (rein) to fancy, and in a few years great changes were made. The power of the Anti-Masonic excitement of 1826 to 1836 broke down three-fourths of all the lodges in the United States and so depressed the remainder, that little or no work was done in conferring degrees, for ten years and upwards. Thus it followed that upon the revival of Masonry, most of the leading Masons had forgotten the rituals and had few resources, save imperfect memory. Those who were fortunate enough to have preserved manuscript notes were a little in advance of the others; but few who have taken charge of lodges since 1836, can show just claims to the possession of a systematic and complete course of Work and Lectures.

"Brother Morris' method of securing the ancient and genuine work was characteristic of his thorough-going and indefatigable mind. He began in 1848 to confer, either personally or by correspondence, with every elderly Mason known to have been bright in his earlier days, and has kept up the practice to the present day, until there is not a Mason living in the United States (or who lived here during that period) but what has been applied to in this way. These inquiries have reference to all the esoteric workings of Masonry, and to ceremony, lecture, and usage, from the largest and most striking acts, parts, points, down to the minutest details. It is almost incredible what an amount of correspondence was necessary for this. The epistles of inquiry and response number thousands. For such slight matters as the differences between "willingly" and "unwillingly," "turbulent" and "treacherous," "shall" and "should," and the like (matters in themselves unimportant save as perfecting the details of a great system) hundreds of letters have been addressed to as many of the Craftsmen, who for their age, experience or opportunities, were supposed to possess light on the subject. There are about 2,500 individual words in the Webb Lectures, every important one of which has undergone the ordeal of reference to dictionaries, the writings of Spencer, Bunyan and Shakespeare, the Bible, the older Masonic writings, and to the memory of aged and experienced Masons.

"Personally, Brother Morris has conferred with more than 50,000 Masons, having visited nearly 2,000 lodges in the United States and Canada. Traveling

year after year and lecturing almost every day, he has familiarized himself with the numerous varieties of work, lectures and Masonic usages known to the Craft, and being used from childhood to keeping notes, he has committed to writing, so far as the usages of Masonry permit, whatever has struck his observation in perfecting the system he teaches—known as the Webb-Preston system—Brother Morris has combined whatever the recollection or the manuscript of Masons, living and dead, afford him. He early discovered that while no two Masons agree in every art, part and point, all agree in a portion. This formed his basis or foundation. Of the authenticity of this no one could doubt. Having secured a foundation, he laid block upon block upon it, weighing and averaging each by comparison of a thousand memories, epistolary collections and old notes, memoranda and manuscript of which his library is full, taking critical care, too, that each block agrees in philology and rationale with those beneath it, until in October, 1858, he conceived his work complete.

"Since then it has been adopted by the Grand Lodges of Iowa, Indiana, Nebraska and North Carolina in ample form. It is the only work acknowledged as such in Kentucky. Michigan and Alabama in effect, have it. Vermont had it. New Jersey, Rhode Island, Illinois and Connecticut, have it nearly in perfection and other states are just acquiring it. Through private instrumentality, wherein the wisest, most learned, zealous, experienced and intelligent members of the Order are concerned, it promises in a few years to become the national work of this great country."

Statement of the Michigan Committee.

The Michigan Committee insisted that the foregoing was not the authentic Masonic work as taught by Thomas Smith Webb but only a compilation made to suit the prejudices, tastes and peculiar views of Dr. Rob Morris himself, and that he was trying to force it on the Grand Lodges.

The Michigan Committee took him to task also for endeavoring to become an authority on and reformer in Masonic work in the brief space of three years from 1845 to 1848. They cite his letter to the Michigan Committee March 19, 1863, in which he claims that he spent thirteen years on this task instead of three, terminating his labors in 1861 instead of 1848. It is admitted that he was well known as an instructor in the Webb work in his schools of instruction in November, 1858, at Louisville, and at Harrodsburg and Maysville, Kentucky, in June and July, 1859.

The committee declares the idea of obtaining complete uniformity of the work in letter and word wholly utopian and illusory. Says no good can come of such a move. As long as the essential landmarks and symbolism of Masonry in the work and lectures are preserved, minor differences in expression are of no consequence. We had as well expect uniformity in every face of the family. The work communicated from mouth to ear all over the world was bound to vary according to each type of race and people and individual. The committee thought Dr. Morris exaggerated the variations and felt constrained to say that they were sure that general uniformity did exist in all Masonic work. They declared also that the attempt to preserve the work and lectures by notes, keys or ciphers, whether by letters or figures, either written or printed, are unlawful and direct violations of one of the first covenants entered into by a Mason, and that these modes should be unhesitatingly and utterly abandoned. The committee declared that the whole mode of operation of the Conservators was contrary to Masonic law and usage. That it was a bold and systematic attempt, insidiously and by secret workings in the dark, to obtain possession of the Grand Lodges, control their actions and bring them under the rule of one man, a dictator, who is attempting to override their authority and sap the foundation of their organization —a scheme worthy of a disciple of Ignatius Loyola. The Grand Master of Michigan characterized it as "a secret association of Master Masons within the body of Master Masons, designed to control in a vital point the action of the entire body of craftsmen." The committee quotes one of the secret circulars as follows: "The strictest secrecy is to be observed that the Craft at large may know nothing

of the organization, nor of us, its members, nor of the plan on foot." The committee said that it feared a gigantic conspiracy to control all the Masonic Craft of America under one chief Conservator.

Yet the committee quoted from "The Conservator" of May 1, 1862, giving the names of 1,547 members and the number in every state of the Union. Dr. Morris furnished the committee freely with names of all the members, which had grown astonishingly in a time of Civil War. They say that the Grand Lodges of Missouri, Tennessee, Colorado, Iowa, Michigan, Illinois, New Jersey, New York, Wisconsin, New Hampshire and Maryland all adopted strenuous measures against it. The resolutions of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky were then quoted in full condemning the organization and ordering its dissolution, with the letter of the Grand Master on the subject.

The Kentucky Committee Reports.

The Grand Secretary, McCorkle, of Kentucky, from the select committee on the Conservators in 1864 made the report of their investigation and the resolutions were adopted.

The Grand Lodge of 1862 had ordered the investigation made as to the Order of Conservators in Kentucky among the Masonic membership and took under advisement the resolutions of the Grand Lodge of Missouri and Tennessee on the same subject.

The committee met in Louisville November 18, 1862, at the Masonic Temple and proceeded to work. Brothers Wilson and Todd were absent. The Conservators had been previously notified by letter of the time, place and purpose of the meeting, to give them full opportunity to attend and explain and defend their organization. Past Grand Master Rob Morris, Hiram Bassett and Elisha D. Cooke were notified. Elisha Cooke came and handed a letter from Dr. Morris dated November 14, 1863—saying he had received the notice but found it impossible to attend. Therefore he sent Brother Cook to offer his reasons and give the committee every information desired. He was ready to give 2,800 other good names as witnesses if desired.

The Answer of Dr. Morris.

Mr. Cooke furnished the committee with the Blue Book of "Mnemonics" and the "Manual of the Conservators"—but they already had copies. They then referred to a letter of Dr. Morris dated October 21, 1863, received by them during the session of the Grand Lodge which contains some severe references to Harmon G. Reynolds, Grand Secretary of Illinois. The letter was from LaGrange. Rob Morris' son was very ill and hardly expected to live and he could not leave home. Dr. Morris said that the Masonic press, through Chas. W. Moore, Cornelius Moore of the East, and H. G. Reynolds of Illinois, attacked him presumably on his work as a Conservator. He then explains the purpose of the Conservators as follows:

"First—The Conservators Association has been nearly four years at work—having been organized by the joint wisdom, learning and experience of Brothers Philip C. Tucker, Charles Scott and many hundreds of such men, with whom I am but an humble coadjutor.

"Second—The sole purpose of this Society was to establish uniformity of work. This it was proposed to do by means that are ancient, prudent and lawful, and such as have met the approval of every person to whom we have imparted them.

"Third—The Society now embraces more than 2,900 Masons. Among them are twenty-eight Grand Masters, as many Deputy Grand Masters, twelve Grand Secretaries, and a large catalogue of the oldest, most experienced and best known members of the Masonic Institution. Is it credible that such men as these would unite in an unlawful enterprise? Am I blameworthy for associating with such men? Is the character of such men assailable by the little clique who are arrayed against them?

"Fourth—The success of the efforts of the Conservators Association in producing a uniform system of work has already been great and encouraging.

"I submit these facts to you upon my Masonic honor. In reporting upon the subject of the Conservators Association, I respectfully ask that these statements of mine be allowed their full weight, and if, in spite of this, your report shall express opposition to that Society, that you publish this letter in connection with your report. All of which is respectfully submitted.

ROB MORRIS, Past Grand Master.

"P. S.—If the Grand Lodge will give me time I will prove the various statements made in this paper by ample testimony of the most unquestioned character."

Decision Against The Conservators.

The committee said they would give, from a mass of papers and documents, a history of the rise, progress and purpose of the Conservators. The members of the Conservators and the various manuals and books published by Dr. Rob Morris were cited and quoted.

They took serious exception to a statement in "The Conservator" seemingly implying that the Grand Lodge of Kentucky had indorsed the Webb Work as given by Rob Morris. They do not say it is asserted but only implied. They then refer at length to the report of the Committee of the Grand Lodge of Michigan on the same subject and severely censure Dr. Morris for claiming to them that his version of the Webb work had been so indorsed by the Grand Lodges of Kentucky and numerous other States.

The committee then reverted to the election of Rob Morris as Grand Master of Kentucky, in 1858, and to his address at the communication of 1859 on the necessity for uniformity of work and lectures; quoting as follows:

"There was a time about the year of 1814, when Thomas Smith Webb visited Kentucky, that his system of work and lectures was so generally approved and adopted, that nearly every Mason of note in the State of Kentucky agreed upon it. I find a few of the old Masons of Kentucky, who received their lectures near that period. I would instance Brothers Henry Wingate, Lewis Landram and as I have understood, Brothers Wm. Samuel and H. S. Orr, and who agree very nearly upon all the important parts of the Ritual. But this cannot be said of any Masons made in Kentucky during the last twenty years, nor of any lodges established during that period."

He then stated that during the past year, 1858-59, he had established schools of instruction at Louisville, Harrodsburg and Maysville. Dr. Morris insisted that the work and lectures taught in his Schools of Instruction were literally those of Thomas Smith Webb as he communicated them in Kentucky, 40 years before. These lectures were thoroughly tested by Dr. Morris and others and were undoubtedly genuine and authentic. He empowered John Augustus Williams of Harrodsburg, and S. D. McCullough of Lexington, to lecture whenever called upon by lodges.

"In view of the numerous discrepancies existing in the State, and considering that none of the rituals invented during the last twenty years can have the least claim to our respect, I recommend that the Grand Lodge, by solemn vote, disapprove of the numerous and increasing innovations introduced by uncautious brethren into the work, and that you approbate and recommend speedy return to the pure, genuine, ancient and consistent Work and Lectures of Thomas Smith Webb, as taught in the Schools of Instruction during the past year."

After the address John Augustus Williams moved that the Grand Master's address be referred to Special Committees, according to the sectional divisions of said address, which was adopted. Next day the Deputy Grand Master announced the appointment of such committees, really appointed by the Grand Master. The Committee on Uniformity of Work consisted of John Augustus Williams, W. N. Howe, since Conservators, and J. B. Craig.

On the fifth day Brother Williams as Chairman of the Committee on Uniformity of Work made an elaborate report, concluding with this resolution:

"RESOLVED, That this Grand Lodge does earnestly disapprove of all innovations introduced, and recommend, to subordinate lodges under this jurisdiction, a speedy return to the work and lectures of Thomas Smith Webb, as taught in the schools of Masonic Instruction during the past year."

The motion was temporarily tabled; and on that evening Brother Morris exemplified his work before the Grand Lodge. Next day the report of the Special Committee was called up and moved to be adopted by Brother Williams. Brother Hudson moved to amend by striking out the clause "as taught in the Schools of Masonic Instruction during the past year." This was done and the Grand Lodge merely enjoined a return to the Webb work and lectures.

The committee claimed that this was a quiet repudiation of the lecture work of Dr. Rob Morris himself and that only the influence of prominent Masons at the Grand Lodge prevented this repudiation and disapproval from being more strongly and openly expressed and put on record. The committee claimed that Brother Wingate was one of the leading Masons who disapproved of the Rob Morris lecture work.

CHAPTER IV

THE CONSERVATORS PASS INTO MASONIC HISTORY

* * * *

AFTER the dissolution of the Conservators Dr. Morris wrote a series of articles covering the origin, purpose, opposition to and progress of the organization. It was founded with a constitution June 24, 1860, to continue for a period of five years and then to be disbanded by general consent. He claimed, in the first statement officially dissolving the Conservators, that they had accomplished more in five years than all other agencies combined had done in forty years; and that they had exhibited, in the operation of the society, the best instance of the harmonious combination of 3,000 Masons for a term of years that the history of the Masonic Order presents. This statement was dated June 24, 1865.

The first article, published in July, 1865, contains much that indicates the wounded soul of Dr. Morris in view of the general opposition to and rejection of the Conservators throughout the country. He claims in this article that those who opposed and condemned the Conservators did so from the outside without understanding at all the spirit and purpose of the movement. These articles, like much of the testimony and the reports in Grand Lodge records on the subject, would seem too heated and sensitive to represent either side in the controversy at this late day. They are for the Masonic student and ritualist to look over at his leisure.

Dr. Morris says that for thirty years previous to 1860 the proceedings of many Grand Lodges, public addresses, and Masonic periodicals generally hinted and suggested such a movement as the Conservators. He insists that every intelligent Mason who had ever given thought to the subject would have conceived such an organization with such a purpose. He cites the case of William Preston in England as follows:

The Case of William Preston.

"The history of Masonry in England gives a parallel case that is exactly at point. William Preston, a well-instructed and most enthusiastic lecturer and writer on Masonic topics, after preparing a set of Blue Lodge Rituals by examination of the fragments of Rituals then in use, replacing lost portions and rejecting innovations, organized a society outside of Grand Lodge control, through which his reformed Rituals might be disseminated. To this he gave the name of 'Harodim.'

"Many of the brightest lights in England were initiated into it. The movement makes but little appearance in history as compared with that of the

'Conservators;' but this is explained by the fact that there were no periodicals in the time of William Preston devoted to Masonry. Had there been, it is likely enough that the great Ritualist would have experienced the fate of moral crucifixion at their hands. But his boldness and independence in another direction brought him in contact with the Grand Lodge, by which he was expelled for the term of ten years. We believe that all who have examined the matter give more honor to the expelled party than to the body that expelled him."

The Case of Thomas Smith Webb

Dr. Morris also instances the case of Thomas Smith Webb in America as follows:

"The history of Masonry in the United States also affords us a parallel case. Thomas Smith Webb, of Albany, N. Y., a paperstainer by profession, not a member of any Grand Lodge, nor at the time a Mason of any note, did, in the year of 1797, issue a 'Freemasons' Monitor'; (avoiding giving the author's name to it); arrange a system of Rituals, corresponding with those of Preston, and form a plan for their dissemination outside of Grand Lodge authority.

"By instructing intelligent men as lecturers, publishing many editions of his own work, and much personal travel; also by the invention and arrangement of many new degrees in Masonry he achieved a great success; and to this day there is no higher compliment than can be applied to a system of lectures in this country than to affirm, 'they are like those of Webb.'"

Dr. Morris Defends The Conservators

Dr. Morris justifies himself and his fellow Conservators as follows:

"With these parallel cases for his guide; with the personal and most friendly acquaintance of all the older and more intelligent members of the Masonic Craft in this country; with much personal experience as a Masonic lecturer and journalist; we undertook, by the approbation of a great number of brethren, to establish for a brief period, a society resembling the 'Harodim' of Preston, to which we gave the name of 'Conservators.' Such is the origin of the movement which is destined to live in history as the most successful attempt ever made to produce a general uniformity of work; a society that embraced nearly 3,000 members of the most talented, experienced and influential of the Masonic Craft; and which will be the model of whatever attempts may hereafter be made in this direction."

In the second article covering the Conservator movement, Dr. Morris states that similar movements had sprung up from time to time in Masonic history and had fallen through without doing much harm or much good. He mentions the Baltimore Convention of 1843 as one case where men with mercenary purposes dominated the movement and occasioned its failure. He seems to have made a very close study of every movement of this character to broaden and reform the Craft and to have decided in his own mind that a quiet, highly-intelligent, and disinterested body of Freemasons banded together for the common purpose in view, could accomplish infinitely more than a public attempt to change obsolete and out-worn usages and perversions of the word and work of Freemasonry. This article contains the entire system upon which the Conservators operated and is not of interest to the general reader. One point suggests a greater vision, however, by bringing together in a more intimate communication the Freemasons of Europe and America. The uniformity of work and lectures that Dr. Morris and his fellow Conservators had in view was the ground of approach to this sublime temple of International Brotherhood. We can see in the disappointment that followed the dissolution of the Conservators the renewal of the purpose Dr. Morris had long entertained, namely, the visitation of the Old World and the cultivation of international Masonic ties. Perhaps this dream seems impossible to the average Freemason; but at the conclusion o fthe Conservator movement Dr. Morris made preparations for his long-contemplated trip to the Holy Land.

The Hand of An Enemy

The third article on the Conservator association addresses itself to the opposition it aroused. Dr. Morris says that it stirred up a great many men who had long occupied positions of power and influence in the Masonic Order. He traces the origin of the first attack to a New York Sunday newspaper that employed a certain person to write Masonic news. Dr. Morris states that this man had been expelled from the "Order of Knighthood." It seems that he was ready to employ his pen for pay on any side of a controversy; and having secured some of the documents published by the Conservators, he wrote sensational and denunciatory comments upon these documents and stirred up suspicion of and opposition to the Conservators throughout the country. In this way the Conservator movement, so Dr. Morris insists, came into very undesirable and unjust publicity. The author of these hostile attacks was afterward expelled by the Grand Lodge of New York for gross un-Masonic conduct. Dr. Morris implies that this expulsion should have been sufficient evidence that the man was not a trustworthy critic of the Conservators. However, the Masonic press in general took up his prejudicial statements and the alarm spread throughout the land. Of course, says he, when the Masonic Order got this first false impression, it became general in a very short space of time.

In his concluding article Dr. Morris takes the storm of opposition and prejudice with a degree of courage and philosophy that characterized him at his best. He is worthy of quotation here for all time:

"The Conservator Movement has stirred up some animosity; originated many false statements; alienated from the writer some warm friends; given opportunity to some, upon whose feet he had unintentionally trodden, to retaliate with malevolence; this cannot be denied. Would it were not so. Yet such is the result of every effort to do good in this world, and to some extent it was foreseen in the inception of this plan of Conservatism. These things must be considered as offsetting a small portion of the large and numerous advantages that have grown out of the movement.

"The writer, feeling the weight of his own obligations, has not retaliated for the falsehoods and the slanders that a few have heaped upon him. There was abundance of provocation; but this to a Freemason is not justification. Nothing would have been easier than to have retaliated. Facts in abundance were furnished him from all quarters; but he forebore from using them; and he begs leave here to lay it down as one of the doctrines adopted by the Conservators Association itself, 'not to use the sword while the trowel would serve.'

"The writer, being poor in fortune; not having a Grand Lodge salary to keep him up; having a large family and being much encumbered with debts, could not travel and visit his brother Conservators as he would have liked to have done, and as it was contemplated he should do so. He has not even been able, for want of time and means, to visit the Grand Lodge of his own State; alas! not the Grand Lodge of 1852-60! for several years. Such visits would have animated the Conservators, and given him opportunity to make explanations before Grand Lodges, where they were needed. This will ever be a cause of regret."

Elisha S. Fitch On The Conservators

The final summing up of the Conservator Movement in Masonic history, and the part played by Dr. Morris in it, is nowhere so justly and splendidly stated as in the address of Elisha S. Fitch at the dedication of the Rob Morris monument in Lagrange, Kentucky, May 29, 1891. These words of a noble contemporary will live as long as the memory of Rob Morris and Elisha Fitch endure:

"In this degenerate age of office-seeking, to his lasting credit be it spoken that in all these promotions no artifice was ever employed, no disreputable intrigues ever resorted to; but by the mere ascendency of his genius he rose and took his rank!

"It is true, that during his tenure of service, in some of these official stations, notably that of 'Chief Conservator,' it was his misfortune to encounter the buffeting of an adverse tide; but nobly sustained by his own conscientious convic-

tions, all the obstacles in his pathway operated like the pressure upon a well-tempered spring, only to prove the strength of the metal, and its power of resistance. In his impatient zeal, not always 'according to knowledge,' to accomplish a praiseworthy purpose, through the 'Order of Conservators,' our distinguished brother awakened, for a time, an undue clamor among the Craft, as to his alleged 'innovations in the body of Masonry,' and especially, in our own grand jurisdiction, in which has ever existed a sensitive distrust of all invading jurisdictions; and in which, the admonition of Our Great Light, 'to avoid the appearance of evil,' has become a pronounced feature, in the orthodox faith of the Fraternity. But although some of the teaching methods of Brother Morris were thus held as objectionable, and so declared by the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, his Masonic fealty was never questioned or his personal motives assailed.

"Nevertheless, morbidly sensitive as he was to the slightest breath of censure or reproach, he virtually dropped out for the time being, from our assemblies in Kentucky, both grand and subordinate. It is, however, a most gratifying fact that, in view of his consistent course as a good and true Mason, and under the influence of his exemplary life in our midst, inspired as it was by the example of the Great Teacher, 'who when reviled—reviled not again,' there was a gradual subsidence of all prejudice whatever; and for years past, and up to his lamented death, he had resumed his former relations to our Grand Body and exerted his accustomed influence in shaping her policy and determining her jurisprudence. The Grand Lodge of Kentucky, over which he had presided with distinction, whose Constitution he had drafted, and whose Foreign Correspondence he had long and ably conducted, was prompt to extend to him unmistakable and repeated assurances of restored confidence and brotherly love. The well-intended but utopian, Order of Conservators was dissolved; and with it passed away the only cloud which had intervened between the Kentucky Brotherhood and this Great Masonic Light, leaving our sky more clear and bright and beautiful than before; and, thanks to the All-wise Architect, it was vouchsafed to our grand jurisdiction, which had exultingly hailed the resplendent rising of this great light, and which had proudly basked in its noonday splendors, to receive also the hallowed radiance of its departing sheen as it grandly passed away in its full-orbed glory from our Masonic horizon!"

CHAPTER V

THE CONSERVATORS A SAVING LEAVEN

* * * *

CHARLES C. BICKLEY, a native of Indiana who resided in the South, was the creator of the "Knights of the Golden Circle" in 1855. The dream behind this classic type of conspiratory secret society was to extend and establish a great slave empire upon which to perpetuate the power of the ruling class in the South. This organization arose with the avowed purpose of thwarting the aims and movement of the Abolitionists headed by John Brown. It was indeed a master stroke. We understand that the Knights of the Golden Circle started from the city of Havana and formed an immense imaginary circle embracing all the Southern States, the Western territories that might become slave-holding, Mexico, Central America, and the entire equatorial country hospitable to the institution of slavery. The members of this Secret Circle were called "Knights" of it.

In due season this Conspiratory Society drew great numbers into its membership throughout Southern Indiana, because that section of the State was largely settled by people from the South, who, while not slave-owners and hence without any special personal interest in the system, were nevertheless influenced in their social and political sympathies and affiliations by the section of country from which they had come. Not only was the founder of this secret society a native of Indiana, but it was in that State that the great struggle occurred against it.

Governor Morton, its most powerful and persistent opponent, was an Odd Fellow. He had his detectives scattered everywhere to spot these Knights, and to prevent an uprising.

We have more and more become convinced, since reviewing the inside history of the Conservator Movement, that Rob Morris witnessed the rise of the "Knights of the Golden Circle" in the South and foresaw its fatal influence in the future struggle between the States. We are convinced that the Order of Conservators was intended to indirectly forestall this disloyal society of slave-holders and secessionists by binding all good men and true closer to the vows and covenants of Freemasonry. The same mitigating influence would necessarily be exercised in tempering the vehemence and passion of the Abolition extremists. Wendell Phillips, the noblest of all the Abolition orators, was a hostile foe of Freemasonry. Rob Morris quotes him as saying: "Every Freemason swears to break the law, commit the greatest crimes and repudiate Christianity. Every good citizen should make war on all secret societies, and give himself no rest until they are forbidden by law and rooted out of existence."

Dr. Morris had been in the South too long not to sense the rising tide of this great conspiratory agency; and he made a brave and bold move to counteract what he feared was another great tragedy to the Masonic Order, second only to the Morgan incident. We have in our possession the secret ritual of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," and its entire scheme and purpose were most cleverly cloaked under the guise of Freemasonry. The "Knights of Pythias" proved to be the chief force and fraternity to offset the "Knights of the Golden Circle." But our impression and conviction as to the underlying motive of Dr. Morris in the Conservators is borne out by the clear vision Dr. Morris had of the Civil War, the superb co-operation of Thomas R. Austin, Grand Master of Indiana in 1861, and the unexampled success of the Conservators in that State. Perhaps Dr. Morris did not fully realize the potential force of the Conservators for the Union, just as Justus Rathbone did not fully realize the great significance of the "Knights of Pythias" in this great national crisis; but they both builded better than they knew.

Dr. Morris In War-Time

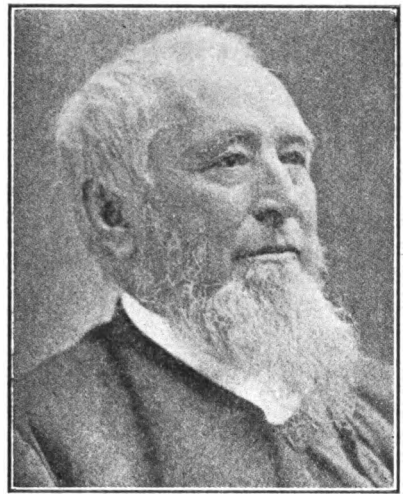
Thomas R. Austin has thus beautifully stated the war-time labors of Rob Morris:

"Dr. Morris was ever faithful to the flag and the theory of the American Union. In an address delivered in January, 1861, he told the people that civil war meant death to fathers and sons; the burning of homes; the wastage of property without recovery; flight, poverty; subjection to the meanest elements of society; a thousand unknown evils and sorrows; the rising of the popular scum to the surface. All this was realized. The terrible devastations of 1861-5 shattered the chain of his friendships; thousands whose names were in the catalogues of his friends in 1860, having disappeared, upon the return of peace, in 1865, the victims of a strife the more cruel because the combatants were brothers. But as long as letters could be passed through the lines, he had repeated assurances that differences in political theories did not weaken the bond of old-time friendships. His songs of conciliation and Masonic affection were sung in all camps whatever the symbols of nationality that waved over them. Military prisoners were the recipients of his sympathy and brotherly aid; and to none did returning peace bring such early and numerous congratulations as to "Rob Morris!" Concerning the influence of Masonry on the battle-field, but little can be said. A soldier must shoot when and where his officer commands him; but when the battle is over, and the dead are buried, the prisoners secured, the wounded cared for, the hungry fed, then the brotherly influence sets in. His wound is first tended, his mouth first filled, his grave first opened, who has shared with us in "the Brotherly Covenant." Among his songs and poems several were written to express this sentiment.

"Without exhibiting vanity or vain boasting, we may claim that Masonry did as much to divest the recent war of many of its most terrible features, as any of the numerous appliances recognized among Christian communities. It followed

the bloody advance of contending armies, staunching the gushing wounds, lifting the fallen heads, bearing from the fields the lifeless bodies like a ministering angel; it hovered round the soldier's couch in the hospital-ward, cooling fevered brows and soothing dying hours. War has now ended, peace has come again. The horrors of the battle-field have passed into record, and the laws which were silent during the reign of bloodshed will again speak and again be heard. The duties of the State now begin, and charity, both individual and associated, may pause for a while in their exertions and labors.

"An incident connected with the war illustrates the influence of Masonry and the part alloted to our zealous peacemaker. Dr. Morris was at Memphis, Tennessee, July, 1863, at that time, of course, in the hands of the Union forces. A Colonel of the enemy's troops, sorely wounded in the late repulse at Helena, died in the Officers Hospital, at Memphis, and was buried at the charge of the Freemasons. Dr. Morris presided at the affecting rite. The procession, large and orderly, and composed of National soldiers, citizens and persons lately in arms



THOMAS R. AUSTIN
Grand Master of Indiana, 1861.

Closest friend of Rob Morris during the Civil War period and his first Biographer afterward. Author of "The Well Spent Life," the classic Rob Morris Biography published in 1878.

against the government, marched to solemn music two miles to the cemetery, where they gave their 'dust to dust' with the accustomed forms. Dr. Morris relates that as the grave was about to be filled in, the evergreens having been deposited and the last prayer spoken, a lady, a stranger to him, hastily broke through the fraternal circle, ran to the side of the grave and threw in an embroidered handkerchief, which, opening as it fell, displayed the colors under which the unfortunate Mason had died!"

It is a wonderful thought that human comradeship and brotherhood are deeper than religious belief, political opinion, and race prejudice. It is a great discovery to any man when he finds that he owes a duty to his fellow-man in need or distress, even though they be enemies on the field of battle or in the more bitter battle for daily bread. English and American Freemasonry have given to the world this largest and noblest idea of the ages in fraternity. It is the very soul of the Red Cross and every kindly deed that glorify the otherwise dark and

gory chapters of war and carnage. We can see in Rob Morris and Clara Barton this deepest and highest realization of human brotherhood. To conceive and experience it is a revelation as wonderful in its way as spiritual regeneration. Let him or her who takes the solemn covenant of fraternity prove worthy of so great a vow.

Masonic Comrades of War Time

Editor W. H. McDonald of the Masonic Home Journal was talking with the writer about Rob Morris, the Union cause, slavery, and the issues of the Civil War that divided so many thousands of Masonic Brethren in the great struggle. He was illustrating how Freemasonry gathers together in her sacred bond all good men and true, regardless of even those vital differences that make men fight each other on the battlefield.

Brother McDonald's great-grandfather was a high degree Scotch Mason. His mother's father fought in the Mexican and Civil Wars and wept because he was too old to go into the Spanish-American War. He was Irish and a fighter.

Brother McDonald's father was a Union soldier, six feet six or seven inches tall. One night while on guard, he heard the crackling of under-brush and halted his man. It was a Johnnie Reb, taller than he. Said the Reb, "Yank, let me come closer. I want to talk to you!" "Keep your hands up!" said McDonald. Reb did so; and when he drew near, he wanted a cheek full of tobacco. McDonald gave him a chew of home-made long-green. Reb said he would have gone to the cannon's mouth for a chew. He said that he was a Reb but he was also a Pennsylvanian, just a lad down South when the war broke out, and had taken the oath of allegiance. He said it would not be honorable now to go over to the Federal side; but he was not in favor of dividing the Union.

It was almost time for a change of sentinels; but they talked together till the moment came; and McDonald gave to Reb half of his twist, and they separated. Long years afterward when Brother McDonald and his father were in Atlanta at a re-union of Civil War veterans, they were walking along Peach Tree Street. Just ahead of them they noticed a very tall man with a striking garb and a very individual look. McDonald, the father, called out to the giant ahead of him, "Hello, Longest, where do you hail from?"

"I am from Pennsylvania, but a Johnny Reb just the same. I was down South during the war and fought in the Rebel Army; but I was not in favor of dividing the Union."

The elder McDonald looked at him a moment and then said, "Do you recall a Yank who gave you a chew and then half of his twist?"

With that their eyes flashed back and forth with the love of comrades and they embraced each other like brothers.

Editor McDonald's father was in a regiment that captured some of John Morgan's men on their famous raid. They were in pursuit and it fell to McDonald's lot to take over a captain. When the captain surrendered, he said to McDonald, "Where are you from?" "Kentucky," answered McDonald.

"So am I. What county?"

It turned out that they were from adjoining counties.

"Now," said the captain, "I have a pair of splendid pistols here; and when we get over to the prison they will be taken from me. Have you not some way that you could take them yourself and get them back home for me?"

McDonald agreed. He had a brother in the Union service, who handled the teams; and so he gave the pistols into this brother's care.

Years passed by, and one day a fine-looking man appeared in the town where the McDonalds lived. This stranger stood on the street corner. Brother McDonald's father said to his son, "I am going to speak to that man and see who he is. 'Hello, stranger; my name is McDonald. I bid you good morning, sir!'"

They shook hands and the stranger said he was sent down there to the town by President Cleveland to look after the liquors bottled in bond. Further conversation revealed the fact that he was an ex-Confederate. "Yes, a Rebel, and one of John Morgan's horse thieves," he said with a laugh.

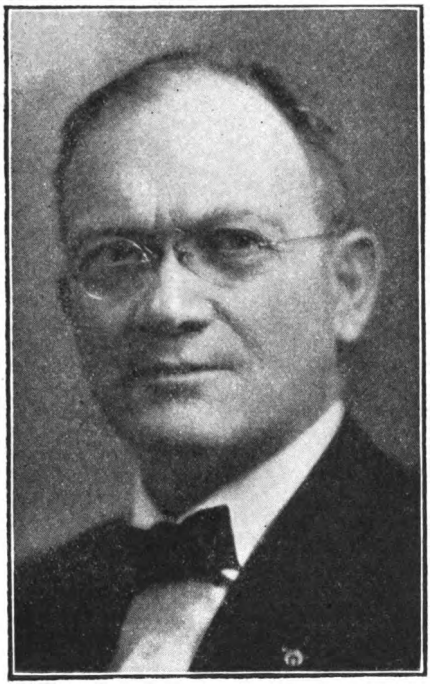
"Were you captured?" asked McDonald.

"Yes," answered the stranger, indicating time and place.

The elder McDonald looked at him a few minutes and then said: "Will you meet me at my office down the street here at two o'clock this afternoon?"

It was agreed and they separated. When McDonald and his son got home to dinner, the father said, "Son, go up to the attic and look into that old sole-leather trunk and get those two Civil War pistols. Oil them and rub them up and get them ready; and we will take them down to the office with us."

They did so and the Revenue Service man duly showed up. After a word or two of greeting, the elder McDonald opened the package and said to his caller, "My good friend, you and I are both Masons; made so after the Civil War. We



EDITOR W. H. McDONALD

Masonic Home Journal, who first encouraged and inspired the author to write this Life of Rob Morris and to publish it serially in the Home Journal. Brother McDonald rendered another great Masonic service by proving the title to and making all final arrangements with Rev. Henry R. Coleman, owner of the Rob Morris Library to donate it as a lasting gift and legacy to the Grand Lodge of Kentucky. Brother McDonald is now the custodian of this splendid Library, still intact and already delivered in Louisville.

were on opposite sides; but here are the two pistols you gave me when you were captured and taken away to prison."

The two men sprang into each others embrace like brothers. It was as though two old friends had arisen from the dead. The rebel soldier said, "You must keep one of these pistols, and I will keep the other. We will hand it down through all generations in memory of our comradeship."

So the pistols have been transmitted in the bond of Masonic unity for all time to come.

Conspiratory Secret Orders

Editor McDonald agrees with the author that the Conservator movement set on foot by Dr. Morris and other eminent Freemasons did indeed have a deep purpose to counteract the conspiratory character of the "Knights of the Golden Circle." Brother McDonald is a member of the "Knights of Pythias" and agrees heartily with the author that this great Fraternal Order did directly withstand the conspiratory character of the "Knights of the Golden Circle."

A certain great English critic, speaking of what he calls "The Futility of Modern Freemasonry," takes the secret revolutionary societies of the Continent as true types of fraternity. He condemns the Freemasonry of England as futile because it eschews the discussion of religion and politics within the Lodge-Room. This same crticism applies also to American Freemasonry. The discerning reader of history understands very well that in past ages and countries where the common people had no expression of opinion or voice in public affairs through suffrage, it was inevitable that they come together in secret orders for the preservation of free thought and human liberty. In countries like Russia Freemasons have gone into exile and died in dungeons for what they believed in and loved; and even for the sake of comrades. But in countries like England and America, where liberty of thought and the right of suffrage prevail, secret, conspiratory societies are fundamentally opposed to our system of government and hence totally unmasonic. Brother McDonald said that these secret societies, which fear the light of open day as to their purpose, are not in accord with the long cherished traditions of order and human liberty handed down by our English-speaking ancestors. These are times when it is vitally essential to every liberty-loving man and American to be careful lest he confuse and confound the true type of fraternity with the conspiratory societies which prevail in despotic countries where direct action and assassination are the weapons used. Brother McDonald mentioned the assassins of Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley as anarchists of the conspiratory type.

CHAPTER VI

ROB MORRIS AND ALBERT PIKE

* * * *

ROB MORRIS was the apostle and poet of democratic Freemasonry in America and the world. Albert Pike was the philosopher and poet of its higher degrees and its larger social and spiritual significance to all mankind. "Morals and Dogma" by Albert Pike is the greatest single work on Masonic philosophy ever given to the world. It is remarkable that both of these noble Knights of the Craft were natives of Massachusetts, school teachers and travelers into the South and West, and contemporaries until their death within a few years of each other. Rob Morris remained loyal to the Union, while Albert Pike cast in his lot with the Confederacy. Rob Morris was always a poor man for the sake of his ideals and dreams: Albert Pike made more than one fortune and was lavish in his benevolence and kindness. Rob Morris always remained more or less of a Puritan: Albert Pike was born a Knight of Chivalry in the nineteenth century and loved the South with all his heart. Amid her downfall and social tragedies ensuing he wrote the great textbook of Masonic Truth, "Morals and Dogma." He was ten years older than Rob Morris and survived him two or three years. From the brief but beautiful biography by his daughter, Mrs. Lilian Pike Roome, we make selections of significant passages to place him in this history by the side of his eminent Masonic contemporary, Rob Morris:

Birth and Boyhood of Albert Pike

"Albert Pike was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the 29th day of December, 1809. His father died when he was but a child; his mother was a woman

of fine character, though somewhat austere in her ideas of training. He was of good lineage, descended from an old English family.

"We should expect to find the descendants of such men, what we have found them, energetic, not appalled at difficulties, determined for what was right in their minds, and brave in defense of their sentiments. Such was Nicholas Pike, author of the first arithmetic published in America, the friend of George Washington, and the planter of the liberty tree in front of his residence in 1775, the branches of which arch State street to this day. Such was General Zebulon Montgomery Pike, who explored the Rocky Mountains, gave name to Pike's Peak,

ALBERT PIKE 33°
The Supreme Poet and Philosopher of Masonic Knighthood

and died in battle in the War af 1812-15. Such is the poet-soldier, Albert Pike, one of the heroes at Buena Vista, of whom General Taylor made honorable mention.

"To earn money to pay for his board and tuition at college, it was necessary for him to teach and at the same time pursue his studies. He did so for six months, that fall and winter of 1825, at Gloucester, teaching young men seven or eight years older than himself; then returned home and studied there, fitting himself to enter the junior class. But when he went to Harvard, in the fall of 1826, to enter that class, and had passed the examination, he was informed that to enter the class he must pay the tuition fees for two years, freshman and

sophomore. This he declined to do, and afterwards educated himself, going through the junior and senior classes while teaching. He taught in the town of Fairhaven six months; then in the grammar school at Newburyport, first as assistant, then as principal; and afterwards for two or three years taught a private school there, until March, 1831.

The Puritan Becomes a Cavalier

"Although he never in later years referred to it with any expression of bitterness, he lived constantly in an atmosphere of restraint when a boy; for he was by heredity and by nature a thinker, a student and poet; large-minded, high-strung, sensitive, chivalrous, munificent, communicative with those he loved, but reserved to strangers and uncongenial persons; ambitious and conscious of his powers, yet diffident and modest; easily depressed by unkind words and sneers, but steadfast in his determination to do something, to be a power in the world.

Thrown with rigid Puritans, who had little toleration for sentiment, and scorned poetry and "flowery talk," as they called everything imaginative and ideal, it is not to be wondered at that he longed to breathe a freer air, to lead a wider life than the purely materialistic one of wage-earning and eating and drinking, with no thought of greater things, no interchange of ideas, no aspirations towards intellectual development.

"All his efforts, therefore, tended to this end, to make money enough to go forth to the newer western world. The Pacific coast was the goal for which he started in March, 1831. He reached St. Louis, joined a party of pioneers, and went as far as Sante Fe; in September, 1832, joined a trapping party at Taos, and went down the Pecos River, and into the staked plains; endured starvation and many hardships; found himself stranded among strangers with nearly all his money gone; concluded that he was not on the best road to fame and fortune; retraced his steps; and, with five of his companions, left the main party and on the 10th of December, 1832, reached Fort Smith, Arkansas, and stopped there. He taught school near Van Buren, Arkansas, and wrote articles for the local papers and a series of articles on the political topics of the day.

Love and War

"In the meantime, at the house of some friends, he had met a very beautiful young lady, Miss Mary Ann Hamilton. It was probably a case of love at first sight; for soon he was paying her devoted court, and writing poems to her, which he slipped into her hands whenever he could do so without attracting attention. These, I am sorry to say, she did not treasure as she should have done, for only one remains on record, the one entitled 'To Mary,' in his 'Nugae.' His suit was prosperous, and they were married on the 10th of October, 1834, at the house of Colonel Terrence Farrelly, her guardian, near the post of Arkansas. Soon after this he erected a handsome dwelling in Little Rock, in which he and his family lived until after the close of the Civil War.

"In 1846, he raised a squadron of cavalry, which he commanded with the rank of Captain, and served in Mexico with distinction, having received special mention from Generals Taylor and Wool. Here he met Major Robert E. Lee, afterwards Commanding General of the Confederate army, with whom he corresponded for a while after the Mexican War.

The Odd Fellow and Freemason

"He became an Odd Fellow sometime in the forties. In 1850, he entered the Masonic Fraternity; after that, gradually ceased to be active as an Odd Fellow. He soon became prominent in Masonry, and rapidly advanced to the highest honors.

"In 1861, when Arkansas severed her connection with the Union, he cast in his lot with her and with the Confederacy, and was foremost in that cause; was made a Brigadier-General and placed in Command of the Indian Territory. Against his earnest protests, the Indian Regiments were ordered from the Indian

Territory into Arkansas, and took part in some skirmishes and one battle under his command. This battle was fought contrary to his judgment and against his advice, and terminated disastrously for the Confederates; this was the battle called by them 'Elk Horn.'

"Early in the Civil War, as a Confederate Commissioner to the Indians, he made treaties of amity and alliance, not only with the civilized tribes, but with the Comanches, Apaches, Kiowas, Kickapoos, and another wild tribe. These were the first treaties that had ever been made with those wild tribes.

"He had relinquished the active practice of the law about 1879, and after that appeared in the courts only by his briefs and pleadings in writings. He had been a fine Greek and Latin scholar, and had taught himself many languages and a great number of dialects; among them were Sanskrit, Hebrew, Old Samaritan, Chaldean and Persian. From these he was led on to a study of the Parsee and Hindoo beliefs and traditions, and of the Rig-Veda and the Zend-Avesta, and finally became absorbed in these and in Masonry, to the exclusion of nearly everything else. He left fifteen large manuscript volumes of translations and commentaries of these great Aryan writings.

"He was the most eminent Mason in the world, not solely by virtue of his position in the Order, but by his scholarly attainments, his admirable treatises on Masonic Law and Symbolism, his profound knowledge of state-craft, theology and ethnology; his broad and comprehensive grasp of every subject; and the even balance of his judgment. These great qualities enabled him to build up the Scottish Rite, and to make the Supreme Council for the Southern Jurisdiction the most influential body of the Rite, and himself to be constituted the arbiter and judge in all questions that concerned the Supreme Councils of the World.

The Honors of Knighthood

"In the appropriate words of Colonel P. Donan, delivered at Fargo, Dakota, April 9, 1891, before the Lodge of Sorrow, held by the members of the Scottish Rite in that city, in memory of the deceased Grand Commander:

"Albert Pike was a king among men by the divine right of merit. A giant in body, in brain, in heart and in soul. So majestic in appearance that wherever he moved on highway or byway, the wide world over, every passer-by turned to gaze upon him and admire him. Six feet two inches tall, with the proportions of a Hercules and the grace of an Apollo. A face and head massive and leonine recalling in every feature some sculptor's dream of a Grecian god; while his long wavy hair, flowing down over his shoulders, added a strikingly picturesque effect. The whole expression of his countenance telling of powers, combined with gentleness, refinement and benevolence.

"He was the author of more than twenty volumes of Masonic literature, besides the volumes of prose and poetry that gave him general fame. His legal practice brought him several fortunes, one fee some years ago amounting to $100,000. But his ear and heart and purse were ever open to the appeal of the needy or distressed, and his benefactions were beyond all enumeration. His bounty was reckless in its lavishness. In all the rush of his busy and eventful career he found time to counsel and assist every worthy man or woman who came to him. He was peculiarly kind and considerate toward young people."

Preparing Youth for Fraternity.

In reviewing the character and career of Albert Pike we find him a supreme ideal in his expansion from the narrow confines of Puritanism, which choked his inspiration and chilled his enthusiasm. Stanley Hall tells us that student life is the best field in the world for the study and understanding of adolescence. He says that this student life has a history of eight hundred years that has never been written. He tells us that the very word "school" signifies leisure and becomes a dream and desire to those who work and toil in the every day world. It is the opinion of some that choice youth, taken out of the hard struggle of every day and given the freedom of student life, might become a typical experi-

ment and example of the possibilities of young life to unford toward an ideal state. Albert Pike in large measure enjoyed this demonstration of youthful capacity and power in his work as a student and teacher. Although he was cut off from the hope of his heart to pass through Harvard University, nevertheless he cultivated and developed his own personality in a way that made him self-reliant, democratic and fraternal far beyond the young men around him who had the money and time to complete the course at Harvard.

Two Pioneer Spirits.

Rob Morris and Albert Pike were pioneer spirits when they set out for the West. In our settled and cramped modern life in cities and towns we can hardly realize what it meant to these young men to enter the new world of civilization beyond the Alleghany mountains. Stanley Hall speaks of the necessity of personal liberty in order to develop moral maturity. He says the student must be himself, give expression to his impatience with authority, adventure in the atmosphere and zone of moral danger and temptation, come in contact with the revolutionary and skeptical spirit, and border on the radical and forbidden in order to acquire self-mastery and Knighthood of Soul. He tells us that in all this critical and trying transition of youth toward manhood a soundly cultivated sense of honor will avail to preserve and uplift the spirit of youth from falling. This was pre-eminently true of Rob Morris and Albert Pike when they came in contact with the crude and semi-barbarous civilization on the border. Yet they were such manly men and noble comrades that they adapted themselves to the instinctive traits of truth and right in the untutored children of the woods and wilds.

The Toiler and Truth Seeker.

Rob Morris and Albert Pike both experienced a struggle for self-support; and as a consequence they were in close touch and deep sympathy with the sound philosophy of honest labor that lies at the basis of all Freemasonry. Dr. Morris in his "Lights and Shadows" puts this philosophy of labor into concrete and convincing form. Rob Morris strove at all times to keep Freemasonry democratic and elemental; and he lamented the inevitable formation of other fraternities by classes and groups of men who were not yet up to the level and the square. Albert Pike, on the other hand, entered into the fellowship of fraternity as an Odd Fellow and got his training in that great and growing social organization. He, too, like Rob Morris, developed a magnificent philosophy of honest toil which afterward found expression in the "Knight of the Royal Axe" in his "Morals and Dogma." He was in one sense a freer and far greater spirit than Rob Morris. In the questions of nature and human life, of free thought and spiritual truth, he entered a world of study and discovery where Rob Morris was a stranger. Dr. Morris belonged to the old school of faith and practice. Albert Pike, on the contrary, encountered those problems and wrestlings of soul which try the innermost being of humanity. It was in the mentality of Albert Pike to measure lances of truth with the boldest adversary of atheistic unfaith. He passed into the temples and secret places of universal thought and returned from his world-wide pilgrimages enriched and enlarged to counsel and console his comrades of the Craft in every essential that Rob Morris defended from the secluded citadel of his own home and fireside.

"The Chief of Men."

For these reasons Albert Pike is the master spirit of Modern Freemasonry. He sums his philosophy of living in these magnificent words:

"Labor is the truest emblem of God, the Architect and Eternal Maker; noble Labor, which is yet to be the King of this Earth, and sit on the highest Throne. Men without duties to do, are like trees planted on precipices; from the roots of which all the earth has crumbled. Nature owns no man who is not also a Martyr. She scorns the man who sits screened from all work; and has all his work and

battling done by other men; and yet there are men who pride themselves that they and theirs have done no work time out of mind. So neither have the swine.

"The chief of men is he who stands in the van of men, fronting the peril which frightens back all others, and if not vanquished would devour them. Hercules was worshipped for twelve labors. The Czar of Russia became a toiling shipwright, and worked with his axe in the docks of Saardam; and something came of that. Cromwell worked, and Napoleon; and effected somewhat."

CHAPTER VII

THE MORGAN STORY IN ENGLAND

* * * *

JUST about ten years before Rob Morris published his great book on William Morgan in 1884, another remarkable book in two volumes was published in London called "The Secret Societies of all Ages and Countries." The author of this last work had been engaged in collecting historic data for many years. When he had arranged and digested his materials, his attention was called to an unusual Italian book on the same subject. He procured it at once and prepared to translate it before publishing his own. He found, however, that the type of fraternities with which we are familiar were hopelessly confused with the secret organizations of bandits and political parties. Furthermore, the book contained no adequate account of the fraternities of Continental Europe and English-speaking countries. So the author set about to supply this lack and to properly and scientifically classify the various types of secret societies. This author was Charles William Hackethorn. He was not a Freemason nor a member of any secret order, so far as we can learn by his book; but he paid a very high tribute to the Freemasonry of Italy. In the main, however, he was a very severe critic of the Masonic Order of our modern days; and his various dissections of the craft and its philosophy and history demand serious attention and discussion. A new and final edition of the work was published by the author in 1897; and we have recently procured the two volumes from London at a cost of ten dollars.

Now what interested us chiefly in this work was the astonishingly inaccurate account of the William Morgan affair, drawn from the Anti-Masonic literature of long years ago in America, no doubt. Yet there is the old fabrication handed down to posterity as real truth ten years before Rob Morris wrote his great answer to the Anti-Masonic story of Morgan. Even in his "History of Freemasonry in Kentucky," published in 1857, Dr. Morris gave a remarkable summary of the whole Morgan affair that he afterward proved to a finish in his book of 1884. So we shall first give the reader the Morgan story by Charles William Heckethorn and then the story by Rob Morris in 1857, answering.

Heckethorn on William Morgan (1874).

"In 1826 a journalist, William Morgan, who had been admitted to the highest Masonic Degrees, published at New York a book revealing all their secrets. The Freemasons carried him off in a boat, and he was never afterward seen again. His friends accused the Masons of having assassinated him. The latter asserted that he had drowned himself in Lake Ontario, and produced a corpse, which, however, was proved to be that of one Monroe. Judiciary inquiries led to no result. Most of the officers, it is said, were themselves Masons. The indignation caused by the crime and its non-punishment led to the formation, in the State of New York, of an Anti-Masonic party, whose object was to exclude from the public service all members of the Masonic fraternity. But the society soon degenerated into an electioneering engine. About fifty years after the occurrence, Thurlow Weed published, from personal knowledge, precise information as to Morgan's assassination by the Freemasons. His grave was discovered in 1881 at Pembroke, in the county of Batavia, State of New York, and in the grave also was found a

paper, bearing on it the name of a Freemason called John Brown, whom at the time, public rumor made one of the assassins of Morgan. To this latter a statue was erected at Batavia in 1882. Certain American travellers, indeed, asserted having, years after, met Morgan at Smyrna, where he taught English; but their assertions were supported by no proofs."

Rob Morris on William Morgan (1857).

"But the event most eventful, in all that period; the circumstance, which, above all others, will give it perpetual infamy in Masonic record, is the flitting of William Morgan, on the morning of September 12, 1826, from the village of Batavia, New York. It scarcely comports with the gravity of history, to give the details of the life of a man, who, while living, made no other name in society, than that of a drunkard, a vagabond, and a betrayer of secrets. It will suffice to say,—and even for this we must give credit to those whose claims to truth are poorly shown, in their various Anti-Masonic publications,—that William Morgan was born in Culpepper County, Virginia, in 1766; adopted the trade of a stone cutter, opened a store in Richmond, Virginia, in 1819; removed to York, (now Toronto) Canada West, shortly after, and commenced the business of brewing; and from thence removed to Rochester, N. Y. The press at Canandaigua, denounced him, August 9, 1826, as a swindler and a dangerous man, which notice the two Batavia papers copied. A few days before (July 25) he had been imprisoned for debt, and September 10, was tried for theft, and dicharged September 12, he was released by friends, by the payment of a small amount for which he had been imprisoned, and left the country, in their companionship, the same day. Evidence, sufficiently circumstantial, was obtained by the Anti-Masonic party, of his being escorted, but without resistance, to Fort Niagara, on the St. Lawrence River, some eighty miles from Canandaigua, and there the history closes. It is incredible that he should have been murdered, and yet his after-fate is involved in profound mystery; though a search stimulated by gold, pursued by the sharpest detectives of the law, encouraged by the rewards from the Executive, (Clinton) and others, Masons and non-Masons, was instituted and unremittingly maintained, until every clue was exhausted, and hope faded into despair.

"The results of this singular circumstance were more remarkable, more incredible did such a word admit of comparison than the incident itself. The whole Temple of Masonry in the United States, which had seemed, to the common eye, impregnable, was shaken to its basis, by the commotion that followed. Two Grand Lodges, (Michigan and Illinois) went down under it. Several others, (Indiana and Vermont, etc.,) stood, for a time, on the verge of dissolution, and seriously contemplated Masonic suicide. The true work and progress of the Craft, in all parts of the Union, were arrested, and for several years, no advantage was gained in the cause of Social Ethics, in the United States.

"The unpopularity of Masonry gave growth to an association, organized a few years before (1819), upon principles somewhat similar, but wanting the binding tie. This has been the root from which the hundred counterfeit and ephemeral affiliations in this country have sprung—all of which have been parasites to Masonry.

"The cause of the Anti-Masonic fury, it is proper to say, was not the love of morality; it was not horror at the mysterious fate of Morgan which stimulated the Ritners, the Stevens, the Grangers, the Sewards, the Spencers, **et id genus omnes** to flesh their maiden swords in Masonry. No such extravagances of sympathy for the fate of a degraded sot and knave called out a Wirt, a Weed, a Stone, or a Spencer, to give their reputation, made and to be made, to such an attack upon Masons and Masonry as the warfare of 1826 to 1836. The secret of their warfare is far less profound than that of Morgan's fate. Their motive of action was simply the thirst for office. They were aspirants in politics; the nation had worn out its old issues; honors and rewards were to be found in new fields, and that field appeared to be antimasonry. It was an error in policy, and so they afterward found it; and when found they hastened to abandon it.

"That these men, now venerable for years, and most of them for long and meritorious services in their country's cause, have regretted their early mistakes, can not be doubted. Were there any question of this, the fact that, for more than twenty years, each of them has been silent, while the revival and immense spread of the Masonic Institution have attracted the attention of every observing mind, would convince the most skeptical. But so great was the damage done to Masonry by their early efforts, so tremendous the ruin that followed upon their attacks, that the Masonic historian is bound, in truth, to couple their names with the evils they affected."

"Heroines of Jericho"

It is of equal interest and importance that this author, Heckethorn, accuses the Masonic order of the State of New York, which he holds responsible for the alleged murder of William Morgan, with organizing "The Heroines of Jericho" to bind the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of Freemasons to secrecy after Morgan had disappeared. Let us first hear his version and then see what Rob Morris has to say:

"Heroine of Jericho—This degree is conferred, in America, exclusively on Royal Arch Masons, their wives and widows. Its ritual is founded on the story of Rahab, in the second chapter of the Book of Joshua. The first sign is in imitation of the scarlet line which Rahab let down from the window to assist the spies to make their escape. It is made by holding a handkerchief between the lips and allowing it to hang down. The grand hailing sign of distress is given by raising of the right hand and arm, holding the handkerchief between the thumb and fore-finger, so that it falls perpendicularly. The word is given by the male heroine (not the candidate's husband) placing his hand on her shoulder saying, "My Life," to which the candidate replies, "For Yours." The male then says, "If ye utter not," to which the candidate answers, "This our business." The word Rahab is then whispered in the lady's ear. The latter swears never to reveal this grand secret. She is told that Rahab was the founder of the Order, but it was most probably invented by those who were concerned in the murder of William Morgan who, by swearing their female relatives to conceal whatever criminal act perpetrated by Masons might come to their knowledge, hoped to protect themselves."

What Dr. Morris Says

In his history of William Morgan, Rob Morris credits Dr. Blanchard Powers with being the author of this famous "Heroines of Jericho." Dr. Powers was the Mason who left Morgan's name off the Royal Arch petition and most probably caused Morgan to plot an exposure of Freemasonry in revenge. It was said that Dr. Powers lectured Morgan in the first Masonic degrees; but Dr. Powers always stoutly denied this. He was indicted for complicity in the Morgan affair; but a braver and more upright soul never lived. At a great Masonic meeting in Batavia, New York, in June, 1827, the "Heroines of Jericho" did indeed face a mob to prove their loyalty to the Masonic Order to which their fathers, husbands, brothers and sons belonged; but the charge that this degree was gotten up to conceal murder and murderers is as black a lie as was ever fabricated by the Anti-Masonic party.

Dr. Morris mentions Dr. Powers as a poet of ability and credits him with the authorship of this beautiful degree we are describing. He says that the scarlet sash or ribbon was worn among the old Masonic families of New York and other Middle States. He speaks of their high spirit of courage and loyalty and praises them with all the ardor of his soul. He says that even Masonic historians have not given full credit to these fearless heroines of a century ago. The very thought that they were concealing murder and murderers was not charged even by the Anti-Masonic party in America; and the statement of this author Heckethorn is purely a fabrication of his own fancy. There is not an atom of fact to support such a theory except the Morgan romance itself.

"The Daughters of Rebekah"

American Odd Fellowship had its adoptive degrees as did American Freemasonry. "The Daughters of Rebekah" sprang up the same year, 1850, that Rob Morris conceived his vision of the Eastern Star. It was at the session of the Grand Lodge of American Odd Fellows in 1850 that Schuyler Colfax of Indiana was appointed chairman of a committee to prepare a degree to be conferred upon the wives of Odd Fellows. His instructions were to report at the session of 1851. He produced the lectures of the degree in July and August, 1851. The session of 1851 adopted the degree after a heated discussion. Mr. Colfax was on the Committee. Two other men, Kennedy of New York and LaRue of Louisiana, were on the committee with him. They reported strongly against the formation of a degree for ladies. They were men of power and influence in the Grand Lodge. It looked as though Colfax would lose his cause; but he made such a strong plea for it that it was adopted; and became generally popular throughout the country. Thus Schuyler Colfax was contemporaneous with Rob Morris himself in the creation of adoptive degrees for ladies. It is impossible to measure the social up-lift, mental emancipation, and spiritual advancement accomplished for womanhood by this noble work in American Freemasonry and Odd Fellowship. The women characters of the Bible were made fresh, dramatic and impressive as they never had been before under the old didactic methods of church and Sunday School. Rob Morris and Schuyler Colfax traveled the country and lectured the people on these inspiring scripture characters; and in every community a new vision and devotion burned in the bosom of the wives, daughters, and sisters of fraternal membership. It is insisted by the historian of the "Daughters of Rebekah" that the work of this degree had a tremendous influence in preparing the way for the incipient Red Cross work of the Civil War. Not for a moment would we refuse to concede to the "Daughters of Rebekah" their measure of praise in the field of mercy and service, rendered holy by the presence of unselfish womanhood.

* * * * * *

YOUTH AND DEATH

The Girl Scout Movement at Crothersville, Indiana, was soon glorified with the memory of noble martyrdom. Miss Fern Jewel Densford, who, with the author, organized this famous Troop, and conducted it to supreme achievement, paid the price of absolute loyalty in service with her precious and joyous young life. She was a Daughter of Rebekah; and she lived and died in the spirit of Clara Barton.

FERN JEWEL DENSFORD

Fern Jewel Densford, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Densford, was born July 13, 1890, and died September 8, 1916, in Denver, Colorado, after a long illness. She grew up in Crothersville and was one of the most promising pupils in the public school. She was educated at the Crothersville High School under Prof. White and finished her studies at Seymour and at the State Normal School in Terre Haute. She began teaching in Vernon Township and taught two terms in the Crothersville public school. She continued her work even in New Mexico where she taught school for one year with success. She was devoted to her work and her pupils, and it was probably this very devoted service that finally undermined her health. In the League, Endeavor and Crusaders she was equally active.

She became a professing Christian very early in life and united with the Presbyterian Church in Crothersville, but from the very first her heart was given to the welfare and uplift of childhood and youth in the whole community. She organized one of the earliest and most ideal Girl Scout Troops in the State and they soon became widely known throughout the country. She was very dear to the girls and the following six of them acted as pall-bearers: Mamie Kovert, Clara Goecker, Hazel Applegate, Lena Bruner, Madge Kattman and Eunice Garriott.

The funeral services were held at the Presbyterian Church, Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock, conducted by Rev. W. U. Guerrant and Rev. L. V. Rule. Mr.

Rule paid tribute to Miss Fern's life and work and Mr. Guerrant spoke of the resurrection and future life. Rev. J. S. Campbell made a fitting mention of Miss Fern's devotion to the old soldiers and their appreciation and love for her. The songs by a large choir of young people, led by Miss Lucy Ritz, were touching, and the floral offerings were beautiful. A large congregation paid loving tribute to the memory of a noble life. She made a brave fight for life but met death with the calm faith and fortitude that characterized her. The family at home and the absent sisters have the deepest sympathy of the whole community.

Burial was at the Crothersville Cemetery.

YOUTH AND DEATH

A Memorial of

FERN JEWEL DENSFORD

So young and fair, and free from care
Her happy girlhood was,
But few foretold her heart of gold
In Youth's devoted cause.
At work or play she led the way
With laughter sweet and song,
And every dream did certain seem
To one so young and strong.

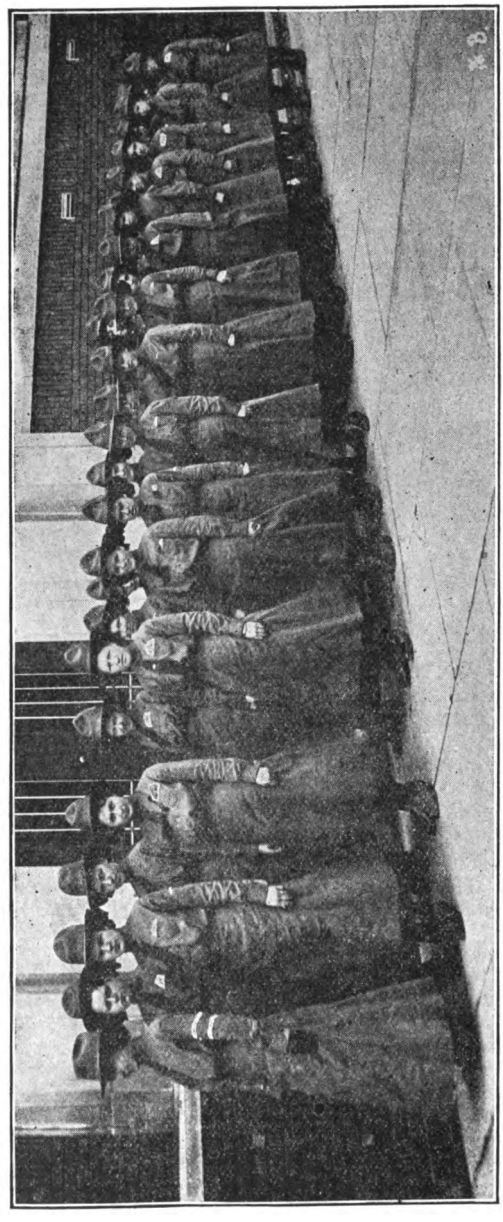
Ambition's height with lofty flight
Her soulful wings essayed,
And at each test she served her best
And not a task betrayed.
With gentle thought she led and taught
The children on Life's way.
Her diadem was won with them
For God's eternal day.

Then helpless youth in paths of truth
She led and made them free.
Yea, little town, she won her crown
Right here at home with thee!
"Oh Life, how brief!" we say with grief,
And bow above our dead:
But lo! Love's Star beyond the bar
With angel song o'er head!

Let roses bloom beside her tomb
While seasons come and go.
The red and white of Love and Light
For her who lies below.
Then dry your tears, for her young years
Held more of good to all
Than many a soul who lived the whole
Of Life's fair spring and fall.

She felt no fear when Death was near
But fell asleep in God:
So let her rest on Jesus' breast
Beneath the soft green sod.
Her soul hath gone into the Dawn
Of deathless Life above,
And we who wait will find the gate
Of everlasting Love.

September 12, 1916. —Lucien V. Rule.



GIRL SCOUT TROOPS, CROTHERSVILLE, INDIANA,
Organized by Miss Fern Jewel Densford, Scout Master, 1911-12.

CHAPTER VIII

WILLIAM MORGAN AND THE ODD FELLOWS

* * * *

THOMAS R. AUSTIN in his Life of Dr. Morris tells us that Dr. Morris was not at all friendly to members of the Masonic Order uniting themselves with other secret societies; and even characterizes Dr. Morris as "an opponent of imitative orders."

"It has become so common a custom with Freemasons in America to join the modern fraternities with which the country abounds—societies that borrow whatever of merit they possess from ancient craft masonry—that it is well to say here, Dr. Morris accepts no fellowship with them. Long since he confessed his sympathy with the sentiment which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of his heroine:

> " 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
> But the plain, single vow that is vowed true.'

"In response to the invitation of a popular society, he said: 'I shall not unite in this movement, for, with Horace, I had rather draw my glass of water from a great river than a little rill. I find that Freemasonry, rightly worked, consumes as much time, and as large means as I can spare.

> "Your little systems have their day—
> They have their day and cease to be,
> These broken lights of Masonry!"

We do not think that either Dr. Morris or Dr. Austin are consistent with the facts of history in the evolution of fraternal orders in America when they take this position that savors of prejudice toward sister secret societies. In his History of Freemasonry in Kentucky, summarizing the Morgan episode, Dr. Morris speaks of "the unpopularity of Masonry which gave growth to an association, organized a few years before (1819), upon principles somewhat similar, but wanting the binding tie" of Masonry. He then says that this unpopularity of Masonry and the rise of a rival order constituted the root from which many counterfeit and ephemeral secret societies sprang—all of which have been parasites to Masonry.

A close examination of the official History of American Odd Fellowship does not bear out Dr. Morris in this position. The Odd Fellow historian is eminently fair to Freemasonry. "Truth has always been taught in a mystery; a word closely connected with the old English Mister, a trade or craft, the learning of which was something occult and mysterious. Odd Fellowship does not in the ordinary sense seek to teach truth; it has no abstract or esoteric doctrines, but is in every way concrete and practical. It has not the same root as Masonry, which undoubtedly is nearly related to the ancient mysteries."

Odd Fellowship and Freemasonry

This same historian says: "Odd Fellowship also claims an antiquity, but it is comparatively recent, and has no valid claim to be called 'ancient.' It has no pretensions to art or science in any way, and does not seek the education of the intellect. The reason is obvious. It is a select class, or select persons in the various classes of mankind, to whom such knowledge is possible or its types interesting. It follows that Masonry does not invite the multitude to its temples, and in fact invites no man to its secrets. It is a light set upon an eminence, which the worthy and well qualified may indeed approach, but no dull clod that cannot reflect its brightness is brought within its radius. The seeker must indeed be a learner, and must voluntarily seek the light. Fraternity indeed is the bond of its lodges, but not a common fraternity.

"To such as know Masonry, it is only necessary to remark that the distinction between the two institutions is best shown by their terms of membership. But three conditions are required by Odd Fellowship: Belief in the existence of God; good health; and good moral character. The terms of the other are not nearly so liberal, and are not intended to be so. Odd Fellowship, unlike its ancient sister, is not conservative, but in every sense is aggressive. The one is a philosophical school, the other an army; this a nursery of sound principles and grand designs, that an active and philanthropic workship; one seeks to furnish light to the seeker, and the other to reflect it over all the world. The Odd Fellow then is a missionary—his mission to bring mankind into one brotherhood; he is a crusader—his crusade a war with vice; he is a nurse, an educator, a reliever of

BANNER OF "THE NEW COVENANTERS."

A Poetic and Historic Pageant of the Indiana Centennial in which all the Fraternal Orders of Crothersville participated. This Pageant is also a Social Crusader Degree based on the Scotch Irish Settlement of America and the heroic youth of Andrew Jackson and his martyr mother. The Degree as revised by the author will include the tragic youth of Lincoln and Garfield.

suffering—hence his primary objects include the sick, the infant and the widow. And as these are the main purposes, it follows that a Treasury is the very centre of the system."

The Freemason will doubtless insist that these virtues and services to suffering mankind are all taught and practiced by the Masonic Brotherhood; and without a doubt they are. But we must recognize the inevitable tendency and instinct of the masses at all times to seek democratic fellowship in fraternal organization; and if we examine the conditions that gave rise to every great secret order in this country, we will find that its origin was necessary and logical

at the time it arose. Freemasonry is the mother and custodian of the ancient mysteries; but we must not assume a hostile or unfriendly attitude toward any group of men or women who are in quest of communion and fellowship. We cannot think that Dr. Morris at heart meant exactly what his expressions would appear to imply.

And now as to Odd Fellowship profiting by the unpopularity of Freemasonry during the Morgan excitement, and supplanting Freemasonry among the masses in this country, we should at least weigh well what the Odd Fellow historian has to say about that:

"The obligation, as at first administered, was in its nature Masonic. But in 1826 a storm burst upon that institution, which for a time caused a general prejudice against secret societies. In the village of Batavia, situated in Western New York, lived a certain William Morgan. He was a mechanic and a Mason. A rumor was rife that he was about to expose, in print, the secrets of Freemasonry. This report caused deep feeling, in the midst of which the man disappeared. Terror fell upon the community. Some said he had been abducted, and one account placed him in Asia. Others did not scruple to charge his murder on the Masonic fraternity. Newspapers took it up; pulpits thundered; and half the country was electrified with excitement. Politicians eagerly seized the opportunity and States became arenas for a heated conflict. Anti-Masonry became the watchword of a powerful party in the Union.

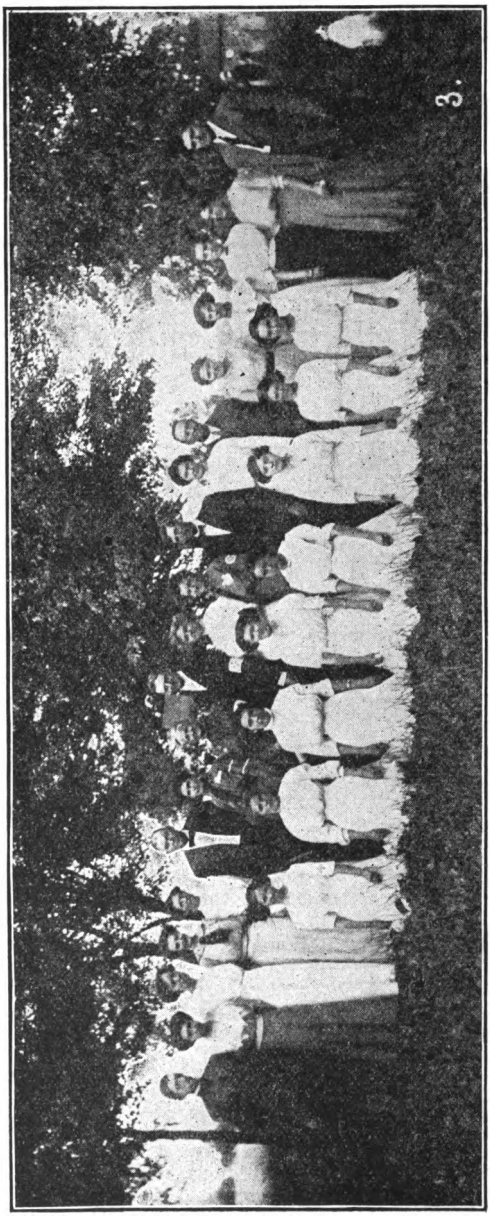
"The Masons came out of the conflict with the honors of war; their ability was more than equal to the emergency; confidence was restored and their enemies utterly routed. But the interval was a time of peril and a day of threatening calamity. Odd Fellowship suffered the most. The Masons were backed by the whole world; we had not even the sympathy of that brotherhood. Massachusetts, the first adherent to Maryland (in Odd Fellowship) was in the midst of the contention. To the Order in that State it was a mortal blow; the body, already weak, fell before it, and for years that light that now glows so steadily and brightly was extinguished."

The Mission of American Odd Fellowship

Odd Fellowship in this country had to contend with the over-convivial habit associated with the order in England. At the time of William Morgan there was in Washington Lodge, Baltimore, a splendid young Odd Fellow by the name of Augustus Mathiot. He applied for Masonic initiation but was rejected because of the bacchanalian character, justly or unjustly, attached to Odd Fellowship. He was told that he could become a Mason on the one condition of withdrawal from Odd Fellowship. We are not clear as to whether the Masonic Order at that time held the view expressed by Dr. Morris that no Freemason should belong to another fraternity. The rejection of Mathiot by the Masons stung him to the quick; but he recognized the great need of reforming the habit of excess in the use of beverages in the Lodge Room. So this young French-American instituted a crusade against liquor in the Lodge Room. His resolution carried and the movement spread far and wide. It not only cleaned up many of the old William Morgan type of boozers, but in due time the Sons of Temperance and the Good Templars gave to the Temperance Crusade the powerful impetus and enthusiasm of ritual and degree work. Thus Freemasonry and Odd Fellowship took a mighty hand in one of the greatest reform movements in American history; and it all arose out of the Morgan tragedy.

Healing the Hatreds of War

The close reader of fraternal history cannot fail to perceive another great mission accomplished by Odd Fellowship in America. It softened and removed in very great measure the animosities handed down from the War of the Revolution and the War of 1812 between this country and England. Thomas Wildey, the father and founder of Odd Fellowship in the United States, had been a member of the Order in Old England. He landed in America in September, 1817, and sought his support in the city of Baltimore. The times were hard; trade was at



FIRST GROUP OF SOCIAL CRUSADERS.
Brownstown and Crothersville, Indiana, July, 1912.
These Leaders and Young People Represented all Fraternal Orders of Men and Women and assisted the Author in all his Pageant and Degree Work.

low ebb; and the prospect was gloomy indeed. But he was a master of his craft and thrifty withal. A coach spring-maker, he turned his hand to coal dealing, kept an eating house, became a market gardener and put aside a part of his wages in each enterprise. The year after he arrived he discovered a companion Odd Fellow from his native land in the person of John Welch; and American Odd Fellowship soon followed. Wildey was better known as a competent blacksmith. In appearance he was a sort of good-natured John Bull, bluff, sincere, and plucky, as his biographer tells us. His mellow voice, hearty grip and jovial company won others to him with amazing success. Full of fun and frolic, he was yet so tender-hearted that he never passed by human suffering. Even when the yellow fever raged in Baltimore, he was active and vigilant with medicine, money and personal attention when others fled the city. Who could fail to see in this good man the expression of a new human kindness between peoples speaking the same mother tongue? Who could resist or censure the organized effort to relieve the want and distress of fellow-laborers, embodied in the new Order which he founded? Indeed, this growing and vital fraternity accomplished as much in its way among the common people of America along these several benevolent lines as Freemasonry had done in the days of Franklin, Washington and Jefferson. With scarcely any general culture, Wildey went about with the warm intent of brotherhood in his heart and gathered together kindred groups in every part of the new nation; and it was not many years until Odd Fellowship took its rank as one of the greatest socializing and truly enlightening forces and agencies in our midst.

CHAPTER IX

THE ORDER OF THE EASTERN STAR

* * * *

THE following story of the Eastern Star originally puplished in the Missouri Freemason, has gone the rounds of the Masonic press and has become classic for its concise statement of the evolution of Adoptive Masonry in America. The gifted author of this sketch is unknown to us:

The order of the Eastern Star, extensively known in the United States, can hardly be said to be connected with any similar body that has preceded it. Previous to the year 1855, and subsequently also, there were in use in the United States several "side" degrees, which could be conferred upon the female relatives of Masons, among which were the following.

"The Mason's Daughter," which had for its foundation a legend connecting Mary, the sister of Lazarus, with Jesus' triumphal entrance into Jerusalem, and which had certain modes of recognition, and a signet in which the letters AMRY were encircled by the letters F.N.D.O.Z.B.T.K.C.

"The Kindred Degree," based upon the Biblical history of Ruth, particularly concerning her gleaning in the field of Boaz. The recognition signet consisted of the letters A.H.R.H.P.C.A.S.D.E. encircling the letters

U
T H
R

These were conferred upon Master Masons and their female relatives, while those named below were only to be conferred upon Royal Arch Masons and their wives and daughters.

"The Heroine of Jericho," founded upon the Scripture account of the fall of Jericho, the faithfulness of Rahab, and its reward. The recognition signet had the word ARHAB within a heart, with the letters ML FY IYUN TOB within a circle, which contained the letters BF R PNWTTBN.

"The Good Samaritan" which presented "as a pattern for imitation the Good Samaritan, who stopped at the wayside to relieve the distressed; who walked that a stranger might ride his beast; who, with his own money, paid others for

providing for the wants of the distressed." The signet included an eight-pointed star with the letters GS in its center, while the letters EFIWSTOL formed a circle within the star.

First Era, 1850-1866

The degrees of the Eastern Star were arranged by Robert Morris, LL. D., subsequently Grand Master of Masons of Kentucky, in 1850, who communicated them first to his wife, and subsequently to many thousands of Masons and their female relatives in all parts of the country.

The degrees were thus communicated by Robert Morris only, as they were not printed in this form until 1860. From the first, the work contained the same characters as now, and the signs and passes remain unaltered; but when they were presented in a lecture to a roomful of people at once, no obligation was imposed but that of secrecy, and no attempt was made to organize a society, so that substantial good could not result therefrom. It was a means of recreation and of social enjoyment, Masons and their families coming together in the lodge rooms for an evening of pleasure and banqueting.

In 1855 Brother Morris recast the work, and it was first printed under the name of "The Mosaic Book." A self-constituted body known as "The Supreme Constellation of the American Adoptive Rite," of which he was the Most Enlight-

Flash-light of the Brownstown, Indiana, Crusaders in session at the Christian Church.

A Splendid Example of Masonic and Eastern Star Leadership, "Teaching Youth Fraternity."

ened Grand Luminary, was organized, with headquarters in New York City, and subordinate constellations were organized in different States. By reason of the elaborateness of the ritual work and the expense of necessary paraphernalia, as well as the dramatic talent required to exemplify the degrees properly, none of them were a success, and all soon ceased to exist.

Finding this effort a failure, recourse was again had to conferring the degrees by communication, and in 1860 Brother Morris revised the work and published it, and it was extensively used for ten years, and is still in use, although without lawful authority, in some portions of our country.

This work was sometimes used in a slightly elaborated manner, and in rather informal but regular meetings of what were known as "Families of the Eastern Star."

Second Era, 1866-1876

In 1866 Robert Macoy, subsequently Grand Patron of the Grand Chapter of New York, arranged a manual which was more widely used than any that had

preceded it, and upon his departure for the Holy Land in 1868, Brother Morris transferred to Brother Macoy all the authority he had assumed and exercised in regard to the order. Brother Macoy immediately set about arranging the work more systematically, and succeeded in casting it for use in duly organized chapters in such a manner as to ultimately insure the success of the order. Under his guiding hand the Supreme Grand Chapter, a self-constituted body, was organized in December, 1868, and under its vigorous management deputies were appointed in various parts of the country, and in the next eight years over 600 chapters were organized in thirty-four States and Territories, and movements were inaugurated by chapters so organized which resulted in the organization of Grand Chapters as follows:

1. New Jersey, October 20, 1870.
2. New York, November 3, 1870.
3. Mississippi, December 15, 1870.
4. California, May 9, 1873.
5. Vermont, November 12, 1873.
6. Indiana, May 6, 1874.
7. Connecticut, August 11, 1874.
8. Nebraska, June 22, 1875.
9. Illinois, October 6, 1875.

In 1867, John H. Tatem, of Michigan, taking "the Mosaic Book" as a basis, arranged a monitor for the work of lodges of the Adoptive Rite, which was the first successful attempt to arrange the "work" for popular use by organized bodies, and on October 31, 1867, the Grand Lodge of Adoptive Masonry of Michigan was organized with fifteen subordinate lodges, which is by nearly three years the senior Grand body of the order.

A Grand Lodge of Adoptive Masonry for Indiana was organized by delegates from five lodges on January 27, 1869, but its initial meeting was its only one, and the lodges for the most part ceased to be, while one was absorbed by the Grand Chapter of Indiana, after its organization in 1874.

Third Era, 1876

By this time the order numbered some hundreds of chapters and several thousand members, and began to feel the need of a more thorough organization; that the unauthorized conferring of degrees, a practice that still prevailed in the States outside the jurisdiction of the several Grand Chapters, might be stopped; that permanency in and control of the ritual work might be had, and that the jurisprudence of the order might be reduced to a system. In some of the States the practice prevailed of admitting to chapter meetings all Master Masons, upon a pledge of secrecy, while in most cases they gain admission only by ballot and initiation; in some jurisdictions even the Patron need not to be a member of the chapter but only a contributing member of a Masonic lodge. In another jurisdiction, while the brethren were admitted to full membership, they were without any written law upon the subject, by a "tradition" deprived of the right to vote in the chapter.

Recapitulation

From 1850 to 1855 the order was entirely without organization, the degrees being communicated.

From 1855 to 1860, where there were any organizations, they were known as constellations, which was under the control of a supreme constellation.

From 1860 to 1868 an era of communicating the degrees by Master Masons prevailed.

From 1868 to 1876 chapters were organized and worked under the authority of a Supreme Grand Chapter.

Since 1876 the order (with the exception of those portions of it in New York, Vermont, Connecticut, and, periodically, New Jersey), has been within the jurisdiction of the General Grand Chapter, while the order in Connecticut and New Jersey used the ritual set forth by that body.

Objects and Teachings of the Order

In its inception the object of the order was merely to place in the hands of the female relatives of Masons means whereby they could make themselves known to Masons as such, and every competent Master Mason had authority to communicate the degrees to the wives, the widows, sisters and daughters of Master Masons.

"YOUTH AND FRATERNITY" IN ACTION.

(Left to right) Boy and Girl Scouts in Big Country Life Conference, Brownstown, Indiana, September, 1912. Red Cross Drill before New Albany Presbytery, same occasion. Scouts on Guard at Jackson County Fair, Crothersville, Indiana, 1912. Not a case of disorder the whole day among 5,000 people. Girl Scouts of Crothersville, Indiana, on a Trail Hike. Meeting in Autumn woodland after the Hike.

Subsequently, but at a time difficult to locate, mothers were also included among the eligibles. During its early history, and until its transition state, beginning, say, in 1868 and ending in 1876, the order had no permanency, and was of little real benefit to its members, because it was in the attitude of receiving every-

thing at the hands of the Masonic brotherhood and giving nothing. But when it was realized that with privileges came responsibilities, and the order began to demonstrate the need of its being, and that woman's heart beats responsive to man's in noble deeds, it took on new life and energy, and has since grown not only in numbers, but in real strength.

Heroines of the Order

The first four characters portrayed in the degrees are Scriptural ones:

The first, or "Daughter's" point of the Star, being represented by Jephthah's daughter, to whom the name of Adah is given. The scene is, of course, the return to Mizpeh of Jephthah, after his victory over the children of Ammon, as recorded in Judges 11:34-39. The color of the point is blue, and is represented in the signet of the order by blue violets, while the emblems that adorn the first point are a veil entwining a sword.

The second, or "Widow's" point, is represented by Ruth, and presents the sweet pastoral scene described in Ruth 11:1-17, Ruth gleaning in the fields of Boaz. The color is yellow, and is represented by the yellow jessamine, the emblem being a sheaf of golden grain.

At the third, or "Wife's" point, Esther is represented, risking her crown and life to save her captive people, the picture being a somewhat liberal rendering of the leading incidents described in the Book of Esther, as they relate to the rescuing of the Jews from their impending doom, Haman and the gallows being omitted. This point is white, while the floral token is the white lily, and the emblems are a crown and scepter.

The fourth, or "Sister's" point, presents Martha upon the coming of Jesus to Bethany, after the death of Lazarus, as recorded in St. John 6:20-26. Green is the color selected, the floral type being a bunch of ferns, while a broken column supplies the emblem.

The fifth, or "Mother's" point, is red, and is represented by a red rose, the emblem being a cup. The character portrayed is a purely fictitious one, to which the name of Electa is given; and an attempt was made in the earlier rituals to identify her not only with the "elect lady" of St. John's second Epistle, but to make her an incarnation of the virtues of the early Christian martyrs. In the later rituals she is presented as a type of the many noble women of all ages, who for loyalty to truth have suffered.

In "The Mosaic Book" and other early systems every noble male character, from Jephthah to Gaius, from Boaz to St. John, was represented as a Mason of high degree, and unswerving fidelity to the traditions and principles of their Solomonian heritage.

Ritual

The origin of the ritual—although generally attributed to Brother Robert Morris, to whom all credit for its American production is due—was probably in France or Sweden, about the middle of the eighteenth century, when the present name was given it, and the five characters portrayed in the degrees were first presented for the emulation of Masons and their female relatives. In its earlier years Brother Morris and his co-workers freely claimed the antiquity of the order.

The first ritual published in this country, as far as known, was "The Mosaic Book of the American Adoptive Rite, published under the authority of the Supreme Constellation" in 1855, Robert Morris being "Most Enlightened Grand Luminary," in which it was stated that—

"In selecting some Androgynous degree, extensively known, ancient in date, and ample in scope for the basis of this Rite, the choice falls, without controversy, upon 'The Eastern Star.' For this is a degree familiar to thousands of the most enlightened York Masons and their female relatives; established in this country at least before 1778, and one which popularly bears the palm in point of doctrine and elegance over all others."

And in the official organ of the Supreme Constellation, The Adopted Mason, page 5, No. 1, it is stated that—

"The degree upon which the American Adoptive Rite is built is very ancient, more so by far than any other save the York Rite, and one that carries in its very face the indubitable marks of antiquity. It exhibits all the furrows of age. Its voice, solemn and impressive, comes up like the deep tones of the veteran, who, from the treasures of four-score, enriches the lap of youth."

In 1866 G. W. Brown, of Michigan, published a volume entitled "The Ladies' Friend," which embraced the Eastern Star and several other degrees, arranged so that they might be communicated.

Biographical

First Era—Leading character and founder, Robert Morris.

Second Era—Robert Macoy.

Third Era—Which still abounds with men and women who stand high in the social, moral and intellectual world.

In this era no one is more worthy of mention than Thomas M. Lamb, whose labors with the ritual has left their impress upon that document, and, consequently upon the work of the order for long years to come.

"Gleaned from plain and hill and valley,
Grouped in Mystic-tie,
Maidens read we—gladness, sadness—
Ev'ry tongue have I;
Violet,
Sun-leaf,
Lily white,
Pine eternal—Rose delight.
By that form of innocence,
By that Bud of peace,
By that Word unbroken, spoken,
By that Son of Grace,
Judah's terror—
Emblems five—
Read we Him, and reading, live!"

CHAPTER X

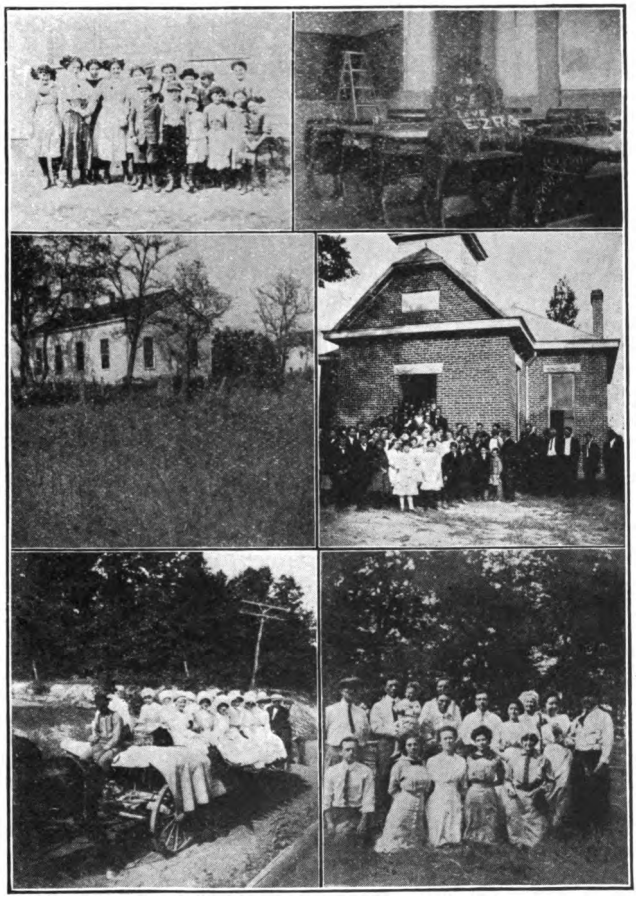
FREEMASONRY AND THE PYTHIAN BROTHERHOOD

* * * *

THERE is no greater need in the fraternal world today than that of information and knowledge concerning the origin and historic mission of each and every established secret order in the land. It is astonishing to us how uninformed on this subject the average fraternity man is. It would be an education in social culture and good citizenship for any man to post himself thoroughly on the purpose and mission of secret orders in America. It was very painful to us in reading the great book on William Morgan by Dr. Morris to note the persistence of the prejudice held by Dr. Morris toward every secret society except that of Freemasonry. He mentions nearly all the standard and long-established fraternities with a certain impatience as though they were each and everyone the product of the Morgan period and "parasites upon Masonry." We are well aware that this prejudice of Dr. Morris against kindred secret societies was due to his supreme love for the Order to which he gave the undivided devotion of his life. But we are unable to justify this prejudice from the standpoint of impartial fraternal history. We are bound to face the facts of evolution in this culture-world of human association.

At the time when Dr. Morris was fighting his battle for uniformity of ritual and degree work with the Grand Lodge of Michigan, the Great Mother of Human

Brotherhood was carrying in her womb one of the latest and noblest children of all time. In the year 1857 a young student school teacher from the State of New York had gone out to the upper Peninsula of Michigan for his health, upon the advice of his family physician. He was engaged to teach school near one of the big copper mines. It was only a mining settlement. The school room was upstairs and the pupils were the children of the miners themselves. The young



YOUTH AND FRATERNITY TEACHING SOCIAL UNITY.

(Left to right) Group of Junior Scouts in Gossman School, near Brownstown, Indiana. Desk of Ezra Robertson, a noble young Junior Scout, drowned in White River March, 1912, decorated by schoolmates.

Old Country Church near Crothersville, Indiana, where Pythian Knighthood and Sisterhood united a whole community in beautiful social fellowship. Big Union Sunday School at "Copper Bottom School House" near Crothersville, Indiana, where Prof. Leonard Gillespie, a Pythian Knight and Freemason, has long demonstrated that Faith and Fraternity may dwell together in unity.

Eastern Star Social Crusaders, Brownstown, Indiana, going to the Summer Annual with Crothersville, July, 1913. Group of Leaders at the Annual Picnic, July, 1913.

teacher had to supplement his salary by clerking for the mine. There was very little companionship in the community; but this young teacher put life and enthusiasm into the young men around him. He himself was only about eighteen years of age. Beside the customary amusements and recreation of the little

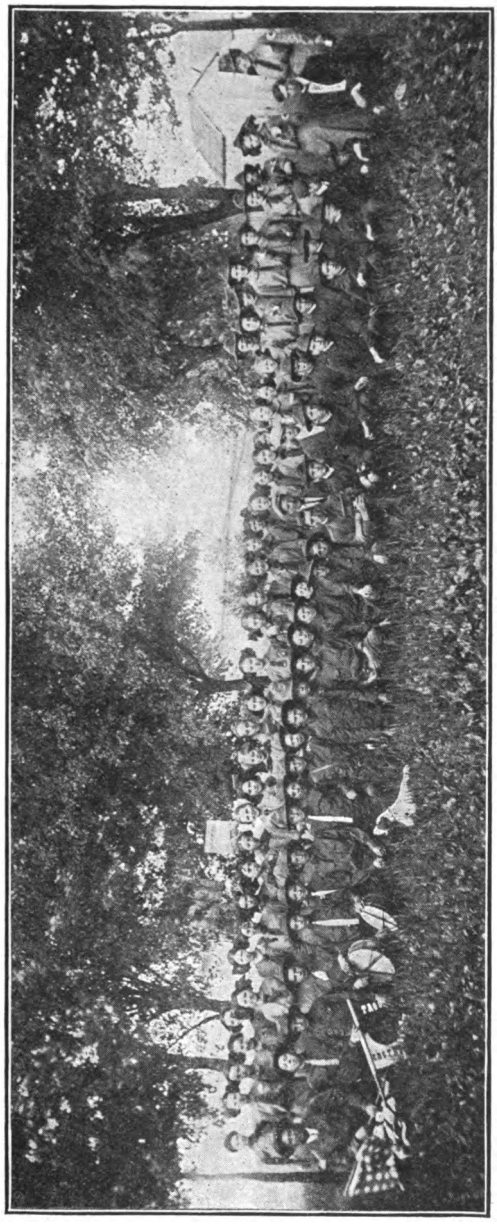
town, which were entirely proper and refined in his circle, they organized a dramatic club to while away the long winter evenings, as he expressed it. A generous citizen of the place permitted them the use of the upper-story of a building owned by him; and it was fitted and furnished with the necessary theatrical scenery and paraphernalia.

Correspondence with a New York publishing house brought to this young school teacher a popular drama by John Banim called "Damon and Pythias." He had witnessed this play several times by prominent actors of that generation; and it was a great favorite with him. He took the play with him to the school house and studied it over very carefully. The idea dawned upon him that this play might be the basis of a noble secret order. He was not at that time a member of any such order himself; nor was he familiar with ritual work or ceremony. Yet within one year after he arrived in that little mining settlement he had worked out the foundation ideal of "The Knights of Pythias." After finishing this famous piece of work he changed schools; and in another little town some nine miles distant connected himself with the first secret society he had ever joined. He was yet too young to become a member of the Masonic Order; but had made every arrangement to do so by the time he was eligible. The death of his father postponed this plan for a brief season. Then the Civil War came on, with the stir and excitement of impending national tragedy.

This young man, Justus H. Rathbone, volunteered his services to the Union and endeavored to enlist in a Michigan Regiment. For some minor reason he and his fellow-volunteers were not accepted, and the death of his father recalled him to the East. He visited his sister at Germantown, Pennsylvania, and at that place accepted an appointment as chief clerk in the U. S. Hospital. While connected with this hospital he was made a Mason. He also joined a Tribe of Red Men in Germantown. It seems that a very intimate companion of his, R. A. Champion, who was also employed at the hospital, went into the Masonic Order and the Red Men with him.

This young man Champion was the second member of the New Order of "The Knights of Pythias." Like young Rathbone, he was too frail to endure the hardships of the battle-field and served in a hospital capacity. He was a young man of high intelligence and noble ideals. The friendship of these two was very intimate. From the Masonic Order and the Red Men they, of course, received a training in ritual and degree work that fitted them for the same work in the Knights of Pythias. The prejudice of Dr. Morris against a man being a member of more than one fraternal order did not obtain with these young men; nor did it seem to prevail at all in the Masonic Order. When young Champion died a few years after the Civil War by reason of his arduous and devoted services to his country, his remains were brought back from Scotland, where he breathed his last, and were buried at Washington City with one of the most imposing and impressive Masonic funerals ever held in the National Capital. The Masonic brethren of Washington paid him the high honor and reverence due to a deceased patriot hero.

We learn that Justus Rathbone became a Royal Arch Mason and studied the higher degrees of fraternity with the sincere purpose of the training in patriotism and good citizenship they afforded. Some five or six years before the outbreak of the Civil War the "Knights of the Golden Circle" had been organized for the perpetuation and extension of the Empire of Slavery. This conspiratory secret order was the type that the "Knights of Pythias" was avowedly organized to oppose. There is a story current that when the "Knights of Pythias" was first organized in the city of Washington it aroused a suspicion and fear that it, too, was a conspiratory society. But this suspicion and fear soon abated when the purpose of the Order was made known. Now we do not mean to intimate that the Masonic Order was not loyal and faithful to the Union in the person of its membership who enlisted under the Stars and Stripes. But the very basis of Freemasonry did not alienate its membership who went with the South. Hence, the organization of the Knights of Pythias was a very natural and inevitable event under the circumstances. Indeed, the historian of this Order very truly says:



PATRIOTISM AND AMERICAN FREEMASONRY.

The Boy and Girl Scouts of Brownstown and Crothersville, Indiana, splendidly drilled and equipped, celebrating the Fourth of July together at the Crothersville High School in 1912. The entire occasion was under Masonic and Eastern Star leadership, organised by the author.

Reconciling Brotherhood

"We do not, as does Masonry, have clustering about our shrine the clinging ivy of centuries' growth, nor is there yet wreathed about our altars the mysterious legends reaching back into dim and misty ages of the long ago. We come with present relief for man's present necessities.

"Amid the stirring scenes, within hearing of the thunders of the artillery and the rattle of musketry of the terrible war that desolated homes, laid waste the once fertile valleys, and filled the entire nation with mourning, from 1861 to 1865, may be found the birthplace and natal day of this Modern Order. When war was holding high carnival, when all the lessons of friendship in the world's history seemed well-nigh forgotten, when men had learned distrust instead of confidence, when avarice held the place of charity and benevolence, then it was that the Order of Knights of Pythias rose, like the Star of the East, and once more proclaimed 'Good will to man!'"

Thus it was the repeated and solemn protestation of the Knights of Pythias that their Order came into being to mitigate the ferocities and remove the animosities of warfare and strife among men; and most worthily did they live up to this noble mission. The Supreme Chancellor emphasized this fact at the meeting of the Grand Lodge in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1868:

"When we reflect for a moment that the Order of 'Knights of Pythias' was organized at the Capital of this great nation in 1864, when the most gigantic civil war the world has ever witnessed, when the nation itself was struggling for its own existence, and the North, South, East and West were engaged in bloody strife—nay, more, when the very persons who then founded the Order were, in feeling and sentiment, nationally, 'as wide apart as the poles,' then it was, and under such trying circumstances, a kind Providence put in their hearts, and has blessed their efforts, to establish a new Order, a co-worker with other benevolent associations for the amelioration of our fellow men."

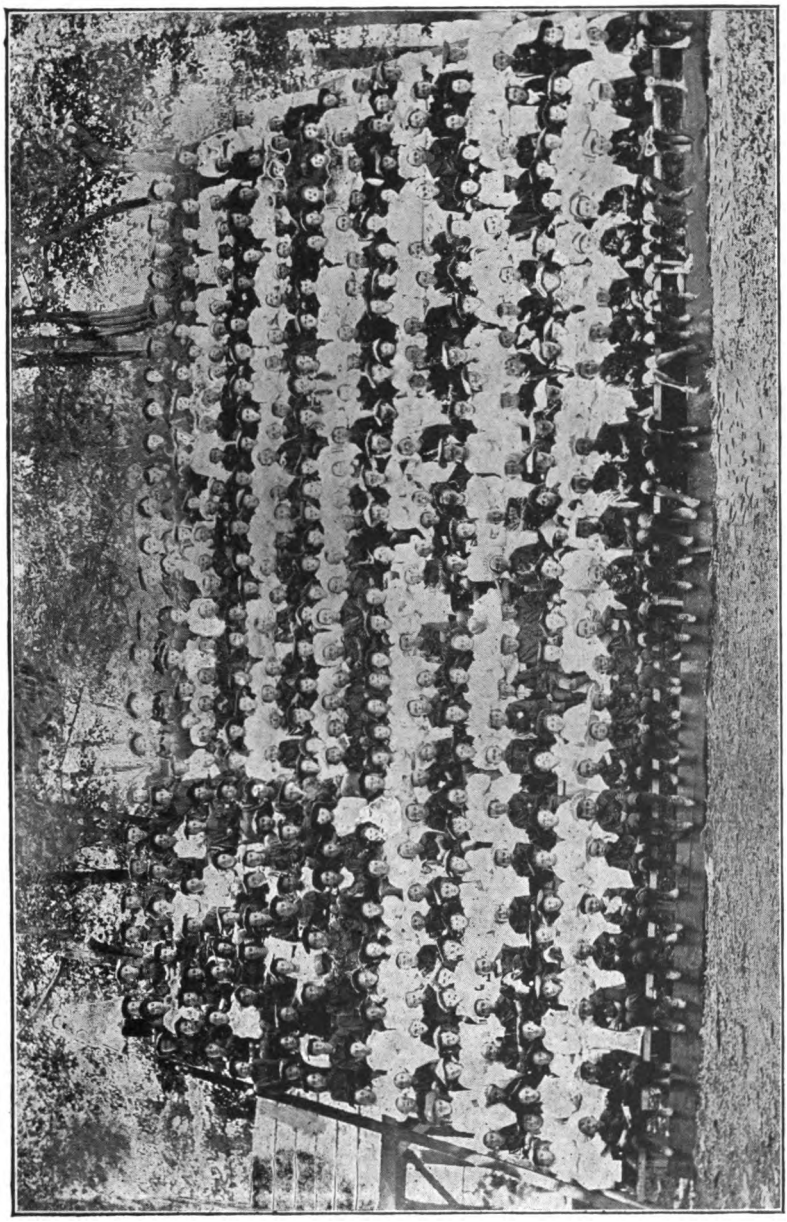
A Pythian poet has consecrated and sung these sentiments in the following beautiful lines:

'Twas a night dark and gloomy,
And the blood of brothers slain
Had our country's altar overflown,
Leaving dread and awful stain.
And a crimson, gory curtain,
Heavy, dripping wet,
Had veiled our nation's temple,
When a few good brothers met.

'Mid the roar of deadly cannon
And the clash of cruel steel,
They planned our beauteous temple
With a grand, heroic zeal;
With a prayer to God in Heaven
In the front of living grace,
There they christened our loved Order
And vouchsafed it to the race.

These sentiments are eminently and nobly human and Masonic. Walt Whitman followed his brother to war and became a nurse whose name lives in undying glory. Clara Barton followed her brother to war with the same result. In the history of the Pythian Order there is a beautiful poem called "A Brother's Hand," celebrating the very soul of fraternity. The author of our national hymn "America" heard the story of the Knights of Pythias and saw their worthy deeds; and so he dedicated to them a hymn of praise. On this common ground of sacrifice and service Masonic and Pythian Knighthood meet together.

Pythian philosophy and symbolism found an inspiring back-ground in Greek History. Bread was the ancient symbol of Brotherhood. It was one sacred element of the Christian Communion. As Dr. Van Dyke expressed it: "I the Bread of Heaven am broken in the Sacrament of Life." Wine was also a symbol of the



PATRIOTISM AND PYTHIAN KNIGHTHOOD.

Love of our Country and Loyalty to her Flag are cardinal principles of Pythian Knighthood. Crothersville, Indiana, is a great Pythian and Masonic town. Here we witness a whole Township of Sunday Schools formed into a National Flag on July 4th, years ago at the Crothersville Fair Grounds by Preston Rider, whose dream of a Community Church was fully realized after his death.

Blood of Brotherhood in ancient Fraternity. It went with the unbroken pledge of Friendship. This was the beginning of a wider human bond than mere blood kinship. The same cult also bound up wounds after washing, with healing herbs. The oaths and covenants signified Peace after War and the Reconciliation of Enemies.

The Stranger-Guest

Then we have the noble legend and tradition of "The Stranger-Guest." Under early kinship in the clan or tribe "stranger" meant enemy. But with the rise of Brotherhood even in Homer's day "stranger" meant "guest." He was welcomed with courtesy. Only the deepest domestic sorrow or trouble could excuse welcoming the stranger. He was not suspicioned or questioned, but was admitted at once to food and drink. He was thus identified with his host and would never betray or be betrayed. He was given the seat of honor at sacrifices and feasts. He was accorded the best that the house afforded and was cherished as a Brother. Even strangers of very lowly condition were treated alike under this ancient and sacred hospitality. This faith in the stranger was wonderful in any age of the world. It had the sanction of the ancient gods. They themselves might be going about upon the earth in disguise, and would certainly avenge a violated hospitality. Such a violation caused the Trojan War.

Here again Masonic tradition meets us on its own ancient and legitimate soil. The Stranger-Guest and the Journeyman Toiler became synonymous. Guest-Friendship had its origin in a developing people of the far past reaching forth to the outside world. The early Greeks reached out after Oriental culture and comforts. Cattle and agriculture, the sea and commerce, opened to them a larger world of human contact and intercourse. They were a people eager to learn. Men were their main books in that primitive time. The Stranger-Guest brought tales of far-away, romantic lands. He was always welcome in isolated communities. Civilization and culture were identified with the intelligent traveler. Here again we find, in our modern day, the noble ideal of Rob Morris realized, when, after his most painful experience in the Conservator Movement, he became a world-traveler and carried out the secret and sacred intent of his heart in contact with and fellowship among Brother Masons and Brother Men in the lands of the Old World and the Orient. He was welcomed and received in the spirit of ancient fraternity; and we to-day proudly and happily cherish these dreams and sentiments, whatever secret order we may belong to.

CHAPTER XI

THE SCARLET MASK

* * * *

THEN the "Knights of the Golden Circle" threatened the very existence of the Union by their activities in the State of Indiana, it aroused every loyal citizen to action. Of course we must take into account the very bitter partisan character of those days and not be warped or prejudiced in our conclusions. The true position is that of impartial history and the course of human progress. Judged by this standard, the "Knights of the Golden Circle" loses its place in any legitimate category of fraternity and must be classed as conspiratory. Let us likewise examine deeply "The Scarlet Mask" Regulators, which avenged the criminal deeds and bandits of that age.

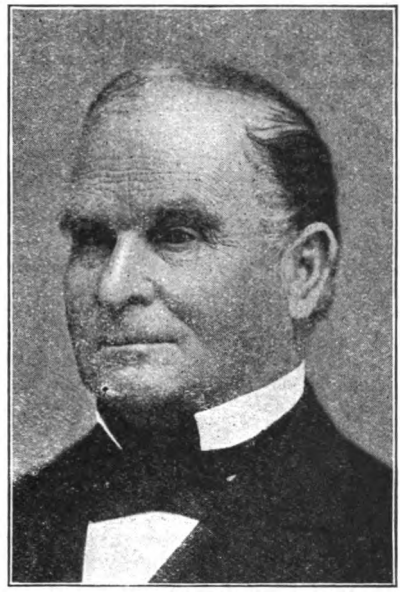
One day at dinner with a group of Masonic officers, Officer Warman of the Reformatory remarked that the real Regulators in the lawless backwoods days of early Indiana history, and during the aftermath of the Civil War, were indirect Masonic forces using the strong arm of a united citizenship to protect person and property in communities where the law itself was weak and ineffectual.

"No man," said he, "could become a real Regulator who was not a citizen of high character. And woe to the man who tried to creep into the Regulators to work his own petty spite or hateful vengeance upon a neighbor. There was a

man of high standing in our little town who was always pointed out to me as a member of the original Regulators. He was past middle life and was a Freemason of supreme influence. His son assisted when I was made a Mason; and then one day the father told me the story of the old lawless days of pioneer times and after the Civil War, when so many roughnecks were abroad to terrify and pillage.

"Lynch law was only used as a last drastic measure when crime and murder had come to a climax. The ordinary course of procedure was to compel the lazy and shiftless, the petty thief and the half-breed, to go to work and support their families, tend their crops, mind their own business, and let other people's things alone or take their choice between a whipping and skipping out for good. A man who planted his crop in the spring, and then let it grow up in weeds while his family stole or starved, was generally brought to taw by the forces of law and order and industry.

"These Regulators were on the side of orderly government at all times. They frequently held public office and worked hand in hand where the arm of law was



Father Gale, Pioneer Presbyterian Sunday School organizer of Southern Indiana who faced mobs of the poor white emigrant class from the South. They were opposed to religious progress and social enlightenment. Father Gale was a Hero of the Backwoods and the Border Period; for, wherever he planted Sunday Schools, day schools speedily followed. Freemasonry was also present as a powerful civilizing factor in the person of Lorenzo Dow, Peter Cartright and other great Pioneer Preachers who faced similar mobs even before Father Gale came.

unable to protect person and property. And where the public officials themselves had become corrupt and unscrupulous and were in tacit alliance with thieves and outlaws and bandits, the Regulators arose spontaneously in every civilized community of Indiana to protect the weak and dependent and to restore the safety and security of person and property. It was so in the old days of Scotch Freemasonry and Regulators. It was so in Colonial times here in America; and it was so wherever iron necessity demanded it. The almost simultaneous elimination of the accursed regime at the Old Prison South in Jeffersonville fifty years ago, and the lynching of the Reno Gang in the New Albany jail, were terrible but concentrated and determined attacks on the same hidden and subtle foe of public

safety, social justice and common humanity inside the walls and out. It was the working out of that same inexorable law of extermination that Uncle John so clearly described."

This Uncle John Wright is the same man and Mason referred to in the chapter on the "Battle of New Castle," who told the story of the Masonic Lodge in camp during the raids of General Kirby Smith. Uncle John knew all about "The Scarlet Mask," that terrible covering of the face worn by the Regulators of Indiana when they took vengeance upon the lawless Guerrillas of the Middle West. At the Old Mount Lebanon Presbyterian church, in Clark County, Indiana, during those awful years of social upheaval, some refugee Negroes, trained to crime in the State of Kentucky, murdered the Park family in cold blood for money that was supposed to be in the house. It seemed that the Negroes were about to escape punishment by law, owing to the peculiarly circumstantial evidence in the case. Then it was that the Regulators arose exactly as in Old Scotland and with a secrecy and terror that no tongue can tell, took the accused men out of the jail at Charlestown and hanged them upon beech limbs in the forest out of town. The leaders and members of this mob were evidently the most law-abiding and peaceful citizens in the community in ordinary times. They wore the "Scarlet Mask," as did the lynchers of the Reno Gang.

As a Presbyterian pastor in Jackson County, Indiana, for nearly ten years, we gathered every item and scrap of information and historic fact about the Reno Brothers, which now lies in manuscript awaiting publication. We chose the "Scarlet Mask" as the title to this work, for it constitutes a classic instance of the subject in hand. Likewise, while pastor in Clark County, Indiana, at the old Mount Lebanon church, we collected every bit of data concerning this terrible tragedy and notable case of popular vengeance exercised in secret.

Thus in both the North and South "The Scarlet Mask" has appeared when the arm of the law seemed paralyzed and helpless. However much we may be tempted to justify such extreme measures in unusual cases, let us be very careful not to confound "Regulators" and "Vigilance Committees" with Freemasonry. In this connection we desire to most solemnly repeat the injunction of Grand Master Fred Acker, of Kentucky, to his Masonic Brethren regarding—

The Ku Klux Klan:

"As Grand Master of Kentucky, and speaking the sentiment I trust, of over 66,000 good men and true, who are taught in the first degree of Masonry not to countenance disloyalty or rebellion, but to be quiet and peaceable citizens in the community in which they live; therefore at this time, when there is so much lawlessness, crime, robbery and murder, we should stand behind the legally constituted and elected officers of the Nation, State and Municipality, in seeing that law and order prevail.

"Any man or body of men, who presume to take the law in their own hands is considered by law a mob, and therefore subject themselves for prosecution by the laws of the land; and any Mason who is connected in any manner whatever in such unlawful practice is violating the principles of the great order of Masonry, and should, if known, be dealt with by having the severest penalty known to Masonry inflicted upon him or them.

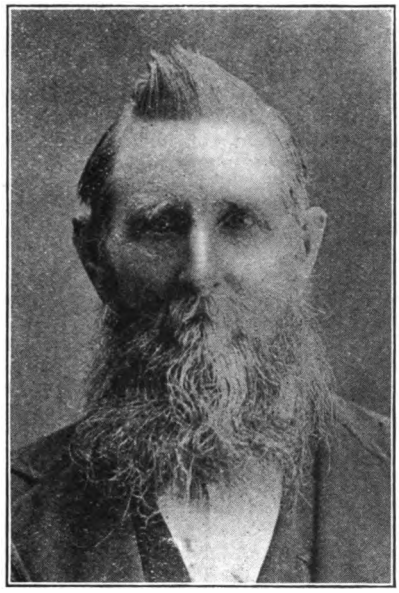
"The daily press, not only in our own beloved State but of several other States, carry big head-lines of activities of the Ku Klux Klan, even giving account of battles with officers of the law whose sworn duty it is to see that the laws are enforced, as well as defying the same officers who are trying to prevent their parades and meeting.

"Most of their activities are under cover of darkness, which proves to you and me that their cause is not just; neither would they be if in broad daylight; the implied reason for darkness is possibly so that its followers may be less likely to be recognized.

"It is hoped that none of our members will participate in any unlawful gathering that will cause any blot upon their name or bring reproach upon this great order. Their numbers are quoted as approximately 700,000, certainly a small number of citizens to presume themselves above the law of country and State."

"Vengeance Is Mine"

Tradition says that the Refugee Negroes who murdered the Park family at Mount Lebanon, in Clark County, Indiana, in 1871, were hog-thieves and cattle-stealers down on the Bardstown Road below Louisville some years before the Civil War. The master who owned them was himself a bandit in this business of stock-thievery and these Negroes acted as they were told. The stock men who brought hogs and sheep and cattle up the Bardstown Road to the Louisville market finally got together and hanged this old slave-master and put his severed head on the outer gate as an object of terror to his class and kind. The Negroes cleared the country, only to meet a similar fate at the hands of "The Scarlet Mask."



Father Kirk, Heroic Presbyterian Elder, who as a youth of twenty years, faced the poor white mobs with Father Gale, and planted the old Mt. Lebanon Church in Clark County, Indiana. Father Kirk was later a silent but heroic character when "The Scarlet Mask" arose to avenge the murder of the Park family in 1871. He became a yet more heroic figure in the Grangers and Farmers Alliance, in "Teaching Farmers Fraternity." The author knew him and loved him like a father indeed and buried him at old Mt. Lebanon Church. The Country Life Movement of Indiana was launched there in 1911.

In the old Mount Lebanon neighborhood years before the Civil War, Father Gale, a Presbyterian Sunday-school organizer, gathered the children of the community into a school on Sunday. Father Kirk, a Presbyterian elder, was then a boy in his teens. The poor whites of the community hated churches and schools of the middle class type. They resolved to break up this Sunday-school by force; so one Sunday they assembled to march on it and do the work. John Kirk headed the Sunday-school and marched out to meet them, bravely singing the songs of Zion. The mob fell back and dispersed. We have but this to add: The following of John Reno, as well as his own father, came from a class of uneducated, but shrewd and dishonest border type of folks. John Reno said that he hated the

sight of a book. "The Scarlet Mask" might exterminate this type of people; but the church and school and lodge are better agencies to elevate and save the common people.

A Would-Be Pirate Who Became President

Stanley Hall says that many children would be better and not worse by reading bandit tales and stories of adventure at a certain age when the imagination is vigorous and healthy and thus satisfy the same without the youth being led astray. There is in all of us this love of the unusual and exciting. We crave the expression of a hidden desire within ourselves that perhaps we would not confess to the world. Every boy has played that he was an Indian, a pirate and a robber. These imaginings become unhealthy and criminal in the cases of arrested development, where boys still live in a world of adventure, chance, and irresponsible action.

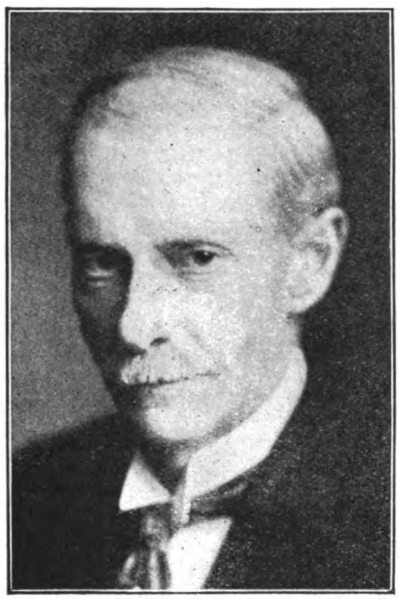
A great Italian, Zarnadelli, reconstructed the laws of his country to do justice to immature and unmoral youth. And Stanley Hall tells us of Rollet of Paris, who appeared every morning in the courts to plead the cases of delinquent boys and girls, some 20 to 30 and 8 to 10 of each, who were arrested daily. Stanley Hall reminds us that if a boy and girl changed clothes and places in life, it would make a lot of difference. Virtue is more uniform and monotonous than sin. There is only one right way of living and doing, whereas there are many wrong ways. It is said that every keeper of souls should have the father-mother instinct and well understand that with all the evil tendencies of youth there are many noble instincts.

Take the case of James A. Garfield. When he was a small boy he learned about the crest and coat of arms belonging to his ancestors. They carried a cross and sword and signified great heroism and devotion to an ideal. This, however, did not at first impress the boy as it did later in life. His imagination was nourished on Indian tradition and American history. He took part in the pioneer frolics of long ago in early Ohio, so vividly described by Edward Eggleston in "The Circuit Rider." The apple-parings, corn-huskings, kissing the pretty girl with the red ear, and many other jolly diversions filled his heart with mirth and gladness, romance and sentiment.

Garfield worked on the farm as a boy and used tools till he became at least a hatchet and saw carpenter. He attended the winter term back-woods school and heard his mother read the Bible stories at night by the fireside. His military heroes were Napoleon and Francis Marion. His biographer devotes an entire chapter to "The Pirate's Own Book." This book of adventure tales of sea-life made Garfield want to become a jolly rover and a privateer. It is said that "Books of Adventure," "Tales of Daring," "Lives of Freebooters," seemed to fascinate his mind the most. The reason was the air of wild freedom, the nonchalance and absence of care with which pirates were supposed to live. This boy had a love of adventure equal to any youth who ever went to sea. There was no sea near at hand and he went to Cleveland on the shore of Lake Erie and tried for a job before the mast. He was cursed and driven away by the swearing captain. So he became a tow-path boy along the Erie Canal instead of a sailor. He stuck it out until malaria and chills drove him home. But even this bitter experience did not soak out of him his passion for piracy.

As we look into the soul of this typical boy of the American border long ago, we find that as yet no special appeal had been made to his religious or social nature. He heard the doctrinal disputes between sectarians and the spoutings of the political stumpers; but none of this took root in his nature at all. His only presumable path to distinction lay in the wild career of the sea. While he was down sick of chills and fever, at the age of 17, there came to the district school a young seminary student by the name of Samuel D. Bates. This young man made the acquaintance of Garfield and got him under the spell of ambition to acquire an education. When Garfield got on his feet he went away to Chester, Ohio, to the Seminary and paid his way through the winter course by doing odd jobs as a carpenter. He found there a new world of books and a sweet young girl's face among the pupils which was destined to become his star of the heart.

When Garfield came back home he tramped the country looking for a school to teach. He was turned down everywhere because he was so young. But at last he found a school out on the hills in the back-woods where the rowdies had licked the teacher and driven him out two winters in succession. Young Jim took the school and encountered the bully. He licked him, although the bully tried to brain young Jim with a stick of wood. This class of back-woods boys were exactly like the John Reno crowd at Seymour, Indiana. Jim Garfield had the respect of his pupils after he licked the bully. He invented all sorts of schemes to interest the children. He joined in the out-door games and sports of the big boys. He laughed and teased the girls with great good nature. He read aloud and told stories round the fireside to the parents at night just as the Hoosier School Master did about the same time out in Indiana. Thus step by step he unfolded from his passion for piracy into his dream and ambition to become a



DR. J. N. HURTY

Famous Health Commissioner of Indiana for 25 years. A devoted Freemason and follower of Rob Morris who aided the author in organizing and training the Social Crusaders. He gave the author the beautiful version of the Legend of Hygiea in the Ritual work. Dr. Hurty's father was a Social Crusader in Southern Indiana with Father Gale and Father Kirk and spent a fortune fighting for free schools and social progress till the battle was won.

teacher and leader of men in worthy and noble ways of life. It would be interesting to mention and trace the contact and inspiration of his ideals, incarnate among those who taught him until his graduation from college. But the purpose of our story is accomplished when we have pointed out the evolution of this wonderful boy into a real, live, and chivalrous man.

Garfield and the "Christmas Lady"

We have often stood by the graves of the young bandits who followed John Reno and his brothers in Old Jackson County, Indiana. These boys were average young back-woodsmen and village rowdies such as listened to the rude songs and

jests of William Morgan at Batavia, New York. If it were true that Morgan was murdered, as the Anti-Masons assert, the only thing proved would be that "The Scarlet Mask" asserted itself in a border town a century ago when William Morgan violated all the obligations of a man and Mason. This entire chapter is intended to prove beyond all question that "The Scarlet Mask" is not the normal and Masonic method of eliminating undesirable citizens. Neither is it the best way to rid the community of bad boys. The Hoosier School Master, Clara Barton, and James A. Garfield, who was the Buckeye School Master, had a much better way of working with young rowdies. Garfield was an amazing success with his pupils. He had a friendly and fatherly manner about him that won the heart of a boy or girl instantly. He was a great reader, and someone has said that he was the best posted American President since Jefferson and Madison. He stood side by side with Clara Barton in her dream of the International Red Cross. If this story could be told here it would thrill our hearts. Yet we witness in it the same masterly spirit of Freemasonry controlling the passions and hatreds and animosities of men and nations.

We wish to mention here again with peculiar emphasis the fact that Clara Barton's father, a Royal Arch Mason, urged her to go into the Civil War wearing the badge of the Heroines of Jericho. This was the early Eastern Star degree for the wives and daughters, the mothers and sisters of Royal Arch Masons. Heckethorn, the English writer, asserts that the Heroines of Jericho were organized by the murderers of William Morgan to conceal the crime amongst the women of Masonic families. We leave it to the impartial decision of every American man and woman whether or not the father of Clara Barton would advise his daughter to join such a conspiratory society? We would mention also that the color that most influenced Clara Barton as a symbol was red. The color of this degree of Adoptive Masonry was a scarlet sash or badge, which Rob Morris said the ladies of New York State and the Middle West were very proud of. This red color remained the ideal of Clara Barton. With her it did not signify carnage and bloodshed; but it meant the blood of martyrdom and human brotherhood. Our Social Crusader Ritual and Degree work taught these wonderful lessons to the young people growing up in the same county and towns where the Reno Bandits flourished half a century ago.

One of the Pageant Degrees of our fraternity work among the young people was "The New Covenanters," which celebrated the planting of the Scotch-Irish community in America. Young Andrew Jackson and his mother were the hero and heroine of this production. James A. Garfield, when an infant in arms, lost his beloved father by pneumonia after fighting a forest fire to protect his cabin home and crops in Ohio. This tragedy was the same as that in the life of Andrew Jackson when his father died in the forest.

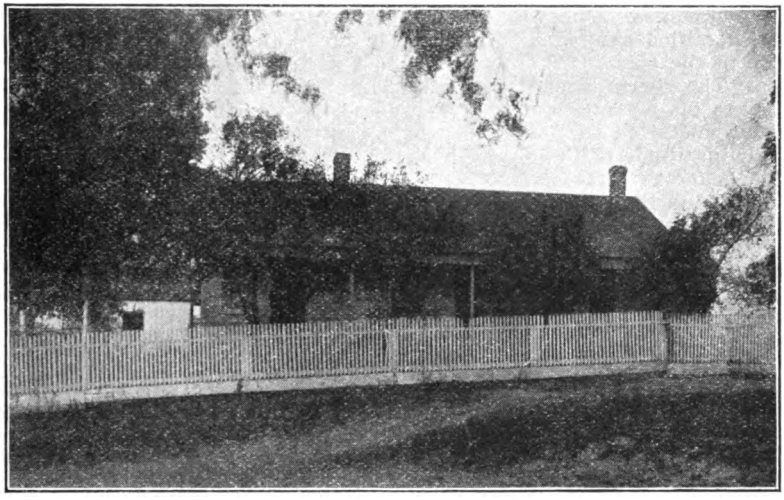
Garfield and Guiteau.

The monument to the memory of William Morgan was dedicated by the Anti-Masons at Batavia, New York, in September, 1882. Rob Morris was present. A little over a year previous to this, Charles Jules Guiteau, a man about forty years of age, descended from French people, conceived in this free land of ours the purpose and plot to avenge himself on President Garfield for not appointing him to the consulship at Marseilles. The President was a deep reader of character. He saw that this man was not well balanced. Guiteau was about five feet, five inches in height. Had a sandy complexion, was slender and weighed about one hundred and twenty-five pounds. He wore a mustache and thin beard, turning gray. His cheeks were sunken and his eyes were widely separated and sullen. He was a very restless individual. He was a man of bright mind and possessed the peculiar traits of those fanatics who oppose Freemasonry. Indeed, his father, who was a highly respected citizen of Freeport, Illinois, had become partially deranged on the subject of those religious doctrines which characterize the sincere enemies of the Masonic Order. The son Charles Guiteau was himself a devotee of these same doctrines. Mixed up in the brain of father and son were "Dreams of Millennialism" and vague imaginings that they were divinely commissioned to reform human society and to announce the Day of

Judgment. These singular vagaries distinguished the fanatics of the middle ages who so strenuously opposed secret orders of all sorts; and in Charles Jules Guiteau they became intermingled with his own personal disappointment and pique at not receiving the foreign office he craved at the hands of President Garfield. So this demented assassin justified himself in the dastardly murder of one of the greatest and noblest of American Freemasons. The moral is that it is no more just and fair to hold the Masonic Order at large responsible for the Morgan incident than it would be to hold all Anti-Masons responsible for the murder of President Garfield because Guiteau, the assassin and anarchist, held views and beliefs peculiar to the Anti-Masonic following.

The Rise of Youth and Fraternity.

While Rob Morris was writing his book on William Morgan a general religious and social movement among young people was taking place in Old New England again. The Christian Endeavor had sprung up in the little Congregational Church of the Rev. Francis E. Clark and rapidly spread to all parts of the country. This movement really had its origin in "The Church of the Best Licks,"



The Old Park Home, Clark County, Indiana, where nearly the whole family were murdered with an ax by Refugee Negroes in December, 1871. The Negroes were shortly lynched at Charlestown by the "Scarlet Mask." A famous and tragic incident of Indiana History.

in the back-woods of Indiana, where Bud Means and "The Hoosier School Master" struck hands in comradeship and brotherhood. Mr. Eggleston pastored "The Church of Christian Endeavor" some years later in Brooklyn, New York, and gave the name over to Rev. Mr. Clark for his new society of young people. Mr. Eggleston and Dr. Morris were very warm friends in Sunday-school work and social uplift. Other societies and church brotherhoods came into being in New England between the years 1880 and 1890. These were the years that Dr. Morris studied most closely the possibility of impersonating and reproducing the ideals of Freemasonry and the Eastern Star in every Masonic community. During the last years of his life he traveled much and gave numerous evenings with the Brotherhood and Sisterhood of Freemasonry in this work. Perhaps we shall give details of this in connection with his story as Masonic Poet Laureate.

Just after the death of Dr. Morris the social movement and fraternal organizations for boys and youth, that so filled the period between 1890 and 1900, appeared all over the country. In those pregnant years the teachings and life-

time toil of Rob Morris and Clara Barton began to bear fruit. Even in the town of Seymour, in Old Jackson County, Indiana, such an organization for boys appeared. The influence of Freemasonry on all these juvenile societies can be seen in the beautiful ritual work and the vows assumed. In one of the most prominent and successful types of fraternity for boys mentioned by Stanley Hall, he tells us that a bright young boy got the whole idea indirectly from his older brother, who was a Freemason with a keen appreciation of the needs of youth. "Boyville" and the work of Thomas Mott Osborne were profoundly of Masonic origin.

CHAPTER XII

ANOTHER OF THE FAITHFUL

* * * *

NEAR the little town of LaGrange, Ky., in the old days lived a small farmer who raised turkeys for the New Orleans market. He was away with his Thanksgiving and Christmas drove. A note fell due. The sheriff came to collect by sale of his personal property. The sale was in progress. The wife and daughter sat in the house weeping. A tall, slender, dignified gentleman directly rode up to the door yard. He asked the occasion of the sale. It was explained to him. He commanded the sale to stop at once. The sheriff paused, puzzled. The gentleman asked the amount of the claim, gave his personal note for it, ordered the horses on sale returned to the barn, and comforted the wife and daughter who never forgot him to their dying day. The gratitude of the absent husband and father may well be imagined.

The generous stranger was James Stapleton Crutchfield, one of the most distinguished of the old-time Kentuckians in that community. He was a Virginian by descent, a self-made young man and the first sheriff of his county, appointed by the Governor in 1823, and holding the office eight years. Yet such was his humanity that he could not bear to execute a prisoner. He once gave a bystander $20 to act as deputy in his place for such a gruesome task when a man was to be hanged.

Another time there was a poor negro woman slave imprisoned on the charge of having poisoned her husband who seems to have died suddenly and mysteriously. The woman was condemned to die also, and her piteous moans moved Mr. Crutchfield so deeply that he began to doubt her case. An examination of the prisoner by the matron showed marks of brutal treatment on the poor woman's body. She broke down and protested her innocence to the matron and sheriff. He knew the character of the overseer on the farm from which she had been brought, and was strongly persuaded in his own mind that the negro husband had come to his end at the hands of the criminal overseer himself.

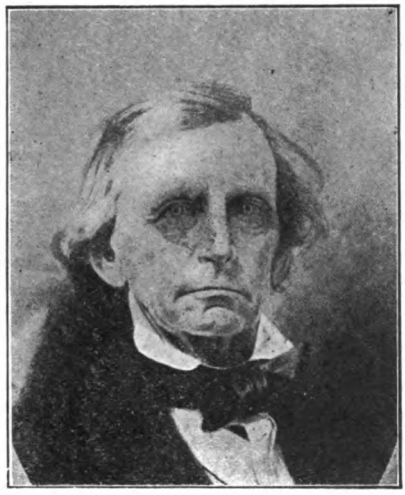
It was hardly possible to recall the miscarriage of justice now, since the trial was over and the woman was to die on the gallows. The confession was evidently extorted from her or forced upon her by the lash of the overseer to shield himself. No slave could have a life sentence then, as death or the Southern field was the penalty.

But Mr. Crutchfield saddled his speediest horse, rode to Frankfort, saw the Governor, put the case before him and was soon back in LaGrange with a pardon for the poor woman. He was a Henry Clay emancipationist anyhow and his compassion for the negro toilers was proverbial. He was defeated upon that very issue as a candidate for delegate from his county—Oldham—to the constitutional convention of 1850, where the last attempt was made to abolish slavery by peaceful legislation, as Father David Rice, the grand old Presbyterian pioneer, had counseled and urged fifty years before as a member of the first constitutional convention, but was defeated also. Nevertheless, as a member of the Legislature, Mr. Crutchfield's voice was ever raised in behalf of freedom and humanity

There was a rough element in the community at times. The old Meade camp meeting sometimes had trouble with rowdies. One day there were three fellows from Charlestown, Indiana, who came over on horseback by way of the river ferry.

They went to the meeting to raise a disturbance, being just enough in liquor to fire them up to some devilment. The guards of the meeting were on watch to arrest the rowdies and caught two of them. The third on horseback rode out beside the guard as if to have a race, then suddenly put spurs to his horse, dashed away through Goshen clear down to Harmony Landing and caught the ferry just as it was leaving. He made good his escape, but some time after two Oldham county men coming from Charlestown saw his fleet animal and made an open remark that his was the horse that got away. It was the work of the home, the school and the church to civilize these rough elements in community life.

The Masonic Lodge came in as a powerful social and fraternal factor. The old lodges at Brownsboro and Goshen have left a noble tradition after them. Freemasonry honored and elevated manhood in a truly admirable way. There was the late Marion Chamberlain, for fifty years an honest and faithful old blacksmith known throughout the county, and he was a typical Freemason all his life. In a word, the Masonic Lodge honored the workingman the same as it did the merchant and landlord.



JAMES STAPLETON CRUTCHFIELD

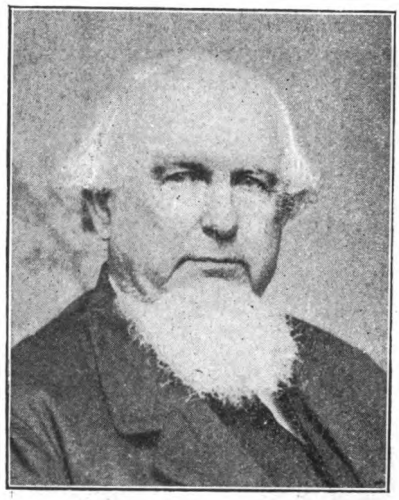
"Another of the Faithful." A noble Masonic friend of Bob Morris in the older generation.

But whenever one speaks of Freemasonry in Oldham he thinks of James Stapleton Crutchfield. Recent research has given us new material on the life of this remarkable man. He was born in 1800 on the old Crutchfield mill farm near Goshen, where his ancestors settled when they first came to this section. He lost his father when about ten years of age and had to depend upon his own efforts throughout life. He had only two years at a little log school in winter and was self-educated after that. He spent a while with his relative, Thomas Barbour, of Westport, and then was with the Duerson family, near Goshen. Later, for several years, he managed the big farm of General Zachary Taylor, his cousin, near Louisville, while the general was away in Florida fighting the Indians in the wars of long ago. This gave him a chance to get into the confidence and friendship of "Old Rough and Ready," who was a great influence in yourg Crutchfield's life.

When General Taylor was elected President there was a gentleman in Louisville who was very anxious to secure the place of postmaster. He got Mr. Crutchfield to speak for him, and Mr. Crutchfield went with General Taylor to Cincinnati

on the boat going to Washington for the purpose of the interview. The general said he would appoint the man, but that it would give his family extravagant notions and break him up, which it did to a certainty, just as the shrewd old general well knew.

Mr. Crutchfield was an absolutely fearless man as sheriff of the county. Out in the Patten Creek hills there lived a desperate character with the reputation of bluffing every officer of the law who ever tackled him. He said he would shoot a sheriff or deputy at sight. Mr. Crutchfield was sheriff eight years, and one morning rode out to make a levy on the man. The backwoodsman came to the fence with his rifle in his hand. The sheriff dismounted, threw his bridle rein over a rail, stepped over the fence, advancing to meet the man with clear, fearless eyes. "Now," said he, "I am here to serve notice on you! If you will act with sense I can help you; but if you resist there will be trouble!" The man gave in, and afterward became the best friend the sheriff had in the community.



REV. B. H. McCOWN

First great teacher of the Masonic Academy at Goshen. A finished scholar, a devoted pastor and afterwards founder of "The Kentucky Military Institute." Teacher of the author's mother, he also consecrated us to the ministry in very early childhood.

Mr. Crutchfield was an expert river man. He spent some time in Louisiana aboard a boat in Red River, where his brother had interests. He was a good pilot, taking his brother's place when he died and selling the boat for his estate years afterward. Whenever Mr. Crutchfield went to Louisville he would go up into the pilot house and take his place at the wheel. He would ride all day as sheriff and then ship cord wood from his farm to Louisville. There was a wood-chopper working for him who was a giant. He was seven feet tall, used a seven-pound ax and could cut seven cords of wood per day. His great passion was liquor. One day he came to the farm house crazy drunk and wanted to kill the family with his ax. The whites and negroes were all in terror. Fortunately, Mr. Crutchfield was at hand. He went out in the back yard where the big Goliath was, ready to kill the first person in sight. Calling to a negro teamster, Mr. Crutchfield said, "Get the ox team and log chain and drag this drunken demon to the Ohio River! Be quick about it!" The big fellow staggered off in a hurry and was seen no more.

Mr. Crutchfield had a remarkable mind and memory. He purchased all the hogs of the community for shipment to the pork houses of Louisville. One day he weighed a lot of hogs for a farmer while Owen Magruder kept the weights. One hog had to be weighed at a time. The job was almost done when Mr. Crutchfield said: "Owen, let me call off the weight of each hog to see if you have that column of figures correct." They were right, and Mr. Crutchfield made the calculations all mentally. He had such a strong mind that everybody said if he had been a professional man he would have stood at the head of his calling. He was a great lover of human nature and Robert Burns' poems, which he knew by heart. He posted himself in law and was the peacemaker and friend of man from LaGrange to Louisville. He never let an act of charity or justice pass undone. He was a Freemason in heart and life, and knew the ritual work of the lodge beautifully. He became a member of the Goshen Presbyterian Church in the last years of his life and died mourned by as large a circle of frinds and grateful people as ever followed a citizen of Oldham County to the tomb. He and Rob Morris were as influential in the LaGrange Masonic circles of early days before the civil war as any on the records of old Fortitude Lodge, where Mr. Crutchfield first belonged and did some of his greatest work as a Freemason.

Aunt Martha Eubank and Mr. Crutchfield.

Not far from the residence of Mr. Crutchfield, near Goshen, Kentucky, stands a little cottage where Mrs. Eubank taught school in 1854. This was the beginning of her great social work in Oldham county with Mr. Crutchfield. She was a relative of his through the Taylors. Then, again, she was a first cousin of Mr. Crutchfield's closest friend, Jefferson Woolfolk, of Goshen, whose home after his death was opened to the reception of many a motherless boy and girl who attended the Masonic Academy at Goshen while it was under the direction of Dr. A. S. Newton and Mrs. Eubank. This home of Jefferson Woolfolk's widow, Mrs. Adaline Woolfolk, deserves to go down in Masonic History as the forerunner of the Masonic Home in Louisville. The residence of Mrs. Eubank in Goshen was likewise full of students, young girls, some of them from the best families, and some of them the beneficiaries of Aunt Martha's generous assistance. In all this work James Stapleton Crutchfield was a tower of strength.

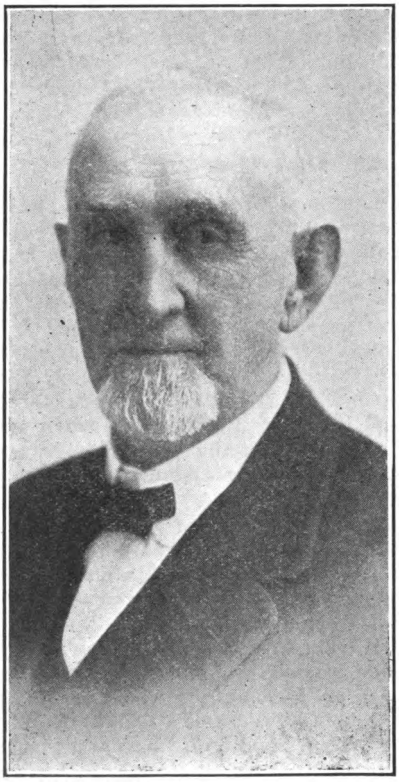
Not only was Mr. Crutchfield a close and life-long friend of Rob Morris, but Albert Crutchfield, the eldest son of this noble Freemason, lived as neighbor and friend to Dr. Morris in LaGrange for many years. Mr. Albert Crutchfield was very active in the old Pythagoras Lodge at Goshen. He took a prominent part in organizing the "Sons of Temperance," with his father and the elder Dr. Bondurant and other leading Masons at Goshen in the fifties. After the Civil War he was very active in organizing the "Grangers," that great reconciling and fraternal movement among the farmers of America, set on foot by a Freemason in the Agriculture Department at Washington. Mr. Albert Crutchfield's daughter, Julia, knew Dr. Morris at LaGrange in her lovely young girlhood and took part in some of the most beautiful and typical Masonic pageant work on St. John's Day in the open Court House yard. Dr. Morris had beautiful badges of this occasion made, and Miss Julia, who is now Mrs. Busey Snowden, of Goshen, cherishes these memories and this badge as among the most sacred of her life.

CHAPTER XIII

"THE KENTUCKY SQUIRE"

* * * *

THE Nail Keg Club" is the center of interest and social life in every village of America that has not fallen into decay. Here among the farmers assembled we see Good Fellowship and Fraternity at their best. The village of Goshen, Kentucky, where our boyhood and youth were so happily spent, possessed a Masonic Magistrate who combined in himself the soul of these. He lived for twenty-five yēars at our old home and birthplace, the Woolfolk farm.



ALONZO G. TAYLOR
"The Kentucky Squire."

MRS. SALLIE TAYLOR
Wife of "The Kentucky Squire."

Alonzo G. Taylor, late beloved magistrate of Oldham county, and widely known as "The Kentucky Squire," was born in Jefferson county in the year 1834. He was a descendant of the famous old Taylor clan, of which Zachary Taylor himself was head and chief.

Alonzo lost his father, Pendleton Taylor, when he was but three years old, and in early youth he most fortunately came under the faithful and affectionate care of his near relative, Stapleton Crutchfield, who had a mighty big heart for fatherless and motherless children. It was from "Uncle Stapleton" that Alonzo Taylor learned those principles of justice and humanity which, mingled with his

own exhaustless good sense and good humor, afterward so characterized and distinguished him in the magisterial office. The ancient Elders of Israel and the noted Squires of English history were not more devoted to the public good; and as a man and a Freemason Squire Taylor stood in the front rank.

In December, 1860, he was most happily married to Sarah E. Mayo, of Newport, Ky., one of the finest types of womanhood in the history of Oldham. She exercised a wonderful influence over her devoted husband; and they two in their long residence in the Goshen neighborhood, and as members of old Shiloh Church, left a memory that will never be forgotten.

The following homely but heartfelt poem, written and published by the author in 1903 when Squire Taylor was at the height of his active service and popularity, made him a local celebrity and drew attention to him throughout the country.

"The Old Kentucky Home" of Squire A. G. Taylor and his good wife.

One writer said he ranked worthily with the Vicar of Wakefield and other favorite figures in Goldsmith's poems. The latter part of the poem was written when Squire Taylor and his good wife celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary in December, 1910. It was a most happy event in his career and hers.

Squire Taylor died at LaGrange in 1912, mourned by a host of friends and neighbors throughout the county. He was youthful and unimpaired in his powers to the last. Mrs. Taylor still lived in LaGrange, possessed of the same youthful, active spirit in every good word and work, incarnating still to the growing generation the golden days of "The Old Kentucky Home." She died in Louisville, May 9, 1918. She and her good husband were devoted friends of Rob Morris at LaGrange.

THE KENTUCKY SQUIRE.

The Nail Keg Club holds daily meetings,
Up at the Goshen store,
Where farmers "gas" and exchange greetings
When summer work is o'er.
The good old Squire, whose head is level,
He occupies the chair;
And when the members raise the devil,
He warns them to beware.
He loves the weed we call tobacco,
And chews a whopping quid;
But that is like your true Corn-cracker;
He learns it when a kid.

The Nail Keg Club are mostly chewers,
Who munch and meditate
Like milk-cows, for the weed secures
Composure of the pate;
And doubtless many a day's discussion
Of crops and politics
Would end in rackets truly Russian,
And interchange of licks,
Were not the weed among the members
So very freely used.
It smothers out wrath's smouldering embers,
And calms one when abused.

The Squire is cool, with mein commanding;
His dictum clean and clear;
In any crowd he would have standing,
In any court have ear.
His stalwart, six-foot figure towers
Above the rest like Saul's;
And, self-possessed, his mental powers
Respond when danger calls.
He can be fair without offending;
His law is common sense;
And many a matter that needs mending
He rights at small expense.

If courts were all so constituted;
Were judges all so just,
No national treasury would be looted;
No business man would "bust."
A summer hat-brim, broad, umbrageous,
Adorns his lofty brow;
And his haw-haw is so contagious
'Twould even quell a row.
It does one good to see him coming
In sickness or in health;
For sad hearts soon some tune are humming;
His words are more than wealth.

He has a smile for melancholy,
An open purse for want;
A wise reproof for youthful folly,
An apt reply to taunt.
At seventy-five he is as tender
A lover to his wife
As when she was a maiden slender
Just blooming into life.
A cheerful faith whate'er befalls him;
No truer man e'er trod
Kentucky's soil, and hence she calls him
A noble work of God.

He's not alone a kindly neighbor
And model magistrate;
For in the Church his silent labor
Can harmonize and mate
The most discordant, wordy members,
Who fuss and fall from grace.
In hot Julys and cold Decembers
He's always in his place;
And like the dew on goodly Hermon,
Descending from above,
His deeds excel both song and sermon;
This man of Law and Love.

Kentucky's name throughout the nation
Hath been Egyptian dark
With sanguine feud and agitation
Of folks upon a lark;
But be it known that there are others
Of manlier make and mould;
Yea, goodly sires and saintly mothers
With Bibles as of old;
Whose children 'round the family altar
Assemble still for prayer;
Who love Kentucky and exhalt her,
Be fortune foul or fair.

The blessed little Land of Goshen
Still loves her noble Squire,
Whose fame like Lot's amid commotion
Would save her from the fire;
Who, though he hath no son nor daughter
To cheer his latter days,
Hath Goshen's heart, for he hath taught her
To walk life's higher ways;
'Round whose ideal of God and Duty,
Of Righteousness and Truth,
Beam human love and moral beauty
That crown his years with youth.

The hand of Life hath long withholden
The signs of age from him,
And at his goodly Wedding Golden
His eye will not be dim.
His Lady dear, still fair and youthful,
Will grace the festive scene,
Smiling a welcome sweet and truthful
His jovial chat between.
O happy pair, may Nightfall find you
Still hand in hand though late,
With Love's bright watch-star to remind you
How near is Heaven's gate!

* * * * * *

Old Country Store and Post Office at Goshen, Kentucky, where "The Nail Keg Club" held its sessions and where "The Kentucky Squire" reigned supreme. The upstairs hall was where the Grangers were organized fifty years ago, and where the local farmers have learned Fraternity's great national lesson in each generation.

CHAPTER XIV

TEACHING FARMERS FRATERNITY

* * * *

THE Masonic Order takes no part whatever in political or religious activities. Yet some of the greatest social movements in American history have sprung directly from the Masonic influence of human betterment. Among these great movements following the Civil War in this country, none was greater than "The Grangers," which was the most popular name for "The Patrons of Husbandry." Official records tell us that this organization sprang up out of the heart of O. H. Kelley, a Freemason, who, like Justus Rathbone, the founder of the "Knights of Pythias," was in the employ of the National Government.

Mr. Kelley was sent down South in the year 1866 to inspect and make a detailed report on the ruined agricultural conditions of that war-torn section after the great struggle. The heart of this good man and Mason was moved within him at the wretchedness and misery, the despair and backwardness that he found among the farming class and the poor in Dixie Land. He reported that he considered some form of organization the first step toward improving this sad state of affairs and securing the much-needed legislation to better the lot of the farmers and land-workers. Thus it came about that in December, 1867, the National Grangers or "Patrons of Husbandry" were set on foot.

"The Patrons of Husbandry."

Only farmers were admitted to membership; but very shortly afterward the wives and daughters, and sisters and mothers were taken into this new order very much as they were in the Eastern Star. The operation and principles of the Grangers were Masonic in structure and statement. The local groups were called Granges; and each State had its own State Grange. Four degrees were given in the local Granges; one degree in the State Grange, and two in the National. These were called "Pomona," "Flora" and "Ceres." The Granger Movement began slowly at first; but by the year 1872 it started out with remarkable enthusiasm and ten thousand Granges were organized. By the year 1875 its membership was a million and a half and the organization was scattered throughout the entire Union, covering every State and Territory. This movement, following immediately after the organization of the "Knights of Pythias," did wonders in eliminating and healing the wounds of war. Thus again the great Masonic Law of Brotherly Love asserted itself after national conflict. The Grangers fulfilled their historic mission as the years went on. We have not the one special sketch of the founder at hand; but have given the facts of its Masonic origin as accurately as we can recall from memory.

"The Farmers Alliance."

The Farmers Alliance Movement among the agricultural masses of America sprang up about twenty years after the Grangers. This, too, was inspired by the spirit of Freemasonry. Its ideals and covenants were based on the same great Beatitudes of Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth that have permeated the entire fabric of our social and national life. About ten years ago, through the initiation of Geo. A. Cullen and Dr. Spillman co-operating with agricultural leaders at Binghampton, New York, the Farm Bureau sprang up in this country and spread abroad with the same vigorous purpose and enthusiastic devotion that had characterized its famous predecessors. "The Grange unites men instead of dividing them," said the old "Patrons of Husbandry." Dr. Warren H. Wilson, the great Presbyterian expert on "The Church of The Open Country," says in regard to the unifying effect of the Grange:

"This federating influence is exerted by the Grange. This order, which is nominally secret, but really an open fraternal order of the country people, is so

unlike a lodge that it is generally not found in those communities in which lodges are numerous. The Grange unites men instead of dividing them. Like other orders it has its weaknesses and tends to fall into disrepair; but at its best the Grange has a unifying power in the country community. Especially in the community in which religious people cannot come to agreement in religious matters the Grange infuses a spirit of union among them, through the discussion of every day interests and the fine social pleasures which it furnishes."

"The Farm Bureau."

Dr. Wilson pointed out "the lack of economic co-operation" as the greatest weakness of the Grange. The Farm Bureau has arisen to correct and cover this weakness and to co-ordinate and unify every agricultural interest and organization in America. The Farm Bureau is made up of men and women who live in the country and who own homes there. They are people who desire to improve the methods of cultivating the soil and to establish better community ideals.

ARTHUR R. RULE

The author's brother, born, cradled and reared in the atmosphere of the Old Masonic Community of Goshen, Kentucky, and now giving his entire life and time to "Teaching Farmers Fraternity."

The prosperity and welfare, together with the neighborly interest and happiness of every individual, constitute the concern of the membership. The Farm Bureau is not a secret society nor a fraternal association in the accepted meaning of those terms. But it has the same big motives back of it that has brought together all the historic fraternities of this country for united action in any national emergency. The self-interest and individualism of the farmer can only be overcome by a religious and fraternal impulse. Perhaps it is necessary to appeal to and touch his economic interest; but no bodies or classes of men can attain to freedom and democracy in a country like ours without the spirit of fraternity. Indeed, the circular of the Department of Agriculture, quoted by a writer on Rural Sociology distinctly states:

"At the outset acknowledgment should be made of the excellent work already accomplished by many farmers' organizations. Thousands of co-operative agri-

cultural associations, farmers' clubs, granges, equities, gleaners and other secret and non-secret organizations, are working together successfully for the betterment of rural conditions. The county farm bureau aims to co-ordinate and correlate the work of all these organizations, thereby unifying and strengthening the work they are doing. It does not supplant or compete with any existing organization, but establishes a bureau through which all may increase their usefulness through more direct contact with each other and with State and National institutions without in any way surrendering their individuality. It is a non-political, non-sectarian organization representing the whole farming population: men, women and children, and as such it acts as a clearing-house for every association interested in work with rural people."

"The Co-Operative Movement In Agriculture."

It is just as necessary to teach the selfish and conflicting economic and class interests of America to meet on the level and part on the square as it is to teach the children of a household to have regard for each other and not pull hair and scratch faces. In the midst of our present civilization Fraternity appears in many forms. She comes to curb passion and subdue prejudice. It is her mission to teach men once more that they are brothers. If this lesson does not enter into the life of the growing boy and girl, what sort of citizenship will the future possess? Freemasonry has carried the human race through some of the most perilous experiences in all history. The restoration of community life and the recovery of our lost social happiness in the open country is one of the greatest and most urgent tasks now before the fraternities of America.

The co-operative movement, now recognized as one of the greatest forces economic and social in America, is but the practical application of Brotherhood in Business.

The author's brother, Arthur R. Rule, has given more than twenty years of his life to the study and mastery of the principles of co-operative organization in agriculture. The influences of early training and the environment of community life in the Old Goshen Neighborhood had much to do with directing his life work into the service of that class of people with whom his interests and natural sympathies are so closely bound.

In the period of ten years he organized and built a national non-speculative sales service organization for the use of co-operatively organized farmers. In the development of this work he disconnected himself from speculative interests as a natural move in order to be consistent in his chosen field always to work for the farmer and not have conflicting interests as a buyer.

This organization, the North American Fruit Exchange, the largest of its kind in the perishable industry, has recently joined its forces with the American Farm Bureau Federation in more effectively serving the co-operative farmers of America. The Federation numbers one million, five hundred thousand farmers in its membership.

Federated Fruit Growers is the name under which these united co-operative forces operate and Arthur Rule was chosen as the directing head.

Widespread news and editorial press comment have indicated the significance of the step in approaching a sounder economic fraternity and brotherhood among the agricultural classes. In an editorial the New York Times makes the following observation:

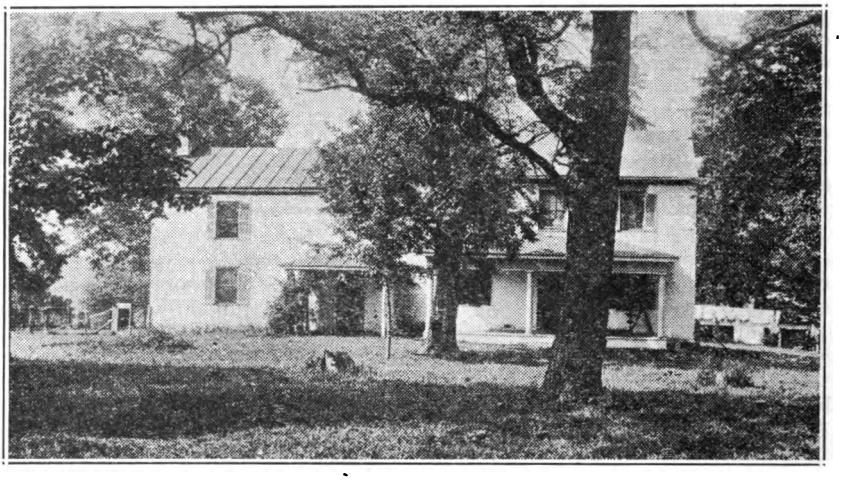
"Co-Operating Marketing."

"Arrangements have just been completed for what President Howard of the American Farm Bureau Federation proclaims to be one of the greatest steps yet taken in the development of co-operative marketing and in the elimination of waste between the producer and consumer. Mr. Arthur R. Rule, General Manager of the Federated Fruit Growers, hails this consummation as marking the begin-

ning of a new day for American fruit growers. It is to be hoped that consumers will have the same cause for rejoicing when this new plan goes into effect next January.

"There has been in successful existence for ten years or more a nation-wide non-speculative sales agency for the distribution of fruit and vegetable products, known as the North American Fruit Exchange. Plans have lately been under way from within this mutualized organization to make it a growers' co-operative enterprise, but the American Farm Bureau Federation, approaching the need of better facilities for marketing from the producer's side, has made an alliance with this sales agency, so that there will be, in effect, as a result of this organic co-operation in the distribution of perishables, a grower-owned and a grower-controlled organization reaching from the farm or garden or orchard to every part of the nation—an organization whose service will be open to all members of the American Farm Bureau Federation.

"Congress has enacted legislation sanctioning such co-operative association on the part of the farmers, and many States, including New York, have given it specific encouragement. The President of the United States has in public address



THE OLD WOOLFOLK—RULE HOMESTEAD, Goshen, Kentucky, now owned by the author's brother, Arthur R. Rule. This old homestead is consecrated with many noble Masonic traditions and ideals.

called attention to the need of co-operative marketing, and the Secretary of Agriculture has put it foremost among the recommendations which he has been making, not only for the benefit of the farmer but also of the great consuming public. The consolidation of bureaus in his department undoubtedly looks towards a closer relationship between producing and marketing. The extension of this co-operation should not only assure the farmer a greater share of what comes ultimately from the consumer, but also as low a price to the consumer as is fair to the farmer.

"The grievance of the consumer at present is aggravated by the feeling that the farmer does not get as much as he should of what the consumer is obliged to pay in his local market, though this may be but a short distance from the garden or the farm. Mr. Thomas A. Edison's proposals, which have been provoked by these conditions, would have no support if farmers' co-operation in marketing of their perishable products were to become actually nation-wide, as the American Farm Bureau Federation now plans."

And so it has come about that Teaching Fraternity to the Farmers of America is a service in which inspiration to ideals is closely linked with practical economic benefit to the farmers themselves.

Masonic Origin of the Granger Movement.

"The Granger Movement," by Solon Justus Buck, a standard and distinguished authority on the great subject of "Farmers and Fraternity," was awarded a literary prize and published by the Harvard University Press, in 1913. This coveted volume, now in hand, contains the confirmatory facts we were seeking in regard to how Freemasonry indirectly inspired "The Grangers" or "Patrons of Husbandry," just as it had "The Knights of Pythias," only three years before.

The author tells us that up to the time of the Civil War no movement or organization of agricultural groups had taken place except that of the gentlemen farmers at the North and the planters at the South. But Oliver Hudson Kelley, a government clerk, like Justus Rathbone, conceived a great Brotherhood of American Farmers on a scale and with a vision that rivalled the noble dream of Pythian Knighthood. This man Kelley, like Rob Morris, Justus Rathbone, and so many other fraternal leaders and organizers in American history, was a scion of New England, who was a young farmer in Minnesota during the struggle between the States. It was in 1864 that he found employment in the Agricultural Department at Washington, and in 1866 that his vision of a Farmer's Fraternity came to him:

"On his trip through the South, which lasted three months, Kelley was struck by the lack of progressive spirit among the agricultural classes. A Mason, and appreciative of the benefits of fraternity, he came to the conclusion that a national secret order of farmers was needed for the furthering of the industrial reconstruction of the South and the advancement of the agricultural class throughout the country. On returning, Kelley went to Boston, where he discussed the idea with his niece, Miss Carrie Hall, to whom is given the credit of first suggesting the admission of women to full membership in the order."

The period of preparation followed immediately. After one summer of meditation and study on his Minnesota farm, "Father Kelley," as he was long and affectionately known to the Grangers, resumed work as a government employee and began to write the ritual in company with W. M. Ireland, a fellow clerk. William Saunders, another clerk, joined in the work and bore to the farmers of the Middle West the first plans and circular of organization: "This circular set forth the deficiencies of existing agricultural societies and county fairs, and proposed the establishment of a secret order of farmers, modeled on the Masonic order, with the usual equipment of degrees, signs, and pass words, the object being to advance agriculture and bind the farmers together. Women were to be admitted to the order with separate degrees and the dues were to be as low as one dollar for each degree."

The trip of Saunders was encouraging in its results; and Father Kelley gathered his "Mother Grange" group together in Washington, like Justus Rathbone before him, and drilled them to a finish in the ritual and degree work. The subordinate degrees for men were called Laborer, Cultivator, Harvester and Husbandman; and those for women were Maid, Shepherdess, Gleaner and Matron. It would be extremely interesting and inspiring to follow Father Kelley and his associate Grangers in the early and heroic struggles of this great fraternal movement; but we must content ourselves with the statement that Father Kelley made Fraternity a reality to the Farmers of America for all time to come.

CHAPTER XV

THE WAY TO WONDERLAND

* * * *

ONE of the most perplexing problems that presented itself to the Chaplain in his work was how to teach morals and ethics to fallen youth within the walls, and to their younger brothers in the outside world. In seeking a solution to this trying problem the Chaplain chanced to meet an old Masonic friend, Uncle Billy Threlkeld, who told the secret of training youth by showing them "The Way to Wonderland."

Ten or fifteen years ago in Old Kentucky there was an amiable and kind-hearted farmer, known far and wide as Uncle Billy. He rented out his place and moved to the city to make a home for his sons while they were becoming established in the world. This good old man had spent all his life among upright and hospitable neighbors. He was a just man, who feared God and regarded his fellows as brothers. He believed with childlike simplicity that right always prevailed over wrong in the course of human events.

But when he came in contact with the ways of the world and sojourned for a season in the atmosphere of toil and struggle, greed and gain, he began to lose somewhat of his former childlike faith. He had always thought that the righteous prospered and that the wicked went to the wall. But this belief was not upheld by the facts about him every day. He saw the success and power of the unscrupulous in business and affairs, while an old-timer like himself was but little regarded.

Even in the church where he worshipped, men and women of property were more welcome than the humble poor. He again wondered as he saw the children of the ignorant running wild and going to ruin. It seemed to him that they must be so predestined. Yet he puzzled his mind not a little to unravel this strange riddle of Providence.

At length his good heart came to the rescue, and he made an attempt to save a dozen or more of these street urchins by teaching them in a mission Sunday-school class. They were very disorderly and boisterous, and shocked the old man with a boxing bout in the class itself.

"Now, now, boys!" he would say. "Enough of that! Don't you know it is wicked to cut up in Sunday-school? This is the Lord's house, and bad boys mustn't desecrate the Sabbath by such rudeness. Don't you know it is wicked to fight?"

The urchins stared at him for a moment with a quizzical look, and then the leader of the bunch replied without the slightest compunction of conscience, "I likes to fight!" forthwith giving his neighbor a resounding thump in the ribs.

"There, there, now!" cried Uncle Billy, in utter despair, assuredly convinced that high and low, rich and poor, were all alike headed the downward way.

He went home ready to throw up the job of training the juvenile mind in morals. But he was a thoughtful man, and it had been the rule of his life to give satisfaction in service. He never abandoned a task without pleasing a patron or customer, and he said to himself that it wouldn't be treating the Lord right to turn his back on a half-finished task.

He went to his little store of books and was seen pondering a volume of fables and allegories. He was surprised at the effect upon his own imagination, for he had always regarded fiction and fable as close akin to a lie; and it took no little struggle with conscience to bring him around to the story method. Yet the Bible stories took hold of him with irresistible power, and he was convinced in spite of conscience.

The next Sunday morning he faced his dwindling class of street Arabs with the resolve of a man determined to play his last card. The boys themselves were expectant with mischief, and he surprised them by beginning: "Once upon a time."

The Temple of Fate.

"Once upon a time there was a man, the husband of the old woman who lived in a shoe; and they had so many children they didn't know what to do. They

had always been poor, and he could stand it no longer, so he started on a long journey to the Temple of Fate to find out what his fortune might be.

"Traveling along a sandy road he came to a deep, wide river, where he saw a crocodile swimming in the water. The crocodile was groaning with a terrible inward pain. The man asked the crocodile how he could cross the river, and the crocodile made a motion for the man to get on his back. As the crocodile was taking the man across he inquired of the man as to his name and where he was going.

"'I am the husband of the old woman who lived in the shoe, and we have so many children we know not what to do; so I am on my way to the Temple of Fate to find out what my fortune may be.'

"'Indeed!'" answered the crocodile, 'and will you please ask my fortune also? I have suffered now for a long time with this inward pain, until I fear I shall die.'

"By this time the man dismounted on the opposite bank and went his way, with the promise to ask the fate of the crocodile.

"While yet only half way on his journey, and longing for some shelter from the heat of the day, he came upon a clump of palm trees, where a lion lay groaning, with human bones all around him. The man was frightened at first, but made bold to ask the lion if he might rest awhile, and what the distance was to the Temple of Fate.

"The lion moved uneasily, but gave him permission to rest and the necessary directions for his journey. The lion, too, inquired who he was and the reason of his pilgrimage to the famous Temple of Fate. He received the same reply as the crocodile.

"'I am the husband of the old woman who lived in the shoe, and we have so many children we know not what to do; and I am on my way to the Temple of Fate to find out what my fortune may be.'

"The lion thereupon, with a groan, said to him: 'Good sir, I have suffered these many days with a huge thorn in my paw, which is now festered and sore, so that I cannot get about to satisfy my hunger. Will you not inquire my fortune also at the Temple of Fate?' This the man readily promised, and went on his way.

"Nearing the end of his journey, he saw a camel crouched by the side of the road, with huge bags on his back. It seemed that the poor camel could not lift himself up under the burden. The man approached him with eager questions as to the Temple of Fate.

"The camel regarded him deliberately, and asked: 'Who are you and what is your business at the Temple of Fate?' To which the man replied: 'I am the husband of the old woman who lived in the shoe, and we have so many children we know not what to do; and I am on my way to the Temple of Fate to find what my fortune may be.'

"The camel gave him the necessary directions, and the man turned away without a word of sympathy for the burdened beast. As he hastened away the ladened animal asked with a pitiful bleat: 'Will you not inquire my fate also, good sir? I am about to die under this grievous load, which no man will help me lift.' 'I will, sir,' he answered the traveler, as he hastened on.

"Reaching the Temple of Fate at last, he knocked at the portal and was admitted by the priest. The good priest gave him water to bathe and food to eat. Thereupon the man said to the priest: 'I am the husband of the old woman who lived in the shoe, and we have so many children we know not what to do; and I have come to the Temple of Fate to inquire what my fortune may be.'

"The priest asked what he saw on his pilgrimage, and the man related the incident of the crocodile, the lion and the camel.

"'Did you relieve the crocodile, the lion and the camel?' asked the priest.

"'No,' answered the traveler with chagrin.

"'Return, then, on your homeward journey,' commanded the priest, 'and as you discharge these neglected duties of service to the suffering, your fate will be revealed to you.'

"Crestfallen and humbled, the traveler early on the morrow pursued his homeward way. Coming upon the camel, he unbound the burden and lifted his load. In the twinkling of an eye golden treasure fell from the heavy sacks and the

camel said: 'Oh, husband of the old woman who lives in the shoe, and hath so many children you know not what to do, take of this golden treasure a goodly share!'

"In due season he arrived at the palm tree and gently removed the thorn from the lion's foot. Immediately the bones around changed into jewels rare, and the lion said: 'Oh, husband of the old woman who lives in the shoe, and hath so many children you know not what to do, fill your purse with these priceless jewels!'

"Overjoyed, the man speedily resumed his journey and came where the crocodile lay groaning by the bank of the river. Gathering some herbs that grew near the water's edge, he gave them to the crocodile, whose pain was at onc relieved, and who cast out of his throat pearls of rarest price. Then said the crocodile: 'Oh, husband of the old woman who lives in the shoe, and hath so many children that you know not what to do, take as many of these rare pearls as you wish!'

JOSEPH S. COTTER

The famous colored Poet-Teacher of Louisville, Kentucky, who originated "The Story Hour" for school children and children of the streets in the Free Public Libraries of America. His mother was a servant at "The Old Kentucky Home," Bardstown, and gave to her son his poetic genius and vision. He has also won wide recognition by showing what the spirit and principle of fraternity have done to eliminate crime among his race by teaching them unity, harmony and humanity in every enterprise and step of progress. Jesus taught by parables and Lincoln by stories, says Joseph S. Cotter: and this is "The Way to Wonderland". "Uncle Billy" discovered the secret.

"Coming now in sight of his home, the old shoe, in which they had dwelt so long, he was surprised and pleased to see that it had changed to a large and beautiful mansion. His wife and children met him with happy smiles. The treasures which he had brought home were sufficient for their needs to the end of a long and peaceful life.

"Thus the husband of the old woman who lived in the shoe, and had so many children they didn't know what to do, learned that, 'As ye do unto others, so shall it be done unto you.'"

The Enchanted Purse.

Uncle Billy was so surprised and delighted at the impression created by his story of the Temple of Fate that he resolved to hold the interest of his young

"mud-turtles," as he called them, with a similar story each succeeding Sunday. He was very anxious to teach these wild and untrained urchins the same industry and honesty that had characterized him from his youth up. The good old man had to watch himself constantly to keep from preaching and moralizing. The moment he dropped from the free air of imagination to the earth of fact and precept the kids became so restless that the class was at once in a panic or an uproar. So Uncle Billy stuck to his magic method, and the youngsters listened with open-mouthed wonder to the story of "The Enchanted Purse."

"Once upon a time, in a little town, there lived two brothers. The name of the elder was Levy, and of the younger, Joseph. Levy was a shrewd and cunning young man, who avoided work with his hands whenever he could. He was tall and slim, and had black, beady eyes, that looked at you with the suspicion of a snake. Levy became a merchant and trader. His weights were short and his bargains close. Gradually he got together enough money to give him position and power in his native town.

"You can well see that Levy was not a favorite among his old friends and neighbors. Nearly everybody with whom he had dealings could have told you how he cheated or wronged them in some manner or other. But Levy had become so covetous and avaricious that he did not care what his fellow-men thought of him. Even when he went to the Temple to worship, he prayed to the Lord to prosper him, and flattered himself that his constant increase in wealth, at the expense even of the widow and the orphan, whom he oppressed, was a positive proof of divine favor.

"One day, when Levy was at his devotions, an angel appeared unto him in shining white with a gleaming sword in his right hand. Levy was frightened at first, until the angel told him to ask what he would desire above all other things. Levy answered without hesitation that he would like to be the wealthiest man in all the surrounding country. The angel thereupon handed him the Enchanted Purse, saying: 'Take this purse, which contains one piece of gold. As often as you take out the piece of gold but do not spend it, another will come in its place. Thus in time you will become wealthy and powerful, so long as you do not spend the magic gold.'

"Levy seized the Enchanted Purse with such eagerness that he forgot to thank the angel for it. The angel immediately disappeared. Levy carried his treasure home with him, and was so anxious to put his good fortune to the test that he even forgot to eat his dinner. Locking himself in an upper room and sitting down upon the floor, he opened the Enchanted Purse and took from it the shining coin. Instantly another shining coin appeared in its place, and Levy continued to take out and pile up the money as rapidly as possible.

"His wife called him repeatedly to dinner, but he did not answer. The afternoon wore away, and to her anxious knocking he only answered gruffly that he wanted to be left alone. The poor wife went down to supper without her husband, and the hours of evening passed on into midnight; but still he did not appear. She wept herself to sleep, and when the morning dawned the door to Levy's room was still locked and barred.

"Another day wore wearily away, and still the distracted wife could not gain entrance to her husband's chamber. To her cries and entreaties that he partake of food and drink, he only answered in surly tones, commanding her to keep quiet and disturb him no more.

"After a few days the wife became so desperate that she sent for Joseph, the younger brother, who came to the house of Levy in great alarm. The weeping wife led him to the door of the fatal chamber, and between her sobs told what had happened to her husband. Unable to get any response to their loud knocks and earnest calls, Joseph and the wife went upon the roof and removed the tiles.

"Peering down into the room, the frightened wife and brother beheld Levy gaunt and ghastly, going through the motions of removing the shining coin from the Enchanted Purse and piling the coveted treasure all around him. To the bewitched imagination of the miserly Levy, it seemed that the room was filled with stacks and heaps of golden coin, while to the sad and sober eyes of the wife and brother no such priceless treasures were visible. Only the wretched figure

of the now insane and gibbering Levy met their gaze; and to their pitiful appeals he turned his face upward with snarls of defiance, thinking they were robbers, who had come to steal his gold. Working himself into a perfect frenzy over the thought of losing his money, he died upon the spot.

"Hastily descending from the roof with the sorrowing wife, Joseph procured some tools and forced the door of Levy's chamber. There upon the floor beside the dead body of the miser lay a cheap and worthless purse. Picking it up, Joseph asked the weeping wife whose purse it was. She answered that she did not know. While Joseph was still wondering what part this purse had played in the last hours of the ill-fated Levy, an angel in dazzling white with a gleaming sword suddenly stood before them.

"Overcome with terror, the wife and brother shrank back, but the angel, with kind words, reassured them. He explained to them the cause of Levy's mysterious death. The Enchanted Purse was bestowed as a seeming gift of Heaven, but was in reality a curse visited upon the covetous and miserly man, who cheated and defrauded his neighbors and friends, who oppressed the fatherless and the widow, and who imagined himself the favored of the Lord, when in truth he was the servant and slave of the Devil.

"Scarcely had the angel ceased speaking when the Devil himself appeared to claim the soul and body of the victim whom he had ensnared with the lure of fool's gold.

"Being called by the sorrowing wife to administer the large estate of his deceased brother, Joseph, who was a just man, immediately set about to repair the frauds and make restitution for the wrongs committed upon the innocent and helpless by the avaricious Levy. Having always lived a life of honest toil as a carpenter, Joseph knew well enough the hardships of the poor and dependent. By his acts of kindness and mercy the name of Joseph became in time a household word in all the Eastern Land."

CHAPTER XVI

"JUST A LITTLE START"

* * * *

UNCLE BILLY was thinking of the "little street Arab mud turtles" whom he had taught so faithfully in the mission Sunday School and how well some of them had gotten along in life through his encouragement.

"It is wonderful," said he to the Chaplain, "what can be made of a common boy or girl with just a little start—a word of kindness, a chance to make their way, an opportunity. I was in Rob Morris' old town last week visiting a Masonic friend. He was a life-long friend of the great Masonic poet. He is now a merchant in the little town and a member of Old Fortitude Lodge.

"This friend of mine years ago worked in a big book concern in the city and was making something like $200 a month. He was happily married, with a growing family about him. The best schools and churches were at his door, and he looked forward to a life of success and prosperity which would place his children in the path of advancement and culture.

"But Providence had decreed that the life of my friend should not lie in this atmosphere of privilege and self-complacency. Indeed, to him, as to all of us, there came the test of a sudden reversion of fortune. One day when he was feeling badly he went to his physician and was told that if he did not at once give up his splendid business position and retire to the quiet open air of the country he could expect in a short time to be carried out to his burial.

"This tragic intelligence was a grievous shock to my friend's whole moral nature. For the space of two or three weeks he underwent a crisis that few men pass through and retain their faith in the goodness of God and the worth of

human life. But he was both a Christian and a Freemason by profession, and the reality of his religion and philosophy was now subjected to the severest analysis of fate and misfortune.

"Without a murmuring word toward God or his fellowmen, my friend submitted to the decree of Providence and purchased for himself a little farm down among the hills of Central Kentucky, where his nearest neighbors were the ignorant and backward natives who eked out a miserable existence by raising a little corn and tobacco. The schools of the community were so few and far between that they were a mere farce; and the churches were so dominated by superstition and sectarianism that the neighbors were in a constant wrangle with one another. There was no Masonic lodge in the country round to teach the truth of tolerance and brotherly love. In fact, you could hardly imagine a man and his family more isolated in the midst of a civilized locality.

"Here again was the supreme test of my friend's character as a believer in God and a servant of his fellowmen. What did he do? He first made his home the center of attraction in every social way. By his sound common sense and unfailing kindness he gradually won the confidence of the men round about, while his good wife, with her sweet motherly spirit, drew to her heart and hearth the wives and daughters of the country-side.

"In the early fall he mingled amongst the people and persuaded them to try once more the experiment of a public school which they had hitherto laughed to scorn. By dint of gentle and good-humored reasoning he brought them to see a few of the advantages of giving their children a better start in life than they themselves had enjoyed. He pointed out with irresistible wisdom the difference between the ignorant man and woman and the enlightened fathers and mothers of the world.

"His choice of a teacher for the school was the greatest hit of all. He did not import a modernish, self-superior pedagogue with all the airs and handicaps of academic training, but picked from the county a man with a sufficient education to teach the school acceptably, and at the same time to exemplify those practical virtues in which the community stood in such sad need. This teacher himself, like my friend, and so many other parents in that vicinity, had a large family of boys and girls to bring up and educate. You may be sure, therefore, that the work done in that school room was thorough and sincere.

"The school being firmly established, my friend next tactfully penetrated the thicket and jungle of religious wrangling and ill-will fostered and engendered by the narrow and almost heathenish denominationalism prevailing. He listened with more than Job-like patience to the petty opinions and bickerings of these sect-enslaved sheep without a shepherd. He slowly breathed into their dead souls the vital vision of divine charity and brotherly love.

"At this happy juncture, as I recollect, Rob Morris visited the community at the solicitation of my friend and delivered the glorious message of Freemasonry. As a result the altar of Fraternity was erected there for all the after years. My friend by this time had regained his health and even saved from his little farm a modest competence for his family. Irresistibly drawn by the ties of the heart toward Rob Morris, my friend now removed to the little town where the great Masonic poet lived. There my friend became a merchant and entered into close fellowship with the chosen spirits that have given to Old Fortitude Lodge a name and tradition throughout the nation.

"Years passed by. One day an attractive and pleasing stranger dropped into the store of my friend in the famous little Masonic town. Approaching my friend, the merchant addressed him thus:

"'Good sir, you do not know me; but I know you well. You remember the little community far down in the hills of Central Kentucky where you came years ago with your family and established a real culture and neighborliness in home, school, church and lodge? My father was the teacher you selected for the school. I was one of the little barefoot urchins who swung his heels under the rough, wood benches and plodded my way up the difficult path to education and success. I went out into the world from that little backward place carrying with me the spirit and purpose which you yourself imparted to every capable and promising

boy and girl from the very humblest and commonest parentage and homes. I have established myself as a physician and have won wealth and honor amongst my fellowmen. I have sought you out, good sir, to thank you a thousand times for the opportunity you gave me through my father. It was Just a Little Start on the Road of Life, but oh, how much that means to the lonely and friendless boy and girl everywhere.'"

The Legend of Bengali.

Uncle Billy sat in the store of his good merchant friend in the old Masonic town. Neighbors and acquaintances dropped in, one after another, to make purchases or pass the time of day. For one and all the good merchant had a greeting and a smile. Uncle Billy enjoyed this happy companionship immensely. Soon a deeply interested group gathered round him as he related the story of Bengali, the merchant of Hatiz. It was evident that Uncle Billy interpreted this old Masonic legend in the spirit of his faithful merchant friend in the little Kentucky town.

"Once upon a time, in the town of Hatiz, there lived an humble ropemaker by the name of Bengali. He was a Freemason and the father of a large family; and it was his ambition to give to his sons and daughters an opportunity and happiness in life. Bengali was a very industrious worker, but somehow he did not succeed in the world. Instead, he struggled along for a number of years without even reaching comfort and security for his growing household.

"One day two well-to-do retired merchants in the town, who were close friends and members of the same Masonic lodge as Bengali, passed by the shop of the humble ropemaker. They were discussing his failure to get forward in life. One said that it was caused by the generosity of Bengali to every needy soul. The other declared that it was because Bengali never had enough ahead upon which to base a more enterprising venture in his trade and thus lift himself into success. This second merchant determined to lend Bengali the sum of a hundred or two in gold that he might test the ability of Bengali to better himself.

"Stopping in the little shop with kindly greeting, the generous merchant offered the gold to his humble Masonic brother without interest or security. Bengali was indeed grateful. He immediately went to the market to purchase meat and bread for his hungry household. The rest of the gold he put in the band of his turban for safety.

"On his way home a greedy vulture swooped down after the meat in his basket. Quite a fight ensued and the ferocious bird, failing to get the meat, snatched the turban of Bengali in his beak and flew away with it. The distracted rope-maker returned to his house in angry tears and refused to eat a single bite of the good things he had purchased for his family.

"Not long after the two merchant friends dropped by again to see how Bengali was faring in business. To their great disappointment he was still tugging away at the same old task. He replied to their questions with the story of the vulture and the turban. They smiled sadly and incredulously. The first merchant declared openly with some heat that Bengali was spinning an idle yarn. He felt sure that Bengali had given away the gold to the poor and needy as usual. The second merchant, however, insisted that no true Freemason would have reason to deceive or lie to his brother and forthwith drew out of his purse another hundred or two in gold and told Bengali to try his fortune again.

"This time the cautious and fearful Bengali, after subtracting enough for the pressing needs of his family, hid the gold in a jar of meal under the table. Hurrying away to market he soon returned with a basket of tempting eatables and a grateful heart. His wife met him at the door and said to him that while he was gone, a passing peddler had appeared and pressed her to take some wearing material in trade for whatever she could spare. She had exchanged the jar of meal for the cloth. Bengali, at this information, was terribly distressed and bewailed his continued misfortune. The poor wife mingled her tears with his and implored the pardon of heaven. He soon recovered his drooping spirits and freely forgave her.

"Some time afterward the two merchants passed by once more to see how Bengali was prospering. They were again grievously disappointed, and at his story of the meal jar and the peddler, they laughed outright. Nevertheless, the second merchant took from his pocket a piece of lead which he had picked up in the road and told Bengali that since he could not succeed with gold he might possibly find his fortune in a baser metal. Bengali thanked him for the lead and they departed. That night the wife of the fisherman went out through the town to find some lead for her husband's nets. Failing to secure any amongst the neighbors, she came at last to the home of Bengali and made known the great need her husband was in.

"Bengali, with characteristic generosity, gave her the piece of lead and she promised that her husband would share with him the first catch of fish. The next evening she brought to Bengali several very fine, large fish. Cutting one of them open, Bengali's wife discovered what appeared to be a piece of glass, which she gave to the children for its beautiful colors.

"Within a few days the town jeweler called at the house of Bengali and offered a trifling sum for the piece of glass. It was refused and the jeweler continued to argue for a sale, offering him more and more until the price agreed upon was one hundred thousand in gold, delivered at once.

"The joy of Bengali and his humble family knew no bounds. He provided a feast for his household and friends and gave thanks to God for his good fortune. That night after he retired an Evil Spirit appeared unto him and whispered in his ear that now was the time to crush out his competitors in the rope-making business in the town and thus enrich himself. The Evil Spirit pointed out that he could obtain control of all the raw material for the making of ropes and so force all the others to labor for his profit.

"The spell of the Evil Spirit hung upon him like a nightmare until dawn. He arose with a heavy heart, and having given thanks to God for the blessings of the day, he went round amongst all the rope-makers, helping one and encouraging another until he had lifted them out of the same rut of circumstances and grip of fate that had held him down so long. Words can not tell the thanksgiving that went up to Heaven at this noble and generous act of a Freemason and a friend.

"Bengali builded him a modest and comfortable home and invited the two merchant friends and all the rope-makers of the town to feast and a hunt. It was a gala occasion. As they were in the woods one of his servants brought to him from the branches of an oak tree a faded turban which he had found in a vulture's nest. The two merchants watched him, while he eagerly examined the band of the turban and drew forth a purse containing one hundred and ninety in gold. He handed to the second merchant the money loaned to him some time before. The merchant, somewhat humiliated, said to Bengali that he asked pardon for ever doubting Bengali's honesty.

"When they returned to the house another servant came in from the stable and handed to Bengali another purse which he said he had found in a jar of mouldy meal which had been long overlooked and was fed to the cattle. Again the two merchants wore a shamed-faced expression and begged the pardon of their host.

"After the guests were all gone Bengali sat alone in thought. He realized that he would never attain to the great wealth held out before him by the Evil Spirit, but he would always be rich in the sure possession of the love and gratitude of unnumbered friends. So did the legend of Bengali become a tradition of brotherhood among Freemasonry everywhere."

Uncle Billy hardly realized how beautifully his Oriental Masonic legends and stories illustrated the dream of World Brotherhood that Rob Morris went to the Holy Land to prepare for. No doubt we are yet far from that happy consummation; but the following news item from the daily press, May 13, 1922, is surely prophetic of "the one far-off divine event" toward which we are Masonically moving:

Egyptian Masons Make Appeal For Jews In Palestine.

LONDON, May 13.—Friendly relations between Arabs and Jews are advocated in "An Appeal To The Population Of Palestine" which has been distributed all over Palestine by the Moslem Masonic Lodge of Egypt on the occasion of the Nebi Musa Festival.

It is addressed in the name of Liberty, Equity and Fraternity by the Grand National Lodge of Egyptian Arabs to Imans and the depositaries of the Holy Law, to spiritual heads of all other religions, Christians, Jews, etc., without any distinction of rite or faith, to the whole people of Palestine, great and small and to men and women without distinction of nationality or religion. It calls to all in the name of Freemasonry and humanity to remember that the Jews are "our brothers and cousins who have been obliged to sojourn among strangers where they obtained success and prosperity."

The appeal refers to Canada and Switzerland as examples of countries occupied by peoples of diverse races who live together in unity to their mutual advantage.

"Just a Little Start."

Just a little start, Sir,
On the road of life,
Surely will impart, Sir,
Courage for the strife.

Just a little boost, Sir,
When the game is hard,
And your grit's reduced, Sir,
Brings a great reward.

Just a word in season
When no friend is near,
Steadies, for good reason,
Faith that shrinks in fear.

These verses characterize most admirably the Masonic method of George A. H. Shideler, General Superintendent of the Indiana Reformatory, Jeffersonville, in the remaking of bad boys and wayward youth. A master also of "the story method" in teaching Masonic truth, he has set hundreds and thousands of weary feet back on the high road to safety and happiness. This Masonic Knight and his father belong to the age of Rob Morris in Indiana, and have enriched the legend and story of the Craft with incident and example that will never die. As Reformatory Superintendent he is here interviewing a young colored prisoner, treating every wrong-doer "on the level and the square."

CHAPTER XVII

"THE PARADISE OF YOUTH"

* * * *

HE WHO gives himself with unreserved devotion to the service of growing boyhood and girlhood is sure to enter "The Paradise of Youth." Like Friedrich Froebel, the discoverer of "The Paradise of Childhood," he will yield himself entirely to his ideal and make glad sacrifice of every personal and selfish interest to it. He may become a mad enthusiast, but his kingdom will endure.

Friedrich Froebel, Rob Morris, Clara Barton, Aunt Martha Eubank, and such kindred souls, who were teachers of the young, found the soul of youth responsive to their gentle touch and noble leadership. These instinctive and trained teachers of the young entered "The Paradise of Youth" almost by a right divine. They understood, with Froebel, that woman was the God-intended teacher and educator of man. To them it was an art and not merely a means of livelihood. They were spiritual and social contemporaries. The schools they taught were types by which after generations were guided. They were generally country schools or village academies, far removed from the sordid and contaminating atmosphere and influence of cities and towns. In them the up-growing boy and girl received a training unique in modern times.

The school of Froebel profoundly influenced his American admirers. To this school we may trace back the beginning of social education for the young. The Manual Labor Academies and Colleges of the Middle West in this country were dominated by the ideal borrowed from overseas. The cultural work that enters into the making of true social character had its conception and birth in these schools or kindergartens of childhood and youth.

Froebel used to laugh and say that when he took the kindergarten to the country, the farmers thought that play and recreation would make children lazy and idle. Country people were dominated by a rigid and stern Puritanism and had lost the secret of gladness and song. They thought, too, that such work as Froebel was doing did not merit any remuneration whatever. So it has come to pass that social workers for generations have had to render service without recognition or reward. Yet these great pioneer souls have had a following in every clime and country; and "The Paradise of Youth," is slowly approaching the realization of sad and burdened childhood everywhere.

Down in the hills of Old Nelson County, in the Blue Grass State, where "The Old Kentucky Home" was first written and sung into undying fame, lived a young girl dreamer. She was of pure Scotch-Irish blood, and possessed the native fire and spirit of the whole Jackson type of people. Among these forest-clad hills and valleys you could easily imagine yourself in the wilds of Scotland. As you heard the tales of Jesse James and the Border Outlaws of Civil War times, you could yield yourself to an atmosphere of romance and adventure that would inspire the pen of a Walter Scott. Yet in this tranquil, beautiful land of song and story James Lane Allen came to gather and write the legends of his "Flute and Violin," and today the "Old Kentucky Home" is being changed into a national shrine.

This beautiful and intrepid young Scotch-Irish girl, who was taught and trained in the country schools of Old Nelson, and who received, under a famous teacher of youth at the town of Springfield, a finish and culture, herself became a teacher of the Clara Barton type. Like Froebel and Clara Barton, she broke away from conventional methods and did her work by pure inspiration. "The Paradise of Youth" opened its golden gates unto her spontaneously. Her little school-house on the hill-top, overlooking a valley and landscape of wonderful loveliness, was transformed into "The Paradise of Youth." Her Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts surpassed every Troop in rural Kentucky. They won a lasting place in the history of the Social Crusaders. Whereupon, this young school teacher and Scout Master carried away the heart of a young Presbyterian minister. She

MRS. IDA LEE RULE

Wife of the author, whose Girl Scout and Social Crusader work in Kentucky won her a unique place in this great movement of Youth and Fraternity. She afterward took her Eastern Star work in Rob Morris Chapter, LaGrange, Kentucky, and has ever been the close companion and constant inspiration of her husband in all his fraternal work for young people. At the Rob Morris Centennial at LaGrange, in 1918, she organized, drilled and presented a beautiful pageant rendition of the Red Cross as embodied in the Social Crusader Rituals.

Her girlhood teacher at Springfield, Kentucky, Professor George Colvin, was one of the most gifted High School men in the country. He was a master of Youth and Fraternity. Football star and class valedictorian at Old Centre College, where he was the author's friend and schoolmate, he fought for the recognition of "the non-frat" student body against the social exclusiveness and petty "politics" of the Greek Letter secret societies of twenty-five years ago and won a memorable victory. He afterward carried into Freemasonry this same passion for social justice and was recently offered the Presidency of his old Alma Mater on the strength of it. Born in the Lincoln section of Kentucky, he has always battled for the struggling boy and girl.

was his Aurora; and he became her Red Cross Knight. Together at "Apple Bower" they worked out their Masonic and Eastern Star dream of Youth and Fraternity.

The Order of De Molay For Boys.

This now famous and widespread Order of Juvenile Fraternity is an organization for the Sons of Freemasons and their chums.

The following circular announcement is sent out to Master Masons in the cities and towns where this latest and greatest Movement of Youth and Fraternity is set on foot:

A Boys' Fraternity.

Some Things You Will Want to Know About the Great Boy Movement.

No doubt you have read somewhat of this organization in recent newspaper articles, in which the character and purposes of the organization were briefly outlined as far as could be done consistent with its secret character. The DeMolay Order for Boys is a distinct, practical agency for true character moulding and its development, admittedly having recognized possibilities for the adolescent boy difficult to over-estimate but intensely worthy of vigorous cultivation, commanding, as it does, the stamp of approval of our thoughtful and progressive Masonic citizenry and allied organizations, as well as respect of all parents and public-spirited and enlightened citizens of all creeds. Any boy of good morals and other fundamental requirements who is the son of a Master Mason, or his chum, regardless of religious belief or affiliation may be taken into membership.

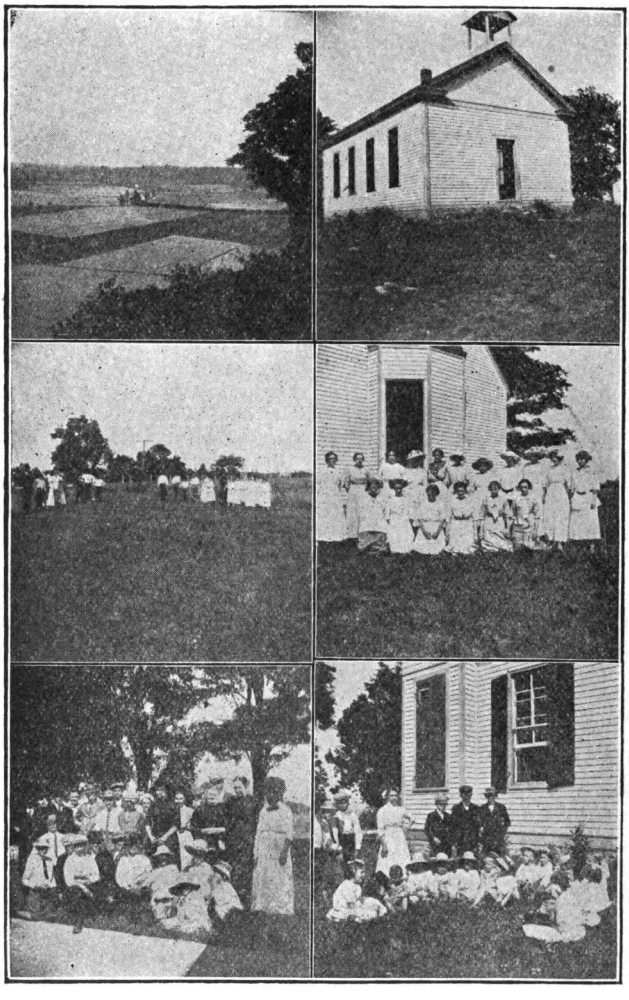
In no sense do we desire to convey the impression that this is a Junior Masonic organization, but is merely a worthy boys' organization of tremendous potentiality for good, and, as such, Free Masonry is unselfishly sponsoring its organization, ever embracing, encouraging and supporting any movement for good, just as it has always evidenced an interest in schools, churches and other agencies contributing to the public welfare.

Its object is to bring the boy of fine impulse and ennobling temperament in helpful association, giving the greatest possible impetus to the formation of desirable friendships, surrounding the adolescent youth with protective environment and an atmosphere directly appealing to and stimulating the real fibres of virile manhood, and bringing the boy of Masonic parentage and his chums into close personal relationship with the leaders of the best educational, civic and fraternal thought of our city. The social, athletic and musical programs being planned for the organization will afford wholesome channels for the effervescence of adolescent youth. Without it the boy during the critical formative period is likely to expend, to his hurt, this surplus animalism in questionable places operated for commercial profit. In fact, the organization even in its infancy is hailed as a most potent outstanding agency for the upbuilding of reverence, patriotism and filial devotion and clean thought, insuring the Twentieth Century untold blessings in spiritual and material progress. Under the wise and unselfish jurisdiction of various Masonic Bodies the Order in the brief course of two years has grown until today there are 150 Chapters constituting a membership of more than 100,000 boys representing the cream of our finest and best embryo citizenship. It is destined to attain a membership of millions uniting in one glorious fraternity the boys of all nations.

Within its working and activities are found every constructive interest of the boy, for the boy, and by the boy. Chiefest of all it focuses his powers of mind and soul upon worth-while idealism, thus visualizing the elements and virtues of four-square character, inciting by beautiful and inspiring symbolism and ritualism the attainment and practice of honorable and sterling manhood. It places important and vital life realities before him with potent intensity, without preachment, and leaves consideration of them to his own silent meditation. That boy who is privileged to receive the degrees of DeMolay has before him the

richest and rarest opportunity of his youth, for no greater and grander experience can befall him than that which thrills, inspires and urges him to build and live a full and complete manhood for the sake of his mother, his country and his God.

Fred P. Cree, in the New Age Magazine of October, 1920, thus clearly accounts for this new and noble Order:



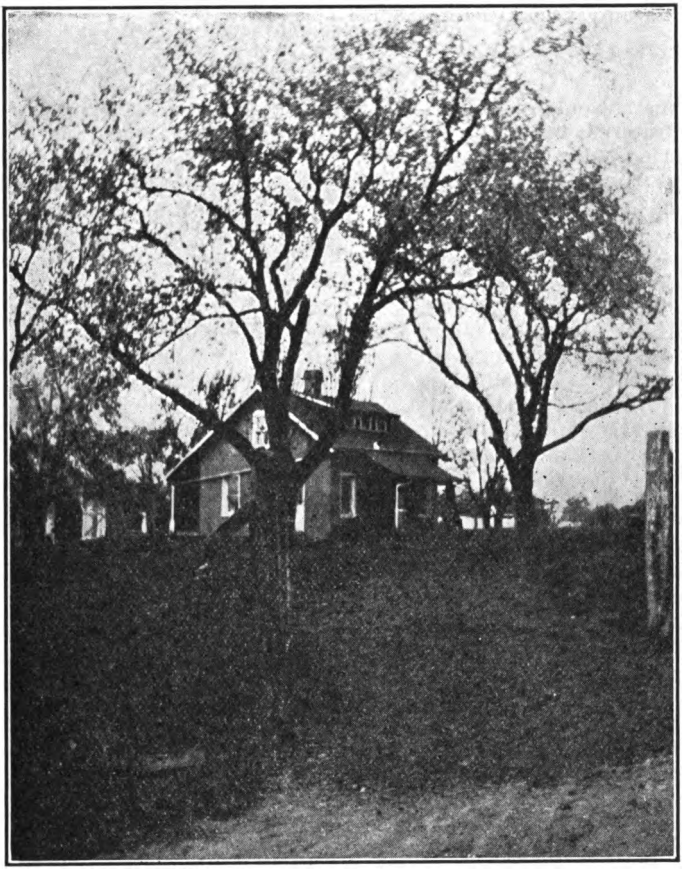
"THE PARADISE OF YOUTH."

Scout and Crusader scenes at Riverview School and Church, Nelson County, Kentucky, where the author's wife, Mrs. Ida Lee Rule, was a teacher and leader of Youth and Fraternity.

"But, one may ask, 'What is the necessity for this order? For many years there has been no similar order and boys have grown up to be good Masons.'

"Quite true; but our day is quite different from yesterday. The boy of today is taking the place in business life that yesterday was taken by the man of from 21 to 25 years. The reason for this is the great war.

"When the United States began to gather her army she first asked those between the ages of 21 and 30 years to answer, and a great army answered. We all cheered those boys and followed them with interest as they drove back the German Army. But, for a moment, let us recall what happened at home in the business world. Thousands of clerkships and the like were left vacant. The employer began to look about for some one to fill them. There was only one person who could—the little brother of the yung man who had gone to war.



"APPLE BOWER."

Home of the Author and his wife at Goshen, Kentucky, where all their Masonic and Eastern Star dreams have been cherished and realized.

"So, little brother, long before he expected to do so, stepped into the office, the shop, the store, and, in short, in every line of work. He took the place determined to make good, and he did so. Then the war ended and big brother came back, but somehow there was so much to do that little brother remained at work also. Now we find these boys between the ages of 16 and 21 years doing what we were doing when between the ages of 21 and 30 years. He is a young man with a much more mature mind than the generation that had gone before. He began to desire things that much older men desired a few years previous.

"Hence the DeMolay boy is not the careless boy that many of us were at 16 or 21, but a young man beginning to think of the real cares of life. He is more mature than his brother was at the same age.

"This is the idea and the cause that brought into being a society for the youth of the land that is the outgrowth of the ideas of Scottish Rite Masonry. The DeMolay boy is not a Mason. He associates with Masons, no matter of what rite, who may sit in its meetings. He learns a teaching that is along the great line laid down by Scottish Rite Masonry, but he does not begin to travel 'toward the East,' he only prepares for the journey."

A Kindred Order For Girls.

From the Masonic Sisterhood Chronicle we glean the following announcement of a new fraternal order for girls, sponsored by Freemasons and Eastern Star sisters, and no doubt destined to attain a success widespread and permanent:

"A New Order For Girls.—After the organization of the Order of DeMolay for boys and the wonderful hold it took upon the hearts and minds of the youth of the land, we felt sure that a similar organization would be formed for girls. In this we were not mistaken, for we read of the launching upon the fraternal sea of 'Job's Daughters.'

"Job's Daughters is a new organization for girls between the ages of 13 and 18 years. It has been perfected by Eastern Stars and Masons of Omaha, Nebraska, and the General Headquarters will be in Omaha. The guiding hand is Mrs. W. H. Mick, wife of Dr. W. H. Mick, a prominent Omaha Mason. Mrs. Mick is Matron of a newly organized Chapter known as Ak-Sar-Ben Chapter. She is active also in social welfare work in Omaha. The constitution, by-laws and ritual have been written by Leroy T. Wilcox, formerly Generalissimo of Montjore Commandery in Chicago, and well known in Masonic circles there. He took up his residence in Omaha in May last year (1920) and since then has been active in Masonic affairs in the Nebraska city. Brother Wilcox promises to bring the plan before the Illinois Masons in detail at an early date; and any one interested may address him at 2507 Sherman Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska.

"The new order, which is to be national in scope, is instituted to band together daughters, sisters, nieces, and grand-daughters of Master Masons and of members of the Eastern Star for the betterment of social conditions and to teach practical things. The young folks will be impressed with love of home and country and reverence for the teachings of the Bible."

EARTH'S TRINITY.

Father—Mother—Child.

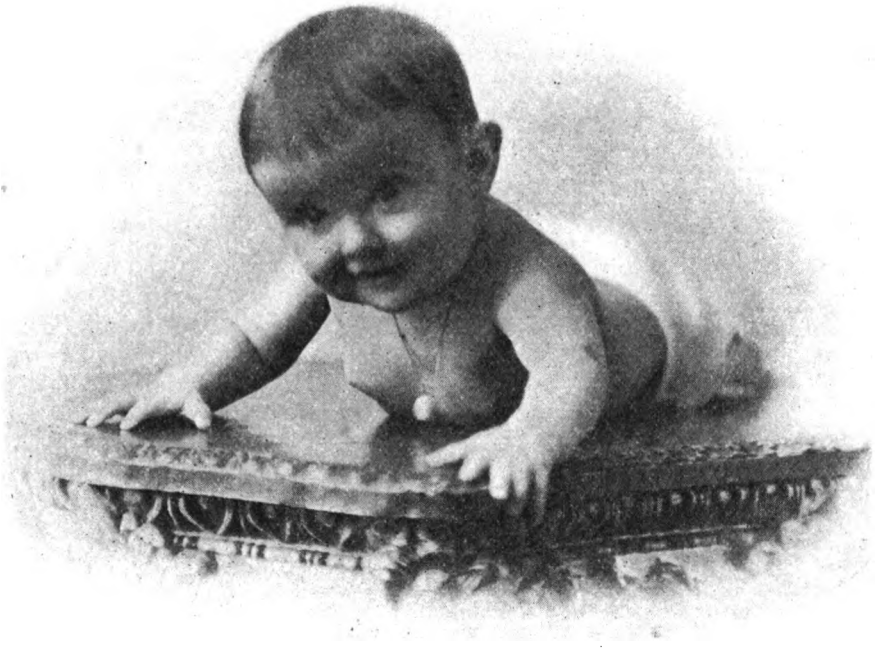
Star of early dawn and dew,
Bless the father, faithful, true,
With a child that well may be
Type in Earth's fair Trinity!

Blessed Mother, like a Rose,
How your heart with rapture glows
At the child upon your breast
Who has come, a heavenly guest!

Little Babe, with birthday one,
Come to dwell beneath the sun,
May the Lord of Life and Truth
Guide thee on to glorious youth!

As the months and years roll on
Into woman's wider dawn,
May the growth and grace be thine
That was in the Child Divine.

Like the Babe of Bethlehem,
Song and Star and Diadem
Crown the soul that serves and saves
With a Love that bears and braves!



CHAPTER XVIII

"THE DAUGHTER OF BLUE JEANS"

* * * *

IN A Masonic serial story of the Civil War, written by the author, called "The Christmas Lady," appears a grand old Masonic Hoosier minister fondly known to everybody as "Blue Jeans." The character was a composite from life in "Old Hickory County," where the New Generation grew up imbued with the ideals of Rob Morris and Clara Barton. This dear old minister was a brave and devoted "Social Crusader." He wrote the first ritual of this now famous Red Cross Fraternity: and it is still in the possession of the author of this Rob Morris Life. We were initiated into this beautiful degree by the old minister himself in an Indiana town where Rob Morris conferred the Eastern Star degrees before leaving for the Holy Land. This Social Crusader degree by "Blue Jeans" was based on the Story of the Nazarene in one of Eugene Sue's famous novels, and was called "The Silver Cross." Our own Crusader degrees took up the golden thread where "Blue Jeans" left off and followed the Red Cross heroes and heroines down to our own day and time.

Little did any of us realize, when we were working away in the towns and villages of "Old Hickory County" during those happy years before the World War burst upon us, that our First Aid Classes and Red Cross Community Work were prophetic of what would be done in every hamlet and country-side the nation over in a very few years. Nor did any or many of those young Scouts and Crusaders imagine the part they were soon to play in the Great World War itself. But the supreme heroine of all was "The Daughter of Blue Jeans." She was a very lovely young girl in that section of Indiana, westward a little way. Her father in real life was a very noble farmer with a vivid vision and dream of Masonic and Human Brotherhood. But he was so close to the heart of "Blue Jeans," who was the pastor and shepherd of both father and daughter, that in our story we made the heroine the daughter of "Blue Jeans" himself.

The mother dies, as she did in real life, and leaves this sweet and gentle child with only a father's sorrowing love to shield her from the world. In the story we call her Clara after her ideal, "The Christmas Lady." One day she said to us about losing her mother: "I know from my own experience that every girl who grows up motherless must suffer the pain of mistakes which might have been saved her." This made our heroine very merciful toward others with weaknesses: "As for me, I'm content to forgive, to love, and bear with the weaknesses of others." She was always very modest and shy about being put upon a pedestal: "I do not want to be a model for anybody. I am too conscious of my own weaknesses. We can't all be saints; so why not be healthy human beings? I'm always so much happier when I forget myself, and am just my natural, simple little self! And it is remarkable how many smiles greet me so, and seem so happy to have me as I am. Just a girl, even the simplest kind of a lass, with a kind face and a cheerful smile, can do lots of good in the world."

That was what she taught her pupils in the little country school house. She began this work with the same fear and trembling that Clara Barton herself manifested in her first school; but both at books and play "The Daughter of Blue Jeans" won every heart of boy and girl. She was not strong physically, but, like Clara Barton, she had lots of endurance; and in due season she became a teacher of newly-arrived emigrant children in the public schools around New York City. Here she distinguished herself; and then came the dream of becoming a trained nurse. She entered the Presbyterian Hospital School for Nurses in Chicago and graduated with honor. When the World War broke out she volunteered her services and went over-seas to nurse the wounded British Tommies at the front in France. She did this work in the same gentle, modest and loving way that Clara Barton herself was so distinguished for; and throughout the long, terrible years she remained at her post of duty, except one short vacation home. Thus our Social Crusader, Eastern Star Sister, and Red Cross Nurse has won the undying love and gratitude of "Her Boys Over There."

"THE DAUGHTER OF BLUE JEANS."

Miss Lettie I. Wadsworth, an original Social Crusader, Indiana Red Cross Nurse and Heroine of the World War, who drew her earliest ideals from the Eastern Star, like Clara Barton. Miss Wadsworth was a close companion and friend overseas with Miss Breckinridge of Kentucky, who gave her life in the Great War.

CHAPTER XIX

ROB MORRIS THE MASONIC PIONEER AND HIS LOST AUTOBIOGRAPHY

* * * *

DR. MORRIS says he wrote his Masonic Autobiography for several reasons: First, to answer the countless inquiries about when, where and why he became a Mason. Second, to leave on record for his sons the story of his Masonic labors in vindication of his career, since it had meant only sacrifice to his family. Third, for the sake of the friends who had been true to him in every battle for Masonic reform and progress. Fourth, to show the seeker for Light that it is worth while to labor in behalf of Fraternity without hope of gain or material reward.

The great outstanding incident in the Autobiography is the Masonic illumination that came to him on the night of his first initiation. The vision was instantaneous and wonderful. It ranks with the supreme spiritual experiences of human

history. It shows that in the case of Rob Morris he was the subject of an overpowering sense of Divine Love in Human Brotherhood. We can never overemphasize the importance of this Illumination and Vision. We are reproducing here this first chapter in full. We have quoted from the others fully throughout this entire work and have absorbed them into the body of the whole. Yet, in order not to miss or omit a single incident or detail of this Autobiography, we are again going over it carefully and making notes of everything essential.

The Night of His First Initiation.

My first view of Esoteric Masonry was had on the evening of March 5, 1846. It was in the southwest corner jury room (upper story) of the old court house, in Oxford, LaFayette County, Mississippi. The night of my initiation was cold and raw—the room was open and in disrepair—the attendance was scanty—the adornments of the lodge were in the highest degree shabby and mean; but that first view of Masonic symbolism gave me a pleasure which sixteen years of similar sight-seeing has steadily increased. The first glance, the first explanation the kind friend who stood before me, his warm and loving grip, (well I knew that Master as both loving and kind)—these were enough. In an instant I thereby gathered the genuine secret of Masonry; and though I have since looked long and far into the philosophy of this ancient Institution, I understand it no better, though I may admire it more than I did that night sixteen years since. And now as I sit with spectacles on nose, and beard white with time's frostings, to recall, for the instruction or amusement of friends, that well-remembered night, the spirit that moves my pen is the same that animated my heart, but choked my utterance when I essayed to thank the beloved few who ministered to my pleasure on that eventful evening of 1846.

On the wall above me as I write—so near that I have but to turn my face to catch their lineaments (but I need no portraits to recall them)—are four faces, whose originals have one by one trodden "The Valley of the Shadow of Death" in advance of me. They are Charles Scott, Philip C. Tucker, Amos Adams and Fountain Pearman. These four, thus looking down upon my work, represent the four classes of Masons with whom for sixteen years I have been thrown into most frequent communication. The nervous, passionate and romantic, the high-toned, well instructed and opinionated; the calm grave and contemplative; the young, sanguine and affectionate. Into these four classes I resolve all or the most of the thousands upon thousands whose acquaintance I have enjoyed in the two thousand lodges and upwards which I have visited. Shades of these four gentle spirits inspire me! Recall with clearness these scenes in which we have mingled together: blend seriousness with mirth and instruction with all. That this record of Masonic Life may inspire others who are wiser, better, more devoted than I, to deeds of more exalted usefulness!

His First Conception of Freemasonry.

Born August 31, 1818, I was past twenty-seven years of age when I petitioned a Lodge for Lux Masonica. Though long entertaining a favorable opinion of the Institution, admiring its principles and numbering amongst my intimate friends some who claimed to be high in ranks upon its Rolls of Honor, I had not until 1846, lived sufficiently convenient to a lodge to think of becoming a Mason. My notions as to the character of the Institution and its votaries were exceedingly exalted, almost romantic.

I supposed in my innocence, that every Mason was a good Mason; that Masons knew each other by an infallible method, whenever and however they met; that the purse of a Mason was emblematical of his heart, and both ever open to the demands of a Brother; that the female relatives of Masons were participants in the most important privileges of the Society; that virtue, sobriety and truth were essentials to initiation into and continuance in Masonic affiliation: that the "Higher Degrees" of Masonry were equally ancient with and explanatory of the "Blue Lodge" Degrees: that the secret things of Masonry had never been

committed to paper, and could not be: that the best men of the Order were made its officers: that serious violation of the Masonic rules called down condign punishment in the form of expulsion: that the literature of Masonry was prepared with the best learning and talent the Society possessed: that Grand Lodges, in the abundance of the light, truth and joy they diffused, were no humble imitation of Celestial Worlds above!

How many of these bright colors I have been compelled to rub out or sober down in sixteen years, may be gathered from the perusal of these notes. Yet this was "the favorable opinion" which, according to the formula of my petition, I had "long entertained of the Masonic institution," and it was with such a spirit I entered its portals. At the time mentioned I was Principal of Mount Sylvan Academy, an institution of learning established the year previous, some twelve miles west of Oxford, on the premises of a large-hearted Mason and most worthy citizen, Honorable James Brown. Adjoining the school grounds was a plantation, the property of Honorable Jacob Thompson, a distinguished politician of the day, and subsequently Secretary of the Interior, under President Buchanan. Near this lay the homestead of Honorable Isaac N. Davis, a gentleman of learning and leisure, afterwards an officer of note in the Grand Lodge of Mississippi. Mr. Thompson, though not a Mason at the time, was afterward initiated in the same Lodge with myself. Besides these there was but little society in the rather dreary "black-jack" hills which surrounded the Academy.

It was quite a task for the school master, at the best not very strong in his physique, to ride on horseback twelve miles to Lodge and return in time for early morning recitation. Yet never appeared the way so short to me or the surroundings less sombre upon my return home than was that spring morning, after the ceremony of initiation, before the mocking birds had returned from the South or more than a stray violet or two had appeared on the hillsides.

The spirit in which I set about the acquisition of Masonic knowledge may be gathered from a perusal of the notes made during that ride. Here they are, penciled in the peculiar "joggle" of saddle—composition. Here are the reflections incident upon my initiation, and the queries to be propounded at my next visit to the Lodge. Smile if you choose, kind reader, but from these memoranda of sixteen years since, start forth as I read them with moistened eyes, the images of future usefulness and honor as a Mason. To learn all that my Brethren could impart and all that printed books could afford me upon the laws, landmarks, history, usages, philosophy and belles lettres of Masonry: to jot down subjects for special examination and themes for extensive research: to make the acquaintance of the Masonic lights—the Olivers, Towns, Moores, Crucifixes, Herrings, Tuckers, Hoffmans, Tannehills—of that day: to consider myself under a challenge by certain defiant words addressed to me the evening before by a Master, to give much time and strength to the cause: to be its historian, poet, juris consult, lecturer and what not: and finally when called to silence by the hand of death, to have for my epitaph something like this: "He was a true Mason—he loved the Craft." All this was in my dream during the morning ride and confused all the lessons of the school-master that day.

In my diary of the subsequent weeks I find entered questions to be propounded and subjects to be investigated for a life to come. These involve the profoundest topics of Masonic science, its covenants, its moral bearings, its history. From year to year the questions thus early propounded have occupied my thoughts and pen—have filled the columns of Masonic periodicals, my own and others,—have been elaborated into all manner of works, from ephemeral Almanacs and Tracts to Codes and Histories—have afforded the staple of addresses, esoteric and exoteric, and have covered thousands of sheets of correspondence with the Masonic luminaries of the age. Nor are those topics of inquiry at all exhausted. They can not be. They are as broad as the Science itself and as profound as its theology: and while brain works, tongue moves and hand indites, they will serve me as themes of thought and instruction to those who may condescend to receive them from my tongue and pen.

The place styled "Mount Sylvan" is now deserted. The buildings reared by the munificence of the Generous Mason, have fallen into decay. Those who may

journey over the twelve miles of that morning ride of March 6, 1846, will find the country, then thinly settled, a succession of large cotton plantations. That old court house in Oxford has long since given way to a larger and more ambitious edifice. The Craft there, dependent at that time for shelter upon the courtesy of the public authorities, are now the occupants of a costly and capacious temple of their own, and that little handful of Masons, only twenty-five in number, has swelled to more than 300, who are distributed into five Lodges in LaFayette County alone. A Royal Arch Chapter and a Council of Royal and Select Masters, at Oxford, dispense other knowledge now than that of Masonic Symbolism. Of those who assisted in bringing me to Masonic light, however, more than half now sleep the sleep of death, and the acacia blooms at the head of their graves. A tear to their memory.

The Call of Masonic Service.

Oxford Lodge No. 33 was at that period, and for a long time previously, under the skillful guidance of Brother Hon. James M. Howry, late district Judge, afterward Grand Master and Grand High Priest of Mississippi. Judge Howry is Rector of the University of Mississippi and a learned and most intelligent man. He is greatly devoted to the science of Masonry, into which he was initiated in September, 1825, being then but one month past his majority. The career thus early entered upon he has pursued without satiety or weariness to the present hour. He has filled every position of usefulness and honor in Masonry, from that of Secretary of a Lodge to that of Grand Master of ten thousand Masons, and when he shall pass to the higher sphere, none of this generation will be more sincerely lamented than he.

No man has ever exercised more influence upon my mind than Judge Howry. This I have acknowledged in the dedication of the Ninth Volume of The Universal Masonic Library. The tribute is conveyed in these words:

"To Hon. James M. Howry, of Oxford, Mississippi, Past Grand Master, Past Grand High Priest, etc.: in whose Light I first saw the light: whose earnest recommendations early inclined me to the investigation of Masonic history, and whose too—partial judgment encouraged me to become a Masonic writer: an ornament to the Bar, the Church and the Masonic Institution, this Ninth Volume of the Universal Masonic Library is fraternally dedicated."

A more extended tribute is bestowed upon this great and good man in The American Freemason of November 15, 1855, where a detailed biography and portrait are given.

The influence exercised by Judge Howry explains the result of a challenge made to me as the newly admitted Brother, on the evening of my initiation. After the technical lecture of the Entered Apprentice had been rehearsed, he added, "Brother Morris, Masonry expects much from you!" Never was advice more opportunely bestowed. The words sunk deeply into my heart, and on my retirement from that old Jury Room, they formed the staple of my thoughts through the entire of a sleepless night. I coupled this remark with what I had heard and read of the antiquity, the universality and the unchangeableness of this mysterious institution—of the influence, social and moral, which I had long observed it to exercise among men,—of the character and standing of its votaries,—of the sublime principles that had been explained to me in the Lectures and Charges of the Entered Apprentice, and of its ceremonies, mysterious, yet strikingly suggestive. I reverted in my mind to a reputation too flattering, doubtless, which my friends had complimented me with, that of completing thoroughly whatever I undertook, and when the words "Masonry expects much from you," recurred to my memory, I then and there resolved in my heart of hearts that "Masonry should not be disappointed!" My solemn and irrevocable baptism to the work of a Masonic instructor bears date from that hour.

On the evening of the 13th of July following my initiation, I was passed and raised in the same Lodge, and a few weeks afterwards was appointed to my first office, that of Junior Deacon. Thus I was made to commence my official career at the foot of the ladder, of preferment, as all Masons should, and having labor-

iously and somewhat tediously worked my way, round by round, for twelve years, I arrived, in October, 1858, to its last, that of Grand Master.

The occasion of my advancement to the degrees of Fellow Craft and Master Mason upon the same evening, was this: I had worked with "Gauge and Gavel," as an Entered Apprentice should, for more than one-third of a year, making such proficiency as I could from the few books and instructions at my command. The 14th of July, 1846, had been set apart for laying the corner stone of the University of Mississippi, a State institution at Oxford. The service of William H. Stevens, Junior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Mississippi, had been secured to give eclat to the occasion. William T. Sterns, a public speaker of eminence, had been engaged as Grand Orator of the day and the Rev. William S. Burney, an intimate friend of mine, and a most devoted Mason, as Grand Chaplain. Public interest had been largely aroused throughout the entire State to inaugurate so

MRS. CHARLOTTE MENDENHALL MORRIS.

Wife of Rob Morris, to whom he was married August 26, 1841. In the Autobiography Dr. Morris says he was married to Miss Mendenhall in Shelby County, Tennessee. All the current biographical accounts set the marriage at Oxford, Miss. Dr. Morris was exceedingly reticent about his own personal and family history except as it touched his work as a Freemason. There is no written or published line about his parents or relatives, and only references to his youth and earlier years. But we know that his parents and people were among the best in America, and that Mrs. Morris is deserving of lasting gratitude for "keeping the home fires burning" while her devoted husband was giving his life abroad to the great cause of Human Brotherhood. Her daughter, Mrs. Ruth E. Mount, of LaGrange, Kentucky, says it was very hard to induce her mother to have a picture taken; and the above is a very rare one. Dr. Morris published it with his own on his last lecture trips.

great an enterprise as the State University in a proper manner. Under these circumstances, it was thought proper by the Lodge to Pass and Raise me on the evening before, both that they might have the benefit of the Grand Warden's official visit for instruction, and to give me a part in the projected ceremonial of the morrow. This advancement of two grades at the same communication was in accordance with Mississippi usage at that period. The work though hastily, was well and impressively performed, for Stevens was a thorough Ritualist, and was delineated in sharp lines upon the memory of the recipient.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone went off well. My own part in it was curiously varied. I played the flute (two violins for my complement) at the head of the procession; held the elements of consecration (spilling the wheat

sadly): acted as Junior Deacon generally, and sang (without any complement) Power's very poor ode from the Trestle Board. Stearn's oration upon the occasion was capital, and a copy published in the Oxford Organizer of that week, adorns my oldest scrap book to this day. The effect upon the popular mind was decidedly in favor of Masonry. Many applications from wealthy and influential parties followed, and when four years afterward I laid the corner stone of a Methodist Church at Oxford (September, 1850) four times as many Masons turned out in honor of the institution, and the veteran Rev. William McMahon declared it the finest Masonic gathering he had ever witnessed.

First Great Masonic Friendships.

My subsequent labors, up to October, 1850, when I finally entered without reserve upon the vocation of a Masonic instructor may be given briefly. In the fall of 1847, my health gave way under the multiplied labors of a teacher, and I was warned by medical authority that I must travel or die. I therefore resigned my position, and in January, 1848, set out in a General Agency for periodicals, etc., to traverse the State.

In February, 1848, I lectured before the Legislature of Mississippi upon a favorite theme. The establishment of a State Geological Board and a Scientific Survey of the State. This was followed up two years later by other efforts before the same distinguished body, which were successful, and a Geological Survey was ordered upon the plan suggested by me. I lectured upon the same and kindred themes while engaged in the business of my agency, before the principal schools of Mississippi and elsewhere. An interest in scientific pursuits was awakened throughout the State. Some who read these notes will perhaps recall the figure of "the pale and ematiated speaker who, in rapid but earnest speech, descanted his hour upon the wondrous themes of geology, and exhibited specimens of animal and vegetable creation that told of ages before the flood." So reads a newspaper account on the matter.

In the summer of 1848, I established myself for a brief period, at Black Hawk, Carroll County, Mississippi, and united with Mount Moriah Lodge No. 26 there. During this time I presided at the laying of the corner stone of a Methodist Church there. During the same season I made an extended tour through the Northern and Eastern States, studying the peculiarities of Masonry wherever I could, collecting many specimens of its literature and forming numerous acquaintances among the Craft. This was the commencement of my inquiries into ritualistic matters. Heretofore I had supposed, as young Masons of local experience generally do, that the language of the Craft is universal, and that the means of recognition as I had acquired them at Oxford, Mississippi, were the same throughout the world. This notion received a rude shock upon my crossing the boundaries of the State. It required but a small observation abroad to discover that there had been serious tampering somewhere with Masonic Rituals. This in one sense was not discouraging, and the discovery caused me to cease my studies for the present in that direction: but it only strengthened my determination to enter more deeply into the spirit of the institution.

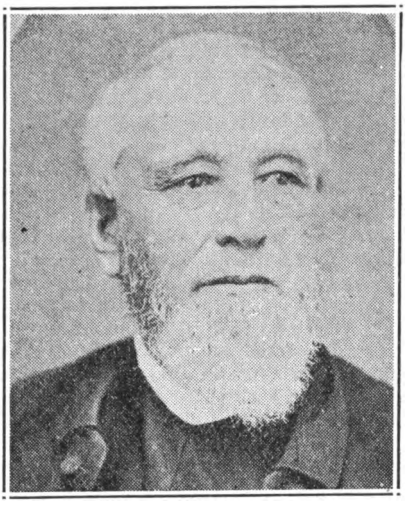
And now the good fortune was granted me of making the acquaintance of one who, perhaps more than any other writer, has explored the chambers of Masonic philosophy, and exposed its secrets to view. This was the Honorable Charles Scott, then Grand Master of the State, since Chancellor of Mississippi, a man eminent in every department of political and judicial life. Charles Scott was in many respects a remarkable personage. Feeble in health, yet subsisting on what was once a strong constitution, he was an indefatigable student, a rapid writer, swift to discriminate, and with a pen that sketched, as with a line of light, his deductions. At the period of my acquaintance (December, 1848) he had just placed the last hand to his celebrated work: "Analogy of Ancient Craft Masonry to Natural and revealed Religion," in some things the most remarkable production that I have ever pursued: and before we had been together an hour, he handed me his manuscripts, requesting my suggestions and emendations "at discretion." Of this I availed myself with considerable diffidence, and the work,

through the financial aid of Brother Thomas Palmer, was published the same winter. The acquaintance thus formed, ripened into a friendship which found no diminution with time. One of five men, whose influence upon my career is traceable in every event. Brother Scott received the following tribute to his wonderful gift in spiritualizing Masonry in my "Tales of Masonic Life," published in 1860:

"It was at Jackson, in his own Lodge, that I first witnessed his manner of governing the Craft, and heard his Masterpiece of Masonic philosophy—**The Symbolisms of the Third Degree.**

"I can never forget the impression made that hour upon my mind. What a direction was that hour given to my Masonic career, past and future, can only be known in the mind of Omnipotence.

"Brother Scott began by recapitulating the ceremonial itself. Interlinking its various parts with much ingenuity, he drew the image of a great tragedy, worthy the mind and attention of a Shakespeare, in which the incidents all led to the same proper conclusions, and of which the whole made up a Drama of



Thomas R. Austin of Indiana, whose acquaintance and friendship with Rob Morris began in 1852 and extended to 1884 at the death of Dr. Austin. It is one of the great friendships of Masonic History. This picture was loaned us by Mr. C. K. Austin of Bedford, Indiana, grandson of Dr. Austin. The first picture of Dr. Austin was loaned by Brother Wm. H. Swintz, Grand Secretary of Indiana.

great naturalness, pathos and life. I have often taken this view of the Third Degree in my subsequent course as a professional lecturer, and always find when I am passing through it, that I am indebted for my best passages, to my recollections of Brother Scott's lecture that night.

I have read the best tragedies of Shakespeare, and other Dramatists, but have not found a subject so well adapted to be the masterpiece of human passion already intensified for the histrionic art, as the legend of the Third Degree.

"Following upon this, Brother Scott spiritualized the whole. Incident after incident so naturally following each other in the action of the Drama, was shown up in equal naturalness in relation to the moral and spirit life as a Mason. We were taught, but why recapitulate the truths unfolded in that splendid effort of a giant mind. You have heard me tonight pursuing the same theme: and my model was shaped upon his. Few, I apprehend, ever heard him upon that subject with-

out acquiring a lasting respect equally for the philosopher and his theme." This splendid genius departed this life in the spring of 1861.

(The names of the five Freemasons who most deeply influenced Rob Morris, he gives as follows here: James M. Howry, Oxford, Mississippi; Charles Scott, late of Memphis, Tennessee; James Penn, Memphis, Tennessee; Philip C. Tucker, late of Vergennes, Vermont, and William B. Hubbard, Columbus, Ohio.)

His Definition of Freemasonry.

I removed my family from Black Hawk to Jackson, Mississippi, in December, 1848, where I remained until October, 1850. Early in 1849, I became a member of Pearl Lodge, No. 23, then presided over by Brother S. P. Bailey, an amiable man, a smooth workman, and an easy lecturer. Of this Lodge I was elected Secretary the same year. In September, 1848, I had received the Degrees of Royal Arch Masonry in Lexington Chapter, No. 9, at Lexington, Mississippi, the Grand Lecturer, Thomas R. Hawkins, presiding upon that occasion. In January, 1849, I attended the Grand Chapter of Mississippi, at Jackson, and a few days afterwards the Grand Lodge at Natchez. Of both these bodies I was elected Grand Chaplain. It was here I had the good fortune to form an acquaintance with the then Grand Secretary, since Grand Master, Honorable Wm. P. Mellen, a most excellent man, for whose hospitality and steady friendship I shall ever feel the deepest gratitude. With the Lecturer, Hawkins, I was for several years quite intimate. He died about the year 1852, of yellow fever, and the Grand Bodies of Mississippi, made the munificent donation of five hundred dollars to his family. Another lecturer of note in Mississippi at that time was Ira B. Carpenter, between whom and Hawkins there was so little in common that I declined taking lectures from either. Carpenter died about 1856, in Florida.

During the year 1849, I again made an extensive tour North and East, and greatly enlarged my acquaintance with Masons and Masonry. I then became convinced that there was no encouragement to learn Masonic rituals until a full and thorough examination into the numberless discrepancies in vogue was made; and although, neither at that period, nor for a considerable time afterwards, could I take the lead in that investigation, yet I never lost sight of its importance. The purpose of healing these breaches in the ancient walls, was for many years upon my Trestle Board. It ever formed a subject of enquiry and correspondence, until in October, 1858, I publicly announced that I would henceforth have no more dealings with **Bastard Rituals**, and this opened the way for the great National Reform in uniformity of work into which so many have recently entered.

This year (1849) I wrote my first Masonic address. This was intended to be delivered before the Grand Lodge of Mississippi. Not being called for by that body, however, it remained in my portfolio until July 26th, 1859, when it was read before the National Masonic School of Instruction, at its Third General Session, held at Maysville, Kentucky. Its theme is "Masonry, the Harmonizer of the World." It was published in the proceedings of that session. One passage will show its practical character:

"Writers of our History may differ as to the day and year when Freemasonry originated—they may doubt whether Tubal Cain received his art from a Brother Mason, or Masonry gained the art from him. In so extended a system as ours, many minor points may and must arise upon which all cannot agree; but in this article of Masonic faith we can conceive of no heresy. There was a time in the history of some of our States, and some here may recollect it, when the Law and the Gospel seemed to have lost their power to restrain and to save. Savage violence, the brute's appeal to force, the knife and the bullet, sent vengeance where justice dared not go. The elements of concord had been separated by the reckless search for wealth, and it seemed as if the principles of peace were forever banished from the land. Yet at that very time, lawless and greedy as men were, there was a strong tie invisible, yet ever binding, which connected many hearts together. And many difficulties were settled bloodlessly, and many estranged hearts were reunited, and the unpraised arm fell without violence, under the fraternal influence of Freemasonry, while laws, human and divine, had lost their

power. And when men again began to call upon the name of the Lord, to reason instead of murder—to speak instead of strike—when they returned to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and to repent them of the great evils they had committed before God and man, their leader and their guide, my brethren (he who vouchsafed them as worthy and well qualified) was the Holy Ghost operating through the unforgotten influence of Freemasonry. Let him who would write the history of the last twenty years in the Western and Southern portions of the United States not overlook this."

His First Masonic Songs and Stories.

It was this year also that my first effort in the department of Masonic Tales was made. This was "The Triumphs of Innocence, or The Freemasons' Flight," in six chapters, written for and accepted by the publisher of **The Masonic Signet,** Doctor J. M. S. Mitchell, at St. Louis, Missouri. The scene of this sketch of Masonic incidents is laid in the Southwestern States, and is said to display a topographical exactness and attention to details. In that Tale, as in a subsequent effort, "Life in the Triangle," the Surveyor and Civil Engineer of my earlier days may be detected. For this "Triumphs of Innocence," I received a Silver Cup, which forms one of the few objects that have escaped adverse fortune, and yet salutes the eyes of my visitors.

In the winter of 1849 and 1850, I, for the second time, addressed the Legislature of Mississippi upon the subject of a State Scientific and Geological Survey, of which, in my Masonic labors, I had never lost sight. In this effort I was equally aided by the outgoing Governor, Brother J. W. Matthews, who had tramped many a day over the hills of Mississippi with me, loaded down with Spoils of **Squalidoe** and other remains of fossil monsters with which those regions abounded and the incoming Governor, the famous Major General John A. Quitman, a Mason of the highest rank, and a noble man, whose patent was bestowed directly from the King of Kings. Each of these gentlemen urged the subject upon the State Legislature. That body adopted the project and established a State Professorship of Geology. This was tendered to me, as a matter of course; but at that time (much to my after regret) I declined it. When I afterwards (in September following) desired it, it was out of my reach.

The first numbers of a series of my Masonic Odes and Poems, were published during the year 1850. Two of these I append, not for their intrinsic worth, or value, but that the reader may see the germs which developed themselves in after efforts—"The Level and the Square," "Leaning Toward Each Other," "One Hour With You," etc., for which I have been greatly overpaid in the wages of Masonry:

Light From The East.

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

CHORUS

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

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

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

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

The air to which the above was written is taken from "The Maid of Cashmere."

The Universality of Freemasonry.

Wherever men are tracing
The weary ways of care,
Midst wild and desert pacing,
Or land of softer air;

We surely know each other
And with good words of cheer,
Each brother hails his brother,
And hope wings lightly there.

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

Wherever prayer is spoken,
In earnestness of faith,
We're reminded of the token,
That tells our Master's death;
We pray then for each other, etc.

Wherever man is lying,
Unknowing and unknown,
There's one yet by the dying,
He shall not die alone.

For then we know each other,
And with good words of cheer,
Each Brother hails his brother,
And hope wings lightly there.

The above was composed to "The Feast of Roses."

His First Great Crisis and its Outcome.

In the winter of 1850, I again attended the Grand Chapter, and Grand Lodge of Mississippi. It was while a delegate in the latter body, in February, that I received the Degrees of Royal Select Master, at Natchez, Dr. J. M. S. Mitchell of St. Louis, Missouri, presiding. I have never witnessed the work of that branch better done. The Doctor had established **The Masonic Signet** two years before, and was then making strenuous efforts to extend its circulation. A gentleman named Bacon was likewise there soliciting patronage for **The Zodiac**, the first number of which had been issued at New Orleans. The latter enterprise, however, was not continued. A good deal of feeling was manifested in Grand Lodge relative to a Schism then existing in the Grand Lodge of Louisiana.

I took the Orders of Red Cross and Knight Templar at Jackson, Mississippi, in the spring of that year, 1850. Amongst those who honored me with their presence on the occasion, were Honorable C. S. Tarpley, Charles Scott, Governor Matthews, Thomas Palmer, Judge Hutchinson (a most learned and good Mason) and others. The work, however, was poorly done, and made but little impression upon my mind. During the spring I took a third and extended journey through the Eastern and Northern States, during which I made the acquaintance among others, of James Herring who as the chief actor in the New York Schism of the year before, had become celebrated. I found him highly informed upon Masonic matters, urbane, communicative, and withal, sternly set upon his own way of thinking. He is now restored to old companionships, and I grieved to learn, in 1861, that adverse fortunes had rendered him to some extent dependent upon the kindness of the Craft. Few deserve it so well as he.

This year, 1850, brought upon me a catastrophe in my business affairs, which blighted all hopes of success in the line I had adopted. It was likewise the immediate cause of my becoming a Masonic Lecturer.

The story is soon told. A crisis in the monetary systems of the country, short crops—bills payable that must be paid, and bills receivable, that could not be collected—false friends and bankruptcy. Cheerfully, however, I gave up my all, and with a large family, clean hands, trust, and a resolute heart, set out in a large world to find a spot in which to recommence life. After a futile effort to secure the situation of State Geologist, previously declined, I accepted one of the many invitations, and committed myself to the hands of the Fraternity as a Teacher of Masonry.

CHAPTER XX

TRYING EXPERIENCES AS A MASONIC LECTURER

* * * *

Dr. Morris Continues His Narrative In a Vivid and Vital Way.

THE conclusion arrived at in the last chapter was that a failure of one department of business and a disappointment in another, turned my labors into the channel of Masonic composition and lecturing. I did not design to convey to my reader's mind, however, that I had not often thought of this, and intended this before: but that my determination to become a Masonic Lecturer, then several years formed, was precipitated by the series of circumstances alluded to. I had many tempting offers of business, proposals to take chairs in collegiate Institutions, etc., and these were tendered me upon assured pecuniary bases. To take up a Masonic career in my then present condition, therefore, was not an evidence of financial wisdom, to say the least; nor have I ever found it a reliable source of profit even amounting to a respectable competence. For some years subsequent to 1850 I was compelled to eke out the precarious sustenance which it offered me by writing for the general newspaper and magazine press. I have often warned zealous Masons, old and young, who contemplated the sacrifice of their time and energies to this calling, that 'it does not pay;' and if they have no higher aspirations than mercenary advantage, they had better not engage in it. So much I feel it necessary to say here in my Second Chapter. For while I think 'the laborer is worthy of his hire' and ought to have it; and while I have never joined in the cry against those editors and lecturers who have prospered pecuniarily in the Masonic field; yet, as a matter of history, I must declare that I did not enter this pursuit from mercenary motives, and that it has been anything but a source of profit to me. So much for that.

"In setting out in the Masonic field as a Lecturer, I was quite aware of the difficulties that would beset me. That my efforts would meet with opposition from certain classes (the Sanballats of later days) heaped upon the lecturers of my acquaintance, the Hawkins, Reeds, Carpenters, Shropshires, etc., whose views

upon Masonic ritualisms contravened and thus aroused their opposition. I had already seen that in many Lodges there were cliques of their own standpoint, and discountenanced all enlightenment, except from their own tapers. From this sort of Masons, both in Grand Lodge and subordinate, I expected and have encountered opposition, as those of the Lecturing profession, from Preston down to the present, have done before me. Not that the fraternity at large united or is disposed to unite in such opposition. The masses of the craftsmen seek for 'more light in Masonry,' and welcome the visits and the efforts of those who are supposed to be able to impart it. Were it not for this, such men as Webb and Preston would never have been Masonic instructors. Both of them suffered severely from cliques; both stood up under the encouragement of the masses.

"Another source of trouble to me was more oppressive in anticipation, at least, than all others: I mean the cry of 'Mercenary motives.' To be charged with 'making money out of Masonry'—which is necessarily a true charge, to a certain extent, against all lecturers, writers, etc.,—was a thing I dreaded worse than toil or poverty. In recalling the days of which I am writing I smile to think how earnestly I used, in my lectures and correspondence, to depreciate this dreadful stigma. Had I my life to live over again, I should care less about it. How many who made the charge against lecturers and writers owed all their own consequence in the world to their Masonic connection!

"One more subject of annoyance to me and I am done. For some reasons the Profession of Masonic Lecturing in 1850, was considered a low one. It may be so yet. By many it was a matter of surprise (it may be so yet) that a man of any scientific and literary character should deliberately adopt it. I was advised by some of my truest friends, both in and out of the Order, that 'I must elevate the profession or the profession would swamp me;' and one Brother addressed me a funny letter offering if I failed in Masonic lecturing, 'to set me up with a wagon as tin peddler!'"

Dr. Morris delivered his first course of lectures in November, 1850, at Colliersville, Tennessee, forty miles east of Memphis. These lectures extended over three days and on the Sabbath following he lectured before a public audience on "The Building of King Solomon's Temple." He made this last lecture a subject of close study and delivered it hundreds of times. He conferred the Eastern Star degree in this same town. He delivered his second lectures to the Council of Royal and Select Masters at Germantown, Tennessee. Following this he often lectured upon the Council Work in that State. He perfected himself in this line of service. After visiting Germantown he lectured other lodges in that same county of Shelby, and says that he was married ten years previous in that very neighborhood, in 1841; and now he brought his family there to reside for a while.

Early in the year 1851 he visited Macon, Tennessee, where a Masonic College was being established. He considered canvassing for this enterprise, but the lethargy of its supporters so discouraged him that he gave up the job. He returned to his lecturing and teaching of Masonic Work and visited a whole circle of towns. On this tour he adapted himself to the convenience of the Craft and became a really wonderful instructor. Sometimes you would see him out under a tree in the forest lecturing a brother. In the spring of 1851 he received his letters of authority from the Grand Master and covered the West District of the State thoroughly.

The Grand Lodge of Tennessee met at Nashville in October, 1851. On the way to attend its sessions Dr. Morris was taken very ill; but the kindness of Masonic men and women to him showed the affection in which he was held. He was hardly able to continue at the meeting of the Grand Lodge; but he made friends and counseled with Brother Masons in the way of improving himself in his ritual and lecture work. During this session of the Grand Lodge a certain Brother, James Penn of Memphis, formerly Grand Master of Alabama, and a master ritualist, made a motion to give Rob Morris credentials to visit the Holy Land. This motion carried unanimously; but it was afterward rescinded because his lodge membership was still at Jackson, Mississippi. Some enemies made an attack upon his character in connection with his business reverses of the previous

year; but none of his real friends were alienated or chilled by this. He resumed his lecture work after the Grand Lodge adjourned.

After Dr. Morris left Nashville he was taken down very ill again and was compelled to return to his family in Shelby county. A rest period of a few weeks brought him around and during this leisure he wrote much for the press. At this time he makes considerable comment looking toward the future work of the "Conservators." He expressed disappointment at the rather low and commercial standards in Masonic work and literature; and he gave voice to the fear that Freemasonry would degenerate, as in other countries, into mere forms and ceremonies. In this connection he conceived the passion and purpose of the true Masonic Missionary who would go from State to State and break down these local barriers and prejudices and teach the Fraternity the lessons sorely needed.

"THE NEW HOOSIER SCHOOL MASTER."

Prof. O. O. White of Indiana, who, with the author, followed in the footsteps of Edward Eggleston and Rob Morris in laying the foundations for Youth and Fraternity in "Old Hickory County." Prof. White, now of LaCrosse, Wisconsin, Normal School, is one of the great teachers of youth in this generation. His methods were instinctively Masonic always.

He outlined his lecture course and followed it to the letter. He began his lectures at 8 o'clock each morning and the session of the lodge continued until mid-night. So he was compelled to spend the entire night at work and often put in twelve hours of steady lecture work in one day. It was this heavy tax upon his system that made Dr. Morris so often ill and out of commission.

The Year 1852

The winter of 1851-'52 was one of the worst on record. Too much exposure that winter put Rob Morris in a chronic condition of chills and fever. Half the time of three months he was housed up at home. But he always did a lot of writing and memorandum work and thus collected the notes and data for his

books. In January, 1852, he removed his family to Fulton county Kentucky, about fourteen miles from the Mississippi River. The county seat was Hickman. The country around was not yet thickly settled but it was a fertile region with a future. The Lodge at Hickman was Mills Point, No. 120. This lodge became one of the dearest in the life of Rob Morris. He was there for seven years and he says that he never saw Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth more truly displayed in the lives of the membership and community. His first book, "Lights and Shadows," was published while he was stationed at Hickman. Speaking of this book, Dr. Morris says:

"It was in April, 1852, then, that I started to Louisville to publish 'The Lights and Shadows of Freemasonry,' my first book. The preparations were in my portfolio in the form of a ream or two of notes and memoranda, out of which I proposed to make copy and keep pace with the printer. I took a room (No. 10, how well I remember it!) at the then styled Commercial Hotel, and set to work. Here I became acquainted with Mr. J. F. Brennan, a printer of skill, with whom I had much to do during the six years following. I was indeed at that time greatly assisted by him. The volume, owing to the tardiness of printers, was not issued for several months; but getting sixty-four pages of it, I had it stitched in pamphlet form and set about procuring subscribers for it. The Craft were very generous in their patronage."

In August, 1852, Rob Morris attended for the first time the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, in session at Lexington. He was received very courteously; and he records his impressions most favorably. At this time he outlined to himself his ambition as a Masonic teacher; and he lived up to it during the ensuing years. In this outline were most of the great enterprises that have been mentioned and discussed in this Life of Dr. Morris.

The Year 1853.

The year 1853 witnessed the outset of Rob Morris as a Masonic Journalist. He gives us a list of the Craft periodicals and the shortcomings of the same. Dr. Morris believed in being short and snappy in the make-up of the reading matter. He did not believe in publishing long and ponderous orations on Masonic Morality. While in Louisville he began the publication of "The Kentucky Freemason," a semi-monthly. The first number appeared in May, 1853, and continued under his editorial care until July, 1857. The name was changed to "The American Freemason" after eight numbers, because it seemed to Dr. Morris to have a wider appeal. This periodical was splendidly supported by the Craft; and in the summer of 1853 Dr. Morris demitted from Pearl Lodge, No. 23, at Jackson, Mississippi, and united with Antiquity Lodge, No. 113, at Louisville. This body appointed him representative to the Grand Lodge, which met the last week in August. Again Dr. Morris records very favorably impressions of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky.

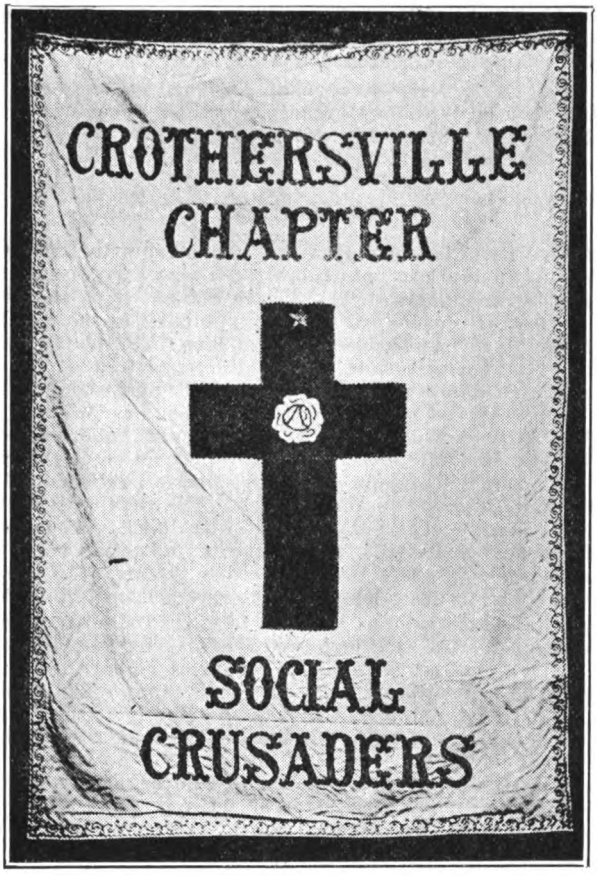
In November, 1853, Dr. Morris removed his family from Louisville back to Fulton county, Kentucky, to his old location called Lodgeton. This home has been very vividly described by those who visited him there; and some of the most famous Masons of his time were his guests. During this November he began work as a Masonic lecturer in Kentucky. He says that Grand Master Todd gave him full confidence and much liberty; and in his lecture tours he found great need of elevating and improving upon the ritual and lecture work that passed current with the Craft. Here again we witness the increasing resolution to launch "The Conservators." Nevertheless, these were among the happiest and most inspiring years of his entire career.

The Year 1854.

The notes of this year, 1854, record the lecture work in Western Kentucky and a number of notable Masonic characters that Rob Morris met and worked with. One of these was an Englishman by the name of John W. Leonard. He was a Non-Commissioned Officer in the British Army and a master of Masonic

Work. He was very clever in sword exercises and enjoyed no little popularity. Dr. Morris was in New York in March, 1854, and trusted this man with his confidence and financial resources. He was grossly and disastrously deceived. Leonard died in Georgia in 1861.

While in New York this same year Dr. Morris was invited to address a Masonic audience. He makes considerable humor at his back-woods dress in contrast to the elegance and formality of the Eastern Craft; but he was accorded a most favorable hearing and made many new friends.



BANNER OF CROTHERSVILLE CHAPTER SOCIAL CRUSADERS.

A splendid example of Masonic Symbolism in Teaching and Training Youth in Fraternity.

During this summer he worked with untiring energy on a system of "Model By-Laws" ordered by the Grand Lodge of Kentucky. This work won him wide recognition in other States. During this same summer he wrote "The Level and The Square." He confesses that he did not hold such a high opinion of this famous poem as others expressed; but it became the greatest Masonic poem of the age.

During this year, and for several years previous, Dr. Morris had his heart set on a trip to Europe; and in the fall of 1854 the Grand Lodge of New York made a loan to him of one thousand dollars for that purpose. He was stopping at the Judson House, a hotel on Broadway, near Trinity Church. The house took fire the very night he arrived there. It burned to ashes and he only escaped by the skin of his teeth, as he puts it, losing clothing, books, papers and everything. This was a bitter and lasting disappointment. He paid back the Grand Lodge loan and came home. The losses to Dr. Morris by this fire were very heavy. He had with him forty or fifty volumes of rare Masonic pamphlets to be bound and these were never duplicated. Great amounts of written matter and even the material for his "Code of Masonic Law," went up in the flames. This represented years of toil; but he dug down and began again at the root, as he puts it; and in the space of one year reproduced what he had lost.

This same year marks the collection of his elaborate material and the publication of his first book on William Morgan. It was but a beginning. The supreme book was that of 1884. Again his notes of this year indicate the increased determination to organize the "Conservators."

The Year 1855.

Dr. Morris says that the year 1855 was remarkable to him in making final plans to publish the General Masonic Library. It was a great enterprise that had been on his heart for a number of years. He did not have the means to go on with it until this year. He could not find any publisher in the country who would undertake it unless he was guaranteed against loss. The plates for these classic Masonic volumes were made in New York and shipped to J. F. Brennan at Louisville, who got out each number. Some of the most enterprising Masonic workers of the country were employed by Dr. Morris to canvass everywhere for subscribers. Success attended the undertaking and more than one hundred thousand dollars was subscribed. The Masonic public took favorable notice of the proposition and Grand Lodges rallied to the support of it. Dr. Morris published a little magazine to advertise and describe what he had in view. He traveled over the country in the interest of his Masonic Library and met with much encouragement; but by the summer of the next year, 1856, the prospects and promises of the enterprise began to fail. This was a great financial crash to him. He was compelled to borrow money from the Craft to keep the enterprise from falling down utterly.

To continue this matter of the Masonic Library, Dr. Morris finished the last volume of it in August 1857. He had removed his business office to New York in order to recover from the tremendous financial embarrassments incident to this enterprise. The subscription list was very large. The times were more encouraging. Almost everyone spoke well of the library. One hundred thousand dollars had been pledged; but with the suddenness of a storm, or a whirl-wind, as Dr. Morris called it, the Panic of 1857 swept over the country in September, ruining thousands, crippling tens of thousands, and causing banks to close their credits and call in their loans. Dr. Morris' patrons went under with the rest. His efforts to stem the tide were indeed heroic, but of no avail.

It was not until the year 1859 that the matter was settled in a business way. The entire property, copyrights, stock of books, and so on, were taken over by William M. Ellison, of Hickman, Ky., the agent for the creditors of Dr. Morris. This man and Mason was a very just and satisfactory friend in the position assigned him. He did everything possible for Dr. Morris. Yet the grief of Dr. Morris over the failure of this great enterprise was deep and lasting. He says that it was his cherished dream. He gave to it time, means, health and life. He felt the shadow of failure haunting him. He had hoped to procure, through this undertaking, enough money to make him secure from want and to enable him to carry out his Masonic lifework. Had the business outlook of the country not been clouded over, it is probable that success might have crowned the enterprise at last. Yet the storm of War put the final touch of disaster to it .

But we must say for Dr. Morris that when his assignment was made, the pledges on the Library exceeded $125,000; and the aggregate of his liabilities was

far below that sum. Had the subscribers been able to meet their pledges, he would not have lost a dollar. A bank at Hickman, Kentucky, had loaned him about $30,000. Personal loans amounted to about $2,000. Advances made by subscribers amounted to about $3,000. These figures are given with care and truth by Dr. Morris in his Autobiography; and we cannot see that he was at all to blame for the Panic of '57 or the Civil War, which ruined thousands of others in finance and business.

From '56 To '61.

In the year 1856 there was a Grand Masonic Rally at Lodgeton, Kentucky, June 24th, in connection with the planting of the corner-stone of the Western Kentucky College there. This drew Masonic notables from all over the country and Canada. They were guests in the home of Dr. Morris and he enjoyed one of the greatest treats of his life. He was elected Senior Grand Warden of Kentucky that year. He also published his History of Kentucky Masonry, a book which cost him a great deal of labor but which did not prove profitable from a money point of view. During these various events Dr. Morris traveled far and wide. In the year 1857 he covered Canada, and renewed many old friendships, and collected a large amount of data for the "Conservators." This was the next greatest enterprise of his life, which we have already, in other chapters, fully discussed.

In September, 1856, Dr. Morris attended the General Grand Chapter and G. G. Encampment of Knights Templar at Hartford, Connecticut. This meeting had great significance for him in the companionship of Masonic leaders of thought. About this time he published a number of the "American Freemason" profusely illustrated with Masonic notables and music. In the year 1858 Dr. Morris made a tour down into Texas and returned through the Southern States, visiting Washington City. While in the National Capital he delivered the annual oration before the Grand Lodge at the Smithsonian Institute, with brilliant success. His travels extended then into Iowa and the Northwest. It seems that his lecture tours in this year were nation-wide in scope. He covered Virginia and visited the old lodge of George Washington at Alexandria. On February 22, 1858, Dr. Morris participated in the dedication of Crawford's statue of Washington at Richmond. In October of this year he returned from Lodgeton, Kentucky, to Louisville, giving up for debt on the Masonic Library his homestead and other property.

These financial embarassments did not in the least diminish the popularity of Dr. Morris with the Craft nor their confidence in him for in this same year of 1858 he was elected Grand Master of Kentucky at Lexington at one of the finest convocations of Freemasons ever held in the State. Following this meeting of the Grand Lodge, the annual sessions were held in Louisville. Dr. Morris records that his duties as Grand Master were quite heavy and crowded him for time. He made only two visits beyond his own jurisdiction that year (1859) one to the Grand Lodge of Indiana and the other to the Triennial Convocations of the National Masonic Bodies at Chicago. During this same year, 1859, he gave very close attention to his Schools of Masonic Instruction, looking toward the work and mission of the "Conservators" in 1860. He sent E. D. Cooks to England to make a course of Masonic investigations throughout that country, Scotland and Ireland. Mr. Cooke remained abroad more than two years, visiting lodges, forming Masonic acquaintances, copying old records, collecting Masonic books, data and other material desired by Dr. Morris in the work of the "Conservators." The purpose of this mission was also to cultivate a closer fraternal bond with the Craft abroad and to ultimately realize the International dream of the "Conservator Movement." The reception of Mr. Cooke was cordial and hearty everywhere. The "Voice of Masonry" from 1859 to 1861 published the letters of Mr. Cooke; and a volume upon his stay and work abroad was planned. It was in January, 1859, that Dr. Morris began the publication of the little magazine, "The Voice of Masonry." It was a classic.

A very serious illness prostrated Dr. Morris in August, 1859. It was an attack of intermittent fever, which nearly closed his labors in this life, as he expressed

it. Greatly enfeebled, he was imprudent enough in his devotion to Masonry to attend another great Masonic Encampment at Chicago. This brought on a relapse which proved very disastrous to his health for a number of years.

Dr. Morris opened the year 1860 as a Masonic editor, author, and teacher in his schools of instruction. His "Tales of Masonic Life" is a book worthy of him at his best. We have already covered in previous chapters the removal of his family to LaGrange, Kentucky, and the story of the Masonic University at that place. We have also described the coming on of the Civil War and the dramatic incidents connected therewith in the experience of Dr. Morris. He closes the Masonic Autobiography with the clearest disclosures of his purpose in the organization of the "Conservators;" and the publication of the Masonic magazine revealing the object he had in view seems to us to acquit him of any suspicion of questionable motives or methods in this great project of his. He justifies himself very earnestly in all his Masonic labors and closes the Autobiography with an appeal to the Supreme Architect of the Universe to pass upon his career and character.

The reader will recall the remark of Dr. Morris at the outset of his career as a Masonic Lecturer that a Brother Mason offered, in the event of his failure as a Lecturer, "to set him up with a wagon as a tin peddler." Just recently we heard a Brother Mason refer to Dr. Morris as "A Masonic Peddler." This cynical and contemptuous estimate of the life work of the great Masonic Laureate struck home to our heart like a dagger. It was in keeping with the purely materialistic interpretation set upon his life labors for Masonry by those who thought he was only after the loaves and fishes. Dr. Morris answers these critics in full by his Autobiography; and that is one great reason we have here reproduced it as fully as possible.

CHAPTER XXI

ROB MORRIS AND WALT WHITMAN

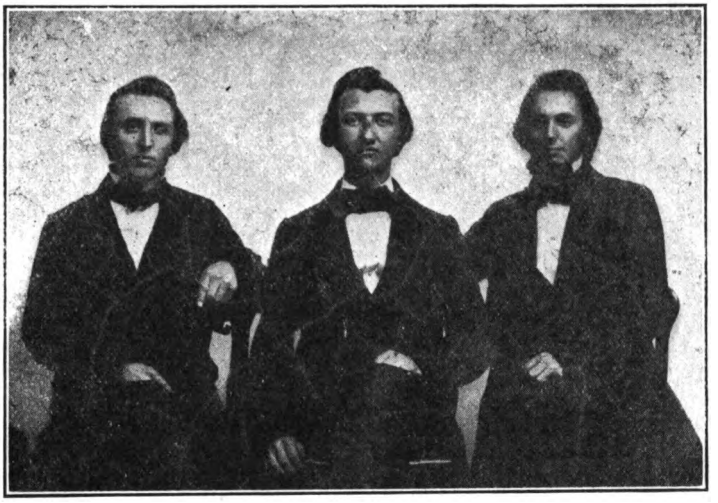
* * * *

THE War Time poems of Dr. Morris constitute a very worthy and noble claim to Masonic immortality. The stories that go along with these poems would indeed be most readable; but Dr. Morris did not find time, like Walt Whitman, to put on record all the tender and touching little incidents connected with his Masonic ministry among the prisons and hospitals of the Great Conflict of 1861 to 1865. This great war affected Rob Morris very much as it did Walt Whitman. The Good Gray Poet was in the prime of his manhood when the mighty struggle began. Like Rob Morris, he had sojourned just long enough in the Old Romantic South to become imbued with a fond feeling for that half of the nation. Perhaps if he had remained still longer in the South to study and understand its institutions as did Dr. Morris, he would have been as nearly a Southerner as was Rob Morris. But the grief of the two poets and lovers of humanity over this great national tragedy was practically the same.

Whitman's biographer speaks of the Civil War as the great shock in the life of the poet. From his boyhood up, like Rob Morris, he watched the course of events and saw the Illinois Rail-Splitter gradually becoming the champion of a New Nationality of Humanity. When Fort Sumpter was fired upon and the streets of every Northern village and town and city resounded with the tramp and cheer and shout of assembling troops, he was profoundly impressed. But, like Rob Morris and all the greatest poets, Walt Whitman was not a lover of war and conflict. His brother George enlisted; but he did not go. One day in December, 1862, he saw the name of his brother among the seriously wounded after the Battle of Fredericksburg. He got ready and went to the front at once to nurse his brother and to report how the brother fared. What he saw on his arrival at Rappahannock is vividly related by his biographer:

"He found himself suddenly thrown amidst the cruel realities of the aftermath of a battle, face to face with the wounded, the dying, the dead. One of the first sights he met in camp was a heap of amputated feet, legs, arms, hands, at the foot of a tree within ten yards of the house, a full load for a one-horse cart. He had gluttonously fed of life till then, and he now was satiated, not with death alone, but with the unbearable horrors attending a battle-field."

The poet felt his utter helplessness; but he began to write letters home for the wounded and dying boys, after he had attended to his own brother. He became familiar with the sights and sounds and horrors of war and carnage at close range. He was called the Wound-Dresser, and the Comrade Heart, as he entered into this great service where Clara Barton was already winning her noble renown. Walt Whitman gave of his means, and substance, and vitality,



(Left to right): John Rule, the author's father, as a student in Old Centre College, Danville, Kentucky, in the Class of 1861. Next, Wm. R. Brown, his closest friend, and Abram V. Rule, his twin brother. These three young men were trained to the Presbyterian Ministry by two of the greatest war-time Masonic preachers in Kentucky—Dr. R. G. Brank and Dr. R. J. Breckinridge. The Class of 1861 went to the battlefields of Civil War North and South, after graduation, and Abram V. Rule, the author's uncle, died in Danville, a martyr to the dread scourge of typhoid fever. The author's father, Rev. John Rule, came to Oldham County, Kentucky, as a pastor and teacher at Goshen Church and Academy several years after Rob Morris came to LaGrange. The ties of Brotherhood and Friendship in the author's family have been stronger than death itself for generations, under Christian and Masonic teaching and training. The author was reared to take his dead uncle Abram's vacant place in Centre College and the Presbyterian Ministry as a most solemn and binding obligation and covenant.

and lay down his very life for the youth and manhood of America in the camps and hospitals everywhere around Washington. Out of this supreme offering of himself to Humanity grew the great poems that won for him undying fame. Perhaps the poems of Rob Morris are infinitely more simple and lyrical; but these two great souls rendered a similar service. And their sorrow at the assassination of Abraham Lincoln was the same.

"She Was a Stranger."

A gleam of humor illumines those stories of war-time related in the circle of Rob Morris and his friends. Shortly after the Civil War hundreds of strangers

applied to Louisville Masons for relief. Some were soldiers of the North and some of the South. Others were in search of lost friends and were out of means. The Masonic Board of Relief did a noble work. Individual Masons gave generously also. One day the President of the Board came to a prominent Brother Mason in Louisville to go with him to the Louisville Hotel to see a lady who claimed aid as a Masonic Sister. She said her name was Livermore, and that her father was President of a bank in Portland, Maine. She said her brother was Master of a certain Lodge in the same city. According to her story, she had married against her father's wishes and went with her husband to the West. At St. Louis her husband deserted her and took her watch, jewelry, and trunk, and left her only the clothes she wore.

The lady made known her distress at the hotel, and a Royal Arch Mason on his way South by way of Louisville, brought her there, and then, pressed for time, had to leave her at the hotel. The hotel clerks confirmed his story and said she was a true lady, but destitute. Her appearance confirmed her story also, and she only asked for a ticket to New York City, saying she knew the Captain of the Portland, Maine, line of steamers and could get home from New York.

She wanted to go at once, and would hope for her father's pardon. She asked Masonic intervention with her father. This prominent Mason was a bank teller and knew the story of her father, the bank man in Portland. He examined the Grand Lodge Minutes of Maine and found her brother's name. She got her ticket from the Board, some money, a luncheon, and a strong recommendation to Masons on her journey. The President of the Board of Relief took her to Jeffersonville, Indiana, whence her train started, gave her in charge of the conductor, and she set out splendidly.

A letter was immediately written to Worshipful Brother Livermore in Portland, the father, telling him all and preparing him to forgive his Prodigal Daughter. In due season came an answer bidding the Board of Relief god-speed in their noble work, and saying the father had only one daughter, and she was the happy wife of General Smith of Portland. The President of the Board of Relief made this comment:

"We reflected upon the uncertainty of human things generally, and murmured to ourselves, 'She was a stranger and she took us in!'"

Masonic Brotherhood In War Time.

Yet such incidents did not by any means discourage the Board of Relief in their work. Another typical story is related by the friends of Dr. Morris in the "Kentucky Freemason" for January, 1874, as follows: During the latter part of the late Civil Strife we were a commissioner for the exchange of prisoners of war on behalf of the Confederate States. We once went to Cahava, Alabama, a prison post, and a request was made to us by an old gentleman confined there, for a personal interview. It was granted.

The old gentleman told his story, and it was a most affecting one. He had come down South to get the body of a Federal soldier who had been killed in battle—the son of a widow lady. His mission was executed from motives of pure, disinterested kindness. He had secured the body and was returning, when the train was captured by a squadron of cavalry, and all the passengers, soldiers and citizens, were made prisoners. The old gentleman thought it very hard that he should be detained; but the law of retaliation was then in force, and captured Union citizens were held as hostages for Confederate citizens in Northern prisons. We informed the distressed prisoner that our discretion in such cases was limited by our orders in such a way as to render it impossible to effect his release by any ordinary means.

Finally the old gentleman, a Mr. St. John, asked, "Are you a Mason?" We responded in the affirmative. An examination ensued, and we became satisfied with each other. Brother St. John then made an earnest Masonic appeal to us. We replied: "Brother St. John, as a private individual I am a Freemason, and will do anything practicable to relieve your necessities as a prisoner and to make

your captivity as comfortable and bearable as possible. But as a Colonel of the C. S. A., I know no Masonic obligation that requires me to relax my integrity to the Government whose commission I bear, even to aid a Brother. However, I will say this to you, that if an occasion offers for an early exchange, I will bear your case in memory and give you the advantage of it."

A few days afterward we heard of the captivity of an old citizen friend of North Georgia, at Camp Chase, Ohio, who was also a Master Mason. We determined to endeavor to effect his release. We went to see Brother St. John and made the following proposition: "Will you accept a parole to go North and endeavor to effect an exchange of yourself for Mr. Sharp, my friend, confined at Camp Chase? If you fail, will you return and report yourself a prisoner to me at Cahava? Will you give your Masonic word to me that you will faithfully fulfill the conditions of the proposed parole of honor?"

All of these questions were answered in the affirmative. We took Brother St. John with us to Memphis, where the parole was ratified by General Washburne, Commander of the Department of West Tennessee. Brother St. John proceeded North, spent a single night with his family near Cincinnati, and then went to Camp Chase, saw Brother Sharp and the officer in charge, but could make no arrangement for an exchange there. Nothing daunted, he went to Washington, had interviews with the President and Secretary of War, and finally, after the lapse of three weeks of persevering effort, succeeded in his purpose and returned to Camp Chase with an order for the exchange. When Brother Sharp was released he gave him clothes, money, and transportation, and started him rejoicing in his liberty Southward.

Two months had elapsed since we parted with Brother St. John, and the time of the parole had expired. We had begun to think we had been deceived, when, lo, one morning while on our way to Hernando, Mississippi, to consummate an exchange, Brother Sharp appeared like an apparition upon the banks of the Blackwater River! His eyes filled with tears of gratitude, and, speechless with emotion, he rushed forward and with a Masonic grip, expressed what was filling his heart so full.

Since the close of the war we have received a letter from Brother St. John in which he says: "Had I failed in securing the release of Brother Sharp, I would have returned to captivity, according to the conditions of my parole; for I would rather have suffered the pains of imprisonment than to have violated my Masonic word!"

It was in this atmosphere of "Masonic Brotherhood in War Time" that James A. Garfield decided to become a member of the order. He gave the subject much attention when he was first admitted to the bar in 1860; but when he reached the zone of conflict and saw the same comradship that Rob Morris and Walt Whitman witnessed among the Boys in Blue, he hesitated no longer. His own soldiers made him a Mason. He was a charter member of Pentalpha Lodge No. 23, and a member of Columbia Chapter No. 1; Columbia Commandery No. 2, and Mithras Lodge of Perfection, A. and A. Rite, all of Washington. His biographer, like Clara Barton's, did not fully realize the influence of Freemasonry in his whole after life. But then Garfield was by nature a Giant Great Heart, like Lincoln.

CHAPTER XXII

HOW ROB MORRIS BECAME THE MASONIC LAUREATE

* * * *

ROB MORRIS became the Laureate of Freemasonry by reason of his genius for the simple, popular expression of Masonic sentiment and symbol in song and story. He was a Tom Moore in this field, and not only discovered but continually utilized its rich treasures in his talks and travels among the Craft. Here is what he himself says of his work as a Masonic poet:

"If Masonic literature may justly be divided, like other branches of human knowledge, into departments, then we may style one of those divisions poetry. The biographical, historical and ritualistic divisions, added to that which is termed Belles-Lettres, in which fiction is introduced by way of parable, make up the ordinary understanding of Masonic Literature, to which I would add poetry as the complement.

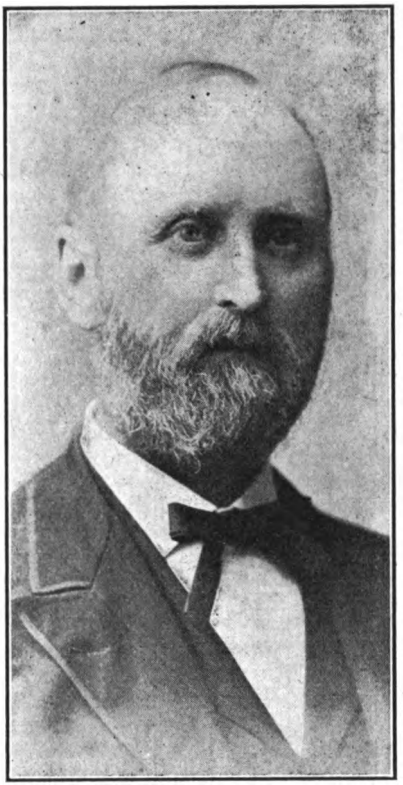
"It is not too much to say that this branch of Masonic learning has been overlooked and neglected by Masonic writers.....Robert Burns found in the murmur of a brook and the warbling of a bird the voice of his mistress. Walter Scott saw through the outlines of a rusty lance-head or broken pair of spurs the imagery of a well-foughten field. Thomas Moore drew from the twang of a rickety lute wails of lamentation for the decadence of his green old Ireland. All this is in the nature of suggestion, the very essence of poetry. Yet these men could look coldly upon the most pregnant images of Freemasonry, the G, the Broken Column, the Mystic Pillars, and a score of others. They could listen to a rehearsal of the Masonic covenants without once considering the inexhaustible mine of poetic thought of which these were only the surface.

"As compared with any other theme, I would give the preference of Symbolical Masonry as the richest in poetic thought; and I can only hope that the day is not distant when a great poet will arise who will be to Freemasonry what Scott was to chivalry, Moore to patriotism, Burns to rustic love.

"My attention was early turned, as a Masonic student, to the department of poetry, and whatever grade of merit may be attached to my own effusions, I may justly claim to have searched with assiduity the gems of poetic thought buried in the mines of Masonic literature, and brought them to the public eye."

These thoughts were given by Dr. Morris in a lecture at Indianapolis, in the year 1864, upon the subject, "The Poetry of Masonic Literature." He says it was a brilliant assembly of men and women he addressed; and he preserved the notes of the lecture, which he used as an introduction to his published collection of Masonic poems in 1884. This volume, entitled, "The Poetry of Freemasonry," constituted his claim to the Laureateship, and has since remained a standard volume of Masonic poetry. These compositions are of varying degrees of merit. When he had seasons of rest from his continuous travel and lecture work Dr. Morris gave closer attention to the symbolic poetry of the Craft and produced many lines of beauty and excellence. There can be no doubt that he gave more attention to the song and story of the Great Brotherhood than any poet that ever lived, and well deserved the laurels he wore. But without question this future poet of whom he speaks will find in the theme of Human Brotherhood itself his supreme inspiration.

Mrs. Ruth Mount of LaGrange, daughter of Dr. Morris, has sent us a very valuable and interesting circular of the last lecture tours made by her father as Masonic Laureate near the close of his life. This circular gives the estimate of his Masonic contemporaries who crowned him with the great honor, and this estimate will go down to after generations in the History of the Craft.



REV. JOHN RULE.

The author's father as Pastor and Friend of Rob Morris. Product and type of the same sturdy Presbyterian training, the author's father imbibed the noble Masonic ideals surrounding Old Centre College and Princeton Seminary before the Civil War and gave his whole life in unselfish ministry to the unshepherded common people. For nearly sixty years he was like a Patriarch and Father in Israel to the Old Masonic Community at Goshen. The Lord of Life crowned his faithful labors and it was our loving privilege to sing his Birthday Song:

"AS THE LIFE OF A TREE."

"Servant of God, well done."
Today at eighty-one
Life's full, well-rounded sun
Goes down as it begun.
Thy soul was always young,
And Truth was on thy tongue:
A noble oak among
Life's trees that storms have wrung.

A pilgrim of the earth
Not over-moved by mirth
But sturdy, brave and strong;
A psalm thy daily song.
Thy heart is true to home;
Too wedded there to roam,
Yet looking toward the dome
Of God and Life to come.

A patriarch of old
Who scorned the lure of Gold
And to his faith will hold
'Till Time's last hour is told.
Thy children honor thee,
And round thy kindly knee
Would gather and agree
To brothers ever be.

Thou and thy brothers stood
Like monarchs of the wood
For all that brothers should;
And life was sweet and good.
So in the Life Beyond
Unbroken be the bond.
Love's Resurrection wand
Shall wake so young and fond.

The gentlest of them all
Who answered Death's sad call
Like them who bravely fall
To break earth's tyrant thrall;
And happily ye twain,
Together once again,
Shall lift Love's tender strain
Where Life shall never wane.

Masonic Lecture and Recitations of Masonic Poems By Dr. Rob Morris, Poet Laureate of Freemasonry.

Under the approbation of the Grand Master and leading Masons of this jurisdiction, Dr. Rob Morris will deliver his Lecture and Recitations at the time and place named in the margin. These are the Masonic exercises given under the auspices of the Fraternity in New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Missouri, Kentucky, and other jurisdictions. The lecture consists in a sketch of Masonic History as it has passed under his personal observations since 1846, concluding with an account of the Laureation of Robert Burns, March 1, 1787, and of Brother Morris' own coronation as Poet Laureate of Freemasonry, December 17, 1884.

The Lecture is followed by recitations of pieces of his own composition, including the well-known poems, The Level and the Square, Our Vows, One Hour with You, etc., which have stood the test of some thirty years' use. The entire exercises occupy about two hours. As Brother Morris has passed far into the vale of life, this is the only opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of one long honored among Masonic workers in this and other lands.

The entertainment is free; a collection will be taken at the close. None can be present save Masons of the Third or higher degrees.

Th selections are from the following and other poetic productions, viz.: "The Letter G," "The Drunkard's Grave," "If Good Men all were Masons," "The Jolts of Life." The following poems are accompanied by Esoteric movements, viz.: "Our Vows," "The Holy Scriptures," "The Emblems of the Craft," and "Symbolisms of the Apron." The following are of interest to Knights Templar, viz.: "One is your Master," "The Master Cometh," "The Utterances of the Sword." The following are Comic Recitations, viz.: "Vouching for Dupee," "Mrs. Byrde," "Truly Rural." The following are applied to the Order of the Eastern Star, viz.: "The Sister's Funeral," "Bid Them Come In," "Good Night."

In lodges having choirs, it is well to intersperse two or three songs among the recitations.

Commendatory Notices.

In the Published Proceedings at the Laureation of Dr. Morris, December 17, 1884, the intelligent Committee who had the matter in charge, said, with much force:

We think there is no Mason of repute who is not aware of the poetic ability of our brother, or who will deem this proposed honorarium premature. He has been enriching the literature of Freemasonry with the productions of his genius for twoscore years. Bent upon wresting the inner meaning from our time-honored symbols, Brother Morris has spread them forth before the eye and soul in a mingled current of sweetness, purity, and pathos. Need we name "The Level and the Square," "The Five Points of Fellowship," "One Hour With You," "The Master Cometh," "The Auld Lang Syne of Freemasons," "The Utterances of the Sword," or any others of the three hundred compositions, each characterized by some peculiar gloss of genius, which he has given the Craft during his forty years of study and work?

Rob Morris is personally known to the ten thousands of the Craft the world over. A man of modest habits, studious at the midnight lamp, quick to catch the flash of poetic thought and skillful to fasten it upon paper, clear in speech, pleasant and humorous in style, Brother Morris has personally visited Masonic Lodges upon the three continents. His face is recognized in more than three thousand Lodges. His name appears upon the title pages of more than seventy volumes. His contributions to the poetical literature of Freemasonry exceed three hundred in number.

Many poets have been members of our Brotherhood some of them master singers,

"bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time,"

but we know of none whose muse has been so entirely devoted to the service of the Craft as that of our Brother Robert Morris.

When, upon the death of William Wordsworth, Alfred Tennyson became the Poet Laureate of England, he spoke, in his own sweet verse, of the laurel crown as coming to him

"greener from the brows
Of him who uttered nothing base."

These last words not applicable to every famous bard, may justly be spoken of our brother whom we hail as Poet Laureate of Freemasonry. The lyres of others have been attuned to more ambitious flights. He has found contentment in uttering the simple lays of Masonry. Neither the songs of War, nor Ambition, nor the Triumph of Man over Fallen Foe, has he sung; but for many years his sweet verses have gone out to thousands of the people of this and other lands, depicting, in accents of joy and gladness, the beauties of Masonry, and telling alike to Masons and to all the world, "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

His efforts and his aspirations bring to mind the beautiful lines of Bayard Taylor upon our immortal brother, Goethe:

"Dear is the minstrel, even to hearts of prose;
But he who sets all aspiration free
Is dearer to humanity.
Still through the age our glorious leader goes
Still whispers cheer, or waves his warning sign,—
The man who, most of men,
Heeded the parable from lips divine,
And made one talent ten."

The Prince of Masons, Brother Rob Morris, has passed the greater part of his Masonic life in our midst, here in Kentucky, and Kentucky Masons should, therefore, know him well. We can bear testimony that we have ever found him among the very foremost of the Craft,—faithful, zealous, intelligent, the "brightest of the bright." Deeply learned in the mysteries and history of the Order, he has for many years been the luminous instructor of the brethren; a man without guile, he has ever trod "the paths of peace," illustrating in his life and walk the purifying and elevating precepts of Masonry.

Rob Morris has labored, not only at the building, but likewise at the decorating of the temple; and as the pillars J. and B. were crowned with lilies and pomegranates, so he who stands in honor and strength among us should be crowned with laurel, that a wreath of unfading green may testify to the undying memorial he will leave in his works and to the last remembrances in which he will be held by his brethren.

The well known ability of this distinguished Mason, and his high standing as a Masonic writer, have given him a world-wide reputation with the Craft, while the purity of sentiment so beautifully expressed in his Masonic poems has so endeared his name to thousands of the brethren and their families that "Rob Morris" is a household word in every Lodge and Masonic home where our language is spoken. Were the productions of Brother Morris eliminated from our literature, one-half its charm would be lost. He has expressed in verse all that is noblest, purest, best. What Jonson, Dryden, Wordsworth, and Tennyson have been to general literature he has been to Masonry.

Biographical Notes.

Robert Morris was born August 31, 1818. Initiated into Masonry, March 5, 1846. Elected Grand Master of Kentucky, October, 1858. Crowned Poet Laureate of Freemasonry, December 17, 1884. Author of many Masonic Works, among which the following are prominent, viz.: "The Lights and Shadows of Freema-

sonry," "Code of Masonic Law," "History of the Morgan Affair," "Freemasonry in the Holy Land," "History of Freemasonry in Kentucky," "The Poetry of Freemasonry," etc. Explorer of Bible Lands, 1868, and First Master of the Royal Solomon Lodge at Jerusalem, 1873. Residence, since 1860, at LaGrange, Kentucky. Explored the Land of Burns, 1878. Author of various works on Numismatics. Composer of Sunday-school Songs, and contributor for half a century to the secular, scientific, and religious press.

Eulogy By Prof. Ossian E. Dodge.

The tie which united our Poet Laureate to the late Brother Ossian E. Dodge, himself a poet and musician, was compounded of music, poetry, cheerful humor, and fraternity. In 1879 Dodge composed the following lines, to suggest the practical uses made of Morris' verses by the Masonic Craft in this and foreign lands:

His notes are ringing in each line
That goes from Mason-lodge to heaven;
Where'er is wrought the Grand Design
His tuneful sentiments are given.

In quiet graveyards, on the face
Of marbles honoring human dust,
The traveler's thoughtful eye may trace
His words of high and deathless trust.

Full many a parting soul has gone
By his sweet rhymings, comforted;
And in the crypt of many a stone
Are hid the solemn words he said.

And when, in turn, the dust shall pass
Above his loved and honored head,
One loud, lamenting cry, Alas!
Will wail our Bard, our Poet dead!

The Drama of the Third Degree.

As a reader of "The Lost Autobiography" we recall the profound impression made upon Dr. Morris very early in his Masonic experience by hearing Charles Scott of Mississippi on "The Symbolisms of the Third Degree." That impression stamped all the subsequent Masonic work of Rob Morris: and we are not surprised at the following tributes to his own mastery of the art of teaching Masonic Truth and conferring Masonic degrees:

"In his lecture to us Brother Morris called his brethren to no 'half-way house of comfortable Masonry,' but rather to truth, purity and obedience to covenants. He performed the drama of the third degree with such histrionic force, that some of us acknowledged the crisis with pity and tears. He made Freemasonry appear as the great parable of the age and of the world. He called it a light-house that bids a man welcome to a safe harbor. His pupils, of whom he had quite a class here, caught from him the flash and the impulse. The things that he told us are remembered even yet with avidity, but how sweet and fresh will they rise before us when their author sleeps in his grave! We desire that our European Brethren shall receive Dr. Morris as the representative of us all. The language he employed was remarkably pure Saxon; no **verba sesquipedalia** came from his lips. I have understood that in his youth he was mostly fed upon Shakespeare, Milton, and the Spectator, as his style implies. He told us that the genuine Preston Webb lectures might have been written by the author of the Pilgrim's Progress, so rich are they in monosyllable and in Saxon. In his recitations of Masonic verse he made every use of emblems, emblematic gestures and movements, and so connected as with the mystic cable-tow itself, the material with the immaterial of

MRS. MARY W. RULE.

The author's mother in the years of her fond acquaintance and friendship with Rob Morris. From her girlhood up she cherished and incarnated the beautiful types of the Eastern Star which he so nobly conceived; and in her Birthday Song we celebrate a Vision of Womanhood that will never die. She is perhaps the last survivor of that glorious galaxy that gathered round Rob Morris with Mrs. Martha Eubank in the days before the Civil War.

TO MOTHER.

Sweet Mother on thy birthday dear,
That comes when stormy March is here,
We find so much of happy Spring
That Wintry Death hath lost his sting.

The robin trills at early dawn ,
Ere yet the snow from earth is gone,
With such a gladness in each note,
That Maytime seems no more remote.

So in this life of ours thy song
Solaced each sorrow grief and wrong,
With comfort that no words could tell,
And broke despair's unpitying spell.

The meadowlark salutes the morn
With golden strains Elysian-born,
And makes us feel his rapture, too,
Of grasses green and heavens blue.

So doth thy heart, forever young,
Still speak in music's matchless tongue
Of Love so human and divine,
As one on Beulah's border-line.

Yea, and the winter of thy years,
Passing this vale of mortal tears,
Beneath the Star of Cloudless Day,
Will merge into Eternal May.

And in that Land of Love and Youth,
Where side by side we walk with Truth,
Thy melody, O Mother dear,
Will comfort still the same as here.

•

So let the strange Transition Time,
From mortal life to Life Sublime,
Come unto thee as comes the close
Of Junetide twilight with the Rose.

human nature. You will think me extravagant in all this; I am. But you wanted my candid opinion of the life and labors of Dr. Morris, and you have it. For one, I never can lose the nervous thrill, the peculiar magnetism of that hand, or the spirit which looked through his eye as from a soul's window. When I do forget them, the grass will be growing over my grave."

* * * * * *

"I have seen Worshipful Brother Morris confer the degrees of the Blue Lodge some eight or ten times. He displayed in the drama such a seriousness, an exuberance of charity, such a heart full of goodness and face radiant with smiles, as daguerreotype him upon my memory. The great fundamental doctrines of Masonry were at his tongue's end. In making this reply to your epistle, you give me pleasure, yet tinged with melancholy, because such men are few, and rarely suffered to continue among us by reason of death."

* * * * * *

"He was with our lodge for three days and a guest with me. He is remembered among us as the most cheerful visitor we ever had. He was always singing an undertone of his inner nature, and carried a rare pleasure with him. A song is joy-giving. Hard things appear easy to such a man, heavy burdens light. Sorrow may knock at his door but cannot enter his heart. He has the capacity to devise good things and the courage to execute them."

CHAPTER XXIII

LAST DAYS AND DEATH OF DR. MORRIS

* * * *

Thomas R. Austin in His Beautiful Biography of Rob Morris Pays this Splendid Tribute to his Friend as a "Leader in Funeral Rites."

THE custom of giving honors to our Masonic dead has become so intimately incorporated into American Masonry that many continue their attachment to the Order 'even down to old age,' that so they may not forfeit the funeral honors due the faithful departed. On the other hand, it is an attraction to a certain class of minds to unite themselves with a fraternity which follows its members lovingly to the grave's brink and lays them gently back upon the bosom of mother earth.

"In honoring this custom the practice of Dr. Morris has been supplemented by his writings. His 'Funeral Book of the Freemasons,' a work of widespread celebrity, contains, in addition to copious and easy instructions, a long catalogue of epitaphs and forms of obituary notices, also of funeral songs suitable to such occasions; while no one is so often called upon to attend in person and preside over such ceremonials. There is a form of agreement not uncommon among American Masons, in which two parties covenant that 'the one who survives the other shall preside at his burial.' The number thus pledged to our veteran friend is large and among them is found the compiler of the present sketch.

"'This passage was first published in his Lights and Shadows of Masonry, 1852, and expresses his views upon the subject with much vigor:

"'In all ages the bodies of Masonic dead have been laid in graves dug east and west, with their faces looking toward the east. This practice has been borrowed from us, and adopted by others, until it has become nearly universal. It implies that when the great day shall come, and He who is Death's conqueror shall give the signal, His ineffable light shall first be seen in the east; that from the east He will make His glorious approach; will stand at the eastern margin of these graves, and with his mighty power—that grasp irresistibly strong which shall prevail—will raise the bodies which are slumbering therein. We shall have been long buried, long decayed. Friends, relatives, yea, our nearest and dearest. will cease to remember where they have laid us. The broad earth will have undergone wondrous changes, mountains levelled, valleys filled. The seasons will

have chased each other in many a fruitful round. Oceans lashed into fury by the gales of today will tomorrow have sunk like a spoiled child to their slumber. Broad trees with broader roots will have interlocked them, hard and knobbed as they are, above our ashes, as if to conceal the very fact of our having lived; and then, after centuries of life, they, too, will have followed our example of mortality, and, long struggling with decay, at last will have toppled down to join their remains with ours, thus obliterating the last poor testimony that man has ever lain there. So shall we be lost to human sight. But the eye of God, nevertheless, will mark the spot, green with the everlasting verdure of faith; and when the trumpet's blast shall shake the hills to their very base, our astonished bodies will rise, impelled upward by an irresistible impulse, and we shall stand face to face with our Redeemer.'

"The following lines were written and sent to a dying brother, dearly-beloved, whose heart and purse had long been opened wide to Dr. Morris. It is pleasant to know that the beautiful poem imparted comfort in those last hours when earthly hopes fail:

"We'll lay thee down when thou shalt sleep,
All tenderly and brotherly;
And woman's eyes with ours shall weep
The balmy drops of sympathy.
We'll spread above thee cedar boughs,
Whose emerald hue and rich perfume
Shall make us deem thy resting place
To be a bed and not a tomb.

"That teeming breast, which has supplied
Thy wants from earliest infancy,
Shall open fondly, and supply
Unbroken rest and sleep to thee.
Each spring the flower-roots shall send up
Their painted emblems to the sky,
To bid thee wait, upon thy couch,
A little longer, patiently.

"We'll not forget thee, we who stay
To work a little longer here;
Thy name, thy faith, thy love, shall lie
On memory's pages, bright and clear;
And when o'erwearied by the toil
Of life our heavy limbs shall be,
We'll come, and one by one lie down
Upon dear mother earth with thee.

"And there we'll slumber by thy side,—
There, reunited 'neath the sod,
We'll wait, nor doubt in His good time
To feel the raising hand of God:
To be translated from the earth—
This land of sorrow and complaints—
To the all-perfect Lodge above,
Whose Master is the King of Saints."

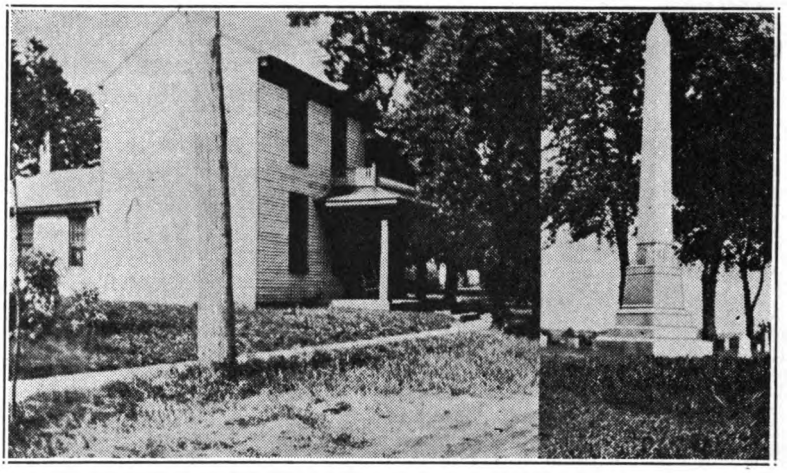
The Death and Burial of Dr. Morris.

The last illness and decease of Dr. Morris, together with the beautiful and touching Masonic ceremonies at his funeral and burial, are nowhere so perfectly told as in the biography attached to his published "Poetry of Freemasonry." This should be carefully read and studied by every Masonic and Eastern Star pligrim to his tomb:

"Dr. Morris closed his earthly career at LaGrange, Kentucky, on July 31, 1888. He had been in bad health for a year or more, but was not seriously ill until about six weeks before his death, when he was stricken with paralysis, and after that time he steadily declined. For twenty-four hours preceding his death he was unconscious. His immediate family of six children and their mother were present during his last moments.

"The surviving children were: John A. Morris, Charlotte F., married to Hon. H. J. Goodrich; Dr. Alfred W. Morris, Jr., Sarah M., married to Latimer Hitt, and Ruth E., married to John Mount.

"The Grand Master of Kentucky, upon receipt of the intelligence of the death of Dr. Morris, at once caused the issuance of the following circular letter:



The Rob Morris Home and Monument, LaGrange, Kentucky, as they appear today. Brother D. H. French of Fortitude Lodge says that after the death of Dr. Morris he had in mind the erection of a monument to cost about $200.00. He went to Louisville and was about to give the order when he chanced to converse with a Brother Mason who said that the memorial should come from the Grand Lodge of Kentucky and should start in Rob Morris' own home Lodge. Bro. French attended Fortitude Lodge at the next meeting, when Brother John R. Adams was in the chair. The plan was proposed and carried and became not only a State but a National Memorial to Rob Morris. The Louisville Mason gave the first ten dollars. The monument was dedicated at LaGrange May 29, 1891, with an eloquent and noble address by P. G. M. Elisha S. Fitch. The Home and Tomb are now visited by Masonic pilgrims and Eastern Star members from all over the world.

"Grand Lodge of Kentucky, F. and A. M.

"Lexington, Ky., July 31, 1888.

"To the Free and Accepted Masons of Kentucky:

"It becomes my painful duty to announce to you the death of our venerable and learned brother, P. G. M. Rob Morris, which occurred at his home in LaGrange, on the 31st day of July, 1888, after an illness of short duration, following years of ill health.

"The fame of our eminent brother was not confined to our continent—he was a citizen of two hemispheres; for his learning and zeal made him known to Masons everywhere as a chieftain among the clans, a master-builder among the workmen. His mark is upon the most beautiful stones of our Masonic edifice, and his designs remain upon our trestle board, for he both conceived and executed.

"It is my order that this announcement be read in every lodge at its next regular meeting, that proper respect may be shown to the memory of our deceased

brother until the Grand Lodge of Kentucky can, in ample form, testify its appreciation of his many excellencies.

"H. B. GRANT, "Grand Secretary. J. SOULE SMITH, Grand Master."

"The funeral ceremonies took place at LaGrange, which had been his home for over thirty years, and were conducted by the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, Past Grand Master Hiram Bassett, an old and zealous Mason, and an intimate friend of Dr. Morris, acting as Grand Master.

"A special train carried the brethren of Louisville up to LaGrange on August 1st, the day of the funeral.

"The Knight Templars were under command of E. Sirs F. H. Johnson and John A. Stratton. The procession was in charge of Col. John B. Castleman, K. T., assisted by Captain John H. Leathers, Grand Treasurer; Bro. W. H. Shaw.

"The following officers officiated:

"P. G. M. Hiram Bassett, as Master, representing also the Grand Master.

"Brother J. R. Adams, Master of Fortitude Lodge, assisted Brother Bassett as Deputy; Brother L. M. LaRue, Senior Warden; Brother H. R. Coleman (Grand Chaplain) as Chaplain; D. T. Carson, Junior Warden; William Manby, Secretary; J. W. Russell, Treasurer; R. D. Cassiday, Senior Deacon; Henry Egert, Junior Deacon, and J. T. Davidson (Grand Tyler) as Tyler. Brother M. Cary Peter, Grand Junior Deacon, was present, but his jewel was worn by Brother Kinkead, W. M. of Lodge 376.

"At the residence a number of Pilgrim Knights (of the Palm and Shell—organized by Brother Morris) performed the mystic ceremonies of that Order about the remains. These were Brothers H. R. Coleman, Hiram Bassett, H. B. Grant, J. H. Leathers, Chas. Sauer, J. M. Hall, J. W. Hopper, W. H. Shaw, W. E. Woodruff, Wm. Moses and Alex. Evans.

"A Guard of Honor, consisting of Past Commanders, viz.: E. Sir Knights C. E. Dunn, C. L. Martin, C. C. W. Alfriend and Thos. H. Sherley (P. G. C.), of Louisville Commandery, No. 1; A. H. Gardner, Charles C. Vogt, H. R. Mitchell and John Finzer, of DeMolay, conveyed the casket to the church, where a male choir, led by Brother Smythe, assisted by a number of brethren, with Brother Wm. T. Boden at the organ, rendered most solemn and beautiful music.

"Rev. H. Calvin Smith delivered the discourse from the text: Psalms lxviii, 13: 'Though ye have lain among the pots, ye shall be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold.'

"Rev. Brother H. R. Coleman followed with a few remarks and P. G. M. Eginton read a tribute prepared for Fortitude Lodge.

"P. G. M. James W. Hopper also read an original song of lamentations.

"Brother H. B. Grant, Grand Secretary, being called upon, said:

"About four years ago I received from Brother Rob Morris a paper containing these words, afterwards, making verbal request that they be read at the first Masonic gathering after his death:

"To my dear friend, H. B. Grant:

"A Message From the Grave."

"I have composed this poem as under the shadow of impending death. I have made a few copies, and sent them to particular friends only, asking that they should not be published, or any public use made of them, until I am gone.

"Brothers in June or December,
Honoring the memory of dear St. John,
Then let some kind participant remember
The name of him who wrote this, but is gone;
Let some kind brother rise, while all are silent,
And with deep pathos and fond friendship say:
He was a Mason, gentle, true, not violent,
And loved old things that do not pass away.

"He loved his friends; in them his heart found anchor,
Bound in affection as with hooks of steel;
As for his foes he gave few signs of rancor,
But bore their slanders patiently and well.
He loved to make in simple verse that rhyming
Where ancient signs and emblems smoothly lie,
Where deeds of brother-love and truth are chiming,
And Masonry is wed to poetry.

"He loved the word of God; its hopes eternal
Grew sweeter as the end of life drew nigh;
A sinful man but saved by Grace supernal,
Trusting in Christ, he dreaded not to die.
At times a cloud the promises disguising,
And deep humility obscured the scene,
But the bright Son of Righteousness uprising
Dispelled the gloom and warmed his soul again.

"He gave the widows and the orphans duly
A portion of his hard-earned scanty store,
And though the amount might seem but trifling truly,
He gave so cheerfully it seemed the more.
His heart was in his work, to Build the Temple,
In fervency, he toiled through many years,
To 'build the temple' spiritual and mental,
He triumphs now—is freed from toils and tears.

"He's gone, the problem that so long he studied,
That mystery of 'the world to come' profound
Is solved; his tree of life which only budded,
Bears now full harvest in Celestial Ground.
In the Great Presence with the wearied resting
He has his wages and is well content.
Brothers, in silence stand; your love attesting—
This is the word your dying brother sent!"

"The Knights Templars commenced their beautiful service, which was concluded at the grave, E. Sir Frank H. Johnson, Commander, and E. Sir John Frank Lewis, Prelate, officiating.

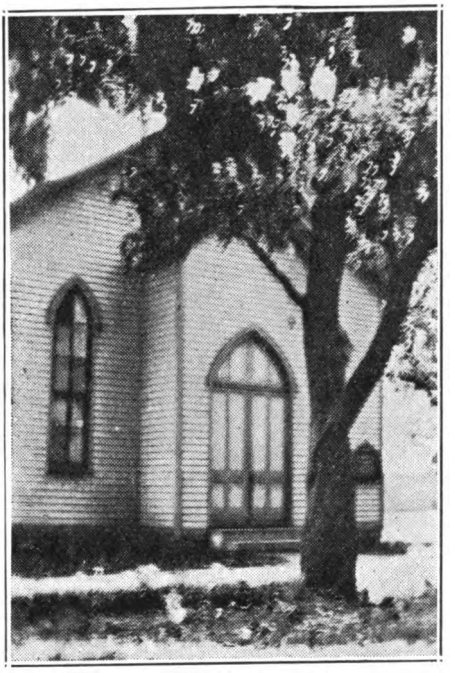
"The procession filed out of the church and, led by the band from Louisville, the Templars and the Lodge were followed by the hearse and mourning family and friends to the village cemetery.

"Brother Bassett then took up the solemn Masonic services, which being concluded, Brothers J. H. Leathers and H. B. Grant placed upon the grave a floral design, representing a Masonic level, about three feet across the base, and a square, referring to the popular poem by Brother Morris.

"We meet upon the level and we part upon the square."

"This was surrounded by a laurel wreath suggesting that the deceased has been crowned 'Poet Laureate of Freemasonry.' Another floral tribute, by the Commandery, was a very large Roman Cross. Other very pretty designs were laid upon the grave.

"The attendance was very large, and represented the brain and zeal of Kentucky Masonry."



"THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER."

Dr. Morris was a very devout Presbyterian, and Bro. Charles Sauer of LaGrange says that when Bro. Morris would go away on his travels and lecture tours he would often say to the members of Fortitude Lodge: "Boys, if anything happens to me while I am gone, please bring me back and hold a fitting service around there at the little Presbyterian Church." He loved his Church and Lodge very dearly and taught a class of boys there who never forgot him. The writer's father was, for some time, pastor of this little Church at LaGrange when Rob Morris was an elder and teacher there.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE ROB MORRIS LIBRARY

* * * *

Copy of letter regarding the Rob Morris Library from Rev. H. R. Coleman, owner of the Library, to Dr. W. A. Keller, offering the Library to the Grand Chapter of the Eastern Star, Kentucky, October, 1920.

Dr. W. A. Keller,
Phoenix Hotel,
Lexington, Ky.

My dear Sir:

The Rev. Lucien V. Rule, Chaplain of the Indiana Reformatory, has just called on me concerning the Dr. Rob Morris Library.

The Rev. Brother Rule expresses a deep interest in the Eastern Star Order of Kentucky owning it.

Omitting all the facts preceding this statement, I beg to say that Dr. Morris when he died was owing approximately $4,600.00. The party to whom this debt was due bought the library at the sale, and without moving it, he besought me to sell it for him. (He was not a Mason). It remained in my hands about a

year. I sold two or three copies of Numismatic Books, Allibone's Dictionary, a Chinese book, Coronation of George IV, History of Witchcraft in New England, and one set of the Old Universal Masonic Library, consisting of about fifteen volumes, edited by Dr. Morris some forty or fifty years ago. These are bound in sheep and size square as law books, not quite so thick. Besides those named, I do not remember to have sold any others.

Rev. Brother Rule has been to see me two or three times, and I wrote to my son at Seattle asking him to count every book, large and small and everything appertaining to Dr. Morris that came into my hands—which he did. He writes me there are two thousand and forty-five or fifty books, articles, etc. The foregoing is everything that came into my hands, whatever it may be, except those sold as named.

Now in view of my love for the memory of Dr. Morris and the Order of which he was the founder and believing that the Order of the Eastern Star ought to own it, I have made up my mind that if it is the wish of the Order to own it, and to consummate the crowning act in establishing a monument to the memory of the founder of the Order—for twenty-five hundred dollars, I will turn over to the Grand Chapter of the Eastern Star of Kentucky everything in my possession, including my own set of the Old Universal Library. Having all completely packed and delivered free on board at Seattle, Washington, addressed to name and address given me.

Yours with fraternal esteem,

H. R. COLEMAN.

Answer of the Eastern Star.

Louisville, Kentucky, August 23, 1921.

Rev. Henry R. Coleman,
112 West Washington Street,
Glasgow, Kentucky.
Dear Sir and Brother:

At the last session of the Grand Chapter, O. E. S. of Kentucky, your letter offering for sale the library of Robert Morris was referred to the Rob. Morris Home Committee of which the Worthy Grand Matron is chairman. Sister Croninger has in turn appointed a subcommittee, consisting of Past Grand Matron Sister Lora Lee Bates and myself to consult with you. It was thought that you were residing in Louisville and that we would be able to make a personal call; however as you have left the city we are using the next best means.

The Grand Chapter because of its small revenue is not able to purchase these works, although they would like to possess them. Our expenditures are about equal to the receipts and usually no surplus accrues. The only way they are likely to become the property of the Grand Chapter is by gift.

It is possible that you have considered many ways in which you might help to perpetuate the memory of your friend and Brother—Robert Morris—and probably the thought of donating that which he prized so highly (his library) to the order for which he labored and loved so well; has often entered your mind. The proper inscription could be made on each volume, giving the name of the donor and the purpose of his act. In so doing, you bestow a benefit upon the very ones our founder was seeking to help. If these valuable books are placed in outside hands they are apt to be abused and their true worth never realized.

Brother Coleman, this idea is offered because we believe it will appeal to you and that your contribution will bear a greater reward than gold or silver.

Fraternally,

WALTER TRINKLE.

Reply of Rev. Coleman to Mr. Trinkle.

Glasgow, Kentucky, August 28, 1921.

Mr. Walter Trinkle,
Louisville, Kentucky.
My Dear Sir and Brother:

On the 21st of last September I was stricken with paralysis, and have been wholly out of commission ever since. I put the matter of the Morris Library

wholly in the hands of Rev. Lucien V. Rule, whose address is Chaplain of the Indiana Reformatory, Jeffersonville, Indiana. By dropping him a note, I have no doubt you can arrange a date when you can have a meeting in Louisville.

Fraternally yours,

H. R. COLEMAN.

An exchange of letters with Brother Walter Trinkle resulted in a meeting and conference with him at the Grand Secretary's Office in Masonic Temple; but of course this did not result in any transaction as Brother Trinkle was not authorized to make an offer on the Library, and neither were we authorized to accede to the desire of Brother Trinkle that the Library be donated as a gift to the Eastern Star. There the matter rested while other correspondence of very great importance was passing.

But meanwhile the use of the Rob Morris Home at LaGrange as a Masonic and Eastern Star Mecca and permanent headquarters seemed so very uncertain that Brother Coleman took the matter up with leading Freemasons like Brother McDonald and decided to give over the precious treasure into the permanent keeping of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky. And the author of this life of Dr. Morris gave tireless attention, with Brother McDonald, Judge James P. Gregory of Louisville and other leading Masonic attorneys to see that the title was clear and that Brother Coleman was given a chance to make his full statement to the Craft for all future time.

Clearing up the Title.

August 18, 1921.

Rev. H. R. Coleman,
112 West Washington Street,
Glasgow, Kentucky.

My Dear Brother Coleman:

It gives me the greatest pleasure to tell you that the Editor of the Masonic Journal has at last taken up the public advertisement of the proposed Life of Rob Morris and promises to push it from September first, on to success.

This renders supremely important the matter of the Rob Morris Library, as I wish to write in full for posterity the story of your great friendship with Dr. Morris and to see the Rob Morris Home and Library the monument to his memory. Please do not let this long letter worry you. Only cite me to the facts and records and I will do all in my power to serve you and the great purpose of Rob Morris' memory.

I have at last found time to go to LaGrange to look up the court records in the clerk's office about the settlement of the Rob Morris estate and the sale of the Rob Morris Library.

The County Clerk located the records for me. One was a long itemized list of the sale returns made by you from August 1, 1888 to September 12, 1889.

"The following is a true and correct list of property sold by H. R. Coleman as administrator of the estate of Rob Morris, deceased."

Then follows a numerous list of books like this:

"44 Copies Masonic Poems.
Morgan Book.
Set of Universal Library.
10 Copies Mnemonics.
Copies of Morgan.
Universal Library, etc."

This footed up	$ 412.00
Amount of other sales and above	1,111.68
	$1,523.68

"The foregoing is a complete list of the property that came into my hands as administrator and sold by me as administrator of Dr. Rob Morris, deceased, September 27, 1889. State of Kentucky, Oldham County Court, October 21, term 1889. A sale bill of the personal estate of Rob't Morris, deceased, was on this day produced in Court and filed. Examined and approved and ordered to be recorded, which is done accordingly.

"Attest: J. R. Adams, Clerk.
By Tom H. Alsop, D. C."

Another record was:

"Settlement of H. R. Coleman, administrator of Dr. Rob Morris, deceased,

To amount of sale bill.....$1,523.68
Pro Rata Knight and Leonard..... 1,271.10

J. SANFORD TAYLOR, Judge.
J. R. ADAMS, Clerk."

I found by careful inquiry, especially of Brother Chas. Sauer, who was one of the appraisers of the property sold, that there were several very important points to be cleared up in order to show a clear title to the Rob Morris Library and to convince the Masonic and Eastern Star membership that this Library can be secured for the Rob Morris home. Mrs. Terry wrote me that the reason the membership did not take hold of the proposition was because they had a fixed idea that this Library had to revert to the Rob Morris heirs and could not possibly be disposed of and delivered as your letter to the Grand Chapter a year ago proposed.

I am exceedingly anxious to clear up this whole thing and bring to pass your last worthy wish to see the Library back in the Rob Morris Home. Brother Sauer likewise suggests that you give me information on the following points, and I will do all in my power to clear up the matter and incorporate in my Life of Rob Morris the facts for future years.

1. Were the books of the Rob Morris Library that were sold and reported to the court previously appraised at the best possible value, in your judgment?

2. How did Knight and Leonard get a mortgage or claim upon and come into possession of the remainder of the Rob Morris Library?

3. Where is the claim of Knight and Leonard against the Rob Morris Estate filed, with the proper affidavits?

4. Was there a later report of the sale of the Library by you made to the court at LaGrange and recorded?

5. When and where did the public sale occur that left the Library on the hands of Knight and Leonard?

Brother Sauer says the removal of the Library from LaGrange without an order from the court leaves the matter obscure to those most interested; and if the transaction of Knight and Leonard in removing the Library and selling it to you can be properly set forth and explained, the paper of transference which you handed me a few weeks ago becomes evidence of the conclusion of the whole matter.

Brother Sauer says the impression is that the entire Library had to be sold at LaGrange by order of the court and could not be removed by Knight and Leonard or any one without such an order. So you see the importance of these points.

I tried to make all this clear to the Masonic public in the statement from you published in my Life of Rob Morris last spring. In part you say:

"The last debt he (Dr. Morris) owed was when on his way home from the West he settled with his publishers; and there was due (as near as I remember) something over $4,000.00. I notified the party (Charles A. Knight) who held the note of the public sale. He wanted the Library to bring all possible so he might get his money. So he kept on bidding until it fell on his hands.

"After the sale he came to me and wanted me to dispose of it for him. I had sent catalogues of the Library over the country before it came to a public sale. (He indemnified me to sell it privately.) I tried for over a year by sending catalogues over the United States; and could not sell it.

"This man was not a Mason, said he did not want to move it, and anything I did he would agree to it. I tried for a year, but could not sell it. I met him in Chicago one day and told him I could not sell it. And I was afraid to hold it any longer. He asked me what I would give him for it; and I think he threw off the interest; and I canceled the debt and took it. I acted in the matter as if the debt had been my own."

Now the above becomes entirely clear and convincing if you can tell me where to find the recorded evidence of Knight and Leonard coming into legal possession of the Rob Morris Library and having the right to order its removal from LaGrange and the disposition of it afterward by sale. When I possess this convincing evidence I will proceed to take up this library proposition with the proper people and push it to the limit of my ability. Since this evidence seems absolutely necessary before any of the brethren or sisters will listen to such a proposition.

Fraternally yours,
LUCIEN V. RULE, Chaplain.

Answer of Rev. H. R. Coleman Showing How the Library Was Sold.

Glasgow, Kentucky, August 20, 1921.

My Dear Brother Rule:

Yours of the 18th instant to hand; and to the very best of my ability I will try to answer, if my old paralyzed hand will hold out.

It has been about 40 years since the transactions referred to were past and done with; and any papers and matters have been so long forgotten, until you and I began talking about the Library. And now I can only put down things that come to my mind as I try to think them over.

At the instance of the family I became the Administrator, especially under John Morris' influence, as we were intimate friends. I had been his pastor at Eminence. About the only thing that I knew of was the Library; and as I had a large office in my yard, it was agreed that I should move it to Louisville, and put it up in my office, so it could be seen, and do the best with it I could.

All this time there was never a question raised or mentioned about appraisement; and I did not know that there was an appraisement necessary. And such were the intimate relations between me and Dr. Morris that I consented to act, out of kindness to the family, and as if Dr. Morris were my father.

Dr. Morris and I each had separate accounts with the Knight and Leonard Printing Company; and each knew the other's business there, as if we had been partners. Dr. Morris got largely behind with the company. In fact, at one time I gave a check to pay on his account; as near as I can now remember, for $600.00 —of which I never took account. Just like the Doctor did with me when I was in Holy Land. While I did not need the money, I suppose he thought I might; and one Sunday morning in Jerusalem I received a telegram from him, saying: "Find $300.00 at Rollin and Fierdaunt in Paris." On my way home I called and found the $300.00 awaiting me.

On his way home from a Western trip he told me of his settlement with Knight and Leonard. The amount due them I think was something over $4,000.00. After that Knight and Leonard dissolved partnership and in the settlement Mr. Knight took the amount due from Dr. Morris. After the death of Dr. Morris I found that the only debts he owed was this one to Mr. Knight; and a small debt, I think, to Brother Charles Sauer. And I think he had about $75.00 in the bank, with which I had nothing to do.

And for the honor of Dr. Morris, I felt that the debt to Mr. Knight should be paid. I wrote to Mr. Knight and told him that the only source from which he could be paid would be the Library; and that if it was put up at auction, I was afraid he could not nearly realize the amount owing him. But if he thought best, I would send catalogues to Lodges over the United States, where he and I were known, and do everything I could to make the money.

Mr. Knight wrote me to go ahead, and anything I did he would "back me in it." I did just exactly as I proposed to Mr. Knight. After I exhausted every effort, I felt that I could not hold it any longer; and I advertised it in the Louisville papers, and notified the family and Mr. Knight. I employed a regular auctioneer, and Mr. Knight was there on the day of sale; and, as I thought, wanted everything to bring the most possible. And he bid on till everything fell on his hands.

After the sale, Mr. Knight came to me and said he did not want to take it (the Library) to Chicago, and wanted me to sell it for him. I told him I was afraid I could not sell it; that I had spent a good deal of money and time, for

which I cared nothing, if he could get his money and Dr. Morris' account free. He kept insisting until I told him I would do the best I could.

I did the best I could. I tried to interest people everywhere. I may say here that before the public sale, I sold a few Numismatic Books to Col. Durrett, the Mnemonics and plates to the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, and a set of the "Old Masonic Library," 15 volumes, to Charlie Vaught; and turned the money over on the debt. The last named, after I made the proposition to the Eastern Star, I put in the Library the set I got of Dr. Morris before his death.

Besides the above-named, I do not remember of selling a book. At the end of about a year, I met Mr. Knight in Chicago, and I told him I could not sell the Library; and I was afraid to hold it any longer. As I remember, he asked me what I would give him for it. He figured the thing up, and, as I remember, threw off the interest. And I gave him my check for the amount.

After that we looked over matters, and he either owed me, or I him, something about $20.00; and he gave me a writing, showing that he sold me the Library. In all these forty years there has never been a word that I have ever heard as to any irregularity in it.

And that I have offered it for less than half what it has cost me, why all these questions raised? It cannot be that any member of the family raised them, for I was acting for them.

For some years I have been going over my papers at times and destroying any that I could let go to the waste; many I prized. And I came across the consummation of the Morris settlement. I kept it accidentally, and destroyed everything else I came across; and so of every other of my business dealings.

In answer to your fourth question. The answer is on the first and second pages of your letter. "Amount of other sales and above" included the amount I had paid to Knight and Leonard before the public sale. The public sale occurred in my office, 1419 West Chestnut street, Louisville, Kentucky. I paid for the advertising and auctioneer, and every other expense; and it was the farthest thing from my mind to take one cent from the estate. And no one was happier than I when I knew that Dr. Morris' name, and his family, was forever free from that debt.

Yours with fraternal esteem,

H. R. COLEMAN.

Legal Proof of the Library Sale.

Knight and Leonard Co.
Printers,
105, 107, 109 Madison Street,
Chicago.

October 17, 1890.

It is this day agreed between Rev. H. R. Coleman and Chas. A. Knight, that the former becomes the sole owner of the "Miscellaneous Library" of the late Dr. Rob Morris, and the latter becomes sole owner of the electrotype plates of "Poetry of Freemasonry" and "Coin sheets," the former having paid the latter twenty (20) dollars to equalize the value.

H. R. COLEMAN,
CHAS. A. KNIGHT.

Chicago, Ills., April 17, '90.

For the sum of one dollar and other valuable considerations, I have this day sold and conveyed to Rev. H. R. Coleman the entire balance now remaining on hand of the "Miscellaneous Library" of the late Dr. Rob Morris.

CHAS. A. KNIGHT.

The Library Given to the Grand Lodge of Kentucky.

August 25th, 1921.

Rev. Henry R. Coleman,
112 West Washington St., Glasgow, Ky.:
My Dear Brother Coleman:

It gives me infinite satisfaction to inform you at the outset that I have had complete success in tracing out the facts and looking up the law about the Rob

Morris Library, following your very full and remarkable summary of the whole transaction. I do not know how to thank you for taking such trouble and pains to give every detail; and yet it was all important that you do so, because matters like this cannot hang on uncertainties nor stand on suppositions. Upon my visit to LaGrange I found just the impression I gave you about the settlement of the estate and the sale of the Library; and I put the necessary questions to you just as they were asked me by our Masonic friends, equally eager, with us, to clear up the transaction and make possible the restoration of the Library to the Rob Morris Home.

Judge Gregory read your statement carefully and then remarked on the vigor and steadiness of your hand-writing at such an advanced age. He said also that your recollection of details was entirely convincing; for, to give an account so clear after the lapse of 30 years, shows that there is no confusion of mind or purpose in this transaction so far as you are concerned.

The Judge said, furthermore, that the facts and papers shown to him constitute abundant proof of your rightful possession of the Library and your liberty to dispose of it and to give a clear title to any purchaser. In another letter in a day or two I will give you more fully his opinion and decision; but it is entirely and unhesitatingly as above, though he said that some record of the transaction finally selling the Library should have been made in court to prevent the doubts and questions of after years. But the possession and title are indisputably yours.

I saw Editor McDonald of the Home Journal and showed him my letter to you and your answering statement. He read them both with profound interest and was of the same opinion as Judge Gregory, only stronger. He said in substance that under the old constitution of Kentucky, existing at the time this estate was settled, the law did not require the same formal and exact procedure as now upon the part of an administrator. He was circuit clerk for 12 years and is a licensed lawyer; and he cited a case like this.

Mr. McDonald is so anxious to see this Library matter cleared up that he proposed, with your full consent, to lay all these facts and statements and documents before Bro. Robert Crowe, attorney at LaGrange, and former Speaker of the Kentucky House of Representatives; let him bring the matter into county court and have a motion made and a record entered that this estate matter be forever closed and recorded in your favor. Judge DeHaven expressed himself very favorably to me at LaGrange on the matter of the estate settlement, disagreeing with some points cited by those who have raised this question; and I find that Judge DeHaven is right. Judge Gregory said you and Knight and Leonard were entirely within your rights in removing the Library to Louisville for a more favorable sale, even without an order from the court.

Judge Gregory says the proposition of a formal motion and record in the county court of Oldham is entirely unnecessary to verify your possession of the Library and the settlement of the estate.

Faithfully yours,

LUCIEN V. RULE.

After mature consideration Brother Coleman decided to present the Library in full to the Grand Lodge of Kentucky and designated Brother W. H. McDonald to act for him in the transaction and to become custodian of the Library until delivered to the Grand Lodge. Bro. McDonald with his characteristic thoroughness immediately made all arrangements for the shipment of the Library from Seattle, as first proposed by Bro. Coleman. And today the Rob Morris Library is back on Old Kentucky soil, there to remain as a perpetual memorial and testimony of the noble and unselfish Masonic friendship between Rob Morris and Henry R. Coleman.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SOUL OF THE EASTERN STAR IN THE SONGS OF MARTHA E. EUBANK

* * * *

WHEN Mrs. Martha Eubank was leaving the Masonic Academy at Goshen, Ky., and her great work there, preparatory to assuming the more noble position of Matron-Mother of the Masonic Home in Louisville, she had loaned to Prof. Tom Mourning a little leather-bound volume of manuscript poems, precious and beautiful and beyond all human value, representing the richest and deepest spiritual experiences of her whole life. Numbers of her occasional poems had been published from time to time in newspapers and periodicals; but these songs of the soul constituted her choicest offerings of the heart.

In after years the family and close relatives of Aunt Martha looked and searched in vain for this little volume. Like the Lost Autobiography of Rob Morris, it seemed vanished forever. But it was in sacred and hallowed keeping. The good sister of Prof. Mourning had it is her possession and cherished it for fifty years as a Masonic and Eastern Star treasure. Meanwhile, we were longing and praying with unutterable petition for the recovery of this Lost Sheaf of Songs. By a seemingly strange coincidence, yet evidently by Divine guidance, the author and his wife were visiting the Mourning family in Louisville when this Life of Rob Morris was in preparation.

The sister of Prof. Mourning listened with deep attention as we spoke of Aunt Martha and the Lost Sheaf of Songs. Directly she remarked that she had a little leather-bound volume up-stairs among her treasures that we would certainly like to see. In a few moments we held in our hands the hallowed little book which we had sought for so long, sorrowing. It was given into our possession and has been preserved as reverently as we did the Lost Masonic Autobiography of Rob Morris. The Soul of the Eastern Star lives in these Songs and Poems of Martha E. Eubank.

On Monday morning, July 1st, 1922, we went to Cave Hill Cemetery in Louisville and photographed the graves of Aunt Martha and her devoted sister, Aunt Nancy, who sleep side by side. We photographed likewise the Old Hancock Street Presbyterian Church, to which Aunt Martha belonged, and from which she organized and sent forth her bands of mercy and relief to the Point and all along the river front. On the afternoon of the same day we drove with Brother Wallace Hampton, of Goshen, to the old home neighborhood of Aunt Martha between Westport and Skylight in Oldham County.

Thomas R. Austin of Indiana, closest friend of Rob Morris, says, with the hearty concord of Dr. Morris, that the Masonic Widows and Orphans Home in Louisville was conceived in the bosom of the Eastern Star. If so, then it may truly be said that Martha E. Eubank was its great Masonic Mother. The poems that follow are published herewith to treasure and hand down to all succeeding generations the soul of this loving and immortal woman. In them is enshrined not only the beautiful unfolding of her own merciful and martyr spirit, but the discerning can discover there also the vision of the great charitable institutions that are now such an honor to the city of Louisville and the State of Kentucky.

Mr. Ben Shields, present occupant of the old Woolfolk-Taylor Home in Oldham County, where Aunt Martha was born, showed Brother Hampton and the writer over the premises; and when we got home we sought and found among the unpublished poems of "Aunt Martha" one that pictures very tenderly her visits to the Old Home Place of her childhood:

Once more at home! Once more at home;
How joyful is my heart.
Who would not sometimes gladly roam,
And from the dearest part,
If there may come a meeting hour,
And joy like this be known;
And o'er our hearts affection's power
Be felt and seen and shown?

Once more at home; and Oh, how sweet
Sounds each familiar voice;
A smile illumes each face we meet,
And all our hearts rejoice.
The scenes of bygone days appear
In memory clear and bright;
And those who were in childhood dear
We meet with pure delight!

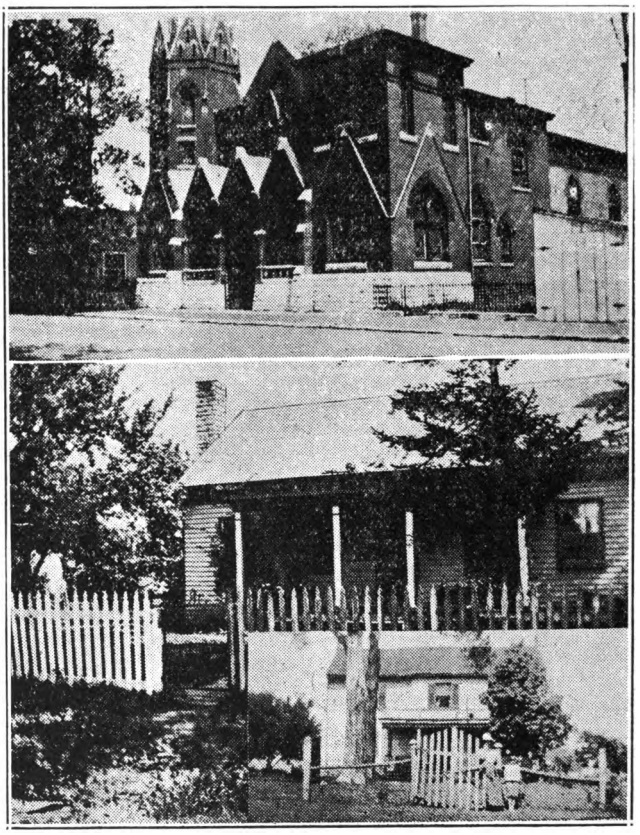
Once more at home! A happy band,
We bow in humble, grateful prayer.
In our accustomed place we stand
To tune the sacred lyre,
And once again our voices raise
In chorus loud and clear
To Him who claims our earliest praise,
And love the most sincere.

And Faith points to a Better Land—
A Land where all is Peace and Love;
And there, oh there, are never riven
Affection's ties. That Land is Heaven!

Mr. Shields took Brother Hampton and the writer out into the old garden, which he said is still one of the richest and best in all the country. In this garden is the old Woolfolk-Taylor burying ground. Brother Hampton called our attention to the immense stone slabs enclosing this sacred area. They were put in the ground perhaps from two to five feet and have stood for a century or more. There do not seem to be any inscriptions on the stones; but we know that Aunt Martha's father lies buried here, for Capt. Richard Woolfolk was a famous surveyor and Indian fighter in the early years of our county history. He was very close to George Rogers Clark; and Zachary Taylor was a frequent and welcome visitor to that old homestead. The part of it in which Aunt Martha was born was built of logs, with a stone chimney as solid and substantial after a century as it was when first erected. The house was added to by the Bennett ancestors, who later purchased it, and they handed down a name and tradition of hospitality like Capt. Woolfolk before them.

Perhaps the most beautiful poem associated with this old homestead and burial place is that of Aunt Martha to her mother. The lines are blank verse, after the favorite form of William Cullen Bryant in some of his noble stanzas. Those who would read the soul of Martha Eubank in her great life work for God and Humanity will find it in this Mother-Song:

I knelt me down beside her lowly grave.
The waning Sabbath light shown dimly o'er
The spot; my pensive thoughts to heaven in prayer
Were raised. For she who slumbered 'neath that sod
Had early taught my infant lips to pray.
Long years had flown, since erst by her I knelt
With feeling reverential as she bowed;
And while her fervent supplications rose
Like incense sweet, in heaven to find repose.



SACRED PLACES IN THE LIFE OF MRS. MARTHA E. EUBANK

(1) Old Hancock Street Presbyterian Church, Louisville, where she did all her great organized City Charity and Social Work among the poor on "The Point" and elsewhere. (2) The Old Bondurant Home, Skylight, Kentucky, in Oldham County, where she was carried and where she lay suffering for three months after the terrible accident that terminated her life in 1876-7. (3) Birthplace of Mrs. Eubank in Oldham County, in Westport neighborhood. Here many of her beautiful poems were written.

Methought it little less than angel's voice.
I heard; my heart with quick emotion beat
When'er a blessing on my head she craved.
That spirit pure has sought its native home,
And now with kindred beings dwells in heaven
Above; and I an orphan, sad and lone,
Am left to wander on amid this world
So drear, with none to call by that dear name
Which first my infant lips were taught to speak.
Why was she snatched away so soon from earth,
Ere yet her precious value I could know,
Or aught repay of all her tender care?
That I from other lips must hear the praise
That from experience fain myself would speak.
O hadst thou lived, my Mother, hadst thou lived,
My earnest wish and constant aim had been
To smooth the path of thy declining years;
To fill thy widowed heart with joy and peace,
And make the evening of thy life serene.

Vain wish! His hand "who doeth all things well,"
Whom thou on earth didst serve with holy zeal,
Pointing full oft thy little ones to Him;
Bidding them seek His face and live—His hand
Did beck thy spirit home; and thou with joy
The summons did obey; and I submit.
But as I wander o'er life's troubled sea,
If e'er my bark, by adverse tempests driven,
Be tempted nigh, to turn aside and trust
Deceitful anchorage on quicksands near;
I'll call to mind thy prayers, thy warning voice;
And an unerring compass they shall prove,
To point me back to paths of rectitude.
And often as my feet shall homeward turn,
I'll seek thy grave; and if thy spirit pure
Be e'er permitted from its blest abode
To view the scenes 'twas wont to love on earth,
And watch the steps of those most dear—
Thou shalt behold a faithful soul who loves
To cherish still the memories blest of thee;
And who with earnest heart desires to serve
That God whom thou wast wont to call thine own!

Our own mother says that Aunt Martha was the most motherly woman she ever knew. She wrote an exquisite poem of consolation to her own nieces, who in their young lives had more than the usual portion of sorrow and suffering. In spite of her own privations she sang her sweet faith and hope in God. Read this beautiful lyric:

My Oxalis.

Inscribed to her Beloved Nieces.

It standeth on the window sill
In such a tiny pot of earth;
You'd scarce believe there was enough
To give a little bulb its birth.
The fragile leaves I often count,
And never find above a score;
Yet blossoms bright ope every day,
And buds come peeping more and more.

But when the sun withdraws its head,
And night comes creeping o'er the sky,
Each leaf is quickly folded up,
And every floweret shuts its eye.
The frosty air hath touched it oft,
And oft forgotten in the night,
The cold and bitter northern blasts
Have frozen plant and earth alike.

Yet when one warm and genial ray
Comes gleaming through the window pane,
The velvet, heart-shaped leaves unclasp,
And freshen to new life again.
It never seems to doubt or dread;
Adapts itself—as well content
To bloom or freeze, as God thinks best;
And thus its little life is spent.

Oh heart, long chilled with suffering long,
Maybe by friends, maybe by foes,
Think as my flower, 'tis but the night.
Fold up thy heart in sweet repose;
Think that the morn will surely dawn,
Revealing new and glorious things.
The Sun of Righteousness will rise
With light and healing in His wings.
Endure and trust! Endure and trust;
Look upward, watching for the light.
Look up with Faith and Hope and Love;
Thy Sun is Christ, the Infinite.

As we passed through the little village of Skylight we photographed the Old Bondurant Residence, now occupied by Dr. W. J. M. Smyser, where Aunt Martha had the orphan children from Jeffersonville, Ind., that she was caring for among the last acts of her noble life. It was to this old home she was brought back after the terrible accident that terminated her life. Some day it will be known far and wide.

Spring.

The wild spring is blooming; the winter is gone;
The birds and the flowers appear;
How sweet 'tis to ramble through valley and lawn,
And welcome the spring of the year.

The gay birds are singing so blythe on the trees;
The green grass is sprinkled with flowers;
Sweet odors are wafted upon the still breeze,
And blossoms perfume all the bowers.

The bleak snows of winter no longer we see;
The tempest no longer we hear;
But all things are smiling and welcoming thee,
Thou opening morn of the year.

The Violet.

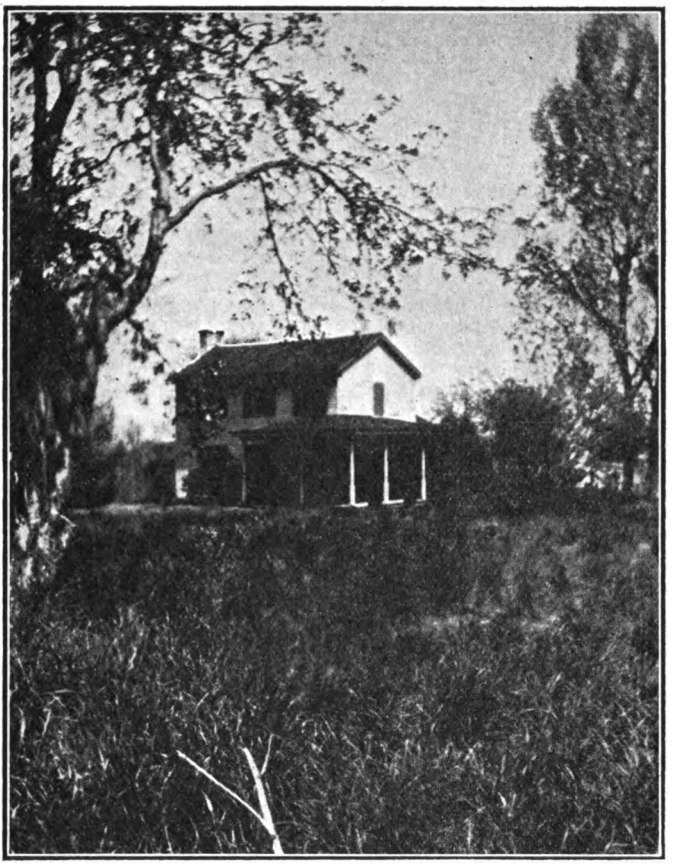
When April's warmth unlocks the clod,
Softened by gentle showers,
The violet pierces through the sod,
And blossoms first of flowers.
So may I give my heart to God
In childhood's early hours.

Sweet flower, be thou a type to me
Of blameless joy and mirth;
Of widely scattered sympathy,
Embracing all God's earth;
Of earthly blooming piety,
And unpretending worth.

The Forget-Me-Not.

Alas, I claim neither fortune nor power;
Neither beauty nor fragrance are cast in my lot;
But contented I cling to my lowly bower;
And smile while I whisper, "Forget-Me-Not."

Yea, I am contented to blossom apart,
In my humble bower by the lowly cot;
I ask for no homage but that of the heart;
And smile while I whisper, "Forget-Me-Not."



The home of Mrs. Eubank at Goshen, Kentucky, where she was a teacher and matron in the Masonic Academy with Dr. A. S. Newton. This old home is famous among all her former pupils for the happy companionship of those days and years. Now the residence of Mr. B. F. Magruder.

Girlhood.

My Bettie, eldest, fairest, too,
  Who's felt three summers' kiss
Soften her cheek of rosy hue,
  Which blushing spoke her bliss.

Her heart is kind as child's can be,
  And often melts to tears;
But then that sorrowing glance to see
  Whene'er reproach she hears.

Flossie is my little pet,
  With eye of darkest hue,
And thin-pressed lips on which are set
  Love and strong purpose, too.

Methinks an iron will is hers,
And yet so kind and sweet;
Undaunted she by fates or fears;
Love is her heart's retreat.

I Know a Fount.

I know a fount in a lovely green shade,
Where the bright waters dance and the gay warblers sing;
I know a bank where in childhood I played,
Where the honey-bee strays and the violets spring.

There zephyrs whisper among the green trees,
And the butterfly spreads his light wings to the gale;
Sweet odors are wafted upon the still breeze,
And the murmuring rivulet winds through the vale.

Oft in my childhood I'd tread the loved stream,
As it glided along o'er its pebbly way;
Often at sunset it was like a sweet dream
To lie on the green-sward and list to its lay.

Years have rolled on but the stream is there still;
And the flowers are blooming along its green shore;
Songsters are pouring their notes o'er the hill,
Just as blithely as ever they warbled of yore.

Yet 'tis in sadness I linger there now,
As the friends that were dear in my childhood are gone;
Voices are hushed that I loved long ago;
And the hearts have ceased beating that echoed my own.

Thus will ye warble when I, too, am gone;
The flowers will bloom just as bright on the shore;
Still will the streamlet go murmuring on;
As lightly and free as it murmured before.

Go Make Me a Grave.

Go make me a grave where the wild flowers wave
Upon some green hill-side so blest;
Let them bloom o'er my bed as I lie with the dead,
When the spirit hath gone to her rest.

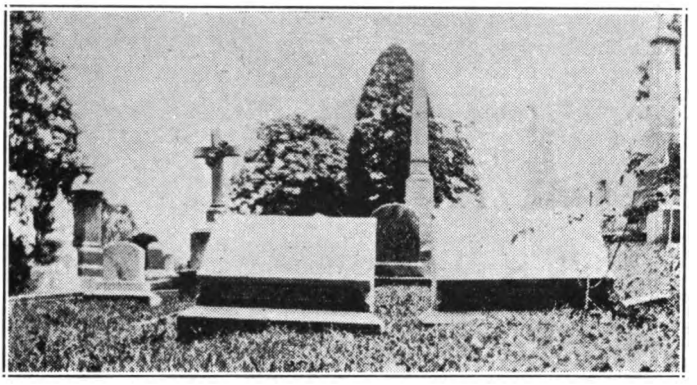
Let their odors arise and float through the skies,
An offering sweetest and best,
To the Saviour above whose infinite love
Hath taken the spirit to rest.

Let the dew sparkle bright in the sun's early light;
Let it gleam from the violet's breast;
And each floweret lave, as it smiles on my grave,
When the spirit hath gone to its rest.

Let the whispering breeze rustle light through the trees,
And wave in the grass o'er my breast;
Let the storm-wind be still as it glides o'er the hill,
For the spirit hath gone to her rest.

Let the birds carol free and happiest be,
As near me they seek out a nest;
Let them gladly flit round o'er the low grassy mound,
Where the spirit hath gone to her rest.

Let my kindred draw nigh to the spot where I lie,
As the sun sinketh low in the west;
Let them talk of the joy and the blissful employ
Of the spirits that go to their rest.



GRAVE OF MRS. MARTHA E. EUBANK
Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville, Kentucky.
Lot 420, Section P, Celtis Avenue

Woman's Constancy.

When anguish tears the aching breast,
And ills our path surround,
There is a voice that soothes to rest,
A heart where pity's found.

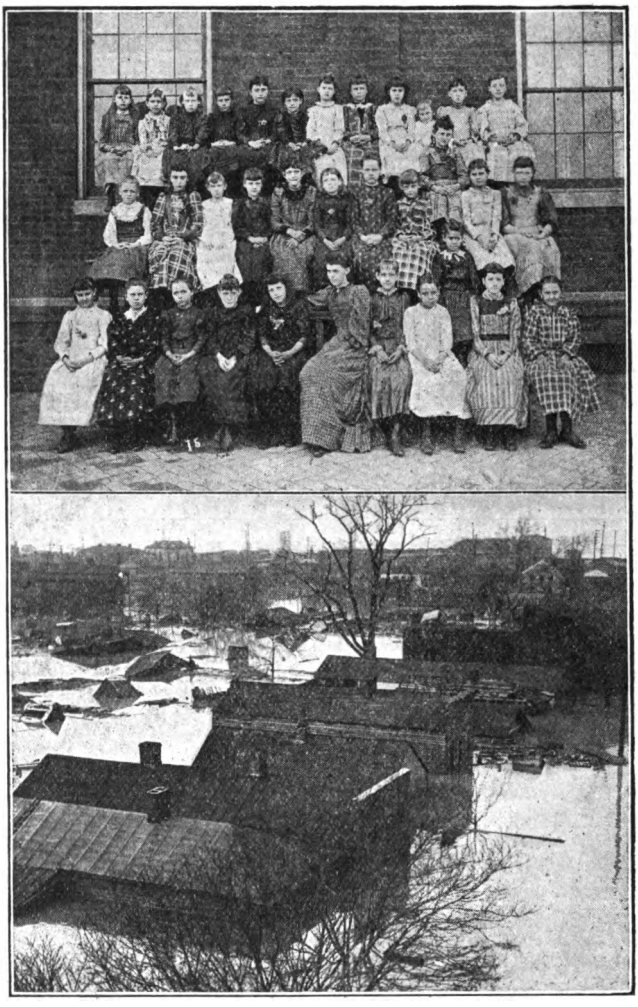
Mild Woman's hand is ever near
To bind the broken heart;
And when all else hath failed, a tear
Of pity shall impart.

As flowers that bloom 'mid winter's frost,
So she remains sincere;
When fortune's summer long is past,
And sorrows dark appear.

When riches fail and friends are gone,
One heart shall still remain;
One hand that strives, though all alone,
To ease the sufferer's pain.

The Origin of Dew.

E'er the sentence was issued for man to depart
From the bowers of Eden, the home of his heart,
'Tis believed that the earth in perennial bloom
Was encircled with flowers of richest perfume;
And that nature in youth was as fair to the eye
As the fields of Elysium, whose charms never die.



"THE SUBMERGED TENTH."

A young school teacher heroine of the River Front in Louisville, who carried out in her early Red Cross relief work the spirit and mission of Aunt Martha Eubank. She lived and died a martyr to the poor and ignorant, the suffering and afflicted, and her story was told in song by the author's first book of poems, "The Shrine of Love," published in 1898.

Then the plants and the flowers and the blossoming trees
Exhaled a rich odor, which rose on the breeze,
As a prayer of thanksgiving ascending on high
To the Author of being, enthroned in the sky.
Not a floweret so humble, nor blossom so rare
But joined in the offering and breathed forth the prayer.

Thus earth did rejoice in her beauty and grace;
All the stars sang together an anthem of praise;
And innocence chose a terrestrial throne;
For sin had no meaning and tears were unknown,
Until man in defiance of God's high command
For a moment of pleasure brought curse on the land.

Ah, sad was that hour; the earth heaved a sigh;
The sun in confusion withdrew from the sky.
All nature in anguish retired but to grieve,
Enshrouding her face in the mantle of eve;
And the trees and the flowers, all bathing in tears,
Wept silent by night o'er the sorrow of years.

Ever since, as the shadows of evening draw nigh,
And the sun takes his leave of the darkening sky,
While the children of Adam are buried in sleep,
The trees and the flowers remember and weep.
Thus in tears all the night every leaflet is found,
And their tears are the dew-drops which sprinkle the ground.

But when morn paints with splendor the sparkling skies,
As a pledge that the day-star of gladness shall rise;
Then the hills and the valleys, all beaming with Love,
Behold His Appearing, who the curse shall remove;
For they know the blest promise that deserts shall smile,
And blossom as Eden ere sin did defile.

Prayer.

How sweet to the ear of the Christian is that word Prayer. And who but the child of God can estimate its meaning? 'Tis music to the drooping soul; 'tis balm to the wounded spirit. Prayer is a bright beam from the sun which illumines the sky of angels. It can turn to day the deepest midnight of despondency; but through clouds of unbelief it sheddeth but a feeble light. 'Tis the wondrous talisman, which, used aright, can bring to its possessor all the riches of heaven. 'Tis the Aladdin's lamp of the Christian; but it must be lighted only by faith, for without faith it is impossible to please God.

Come not before the throne of Heaven with an array of empty words Neither call God thy Father unless thou come with the spirit of filial obedience and childlike trust; for God will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain. Think not that thou shalt be heard for thy much speaking. God is in Heaven and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few—few and well-chosen, but not to please the ear of man. For he that prayeth to please man, clippeth the wings of prayer, that it soareth not to Heaven.

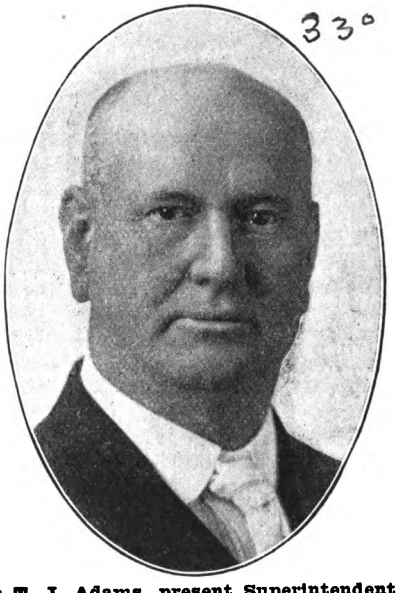
Cherish a love for prayer, for to him that loveth it not, Heaven would be irksome. How should we dwell with God through eternity, if one hour's converse with Him here be a task? Come boldly to the throne of grace, but not in thine own name. No false key can ope the gate of mercy. Come leaning upon Him who hath said, "Ask what ye will in my name, and it shall be given unto you."

Pray oft, like him of old, three times a day; enter into thy closet and call upon thy God. But let not thy prayer cease when thou risest from thy knees. Pray without ceasing. When thou risest from thy couch and takest thy garments, ask that thou mayest rise in the Resurrection Morn clothed with the

garments of righteousness. When thou takest food to nourish thy body, seek for thy soul the Bread that cometh down from Heaven. When thou goest forth and lookest upon the sun, pray that the Sun of Righteousness may shine into thy heart. Thus with each event of life link a fervent petition. So shalt thou walk with God; and thy spirit shall be translated. Thy heart shall be with thy treasure, and that is laid up in Heaven.

The Bereaved.

An old man sat by his daughter's grave;
His brow was all wrinkled and sad;
And he wept as he thought of his lonely lot;
'Twas the only child he had.



Brother T. J. Adams, present Superintendent of Masonic Widows and Orphans Home, Louisville. Born in Adams, Robertson County, Tennessee, August 15, 1861. Became Superintendent of the Home October 1, 1907. Grand Master of Kentucky 1915-16. A Father and Friend of all Masonic childhood.

He bowed him low beneath that tree,
Whose shade o'erhung the spot;
And he whispered o'er his daughter's name;
But his daughter heard him not.

And then to Heaven he turned his eyes,
And seemed to seek her there;
His hands were clasped and his quivering lips
Betrayed the silent prayer.

The sun went down and the night came on;
Yet the old man stirred him not;
As if some secret spell had bound
Him there to the lonely spot.

But lo, when the morning at length arose,
A change had come o'er the old man's face;
His cheeks more pale than ever were grown;
But the tears had left no trace.

That mournful look so sad to see
From his wrinkled brow was gone;
A smile lay on his half-closed lips,
But the spirit forever had flown.

Mrs. T. J. Adams, present Matron of the Masonic Widows and Orphans Home. She lives over again with these loved ones the spirit of Aunt Martha Eubank and breathes upon them daily the kindliness and motherly love expressed by the Eastern Star.

The Forsaken.

They are gone; they are gone; they have all passed away
As the leaves of the forest in autumn decay;
So my kindred have vanished; ah, short was their day.
They are gone; they are gone; with my childhood so dear.
Oh, where are the voices I once loved to hear?
Where now is the cot whence ascended the prayer?

Forsaken and friendless, I wander alone;
I call o'er the names to the past only known;
And the wind maketh answer in sorrowful moan.

The spirits of autumn that sigh in the trees;
The murmuring water and whispering breeze
Proclaim the sad tidings, my grief to increase.

In the visions of twilight, when shadows draw nigh,
I've seen a dim phantom flit hastily by;
'Mid the moan of the winds I've heard its faint sigh.

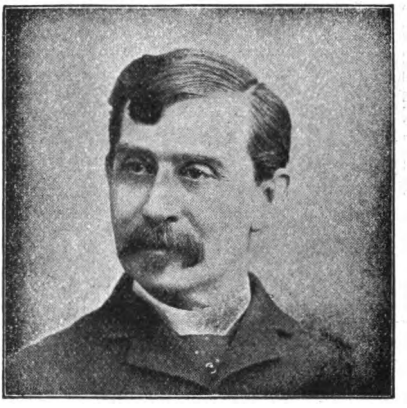
From the depths of the grave then a voice seemed to come;
And it called me away from this earth and its gloom;
I will go to my kindred within the dark tomb.

No tears shall be scattered, no friend shall stand by,
When the heart-broken stranger shall sicken and die;
No pillar shall mark the lone spot where I lie.

The Dying Mother's Prayer.

Lonely and coldly a mother lay dying;
Short was her breathing, her pulse beating low;
Clasped to her bosom an infant was lying,
Smiling unconscious of want or of woe.

Drear was the home of that desolate mother;
Scanty her covering, straw for her bed;
None to bewail her, no sister, no brother
To weep o'er the dying or mourn for the dead.



Major John H. Leathers, the oldest living Past Grand Master of Kentucky. He carried the first child to the Masonic Home. He has served as Grand Treasurer of Kentucky Masonry for 47 years, having been first elected in October, 1875. He belongs to all branches of the Masonic Order. He was a close and faithful friend of Aunt Martha Eubank half a century ago when she was Matron of the Masonic Home.

Cold on the hearth the black cinders were lying;
Bare was the window and naked the floor;
Bleak winds without seemed a requiem sighing
Over that sufferer, friendless and poor.

Stranger, step lightly; raise the latch slightly;
Cautiously, silently open the door.
Haply she sleepeth; Death perchance keepeth
His vigil and biddeth her sorrow no more.

Enter in slowly; solemn and holy
Seemeth the place of the presence of Death.
Hearken, she prayeth; hear what she sayeth,
Ere she hath yielded to Heaven her breath.

Faintly and broken each sentence is spoken;
Slowly to Heaven her accents arise;
While the storm howleth and round her cot prowleth
Thus to her God and her Saviour she cries:

"Friend of the friendless! Infinite, Endless,
Scorn not a heart-stricken wanderer's cry!
Saviour all holy, Hope of the lowly,
Where but to thee shall a penitent fly?

"Prostrate before thee, Lord, I implore thee,
Look on the Cross and Immanuel slain!
Let His blood lave me, cleanse me and save me;
The spirit thou gavest, receive it again!

"Each tie is riven that drew me from Heaven,
Saving one tendril more strong than the rest;
How shall I break it? Must I forsake it,
Gentle one slumbering so calm on my breast?

"Who shall watch o'er him, when she that thus bore him
Here in a cold world hath left him alone
Father or mother, sister or brother,
Kindred, protector, or friend he hath none.

"Saviour, draw near him! Bend thou and hear him,
When for his mother he crieth in vain.
Graciously send him one to befriend him;
Rear him for Heaven; unite us again!"

Ceased her lips' motion; the heart in devotion
Still heaves in her bosom; but calm is her brow.
Smiles o'er her playing seem to be saying,
"Let me be gone! I can part with him now."

Pallid and gasping, her feeble hands clasping,
Upward to Heaven still raising her eye;
Gently her spirit ascends to inherit
Mansions of rest for the ransomed on high.

Ode To The Poor.

Sons of want, awake, bestir you;
Golden moments fly apace;
There's a glorious prize before you;
Up and gird you for the race!

Up; shake off ignoble slumber;
Slumber that enchains the soul;
Up and join the busy number,
Who are striving for the goal.

Let not poverty unman you;
Deem not fate hath fixed your lot;
Only think you can, then can you;
Think you cannot, and you'll not.

33°

John H. Cowles, Past Grand Master of Kentucky. Present Sovereign Grand Commander of the Southern Jurisdiction of the A. A. S. R. He was Captain of a company in the Spanish American War; and has taken all the degrees in Masonry. Brother Cowles gave the author special encouragement and inspiration in his work with Youth and Fraternity at the critical time when the Social Crusader Movement was organized.

Not the slothful, not the tiring,
Shall obtain the golden prize;
But the earnest, the aspiring,
Shall alone to greatness rise.

Mighty men, renowned in story
For their noble acts sublime,
Do not step at once to glory,
But by earnest effort climb.

Every age and every nation
Teems with great men, great of heart;
He is great who fills his station,
Acting well his destined part.

Fred W. Hardwick, Grand Master of Kentucky, 1921-22. He has taken all the degrees in Masonry. Was made a Mason in 1889. Has served as Secretary of the Masonic Home Board for many years and gives freely of his time and money to this cause so near his heart. He has for thirty-one years personally taken charge of all the widows and children of the Home, procured a steamboat and given a free picnic to Fern Grove with all the good things to eat. This is his highest hope each year, to give this outing to these loved ones. Brother Hardwick was a First Lieutenant in the Spanish American War. He has taken a profound interest in the restoration of the Rob Morris Library to the Grand Lodge of Kentucky.

To each being, howe'er lonely,
Is a fitting labor given;
Not the sacred herald only;
Every man is called of Heaven.

Seek the place which Heaven assigned you,
Let your field be great or small;
Put all obstacles behind you;
Be obedient to the call.

Fret not at your mean vocation;
Strive to raise it all you can;
'Tis the man that makes the station;
Not the station makes the man.

Have you little? Strive the harder,
And that little wisely spend;
He that's faithful in a few things,
Shall have many in the end.

True, you may not be a Caesar,
Nor a Newton, nor a Paul;
But you may adorn your station,
With the noblest of them all.

Whosoe'er with single purpose,
Be his object wise or vain,
Perseveres through every trial,
Will at length his end attain.

A LIFE-TIME MASONIC FRIENDSHIP

Virgil B. Snowden, close friend of the author since childhood in the Old Masonic Community at Goshen. Sharer in all the struggles and sorrows, the romances and sentiments of boyhood and youth, they entered into Masonic manhood together, studied and worked at social uplift and relief as Social Crusaders for more than 20 years, and are now teaching fallen youth fraternity within the walls of the Indiana Reformatory at Jeffersonville. Mr. Snowden has mastered this rare and difficult work and is loved like an Elder Brother by all the prisoners.

Be ye wise, nor labor vainly;
Make each passing moment tell;
Let each day you leave behind you
Bear the record, "All is well."

Let not self engross your being;
Help your brother in the strife;
Know that he, the wisely selfish,
Looks beyond the present life.

Count not fame, nor sigh for riches;
Trust them not for happiness;
He who most for others liveth
Knows the most of real bliss.

Be your life a bright example
Like a calm, refreshing shower,
Shedding sweetness all around you,
With a bow of promise o'er.

Though your deeds be not emblazoned
On the gilded scroll of fame;
Yet a light shall gleam behind you,
When forgotten is your name.

Rouse ye then, and falter never;
Know that faith can mountains move;
Onward, onward be your watchword;
Upward to the realms above!

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FAMOUS OLD BIBLE OF FORTITUDE LODGE

* * * *

THE OLD BIBLE that lies upon the altar of Fortitude Lodge at LaGrange, Kentucky, is one of the most famous in America. It was presented to the Lodge shortly after the Civil War by Dr. Morris, who obtained it as a most valued and sacred relic of the great conflict. Every visitor to LaGrange wishes to see this famous Bible. The Louisville Times some years ago sent a special correspondent, Mr. Chas. T. Moore, with camera and note-book, to take down the history of this treasured volume. His story follows:

Who could have dreamed, or dreaming dared to tell, that here in a little—to the world at large—backwoods town in Kentucky was to turn up an indisputable record that would link together such names as George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Lord Byron, Prince Achille Murat and LaFayette, and revive memories forgotten by living men imagining themselves familiar with their country's history?

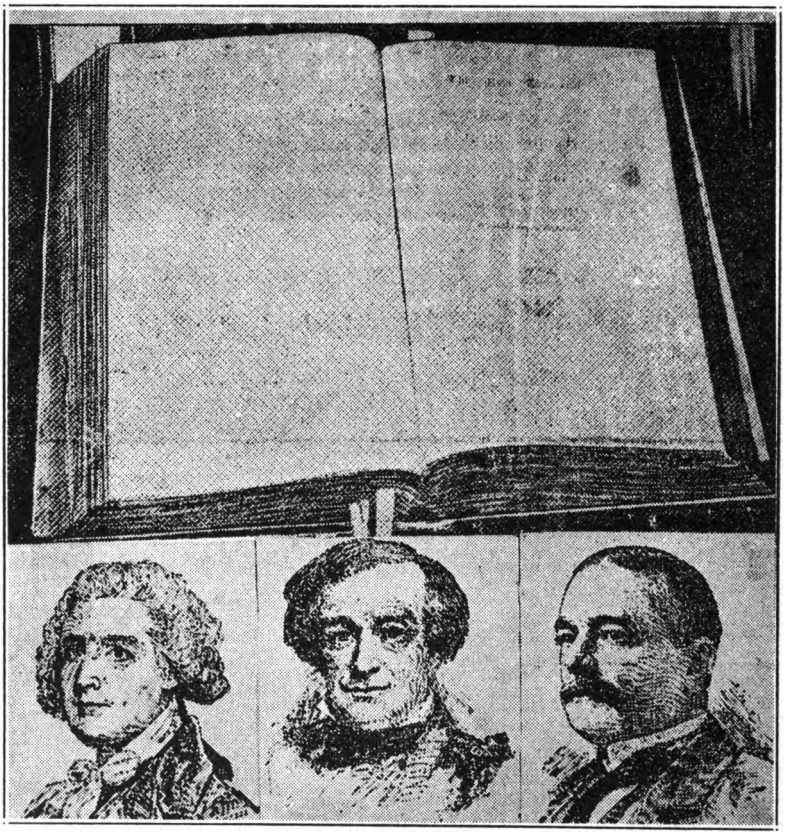
* * *

After Fifty Years.

For upwards of fifty years there has reposed in the archives of Fortitude Lodge, No. 47, F. A. and A. M., at LaGrange, Ky., a book that has been the source of much speculation among the members of the Lodge and their visiting brethren from all parts of the country. With the passing of years it has come to hold a place in their esteem that is both peculiar and difficult to describe. This seems based on the belief that it may be of no small intrinsic value to bibliophiles and that its history as well as its sacred character may be of even greater import.

For it is a Bible, of the kind common, or rather uncommon in the days of the forefathers—an immense, bulky volume printed on an old style of hand-made paper, the leaves now yellowing with age. The type is that known to the printers as old style Great Primer. The margins are spacious, nearly two inches at the top and bottom and more than an inch at the sides. The dimensions of the book are seventeen inches high, eleven inches wide and five and one-half inches thick, and it weighs close to ten pounds.

The Famous Old Bible of Fortitude Lodge at LaGrange, Ky.



ALEXANDER JAMES DALLAS, I.

Secretary of the Treasury for President Madison and Reorganizer of the United States Bank.

ALEXANDER JAMES DALLAS, II.

Commodore of United States Navy, who fired first shot in the War of 1812, and saw service with Perry and Decatur.

JEREMIAH ("TREVANION") BARLOW DALLAS

Soldier and Business Man, Who Faithfully followed traditions of his family.

From the appearance of the cover it probably has been rebound, for, though comparatively slightly scuffed considering its age, it was the custom of the day of its manufacture to make for books of the kind heavily embossed and tooled sides, with corresponding backs. On this book these are perfectly flat and plain, in good, dark-red morocco. The only lettering is "Holy Bible" in darkening gold leaf on the back or "hinge." A series of a half-dozen or more alternate pale, blue and white, heavily braided broad damask gyves or filets bound in with the cover and depending many inches below the lower edges, ending in broad, fringed, flat tassels serve as book-marks, giving it the appearance of a pulpit Bible.

Title Page Missing.

Either there never was a front title page or it has disappeared, but this is not necessarily inferrable from the present condition of the volume. Two fly-leaves intervene between the front cover and the first page bearing its top.

"The First Book of Moses, Called
GENESIS."

The Old Testament includes the apochryphal books and at the close is printed a "Table of Affinities," or degrees of kinship within which marriage is prohibited.

The title page of the New Testament discloses that it is a copy of that subscription Bible printed at Philadelphia in 1798 by subscription by John Thompson and Abraham Small. The text of this page is as follows:

"The New Testament
of Our
Lord and Saviour
JESUS CHRIST
Translated out of the
Original Greek
And With The
Former Translations
Diligently Compared and Revised

*
* *
*

Philadelphia.
Printed for John Thompson and Abraham Small.
From the Hot Press of John Thompson.
MDCCXCVIII."

The final pages are devoted to an alphabetical list of the subscribers to the work arranged according to the cities and towns in which they lived, as "Albany, Alexandria, Baltimore, Boston, Elizabethtown, Carlisle, Burlington, Havre-de-Grace, Newark, Newcastle, New York," and many others.

It is almost inconceivable that some measure of the identity and ownership of the book originally did not reside in some members of the Lodge, for it was the gift of Rob Morris, the poet-laureate of Masonry, scholar, educator, writer and traveler, who himself hardly could have escaped its message. It is thought by some of the present officers and older members of the Lodge that probably something more definite was known about it, or possibly some memorandum might have been made of it at the time of the gift, but if such there were they have disappeared.

A tradition remains that it was given to the Lodge about 1865. Rob Morris was then living at LaGrange, a member of the faculty of Oldham College, of which he afterwards became president. It seems that Mr. Morris obtained it in Canada from a former officer of the Northern army who accompanied Sherman on his March to the Sea and took it as his share of the loot of a town on the route, the name of which is not remembered. This officer, it seems, had a passion for old books and evidently recognized the value of this which had been missed by so many others.

In the many years it has remained at LaGrange it has been poured over by many curious persons, all of whom seem to have been unable to place it and its people in the annals of time. Several attempts have been made, it is said, to find the real owners and to restore the book to them, but without success. Only as long ago as last summer a distinguished Southern Mason named Coleman, who made a trip to LaGrange to place a flower on Morris' tomb, examined the volume and begged the members of the Lodge to put a price on it for him, though he affirmed that he could tell no more of its history than was then known.

Mystery is Dissipated.

How so many intelligences could have given it so much attention without finding the key to the mystery must forever remain an even greater puzzle. It is contained in the final entry in a family record copied on the final page of the Old Testament which reads:

"26. Died, on the morning of June 4, 1844, in the harbor of Callao, Com. A. J. Dallas, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Naval forces in the Pacific, and husband of M. B. Barlow."

This serves instantly to place the persons named in the first and last entries as among the most distinguished of the earlier builders and defenders of the United States Government, and collaterally establishes many interesting things concerning other persons named in the fading record, not to mention the inclusion of many of the great names of Europe, as well as of this country, from George Washington and Benjamin Franklin to LaFayette, Lord Byron and Prince Napoleon Achille Murat.

"Alexander James Dallas I," as he is mentioned in biographies and historical references, was born contemporaneously with Alexander Hamilton in the Island of Jamaica, of Scotch descent, and coming to Philadelphia, first became Attorney-General of Pennsylvania and later followed his eminent compatriot, Hamilton, as Secretary of the Treasury, to which portfolio he was appointed by President Madison in 1814, and also acted as Secretary of War during a part of the period from 1814 to 1816.

Efforts have been made to connect him with the portfolio of State, but these seem to have no warrant in fact. Following in the footsteps of Hamilton, however, as Secretary of the Treasury, he managed to re-establish the United States Bank with a capital of $35,000,000, and repaired the finances of the country which had suffered almost complete annihilation, and also prepared a much-needed revenue producing tariff.

His sister, Henrietta Charlotte, married George Anson, an uncle of Lord Byron, and it was through him that a brother, George Dallas, made the acquaintance of the poet, which grew into a friendship by which Byron gave him the greater part of the royalties from "Childe Harolde's Pilgrimage" and "The Corsair." But for his death he probably would have been literary executor for Lord Byron, which task fell to Thomas Moore.

Sophia Burrall Dallas, the first child of "Alexander James Dallas I." to live to maturity, was married to Richard Bache, Jr., whose mother was a daughter of Benjamin Franklin, on April 11, 1805. Of the nine children of "Alexander James Dallas I." several attained distinction. Among them was George Mifflin Dallas, United States Senator from Pennsylvania from 1831 to 1837, when he was appointed minister to Russia, and on his return was elected Vice-President of the United States. While serving as presiding officer of the Senate he cast the deciding vote, in 1846, which repealed the protective tariff of 1842 and brought a hornet's nest about his ears, since he always had been believed a stanch protectionist.

"Shot Heard Round the World."

But by far the most notable from the popular viewpoint of these sons and daughters was Alexander James Dallas, II., born at Philadelphia, May, 15, 1791, who entered the naval service on a midshipman's warrant at fourteen years old, was appointed an acting Lieutenant when he was barely nineteen, and who, in command of the third gun division of his ship eight days after his twentieth birthday fired on "The Little Belt," English man-o-war, and brought on the War of 1812.

Subsequently, of course, he was investigated for this by Congress, quite in modern fashion, and exonorated by the proof that "The Little Belt" fired first, and the following March he received his commission as Lieutenant, dated from June, 1810. Afterward he was an officer in the squadrons commanded by Commodore John Rodgers and Oliver Hazard Perry, and May 11, 1815, he was com-

missioned a Lieutenant-Commander and accompanied Commodore Stephen Decatur on his expedition against the Algerian pirates.

Next he was appointed "Post Captain," then the highest rank known in the United States Navy, and ordered to establish a naval station at Pensacola, at that time the largest, most important and attractive naval station planned by the Government. With a brief interval during which he commanded the West Indies squadron and supported Gen. Winfield Scott in the Seminole campaign and assisted in a diplomatic understanding with Mexico by seizing the brig "General Urea," he continued at Pensacola until the navy yard was completed, when he was given command of the Pacific squadron and died aboard his ship in the harbor of Callao, Peru, June 4, 1844, after thirty-nine years of active service in which he had only four months' leave of absence, all told.

Washingtons and Meades.

Commodore Dallas was twice married. His first wife was Henrietta Constantia Meade, a sister of Gen. George G. Meade, who commanded the Northern army at Gettysburg. His second wife was Mary Byrd Willis, a grand-daughter of Col. Fielding Lewis and Betty Washington, the only sister of George Washington. Catherine Dudley (Gray) Willis, a sister of Mary Willis Dallas, married Prince Napoleon Achille Murat, a son of Field Marshal Joachim Murat, to whom she was introduced by Marquis de LaFayette during his visit to the United States in 1825.

Of Commodore Dallas' second marriage was born a son named "Jeremiah ('Trevanion') Barlow Dallas," according to the record at Washington, D. C., September 11, 1843, who received a liberal education and at the outbreak of the Civil War joined the Southern army in Florida with Gen. Chase, and saw distinguished service at Santa Rosa Island, at Shiloh and elsewhere. At the close of the war he joined his mother's sister, the Princess Achille Murat, in France and served as a volunteer aide-de-camp during the "Seven Weeks War."

Returning to the United States he entered actively into business and organized the Dallas Manufacturing Company at Huntsville, Ala. He was married May 11, 1869, to Miss Ella Douglas, of Nashville, Tenn., and after her demise married Miss Ida Bonner, also of Nashville, on January 6, 1876. His son, Hugh Douglas Dallas, of his first marriage, lives at Nashville.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MASONIC DRAMA AND THE MODERN MOVIE.

* * * *

THE READER who has followed faithfully in the footsteps of these great Masonic souls who pioneered the paths of the future, surely cannot fail to see that community drama and popular pageantry will come back to us with the joyful holiday and festival spirit inherent in all our ancestors and civilization. Commercialized amusement and mammonized recreation will some day cease to lure and destroy the youth of the land. It is no surprise at all that David W. Griffith, the greatest motion picture producer in the world, was born in the town where Rob Morris lived and labored. Indeed, a great dramatic genius like Griffith was the natural product of such a community and social atmosphere as that created for generations by the old Masonic life of the county and town that Rob Morris loved. We have traced out in these chapters and pictures the origin, rise, and progress of Youth and Fraternity. The great secret brotherhoods of America will some day become the sponsors of a new redemptive life in every community. The relation of ritual, drama, and pageant work is so close and intimate that groups and teams and companies of young people, under Masonic and Eastern Star leadership, for example, will take up the thought and theme of the moving picture and express in action what has hitherto pleased the eye and thrilled the soul on the screen. For this reason, we have here included the story of David W. Griffith, published some time

ago during a visit he made to his old home town of LaGrange. His very presence and poularity among old friends in the little hamlet where Rob Morris lived and sleeps, gives assurance of the prophecy here made as to the future dawn and day of Youth and Fraternity:

The Making of a Great Movie Dramatist.

The official biographer of David W. Griffith, the great motion picture producer, asked for some data and got the answer that "he was born in Kentucky; that he grew up in a house like most boys; started out after his school and college days to find his place in the world, and that since he went into the business of producing pictures he has lived most of the time under his hat."

Strangely reticent about his personal affairs, the creator of "The Birth of a Nation" (when you know him) has one of the most interesting personalities in the world.

DAVID W. GRIFFITH, the famous motion picture producer, splendid product and type of "The Homeland of Rob Morris." The vision and work of this great Movie Dramatist will some day restore the community pageant and social drama to the people everywhere.

Few men owe more to their parents than the famous director does to Brigadier General Jacob W. Griffith and Mrs. Mary Perkins Griffith. The father held distinguished command of the Southern army. He died when D. W. Griffith was but a lad, nevertheless the sixth sense of military strategy that the boy inherited and the vivid depiction of Civil War campaigns that General Griffith used to tell have remained ever with the son. Mrs. Griffith, the mother, was David's best friend. She gave him a good education, schooled him in the old-fashioned chivalry of Kentucky, and watched his welfare and progress with a whole-hearted love and devotion. Mrs. Griffith lived long enough to see her son achieve fame.

Most of the material given below has been picked up from Griffith's intimates and associates, for he will rarely talk about himself.

He wanted to be an actor or a dramatist, he did not quite know which. A stock company director named Oscar Eagle gave him his first job at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, from which post he drifted to New York and alternated between playing parts and writing plays. The row of a new playwright is hard to hoe, so after one of the early partly successful attempts young Griffith attached himself as utility actor at $5.00 a day to the Biograph Studio. Soon they were taking small scenarios from him, and when one of the directors got sick they allowed Griffith to make a one-reel picture.

His new ideas of the "close up," "fade out," "switch back," and "parallel action" revolutionized the technical side of photographic acting. His choice of talent in this field was likewise almost uncanny, so that in five years' time he developed a majority of the motion picture actors and actresses who are justly eminent today. Furthermore, he had the literary sense, and beside using the stock dramatic material of the routine motion picture director, he invaded poetry, fiction and standard literature for his subjects. The union of these three diverse talents, together with marvelous executive ability, made him the greatest motion picture director in the world.

David W. Griffith is so busy a man that he has no time for the ordinary diversions and avocations of life. While at work in Los Angeles he is up at 6 o'clock every morning. His working day is from 8 or 9 o'clock until midnight. Immense as the plant is, he supervises every part of it, reviews all scenarios, inspects every player and every costume, approves all properties and structural effects, directs every foot of all films that bear his name, and looks over all the film work of the other directors.

"Lives under his hat" is a true expression. Griffith has a hat in every room of the many score rooms of the studio. He wears 50 hats a day, but his favorites are the enormous panamas that guard against the excessive heat of the Los Angeles sun. He always keeps in working trim, is hard as nails physically, and while on the directing job wears his hair closely cropped. His favorite instrument is the megaphone. A born commander, he goes out for field work with this enormous speaking tube and directs an army of several hundred persons as easily as a farmer would boss a team of horses. But when he puts on the big battle pieces, like Sherman's March to the Sea and the Battle of Petersburg, he has to discard that big-voiced instrument for a modern switchboard and relays of telephone wires.

While careful for the safety of his people, he personally fears no danger and often takes big chances in the outdoor directing work. One of the high-powered automobiles contains a speed of nearly 100 miles an hour. With G. W. Bitzer, his photographer, he pushes the speed limit ahead of the wild rides of the Clansmen on their horses in the Ku Klux scenes.

Best of all, "The Birth of a Nation" producer takes the hardest part of his work as good fun, as exhilerating sport, rather than as a task. His is one of the spirits that finds life extremely fascinating, interesting and diverting. His alert intelligence grasps every new phase eagerly.

Back in New York off his studio labors, Mr. Griffith would rather dance than do anything else. He believes in dancing as the most ancient and the most beneficial of all exercises. "Note the fighting people of the world," he said, "they are dancers every one of them. All the conquests have been won by dancing people, and all the great achievements have been wrought by nations that dance."

Griffith gets 500 letters and 50 telegrams every day. It would save a lot of anxious folk some heartburnings to know that he never answers the letters. He opens them and tosses them in huge stacks on his General Manager's table where the faithful clerks sort out the minute grains of wheat from the chaff and attend to the really important things. He tosses the telegrams to his secretary, whose discretion as to answering is final. Griffith rarely carries money except when he is taking home the bundle of "kale" to the old folks. He is known everywhere and appropriates whatever he wants, letting the shop-keepers present

their claims later to the keeper of his purse. He never fusses about trifles, he never does a particle of clerical work. He never stops at small or large financial obstacles, but goes right ahead regardless of financial problems. In brief, his one aspiration is to make the big picture, the great art product, and in that supreme achievement he is Napoleonic in his methods and results.

"The Mothers of Men."

In coming years the pilgrim to the home-town and tomb of Rob Morris will also ask to see the grave of the mother who first taught and trained the greatest of all movie dramatists in "the old-fashioned chivalry of Kentucky." The tomb of this noble mother, at old Mt. Tabor Church in Oldham County, will become a shrine to every lover of the old culture and chivalry, the romance and sentiment that constitute the very essence and soul of the State that gave Abraham Lincoln birth. Hence this mention of the mother's passing is of peculiar interest here:

Red Cross Pageant Group at the Rob Morris Centennial, LaGrange, Kentucky, 1918, who impersonated and presented the Masonic, Eastern Star and Social Crusader story in Red Cross History under the supervision and direction of the author's wife, Mrs. Ida Lee Rule.

MRS. MARY GRIFFITH

Aged Mother of David W. and Albert Griffith Passes Away After an Attack of Pneumonia

Mrs. Mary Oglesby Griffith died at her home in this city Sunday morning at 4:00 o'clock after an illness of about three weeks with pneumonia. She had about recovered from this trouble, but the shock to her system at her advanced age, eighty-five years, was so great that death resulted. Mrs. Griffith was a native of this county, but had spent a part of her life in Shelbyville and in Louisville. She moved to LaGrange two years ago. She is survived by four children, Mr. David W. Griffith, of Los Angeles, Cal., Mr. Albert Griffith, of New York, Mr. William Griffith and Mrs. Ruth Houghton, of this place.

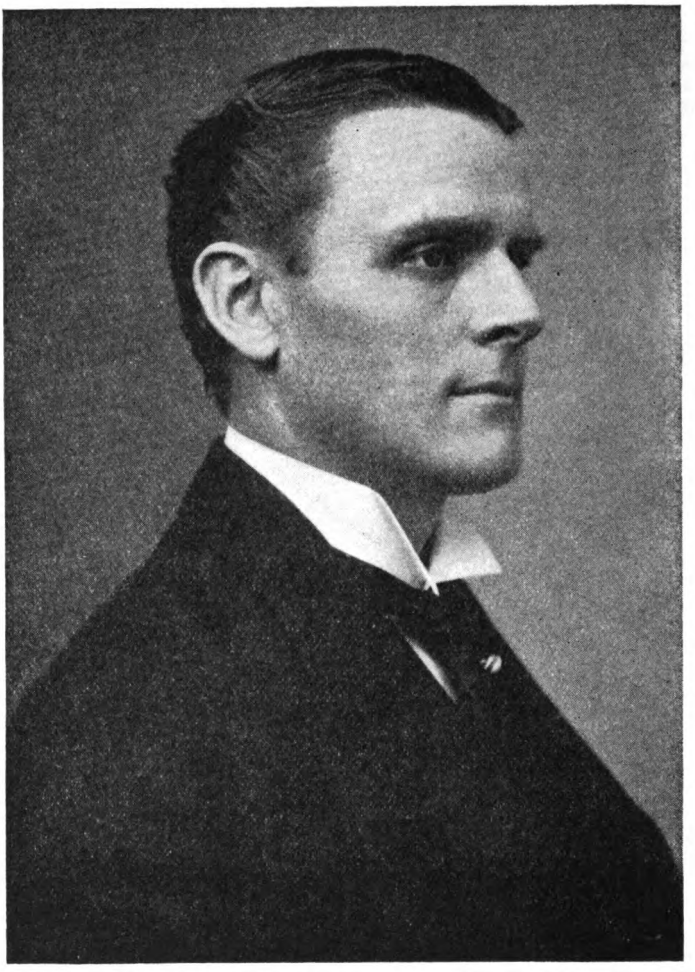
Mrs. Griffith was the widow of the late Jacob W. Griffith. Had she lived until December 19th she would have been eighty-five years of age. The family had planned a reunion at that time. Mr. David Griffith was the only member of

her family not present when the end came. The funeral service was announced for Monday at 9:00 a. m., however, upon receipt of a message from the absent son stating that he was starting for LaGrange, it was postponed until his arrival.

Mr. Griffith is expected to arrive this morning (Friday) and the funeral service will be conducted at the residence by Rev. W. S. Maxwell at 10:30 o'clock. Burial will be at Mt. Tabor. The remains will be conveyed to that place by automobile, a hearse having been secured from Louisville.

* * * *

It is the dream of the author of this Life of Rob Morris to witness the revival of social and community drama in our midst when Oldham County celebrates her centennial in 1923. "The Homeland of Rob Morris" now nearly completed, contains the hundred-year history of the place and people that gave David W. Griffith to the world.



The Author and His Afterword

Why this Book was Written and How to Obtain it.

A year or two before the outbreak of the World War, Brother Rob Morris, Jr., of Lebanon, Tennessee, entered into an agreement with the author to revise and edit and publish a History of the Eastern Star based on family records and traditions and historic data around the name and fame of Rob Morris, Sr., as the founder of the Order. Brother J. W. Norwood of Louisville was a party to the above agreement, and all plans were complete when the World War came on and Brother Rob Morris, Jr., decided to postpone the proposition indefinitely. He still has his material in manuscript form, so we understand.

Meanwhile, the author followed out a long-cherished purpose in collecting, finishing, and publishing this Life of Rob Morris, and has already acknowledged his lasting gratitude to Brother W. H. McDonald of the Home Journal for encouraging the undertaking to completion.

The theme of Human Brotherhood has always been a passion with the author. Out of the pain and peril of the great panic of the nineties he emerged convinced that Fraternity was the one great redeeming force of this nation and the world. He was commissioned and ordained by the Presbyterian Church to preach and teach the Gospel of Divine Love and Human Brotherhood to working people, and when he became a Freemason his life-work and ministry embraced the yet larger task of teaching youth fraternity. Even inside prison walls this great service engages his entire time. The Social Crusader Manuals and Rituals can be obtained by addressing the author at the Indiana Reformatory, Jeffersonville. This Life of Rob Morris can only be obtained by addressing The First National Bank, Jeffersonville, Indiana, sending check or money-order for two dollars per copy, the price, post-paid. This first edition is a limited one and only those who order promptly can be assured of obtaining it.

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The Life and Times of Rob Morris

Pioneering in Masonry

List of Illustrations

List of Prominent People Mentioned

This Book was Illustrated by
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