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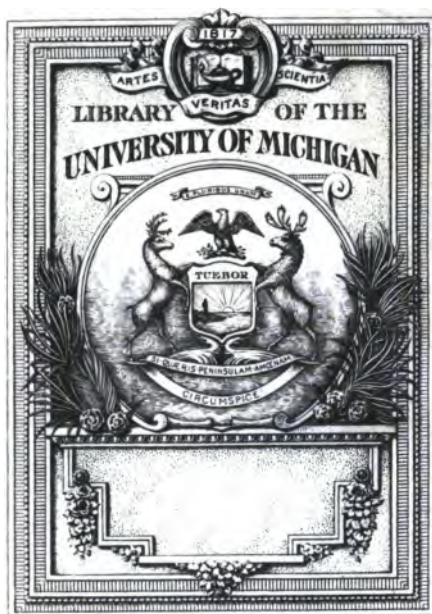
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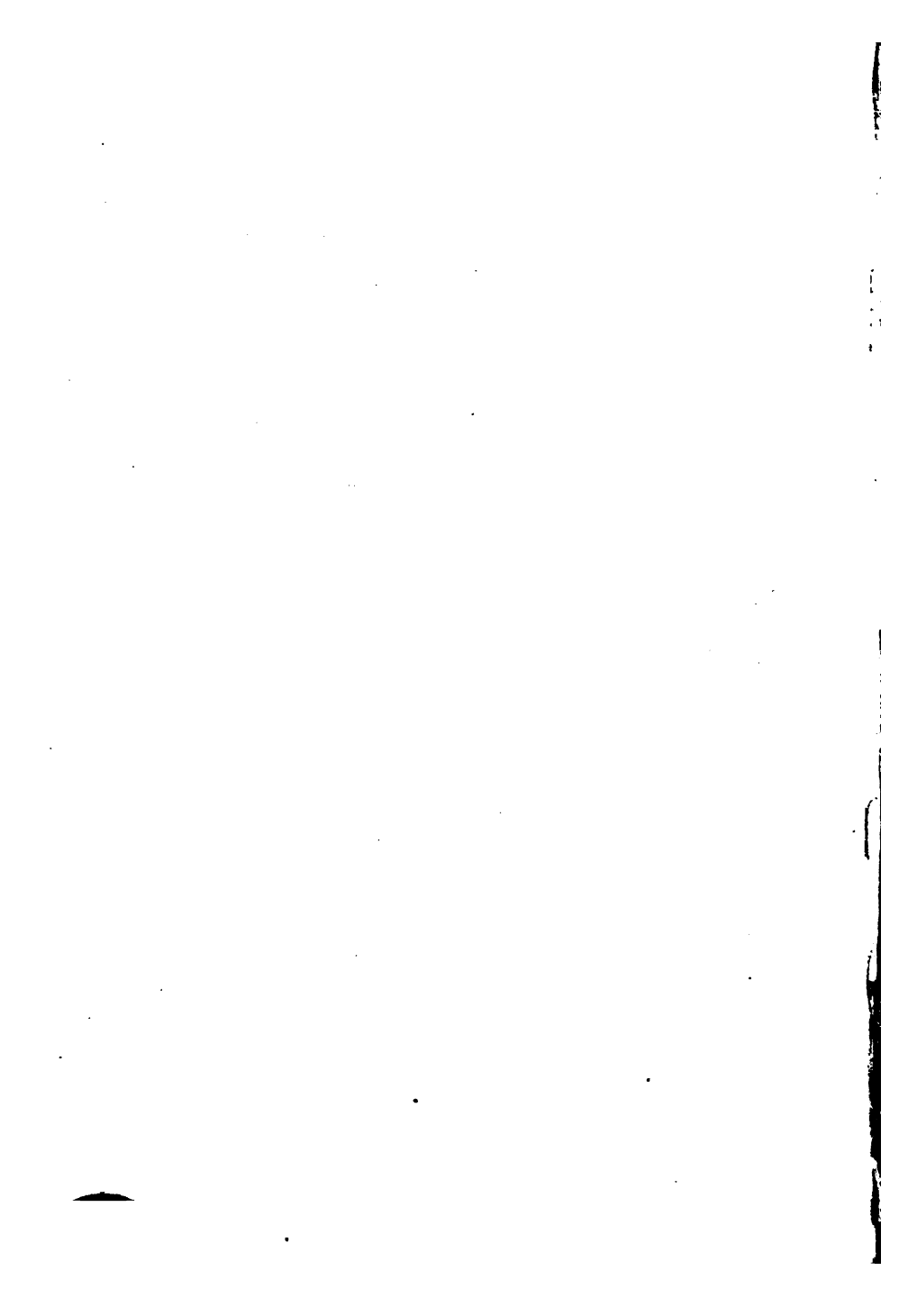
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THE GIFT OF
J. H. Russell

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J. R. R. 828
G7362
1883



IN THE COILS;

OR,

THE COMING CONFLICT.

BY

"A FANATIC."
(E.B.G.)

*"This is the next great question that the Nation must take up
and decide."*—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Second Edition.

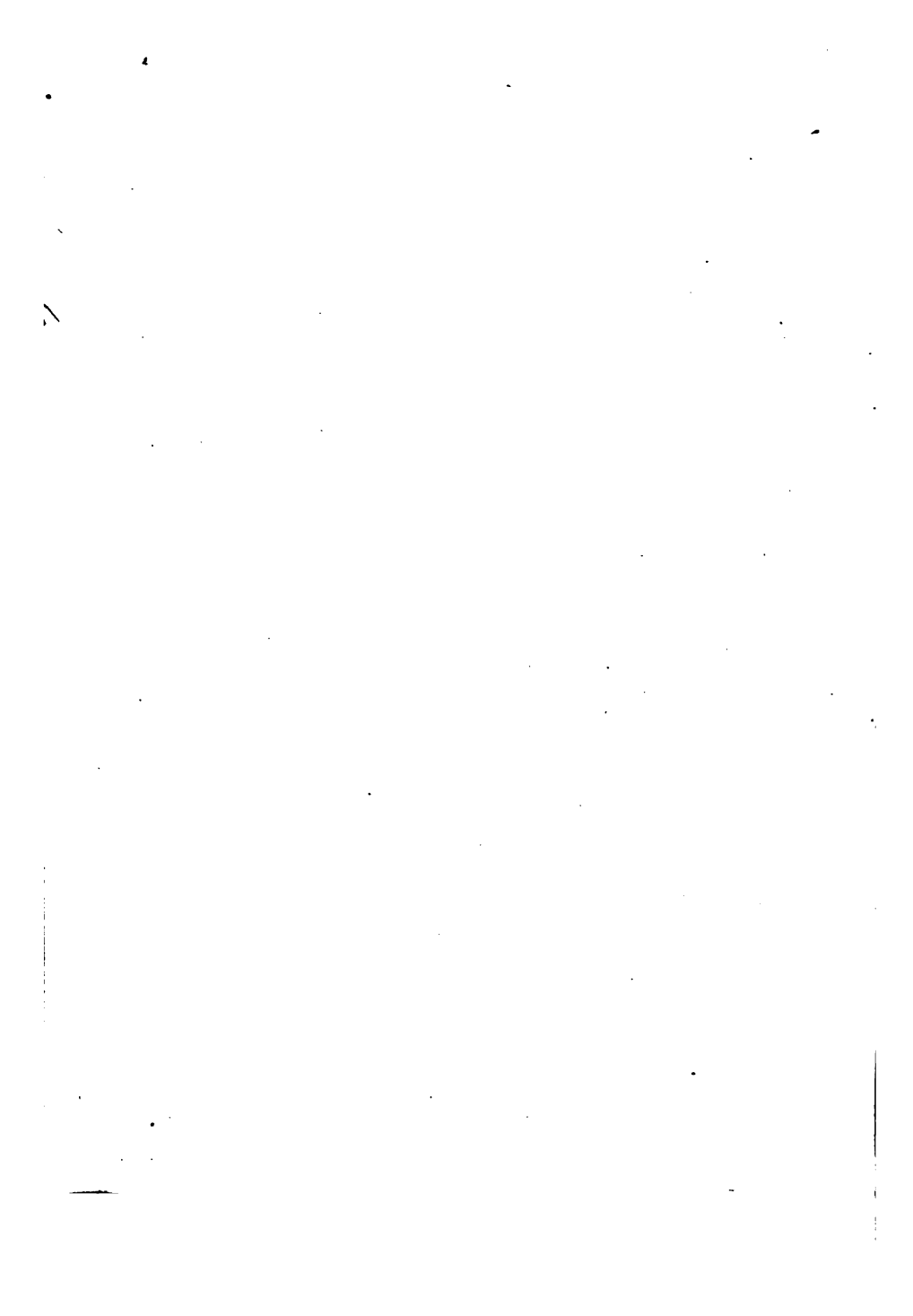
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INSCRIBED TO HER
TO WHOSE SUGGESTION AND ENCOURAGEMENT
THIS BOOK
OWES ITS EXISTENCE,
AND FROM WHOM THE AUTHOR BY NO HUMAN
INSTITUTION SHALL EVER
BE SEPARATED.



gift
JH Russell
6-13-33

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PREFACE.

WHAT? This is not a temperance, Indian or Mormon story. It can not properly be called a work of fiction.

"'T is strange—but true; for truth is
Stranger than fiction."

There is only a thread of fancy running through and binding together the pages of fact. The characters and incidents are drawn from real life, and are not overdrawn. Some, who belong to the institution herein opposed, will deny this statement. Those who have never investigated the subject may wonder and doubt. But many who know whereof the author speaks will recognize at once the facts on which this story is based and will confirm the truth of these startling incidents. The author is prepared to furnish, if necessary, the proof of their occurrence. The quotations from books are accurate. The extracts from papers are genuine, with the exception of slight changes in names.

BY WHOM? According to the dictionary a Fanatic is a person filled with frenzy or wild, extravagant notions. Such the author does not confess to be.

According to a common use of the word, a Fanatic is a

PREFACE.

person who conscientiously and earnestly advocates any moral reformation. Every great reformer—the world's Redeemer himself—every abolitionist, temperance lecturer and advocate of universal suffrage is or has been called a Fanatic. With the word thus defined the accused author says, "I own the soft impeachment."

WHENCE? From the great mass of authentic accounts, from observation and experience, the incidents described herein have been culled. The arguments also are derived from many sources.

"Steal! to be sure they may; and, egad, serve your best thoughts as Gypsies do stolen children—disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own."

But while the author has used some ideas of others, he believes that they are so wrought over that they *are* his own.

WHY? In "Guesses at Truth" the Hares say, "Reviewers are forever telling authors that they can't understand them. The author might often reply: Is it my fault?" The difficulty often arises from their inability to see the author's purpose and discover his motives. So these are plainly stated.

The object is to show its unwarranted assumption, and the unlawful interference of a large and powerful association with the three divine institutions of the world—the family, the church and the state. The motives will be seen when the author declares that he believes that while voluntary societies for some ends may be proper and useful, yet any association which assumes the place or professes to do the work of a divine institution, and which necessarily interferes with the natural relations of men, is not only unnecessary but also dangerous and injurious.

How? Amid labors and cares in other directions, in

PREFACE.

sorrow because of the existence of the evils opposed, and without aiming primarily at literary excellence and yet desiring to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, this work was penned.

WHAT THEN? If it arouses others to a realization of the evils mentioned and awakens in them a sense of duty; if it helps to carry on the reform already begun, the author will be satisfied.

"In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can accomplish more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due."

IN THE COILS;

OR,

THE COMING CONFLICT.

CHAPTER I.

"MY WIFE AND I."

WARREN GROVES was a physician in Brandon, a village situated on the bank of a small river in the West. At the close of the rebellion, when this history begins, he was still a young man; that is, he had lived about thirty summers and one more winter.

His character was plainly revealed by his personal appearance. His form was manly, and—as is often said of a minister and why may it not once be said of a doctor?—"His face was like a benediction."

Like all men, with a notable exception, he had an

ancestry. Of these he had no reason to be ashamed. But his ancestors have nothing to do with this history. So their names and country, their character and actions need not be recorded. It is enough to know that Warren had been born, reared and educated, and had grown until he became what we now find him.

In figure he was tall, erect, and stout. Some said he had a handsome face. His limbs were strong and symmetrical. His head seemed to have been made for his body—it fitted so well. It was large and round. Its size came not from a thick skull, as is the case of some who boast of the number of their hats, but from an active and well developed brain.

On acquaintance he was found to possess not only a knowledge of the bones, muscles and organs of the human body, and of the effect of different drugs on the system, but also a good stock of general information and that uncommon faculty—common sense. His countenance revealed him to be conscientious, thoughtful, grave; but the merry twinkle of his dark gray eyes and the gathering wrinkles at their corners, showed a rare sense of humor.

He was a man of strong convictions. Truth and right were of more importance to him than his own life. In short, he was a man, a manly man, firm, brave, independent, yet quiet and sympathetic as a womanly woman. At the deathbed of a patient,

for it must be confessed some of them died, he would weep with those who wept.

No wonder then that on all questions which greatly affected the well-being of others he thought, he felt, he acted.

Among other subjects which had engaged his attention was that of human slavery. This, he had been easily convinced, was an accursed system. He had believed that the slaves should be freed. He had heard the stories of their wrongs. He had suffered with them as they were bound in affliction and iron. His helping hand had been extended to every dusky son of Adam, who, following the guidance of the North Star, had come to him in his hopeful, but dangerous journey. He had spoken, he had written, he had fought for their freedom, and now slavery was dead. For once he did not weep with those who wept, but he did rejoice with those who rejoiced.

By his work in this cause, his love and desire for universal liberty had been greatly strengthened. His heartfelt creed was:

"'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume."

Hatred to all forms of oppression and bondage had become a great moving force in his nature. He was a good hater. "He was a lover of all freedom, a hater of all oppression, and denouncer of all human wrongs." The war had just closed. The Nation had

taken up, and by the sword had decided one great question. The decision suited him. Negro slavery was dead, past a fear of resurrection. It would trouble him no more. He supposed all the great questions of freedom were decided. He saw no signs of a coming conflict between light and darkness, between liberty and bondage. He thought to spend the rest of his days in peace. He would quietly work away in his profession, to which he was ardently devoted. He was known to many to be a young man of excellent qualities, and a skillful physician, rapidly rising in his profession.

Surely such a one needs a partner, if not in his business, at least in his joys and sorrows. But where shall a help meet for him be found? For it is not good for some fair maiden that this man should be alone. And when he finds her what difficulties and trials and dangers must be endured by one or both, as they again verify the old proverb: "The course of true love never did run smooth." But save your tears of sympathy for these young lovers in their disappointments; for nearly five years ago when, in the lovely month of May, the young doctor first came to the village, bringing with him his diploma and a sign, which read:

WARREN GROVES, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

he also brought with him his charming Emma, a sprightly, cheerful and intelligent young woman,

well suited by natural tastes and disposition, and by education to be, as she had recently become, his wife. True, he had been in the village the summer before this on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Bond, but then only as plain Warren, without title, sheepskin or shingle.

He had then fallen in love with the little town and the surrounding country, and on his return had told Emma, in glowing terms (he had the Western fever), of the lovely place, just suited for their home and his practice, when he should become a doctor and she his wife.

Emma, who had always lived in the East and heard from childhood the stories of the West, perhaps partly true half a century ago, like Warren before his visit, like many or all who have never taken a Western trip, was somewhat ignorant of the country and prejudiced against living there. But when Warren told her of a neat, clean village of newly painted houses, with wide gravelled streets and many green lawns, on the bank of a narrow, deep river, which wound its way through level bottom lands and gently rolling prairies, and looked like a thread of silver among stones of emerald, she began to look thoughtful. And when he spoke of the uplands, whose fresh breezes brought health and beauty to many pale cheeks, and preserved them where already found, looking approvingly at her, she really seemed wishful. And when he added that a country practice would be more pleas-

ant and healthful for him, and would leave more time for investigation, and for her, it was all settled in her mind if a few objections were answered.

"But what kind of people shall we find?" asked Emma very slowly and seriously, as she thought of some wonderful story of Western society. She was assured that most of the people were not very different from the rest of the Caucasian race, nor indeed very different from the people in Eastern States.

"Why, Emma, did they not nearly all of them go from the East not many years ago? Are they not our brothers and sisters and cousins? Do you think like many that they left all their refinement, morals and religion behind them?"

Emma could not deny that she had known many who had gone West, that some of them were her friends, and that all were respectable and enterprising, and would probably take their good qualities along with them. But she thought there were many far different characters there.

"Of course there are," said Warren, "and they came from the East, too, and the majority of rogues have n't left, either. Some of these, when the country was wild, may have become a little more reckless, but there is one class which is very scarce in the West—those who are too lazy and thriftless to move in order to better their circumstances."

Emma, not opposed to going, but very anxious about many little things, wondered if they could

get sugar for their coffee and have carpets on their rooms, and —

"What a foolish question!" said Warren, almost impatiently, but suddenly remembering that he himself had wondered the same thing a year ago, added, very pleasantly, "Certainly, certainly, my dear, all such things are for sale, and used there as here."

"And do you suppose our neighbors would tolerate a piano?" timidly asked Emma, glancing longingly at her instrument, and supposing all such luxuries would be entirely forbidden in a Western community.

"If not," dryly answered Warren, "you can have more fun chasing buffaloes!"

"Oh, buffaloes and Indians!" gasped Emma, her blood curdling with thoughts of some cruel massacre. "Now, Warren, really, do you think it is safe?"

"Why, darling," he answered, earnestly, "do you suppose I want to take you to the wilds of the wilderness? Buffaloes and Indians, rattlesnakes and ague, are as scarce around Brandon as in New York; and musical instruments are becoming almost as plenty. It is just the place I would select for you to live and be happy, if you can be happy with me."

"Why, Warren, my dear, I had not the least idea of being unhappy with you any place. I am willing to depend on your judgment, but one

feels so much better you know, to have some of the mountains removed before getting to them."

By his magic words the imaginary mountains of the prairies were cast one by one into the sea, or resolved into very little hills; and when he hoped the levelling process had been accomplished to her satisfaction, he asked,

"And now, will you go with me?"

"Yes," said she, "and I'll be ready as soon as you."

And so she was.

CHAPTER II.

"WE AND OUR HOME."

FOR five years Dr. Groves and his wife had lived in Brandon, and were prosperous and happy. From the first, Emma had sugar and coffee and her piano. She had also carpets in all the rooms. The neighbors neither objected nor marvelled. Now she must have new carpets. The old ones were nearly worn out. They could afford better ones than they could at first. Then they had been able with their earnings or their savings to build a cosy little home of their own. It was not very little, either. There were nine good rooms, with halls and closets, and bay windows, all arranged according to Emma's taste. To some, the house seemed large. To others, the snug, comfortable appearance made it seem as described at first. With great care they had selected the site on a knoll, which commanded a view, many miles in extent, of fine Western scenery.

The foreground was composed mostly of houses, partly hidden by the numerous shade trees, for

which the village was noted, and painted in colors which blended harmoniously with either the green or the golden of the fields, which formed the center of the picture.

These farms were not flat patches, all of one color, but variegated with meadows and with fields of different kinds of grain, dotted over with houses and barns and pleasant groves, and separated, not with board fences running in "harsh, straight lines, an outrage on nature," as Ruskin has said, but sometimes with these fences and sometimes with hedges, curving over gently sloping hills and sinking out of sight in the fertile valleys. Here and there between the hills could be caught glimpses of the river, on one side of which were the prairie farms described, and on the other, which contrasted harmoniously with the main part of the view, were high, rocky bluffs, covered with timber.

In the background, some miles up the river, and on the high bluffs, was Megapolis, the metropolis of the State. "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid," and this one was no exception. It could not be covered except by clouds and darkness. On a clear day it seemed to stand on the distant heights as a monument of human skill; and in the evening when the summer mists hovered over the farms, shutting them from view, or making them seem to be a portion of the gray sky, beyond and above them the city would seem to be standing in the heavens. And then at times, when it was growing

dark in the valleys, the setting sun touched not only the clouds beyond, but also the dome of the capitol, the spires of the churches, and roofs and high walls of many buildings, lighting them with its yellow rays, until Emma was reminded of that city, whose streets are pure gold and transparent glass; whose walls are precious stones; whose gates are pearls; and whose light is the glory of God. No wonder that she said, as they sat on the porch one evening watching this vision appear, "I think we have the happiest home in the world."

"We" included more than it did on their arrival. For among the many new comers to the village in the past five years, was one, not last but least, who had come to brighten and cheer their home. Edith, as they called her, was a pretty and active little girl, which manifested largely the characteristics of both parents. Her mother said that she was "as lively as a cricket," "as old fashioned as an owl," "as sober as a judge," and "as wise as her papa"—"And as talkative as her mother," good naturedly said the father, knowing that it was always expected that some such remark would be added by the men.

Edith was just learning to talk and, judging by the amount of practice which she took daily, she would soon be proficient in the art. The words seemed to run in a stream from her rosy lips. Yet she was more than usually thoughtful for one of her age. Often, on pleasant days, Emma and the child would

accompany the doctor in his rides over the country. Sometimes, when it was proper, they would enter the house or even the sick-room with him. Edith soon became well known, and at the rate she was learning, she would soon know all the people, houses and roads in the community. She was a very interesting child and their neighbors praised her. She was their only child, and they very naturally thought her somewhat remarkable.

"I think, too," added Emma to her remark about their happy home, and at the same time affectionately kissing and hugging the little one asleep in her arms, "I think, too, we have the prettiest, smartest, and best child in the world."

"And so many other parents think about their children," gravely answered the father, not unwilling to acquiesce in the judgment, but wishing to know what the mother would say.

Quick as a flash she answered, "Yes, but you see *they* are all *partial*."

This the doctor could not deny if he had wished. Others were not competent judges between their own children and Edith. He at once acknowledged it by saying, "That's so."

Thus it was forever settled, to the mutual satisfaction of both parents.

CHAPTER III.

"WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

SEVERAL hundred neighbors of the village will not be introduced at this time. Some are entire strangers. Some the reader would not care to know. Many have nothing to do with the events of this history. Some will be incidentally met hereafter. Generally, however, the citizens were sober, industrious, honest and intelligent. It was a very moral town. Whether or not there was any altar or temple with the inscription, "To the unknown God," whom some ignorantly worshiped, it could be said by anyone well acquainted with the ways of the dwellers there, "I perceive that in all things ye are very religious." The great majority were attendants of some church.

Three ministers, if it is proper to put them in this list, four physicians, one lawyer, one school teacher with several assistants, and one journalist, or editor, as he called himself, printer, perhaps, was the right title, made up the professional men of

the place. The most prominent minister in the village had been there about a year. His name in full, and it was often printed in full, was the Rev. Theophilus Dobbs, D.D. Where he received his title no one ever discovered. That was at least one thing in which he was wiser than the others. He was not that chaplain in the army concerning whom, his general, out of respect for him, and to correct his own recent mistake made in addressing him, issued an order one morning requiring all the soldiers to recognize him by the title Doctor of Divinity, adding that he had as good a right to confer degrees as any college. There were many ministers in the army as chaplains and soldiers, who were deserving of any title their generals could bestow on them. But the Rev. Dr. Dobbs was not in the army. He need not have been much afraid to go. No one would have likely caught him or held him prisoner. He was too slick for that. No one would have hurt him intentionally. No, poor soul, one would almost as soon have struck a woman. True, he might have suffered and died for his country if compelled to sleep without feathers. But he did not run the risk. It is probable, however, that he received his title from some foreign university, or that he was a self-made man, of whom it could be said, "He worshiped his maker."

Dr. Dobbs was a round, fleshy, pompous little man of middle age, affable in manner and pleasing in conversation. In addition to his usual black

clothes, he wore glasses and a faultless white cravat. He carried a rubber cane and was bald-headed. He was quite friendly with all and spoke well of all, not omitting himself. He had a peculiar way of pressing the knuckles of others in shaking hands, giving several rapid trembling jerks, and saying, as though he did n't care a cent, "I hope you are well, sir." Why he was the most popular man in the place, as the Brandon *Eagle* said he was, Dr. Groves, who attended his church, could not at first understand. True, he was very pleasant, and never seemed to offend anybody. He was also especially friendly with the gossiping editor of the paper, from whom he received his flattering notices, and who was too ignorant of grace, theology and literature to be a respectable judge of a sermon, and who really was only present on special occasions, when the subject announced was "The Brotherhood of Man," "The Need of a Universal Religion," or "The Excellence of Charity." His popularity was no doubt increased by the compliments of two other occasional hearers, who, being professional men, and especially men of the world, therefore unprejudiced concerning ministers, were counted superior judges. These neighbors must be introduced — Dr. Slim and Lawyer Brane. How often the name suits a man exactly! This doctor could not have had a name manufactured which described him better. His library — one book, "Remedies for Common Diseases" — was slim; his mind was slim;

his medical knowledge was slim; his practice was slim; his body was slim and his name was Slim.

How often a name does not fit the man at all! The latter is a good illustration, for Brane was his name. He was called a lawyer, not because he had taken a course at any law school and had any considerable knowledge of law, but because he had been admitted to the bar and attempted to practice that profession. He lacked brains to make a lawyer, but he was cunning enough to make a good pettifogger.

These two men, as those of their class always are, were very ready to talk, and by their flattering words they added much to the Rev. Dr. Dobbs' fame.

'Squire Jones, also, who had no religious belief, because he had no religious knowledge, and who heard every case at court without any preconceived opinions of the facts or of the law either, added his testimony.

Because Dr. Dobbs had some good qualities and no one was particularly offended by him, because he was held in such apparent esteem by some worldly men, the principal men of the town, upon whom it was hoped he would have great religious influence, and because he was a doctor of divinity (and where could they get another?), and was of so much importance in the community, no one thought of sending him away, and he himself would never think of leaving his dear flock. So the Rev. Dr.

Dobbs was likely to be an important person in Brandon for many years to come. He was over the church of Dr. Groves' faith, had visited them in sickness, had baptized little Edith and was his pastor, hence Dr. Groves paid him the money and outward respect due him, and loved him to the best of his ability.

The other ministers and physicians were much superior to those described in this chapter, but soon after this time they moved away and their places were filled by others.

Of late, it seemed to Emma for women always notice such things as if by intuition, that her young husband must be becoming a very important person for one of his age, that his good qualities, long and well known to her, had been recently discovered by others, and that some great movement was on foot, in which they must have his advice, sympathy, and influence, or else, perhaps, he was in some great danger or trouble and needed their counsel and aid. For had not their pastor called more frequently and talked in a more mysterious way of duty and charity, and help and danger, and friendship and all such topics? It did seem to her as though he was especially anxious to impress them both with some special duties as though they were lacking in them. Then at times it seemed to her that he was trying to draw out from her husband some confession of weakness, dependence or guilt, or some acknowledgment of danger. Had not even Dr. Slim

called, and not only praised the piety and wisdom of Dr. Dobbs, but also the success of Dr. Groves? He was very flattering. He suggested the importance of having a closer relation with him.

"Of course," said Slim, "I would not suggest a partnership, but our mutual sympathy and aid might be established or secured."

"Yes," said Groves, somewhat ambiguously, "you shall always have my sympathy in your practice of medicine."

The 'squire and the lawyer had both called recently and talked in the same general way, complimenting him on his prosperity, wishing him success, and ability to help the poor and needy, the widow and orphan. The doctor noticed nothing strange in these remarks and wondered not. At first Emma was pleased, and then she began to wonder, and wondered almost everything. She did not hint her suspicions, but watched and waited.

"Do they want to help, or to be helped?" she asked herself. "Has Slim become more envious, and is he trying to spring a trap? or has he given up his foolish opposition? Does the 'squire wish to establish a hospital? He talked so much of aid and charity, and sickness and need. I wonder if there is any danger that Edith and I must go to an asylum. And that Brane talked as though Warren might be in trouble and would need a friend in court. There is some designed connection in their

guarded language. I wonder what it can be, and if Warren knows."

Another old acquaintance and neighbor for some time absent, had returned to the village and his family.

When the war broke out, shortly after Dr. Groves located in Brandon, he, in his brave patriotism and hatred to slavery, and hoping for its abolition if the North should be successful, as he had no doubt it would be, had offered his services to the country. He was accepted and went out with his company. But soon it was discovered that he could not endure marching, on account of an injury in his limb, received in his boyhood, by a kick from a horse. No lameness was discernible, but he was entirely disabled for a long march and must return home.

On his return he was at once appointed the physician, whose duty it was to examine applicants for exemption from the draft. The first caller in reference to this business was the now returned neighbor and acquaintance, but then a stranger who had moved to the village from some distance in the country while the doctor was in the army.

Coming into the office one morning he said, nervously,

"Dr. Groves? I believe."

"Yes, sir; that's my name."

"My name is Hulman."

"Good morning, Mr. Hulman. Take a chair."

Mr. Hulman sat down. He was a large man. His bones were rough, although tolerably well covered with flesh. He had black hair and full whiskers, coarse, black and straight. He seemed to be a man of intelligence. There was nothing about him to indicate disease, excepting his nervousness and a cough, which was not deep, but which seemed irresistible and, to which he gave up at times for several moments. He seemed to be a very strong man, who had lost his sleep for a few nights, and had caught a cold which had settled in his throat. He was a good talker. He easily, in his physical condition, became excited. The subject of the war soon came up. He became more nervous, and heaved a sigh from a pair of huge lungs. His cough grew worse.

"A-hem, doctor," he began, after discussing the merits of several generals, and the results of different battles. "A-hem (hack), I have been thinking of joining our army."

"You look like you would make a good soldier," said the doctor, approvingly.

"Thank you, doctor," he answered, with a sigh.

"The South must be put down. The Rebels must be whipped. We need more men. I must go. My wife reluctantly consents. She is afraid something might happen, you know. She is very strong union, wants me to go in fact, if it were not for the danger. I am not afraid, doctor, of being shot; no, sir. I am anxious to take my place, and

with arms bear down on the wicked cut-throats, but, a-hem (hack, hack), I am really afraid my lungs cannot stand it." (Hack).

"How long have you been troubled with them?" asked the doctor, somewhat suspiciously.

"Two years — since just before the war. (Hack). If I was sure I would last long enough to be of any service, I would gladly lay down my life for my country. But (coughing violently), you know one would hate to die before he could shoot one of the cursed rebels." (Hack).

"Well," said the doctor, "I can examine your lungs, if you wish."

"All right, doctor, I wish you would. (Hack). I see you give exemption papers. I don't want any. I want to go and fight, but if I am not able, perhaps you could tell me." (A-hem, hack, hack).

The doctor, while getting his instruments, watched closely the countenance of the brave man. Surely he was brave. He would not fear if told his health was wanting, or that he had consumption.

"Sound as a dollar," said the doctor, after examination.

Mr. Hulman turned deadly pale and asked,

"Are you sure?"

"The air in your lungs sounds like a breeze in the grove," was the assurance.

"I am glad to hear it," groaned Hulman.

"Now, if I am so fortunate in regard to another trouble."

"What's that?" asked the doctor, impatiently.

"I am troubled with the sinking of my blood. Any good news especially affects me. I have the heart disease—inherited it from my father. It is weak and cannot force the blood to my face. So, when I hear any exciting news I grow pale and faint.

"So I noticed," answered the doctor.

"If we should be victorious in battle, the excitement would kill me. I am afraid I cannot be accepted," continued the much diseased man.

"How do these attacks affect you?"

"Affect me? Violently. I grow cold and clammy. I feel like dying. I almost wish I could die. I feel that way now."

He did really seem to be dying. A little ammonia revived him. He had fainted.

"Do you think now, that I had better volunteer?" he asked, with a good deal of assurance.

"It is very doubtful," said the doctor, very slowly and seriously, "whether, in your condition, you would be of any service in the army."

Mr. Hulman had not coughed for several moments, and now his heart began to beat more regularly.

"But," continued the doctor, "if you should ever happen to volunteer you would be accepted."

"How so?"

"Your weakness is not down on the list for exemption."

"I am not exempt from the draft?"

"No, sir, you are not," said the doctor, firmly.

"Well, then," groaned Mr. Hulman, "I think I shall wait for it. If drafted I can cheerfully take my place. That is the right way, anyhow, leave it all to Providence who shall risk his life; and if not drafted I can fill the place of some unfortunate one who has been and is too cowardly to go."

"Yes, sir," said the doctor, "I think you could fill his place exactly."

Suddenly, Mr. Hulman's heart was vigorous enough to send the blood to his face. There was enough there for a blush of shame and a flush of anger.

"Do you call me a coward?" he said, in a tone which he intended should make the doctor say no.

The doctor, who was truly loyal and brave, had no patience with such a man. He had no respect for him. Now, he was indignant. He did not expect that question. He supposed the hint would be taken quietly. But he did not hesitate. He answered calmly,

"I scarcely ever refuse to answer a question, professionally. Yes, sir; that is the name of your heart disease, which causes you so much trouble."

"I did not come here to be insulted," said Mr. Hulman.

"No, sir; I believe that you came to try to deceive me, and you now feel insulted, by having the truth spoken," added the doctor, fearlessly.

"You asked me the cause of your weakness, and I told you. That's all."

"I did not come here to be abused," said Mr. Hulman.

"No, sir, and you are not abused; you are used justly."

"You are a liar," hissed Hulman, shaking his fists, "and I'll thrash you before I leave; just come outside."

"Mr. Hulman," said the doctor, coolly, "I have not enough confidence either in your veracity or in the strength of your heart to believe either statement."

"You are a villain," said the two hundred pound sick man.

"We don't want another attack of your disease in the office, Mr. Hulman; but my sense of duty compels me to inform you that you must take your departure speedily," said the doctor, without apparent excitement, and rising, walked over to him, took him by the arm and led him to the door, adding, "Unless you want a certificate of your case, please put yourself outside and never be afraid of being hurt by good news, when you hear you are drafted."

The doctor was sorry for such an occurrence, but still felt that he had used a deceitful coward righteously, unless too leniently.

Mr. Hulman had some good qualities. Usually, he was quiet and pleasant, and was considered a

gentleman. He was disposed, however, to be cowardly, and very spiteful. Cowardice and spite were both in his nature.

That night he made it a point to inform as many as he was able, that Dr. Groves was an ignoramus, unfit to practice medicine, and that he had a very bad name away from home. In his vindictive spite, in some cowardly way, he might have done some injury to the man brave enough to tell him the truth, but the next day it was learned that Hulman had gone to Canada on a trading expedition, and for the benefit of his health.

The doctor supposed that he would never be forgiven.

But now, at the close of the war Hulman returned to his home. He seemed to have forgotten the dramatic occurrence of the night before his departure, for he called on the doctor and was very friendly. Groves supposed he wished him to remain silent in regard to his examination, which had not become public. But Emma, who knew of the case, wondered if there was not something fearful planned, and that Hulman was also one of the conspirators.

CHAPTER IV.

"A FRIEND IN NEED."

DR. GROVES continued to prosper; and why not? True, the country was healthy. But, contrary to the idea of many, a healthy country is the best for the practice of medicine. People get sick and need a doctor in every place; and in a healthy community they are better able to pay their bills.

Groves' reputation as a physician had spread for miles around. He had visited, on his missions of mercy, many homes outside his own immediate neighborhood. He had often been called for consultation with physicians of neighboring villages. Lately, through some of the old citizens of Brandon, who had moved to the city, he had been called there two or three times, for consultation with some of the most eminent physicians of the State.

Early one morning, he received the following telegram:

MEGAPOLIS, May 8th, 18—, 5 A. M.

DR. GROVES, Brandon:—

Please come up on first train. Maggie is very sick.

CASSIUS BOWMAN.

Bowman was a wealthy grain merchant of Brandon, on a visit, with his wife and only child, to friends in the city. Maggie was a feeble, little girl, some three or four years of age, whom Dr. Groves had watched from her very birth, and had brought through two serious spells of sickness. In treating her he had discovered some remarkable idiosyncrasies of body, which were, perhaps, inherited from her father, who was somewhat idiocratic in both body and mind. The parents' hearts were bound up in little Maggie, and they had all confidence in Dr. Groves. They could not be satisfied, unless he were sent for immediately, for consultation. The attending physicians readily consented. They confessed that they did not exactly understand the case, nor why the medicine did not have the desired and expected effect.

Dr. Groves' took the morning train, which arrived in the city at ten o'clock, and was met at the depot by the anxious father, who drove him at once in his carriage to the house of his friends, where Maggie was lying sick. At half past ten the other physicians came for consultation. By his

previous knowledge of her constitution Dr. Groves let in much light on the case which was almost or altogether impossible to obtain from present symptoms. They agreed with him in his diagnosis, course of treatment, and statement of probable results. Probably, that night the crisis would come, and with their increased knowledge of the case they hoped there would be a change for the better. The father was informed of the result of the consultation. The other physicians left after a few minutes conversation, but Dr. Groves took dinner with the family and waited until time to reach the afternoon train. Mr. Bowman took him to the depot, and had him promise to return the next day.

Ah, how eagerly that evening and night the father and mother watched that little couch! What if Maggie should die? How could they live without her, their only, their precious child? It would almost break the mother's heart. It was doubtful whether she could stand the stroke. She was so delicate herself that it might kill her. Mr. Bowman would consider if Maggie got well that Dr. Groves had saved the lives of two, who were all of life to him.

The father and mother had watched and waited in silence for more than an hour. They had often anxiously glanced at each other, either for sympathy or encouragement, but neither had spoken. It was time to give another dose of medicine.

"O papa, if Maggie does ever get well I will believe it was through our own doctor," said the mother very slowly and earnestly, after giving the child the medicine, and seating herself by her husband who was near the crib.

"So will I. I would think so anyhow, but Dr Hill told me that Groves' previous knowledge and advice were most opportune; in fact none but he could have discovered the secret of the difficulty," said Mr. Bowman.

"But, oh, I am so afraid she will die," sobbed Mrs. Bowman, covering her face with her hands and leaning on her husband's breast.

Her husband was scarcely more able to control his feelings; but he made a great effort for his wife's sake, and gently putting his arm around her, said cheerfully, but tenderly,

"There, now, don't cry, wait, maybe Maggie will be better to-night."

"Did our doctor think so, too?" asked the mother, anxiously.

"'Probably,' he said."

"When would we know?"

"Between two o'clock and morning."

It was then midnight. Slowly and silently the night was wearing itself away.

Two o'clock and no change.

Maggie was lying quietly, breathing short but very softly, almost imperceptibly. She was so white and still, one would almost think her dead. The

mother, without a word, opened her darling's lips and gave her a little medicine.

Three o'clock and Maggie still unconscious.

The father walked the floor, or occasionally stepped out on the porch to cool his throbbing temples.

The mother could not be induced to leave for an instant her darling Maggie. She bent over her constantly, without taking her eyes from her, excepting to prepare and give the medicine every two hours.

Four o'clock and still the same.

"Oh, dear, what shall we do? I am afraid Maggie will never speak to us again," said the sobbing mother.

"Mother, don't despair. There is hope yet. It's only four."

"Only four! Why, that is almost morning," added the mother, not much encouraged.

"We will soon know the best—or worst," said Mr. Bowman, almost wild with the painful suspense.

For full half an hour both had bent over the crib in silence; the husband supporting with his strong arm his wife's aching head. The twilight began to dawn. The father looked to the mother who had almost given up hope. His eyes caught through the open window a glance of the coming light. Hope, in his heart, took the wings of the morning, and fled. He remembered the words, "Between two and morning." Morning had come

and Maggie was no better. He hastily turned to see, as he supposed, his dying child. The mother sobbed out that which, in her husband's presence, she had been praying silently,

"O God of mercy, spare me my darling."

"Maggie, Maggie dear, do speak to me." Just then the child slowly opened her eyes, and feebly said, "Mamma,"—and before they could speak for wonder and joy, "and—papa,—too."

"Oh, my own precious darling, you will get well!" first spoke the mother.

"Maggie—get—well," very feebly said the child.

The father could not speak at all. He tried it. There was something in his throat. He kissed his wife and child and waited until the lump was gone. After a few minutes he was able to say:

"I will never forget our own Dr. Groves. He saved both my wife and child," and, kissing them again, went out to sit in the cool breeze.

"Doct'—G'ove—heah?" lisped the child.

"Not now. He was here."

"I—know," said the child. "Give—me—med'cine."

"Yes. He gave you some medicine."

"Make—me—well?"

"Yes, my darling; I think it will make you well."

"Good—Doct' G'ove'."

"Yes, he is," said the mother earnestly, and then

added, coaxingly: "There now, Maggie, lie still. Don't talk. You are too sick."

And then the mother, alone with the child—the father sat on the porch and listened—sank on her knees, and thanked Him to whom belong the issues from death, saying,

"I will never forget Thee, who healeth all our diseases."

Maggie was almost out of danger the next morning, when the doctors came; but nothing would do but that Groves should return daily until it was safe to move her.

In a few days she was brought home. Maggie got well. The rich and happy father gladly paid his bill, and pressed the doctor to accept the present of a beautiful, blooded colt, called "Cato."

By these and former visits, Dr. Groves had become well known to several of the most prominent physicians of the city in which was the university of the State.

Sometime previous, Dr. Hunt, who had been Groves' preceptor in the East, and for several years a professor in the medical department of the university, had died. It will not then be as much of a surprise to us as it was to Groves, to read the following letter:

MEGAPOLIS, June 20th, 18—.

DR. WARREN GROVES:

Dear Sir:—I am glad to be able to say to you that at a meeting (last night,) of a committee, appointed by the

faculty of the medical department of our State university to nominate a physician for election, to fill the chair made vacant by the death of our brother, and your friend and preceptor, the late Dr. Hunt, your name was considered with such favor that you were unanimously selected. This action meets the hearty approval of all the faculty to whom I have mentioned it, this morning, and was earnestly recommended by Dr. Hunt before his death.

We do not ask you to accept before you have been elected by the Board of Regents, who make the election of all the professors. It is important, however, that there be no disappointment, by declinature after their meeting, for, in that case, the chair would remain vacant until next year, or be filled, temporarily, by those already overtaxed with labor. I hope that you will see your way clear to accept, when finally elected.

But, in case you know now that you could not possibly accept, please let us know; for, otherwise, your name will be presented, and there is no reason to doubt your election. Again, allow me to say that I am glad to be able to write the above.

Yours truly,

J. B. HILL, *Chm of Com.*

"Good!" exclaimed Emma, proudly kissing her husband! "You will not decline — will you?"

"Do you want to move to the city?" asked Warren.

"No; I didn't think of that. I don't want to live there," Emma answered slowly.

"Why? Are you afraid of buffaloes or Indians?"

"Now — can't you forget that? I do not want

to leave Brandon, for anything," said Emma. "That's all."

"Neither do I," said the doctor; "but it would not be necessary."

"Would it not?"

"No. It is only ten miles from here to the college. I could easily drive up once or twice a week, to lecture, or I could go on the train, when the roads are bad."

"Well, do accept. How nice it will sound to hear 'Professor Groves of the State University,' ha-ha-ha," laughed Emma, making a low bow—"Prof. Groves."

"Perhaps, you are thinking 'Mrs. Professor Groves' would sound well," hinted the doctor.

"What chair is it?" asked Mrs. Groves.

"Nervous Diseases."

"How curious! Just your special study. Do accept," pleaded his ambitious wife.

"I shall certainly write to Dr. Hill, and tell him I know of no reason now for refusing the use of my name," answered her husband.

CHAPTER V.

"ONLY THIS AND NOTHING MORE."

MRS. GROVES now began to wonder whether the increased concern of their neighbors for their welfare and the apparently careful cultivation of friendship with them, and especially with her husband, were in any way connected with this nomination and probable subsequent election to a professorship. She had no good reason that she could frame into words for believing so; but, with a woman's instinct, she thought that there was a connection in some way. How they were related, she could not decide. Was one the cause, and the other the effect? If so, was his probable election the means of leading some to seek his friendship and influence; or was their friendship a means of influencing to any degree the action of the committee?

One day, as she was enjoying a ride with her husband through the country, the doctor stop

ping occasionally to see a patient, she reminded him of the remarks of different ones, their intentional intimacy, the instruction of their pastor, and the hints of the lawyer, and asked of him if he thought there was any common object.

"Why, no," the doctor answered. "You are entirely too suspicious, Emma. Dr. Dobbs was no doubt teaching us some Scriptural precepts. He was performing his pastoral duties. Surely, you do not think he would debase his office as pastor to gain any worldly object?"

"But he spoke so much of charity. Does he think we are lacking in that grace?" persisted Emma.

"He spoke the truth," continued the doctor. "Charity, benevolence is a virtue, and the duty of all. More can be done in organizations. That's true. He probably had reference to the church itself, or to the missionary boards, or, perhaps to your 'Ladies' Relief Society,' which has been more than able to take care of all the poor in the village."

"Well, tell me what did Brane mean, by his language about 'a friend at court'? Are you in any trouble or difficulty?"

"Do I look as though I were?" asked the doctor, laughing. He had spoken wisely when he had said, before they were married, that a country practice was healthful. His appearance proved it in his case, at least. He was the very picture of health and contentment.

"Why, no; but you never worry about anything," said Mrs. Groves, remembering the doctor had often told her that more men are killed by worry than by work, or even by medicine.

"If I had been in trouble, I would have told you first," added the doctor.

"I thought, perhaps you did not want to worry me. But what did Brane mean?"

"He probably did not mean much of anything. He was talking. He says he makes his living by his brains; but I am inclined to think it is by his tongue. No doubt, he wished us to believe that he has great influence at court, and if I ever needed a lawyer that would be successful, I would find such a friend in him."

Mrs. Groves hesitated about having any more explanations; the interpretations were so far different from her ideas; they made her fears seem foolish. She could not answer them, but she was not satisfied. It is hard to remove intuitive impressions by mere suppositions, or even by arguments.

After a little, Mrs. Groves said: "Now, Warren, answer one more question, you are so ready, what did 'Squire Jones mean, when he spoke of organized charity? He is not a member of the church. He is not in favor of missionary boards. He is not charitable. He even opposed our Relief Association. If he ever did one thing which he did not expect to turn to his benefit, I never heard of

it. Now, what did he mean? Answer me that, if you can."

"That's easy enough," said the doctor, with all the confidence of one who knew he was right; "that's easy. Jones would like to be Superintendent of the County Poor-house, and, probably, his reference to mutual aid meant, that I should help him to secure that office, and that he would see to it that I should be the County Physician: 'You scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours,' do you see?"

"Now who is suspicious, Warren?" said Emma, suggestively. "Now, when you begin to suspect your neighbors, why don't you suspect that in some way they are interested in your election to that professorship, and want your aid and influence, or that they have something planned for your approval or support, or that they want to catch you in some trap?"

"Pshaw!"

"Don't you think so?"

"Of course not. What do they know about that committee or nomination?"

"But," said Emma, who had thought it all over, "did you not notice that Brane, who is well acquainted in the city, said a good deal about friendship and association in promotion, and that favors often go by friendship, and there is nothing like the 'power behind the throne,' and that it is always best to go from home well recommended."

"Why, no, Emma. I don't remember half that

you have repeated of their conversation. How does it come that you remember so much?"

"Why—you see," said Emma, hesitatingly—"now, don't laugh—I was about half afraid there was something wrong. They seemed so studied in their expressions, and I believe yet there is something coming, whether good or bad, I don't know."

"O pshaw, Emma, there is no danger of anything wrong."

Just at that moment they drove up to their door, and the conversation closed.

No wonder Groves did not remember the conversations. They extended over a space of several weeks, and were not remarkable in themselves. Everything seemed to the doctor undesigned and natural. His neighbors noticed nothing unusual. They would, if asked, have denied that there was any increased intimacy with the doctor, or any effort to secure his sympathy. Such things are often denied, because unnoticed. But a wife will often notice the treatment her husband receives, and what is said to him and of him, better than he will himself.

Emma had been peculiarly impressed first with the conversation and manner of Dr. Dobbs, and so watched the others more closely, and had pondered over their remarks until she could not forget them.

That evening, after their ride, the Rev. Dr. Dobbs called at their home, and asked to see Dr. Groves in his office, which was adjacent to the house. On

entering, the Doctor of Divinity seated himself in a large revolving office-chair directly opposite the Doctor of Medicine. Dobbs seemed a little nervous and excited. He evidently wanted to say something, and knew not how to say it, or where to begin. The conversation ran on different topics for a little. After inquiring particularly for the sick in the community, he began, in pompous dignity and apparent condescension — "Ahem: I have taken occasion repeatedly in your presence, my dear doctor, to remark concerning the crowning virtue, charity."

"Yes, sir," said Dr. Groves; "my wife especially has been much impressed with your remarks, and I fully agree with them."

"Faith, hope, and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity. Charity with her broad mantle covers many an aching heart, and fills the world with happiness. It is ours to relieve the widow and the orphan; to visit the sick and distressed." He looked up for an answer.

"Yes, sir," said Groves, meaning, go on.

To do this efficiently, it is highly important, my dear doctor, that there should be distinct organizations, with charity as their great aim. 'In union there is strength'; without union nothing effective can be accomplished."

"Yes, sir," said Groves, with that peculiar inflection which means, in plain English, hurry up.

"Well, ahem! Doctor, recognizing your ability as a physician, and your excellence of character as

a man, and your devotion as a Christian, moved by a sense of duty towards those needing assistance, not only financially, but also morally and spiritually, and desiring to do something which will enable them to subdue their passions, purify their hearts, and fit them for the temple not made with hands, I have called this evening to consult with you in regard to the best mode for doing this grand and glorious work."

All this was uttered by the reverend gentleman as fluently as if learned by rote, as pompously as if he or his pet project decided the destiny of all mankind, and as unfeelingly as if the whole object was to show how well he could speak.

"Ye—es," answered the doctor, in a slow, thoughtful way, which meant, what in the name of common sense, are you after? He thought at once of Mrs. Groves' suspicions, and resolved to be entirely non-committal.

"Well," said Dobbs, after waiting a little for a longer reply or a question, "ahem. I am very happy to be able to inform you that last winter a few of the most respectable of your neighbors, by the assistance of some distinguished strangers from abroad, organized a society for that exalted purpose, a society which, I am sure, will be in the future, as it has been in the past, a means of working wonders."

He paused again, either for breath, or for a reply which would guide him in his appeal.

"Yes?" said his listener in a way which meant, why, have you? I didn't know it.

"No; we did not at first make it public, nor indeed have we yet. Nevertheless, we have organized, and, shortly, when we become more firmly established, we shall openly proclaim it. Before we publish our existence and our exalted purpose, we must be able to meet the opposition certain to be raised against us. The world, the flesh, and the devil are all opposed to charitable institutions. We need a few more good members and then the gates of hell cannot prevail against us," continued the pompous man, until Groves almost began to think his pastor must be advocating the cause of some very pompous society.

Groves answered "Yes," which, with nothing more, meant, I have nothing to say until you are through.

Dobbs was evidently beginning to be perplexed by Groves' failure to become enthusiastic, and to give him a better chance to make known his wants, he turned several times in his revolving chair changed his tone to a lower key, and spoke more slowly, but with the same assumed dignity, saying:

"My object heretofore, in speaking before you and your excellent wife, was to call your attention to a candid consideration of this important question, enlist your sympathies in our general object, and prepare your mind, to incline you to unite with us,

and to remove any objections which your wife might raise against this step on your part."

He stopped to hear assent or objections.

Groves smiled blandly, nodded his head approvingly, two or three times, and, in a way which meant, that is exactly the right way to do it, Dr. Dobbs, again said, "Yes."

Dobbs knew that Groves and his wife were really and truly married, and that Mrs. Groves' advice and wishes would be asked before the doctor would do anything like uniting with them. Wisely, therefore, he and others sought to indirectly influence her and remove her prejudices, as they would call them, if she had any, and which they naturally supposed she had.

The reverend doctor was more than perplexed by the silence of the medical doctor. He was a little provoked. He revolved a few more times in his chair. He looked up to the ceiling. He seemed to gather encouragement there, for he added :

"Our society is nothing new. It was organized at the building of Solomon's magnificent temple. It contains many traces both of the wisdom and glory of its founder. It is a divine institution. It is the handmaid of religion. It is the friend of the Church, and of the arts and sciences and of all men. It aims to bring all mankind into one vast brotherhood, to assist the poor and needy, to help the weary traveler, by finding for him friends and brethren wherever he may go, even in the jun-

gles of India, among Mohammedans, Jews, Christians, or savages. Of course, however, you are somewhat acquainted with the ancient and honorable institution, called Freemasonry?"

"Yes," said the doctor, very respectfully, which meant this time, I am, sir.

Dobbs did not wait long for a reply. He continued in a higher key. He thought Groves began to look pleased. He felt encouraged. Groves had not offered a single objection. He began to be hopeful, and talked louder and faster.

"You understand then our noble purpose. But let me add, it will be a wonderful assistance to you in your profession in securing and holding friends, even in other villages and cities, and among men of influence. Membership in it is a recommendation everywhere. Without its aid, men have often been sadly disappointed."

He lowered his voice almost to a whisper. He had begun to seem in earnest. In this low tone he said, in what he intended should be a tragic manner, and settle the question:

"And when you depart this life—and ah! doctor, you know death is certain—you will be buried with the honors of the craft, and your widow and little one will be properly cared for."

"Yes, sir," pleasantly said the doctor, meaning, I understand.

"It is contrary to our custom—in fact, against our rules to solicit one to unite with us. I will not,

therefore, ask you, but will leave it to your own judgment and sympathies. Consider its age, its purity, its beauties, its works. But, judging that you wish to become one with us—perhaps, you would like to know who we are first?"

The doctor again answered "Yes," meaning, indeed, I would.

"Your esteemed brother, Dr. Slim, and Lawyer Brane, 'Squire Jones, your brother-in-law, Mr. Bond, Mr. Hulman, Prof. Giles, and your devoted friend, Cassius Bowman, are the principal members, all men of high standing and great influence at home, and, more than you suppose, also abroad. I am chaplain of the lodge. The religious services, with which each meeting must begin and close, are solemn and impressive. It does one's soul good for him to enter and kneel at the altar. There, many first receive light, and all are benefited. I cannot ask you to become a member, and perhaps have said too much already; but should you wish to do good and receive great benefit, I would be exceedingly happy to present your application. Please, take this paper, fill out the blanks, and hand it to me soon. You will consider the matter closely?"

"Yes," Groves answered, meaning this time that he consented.

Dr. Dobbs changed the subject, talked freely for a few minutes, then cordially bade Groves good-night, and departed.

Dr. Groves indeed was non-committal. He had succeeded in this admirably. He had not been intentionally impolite, if he was at all, in his manner. He paid respectful attention to his pastor. He looked interested. He talked freely on other topics, and what more could he do? He had nothing to say on the subject of Masonry. Some objections arose in his mind, but he had never thought very seriously on the matter, and, for several reasons, did not think best to state his objections nor ask questions.

After glancing at the paper left with him, he hastened to his wife. She was not asleep, as he expected to find her, but wide awake, sitting on the sofa and looking impatient.

"Now, Warren, I just want to know what the trouble is. Dr. Dobbs had something special to say to-night. He was very anxious about something O dear, dear! Can there be anything wrong?"

"This will answer all your questions," said the doctor, handing her the paper left by their pastor.

Emma grasped it eagerly and opened it. It startled her at first; it looked so much like a legal document. She read it hastily, as follows:

"To the Worshipful Master, Wardens, and Brethren of Lodge No. — of Free and Accepted Masons:

"The subscriber, residing in —, of lawful age, and by occupation a —, begs leave to state that, unbiased by friends and uninfluenced by mercenary motives, he freely and voluntarily offers himself a candidate for the mysteries of Masonry, and that he is prompted to solicit this privilege by a

favorable opinion conceived of the institution, a desire of knowledge, and a sincere wish of being serviceable to his fellow-creatures. Should his petition be granted, he will cheerfully conform to all the ancient and established usages and customs of the Fraternity.

-----."

Then she studied a moment, thought of her fears, and said, contemptuously:

"And is that all?"

Then she laughed, and added:

"Only this and nothing more."

Then she read very slowly, and made comments. With all possible contempt, she said:

"'Wor—ship—ful Mas—ter.' That infidel, Jones, I suspect."

"'Unbiased by friends,' 'uninfluenced by mercenary motives,'—'a sincere wish of being serviceable.' What a lie every Mason has signed!"

"'Conform to all the ancient and established usages and customs.' Indeed! Before he knows what they are! Who would be so silly? I think Dr. Dobbs—— But," suddenly changing her voice, "what did you say, Warren?"

"Well, Emma; to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, I said—'Yes.'"

"Now, did you, indeed?" exclaimed Mrs. Groves, surprised and indignant.

"Yes, my dear; I said 'yes' several times," answered the doctor, calmly.

"Well, I say, 'No,'" firmly replied Emma.

"Why?" asked the doctor, a little surprised at her earnestness.

"Did you promise to join that thing?"

"No; I did not promise to join. When asked to consider it, I said 'Yes'; and I intend to do so."

CHAPTER VI

"AS THE TWIG IS BENT."

HULMAN, since his return from Canada, had been engaged as a commercial traveler, for a wholesale house in the city. The business suited him. He was prosperous. He made money; that is, he received a good salary, and his wife saved it for him, and the savings were profitably invested. He was, however, away from home much of the time. This suited and did not suit his family. They enjoyed his company. He was social, pleasant and agreeable, in the family as in the community, except when he was vexed. When vexed, he became spiteful to every one around him, and nursed his wrath, it seemed, to spite himself; but, still, in general, he was a kind husband, and a gentle and indulgent father. In this way, it suited to have him at home.

For one reason, it suited better to have him away. Mrs. Hulman was an excellent woman.

She had come of a good family, and blood will tell. She was intelligent, pious, and brave. She was all unconscious of the fact; she would not have believed it, if told to her; yet the children were better off under her own training, without her husband's assistance. He was considered respectable, moral, and honest, although it was whispered that he smuggled goods from Canada into the United States, during the war. He professed, in private conversation, that he was a Christian; but to those who knew him well, he seemed to have a bitterness towards the church, and an inveterate and deep-rooted spite against the Bible. These, he generally kept concealed when in the presence of his wife. But had he been constantly at home, his flings and slurs against the church and the Word would have been heard there as well as elsewhere, and would, to some extent, have marred the influence of the mother, by undermining the implicit faith of the children in her teaching. Not that he could have overthrown it. The woman is the queen of the home. If she is true, tender, loving, patient, brave and pious, so, probably, will be her children. She, consciously or unconsciously, does more to mold their character, unless in exceptional cases, than any man will overthrow. As a rule, men are what their mothers make them. "What France needs," says Napoleon, "is mothers." As a nation or as a community, we rise or sink as the character of our homes, presided over by their queens, rises or sinks.

True, traits of character may, by hereditary descent from the father, be found in the children. His teaching and his example may affect, to some degree, the mother's teaching. Some children of good mothers may turn out bad ; but still the rule remains: The mother is the molder of the character of her children. No wonder, then, that in this family Walter was a manly boy, and little Freddie seemed to be growing just like him, and the baby — well, she was a baby.

It was Saturday evening, at the end of the month, and Mr. Hulman was expected. He came home at the middle and end of every month. The omnibus drove up to the gate. Mr. Hulman stepped out. His wife noticed that his tread was not as firm as usual. She was anxious about his health.

"I am well enough, but tired and worn out only," he said.

But the next morning he was unable to rise.

"Walter, can you find the way, and will you please go and tell Dr. Groves to come and see me? I am very sick," said Mr. Hulman.

He evidently thought Groves had learned something while he himself was in Canada, for he had employed him ever since his return. But, then, the enemies of his lungs and heart had ceased to trouble him, just at the time that the enemies of the Union had ceased their attacks on its vitals. A remarkable coincident, perhaps, but perfectly true. Dr. Groves

soon came, and found him sick with a disease which developed, finally, into typhoid fever.

It was a full mile from Dr. Groves' home to that of Mr. Hulman. The doctor generally rode in his carriage. In many of his visits, Edith, who every day was becoming more like her mother, often accompanied him.

His mother directed Walter to entertain her, while the doctor visited his patient. Never did a more manly boy of his age, meet a more womanly girl of the age of Edith.

As her father was often detained some little time, Walter tried his best to make everything pleasant for her. Hand in hand, he led her to the orchard, and found for her the nicest pippins and then, as though taught by older heads, he always sent one to her mother. Then, at another time, they would gather eggs in the barn, Walter either politely letting her, or Edith, in her agility, finding the greater number.

His mother taught him at home, instead of sending him to school, and, as they lived outside of the village, he had had very little company. He had not been teased and taught by other boys; he was, therefore, the more natural in his ways. Latterly, at Sabbath-school, he always sat with Edith. He liked her best, he said.

Mr. Hulman, in a few weeks, recovered, and the doctor and Edith ceased their regular visits to his house. But Walter did not recover. He was lone-

some. He missed Edith. Freddie was too little for him.

"Mother, can I go and see Edith Groves, this afternoon?" he said piteously one day.

"Why, what for?" asked his mother, surprised at his new request.

"It has been so long since I have seen her," continued Walter.

"Well, what of that? Here is Freddie and your little sister; can't you play with them?" said his mother, smiling at his earnestness and simplicity.

"Oh, they are too little to play with all the time. I like to play with Edith better. I think she is the nicest girl in town."

"What makes you think that, Walter?"

"Oh, 'cause she is. She doesn't quarrel, and she laughs so much and runs so fast and talks so nice and looks so pretty and — and — I don't know what all. Can I go, mother? Say, 'Yes,'" said Walter, pleadingly.

"Will you be good to her?" asked Mrs. Hulman, wishing to continue the conversation, to know what Walter would say next.

"Why, mamma, what a question! Yes, ma'ma. She says I am always good to her. She said, 'Come, and see me some day.' Can I go?"

"Yes, Walter. Tell Mrs. Groves to send you home at five o'clock, in time for supper."

"Yes, ma'am; thank you."

And off the little boy ran as happy as a big boy,

under similar circumstances, and without his uneasiness.

Edith was glad to see Walter. She was lonesome, too. She had no sister or brother to play with, and her father's rides were too long for her now, and the sun was too hot. She brought him in, hung up his hat, took a seat beside him, showed him her dolls and books with pictures, and chatted with him until they were both tired of the house and the presence of others. It seems as natural for little lovers as for older ones, to want to be alone and undisturbed by others in conversation, no difference how commonplace it may be.

So, Edith asked him to carry her doll, and she led the way down towards the river to her new house, as she called the new summer-house which her father had recently planned and built, in the center of the arbor.

It was a lovely spot, with harmonious surroundings. It was an open Gothic structure, octagon in shape, a pillar at each corner, and shutters easily folded, so that all could be closed up from the wind or sun. Near it was a green lawn, variegated with flowers of many sizes, shapes and colors. From within it one could see, in some directions, many miles. Towards the south could be seen the high bluffs of the other side of the river, with their sides covered with mossy rocks, whose shadows were reflected in the clear waters beneath. Towards the east, and at the foot of the hill, was the graceful

drapery of vines hanging from bending trees, whose boughs were covered with rich, dark foliage. This summer's afternoon, as could be seen from the arbor,—

“There was purple in the valleys,
There was mist upon the hills,
There were light clouds in the heavens,
There was sunlight in the rills.”

It drew from nearly every visitor glowing words of lavish praise. It was just the time and place for any one, young or old, to fall in love — with nature; and what is more natural than two unspoiled children? We would have fallen in love with both of them had we seen them that pleasant day, sitting in the arbor with dolls and dishes and other necessary household furniture, playing house-keeping, and talking of the time when Walter should be a man and Edith a woman.

Oh, what bright prospects hover around childhood's happy hours! What firm trust for the future! What innocent curiosity to know it! What attempts to picture it! What longing for something higher and better, as they think, than to be children!

To them, as they describe it when they become older, life appears like a beautiful pathway, stretching far down the vista of time, the further down the more pleasant and lovely, smooth and level, carpeted with nature's choicest flowers, while loving

friends, like giant oaks, stand thick on either side to shelter them from the glare of the sun or the fierceness of a passing storm.

"When I am a man," wistfully says the boy; "when I was a boy," now sighs the man. But these two children—we would love them both—but could they, so young, fall in love, in genuine love with each other?

Perhaps, every reader will remember when first in love. It was likely at his or her first school. If now a man, he will remember some little, bright-eyed girl, with rosy cheeks and dimpled chin and curly hair, whose name he now forgets, or perhaps has changed, but to whom then he would have been willing, as well as he could understand the mystery of marriage, to give his heart and hand. And every woman will remember that in childhood there was a strong, hearty boy, she thought so handsome and manly, so brave and smart, under whose care she thought she would be happy and safe.

But is that love—real, genuine love?

If permanency is the test, sometimes it is only dross, but sometimes it is gold in its purity.

Children, standing on the shore of the great ocean of fact and fancy, can at least pick up pebbles and play in the edge of the waters which, sometime, they may cross together. They may lisp the language of life, before they master its alphabet and understand the combining of letters into words. So with these two children. They were playing on

the shore, picking up shells, wading in the water, and talking in action, and even words, the language of mature life.

"We have a nice house for us, haven't we, Walter?" said Edith of the arbor, as they were seated on one of its rustic benches.

He nodded assent and added, earnestly:

"And, Edith, when I am a man, I will have a nice house, too, and you will live with me, won't you?"

"Yes."

"And be my little wife?"

"I'll be big, too."

"No. Don't be very big—about as big as your mamma."

"Yes, and you as big as your papa."

"Yes, and I'll plow and raise corn, and drive nice horses and have a nice carriage, and always take you along, every place."

"That will be nice," said Edith, gleefully, and then added more seriously, "but what will papa and mamma do, Walter?"

Walter was ready with an answer: "O, they can come and live with us. They will be old, like Mr. Lane and Mrs. Lane."

"But what will your papa and mamma do?"

"They can live with Freddie; he will be a man, too."

So it was all arranged until Edith, who had been adjusting her doll's cloak, said solemnly,

raising her eyes to Walter: "Maybe, papa and mamma won't let us live together."

"Why? Would they care?" said Walter, quite surprised at such an idea.

"I don't know," continued Edith, as innocently as ever; "papa and mamma were talking one day about his sister — I don't know which one — somebody wanted her to come and live with him, and grandpa said 'No' and grandma said 'No,' and she ran away from home one time with him, and — and — grandpa was mad, and grandma cried awfully and got sick."

"Ah! Is that so?" said Walter, alarmed.

"Yes; of course it's so."

"Well, you ask your mamma," said Walter.

"Yes, I will," answered Edith, laying her doll in the crib at her feet, and adding, "Now, Walter, you rock the baby till I get supper."

And thus they talked and played, until Mrs. Groves called out:

"Walter, it's five o'clock."

"Good-bye, Edith," said Walter. "Don't forget to ask your mamma."

"No, I won't. Will you ask yours?"

"Oh, she won't care."

Edith took up her doll in her arms and said:

"Now I am ready to go to get your hat. Will you come back, some day?"

"Yes. You come to our house, too."

"I will."

As Walter was just starting, he said:

"Edith, ought I to kiss you, as papa does mamma before he goes away?"

"I guess so," said Edith, who laid down her doll and, throwing her arms around Walter, gave him a good hug and a smacking kiss, just as she had often seen her mother do — just according to her natural way of doing things, and as it ought to be done.

When Walter had gone and Edith was in the room alone with her mother, both sitting on a sofa, Edith talking in a stream, she said:

"Mamma, will I grow big some day, and Walter, too?"

"Yes; if you both live," she answered.

"And will you and papa be old, like Mr. Lane?"

"Yes, child," said Mrs. Groves, who did not like to think of these things, however.

"Do you and papa want to live with us, when you get old?" added Edith so seriously that her mother smiled, in spite of herself.

"With whom?"

"Why, with Walter and me, of course. We are going to have a nice big house and a carriage and horses, and you can live with us and not work any." And the little girl innocently told all the conversation.

"Yes," said Mrs. Groves, laughing, "we'll come and live with you."

When the doctor returned, that night, Emma had been thinking about the childish talk until she began to feel old, and to think such a thing might be. It made her feel sad. But when she told her husband he laughed it nearly all away, for an instant.

"Ha-ha! It's too far in the future. The children! All of them talk that way. It hardly ever comes true."

But he made Emma commence wondering again by adding, as they rose to go to their room:

"But who knows?"

CHAPTER VII.

THE SKY IS OVERCAST.

"Can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

SEVERAL years have elapsed since the events of the preceding chapter. Very little connected with this history occurred during that time.

Dr. Groves had continued to prosper in his profession, quietly working in it, and using his spare time, not in preparing lectures for the university, but in writing a book on his favorite subject. In it he gave not only a very concise summary of knowledge in reference to nervous diseases, but also stated and clearly discussed some new and original views. The book was a success. Many physicians who read it wondered why its author was not chosen to occupy the chair of the university, for which he was so eminently fitted. There was a mystery about it, as there often is about such cases. Soon after the meeting of the electors, he received the following:

MEGAPOLIS, Sept. 1st, 18—.

DR. WARREN GROVES:

My Dear Doctor: I very much regret to be compelled to say, that, at the late meeting of the board of regents of the university, it was found best to withdraw your name as a candidate for the professorship. The name of Dr. J. B. Lumm, a foreigner, but lately a professor in an eastern college, was presented and favored by some of the faculty, even by some who had promised to support you. Several members, professedly because he had experience in the work, signified their intention of voting for him. It was seen by your friends that, under the circumstances, it was advisable to withhold your name altogether. We were sure that this would meet your hearty approval, therefore, your name was not presented at all. I am exceedingly sorry. There is something crooked and underhanded in this matter, although Dr. Lumm is a fair man. I hope to see you soon, and express more fully my opinions.

Yours truly,

J B HILL.

Emma was evidently more disappointed than her husband. If some one else had been elected because he was thought better qualified to hold the position, she would not have cared so much. But she did not believe that was the case. She was indignant. On whom to let her righteous indignation fall, she did not know. She had her suspicions, however. Dr. Groves had silently declined to join the Masons. Many members of the board were members of the order. Dr. Lumm was perhaps a member. He, therefore, came "well recommended," in the way her husband could not and would not.

Who knows what was whispered by the Brandon brethren in the ears of brethren of the board who did not know Groves? Who knows what Dr. Lumm's intimate brethren had whispered to brethren not acquainted with either of the candidates? Who does not believe that the fact of being members of the same order would have an undue influence on the minds of some? So Mrs. Groves thought, and her suspicions are here recorded.

But the doctor did not believe these things. In his modesty and humility, he deferred all to the wisdom of the board. And as the years passed and the neighbors, who had been so intimate, were, at least, still pleasant and friendly, Emma herself almost forgot or dismissed her suspicions.

No brook flows so gently but that there is somewhere a ripple. No day is so calm but that there is occasionally a breeze. No village is so quiet but that there is sometime a commotion. And is it not true that many gigantic movements have begun in small villages or country places, where people have time to think, and then are carried to the city as the center of influence? Generally, a country minister must preach better sermons than his city brother, but the city brother must preach his sermons better than the other. One has a congregation who hear and see, and the other has people who remember and reflect. Hence it is that reformations are often begun, and are carried on most successfully in quiet

country places. Luther nailed his theses, not on the door of the cathedral in Rome, but on the door of the village church in Wittenburg. John Brown fought his first victorious battle—the deciding battle for the freedom of the colored slaves—at the village of Harpers Ferry. And here, in the quiet village of Brandon, is to be fought one of the first great battles of the Coming Conflict.

On the 14th of February, 18—, there came into the village a peculiar-looking old man. His tall and erect figure, his long straight white hair, his cleanly-shaven face, his large piercing eyes, shining out from under a wide-rimmed slouched hat, and his countenance beaming with kindness and good will to all, gave him a very saintly appearance. But he was dressed in a dark gray traveling or business suit, was wearing huge rubber overshoes on his feet, and carrying a blue cotton umbrella under his arm, and his face was almost hidden from view. So, at the first sight of him, as he almost moped along the muddy streets, one would scarcely suspect his excellent qualities of mind and heart. It was soon reported that he was a returned missionary from Africa, who, having worn his life away in the service of his Master, in a foreign land, a land of torrid heat and blistering sands, had come home to work until he should die.

A church, whose congregation was friendly to the cause for which he was traveling, was found and opened for him. In the evening, there were gathered

in it to hear him lecture as many as the house would hold. Many had come from mere curiosity. Some friends in the cause had come to help him in making the meeting a success, for he looked as though he might need help. His enemies had come to exult over an expected failure. The hour for the lecture approached. The audience was eager for the beginning. It was as still and solemn in the church as before a funeral service. The few friends of the lecturer seemed to realize that it was the beginning of a great movement. His enemies seemed to be awed into silence. Finally, the man of God arose, and said, "Let us pray." Then hushed was every sound as from his heart he poured out confession, thanksgiving, adoration, and petition. In quiet, humble, trusting language, he asked for grace to speak the truth in love without fear; for grace for others to hear the truth without malice and guile, pleading that those in the right might be able to let their speech be seasoned with grace, and that those in the wrong might learn, repent, and be forgiven. Then, in the mildest tone of voice, the expression of love and tenderness, he spoke, in substance, as follows:

"My Dear Friends: I am here to-night to speak on a subject which greatly affects your interests in many ways. I shall speak of an institution to which belong some of my best friends, and, perhaps, some of you and your friends. With men I have no quarrel. I have it not in my heart to do them an iota of harm. I could pray, 'Let my tongue

cleave to the roof of my mouth, and let my right hand forget its cunning,' if I would intentionally injure them, in word or deed. But, as I love them, I oppose the institution of which I am to speak.

"It is no trivial thing to which I refer. Our question is as important as any question concerning the Indians, Mormons, railroads, tariff, temperance, civil reform, or slavery. It is in many ways connected with all these subjects. It is concerning the GREAT MONOPOLY! It is concerning that powerful corporation which so often controls men and corporations, or is used by them as a tool for securing their unworthy objects."

Then, in his quiet, kind manner, sincere and firm as a prophet of old, he gave, to the surprise of many, some weighty objections to the institution, called Freemasonry. Among other objections, he attempted especially to show, reading from its own publications, that Masonry is inconsistent with Christianity, in that it is a system of false religion; that it is out of place in a republic, in which all men should stand on an equality; and that it is a species of slavery, which binds men in bondage by the chains of terrible oaths, and holds over them the whip of horrid penalties.

Anything like slavery or oppression, was an object of hatred to Dr. Groves. This charge especially touched his heart. He said to himself: "Does Masonry oppress its members, or a part of them, for the benefit of the rest? Does it interfere with the

rights of others? Does it prohibit a man from doing his duty toward his wife and children? Does it disturb the social and civil rights of men, and oppress the poor? Had not Emma, whose father had been an Antimason, in New York, told him that this institution interfered with his and everybody's business, and made everything bend to its own aggrandisement and to the personal advantage of its leaders?"

While he was musing, the fire burned. His heart was hot within him. His attention had been turned from the lecture. But Mr. Hulman, who, with a very expectant face, had come into the church and taken a front seat to enjoy all the fun of a failure, awoke him to the situation, by whispering, in reference to some little point offered, "That's a lie." Soon after the lecturer read from their own books the proof of his statement, and Mr. Hulman whispered: "I did not understand what he meant; I guess 'twas true what he said." And soon after he whispered again, and said as though he was very much disappointed, "He is no fool, after all."

The lecturer, with his peculiar views, was listened to throughout with close attention, and yet with very different opinions and feelings by different classes. The next morning the village was astir. Knots of excited men were standing on different corners, earnestly talking over the events of the preceding night. Some members of the craft felt wronged. Their society never did any harm, and yet it was

publicly attacked. Some felt chagrined. They feared the truth was out, and would be believed. They had known before this the objections to Masonry, but never admitted them. Now, when charges were proven, they were afraid the reputation of their beloved order would be damaged. Two or three of the wisest of their number appeared to be unconcerned. It was nothing new to them to hear opposition. They kept their jewel, the jewel of silence. Some other citizens were glad of the revelations. They rejoiced, so they said, that the institution had been pointed out as a snare and a delusion, and some of them could tell numerous instances of its wrong doing. Some knew not what to say, or even think, but waited to learn more of the truth, or falsity, of what had been uttered. And some had made up their minds that all was false, and they would not believe a word of the lecture. It was slander, from first to last.

Finally, there came a collision between two parties of opposing sides. Mr. Hulman, ever ready to talk, vexed more than the preceding night, and becoming more spiteful every hour, meeting and stopping the Rev. Joshua Kemble, the aged and venerable pastor of Bethel Church, where the lecture had been given, said to him, sarcastically :

“A *Christian* lecture last night—full of lies.”

“Ah!” said the polite old gentleman, “I didn’t notice anything stated and not proven.”

“There were a hundred lies every hour, and you

are responsible for them," angrily retorted Mr. Hulman.

"I wish that you would point them out to me. I have failed to detect them," pleasantly answered the minister, apparently not noticing the insult.

"There were so many, I do not know where to begin. You brought a pretty fellow here to represent Christianity. Perhaps, he does represent *your* church," sneered Mr. Hulman.

"On this question, and by his manly, Christian spirit and conduct, he does represent us, I hope; but he is a minister of the church which you attend, I believe," quietly answered Mr. Kemble.

"He is a fraud, lecturing for money. He is not a minister at all. He tells too many lies," added Mr. Hulman.

"But," mildly answered the aged minister, hoping to quiet the excited man, "I happen to have the means of knowing that he is a minister, and that his expenses only are paid. He may have made mistakes; if so, I wish that you would show them to me. I am really anxious to know the truth."

The minister did not wish any controversy on the streets. He had expected nothing of this kind, and began to be embarrassed by the gathering of quite a crowd around them.

"You know them well enough, and know they are not mistakes. You knew what kind of a man you were bringing. You wanted him to come and

lie for you," sneered Hulman, becoming more spiteful every moment.

"Mr. Hulman!" said Dr. Groves, who had heard the whole conversation, and noticed that Mr. Kemble was unwilling to continue it, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself, to attack and accuse two aged ministers of lying. If you know one mistake or falsehood of the lecturer, last night, speak it out. Don't sneak around, and hide behind the words 'too many of them.' Speak out, sir."

"That's the talk," said John Sykes, a young man familiarly known as "Jack." Sykes had been a boy of more than usual ability, and had once commenced a course at college. While there, by some means, many supposed it was by his extensive reading and consequent loss of sleep at night, he had become somewhat unbalanced in his mind. He was harmless, very cunning, and seemed in some things to have good sense; at other times he lacked all reason. He would not work, but spent the time among his neighbors, who often had much sport with him. He was very much of a partisan, taking a side on nearly every question. He was always ready to talk. Indeed, this was one of his faults — speaking out of place, and yet generally to the point. He was a close observer and great reader, and was able to quote almost everything, from the latest slang of the streets to the sublimest passages of Holy Writ. Perhaps, he gave the best description of himself that could be given, when, being reproved

for not doing better after having such educational advantages, he quoted, quick as a flash, from Tom Tusser's poems:

"Jack has been to school,
To learn to be a fool."

So now, according to his manner, he spoke quickly, saying: "That's the talk. 'Speak the speech, I pray you.'"

"Ha! ha!" said Mr. Hulman, pretending not to have heard Jack. "The doctor is one of them too!"

"Sir," said Groves, firmly, "if you do not know that you were falsely accusing my friends, name one mistake of the lecturer, or stand here self-condemned."

"I wasn't talking to you," responded Mr. Hulman, turning away.

"Hold on, sir," demanded the doctor. "You have accused my aged friends of lying; now, I want you to name one falsehood, or, sir, you yourself will be seen to be guilty."

"I can do it," emphatically said Mr. Hulman.

Well, then do it. Don't stand there, and growl and stammer and look guilty. Speak out, like a man," forcibly replied the doctor.

"I'll not do it for *you*," haughtily said Mr. Hulman.

"Well, do it for your own sake," replied the doctor, more calmly.

"I don't want anything more to do with you," sneeringly answered Hulman.

"No, sir; I suppose not——" commenced Groves; but Jack, with a broad grin, put in between breaths:

"That's what the fox said to the trap when caught in the chicken coop."

Groves finished his sentence: "You prefer to attack two old gentlemen, who you knew would not defend themselves in the only way possible."

Jack grinned broader than ever. He evidently saw the point, for he answered:

"'A bridle for a horse, a whip for an ass, and a rod for a fool's back.'"

He had taken the side of the lecturer and the doctor, and now could always be depended on, for he never seemed to change his mind. Mr. Hulman did not hear Jack's quotation, for he had just muttered something in answer to the doctor, and turned to walk away with a friend.

The lecturer had invited those interested to meet in the study at the church, to confer on a plan of working in his cause. Who should go? Who would be foolish enough to attend such a meeting? Who were interested in the subject? Who were bold enough, or reckless enough, to oppose the ancient order? The questions passed through the minds of many. But all, who were watching, were surprised to see quite a number going to the church. Prominent among them were the Rev. Joshua Kemble, the pastor; Capt. Burns, who had much

tact and bravery, but only one arm ; Deacon Quilp, of Dr. Dobbs' church ; the irresistible John Sykes, of course, and ; as many of his neighbors were sorry to learn, though they might have expected it, Dr. Groves.

"My friends," said the lecturer, "let us proceed to business. I did not enter upon a full discussion of the subject last evening. I had not time. I merely wished to create an interest in it, and lead men to study it and act for themselves. My object, this morning, is, to help you who are opposed to secret societies, to make arrangements for working in opposition to them.

"There is a great battle to be fought. Says Chas. Sumner in a letter, written before the war, to Samuel D. Green :

'I find two powers here in Washington in harmony, and both are antagonistical to our free institutions, and tend to centralization and anarchy — Freemasonry and Slavery ; and they must both be destroyed if our country is to be the home of the free as our ancestors designed it.'

"You know what a war it took to destroy the one. Are you ready for another conflict as great and as bitter, if not as bloody ? There are nearly six hundred thousand men in this country alone bound together by terrible oaths to help each other and to defend the order of Freemasonry. Generally, these will not listen to the truth, and if heard will not admit it, and many, truthful in other things, will hero

even deny it. Besides these, hundreds of thousands of members of smaller societies will ply their help, when this parent society is attacked. And, besides, there are multitudes of relatives and friends of members, office-seekers, business men and ministers, who are afraid of this tyrant, or who wish to be popular, and will oppose you.

"Again, one without observation can form no correct idea of the sensitiveness of members. While they will submit meekly to reproofs and rebukes for other sins, while they will allow you to differ with them in politics and morals, and to debate with them on every other subject, nearly all of them will be offended if you say one word against their beloved order, and even good men among them will persecute you, or encourage others in their malicious persecutions. If I should relate some true accounts of their bitterness toward men who conscientiously oppose the lodge, you would be startled. You will find many bitter enemies, as well as some true friends. So, prepare for a great conflict. It is sure to come.

"And, now, what do you most need?"

"More light from the east!" spoke out Jack, who had picked up the phrase in some way, for he rarely ever used his own language.

"That is right," continued the speaker, unembarrassed. "You need the light of truth. This you can receive and shed abroad by books, tracts, papers, and lectures. These are the means by which you

are to work. But your great need at this time is an organization. 'In union there is strength.'

"Again, you have a right, and it is your duty, to organize and work against the institution, which you believe is a great evil. Those who oppose us on this question are organized. We will give up our organizations as soon as they. They teach their doctrines, and scatter their books, papers, and tracts. They have their parades and speakers. They use all these means to promote their interests, and to oppose our principles. Have we not the same rights as they? Has not this church, which is in doctrine, by its constitution opposed to secret oath-bound societies, a right to defend its doctrines? Have not all, who believe these societies wrong and dangerous, a right to organize and teach their principles? Is it not our duty to spread abroad the truth? Discussion is right. Everything is suspicious which cannot stand the light, and, therefore, the more demands investigation. This is a free country. We demand a free press and free speech. Brethren, let us hear from you."

Capt. Burns, a ready, impulsive man, was the first to respond, declaring that from boyhood he had been opposed, not to men having secrets, but to secret societies. He looked on them as antagonistic to both church and state. He also opposed the lodge on the ground of its dishonesty. It obtains money under false pretences. It advertises certain valuable secrets for sale, when it has no secrets of any

value. It claims to be a charitable institution, when, at best, it is only a mutual insurance company or aid society, into which members pay a certain amount, in the hope of receiving a due benefit in some way. It has no right to call itself benevolent or charitable. It refuses to admit the poor, the lame, the blind, the aged, or, indeed, any one likely to need help. Then, it is an expensive company. Not one-third of the amount paid into the lodge is paid out in relief. The rest is swallowed up by its officers, or wasted in halls, regalia, or suppers. The rates are too high. For his part, if the thousands of dollars paid into the lodge were given to him, he would agree to attend to all the business, and pay out *two-thirds* of the amount in relief.

Deacon Quilp stated that once he had belonged to the order, had been profanely called "Worshipful Master," and had, as perhaps many remembered, been seen with a little white apron — the emblem of silliness — marching along the muddy streets with the whole lodge, looking like a lot of little boys or big fools. But some years ago, he had received that light which is not allowed to shine in the lodge-room, and had left the order, utterly opposed to everything of the kind.

Dr. Groves slowly rose, and answered that he had for some time past been studying the subject with the help he had at home; that once, when invited and urged, he had refused to unite with the order; that there were many good men,

some of his relatives and best friends in it, but that he considered it a kind of slavery, a system of bondage and oppression, instead of a charitable institution, and, after mature reflection, had become and was ready to announce himself an Antimason.

Father Kemble arose. He had been grieved with the evils of the order, with its false religion, terrible oaths, and its wrong doings. He had long opposed the lodge. He was ready to unite with others in opposing it. But he wished all to count the cost of a warfare. There would be against them murmurs of slanders, evil speaking, and even deeds of opposition. "But let us," said he, "do our duty, speak even if it makes an uproar, such as was raised against our Master and his apostles, when they condemned error and hypocrisy."

Up jumped Jack. He must make a short speech, which he had gathered from some place or places. It was no use to try to stop him. It had been tried on other occasions; that would take more time than his speech, and, generally, it was agreeable or amusing to hear him. He was a privileged character in the village, anyhow, and must be heard.

"I will put in my two mites. 'Every little helps, as the hen said when she swallowed a gnat.' 'You cannot look in the hive, if you are afraid of the bees.' 'If you would see the crow's nest, you must climb the tree.' 'He is a poor smith who is afraid of his own sparks.' 'Let us strike while the iron is hot, if it does make the fire fly.'"

'Strike till the last armed foe expires;
Strike for your altars and your fires;
Strike for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land.' "

This spoken in Jack's dramatic style, came just at the right time. He was loudly applauded as he sat down, well satisfied with his effort.

"I move," said Capt. Burns, "that we adopt the following paper:—"

I.—The object of this association, which shall be called BRANDON REFORM ASSOCIATION, and which shall be composed of all who are in sympathy with it, and shall sign their names to the constitution, shall be to investigate the subject of secret societies, and to expose and oppose their evils by such peaceable and lawful means as shall be in its power.

II.—This association shall be governed by the officers and rules common to parliamentary bodies.

This was seconded and carried at once.

"I nominate Dr. Groves for president," said Father Kemble.

"I second the motion," cried out Jack before any one else had a chance to speak.

So Dr. Groves, our beloved physician, our careful, modest man, and our citizen of supposed good common-sense, had become not only, as some said, a foolish Antimason and a fanatic, but also a leader among them.

Some thirty names were signed to the short constitution. Other officers were elected and committees were appointed. The meeting dispersed and

the lecturer bade his friends farewell and took his leave.

In a few days the excitement abated. Nothing scarcely was done. No books or tracts were bought or distributed. No speakers were obtained. No further meetings of the association were held. Nothing hardly was said on the subject. The disputes of that cloudy, dark day had been almost forgotten. There had been a little cloud, but it had blown over, and all was as still as a calm summer's evening. Masons claimed that the discussion had helped them and that they would soon have a revival.

"All's well that ends well."

CHAPTER VIII.

"SO IS THE TREE INCLINED."

We spoke of other things ; we coursed about
The subject near at heart, more near and near,
Like doves about a dovecote wheeling round
The central wish.—*Tennyson.*

BY THIS time in the delightful western climate, with its fresh, health-giving breezes of the whole year, its warm but pleasant summers, its dry, cold winters, and its glorious autumns, Edith had, almost unnoticed by her parents, developed into womanhood. She was as slender and tall as her mother, which was, however, the size Walter Hulman had wished her to become. The girl is the mother of the woman. So Edith had become what from her childhood and under her instruction at home and abroad one would expect. She was still "as lively as a cricket," as "sober as a judge," as "old fashioned as an owl," and "as wise as her father." She was a lovely maiden of something less

than a score of years, who looked as though she were younger and talked as though she were older. She was pretty in face, beautiful in form, and graceful in manner, and no one could deny it if he would. She did not seem to know it, but her father knew it, and many young men, who on such questions are as good judges as older heads, evidently believed it.

"A pretty face and an empty head always go together," is a false proverb born of jealousy. It is not a rule, but if it were, in this case it would have been an exception.

At Freeland Heights, a "mixed college," as they call an educational institution for both young men and young women, which by the way is not generally as badly mixed as an institution for one sex only, she had taken the second honors of her class, a class of thirty members. An old young-man, who studied with the main purpose of taking the first place, who committed to memory his lessons and repeated them as learned, and who under the marking system deserved great credit for reciting so well, had received the first honors, although he neither knew so much, nor thought so often or so deeply as Edith.

Contrary to the expectation of some opponents of mixed colleges, this lady student had not grown bold or brazen enough to ask some foolish sophomore to marry her. Contrary to the fears of some very worthy young men at home, and to the usual

course of events at such places as some think, some young man had not even asked her to marry him. This was not because Edith did not go into society, or was not a favorite, or did not enjoy the company of others, or because they did not delight in her friendship, no, not at all.

To some it is a strange fact that considering the circumstances at such places, so many young people of the same rank in the world and of similar tastes, education, and habits, being thrown together day after day for months, or even years, very few matches are made during a college course. These forget that it is hard to keep up with a class and be in love at the same time, and that young men and women are not as rashly sensitive to this tender impression when associated together daily as when seldom seeing each other.

But in the case of Edith there may have been a special reason why she came home unengaged. Perhaps because she had forgotten, or perhaps because she remembered, the event in the arbor one summer afternoon years ago, she was of the good old-fashioned opinion that a young woman ought not to plight her love and promise her hand to a man until both were mature. So while many admired her and were tempted to fall in love with her, there was a reserve about her which seemed to say plainer than words, it will be of no use to you. So she came home, a graduate of a mixed college, free—free from all promises, free from all care in that direc-

tion, and intending to remain free until she was old enough to choose wisely for herself.

But where was Walter during this time? Shortly after the satisfactory arrangements made with Edith in their childhood that lovely day in the arbor, his father removed to the city and thus with the ruthless hand of necessity he was torn from the idol of his heart. The grief of each was brief, for Time, the great healer, acts with more ease and success with children than with older people. The tender cords which bound these two hearts together were cut so smoothly that the wound soon seemed to have healed and to have left no scar.

Mr. Hulman had found it necessary some time before this to return to the village, near which he had considerable property which needed his attention. Walter, the boy, was father to the man. He grew up to be an honor to his excellent mother. He had recently returned from college to his childhood's home, to which his father had removed during his senior year.

"What will Walter choose for his profession?" was a question in many minds. His old neighbors and his parents queried, and even Edith, who had returned home a month previous, found herself querying. Not that it made any special difference to her, only from curiosity, a woman's curiosity, some would say, she wondered. Surely any profession would be honored by him, and she was concerned for the honor of the professions. The matter was

set at rest and every one satisfied, when it was reported among the friends that Walter Hulman had commenced to read medicine with Dr. Groves.

He could not have chosen more wisely. He had the qualifications for a physician. His mind was trained and broad enough to take in a system. He was quick to observe and thus to notice symptoms and understand the situation. He was sympathetic in disposition, kind and pleasing in manner, true as steel, and as cool and steady in action as a machine. He began at once the study of his profession, and, after the manner of men, read during the summer and attended lectures during the winter.

But those summer months! When would he forget them! When did he wish to forget them! How short they seemed in comparison with the term at the medical college! Walter and Edith had, unknown to each other and everybody else, determined never to love or allow themselves to be loved in that special way of loving, common among young people, until they were ready to be married. Each had accepted as true the proverb, "Long engagements are dangerous." They would therefore avoid all such alliances. That is, they thought these things in a general way, if they did not frame their thoughts into words.

During the two summers that Walter was reading with Dr. Groves, he and Edith were often necessarily, often unexpectedly, and often very naturally, in each others company. She had no brother, and

his sister was near the age of Freddie, and it was only a matter of course that Walter should accompany Edith to the village entertainments, and act as her escort at all the picnics and other places to which it was expected that the whole village would go. And on Sabbath evening—no, Edith was too much of a Puritan to have company on the holy day—but then it was only Walter, he was so very like a brother—she supposed, as she never had one—yes, he might call as he went to church so that, if her father was absent, her mother and she might have company, and if her mother did not feel like going, why, of course, she could not go alone.

And then the rides on horseback were pleasant, indeed, but they were necessary, especially after being shut up all day in the house; and Cato, a fine old horse, that had been so well kept that he still seemed like a colt, needed exercise, too. Many hours every week were spent winding along the river bank and galloping along the straight and level prairie roads, which when good are the best in the world, and when bad—Walter and Edith stayed at home.

But alas, for human prudence and foresight! Many knew or guessed what Walter and Edith did not suspect about themselves, at least for a long time. Walter was not ready to practice in his profession, and yet he was deep in love with Edith, and Edith, why wouldn't she love Walter? Neither knew the affection for the other until they were separated by Walter's return to the college to attend

his last course of lectures before graduating. Then a peculiar lonesomeness and a longing for the other was discovered by each, and Walter confessed to himself, "I do love Edith Groves;" and Edith confessed to herself, "I do believe I am in love with Walter." Walter had only been home once during the session, and that was in the short vacation at the first of the year, the only time he could spare, when Edith, whom he had hoped to see, was absent from the village on a visit to some old college friends.

It was shortly after he returned to complete his course of lectures and Edith had come home, that Brandon had the spasmodic excitement over the secret society question.

Edith soon became an ardent Antimason. Masonry was too dark and secret in its workings for her open, frank way of doing things, too showy for her simple tastes, too boastful for her humility and honesty, too overbearing in its obligations for her love of freedom and hatred of oppression, and too selfish and clannish in all its acts for her true charity. She had been taught by her mother to dislike it. The college which she attended was opposed to even college fraternities; and if a little Greek-letter society is injurious or dangerous in a college, as many faculties and boards have declared, why is not the giant, oath-bound secret society injurious or dangerous in the church and state? Since the lecture she had become more opposed to the institu-

tion. And though the reform association did nothing in accordance with its object, yet Groves himself had sent for some Masonic and some Antimasonic publications, and these Edith had read until she became no ordinary adversary on that question.

Walter, she knew, was not a Mason, for he had incidentally told her so one day last summer. But Mr. Hulman was one, and after the lecture his Masonic zeal kindled into a flame by the breeze blowing against it, caused him to write to his son, advising and urging him to become a member of the lodge and receive the three degrees before coming home, adding also that this was his mother's wish, but saying nothing of the recent discussion; and as the Brandon *Eagle* was also silent on the subject, Walter knew nothing of it. And he, unknown to Edith, like a dutiful son, obeyed his father's wishes and his mother's alleged wishes and "was initiated, passed and raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason."

He had some misgivings about it before going in and more after he was in, but was not his pastor, his father, and other good men zealous Masons? Surely he must be mistaken in his little objections. And like a young man in love he thought if Edith should ever be his wife, how helpful the lodge would be to both while they lived, and especially to her if he should die.

When he came home in the spring, the breeze had settled down to a calm, and as his stay was

short he heard nothing of the excitement. He had concluded to visit London and attend a course of lectures, and had come home to remain a week before starting. He soon called on his preceptor and stayed with him for tea. There, as of course he hoped, was Edith, more beautiful and more lovely it seemed to him, than ever. The evening was spent with the family. But as he walked home that night under the cloudless, starry sky he resolved to call on Edith, declare his love, ask her hand, and know her decision. He was very busy the few days that he was at home, and could not possibly find an opportunity for this until the afternoon before he was to leave. Then, with his mind and heart, and as he supposed his tongue, prepared, he called on the object of his affections. He found her as agreeable and lovely as ever, and even more so. They conversed pleasantly for an hour in the parlor, but with all that he could do the conversation would not take the right shape. He even began to suspect that she turned it whither she would and compelled him to follow. Finally, according to his well laid plans, he proposed a promenade to the arbor. Edith was very willing to go. She expected something to be said that afternoon which she was anxious and yet timidly unwilling to hear.

It was a lovely day. The hills seemed greener than ever, the sky seemed bluer, the rocks whiter, and the bluffs higher. All nature seemed to favor his plan. Who would not love and confess love

on such a day and in such a place? Nature, or the God of nature, was displaying love to man in His works. The birds around them were singing songs of love.

Walter and Edith sat near together, almost facing each other. From their seats they could easily see, on one side of them, the silver stream rippling over the rocks at the edge of the river, and the high bluffs beyond, and on the other side the wide fields filled with plenty, lying open before them. It was something like the day they sat there years ago, and they sat in almost the same relative position as when in childhood they playfully yet earnestly pledged their love.

Walter remembered everything distinctly and wondered how he spoke so easily then—he could not do it now. He wondered if Edith remembered the happy long ago, and if she were willing to ratify her childhood promise, speak the same loving words and perform the same loving act. He was thinking of the best mode and moment to ask her—his prepared language had failed him of course—when he noticed a large willow tree near the edge of the river, bending over and sweeping the surface of the water with its topmost branches. He remembered they had planted it there years ago and had bent it in the soft earth toward the river. He recalled in his mind the old saying, "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." He saw that it was true in the case of the willow; he knew it was true

in his own case; he dared to hope it was in Edith's. He had it all arranged. He was ready to quote the proverb, illustrate its truth by pointing to the willow, and making his own confession and then to ask about its application to her. But however quickly he thought of these things, the silence was too long, and was broken by Edith asking abruptly:—she did not think it necessary to prepare the way for the question, and the momentary break in the conversation made her a little nervous, and it must be confessed she wondered if her question would not open the way for a question from him on a more intimate relationship—"Walter, it's too awkward to call you Doctor, Walter, do you know what I think of Masonry?"

"No, Edith, I don't know," replied Walter carelessly.

"Do you care?" asked Edith smiling at his apparent want of concern.

"Yes, of course, I care for what you think about a good many things," said Walter more sincerely.

"Do you want me to tell you?" asked Edith earnestly.

Walter was provoked because he had been interrupted, and also perhaps because he was a little sensitive on the subject, like nearly every Mason whose conscience is not seared.

"Why, yes," said Walter a little petulant, but at the same time answering very pleasantly. "Tell me all you know about it, if you know anything.

"Well, I declare! You talk just like a Mason!" said Edith, laughing aloud, and not for an instant supposing he was one.

"How so?" asked Walter, startled.

"Why, like you wanted me to believe that I didn't know anything about it."

"Do you?"

"Of course I do," said Edith firmly.

"Well then, what do you think?" asked Walter, more anxious to know what she thought about something else which he would mention as soon as she expressed herself in regard to this matter.

Edith was glad for this question, only because she wished to warn Walter against joining, as she was afraid that he might be tempted to do before he set out on his tour among strangers. So she answered: "I have no hard feelings towards Masons themselves. Your father is one, I know; my Uncle Bond is one, and other friends not necessary to name belong, but still I think that it is a foolish and wicked society into which these good men have ignorantly entered.

"How foolish and wicked?" asked Walter coolly.

"It is foolish for a man to go blindly into any society, and a proper society will not impose unlawful obligations. No business man would sign a paper till he has read it; and is it wise for one to take an oath before he knows what it is, or to enter the society before he understands its laws and customs?"

"Well, what else?" asked Walter, thinking he would not enter into a discussion.

"It has many foolish things in it and about it—silly ceremonies and baby trinkets."

"But perhaps these have a symbolic meaning," said Walter.

"Yes, and that is what makes them worse," quickly replied Edith. "There are first, trivial and profane oaths with barbarous penalties, which are placed above all other obligations of God, man, family, church or state; and these symbolic forms are but a resurrection of the old Baal worship."

"I did n't know that," Walter answered truly in reference to the last clause, and asked, "But did you ever know of a Mason placing his Masonic obligation above any other duty that conflicted with it?"

"Yes, sir, I have many times," said Edith, who always grew quite earnest and animated in such discussions. "I'll tell you one case near home: My aunt told mother this morning that when her children were sick and she almost worn out with watching, not only would uncle stay at the lodge until midnight, leaving her alone with the children who might die while he was gone, but also sat up all night with 'Squire Jones when he was sick, saying, 'I can't help it; it's my turn.'"

"Do you think that was required by his obligation?" asked Walter thoughtfully.

"I think that he loves his wife and children, and that unless he believed the lodge or his oath re-

quired it he would not have left them to sit up with old Jones," answered Edith.

"Well, that is only one case," said Walter.

"'But,' says aunt, 'there is that lodge between us all the time. A great something, I know not what, comes in between husband and wife, and mars the union which should be perfect.' And I have heard her say that it has interfered so often, that much as she loves uncle, with whom she has lived pleasantly many years, she would refuse if single to marry him while he adhered to the lodge. 'Why,' says she, 'it's just like he had another wife; he has two confidants; he tells me many things which he does n't tell the lodge, and he does many things at the lodge which he does n't tell me.'"

"Well, Edith, she puts it pretty strong"—

"And I believe she is right," said Edith quickly.

"Do you indeed?" said Walter, beginning to suspect that Edith knew that he was a Mason and was taking that way of refusing him before he should propose.

"Yes, indeed I do, Walter," affirmed Edith, so pleasantly naming him that it still gave him hope.

"Why, Edith, I am surprised. You are quite an Antimason!"

"Of course I am; and my mother before me," said Edith proudly.

"And your father?"

"He is also one, now."

"Well, I don't know or care very much about

it," said Walter, which was true comparatively, and as he felt just then.

"I am not surprised," continued Edith, "at your sympathy for the order under the circumstances."

"Under the circumstances" with her had reference only to his father being a Mason. "Under the circumstances" he thought meant knowing that he was a member. He reflected a moment. Edith declares she will never marry a Mason. She evidently knows that I am one. She either is a fanatic, or else fears that I am going to propose to her and cunningly takes this way of preventing me. Ah! she does not love me very much anyhow, or she would give up her little prejudices.

Then he thought again. Perhaps, if I confess and promise to leave, it will be all right. But should I give up my sworn aid for life? I am oath-bound, and can't give it up. Perhaps it would be of no use, and I will only make a fool of myself. Then vexed for the moment at the turn of affairs and almost bitter with disappointment he said to himself, "I'll not do it anyhow; I'll give her up first."

Edith, noticing that he was a little vexed, changed the subject. Then they chatted freely, and, it must be confessed, often looked love to each other until nearly time for tea. He was loathe to leave her, for he feared this would be their last meeting. He had lost the bitterness of his vexa-

tion, and would have been almost willing to change his choice of sacrifices and give up Masonry. But could he? Would it do any good? He gave her one long, eager, loving look, as she was gazing in an absent-minded manner toward the tops of the bluffs. His heart was filled with thoughts of love. He rejoiced in her beauty and intelligence. How could he leave her and forever? He almost began to pour out his love to her, without any proverbs about twigs, and trees, and ask her what he must do to make her his wife. But no; he could not but believe that she had warned him not to declare his love. Edith glanced toward Walter and caught his eye, and read in it love to her. With her heart almost aching to express its love, she waited, as a woman must, and longed, as a woman has a right to do, to hear the words of love from him. But they came not. "Edith," said Walter rising hastily and speaking with apparent carelessness, "I must go. To-morrow I start for Europe. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Walter," said Edith falteringly, holding out her hand.

He barely touched it and was gone. He wondered at her emotion. She wondered at his coldness.

CHAPTER IX.

DARKER AND ROUGHER.

BRANDON continued for some time as quiet as any other country village. The question of Masonry was scarcely ever mentioned by those opposed to it, and when its members and friends are allowed to do all the talking and working, and to have everything their own way, all is peaceable. Masons become angry only when the lodge is opposed; and then they blame the Antimasons for stirring up strife and contention. A great Masonic symbol is acacia or cassia, which is said to denote holiness and immortality; but so easily are members of the order offended by anything said against it, that it is suggested that the particular species used should be *cassia nictitans*, as botanists call the wild sensitive plant. If members of the craft would permit free discussion of its character without being offended, there would be no anger on either side. Or if, as has been proposed, the order would allow

the Antimasons to do all the talking and working, and have everything their own way, all would be as calm and peaceable as when Masons are allowed this privilege. Surely for the sake of peace, Masons should be as ready to give up their society and their defense of it, as to ask Antimasons to give up their organization and their defense of its principles.

"It's a poor rule that will not work both ways," said Jack (one day soon after the lecture) when the Rev. Dobbs was speaking of the evil of contention, and advising the Antimasons to be silent and give up their opposition for the sake of peace.

"What!" exclaimed the doctor somewhat embarrassed by Jack's remark or by the laugh which followed. He was not asking a question and did not expect an answer; but Jack, as usual, spoke out quickly:

"The remedy is worse than the disease."

"We ought to live peaceably with all men," continued Dobbs who possibly may have learned to garble Scripture by reading Masonic literature, and who was now trying not to notice Jack. Jack was ill-mannered, no doubt, but he answered to the point when he said, "In as much as lieth in you." "First *pure*, then peaceable."

"Jack, keep still," said Mr. Hulman. "You ought to be ashamed to annoy Dr. Dobbs."

"Ha, ha," said Jack saucily.

I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

Jack was often a nuisance. True, he kept still at church and such meetings, but on the street or any place where there was a chance for any one to reply he was entirely too free and impudent. Those who knew his defect generally let it pass. But Mr. Hulman, who, when irritated, was scarcely more able to hold his tongue than was Jack, spoke angrily again, hoping to silence him.

"You are entirely too free, young man, to address a minister in that way. Now, Jack, not another word."

Jack replied:

"I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please."

Jack was evidently ahead, but the advice of Dr. Dobbs seems to have been followed, for the Anti-masons had been almost silent for some time and probably would have remained silent much longer had not Masons caused them to speak and act in this wise: The time approached for holding the township primary meeting of the republican party to select delegates to attend the county convention, which would nominate candidates for county officers. As this party was largely in the majority, a nomination was almost as good as an election, and hence the primary meetings were of great import-

ance. Not a word had been said in public or private by those opposed to Masonry in regard to bringing the question into politics. Indeed, they had scarcely thought of it. If they had been asked concerning their right to do so, they would have answered that Antimasons in any party have as good a right to desire that those opposed to the lodge should be nominated as Masons have to wish and work for the nomination of their members, or as temperance men have to try to secure temperance candidates. A convention of any great party is often held, not only to decide what men, but also what class of men shall be nominated.

The meeting for the party in Brandon township had been duly called, and at the appointed hour about the usual voters were at the meeting. As usual, Justice Jones was called to occupy the chair. For once he did not seem to preside without any preconceived opinions of the facts and of the law. The meeting, however, was fully organized and everything for a time seemed to work as smoothly as if all had been previously arranged. Still, there was evidently much uneasiness among the former prominent leaders in the village politics. Finally there was an outbreak. A vote had just been taken for the election of two delegates who should cast the six votes to which the village was entitled. The result caused a sensation among the supposed leaders—Dr. Groves and Capt. Burns had been chosen!

At once several were on their feet, some calling

for the chairman's attention, some calling for the number of votes, some making motions, some disorderly crying for order, and some demanding a new election. What caused the confusion? None were more ignorant than the doctor and the captain, at whom many angry glances and frowns were cast. At last, through the aid of Lawyer Brane, order was restored.

"Mr. Hulman has the floor," decided the chairman very arbitrarily.

"Mr. President," remarked Mr. Hulman, "I move a new election on the ground that neither of those chosen is eligible. Neither of them is a republican. They both belong to another party called the *American*, and have voted with it."

Cassius Bowman, the wealthy grain merchant, seconded the motion. Mr. Moyle, an officer in Dr. Dobbs' church, the Senior Warden of Brandon Lodge, and an old acquaintance of Dr. Groves in the east, made a long harangue, in which he declared that these two men could not be republicans because they had in part voted another ticket at a former election.

Lawyer Brane arose: "Mr. Chairman, your honor, I am very sorry to appear here against my friends who have been chosen. There is evidently some misunderstanding on their part, or they would not have consented to the use of their names at all. From the evidence before us, you must certainly decide that they are not republicans, and in that

case a new election must be ordered immediately. I have nothing personal against these two men, but I hope that they will decline to act as our representatives, for if they do not they will be excluded by the county convention."

The vote was about to be taken, when Groves slowly arose and said: "Mr. Chairman, I do not rise to plead for the privilege or honor of acting as a delegate. I rise to answer those who impeach my loyalty to my party. But first let me say that the motion is out of order and I ask you to so regard it. The ballot has decided that we are to represent our party in this precinct. Even if we are not republicans, it has been declared that it is the will of the legal voters, that the captain and myself should represent them. What more do you ask? Will you decide that we shall not? But I am a republican. I was one when it tried a man's soul to be one. I was a republican, had the principles of the party and was in favor of the abolition of slavery, when my friend, who came from my native place in the East, was voting the opposite ticket, and when he would meet me in the street and turn away his nose from me because, as he said, I smelt so much like a nigger! And unlike him, I can say that I was a republican when the party was not in the majority. And who is the originator of this motion—if this motion originated here and by the one who made it, which I doubt—that he should impeach my party loyalty? I

exceedingly regret to be personal, Mr. Chairman, but this issue has been thrust upon us. Who is the mover of this? What is his party record? What right has he to vote with us, to say nothing of calling in question my loyalty? As for him, I can say while I was at home offering my services to the country, encouraging others to enlist, and voting the republican ticket, he had gone, about the time of the draft into Canada with an incurable disease of the heart."

Mr. Hulman would have been prudent enough to keep still if he had had time to consider, but his angry spite got the better of his judgment. He jumped to his feet, shook his fist, and said, almost choking with rage, "Do you insinuate that I went to Canada to avoid the draft?"

"If the shoe fits put it on," sung out Jack Sykes at the top of his voice, as he sat wriggling on a front seat, grinning from ear to ear, and showing two sets of very white and very large teeth.

"I only said," answered the doctor in a respectful manner, "that the one who impeaches my party loyalty, was in Canada about the time it was easy to test a good republican and about the time we needed soldiers more than silks, and that he appeared to be quite delicate before starting."

"Mr. Hulman, who richly deserved this castigation, and who was still standing and shaking his fists, said threateningly, "Do you mean me, sir?"

Jack laughed the louder and shouted above the

laughter of the house, "If the shoe pinches then squeal."

This was too much for Hulman. He invited in plain Anglo Saxon language Mr. John Sykes to close the aperture from which proceeded the unwelcome words. Then he did not intend to tell what Groves had not and would not tell, but supposing the secret was out, or forgetting himself in his anger, he blurted out, "You are unworthy of any confidence. You betray professional secrets. You have no right to report publicly your examinations, sir."

"That lets the cat out of the bag," shouted Jack, as he thought he saw through it all now, that Hulman had been examined and then fled to Canada.

"Mr. Chairman," continued Groves, "I do not want to be interrupted. I regret exceedingly these personal matters, but did not bring them up and those who did ought to suffer the consequences. In regard to voting a part of another ticket, I did so. If that excludes me from the party, there is not a republican here to-day, unless he is a fool, for every sensible man has at different times scratched his ticket; and even some without good cause scratch their tickets, for last fall, a rebel during the war, was elected our county representative, by the failure of some here to-day to vote for our republican candidate, because they believed that he was opposed to Freemasonry."

At this moment there was a profound sensation.

Many wondered that any one was brave enough to declare these facts and thus hint at the cause of the present trouble.

"As to Capt. Burns," continued the doctor, "he needs no defense. His record is well known. He was the first and is the best republican in this precinct. His party loyalty has never been doubted. I do not believe it is doubted now. He has often represented us, not only in conventions, but also on bloody battle-fields; and that stump of the arm lost while fighting our disloyal foes, who were encouraged by the Negro haters in the North, and cowardly skulkers in the British dominions, that stump, I say, is a far more eloquent argument for his loyalty, than I can make, or his opponents can answer. Mr. Chairman, for his sake especially I ask you to decide the motion out of order."

The house was still, after an applause. No one had ever seen the doctor more earnest or heard him speak so fluently. Jones glanced at Brane, who was slowly shaking his head, and then answered: "The motion is in order. Are you ready for the question? Only republican votes will be counted."

Capt. Burns rose quickly and said: "Mr. Chairman, personally, like the doctor, I care nothing for the honor of being a delegate, but, sir, having been legally chosen, I will say that no difference what is now done, we expect to claim our seats in the county convention. We do not propose to be controlled any longer by a few ring-leaders in the party. The

business of this meeting is finished. I therefore move that we do now adjourn."

The motion was seconded and carried, but the chairman quickly decided, "Lost."

Lawyer Brane, with a significant raising of his brows, said he rather thought the ayes had it. So the chairman decided that the meeting had adjourned.

Groves did exceedingly regret the personal difficulties of the day, and perhaps had said a little more, a very little, however, than he would have said on reflection; but Mrs. Groves said that he had done right, and that he ought to have given them more.

It was well, perhaps, that Lawyer Brane and his party, consisting of about one-third of those present, remained in the hall and held another meeting. It saved all disputing and quarreling on the streets, which was likely to occur in the excitement of the hour.

Mr. Hulman was filled with spite against Groves and all his friends—a deeper spite than ever rankled in his bosom. The old sore had been only covered over, and now probably never would be healed.

Cassius Bowman had evidently forgotten his grateful promises uttered one dreary night, when little Maggie was aroused from what seemed to be the sleep of death.

The secretary of the meeting was Mr. Stedman, a chronic office seeker, who scarcely ever knew

which side he was on until he discovered which side had the majority. This time he thought it best for him to give certificates of election to Groves and Burns.

The next day these went to the county convention and presented their certificates, when suddenly they learned that Hulman and Moyle claimed to be the loyal and legal delegates.

The case was referred to a committee on credentials, and several citizens of Brandon testified to the facts as above narrated. The other side was advocated by Brane, who claimed that the first meeting was not legal, because it was largely composed of those who were not republicans and who had elected those who were not republicans. He claimed that as soon as the house could be cleared, a legal meeting had been held which elected Hulman and Moyle.

The chairman, a Royal Arch Mason, brought in a report, clothed in ambiguous language, recommending the giving of the seats to the latter set of delegates. The report was adopted designedly in great haste, without any discussion or chance for discussion.

Capt. Burns afterwards was allowed five minutes to make an explanation. He explained briefly the facts in the case, hinted at the cause of the trouble as plainly as would be allowed, and closed with these words: "Twenty-five years ago I was mobbed on the floor of this very building because I advocated

the cause of liberty to a part of the human race then in bondage, and that cause, you know, has since come off victorious. To-day, I stand before you excluded from a party convention to which I was legally chosen, kicked out of the meeting without a fair hearing, because I advocate the cause of freedom to another part of the race now in bondage. But let me tell you that this is but the beginning of a great conflict in which freedom will again triumph." Amid the applause of the few and the hisses and groans of the many, he sat down.

John Sykes, who seemed to be as near ubiquitous as a person could be, was there. He jumped up to make a speech. The Brandon people smiled. He spoke rapidly, or he could not have finished his first sentence.

"I came not here to talk. You know too well

The story of our thralldom. We are slaves.

Slaves to a horde

Of petty tyrants—"

[Cries of "order!"]

"A long train of these practices has at length unwillingly convinced me that there is something behind the throne greater than the throne itself."

[Cries of "order!" order!"]

Jack seemed more unbalanced than usual to-day. He began again.

"'Order is Heaven's first law.' 'Here, law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in your face while—'"

[Cries of "sit down!" "order!" "put him out!"]

The chairman asked, "Will the young man take his seat?"

"The atrocious crime of being a young man," began Jack; but he was away from home; he was put down; that is, he was led out amid the laughter and cheers of many of the delegates, and then the convention finished the business to suit itself—or rather to suit the lodge.

Edith wrote in her journal that night, after hearing a history of the convention, as follows:

Masonry is a mysterious thing. Its secrets are not wonderful or past finding out; but what is that power in it that will separate a husband from wife and children, saying to them, dare not enter where he is free to go? What is it that has more power than true friendship? Yet it separates friends. My father's old friend "C. B.," who once lavished on him thanks in words and deeds, will not now recognize him, although not an angry word has passed between them.

It can divide and control political parties; for although Masons say that it has nothing to do with politics, yet the question has by them been forced into the republican party in the village and in the county, and Masonry has shown its power and secret cunning in both conventions.

And Mr. H., who has been so friendly, has come out an open enemy of father. Masons seem to act on the principle that he who will criticise or interfere with their order must be anathema. Does it ever separate those who are more than friends? What would Walter think of his father? I wonder if he is a Mason? No, it cannot be. I do n't believe it.

But the clouds grew blacker and the winds higher, and if there was a calm it was as sultry as a summer's day before a fearful storm.

CHAPTER X.

" 'T WAS A VILE PLOT."

"Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad."

ONE of the boasted privileges of this country is the right of free speech. This is an essential element of a free country. Where this is not allowed, there is no freedom. Where this is not secured and protected, there is great danger to other rights and liberties.

In times of slavery, that subject could not be freely discussed in slave communities. Many true stories of pro-slavery hatred toward free speech and of its persecution of anti-slavery speakers are well known. Silence and ignorance were the bulwarks of the system. Free discussion would be the ringing of its death-knell. But discussion was carried on; the bell tolled; slavery is dead and buried.

But is Masonry like slavery in this respect? The answer of everyone informed on this question

is, that discussion is hated by Masons; they love darkness rather than light, for as light will dispel darkness, discussion will destroy Masonry.

Groves' office contained quite a library of Masonic and Antimasonic literature. There were papers, tracts and books on both sides; for it is a curious fact that Antimasonic lecturers use chiefly Masonic books to oppose Masonry, and Antimasons generally are better acquainted with its literature than are Masons themselves.

Soon after the county convention which met in Megapolis, Dr. Groves received an urgent invitation from a few citizens of that place to deliver a lecture there on the subject of Masonry. This was a double surprise to him. He was surprised because a lecture was desired in that stronghold of the order, and because he had been asked to deliver it. He did not pretend to be a public speaker, and did not see why they had asked him to lecture. It was learned however, that the unjust action of the late convention in excluding the proper delegates had awakened some interest in the subject of Masonry, and Capt. Burns had told some of his friends that Groves was well informed on the question.

The name of Dr. Hill, his old friend, was at the head of the list of names in the invitation. He had remained all these years a true friend of Groves and had often asked his counsel and aid. Since the convention, although he had never thought of such a thing before, he suspected that Masonry had

something to do with the defeat of his old friend for the professorship. Dr. J. B. Lumm was a Mason. Many of the regents were Masons. Groves, he learned, had been invited and had declined about that time to become a member of the order. But still he asked, could Masonry interfere in other interests as he had seen it do in politics?

Groves after due consideration decided to go to the city and lecture, if not on nervous diseases, at least on a subject which produces nervousness. He was to appear in a new *role*, and prepared accordingly. The hall was secured, the evening and the subject for the lecture announced. Many members and friends of the order remarked that it would be much to the comfort of his body and to the peace of his mind if the doctor would stay at home, and that it might be possible to discuss that question in the country, but the city is a different place. These threats were carried to Groves, but did not seem to disturb him or alter his purpose.

On the evening appointed he kissed his wife and took the train for the city. Edith accompanied her father almost everywhere, and certainly on this errand she must go along. They reached their destination in safety and took tea with Dr. Hill, who had become quite interested in the subject of the lecture. At the hour appointed they went to the hall and found it filled with an audience of the most respectable people of the city. Dr. Hill introduced Groves, who spoke as follows:

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I am not a public speaker. I do not intend to make an address, but merely to talk on the subject on which you have done me the honor of asking me to lecture.

It is well before doing anything to know that we have a right to do it. The good old advice is, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead."

Then, as we are told, "It is not worth while to do unnecessary things," "Never praise a proud man," "Never hold up a candle to show the sun," or "tell what everybody knows." Again, we are advised not to do anything which will cost more than it is worth. "Don't give a pound for a penny whistle," or "pay any tax on a worthless cur." "Do n't hunt all day to catch a mouse, nor burn your woods to have him roasted."

And again, it is not wise to aim at impossibilities. "It is a waste of powder to shoot at the man in the moon." "Never try to bleed a turnip," or "fatten a greyhound."

— So in the discussion of this question we may ask,
IS IT RIGHT, IS IT IMPORTANT, IS IT POSSIBLE FOR US TO
KNOW FREEMASONRY?

Some here to-night may think this discussion and investigation unnecessary because Masonry is already known by so many. True, both Masons and Antimasons claim to understand it. Some Antimasons claim to know as much about the lodge as any of its members. But many Masons do not believe this. Some are not aware that we have seen or heard anything. Some know that we have seen and heard many things, but think we are not sure of the truth of them. They try to make us doubt the correctness of our information. Some solemnly declare, "It is n't true;" some of them stand and cry, "You do n't know anything about it, it can't be discovered or revealed;" while others only insinuate

and deny indirectly, sneeringly asking, "What do *you* know about Masonry?" Now, we wish to show these to-night why we are certain that we know the truth, so that they may keep their jewel of silence and be saved the sin and folly of trying to deceive any with their denials.

Again, some of our friends, when they are told what a monster of wickedness, a mass of corruption, a mixture of folly and shame Masonry is, begin to doubt that their relations and other good men could be guilty of belonging to such an institution, and so think we must be mistaken in regard to its character and workings.

And, generally, when we try to teach others, who are uninformed, whether friendly or unfriendly to the order, they will ask, "How do you know, when this is a secret society?" This is a fair question, and so we ought to show them how we do and they can know the whole truth.

Then Masons often say that we have no right to know anything about the lodge except what they choose to tell us; and some of them become angry and accuse us of wronging them when we discover and reveal any of their secrets. Now, for the sake of peace, to soften their hard feelings towards us, I will show our right to do as we have done.

And in the last place, there are some who seem to think this an unimportant question; that a knowledge of the order will do no good and will cost more than it is worth. For these, I will have a word. So then in order to silence the truth-denying Masons, to confirm in their knowledge all doubting Antimasons, to lead the honest friends of the lodge, and the undecided, and careless to investigate it, I will show to night that we have a right, that it is our duty, that it is important to understand Freemasonry, and that we can know as much about it as any member.

1. As intelligent men we should know something of every institution, capable of exerting great influence, and of every question under public discussion.

In this country alone there are more than half a million men bound together by Masonic oaths. There are members in nearly every village and church in the land. No one can doubt that Masonry, when thus organized, has great power.

It is also an institution concerning whose character, works and claims, there is much discussion. Much is said for and against it. Each side is circulating its own literature. Some churches are opposed to it. Some are divided and some are being divided by it. There is a National Christian Association opposed to it. There are many State associations of the same kind. It will soon be again, as it was once, before the Slavery question diverted attention from it, a great issue in politics. There is already a political party opposing it. It is discussed in the pulpit, on the platform and in conversation. Many religious papers condemn it. Secular papers are beginning to say a word about it. One of the largest in the Northwest says, "Wise men, not fools and fanatics, are fighting it." This paper itself speaks out against it.

Masonry is a powerful factor in church and state; it is a living issue; it is now under discussion; it is fast becoming a greater question in politics and religion; and what shall we say of the man who knows and wants to know nothing about it? I undertake to say, in view of the power that the lodge has to-day and the amount of discussion that it is receiving, that the man who is entirely ignorant of the subject, is as defective in general information as the one who is ignorant of any other living question. Therefore every one who claims to be intelligent ought to know enough of this institution to pass a fair judgment on its character and work.

2. We have a right to investigate Freemasonry because it affects us personally. It affects us in nearly every relation of life. Masons often say, "It is none of your business what we are or do;" but they make it some of our business. Then we have a right to inquire into it.

Has not the minister the right to know the character of an institution in which are many of his members? Has not any member a right to ask what this is which separates his brethren from him and tries in many ways to control the whole church?

Has not the patriotic citizen a right to ask for what are five hundred thousand voters secretly united? Has he not a right to ask, Is this a monopoly? Does it control the government? Is it used by designing men to secure office and property? Has not the lawyer a right to ask, what is this which unites the judge, the jury and the witnesses with the opposing litigant? Has he not a right to ask in open court if they are not sworn to keep each other's secrets, and to help each other out of difficulty?

And, who will say that the wife, who has been made one with her husband, has no right to inquire into an institution which comes in between them, closes his mouth from her, takes him from home night after night, claims part of their earnings and in many ways controls him? Who will say that the wife has no right to know all her husband's pleasures and business, privileges and obligations? Who admits that his wife has a right to unite with any association into which he can have no insight? Will Masons say they do? Then their actions do belie their tongues. Look at their "Ladies' Degrees!" When they attach to their own lodge parlor a summer kitchen for women, it is with the understanding that they, the lords, may oversee the cooking, overhear the conversation and even have a finger in the pie! Every man believes he has a right to know

what his wife does or binds herself to do. But the twain are one flesh. They have the same interests and the same mutual rights and duties. She has a right therefore to ask her husband, if he is a Mason, what Masonry is, what it does, and what its oath binds him to do; and he is bound by his marriage oath to tell her.

Not only have we a right, but also it is our duty to investigate this institution for this reason. We ought to look into everything which affects us and those to whom we owe certain duties.

The minister ought to understand every institution which affects his church, in which are his members, and in regard to joining which, young men will ask his advice with "the reasons annexed." He ought to be able to vote intelligently in church courts, when members petition for a deliverance in regard to it. He ought to know whether its oaths are trivial, rash and evil, or taken in justice, judgment and truth; whether it is a religion or not; whether its ceremonies are pagan or Christian, and whether its god is Baal or whether it worships God in Christ. He ought to be able to advise and warn all under his care and instruction. And a like duty rests on all. It is some of our business what others do, both because it affects them and us. If it is a pit into which some are falling, we ought to avoid it ourselves and give others the alarm.

3. It is our duty to investigate Masonry because it is an object of just suspicion. It is an oath-bound secret society. It meets in the night, with darkened windows and guarded doors, and none may ever breathe its doings. It looks very suspicious. There must be some reason for all the care to "ever conceal and never reveal."

Some societies of like appearance are Ku-Klux Klans, Whisky Rings, gangs of robbers, or counterfeiters. I do not

call Masons by such hard names—no, not at all ; but still I must say that their society resembles these societies.

Now, we have a right to investigate objects of suspicion. This is a free country we admit. One has a right to go where he pleases. But when a suspicious character enters a city, the police have a right to arrest him on mere suspicion, and if there are found on him the tools of a burglar, even Masons would say, "Hold him for examination a few days longer."

So when Masonry looks suspicious at the first glance, then when arrested we find belonging to it, a whole kit of cut-throat oaths, mysterious passwords, and curious grips—the tools of evil designers—I think we have a right to investigate further and see why it carries such tools.

Masonry is often compared to a family, having its secrets. It is not fair at the start to compare a human with a divine institution. But take the comparison: If any family, even with one woman in it, would always act on the principle of secrecy, tell no one their business, allow no one to enter their home, seem very afraid that some one would see them at work, and be known to be closely related to and to hold correspondence with similar mysterious families elsewhere, I think no one would blame a detective if he should listen some night at the keyhole, or find fault with the man who had lost valuables, or received counterfeit money, if he would swear out a search warrant against them.

A home is a sacred place. O that Masons realized its sacredness! A home is a sacred place. O that Masonry would never enter its sanctuary, take away and corrupt its priest and defile its altar of perfect love and confidence. A home is a sacred place and its secrets are sacred, too, but still sometimes it is right to break in on a family and learn some of its secrets—or else the Bender family was sadly abused when its home was examined.

So we say we have a right to look in upon and learn something of this exclusively male family, because it is at best an object of just suspicion.

4. We have a right to investigate this institution because there are grave charges made against it by reliable witnesses. It is charged with exercising jurisdiction over the persons and lives of citizens. It is charged with murdering, according to its laws, several persons. It is charged with affording protection and assistance to many criminals. It is charged with fraud in the sale of its professed secrets and benefits. It is charged with other heinous sins and crimes, and especially with being opposed to the genius of a republican government, the precepts of true religion and morality and the welfare of society in general.

Now, I need not say whether Morgan and others were killed according to the laws of Masonry or not; I need not say whether the other charges are true or false, or whether I believe one, none, or all of them, but only this: These charges are made by reliable men, and therefore demand investigation by every citizen; and the government has a right to try the party charged, compel its citizens, even Masons, to testify, and if found guilty to punish it with death; and the government neglects its duty when such grave charges are made and it fails to inquire into the truth of them.

5. Lastly, Masons invite inquiry by presenting its claims. They began the discussion. They made the first speech. They publish their books and papers praising the order. They make their parades in public. They mount a stump and shout, "See how big am I!" Then they object if we look close enough to see on what they stand and get angry and fret and rage if we tell anybody.

Their great claims are all intentional invitations to join

them, and give us a right and make it our duty to look into the matter a little; for if their claims are true, every man and woman ought to be a Mason; if false, no one ought to be a Mason.

It is in part by its swelling airs and words that Masonry invites discussion; it is in part by its claims that it is to be judged; and it is especially by its extravagant claims—such as “being able to purify the heart,” “to give the soul of man all it requires,” “to fit him for the house not made with hands”—that it is to be condemned and killed. The greater its pretensions the greater reason we have to examine it; and the greater its pretensions the greater its guilt and danger.

The frog thought herself equal to the ox and tried to blow and swell herself out to make it so. Masonry blows and swells like the frog, and if it is not careful will burst like her, too. For no other human institution are such great claims made. Its writers speak as though it had bottled up the sea of wisdom and sold it only in the lodge. Does Masonry lay the corner stones of our public buildings, put its emblems in public places, use public property for its parades despite the protests of many citizens? Its writers seem to think its lawful business is to be “cock of the walk and king of the castle.” They write so amazingly and its orators speak so pompously that we hold our breath and think, what if their words were true! But ah, that little “if!” It reminds us of the words of our old primer:

“If all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be!
If all the trees were one tree,
What a great tree that would be!
If all the axes were one axe,
What a great axe that would be!
If all the men were one man,

What a great man he would be!
And if the great man took the great axe
And cut down the great tree
And let it fall into the great sea,
What a great splish-splash there would be!"

How silly! But not more so than many of their sayings.
If they were all true what a great thing Masonry would be!

And if it should ever fall
The splish-splash would beat all.

But we cannot take them at their word. "Eggs are eggs, but some are rotten," as many of our lecturers can testify. So with claims. And we may safely say that men who throw rotten eggs for an institution will also make rotten claims for it. Their boasts are suspicious at the start. "Self praise is half scandal." "The leanest pig squeals the most." "The hen cackles sometimes when there is nothing in the nest"—she may be only scared. "Drums sound loud because they are empty." Still we will not condemn Masonry for these boasts until we see whether they are true or false. But we do say that when it professes to be so good, great, grand and glorious, then we ought to examine the institution and see if its claims are true, and no one has a right to unite with it, or approve of it until he has done so.

II. Can one know Masonry without being a member?

Some think it is like swimming—"You can't learn without going in." But we say that it may be learned as fully, as certainly, and more cheaply outside than in the lodge.

Firstly. Masons are pleased to tell us much. Some things they want us to know, especially that Masonry is a secret society, that there are oaths of secrecy and allegiance, the substance of which the candidate does not know until he takes them. Thus we know a great deal about the lodge, enough we say to

condemn it; for no one ought to swear in ignorance nor to impose such an oath. "Be not rash with thy mouth." Common sense tells you not to sign a paper till you read it, nor to put your name on a note for form's sake. "Look before you leap."

"Who looks may leap, and save his shins from knocks;

Who tries may trust, or foulest treachery find;

He saves his steed who keeps him under locks;

Who speaks with heed may boldly speak his mind;

"But he whose tongue before his wit doth run,

Oft speaks too soon and grieves what he has done,

Full oft rash vows hath bound men fast in pain:

Beware of taking from thy tongue the rein."

Again, there are many Masonic books intended for the public. These were written, published and sanctioned by eminent members in the name of the order. These have been endorsed by officers, lodges and grand lodges. These, then, are witnesses to the principles of the institution. When these books, written and endorsed by such eminent Masons as Webb, Sickles, Morris and Pierson, teach us that Masonry is a religion, and tell us the kind, when they tell us the qualifications, the duties and the benefits of members, when they agree in teaching any one thing, we can set that down as a doctrine of the order, even if some ignorant Mason, who went into the lodge with his eyes shut and has kept them shut ever since, says that it is not.

Secondly. We can learn what they will not tell us, or their secret work also, by testimony. In this way our knowledge may be certain if the witnesses are sufficient in number, competent, and trustworthy.

There has been given to the public what professes to be an exposition of Freemasonry and the whole question is, Is it correct? Is the exposition true?

1. The number of witnesses.

There are enough to establish any fact in a court of justice. We have the testimony of Morgan, Finney, Ronayne and others who have written expositions. In 1828, thirty-six seceding Masons at one time, and one hundred and three at another, signed papers declaring Morgan's book to be a fair and full exposition of three degrees in Masonry. Others, before the legislature in one State and before different officers in other States, have sworn to the correctness of the exposition. Then there are hundreds of seceders who in public and private testify to the same thing. None can doubt that the witnesses are sufficient in number.

2. They are competent witnesses.

They have been Masons, and know whereof they speak.

3. These witnesses are trustworthy.

There is no motive for misrepresentation. They are generally men of excellent character. Their word is as good as an oath. No one says their general reputation for veracity is bad; no, not at all. Who can doubt such as Finney and Bernard?

There is only one objection to their reliability, namely: They had been sworn to secrecy in regard to the things which they profess to reveal.

There are three answers to this objection:—

a. Some of these had also been sworn to the State to tell the whole truth. Their legal or lawfully imposed oaths were more binding than their Masonic oaths; and they, being thus lawfully sworn, have declared that the exposition is correct.

b. Masonic oaths are not binding.

They are taken on the expressed condition that there is nothing in them that will interfere with any duty. This is the assurance of the Worshipful Master. So when one finds there is much that interferes with duty and thus the lodge does not

fulfil its part of the contract he is freed from his part. He is released according to the terms of the covenant.

And even if no condition were expressed the oaths would not be binding because unlawful. They conflict with one's obligations to the higher law. No oath can make right wrong or wrong a right. One is now no more freed from duty by saying "Ma-ha-bone," than was one of old by saying "Corban." Far better break an unlawful oath than break the moral law. The sin is in taking, not in breaking, such oaths.

"It is great sin to swear unto a sin
 But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
 Who can be bound by any solemn vow
 To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
 To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
 To 'reave the orphan of his patrimony,
 To wring from the widow her custom'd right,
 And have no other reason for this wrong
 But that he was bound by a solemn oath?"

c. It is no objection to the honesty or truthfulness of men to say that they mistook their duty in some particular. A mistaken man may be an honest man. So even if Masonic oaths were binding, but men on reasonable grounds think otherwise, and then reveal Masonic secrets according to their sincere convictions of duty, it might show their ignorance of the nature of such oaths, it might show their mistakes concerning duty, but it does not show that they are unworthy of belief when they speak that they do know.

So the witnesses to the truthfulness of the exposition are numerous, competent, and trustworthy.

Again, their testimony is confirmed in many ways.

a. By the wonderful harmony of the witnesses.

All seceding Masons agree in their story.

b. By Masonic books.

These and the expositions fit together exactly. Their authors thought they could so cunningly hint at the secrets that none but Masons could understand. Perhaps none of us could ever have guessed to what they refer. But when the key has once been given in an exposition we can plainly see of what they were speaking. For instance, when Sickles says, "The rite of induction teaches us that the candidate is stript of all external adornment," it confirms the statement of the exposition that he enters without his usual clothing; and so with every point. The proof of the key is the turning of the lock.

c. By the sensitiveness of members.

They put on the cap and show that it fits. If Morgan had not revealed their secrets in his book they would have patted him on the shoulder and laughed in their sleeves at his dupes; but he was kidnapped; if not murdered, and his defendants villified. If Masonry is not correctly revealed why does a Masonic school teacher whip a boy for using the alleged passwords, or punish little girls for playing "Hiram Abiff" with a shawl? Or why do Masons growl and grumble, sweat and swear, rant and rage, and threaten and throw stones, when the boys have the same game on the commons?

d. By accidental revelations.

Conversations are often overheard, grips and passwords are given to us and they mistake us for members if we return them. They have been seen at work in the lodge, and many little things happen almost daily, making the strongest circumstantial evidence.

e. By the oft-repeated taunt, "Perjured villain."

If the writers do not give the sworn secrets how are they perjured? When Masons say that Morgan perjured himself in bringing that little book into the world and therefore you

don't know whether it is true or false, they are a good deal like Dick Wildgrove when his daughter-in-law brought a pretty babe into the world! A neighbor asked the old man the next day if the child were a boy or a girl. "Dear, dear," said Dick, "what a kittle of fish! I'm ayther a gran'father or a gran'mither, an' faith an' I don't know which!" Let us know of the child and we know Dick is a grandfather; let us know of the perjury and we know the book is true.

f. By honest confessions.

Some will deny everything. But occasionally there is one who is not unreservedly a Mason, but who considers the divine law to speak the truth above the Masonic obligation to "ever conceal and never reveal," and he will acknowledge the truth of all our books. Many an honest man in the lodge admits that the secrets are out.

I will not charge my Brandon friends with deceit when they deny our knowledge of the order; I will not say that a Megapolis negro is better than a Brandon white Mason, but will tell you what a colored Mason here has to say on the subject. While working for me one day I explained to him many symbols of the order, and after I had gone through the ceremony of initiation, I remarked that the Masons at Brandon say that I don't know anything about Masonry. He looked up, surprised at his brethren, and said with all earnestness, "Wall, there's no use lyin'; you'se e'dar a Mason else you'se been somewhar! Ya-ya!" So there are truthful Masons, white and black, in many lodges, who admit "There's no use in lying."

For all these reasons we believe that we have a right, that it is our duty and that it is possible for us to know and understand the institution called Freemasonry.

The audience had remained quiet during this

discussion with the exception of an occasional applause from some and an occasional murmur of dissent and vexation from others.

After finishing this introductory address, by which he hoped to prepare the way for a general discussion of the subject, the doctor added:

Now, my friends, having answered at length one question, let us carefully consider the next. What is Masonry?

In order to give a general view of the lodge and make an examination of its ceremonies and principles, I will suppose that the Rev. Mr. Tinge desires to become a Mason, and I shall describe him and his surroundings as he is initiated, passed and raised to the degree of Master Mason. Mr. Tinge has sent in his application, has been elected, and is about to enter. In the ante-room, having promised to conform to all the established customs and usages of the order, he is stripped of his usual clothing, and a pair of lodge drawers is given him, a hoodwink is put over his eyes [a voice calls out, "That's a lie."] a rope put around his neck—

The audience for the most part were bending eagerly forward to hear, but the hissing, shouting and stamping made it impossible. These noises, with loud laughter, as though it was fine fun, continued several minutes. In a quiet moment the doctor reminded the audience of his right to discuss this subject, and hoped for the sake of the good name of the city all would remain quiet. This request was greeted with hissing and stamping. The officers of the law were asked to keep down disorder, but they could or would do nothing. After

a few minutes there was quiet again. Groves continued:

I was giving you a description of how Rev. Mr. Tinge was made a Mason [cries of "Go on," "Stop," "Shut up."] I expect to finish this account. It must be told. If those who do not wish to hear would withdraw I will proceed.

His request seemed to be hardly necessary, for they had already begun to leave. Probably only about twenty-five were engaged in the disturbance. They seemed to understand each other, for soon all were gone and the speaker was able to proceed.

Mr. Tinge is in the ante-room, neither naked nor dressed, barefoot nor shod, a cable-tow around his neck—

All at once a cornet band consisting of sixteen horns and two drums commenced playing near the door of the hall. It was almost impossible for the speaker to make himself heard. He waited several minutes. The audience saw the inconsistency when the band struck up—

"My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty."

The lecturer announced in a loud voice that if enough would volunteer to aid him he would work the first degree in the sight of the audience and that as he had opportunity he would explain the ceremony. A number came forward and using their handkerchiefs as white aprons represented the officers of a lodge. A candidate was "duly and truly

prepared." The doctor acted for each in his turn, and with such skill that even the initiated might think he was more than a book-Mason. The degree was about half finished—the audience were getting from the performances within and without the hall a tolerable fair idea of the workings of Masonry—when suddenly all was dark and there arose the wild cry of "FIRE!" "FIRE!" There was only one place of egress, and this fact added to the terror of the darkness and the cry. The instant the audience would spring for life scores would be trampled to death. Groves took in the situation at once, and with wonderful presence of mind and in a commanding voice shouted, "Sit still. Let no one move. It's a false alarm—a Masonic lie." The audience scarcely stirred until after a word of caution they were dismissed. By the aid of the "three lesser lights" dimly burning on the platform they found the way to the door. Wise men, who had come to the hall through mere curiosity, as they were leaving amid the taunts of the mob, gravely shook their heads and said, 'There is something rotten in Denmark.'

The next morning it was discovered that the darkness had been caused by the removal of the plug from the gas-pipe in the basement. The newspapers generally, the so-called *reliable* newspapers, which publish accounts of dog-fights in distant states, did not care or dare in this case to give the news which they could have copied from their

Megapolis exchanges; for such was the public indignation that the city papers, some of whose editors were Masons, were compelled to notice the outrage.

The Age said:

"The person who pulled the plug out of the gaspipe in the basement of the hall the other night should be ferreted out and severely punished. Suppose while the room was full of gas below and the pipe still open, a person had taken a lighted lamp to see what the matter was, the entire block would have been blown to atoms and hundreds of souls sent into eternity. It was the most cowardly, diabolical act ever perpetrated in this city. However, we believe the lodge had nothing to do with the affair."

The Liberator said:

"The demonstration was an insult to the respectable audience and a disgrace to the city. The crowd outside acted just like any other lawless mob, and made such a noise as to break up the meeting. Hereafter the lecturer will be protected."

The Wire-Puller—one of whose editors "has been to Jerusalem"—admitted the above facts in an editorial, written for political effect, under the following head-lines:

BULL-DOZING!

MEGAPOLIS DISGRACED BY A MUSICAL
MASONIC MOB.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH PLAYED OUT—A PER-
JURED MASON MADE TO SHUT UP
BY TWO HIRED BANDS.

THE MARSHAL TRIES TO STOP THE RACKET, BUT THE
MAYOR TELLS THE BOYS TO "GO IN, LEMONS."

SQUELCHED OUT—STUNK OUT—THE GAS CUT OFF AND
THE CROWD LEFT IN TOTAL DARKNESS.

From this article, a column in length, the following sentences are culled:

"A few indiscreet members of the most powerful secret organization on earth have brought reproach on our fair city and disgrace on the order. They have added fuel to the fire and pushed into notoriety a perjured scoundrel incapable of doing them an injury. If the lecturer is a fraud and telling lies, why the desire to squelch him?"

"The editor of *The Age* says, 'Masons had nothing to do with the disgraceful affair.' We know better, and if he knows anything he knows better."

"An infidel can have a hall and parade rank infidelity unmolested; a bull-dozer nun can have a church and heap lies and abuse on Catholics and all is serene and lovely, and yet it remains for Masons to bull-doze an expelled, perjured member for attempting to lecture on what he considers the wrongs

perpetrated by the order as old as the hills and solid as the rock."

"A great wrong has been done in applying the gag-law to this man, liar though he may be. It will have a tendency to strengthen the Antimasonic party."

The next day the doctor and Edith returned home in safety. The perpetrators of the outrage were not arrested and punished, although it is probable their names were known by at least some of the officers.

CHAPTER XL.

ROSES AND THORNS.

The rose is fairest when 't is budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

—*The Lady of the Lake.*

WALTER reached England after an exceedingly stormy passage, which, however, was in harmony with his thoughts and feelings during the voyage. The ship was driven with the fierce winds and tossed; it rode upon the crest; it sank into the troughs. The sailors were at their wit's end. So Walter at times would mount up to the heavens in his hopes but soon would go down to the depths in his fears. He, too, was at his wit's end. Nothing had ever troubled him like that little conversation in the arbor. He was not sure yet in regard to the meaning of Edith's words. In his stormy voyage he could not decide what to do. Would he give Edith up without an effort to come

to an understanding? His whole being rebelled against the idea. Did he love her? He had no doubt of it. He loved her deeply, fervently, passionately. Did she love him? By all the tokens by which he could judge a true hearted woman, as he believed her to be, she did love him. Would she ever be his wife? If it had not been for her mysterious language at their last meeting he would before this, at least have asked her to become so. But what did she mean? She certainly knew that he was a Mason, for if not, why would she speak as she did? If she knew it, then evidently she was cunningly warning him not to ask her to become his wife, or else wanting him first to promise to leave his order. How could he leave? Would not his father be angered beyond reconciliation? Was he not bound by solemn oaths? Had he not been taught, "Once a Mason always a Mason"? He muttered to himself, "I wish I had never entered the lodge. But how can I give it up? I cannot give up Edith." Such thoughts as these drove him nearly to distraction.

After reaching the city of London and settling down to regular work, his mind became more settled also. Like a wise man he concluded to write to Edith, tell her the whole truth, and ask her to give him peace and happiness. This at least gave him that rest which comes from decision. After duly considering the matter he wrote as follows:

GALEN PARK, LONDON, Sept. 5th, 18—.

DEAR EDITH:

I would like to give you a full description of my stormy passage over the sea, and of the many interesting places and objects which I have seen since my arrival, but another subject too much occupies my mind and heart to allow me to write of such things. Edith, I am in deep trouble, and I go to you, the only one who in this case can give me comfort and aid. Do not be alarmed, for if you sympathize deeply with me, you can relieve me from all misery and make me happy. So allow me to tell you the whole matter plainly and in a business-like manner, for I shall hide much of my emotion and passion, and write the simple truth. Edith, *I love you*. I love you with all my heart. I have loved you ever since childhood. Do you remember the happy days we spent together when children? How often and how fondly I have wished that they might prove to be the earnest of brighter days to come! And Edith, I have even dared to hope that the loving promises made then, which, however, I do not consider binding in the least, would be confirmed, and that some day you would become my wife. Not that I expected you unasked to tell me so, but I had intended before I left to declare my love and ask you to speak. But do you know that when the words were almost in my mouth you stopped their utterance? This is the cause of my trouble. I had almost begun to declare my love the afternoon we were in the arbor when, suddenly, in a momentary silence which preceded, you asked me about Freemasonry, and talked in such a way that I understood you to mean that you knew me to be a member, and for that reason, or for some other reason, with this fact as a convenient means of expressing your feelings, you warned me not to speak of love and marriage, as you could easily see I was

intending to do. If I have judged your meaning correctly, I thank you for your kind and yet cruel warning, and beg pardon for not heeding it longer, and for troubling you again. If I have misjudged your intention, as I dare to hope I have, I beg your pardon, and now ask, nay, beg you to tell me that you love me and will be my wife. I confess, pray do not be alarmed or vexed, I am a Mason. Last winter I was urged by my father, before I knew of your objections, to receive the three degrees before coming home. I followed his advice, and although I hesitated a little before entering, and after was not at first satisfied, yet my prejudices and objections, formed when ignorant of the order, have been removed, and allow me to say, principally by our pastor, who, with other good men, is a member. I am now in the lodge, and can see no very great objection to it, and more than that, I cannot leave it if I would, for as I am taught the oath is irrevocable. *I am sworn for life.* I must always fulfil my duties to the order. But I will say further, that I am neither a bright nor enthusiastic Mason, and if you will only be my wife, I promise never, *never*, to allow Masonry to interfere in the least with my duties, or my love towards you. Will not this explanation and this promise answer your objections, so that you can lay them aside?

Now, Edith, although I have written, seemingly without ardor, only a brief statement of my trouble, let me assure you that I do love you devotedly, ardently, and with all my heart, and that I await in restless anxiety an answer from you—an answer to this question—my dear Edith, Will you be my wife? Please remember my impatient anxiety and write immediately.

With much love—and may I not say I am *yours* forever?

WALTER

How Edith's heart beat with gladness and anxiety as she received a foreign letter one afternoon. She recognized at once the hand. Was she surprised? Yes, and no. She was surprised as one is when something happens which he wishes would happen and is afraid it will not. She had been too busy to become melancholy, but there was a tinge of sadness in her countenance. She had wondered why Walter had left her in so cool a manner, and had not even written to her. She believed that her remarks on Masonry had offended him. But why? She had simply expressed her opinion of the order. She had apologized for his defense of his father. If a member himself, he need not have been hurt by anything she had said; but she did not, could not, believe that Walter, her ideal of manhood, had ever gone through the silly ceremonies necessary to make him a Mason. Had he taken those terrible oaths, "furthermore and furthermore," one upon another? No, she did not believe it. She would try not to think of it.

With the letter which she received at the office she hastened home and upstairs to her room. Who could be more eager to open a seal? Would it not tell her of the prosperity of one for whose welfare she had in secret often prayed? Was it not possible that her happiness or misery depended on the contents of that letter? The moment she was in her room—she had examined the post-mark and computed the time of its journey, as a woman will, on



the way home—with trembling fingers, she cut the edge of the envelope, drew out the written pages, and gave one hasty glance. Her eyes fell on the words, "Edith, I love you;" and with a maiden's blush, and the happiest, loving thoughts, she sank into her easy chair to read in joyous love the whole letter.

"No rose without a thorn." Ah! worse than that, Edith thought—a thorn bush with but a single rose. The rose, "I love you," was sweet enough, the sweetest she ever knew, but ah! the thorns were the most cruel. The cruel thorns, "I am a Mason," "I cannot leave if I would," "I see no great objection," "The oath is irrevocable," pierced her heart till she cried. She muttered as she sobbed, "Walter loves me, and I do love him; but Masonry—I hate it worse than ever. I hate it, for it comes in between us to part us. The more I love Walter, the more I hate it."

Her tears gave her some relief. She turned away from the thorns, and plucked the rose and hid it in her bosom. She remembered the words, "Edith, I love you." She became calm and began to consider the matter thoughtfully. She did not feel hard toward Walter. She did not blame him much; no, she almost excused him. He was only dutifully following his father's guidance. He was conscientious in all he did. Their pastor, no doubt, had been a bait to entrap him. The good man had been used as a covering to hide the objections which

the manliness and conscientiousness of Walter would discover. What a bitter feeling against him who had baptized her and preached to her all her life, was smothered half formed within her breast! Many other good men were Masons, so she admitted. No wonder Walter, like many other honest young men, had been led into the lodge. But were her objections to Masonry removed? That was another question. Could she lay them aside in this case? That was another question yet. She had time to think. They were not formed when ignorant of the order. She knew outside and inside. No, she could not lay aside her objections. She could not; it was not safe to marry one bound for life to the lodge. But then, it is Walter. She could scarcely realize it. She read and re-read, "I am a Mason." "Will you be my wife?" She thought again, and said to herself, "If Walter loves me as I do him, he would give up Masonry for me, and if he does not so love me, if he will not leave the lodge for *me*, dare I say it?—I can never be his wife."

By time for tea she had resolved what to do, and was completely under self-control. She was not hungry, but went to the table and drank a cup of tea. After leaving the table she walked down into the garden and sat a few minutes in the arbor, watching the sun as it sank below the dispersing clouds, touching them with loveliness and glory as it cast upon them its yellow rays. "Ah," said she

to herself, "some clouds have golden linings!" Her thoughts then ran back to childhood, its innocent dreams and longings, its pleasures and its hopes. Yes, she remembered its happy days, and one happy day in particular—the day on which in play and yet in earnest, she pledged herself to Walter. Then she remembered the last time he had sat there with her and how strangely he had acted. Now she understood him. Her heart was filled with love; and although there had been a storm, the clouds were almost gone and everything around her spoke in peace. True, there was one cause of trouble, but her mind was fixed in regard to a plan for its removal. She had confidence in Walter's love, integrity and manliness, and so with his willing ear to listen, she did not fear for the result. As it began to grow dark she retired to her room, wrote a long letter and folded it in a neat envelope, and addressed it,

Walter Hulman,

London,

Galen Park.

England.

Four weeks is not a very long time, but to Walter since he had written, four weeks seemed as many months. He waited, as he declared he would, in restless anxiety. For two days since he began to expect an answer the postman seemed to mock him.

Did not his happiness or misery depend on the coming letter? Why, then, did he not receive it and know his fate?

One evening a neat envelope with his address written in a well-known hand was laid on his table. He did not stand and consult the postmark, and count up the time of its journey. It must be confessed he was nervous. His fingers trembled as much as did Edith's under similar circumstances two weeks previous, and his heart beat as loudly as hers. He tore open the envelope and read the letter very hastily, then he read it again very slowly.

BRANDON, Sept. 18th, 18—.

DEAR WALTER: You have given me a difficult letter to answer. If you had merely asked your question, I could have easily answered it with a monosyllable. But as you added, "I am a Mason," and gave your views of the order, I must answer that too. Why should I say whether or not I would be willing to be your wife, if I cannot marry a Mason? and why should I say that I will not marry a Mason, if I would not otherwise be willing to be your wife? So Walter, I must write very plainly, as I am glad you did when writing to me. I thank you for your frankness and will try to be as honest with you. Yes, Walter, I do love you, and if you love me more than you do Masonry, I will be your loving wife. If you do not, why would you ask me?

Walter paused and soliloquized, "That's to the point. I can't get around it. I do love her more than all else on earth, but then my oaths—"

It all lies with you, Walter, for I consent with all my heart

when you throw off your allegiance to the lodge. It is all I ask, and it is not unreasonable. I will show you why I cannot have a Mason for a husband, and I will show you how you can leave the order.

"I hope to goodness she will," said Walter.

I admit that in the lodge are many good men and perhaps some good things, but remember good men sometimes err, and the worst things may have something good in them. Let me say, Walter, I do not much blame you under the circumstances for uniting with the order, and I do not in the least feel hard toward you. But I do feel sorry. O how I wish that you had not done so! How happy we would be! But let me assure you, Walter, that I had not the remotest idea, when we were talking in the arbor, that you were a Mason. I did not know, or even dream it, until I read your letter. I intended only to warn you against joining, as I feared you might be tempted to do when about to cross the sea.

I did not want you to join, and I do not want my husband to be a Mason, first, because the associations in the lodge are dangerous. It leads one into bad company; into company which has ruined many young men, into company with which you would be ashamed to associate in the parlor, into intimate and sworn friendship with men among whom I would be ashamed and would fear to have my father or my husband mingle, and whose society would be injurious to every one associated with them.

I admit there are many good men in the lodge, but there are also infidels, saloon keepers, drunkards, or at least moderate drinkers and tipplers, swearers, and all kinds of wicked men. Should a good man "meet on the level" with such men? Should a husband have sworn companions to whom he would

not allow his wife to speak because of their immoral character? Will you call those your brethren, and be called brother by those, to whom your wife must claim no relation, or even call her friends? Would you allow your wife to associate with all the members of Brandon lodge, or of any other lodge that you can name? Surely if it is dangerous for a wife to have certain men for her friends, it is dangerous for her husband to have them for his brethren. If it would not be respectable and safe for her to invite them to spend an evening with her and her husband in their home, is it respectable or safe for her husband to meet with them night after night, until midnight, and to associate with them not only in the lodge, but also when "called from labor to refreshment"? I will only have a husband whose friends can be my friends.

Do you say that it is safe for *you*? If I did not believe you to be upright, firm, and manly, I could not love you as I do. But is any one safe in bad company? Do not the upright and brave leave it? If one is not strong enough to break away from evil companions, is he strong enough to always resist their temptations? Walter, with all my confidence in you, I do not think that you are safe while in the lodge; and if you are not safe and are unwilling to seek safety, should I, even in my love, risk my happiness and welfare with you?

But that is not all. My objections are not to be taken singly, but accumulatively. If one alone is not enough perhaps all of them together will convince you. So again, Masonry comes in between husband and wife, and to some extent interferes in the marriage relation. The husband and the wife should be so united as to be one in interest, in love, and in confidence. On this perfect union depends their happiness or misery. But Masonry, with all its secrets, with all its obligations, and with all its meetings, separates the husband from his wife. The

separation in some cases may be small ; but Masonry is like a wedge, the more there is of it the greater the separation, and in many instances Masonry has succeeded in entirely separating the husband from the wife. By its obligations, it divides to some extent their interests ; by its secrets, it forbids perfect confidence ; by its meetings, it mars their perfect companionship ; and by its assumed authority, it interferes with their mutual duties. You promise me that you will not allow it to interfere between us. But you have sworn obedience to the lodge, and as long as you consider yourself a member, and acknowledge allegiance to the order, and consider your oaths binding, how could you avoid this interference, if a "brother Master Mason, or a lodge of the same, should give, hand, send, or throw you a summons" requiring something that would interfere? How can you be a Mason, keep its secrets, attend its meetings, pay its assessments, and not neglect at least some duties toward your wife? Should we ever be married, Walter, would you allow me to keep many secrets from you, go out night after night without you, spend money without your knowledge and against your wishes, associate with those of doubtful character, and act just like a Mason? You would ask me to do as a wife should. I ask no more of you.

I have many other objections to Masonry, such as its mode of initiation, its false claim to age and benevolence, its rash and terrible oaths, its horrible penalties, its idolatrous worship, its profanation of Scripture and names and titles of our Maker, its inconsistency with a republican form of government, and its interference in every relation of life, but I now urge especially those which concern us and your question.

Now, Walter, let me entreat you as you love me, and as you love truth and right, to forsake such an institution. Do you

say, "How can I?" As long as you acknowledge allegiance to the lodge, and believe your oaths of secrecy, fidelity, and obedience are binding, always respect them, and never in the least violate them. But which is the worse, to renounce all allegiance, or to acknowledge allegiance and then violate your obligations by not letting them interfere with your duties?

Now let me show that you can renounce all allegiance because your oaths are not binding. You took them on conditions which were not fulfilled. So you have never sworn. By the agreement, you are free. You remember that the Master of the lodge, when asking you to swear, assured you there was nothing in the oath inconsistent with your duties. Only on that condition you swore. Then when you find the whole obligation inconsistent, it is in no part binding. Then again, an improper oath cannot bind the conscience. It is your place to repent of rash vows, and to renounce them. Do n't hold up your hands in holy horror. Did not George Washington renounce his oath of allegiance to the crown? Who blames him? Was Herod bound by his rash oath to take the life of John the Baptist? Were the forty conspirators under moral obligation to kill Paul or to starve themselves to death merely because they had sworn they would? Was Jephthah bound by his rash vow to slay his daughter, or to banish her from him forever? No more than by your oath you are bound to banish me. The mistake, and allow me to say, the wrong, is in taking and not in breaking such oaths.

You say that you are not "bright in Masonry." Well, I have studied it closely, and understand its work, and am, as you would say, "bright." Which, then, is the more competent to judge the order? You admit that you are not an enthusiastic Mason. Well, I am an enthusiastic Antimason. Other things, then, being equal, which of us should give up? I beg of you

to think of all these things seriously, and I do not doubt or fear your conclusion.

And now, Walter, my dear, is this a lecture, a sermon, or a love letter? I scarcely know. You ask me plain questions and I answer them as plainly. Is that right?

Yes, indeed, I remember and shall never forget our happy childhood days. I sat in the arbor this evening and thought of them, and of the day before you left, and of you, and of days to come. How glad I will be to see you home again! It is so lonesome without you. Will you not write often? How glad I was to get your letter, and you do not know how happy I was, when on opening it my eyes first fell on your words, "Edith, I love you," nor how sorry, how vexed I was, nor how I cried, when I read, "I am a Mason." How happy I shall be, and how I will love you, and respect you all my life, when you write to me and say, "I am a Mason no more!" Will you not, for my sake and for the sake of truth and right?

And now, my dearest Walter, you have told me of your love and I have told you of mine, so I shall subscribe myself

Yours forever,

EDITH.

Walter had made his boasts that nothing had ever kept him awake all night. One thing or one night is excepted now. After reading the letter Walter could not sleep. He tried it. But the longer he tried, the wider awake he became. He got up, lit the gas, sat down, and read the letter again. Then he began to consider the question, which came to his mind in this form: "Shall I give up my Masonry or my Edith?" He believed that she was honest and firm and would not change her answer.

He loved her many times more than Masonry, which was fast becoming an object of dislike to him. He confessed to himself that he had been rash in entering the lodge and assuming the obligations, but he would be careful about coming out. How to leave in opposition to his father, his pastor, and other members was one question. Then he was only partly convinced by Edith in regard to his oaths. That was another question. He must more carefully examine it before deciding the whole matter. He thought it would take but little time to fully consider it. His love for Edith, her clear sentences, and earnest wishes had a wonderful effect in urging him forward. But when he remembered his oaths and their penalties, and his father and brethren of Brandon Lodge and their teachings, he began to see how firmly he was wrapt in the coils.

CHAPTER XII.

"A TASTE OF BAD MEDICINE."

'Tis not amiss, ere ye're giv'n o'er,
To try one desp'rate med'cine more;
For where your case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'st is the wiser course!

—BUTLER—*Epistle of Hudibras.*

D R. GROVES in his long years of practice had given many doses of medicine, which, to say the least, were not very palatable. Lately he had administered some remedies to "the ancient handmaid of religion," as Masonry is often boastingly called, which the aforesaid handmaid did not relish. Now it was Groves' time to taste a remedy which was prepared to cure him of an alleged disorder.

The diagnosis of his case was reported in the *Brandon Eagle* by a correspondent in these words:

FANATICISM.

We do not now declare that the motives of all of our citizens who are engaged in the foolish, useless and unholy war

against the ancient and honorable institution of charity among us are evil, but we do say the conduct of the leaders is damnable. Brandon, a year ago, was the most quiet and prosperous village in the state. The churches were flourishing, neighbors were at peace, business was good and everybody attended to his own affairs. Now all is changed. Brandon is the worst and most quarrelsome place in the country. Churches have declined; neighbors will not speak to each other; society is in a state of anarchy; business is gone to other towns; and the usual employment of many is prying into their neighbors' secrets.

This is the result of a few fanatics who in their mad opposition to secret societies brought here a public speaker who maliciously abused his betters, and set an example which others have followed. They have carried the war not only into society but also into politics, and now it is invading the churches. This opposition carried on without reason is the result of pure fanaticism, which, unless soon checked, will result in the dangerous insanity at least of the fanatics who are leading the rabble in the warfare.

A PEACEFUL CITIZEN.

Edith hesitated about answering this as her father suggested. It was not worthy of an answer. But to correct a false impression it might make on some in the surrounding neighborhood she wrote as follows:

MR. EDITOR: Will you please insert in the next issue of your paper the following correction of a communication published last week under the title of "Fanaticism"?

I beg leave to differ with your correspondent in some particulars. I do not think our village has changed for the worse

at all. Every church has grown a little in membership; merchants report their sales a trifle larger than ever before; and society is not dangerously disturbed. Our social gatherings are attended by those on both sides of the question which is occasionally discussed among us, and perhaps with too much personality on both sides. These neighbors are courteous and friendly to each other with scarcely an exception. There is some bad feeling in the community, but it is mostly or altogether among those who belong to the party of your correspondent. But he certainly errs when he charges the leaders in opposition to Masonry with fanaticism and evil contention. They have no quarrel with men, but are opposed to an institution which they believe to be wrong and dangerous. They do not condemn the members, but the laws, the principles and customs of the order. They believe for many reasons that Masonry is inconsistent with true morality, Christianity and a republican government. By lectures, papers and books they are trying to lead others to believe the same. Is that fanaticism? The speaker who introduced public discussion among us, and who is accused of malicious abuse, was acknowledged by many of his opponents to be remarkably calm, kind and fair in his lecture, and says one of them, "In fact I rather admired the spirit of that man." He discussed a subject he had a right to discuss, and in a proper manner. But still the next morning after the lecture his friends were angrily accused of bringing to our town a liar and a disturber of the peace. The members of the craft were angry and seemed to wish to make it so disagreeable that another speaker would not be secured; and then they blamed us for their anger without cause! Then when all was quiet again, did not the Masons themselves bring up the subject and thrust it into politics by making it an issue at the primary meeting? Why do they get angry and then turn around and

accuse us of stirring up the strife which *they* have made and which they magnify?

Perhaps some on our side have said and done things better to be left undone and unsaid, but those are personal matters and have nothing to do with the question. This is a free country. We all have a right to declare our principles. I think, therefore, the best way to settle the matter is this: When we honestly differ let us speak and listen to each other without prejudice or malice. Let us candidly examine this subject and reason together, but let us not defame the good name of our pleasant village or the leaders or followers on either side.

Yours,

EDITH GROVES.

The article never appeared. It was considered incendiary and condemned to be burned.

The village continued to prosper as before. But the fanatics, as the correspondent (evidently Dr. Slim) called them, grew no better. As Dr. Groves was the acknowledged leader among them, although he scarcely ever introduced the subject of Masonry, his case was considered the worst. In Masonic love and charity some one wrote the following prescription, which he received through the post-office:

For Doct. Groves.

B:

You're a mad fanattick. You ot to be hung for yore durty work. We hereby warn you never to open yore big mouth, rite anuther line or get anuther speaker on Masonry. If you

do you and yore famly which are as bad as you must bare the consequencis. You must be cured.

DRECTIONS: Read carefully every morning before eatin'.
Do n't tell or show this to any one under grater penilty.

MANY CITYZENS, M. (A) D.

This was written on a printed blank which could have been picked up at the drug store or any physician's office. Groves thought that it might be an idle threat designed to silence him. He wrote under it, "Shame on the guilty coward who wrote the above, and who ought to blush when he reads it." Then he framed it, hung it in his office and watched the countenances of some, at least, who read it. But the author evidently did not enter. If written by a member of Brandon Lodge, the doctor believed, but did not whisper it, that it came from one or more of three persons, two of whom had been his personal friends and had considered themselves under special obligation to him, and the other was a relative. But the doctor did not believe that it came from the lodge at all, but that some of the boys of the village had found one of his blanks, filled it out and sent it to him for sport.

About the time Groves had come to this conclusion, one evening Peter Hurley, an aged and respectable farmer who lived near Brandon, called at his office, and after getting a prescription for some member of his family said somewhat abruptly:

"Doctor, I have a little advice for you."

"I am ready to hear it," answered the doctor.

"You know I am a Mason. I am not enthusiastic, however. I have not been in the lodge for years. In fact, I wish there were none, and there are thousands of members just like me," said Mr. Hurley.

"What are your objections?" asked Groves.

"I am not a religious man and care nothing for your objections on that score. I claim, however, to be moral and respectable, and I can't stand it to associate with Dick, Tom and Harry of every class, and have them slapping me on the shoulder and calling me Brother. How do your Christians stand it when I can't?"

"Why don't you leave then?" asked Groves, who generally did as he pleased and thought right.

"That's easier said than done," continued the old man. "I care nothing for their friendship, but I don't want their ill-will. You know I am a very prudent man. I think it is the best policy to say or do nothing against the lodge."

"Are you afraid of it?" asked the doctor in surprise.

"Yes, and no. I am not afraid that the lodge, assembled as such, will injure me, but I fear some of its members should I oppose it. There are good men in the lodge, Doctor, who would not allow it to do anything injurious to a person or to interfere with politics or justice. But after the meetings, when the best men are gone, by the aid of sworn secrecy, many dark deeds are planned. This is

why some good men defend Masonry. They do not know how the lodge is used. Evil things are planned and executed without their aid, counsel or knowledge. Then they can and do deny that Masonry does or will do many things which are done by members, and for which Masonry is responsible. Their ignorant but honest denials and defense do the lodge more good than would their aid in the work. No, Doctor, I think I will stay where I am and act as I do; and my advice to you is to cease your work against the order, and that right soon."

"Why so?" the doctor inquired.

"Just because it will be better and safer for you," was the answer.

"Oh, no danger, I guess," said the doctor laughing.

"Do n't you remember your experience at Megapolis?"

"Yes, but my experience was away from home and not among acquaintances and friends," replied the doctor.

"The city is not so far away but that you might have visitors from there sometime. But I will not argue with you. I do n't often talk on the subject, and this is in confidence. I think more of you than of Masonry, and as a friend I give you warning. Good-night."

And the old man was gone. He thought himself very prudent. The doctor had long considered

him timid and cowardly and so was not much alarmed by his warning. He resolved to work away quietly as he believed was his right and duty.

About a month after this conversation a boy was seen by a few very early in the morning pasting on the fences and sidewalks posters which read as follows:

EXPOSITION!!

T. R. MARTIN,

A seceding Mason of seven degrees, will give a

Public Exposition of Freemasonry,

Working the 1st, 2d and 3d degrees,

IN BRANDON TOWN HALL,

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Evenings, Oct. 1st, 2d and 3d.

ALL ARE CORDIALLY INVITED.

ADMISSION - - - - FREE.

This was more dreaded by Masons than all else before. They denied that Martin could be believed. Some declared that he had never been a Mason,

and others said that he was a perjured villian. They showed their anger and spite in all their remarks. The next Monday evening there was a special meeting of Brandon Lodge, and after that the members, probably in obedience to their masters, changed their conduct. They laughed loudly, if not heartily, and said that it was a good joke; some impostor would come and give a burlesque performance without expecting it to be believed. They claimed they were glad of all opposition anyhow, for it only helped them.

In a day or two the young bill-poster met John Sykes and said: "Jack, somebody gave me a quarter to tell him who give me those bills, and I told him that you got them from Dr. Groves for me."

"'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good,'" said Jack.

"I was afraid the 'Anties' would n't like it," said the boy.

"That's all right," said Jack. "But who was it?"

"I want to use both sides alike," said the boy with a rising inflection, intending Jack to take a hint.

"Eh!" said Jack, 'what's to pay?'"

"The man paid me a quarter for what I told him—my usual price for such information," said the boy with an eye to business.

"'Is the wool worth the clipping?'" asked Jack, eager to know, but laughing at the boy's cunning.

"He took me round the corner and talked so low and 'spicious-like, I believe somethin' 's up," earnestly answered the boy, not quite sure, however, that he understood the question.

"The devil take the hindmost," said Jack handing out a quarter.

The name was given by the young American, and Jack hastened to the doctor's office and found him alone.

Jack exclaimed as soon as he had thrown himself into a seat, "'More light from the East!'"

"What have you heard now?" asked the doctor, seeing Jack's anxiety.

He answered, "Quoth Hudibras, 'I smell a rat.'"

"What's up, Jack?" asked the doctor.

"Simon says, thumbs up," said Jack laughing.

"Now, Jack," said the doctor, "if you want me to listen, you must not talk that way. What do you want to tell me?"

"Every why hath a wherefore, eh?"

"Yes."

"Wherefore will a man give his money for that which is not bread?" asked Jack.

"Owing to circumstances," answered Groves, who knew how to talk to the peculiar fellow.

"Circumstances alter cases."

"Yes, hurry up; what is the matter?"

"No matter yet at all; 'it's a fresh cut,'" said Jack.

"Well make haste. Tell what you have heard, quick."

"The more haste the less speed," was the provoking response.

"Did some one spend his money in a way that does not please you?" asked the doctor.

"Facts are stubborn things," answered Jack nodding his head.

"What is the name of the person that has displeased you?" asked the doctor.

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet."

"Now, Jack, if you have anything to tell me speak to the point. Who has displeased you?" earnestly said the doctor, who had been convinced by Jack's manner that he knew something which might be important; "who has awakened your suspicions?"

"Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look.

He thinks too much; such men are dangerous."

"What! Cassius Bowman, our grain dealer?"

"This is he of whom I spake," said Jack, who was often guilty, like many who have not his excuse, of an irreverent use of Scripture.

"Why, he does not look like a bad man, Jack."

"All's not gold that glitters," was the ready response of Jack.

"But you must not suspect him. He would not hurt any one," the doctor answered sternly.

"Actions speak louder than words," continued the young man.

"Yes, sometimes; what did he do?" asked Groves, anxious to know, notwithstanding his reproofing Jack for his suspicions.

"The wish to know, that endless thirst,' moved him to pay the sum total of a quarter of a dollar of our dads to learn who sent Bill on his mission last week."

"Bill who?" asked the doctor before he thought.

"Bill Poster," said Jack grinning and apologetically adding, "'A man who could make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket.'"

"Is it true that Cassius Bowman gave a quarter to learn who sent the boy out with the bills? Is he angry?"

"That he is mad, 't is true; 't is true 't is pity,
And pity 't is 't is true.'"

"Well, what of it?" asked the doctor.

"Discretion is the better part of valor.'"

"O, I guess there is no danger coming soon. Don't be alarmed, Jack."

"A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself," added the wise fool, rising to go. "'I'll see you later.' Good bye, darling."

"Good bye, Jack," said the doctor.

Groves caught the idea the poor fellow intended to convey; but still it hardly seemed possible that Masonry could turn his old friend against him so that he would wish to harm him.

That afternoon a stranger called and asked if he could buy Cato.

"Do you know him?" inquired Groves.

"I have heard of him, and I want a good horse for my wife to drive in the city. Your horse is too old for your long, hard drives, and we will take good care of him till the day of his death," answered the stranger.

"He is not very old, and has had such good care that he seems young. He will be good enough for several years yet."

"I will give you two hundred dollars for him."

"I don't want to sell."

"I'll give you two hundred and fifty."

"I'll not sell him at all."

"Will you take three hundred?"

"No, sir, money will not buy him. He was a present from a friend."

"Is the donor your friend now? I should think in the circumstances you would want to get clear of him. Your *quondam* friend would consent to the sale," said the stranger with the assurance of one who knew all about it.

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Bowman?" the doctor asked.

"Slightly," was the answer.

"Did he tell you of the horse?"

"Yes."

"Did he want you to buy him?"

"Well—yes," came hesitatingly.

"Why?" continued the doctor.

"I do not care to give all the conversation."

"Does he want me to part with Cato?"

"I think so," answered the stranger, hoping this would influence the owner to sell.

"Well, I'll not do it. The horse has not lost his love for me, nor I mine for him; I'll keep him till he dies," firmly said Groves, thus settling the matter.

That night about nine o'clock there was a call at the doctor's gate, "Hello!"

Groves came out and responded, "Hello!"

"Mishter Dochter!" said a very fat man on a very lean gray horse.

"Well, sir," spoke the doctor.

"Mishter Dochter! Ish dot you?"

"Yes."

"Kommen Sie, to das gate."

"All right, what will you have?"

"Kommen Sie, to mine haus. Der beeples all be sick. Kommen Sie, quick."

"What is the trouble? Who are sick?"

"Ah! dat little Hans ish sehr krank. Hans cry und cry und can cry nicht more. Der poy lie still und shleep mit der eyes open white. Ah! der poy ish so sick."

"Who else is sick? Any more?"

"Ya, mine frau ish krank; hot, burn up, sick two, three day. Hans sick, und mine frau, she's gone fool, talk, talk all der time, no shleep."

"Is she out of her head?"

"Ya, dot ish so!"

"Where do you live?" inquired the doctor, seeing he must go.

"In der coountry. Know Dick Porter?"

"Yes, in the woods, about five miles down the river."

"You shust go to Dick's haus, kommen Sie der bridge ober, und turn der lane down, und—und go der brush in, und, und—Mishter Dochter, get your hoss und kommen Sie mit me, quick. Little Hans be det, sure."

The doctor sent for Cato and soon started with the frightened German. Hardly had they left when a stranger to Mrs. Groves called at the house and asked for the doctor.

"He has just gone to the country, not half an hour ago," answered Mrs. Groves.

"When will he be home?" inquired the unknown man.

"Probably about eleven," was the response.

"I wanted him to make a call at my house."

"Is some one sick?" asked Mrs. Groves.

"Yes, my child is not well. Which direction is the doctor?"

"Down the river."

"How far? I live in that direction."

"About five miles, near to Mr. Porter's, at a German's house. That is as near as I can tell you."

"All right. I will find him and have him go with me a little farther."

"Very well," said Mrs. Groves, not noticing anything unusual, as messengers for a physician are often excited.

Dr. Groves found little Hans and his mother quite sick and needing close attention. After giving the necessary directions, he left for home about half past ten o'clock. The night was dark and cloudy. Not an outline of the path could be seen. But Groves was unconcerned about that. He had been out many dark nights. Cato would find the path safely enough. It was a lonely ride. He began to think of Mr. Hurley's warning, and of Jack's curious conversation, and of the note hanging in his office. He remembered that some of his old friends, with whom he had never had any personal difficulty or a word of dispute on any question, had turned against him; but still he could not believe that they would do him any violence. Then he remembered his experience in Megapolis. The words, "The city is not so far away but that you might have visitors from there some time," kept ringing in his ears. Riding alone through the woods on a dark night brought these things forcibly before his mind. But still he feared no great harm, especially that night, as no one but his wife knew where he was.

He had passed Porter's place and reached on the main road a deep ravine about four miles from home and was feeling quite safe, when suddenly his reins were seized, his horse stopped, the light of a bull's-eye flashed in his face, a revolver pointed at his head and an open note handed him to read by the dim light. It was:

DR. GROVES—Sir: At the peril of your life sign the paper attached.

* * * * * *

I hereby promise and swear that I will write to-morrow morning and cancel the engagement with T. R. Martin to lecture in Brandon, assigning no reason; and that I will cease my warfare against Freemasonry; and furthermore I promise and swear that I will never disclose, speak, write or hint of or in any way reveal these events. So help me God.

NEAR BRANDON, Sept. 19th, 18—.

He could not see a face or form. It was too dark to see anything excepting where there was a small gleam of light from the lantern. Causing his horse to move a little, he discovered by the sound that there were three men—two standing and holding the reins, one on his right and the other on his left, and the third on a horse almost in front of him. Once by the moving of the lantern he caught a glimpse of a mask. Evidently they were in earnest.

"Gentlemen," slowly spoke Groves, "will you let go of my horse and allow me to proceed?"

"You villain, sign that paper," answered a voice which Groves could not recognize.

"I do not wish to do so," coolly said the doctor.

"But you must and shall," was the demand.

"By what authority do you attempt to compel me?"

"By the authority of a righteous cause we demand your signature at once," said the same strange voice.

"But I have no pencil with me," said the doctor as calmly as if this was an every day occurrence. With such odds against him who would not sign a paper like that? "All that a man hath will he give for his life."

"Here is an indelible pencil," quickly added the spokesman of the party, who talked in a nervous, jerky manner, and whose voice had a peculiar huskiness, and a very slight foreign accent.

"But who are you?" inquired Groves.

"Strangers to you, and none of your business," was the reply in the same voice, which evidently was not disguised.

"I should like very much to know to whom I am under such peculiar obligations," the doctor answered.

"Sir, in three minutes, sign that paper or die like a dog; now not another word."

Groves did not speak. He seemed to be cowed. All was as still as death. No sound was heard save the dismal howlings of some distant wolves. Groves was thinking fast.

"One minute!" said the man at the right side, who held the watch in his left hand and a cocked revolver in the other.

The doctor knew that having gone this far, they could not retreat even if they wished. It would be useless to argue or plead, to appeal to justice or mercy.

The one holding the watch said in the same peculiar voice, "Two minutes!"

Cato, touched by a spur, moved a little, when the doctor dropped his pencil seemingly by an accident.

"Please hand me the pencil, quick. If I must, I must," said Groves nervously, as if completely frightened.

"Ah!" thought they, "an enemy conquered and no blood shed."

The man on the right stooped to pick up the necessary pencil, the one on the left, to give a little light, when suddenly sinking both spurs into his horse, Groves called out commandingly, "Cato!"

Two men were seen to be off their guard. Where the third was the doctor could not see. He had spent the time in planning. He hoped that as Cato would spring forward he would strike the horse in front of them and cause him to become unmanageable, and thus disconcert the rider. It was a desperate risk, but the only chance. As the word was given and the spurs struck, Cato sprang fully ten feet the first leap, jerking the reins from his captor's hands, dashing against the unseen horse, and then bounding away like a deer. The two men, as soon as they could collect their thoughts, raised their revolvers and fired. But it was too dark to take aim. The bullets whistled over the doctor's head. The man on horseback was startled and bewildered for a moment, but as soon as he could realize the situation and manage his horse, he was running in pursuit. Groves heard

the clatter of hoofs not far behind. He gave loose rein and encouraged his steed. The pursuer urged and cursed his.

Cato was a thoroughbred Hambletonian with high withers, graceful limbs, neat hoofs, beautiful head and long flowing tail and mane. In reference to him the doctor had often said proudly, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Although Cato was not young, he was not so old as to be stiff. Every limb was sound. Every muscle was strong and active. Once he could run. And now, if he could have been seen that night, as through the terrible darkness and over the firm roads he madly plunged, with flashing eyes, distended nostrils, outstretched neck, almost bursting veins, like whip-cords beneath his thin skin, and his long mane flying in the riders' face, who would have doubted his victory in a fair race? Groves would have spurned the thought of being beaten. He could now have laughed at his competitor if it were not for the danger of a revolver doing deadly work ere the danger could be outstripped. Every shot seemed to increase the speed of Cato as if he would out-run the whizzing bullets. On, on, on, he flew, wildly dashing through the darkness, over hills, through hollows, leaping culverts, skimming along level roads, bearing his master to safety. But still, with no mean horse running at his utmost speed, came the assassin swearing and shouting at his intended victim. But all in vain. The distance

gained at the start had been greatly increased. A common horse was no match for Cato. The race for life was won. The race for death was lost. The strategy and bravery of the doctor, with the quick action of his horse in springing and running, had saved him. He paused and waited several minutes when at a safe distance, but heard nothing more of his assailants. They had turned on another road, and were doubtless making for the city.

When Groves reached home his wife asked him if he had met a man who talked in a peculiar manner, with a husky voice and a foreign accent.

"Yes; was he here?"

"He was here and said that he wanted you to go and see his sick child."

"Well, I met him," said the doctor. But because it would do little good and would make his wife and Edith uneasy if they should hear of his encounter, he had resolved not to speak of it to any one.

He wrote a full explanation of the note handed him to sign, and an account of the affray, and locked all up together in his safe. But the events of that day and night were not unheeded. Groves while not neglecting his duties, was careful not to unnecessarily expose himself. Had it, he thought, come to this: A physician dare not ride out alone after night on an errand of mercy to the sick lest the institution of boasted charity waylay him?

Every action of the lodge confirmed the righteousness of his opposition.

The next morning he sent to Mr. Bowman the following note:

BRANDON, Sept. 20th, 18—.

MY DEAR SIR: Allow me after so many years to thank you again for Cato. He was a present from you in gratitude to me for employing the means of saving the life of little Maggie; and now your present has been the means of saving my life.

Yours,

WARREN GROVES.

Dr. Groves thought that the remembrance of Maggie's sickness and recovery might touch Bowman's heart. He believed that he owed his thanks again. He supposed if Mr. Bowman were ignorant of the whole affair that he would inquire about the meaning of the note. But no answer was ever received.

Although his life was saved the persecution did not cease. Annoyances almost past numbering were heaped on him and his family. Were they not to blame as much as he? But neither he nor they complained, threatened or tried to retaliate.

One morning before breakfast, Moses, the doctor's colored man, came in almost breathless, with the startling announcement, "Cato's dead, for shoah!"

Soon the whole family was at the stable. There was the fine-blooded old horse lying dead and stiff in his stall.

"He war all right las' night," said Moses, "but

wen I ope'd the doah dis mornin, he war done gone dead shoah enuff."

"Oh dear! what was the matter?" asked Edith.

"It's too bad!" said Mrs. Groves. "What killed him?"

"Dunno but dat too much Antimas'nry killed him. He did n't com' of dat kin' of stock—coud n't stood it," said Moses, remembering whence the horse came, and of Mr. Bowman's desire that the horse should find another owner.

All regretted deeply the loss of Cato, not only because of his noble qualities, but also because of their attachment to him for what he had done. But on this ground the doctor had reason for grief which they knew not of.

"Massa Doctah," said Moses, after the ladies had gone to the house, "dis ole niggah tinks Cato die mighty sudden."

"Yes, he did," answered the doctor. "A horse does not complain of being sick."

"But dar am syptoms, by which de d'agnosis may be 'liably asatained by de doctah in charge of de hoss, de same as in de man. Dat hoss war 'joy-ing perfec' wellness las' night."

"Perhaps so," answered the doctor.

"P'raps so! No, for shoah! He war n't a bit sick. An' dat dar hoss did n't die, I tell ye, of ole age ne'der if he wan't no colt," whispered the hostler.

"No, he was not very old, Moses; but take off

his halter and his shoes. They will do to use again. They are nearly new."

"Take off dem shoes! My goodness, Massa!" said Moses showing the white of his eyes and looking terrified. "My goodness, gracious!" catching his breath, "Den all yer hosses die shoah; an'—an'—mebby dis ole niggah die too!"

"No danger, Moses, if you will sprinkle a little salt on the hoofs first," said the doctor who had often tried in vain to reason him out of his superstitions, but who thought this time that he ought to calm his terrors.

"Shoah?"

"Yes, sure. No harm will come from the shoes then."

"Wall, now! Why did n't you tell me dat afore, 'stead of denyin' de solemn truff?"

Moses got the salt and put it on the hoofs and began to pull the shoes. He was somewhat suspicious of the result, but Groves again assured him. When he had taken off one he said, "Dun you 'spose enybody am displeas' to obsarve you wid dat hoss?"

"Why?"

"'Cause dat hoss bring up onpleasan' 'membrances. Somebody might feel kin' of env'us like, kine of reg'lar mean."

"Never mind, Moses, work away," said Groves. Moses took off slowly two more shoes. He believed the doctor's assurance, but his faith lacked experi-

ence. Before he took off the last shoe he said, "Massa Doctah, be you 'formed of a min'ral or fluent substance by de which a hoss mought be 'abled to 'part dis life purty sudden?"

"Why so, Moses?"

"'Cause d'ye s'pose anybody 'moved dat hoss by foul means, 'cause he 'sociate too much with 'fernal 'Anties,' eh?" asked Moses hesitatingly.

"Moses," said the doctor firmly, "do n't mention that again to me or anyone else. Do you hear?"

"Yes sah, but ole Mose' tinks it to hissef all de same," was the answer.

"Well, keep such thoughts to yourself and it will be better for you and the rest of us. Such talk is more dangerous than taking off a dead horse's shoes."

The doctor by no means neglected his profession to oppose the lodge. Only a few hours a month were required for the events here recorded. His practice was as large as he wished. He was employed by all classes. The contention was not so bitter that all Masons and their friends forsook him; not at all. He waited on some of their sick, and when engaged in a professional visit never mentioned this subject, unless others introduced it, and he knew that it was a proper time and place to speak.

One day previous to the death of Cato, and even before the exposition by Martin, the doctor was some miles in the country in a community where

for some unknown reason he had not been called recently, and when near the house which he was to visit, an old friend met him accidentally on the road and eyed him cautiously, saying:

"Well, Doctor, how are you, anyhow?"

"I'm well, thank you," replied the doctor.

"Completely well?" his friend asked with his face expressing both surprise and joy.

"Yes sir, very well."

"You have been sick?"

"No sir, not for years."

"The friend eyed him a little longer and tried it again.

"Ahem! Well, you've been away from home."

"No sir."

"Well—ahem! Are you all right every way?" was asked earnestly.

"Why yes, certainly. Why do you ask? What is the matter with *you*?" inquired Groves rapidly.

"Nothing much," he said dubiously.

"What is it? Out with it," said Groves.

"O nothing. I did n't for a moment believe it. I knew at the time there was n't a word of truth in it; but I heard—indeed it's the common report in these quarters—ahem!—that is it was the talk that you were sick—ahem!—well, a little deranged in fact. It is n't so, is it?" said the man with a desperate effort.

"Ha! ha!" roared the doctor. "Do n't ask a crazy man if he is crazy."

"Were you afflicted in any way?" asked the friend.

"No, not in the least, that I remember; but come nearer home and ask others."

"No, I believe you and my own eyes. But you have been reported crazy, and for that reason several when sick did not call on you. It was said that you rode some hobby and studied nervous diseases until you had it yourself."

"Had what?"

"A nervous disease resulting in insanity," said his friend not now afraid to speak.

"I think perhaps it was only a story told to injure me away from home."

"You have not an enemy in the world, have you, Doctor?"

"I hate no man," said Groves, "and I try to give no man a reason for enmity against me. But some men, driven by a tyrant over them, hate me without a cause, or merely because I am trying to slay their cruel master."

"How is that?"

The doctor explained the whole subject and thus made one more Antimason that day.

He discovered soon that the report of his insanity had been very generally circulated in that direction, but it was a sufficient answer to know that when those who made and spread the story were very sick they sent for Groves.

"Doctor," eagerly said an aged man who came

a few miles from the other side of the village, "Can n't you possibly ride out a little piece?"

"Certainly, if necessary," promptly answered the doctor.

"I know that you have quit riding, but my daughter I am afraid will die. I wish that you could have seen her and saved her. It may be too late now, but come to see her just once."

"Certainly; I will be ready in a few minutes," said Groves.

"But, Doctor, why did you quit riding? You could have saved my daughter's life. She was not very bad at first," said the frail old man.

"Who said I had quit riding?"

"O, several. It's the common report out our way," was the answer.

"Do you remember any of them?"

"Two or three from near here told it first."

"Who were they?" inquired Groves.

"Do n't ask; I can't give their names," the old man replied sincerely.

"Do n't give their names, but look; were they men who know and make these motions?" asked Groves, giving several Masonic signs.

"Eh!" said the old man surprised, knowing the doctor was not a member.

"Were they men who do this sometimes?" giving the due guard and penal sign of the third degree.

"Eh!" ejaculated the old man again.

"Were they men who use these signs?"

"Y-e-s," came slowly and timidly.

"Well, I am opposed to that institution and give my objections, and that is the reason the false report is spread around. I ride every day, and would cheerfully have waited on your daughter and saved her life, if possible, as I think it was."

The frail old man saw through it all at once. He almost trembled with rage. "I am, or was, a Mason, but *curses* on the lodge. It has often wronged me before, and now it has killed my daughter," bitterly said or hissed the aged father.

"It is not my first taste of its poisonous drugs, either," said Dr. Groves. "I have more than once drunk its bitter draughts."

CHAPTER XIII.

"ANOTHER, YET THE SAME."

"This is true liberty when freeborn men,
Having to advise the public may speak free;
What can be juster in a state than this?"

—MILTON'S *Horace*.

ONE boast concerning Masonry is that it is always and everywhere the same. In some things it differs. In the appendages and customs and symbols of the institution there are differences according to the peculiar beliefs and sentiments of the people among whom it exists. In America "the book of the law," to please the Christian, is the Bible; but to satisfy the Jew the name of Christ is expunged from passages quoted in the rituals and monitors, and from the prayers of the lodge; and to satisfy the infidel the square and the compass are added on an equality with the Scriptures or even placed above them. In China will the lodge use the Bible? There, "the book of the law" is the works of Confucius. Among Mohammedans there

is the Koran, and among the disciples of Zoroaster will be found the Zend Avesta.

The customs in all lodges, even in this country, are not the same. The oath is not always administered in the same words. The candidates for initiation are not all dressed (or undressed) precisely alike. The proceedings of the various lodges differ. The members are far from being the same. Among them are found ministers and infidels, Christians and heathen, the temperate and the drunkard, the temperance lecturer and the saloon keeper, the chaste and the libertine, the sheriff and the professional burglar, the judge and the indicted criminal, the warden and the ex-convict, and sometimes the prisoner—good and bad men of nearly every class.

In what then, is Masonry the same everywhere? Only in spirit and in a few fundamental principles and unchangeable customs. The sameness of the lodge in some respects will be illustrated in this chapter of history.

Thomas R. Martin, the seceding Mason who was announced to reveal the secret workings of the order in Brandon, left his home nearly a week before the time appointed for the work to begin. By taking a circuitous route a part of his journey could be made by boating up the delightful river. Choosing to combine pleasure with business, he selected this route. By stage he reached Mikronville, which was some thirty miles from his home

in the opposite direction from Brandon, but, owing to a large bend in the river, it was the nearest place at which he could reach a landing. Very few boats were running, but the next day he was fortunate enough to secure passage on a small but first-class steamer. The trip including stops occupied about two days. On the morning of the second day a very friendly and courteous stranger approached and entered into conversation. By mutually introducing themselves, each discovered that the other was a minister. After pleasantly discussing different subjects, especially the tenets of their churches, which were closely related, the stranger incidentally mentioned the subject of Masonry. Mr. Martin asked him what he considered the relation of Masonry to Christianity.

"Ah! her handmaid," approvingly answered the stranger. "Indeed, her twin sister."

"You are a member then, I suppose," said Mr. Martin.

"I am most happy to say that I am a Knight Templar," was the proud answer, with the query, "Are you, sir?"

"I was once a Royal Arch Mason."

"And not now?"

"No, sir, I left the order entirely."

"How could you? 'Once a Mason always a Mason.'"

"So the books say, but I do not say so."

"Of course you could cease attending lodge and

paying dues, but you can never be freed from your obligation, and your obligation makes you a Mason.

"But I am free from every obligation. I am not a Freemason but a free man."

"Do you mean that you do not owe the highest duty of a Mason, that of secrecy?"

"Yes, sir; you understand me?"

"Well," said the reverend stranger astonished, "what about your oaths?"

"My dear brother, I never took an oath in the lodge," was the answer.

"Then you never were a Mason," said the stranger.

"Well, I was put through the usual ceremonies. I was initiated, passed and then raised to the sublime degree, as we used to say," replied Martin very slowly, with the circumflex on nearly every word.

"Then why did you not take an oath?"

"Just because when I pronounced the words of the obligation it was with the expressed condition that I took it as an oath if it contained nothing inconsistent with my duties. After pronouncing or mumbling clause after clause I found that it was inconsistent, so I consider I have never sworn to it," answered the seceder.

"Your oath is above every other obligation, and no duty can conflict with it. If anything does conflict, it is not a duty. Do you not believe the words of one of our great authors, 'The oath is irrevoca-

ble; no law of the land can affect it; no anathema of the church can weaken it' " ?

"No, sir, I do not believe that. If you will allow me to use your own words I will say, that I believe: The *law of God* is above every other obligation and no duty can conflict with *it*. If anything conflicts with the Bible it is not a duty. It is the only rule of right. No law of the land, no anathema of an erring church, and no oath of any kind can weaken it or change it. Is that not true?" answered Mr. Martin in an earnest and yet respectful manner.

"Sir," was the answer, "if your argument were correct, it would only show that if in any certain case your obligation conflicted with supposed duty, you would be free from that part only, and not from your sworn duty to ever conceal the secrets."

Mr. Martin answered, "On your admission I could reveal all."

"How, without perjury?"

"Easy enough. The Worshipful Master or the lodge is not my judge of right and duty. My own conscience must be. I do not, must not, give it to another's keeping. Now, I consider Masonry dangerous and evil to a man, to the church, and to the state. I believe, then, that as a citizen and a minister, I ought to warn all, especially young men, against it, as against other evils. To do this I must plainly tell them what Masonry is and what it does."

"But I suppose that you, a Christian minister,

never violate your oath," said the stranger with a slight sneer.

"No, sir, I tell you, I never took an oath," answered Mr. Martin quickly. "I never swore to do anything inconsistent with my duty."

"And all secrecy is inconsistent?" asked the stranger.

"O no, no," replied Martin. "Secrecy is not wrong in itself. No one believes that. But for me to keep the secrets of Masonry is inconsistent with my duty to others."

"And do you reveal them?"

"If you wish to know whether or not my practice is according to my principles, I will say cheerfully that often in private I have warned young men of the ceremonies through which they must pass to become Masons, and what obligations they must take, but I have never yet made a public exposition of the lodge, as I expect to do next week," promptly answered Mr. Martin.

"Then you are a perjured villain, and ought to be punished accordingly," said the very courteous minister and advanced member of the excellent order of love and charity, as he walked away with unsubdued passions.

Several other passengers had gathered around these ministers during this conversation and had become much interested, as is usual when this subject is discussed. Some murmured, but some began to ask questions about the order. Mr. Martin an-

swered these as fast as he was able, and pointed out, as he had opportunity, the danger and the evil of the things which he revealed. The bell tapped for supper. Mr. Martin promised that after eating he would tell them all about the inside of the lodge. He went to the table and partook of a hearty meal. Soon after several passengers gathered around him and asked him to proceed with his exposition. He was seated comfortably on the deck, from where he, as well as the others, could see the beauty of the hills and of the farms which they were passing. The evening was calm and pleasant. The sun was just setting in all its glory. It not only painted the clouds as with pigment, but also stained the water of the river as with a crimson dye. As they looked back on the wake of the boat, its ruffled waters seemed like a troubled sea of blood. Martin introduced the subject by saying that he felt peculiarly impressed with the surroundings. His life was like this journey. All around him was beauty and joy. Beyond and above him he believed was glory. While his path itself was like the path of the boat, unsafe, troubled, and at last, perhaps, stained with blood. He began to answer their request more directly by saying in a calm and pleasant manner which was in harmony with his own feelings and the character of the evening :

"My friends, I do not like to talk on this subject. I do it not for pleasure, not for profit, not merely to satisfy your curiosity, but because I believe it is my

duty, as certainly as it is the duty of this boat to pass over dangerous rapids in obedience to him who stands at the wheel. Masonry must be revealed time and again until its secret workings are known and understood. Nothing will kill it sooner or more certainly. Taking the covering off of it and exposing it to view, is much like killing an eel by skinning it. It's cruel, but it's quick, easy and sure.

"Masonry is not an old institution. Its very name, 'Ancient,' is a falsehood. It was organized in 1717. On the 24th day of June, in that year, four societies of working masons met in Apple Tree Tavern in the city of London and formed the first lodge of Speculative, or 'Free and Accepted Masons.' Mackey, in his 'Lexicon of Freemasonry,' tells us that 'what marks the modern lodge as a totally and entirely different thing from those which existed before the London meeting of 1717, is this: That at that time Masonry ceased to be operative and became speculative, and the lodges have since had no more to do with building than have convents of priests.' The Grand Orator of Iowa publicly confessed this truth when he said, 'To claim great antiquity for our order may do to tell the marines; but it is an insult to the common intelligence of men.'

"Masonry is not old, but some of its ceremonies are ancient. They are derived from the old Baal worship. From the time one enters the lodge he

must conform to the old heathenish worship of the sun."

Mr. Martin had begun to speak slowly and with difficulty. He seemed bewildered. He waited a moment and began again:

"At a meeting of the lodge, the Master having called it to order and seated the officers, says to the Junior Warden, 'Brother Junior, are they all entered apprentice Masons in the south?' The answer is, 'They are, Worshipful.' The Master then asks of the Senior Warden, 'Brother Senior, are they all entered apprentice Masons in the west?' He answers"—

The answer did not come. Mr. Martin fell down in a violent spasm, an epileptic fit some supposed. A physician on board was called, made an examination and quickly gave him some medicine. Soon he was better, but seemed stupid and listless. The physician sent him to bed, where he slept until the next morning, when they expected to reach Brandon.

Mr. Martin did not dare to eat again on the boat. A few minutes before reaching Brandon he took the physician aside and asked him the cause of his violent sickness.

The doctor said, "Ahem; were you ever troubled that way before?"

"No, sir."

"Ahem, well," said the doctor timidly, "proba-

bly you had better be careful, or you may be troubled again.

"Why so?" asked Martin.

"Well, indeed, I think—I ask you not to mention it—I would not dare to say so publicly, but I believe the cause of the trouble was a—dose of poison. You came within an inch of dying, and I advise you hereafter to leave secret societies alone. Now notice I am not a Mason, nor a friend of Masonry. I am an Antimason, but"—said the timid physician, stopping suddenly and nodding his head significantly a few times.

"I certainly am very grateful for your warning and for your kind care of me. How much do I owe you for your professional services," said Mr. Martin.

"Nothing whatever. I would n't think of charging you anything. I am glad to be the means of saving your life. I am an Antimason, but think it is unwise to expose myself for all that can be done. Masonry cannot be overthrown. It is too strong. Fighting it is like butting your head against a stone wall."

"So it was said of slavery once," suggested Martin.

"But this will be a harder conflict," said the doctor.

"I think not," said Mr. Martin. "Expose it, and it will become unpopular; let it become unpopular and it will become worthless; let it become worth-

less and it will die; while a slave was valuable as long as one was possessed."

"Yes, I see some difference, but I am not ready or able to help you. It isn't safe."

"Do you understand Masonry, its laws and principles, its obligations and power?"

"No, I have only observed a few facts and events something like that of yesterday. I am opposed, but—but am not in the fight."

"But, sir, you ought to be in the fight. If all who are opposed even as little as you, would only show their colors, in a very short time Masonry would be no more. It could not stand the tide of popular opinion against it. But I must leave you here," said Mr. Martin, as the boat touched the shore. "Please give me your address and allow me to thank you again for saving my life. I shall always remember you."

"I am glad to have met you," answered the doctor, handing him his card, "and hope to meet you again."

"Thank you. I hope, too, we shall meet again. But will you look up this question, remembering the events of yesterday?"

"Yes, such things are not easily forgotten. I am now opposed to Masonry, but it will not do much good to fight it. It only makes matters worse."

The boat had just landed. Mr. Martin bade his friend a cordial farewell and went on shore. Dr. Groves met him and took him to his own home,

where he had invited him to remain until after the lectures.

If there was a little breeze when the bills for the lectures were posted, there was a gale when the lecturer arrived, and when the time for the exposition came there was a whirlwind. Nothing had ever been announced in the village which produced so much interest and excitement. By the third evening the village had become a city in population. Farmers for miles around had come, bringing their whole families. Citizens of neighboring villages were there, and even a few came from the city. No building could hold one tenth of the people, so it was deemed best to adjourn to the public park to work the third degree.

On the first evening, Mr. Martin gave a brief history of the order, called attention to its boasted principles, exposed its sham charity, pointed out its false religion, and declared that for these reasons he hated the institution and fought against it so that young men might be deterred from entering it, and its members might be induced to escape its bondage.

After a lengthy introduction, in which he gained the sympathy, confidence and respect of all unbiased persons in the audience, he called seven men to the stage and asked them to act as Masonic officers. These put on little white aprons, felt like fools, and took their places as Martin directed them. Then acting as spokesman for all, having secured a candidate, the lecturer duly opened the lodge, initi

ated a young man into the mysteries of Masonry in due and regular form and closed the lodge.

All this was done in a quiet and orderly manner, with only one or two interruptions from the audience. Shortly after beginning the ceremonies of initiation he intentionally, but as though he made a mistake in ignorance, varied from the established customs of the order. In conducting the candidate from the Master in the east to the Senior Warden in the west, he led him by the way of the north, or contrary to the course of the sun. This was a serious blunder, for the being that is worshiped must be followed. There was a low laugh by a few in the rear part of the house, which the greater part of the audience could not understand. The lecturer promised to explain the matter before adjourning.

When the candidate had been brought into the room before this, there was a shout of derision and cries of "Shame!" "Shame!" There was the candidate standing before them, divested of his outward apparel, his eyes blindfolded, his left foot bare, his right in a slipper, his left breast and arm naked, and a rope called a cable tow around his neck and arm. Mr. Martin pointed his finger several seconds at the candidate and then slowly and forcibly answered, "Yes, it is a shame for any man of sense or honor to submit to such rites and ceremonies as every man must do when he first enters the lodge."

Old pious Deacon Moyle, who kept a meat market in the village, and who had been in the habit on Sab-

baths of shedding tears at the sanctuary in the morning, and the blood of bulls and goats at his slaughter house in the evening, arose and said:

"In righteous indignation and disgust I denounce this whole performance as a lie."

"Well, Stranger, are you a Mason?" asked Martin.

"I am, and know all about it," was the answer.

"Let me ask you one more question," said the lecturer. "When you were initiated were you not inclosed in a large bag, carried around the room, and finally immersed in a tank of cold water; were you?"

"No, sir, nor anything like it, answered the deacon very promptly and firmly.

"Are you willing to swear to that?"

"Yes, sir, I am," he said emphatically.

"Now," said Mr. Martin, "I will pay the legal fee, and leave your village to-night, and promise never to return, or lecture on this subject elsewhere, and you will only do your duty to this audience if your first statement is true, if you will now stand up before 'Squire Jones and take an oath that when you were initiated into the Entered Apprentice degree of Masonry you did not present a similar appearance to our candidate, or, in Masonic language, that you were not 'prepared by being divested of all metals, neither naked, or clothed, barefoot, or shod, hoodwinked, with a cable tow around your neck, in which condition you were conducted to the door of the lodge.'"

Mr. Moyle became very red in the face. The audience laughed when he hesitated. He grew redder, answered, "You are a perjured villain," and sat down.

"I cheerfully admit," answered Mr. Martin, that I am revealing what the Masonic oath would require Masons to ever conceal, but you confirm all my statements when you say that by giving them I perjure myself; and not only have you in this way, but every Mason here has broken his oath, because all have sworn never to sit in a clandestine lodge, a lodge like this, working without a legal charter."

The applause which followed showed plainly that the audience was largely in sympathy with the speaker.

Mr. Martin added: "In this connection I can say truly, no Mason keeps his oath inviolate in every particular. Masons generally, the strictest of them, break their oaths by initiating contrary to established custom those not free-born; by giving the degree to Masons without due examination; by wronging others at least to the value of one cent; by speaking evil of their brethren; by failing to keep all their personal secrets, and to go on all their errands even if they should have to go barefoot and bareheaded, and especially by failing to aid all poor, indigent Master Masons, their wives and orphans, as far as it is in their power. If they can do these things contrary to their oaths, why do they censure me for telling a few silly secrets?"

Soon many of the order began to leave the hall. The lecturer remarked that their hasty departure confirmed his statement about perjuring themselves by sitting in his lodge, and that he would have to excuse them. He added also, quickly, that he was aware of his little intentional mistake in the ceremony, but that their laugh showed that they also had noticed it, and therefore the rest must be correct, for they were far from laughing at anything else. The Masons made their escape, or some remaining did not again beard the lion in his den.

On Tuesday evening the second degree was worked in the presence of wondering spectators. The entered apprentice Mason was "*passed* to the Fellow Craft's Degree."

But the working of the third degree on Wednesday evening capped the climax. The air in the grove was pleasant and still. The speaker was in his best mood. The audience was immense. Thousands listened with eager ears, and watched with wondering eyes, as the "Fellow Craft was *raised* to the sublime degree of Master Mason." The silence was intense when Martin pronounced, clause by clause, Masonic fashion, the words of the oath which were repeated without being understood by the candidate:

"I, Rev. Dick Turpin," said Martin, acting as Worshipful Master.

"I, Rev. Dick Turpin," said the young man act-

ing as the ministerial candidate for Masonry, or 'seeking for the new birth,' as Mackey says.

"Of my own free will and accord," said the Worshipful Master *pro tem*.

"Of m' own free will and a cord," said the candidate, thinking of the cord around his neck.

"In the presence of Almighty God," said the Master.

"Presence—'mighty God," repeated the candidate.

"And this worshipful lodge of Master Masons"—

"And this worshipful lodge of Master Masons."

"Erected to God"—

"Wrecked to God."

"And dedicated to the Holy Order of St. John"—

"And dead and catered too, Holy Order sent John."

"Do hereby," was the next clause.

"Do here buy," was the idea of the answer.

"And hereon"—

"And hear on."

"Most solemnly and sincerely"—

"Almost solemnly and sincerely."

"Promise and swear"—

"From us and swear."

"In addition to"—

"In edition two."

"My former obligations."

"My former obligations."

Thus they continued, clause by clause, in a man-

ner consistent with the above beginning, which is as well as is generally done in the lodge, until the long oath was finished; and when this was done, more than one, horrified at the oath and more horrified at the penalty, which breathes a spirit of barbarism, cried out "Shame!"

Then, as the traditional account of the death, burials and resurrection of Hiram Abiff, the widow's son, represented by the candidate, was worked out or played on the stage in a manner which the lodge might emulate, the eager audience looked and listened with mingled feelings. When they saw the ridiculousness of it, some laughed; when they saw its silliness, some blushed for their Masonic friends and kindred; when they saw its profanity some were shocked; and when they saw the end of it, all were glad.

Hiram Abiff was killed in pretence; but Masonry in Brandon was killed in reality. It could not stand the shock of being turned and seen inside out. True, the tail might wriggle for a time, but the serpent had been stunned past recovery. Its back had been broken, and its head had been bruised.

There were a few in Brandon who, when they saw how bad a thing Masonry was, were more ready to enter it, but the moral and respectable now would never join it, although a few faintly professed not to believe the exposition.

That night about twelve a boat was heard to whistle. It was the first one that had passed going

down since Martin had arrived in the village, and another might not pass for several days; and so that he could preach in his own church the next Sabbath he took passage on that boat and left immediately for home.

He reached Mikronville about noon on Saturday and found the stage that carried passengers and mail had left in the morning. He was fortunate enough, however, to meet a near neighbor of his own, with a buggy, who invited him to ride home with him. He reached his home a little after dark. After taking a cup of tea he hastened to his study to prepare for the next day. About eleven o'clock he heard quite a noise in his barn, where he kept a fine young horse. Thinking "Jachin" might be loose or down in his stall he hurriedly ran to the colt, but found him safely tied. He thought of his unfinished sermon lying on his study table, and must hurry back to it, but just as he came through the stable door he was violently seized by two powerful men and immediately gagged. Soon others were there. The night was too dark to see their number, but judging by the sound of their feet there were several persons in the company.

Mr. Martin's home was near a small village which was built near a large area of woods, in the edge of which was his barn. After he had been gagged and his arms pinioned he was placed on a rail and carried into the woods to the edge of a large deep pond called Lake Pierce.

On their arrival he was thrown on the ground and trampled in the mud, with their boot heels cutting in many places his flesh. After which the lacerated places were covered with turpentine. His pain of body was intense. His agony of mind was greater. Who were his antagonists? At first he thought they were robbers. But this idea was soon dispelled. He thought of his exposition of Masonry at Brandon, and of the experience of other seceders, and of his narrow escape on the boat, and the thought struck him that he was in the hands of infuriated Masons. But it was among strangers that he had been poisoned. Surely, his own neighbors, whom he had known for years, would not injure him. Then, how did they know he that he had given an exposition? None knew he was to do so before he went away. The Masons in Brandon did not know his address before his arrival. He had left on the first boat that had passed down since he came up the river. No mail had arrived at his little country village from Brandon since he had begun his lectures. But surely his antagonists were Masons. Then he wondered what they would do with him. They allowed him to lie quiet in the mud a few moments, perhaps with the intention that he should suffer the agony of suspense. What would come next? He expected death before they left him. He had broken the obligation whose penalty was, in their language, "to have his body severed in two in the midst and divided to the north

and south, his bowels burnt to ashes in the center, and the ashes scattered before the four winds of heaven."

But would Masons enforce this penalty? He knew in times past it had been enforced. He had reliable, historical evidence of not less than seven individuals, including Morgan, being murdered under Masonic law, and had accounts of numerous unsuccessful attempts of the lodge to take life. He knew the common saying, "The good men in the lodge would not allow it to do wrong," is untrue. The bad are in the majority. The best are not present when evil deeds are planned. The good are often deceived with lodge sophistry. He had heard it claimed by Masons, that when one entered the lodge he gave his life to its keeping; and when he broke its oaths he forfeited his life; and then his life could not be unjustly taken from him, for he had given it up as a forfeiture. He had also heard it claimed in the lodge that civil government was only a human compact; that any number of men in any place could unite and agree to be governed by common laws; that any society thus organized had all the rights of civil government; and so that their society or their *imperium in imperio* could administer the oath, frame laws and punish the violators even with death. These things explained to him how some respectable men could believe that the lodge had the power to execute the death penalty on "perjured villains."

He had been shocked with this doctrine when he first heard it, and now he was being shocked by it in a more serious manner. He thought of these things in less time than it takes to read them. Not a word had yet been spoken by his assailants. They had silently followed a silent leader and carried him to the pond and trampled him in the mud without speaking. A muffled voice said derisively, "We are perjured, too, are we?"

Mr. Martin thought he had heard that voice before. He could not recognize it as any of his neighbors. Evidently the speaker referred to the lecture. This made him wonder the more. Again the same voice said tauntingly:

"We will laugh at your intentional mistake."

"Aha! ha, ha!" the followers venture to say in disguised voices.

Then they were quiet a moment, when he had time to think surely some one had come from Brandon and reported him, and perhaps was there acting as leader and spokesman. The trip across the country was very much shorter than around by the river, and could be made by one on horseback in a day or a little more.

"Let us initiate him," said the leader.

They opened a large bag, put him in it, tied it up with a long rope, to one end of which they continued to hold, and immersed him two or three times in the pond. After he had been taken out and revived by a stimulant, which they forced down

his throat, and which he feared was poison, the same voice, yet unrecognized, said slowly and solemnly, "Mr. Martin, you deserve to die. You have forfeited your life. We hate to kill you, as is our duty and right, so have concluded to let this suffice as a punishment, if you will now raise your hand and willingly swear, without any conditions of consistency, never to disclose any of the secrets of Masonry, including this necessary work of to-night."

The gag had been removed before the immersion so Mr. Martin could now speak. If these assailants knew anything of the attack on Dr. Groves, of Brandon they had learned one thing—to make sure their victim could not escape.

"I have committed no crime, broken no law of the land, and why should I suffer this?" asked Martin.

"Not a word on that, sir," sternly answered the spokesman with an ill attempt to disguise his voice. "You know what laws you have broken. You have committed the crime of treason against your lawful government and deserve a traitor's death. But we will not argue. Will you swear, or die?"

No answer.

"Then," added the spokesman, "we ask you, not as we might, never to oppose Masonry, but only to swear never to disclose its secrets. This you can do and ought to do, and save your life and relieve us of a painful duty."

No answer. The large bag was again opened,

and Mr. Martin forced into it. At his feet were placed several stones, and in his pocket was placed a rubber tobacco pouch which contained this note, written in imitation of his own hand:

If my body is ever found, as I hope it never will be, this is to inform my friends and warn all Masons, that I die of remorse for breaking my solemn oaths. May God have mercy on the soul of a perjured villain.

THOMAS R. MARTIN.

PARSONAGE, Oct. 6th, 18—.

The bag was tied from the inside by one slipping his hand through a small opening near the top so that it would seem as though Martin had tied it himself. The hole in the bag was then sewed up. All was ready.

"Now," said the spokesman of the party, "you must either swear or be cast into the lake. Will you swear? Answer in three minutes."

"Ah!" thought Mr. Martin, "I could die if it were not for my wife and child. Who would care for them?" And as he thought of his loving wife whom he loved as his own flesh, and of his darling little Dora, only six years of age; as he thought of their grief and suffering should he die; as he thought of his youth and strength and bright prospects and the good he might do should he live; as he thought of the beauty of nature, the blue heavens, the green earth, the beautiful river down which he had been sailing; as the vision of all these things

came before his mind his desire of life was increased. "Ah!" thought he, "life is sweet."

Then he remembered that he could lecture against the lodge and oppose it in every way, excepting by revealing its secrets. He could gain nothing by dying. He could do much good by living. Thus he was being tempted to swear.

All had been as silent as the grave. Perhaps the party were silently praying for him to become willing to swear and for their relief from the necessity of blood, while he was silently praying to know his duty.

The cold, hard voice said, "One minute!"

That sound seemed to start another train of thought in Martin's mind. He was not afraid to die. "To die is gain." Nothing could as quickly overthrow Masonry as public expositions. Masons hate above all else for others to know what the lodge is and does. It seemed as though his Master had permitted him to fall into the sin of membership so that he might be raised up for this purpose. If he must die his blood would cry out from the ground. His death would confirm his exposition and hurt the order more than all he could do in life. Providence would care for his wife and child. He thought of the blessed martyrs and of their crowns of glory. Should he receive this great honor? He remembered his Savior's death and asked himself, "Am I willing to die for him?" "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

"Two minutes!" said the leader. "Will you swear?"

"No," was the firm answer.

"Then die in sixty seconds," said the leader, more angry from disappointment.

Martin began to breathe out his soul in prayer. He spoke slowly and plainly. He asked for grace and strength to do his duty. He prayed for his persecutors, that they might relent, or that he might be enabled to escape and thus save them the guilt of blood. He prayed for their forgiveness if he must die by their hands. Then he named his wife and child. He almost broke down, but was enabled to pray for their comfort and safety.

"Two minutes and a half," rudely broke in the spokesman of the impatient and guilty crowd.

Then they heard from the lips of their intended victim, "'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' 'And now into thy hands I commit'"—

"Here they are! FIRE!" cried a loud voice not far away, as the light of a lantern flashed on them. Immediately several shots were fired in rapid succession. The men dropped the bag which they had seized, preparatory to throwing it into the lake, and ran. The man, for there was only one, ran from behind the bushes, ripped open the bag and found in it, almost dead from pain and fright, his sister's husband.

He had been traveling and stopped that evening

to stay over Sabbath with his sister. They had seen Mr. Martin go out hurriedly, and when he did not return in half an hour they became very uneasy, and lighting his pocket-lantern he started out in search of him. Coming near the lake, he saw the gleam of a dark lantern, and had stealthily approached. He came within hearing distance just in time to catch the words, "Then die in sixty seconds." Seeing no other way of rescue for the one who was in the bag, and whom evidently they intended to drown, he resolved to frighten the assailants, if possible, with the suggestion of their pursuit by a number. So he called out commandingly, "Fire!" and discharged his own revolver toward them.

Mr. Martin was helped to walk home, but fainted just as he reached his door. A physician was called, who dressed his wounds and quieted his nerves with drugs. In a few weeks he had almost entirely recovered from his injuries. The next morning after he was first able to take a short walk down the street, he received by mail the following note, written in red ink:

You are wel' enuff to go. We giv' you 10 dazes to leave. Now git.

PEACEABLE CITIZENS.

He did not leave. He used every precaution for safety he could secure, and continued to live there with his friends and congregation. He had peace and comfort, with the exception of slight annoy-

ances from false reports in regard to his character and conduct, which were continually being manufactured by members of the lodge and spread abroad by its scavengers.

When the account of the assault on Mr. Martin became public the Masons did not seem to be much concerned, but coolly said that it was all a lie; that he had been drunk on the boat and had a fight at Mikronville; that he had written that note himself, and that his brother-in-law, by his testimony, was only trying to cover up a kinsman's disgrace.

In answer to a note of inquiry, Martin received the following reply:

BRANDON, Nov. 23d, 18—.

REV. T. R. MARTIN—*Dear Bro.*: Your note received. I am sorry to hear of your misfortune, but am glad that you are alive and are convalescent.

What shall be done with this cruel tyrant which often makes almost fiends out of respectable men? How long shall this government within our government, triumph over it, trample down its laws, and war against every interest except its own?

In answer to your suspicions, I am afraid that they are well founded, for, as I have learned, Deacon Moyle was at home Thursday, the week of your work here, until about dark, and then was not seen again until the next Monday morning and no one knows or has told where he was, excepting that he was away on business. It seems hard to believe that he could be led or driven to do as it seems he has done. So hard is it that when it is proven many will refuse to believe that he or Masonry will do such things, and then refuse to help us in our

opposition to the order. Surely Satan must control this institution which seems to be the same in its workings everywhere.

Yours,

WARREN GROVES.

CHAPTER XIV.

"MATCHLESS BEYOND COMPARE."

"He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of Heaven
To serve the devil in."

POLLOCK'S *Course of Time*.

THERE is some danger of getting a false idea of the condition of affairs in Brandon. Reading the account of this conflict only, and that continuously, one is apt to think there was nothing in the village but strife and contention, wars and rumors of wars. This is not true. Generally Brandon was as quiet and peaceful as any other country village. Society was not seriously disturbed. There were divisions something like political parties. There were periodic excitements something like political campaigns. Perhaps there was a little more feeling on this question than on merely political questions, because it involved other interests, personal, moral and religious, and also because the American party, recently organized, was deemed by some unworthy of existence.

The citizens generally were divided into four classes—Masons, Antimasons, "But-masons," and what were commonly, though not classically, called "Jack-masons."

There were a few individuals who were not included in any of the above classes. These were the honest friends of the lodge, who had known something good in it, or done by it, and while they would not oppose would not help it, until they could know the truth in regard to its character. These would, as honest men, soon belong to one of the two classes mentioned first in the list.

The first of these was composed of members. Of these there were obviously two kinds. There were those who, through respect for it as their religion, or from love of it as an advantage, or from fear of its power, were in abject slavery to the lodge; and there were a few who merely adhered to it, but would not let it stand much in the way of any known duty.

The Antimasonic party included all opposed to secret societies, from the fanatics, as the leaders were called, to those who were not favorable to such associations, but were not deeply interested.

The third class was small in the village, but is large in the nation. It is composed of those who believe Masonry is wrong and injurious, but who are afraid to say so publicly, or to attack it or to defend Antimasonry. Their own description of themselves in private is generally in these words: "I

am no Mason, but"—or "I am an Antimason, but"—. Among ministers there are many of these—"dumb dogs which cannot bark." They dare not preach plainly on the text, "And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them;" or, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers;" or, "And thou shalt swear in *truth*, in *righteousness* and in *judgment*." They perhaps excuse themselves by perverting and repeating the passage, "For it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret." They should be ashamed of their silence. And yet it would be a shame to plainly describe all that is done in the lodge and the meaning of their symbols. Some other persons would not dare to speak their belief on this subject, because its discussion might produce a ripple on the placid surface of society, and, by speaking themselves, their popularity, or prospects for office, or their business might be injured for a few days. These all believe this or that, "but"—.

The last class is distinct from the others, and it is large. For there are many who are called men, but lacking the honesty, independence and wit of men, deserve not the name. These are ever ready to toady to any lord, demagogue, corporation or party for the sake of bread and butter, or position. And in this conflict there are some of them who, as long as they were coddled or helped by the lodge, or by a friend, or partner or employer who is a

member, will deny that Masonry can be revealed, and will not only refuse to work against it, but also find fault with Antimasons for doing so, saying these do not understand it, and at the same time they themselves in their admitted ignorance will favor it and work for it. These are the parasites of the order. They are not Freemasons, neither are they free men. They receive not the advantages of Masons over their fellows, but only eat the refuse. They nibble at the bait and think they are growing fat. They are like empty sacks, in three ways: First, because there is nothing in them; second, because they cannot stand alone; and third, because some one even must open and shut their mouths for them! They nod their heads wisely and say that they have made up their minds, but the truth is, some one else did it for them, and it was not a very extensive job either. One of these is to the lodge like a cobbler's wax to his thread; it sticks to it, no difference through what a small hole it must go. Has not his *all* gone before him and prepared the way? He lives under the cat's foot, and he must please her or she may scratch his smiling face. True, she may be sucking his breath, but that is not so much dreaded by one of his class as feeling for an instant the claws. These are not the few honest friends of the lodge, but those who try to curry favor from Masons by accepting all their statements and spreading them over a community, and by doing many little tricks for them which members do

not like to do for themselves, and who admit their ignorance of the order by claiming that it cannot be understood by those outside, and yet who talk and work for it as if they understood all about it and knew that it was a good thing. If it is wrong, because he is ignorant, for an Antimason to oppose the lodge when he thinks he understands it, why is it not worse for a "Jack-mason" to favor it when he knows his ignorance?

These different classes met and conversed in a courteous manner, and carried on business without any reference to their difference of opinion on this question, except in a few cases. A few most sensitive evil Masons and some most foolish "Jack-masons" would have nothing to do with some Antimasons, representing the division much greater than it was, and endeavoring in their spite to make contention sharper and feelings more bitter. But still there seemed to be a design on the part of the lodge to crush out all opposition and silence all discussion. To this end different means were used.

The effect of this spirit was plainly seen in some of the churches. In one denomination if a minister wished a fair appointment, he must not open his mouth against this order of love and charity. One brother did incautiously in his honesty remark that he had never known a good Mason to make much spiritual progress, and had never seen a good, working church member, who was at the same time an active lodge member; and this brother, one of

the most faithful, pious and talented in the conference, the next year was left "without charge." The members also must be almost as discreet, especially in Brandon, which in this conflict was somewhat in advance of other places. There the Masons, from over-sensitiveness and from personal enmity, would not go to hear a minister preach should he be honest enough to speak a word against the lodge; and many Antimasons from conscientious principles, believing Masonic religion inconsistent with the Christian religion, and membership in the lodge inconsistent conduct by a minister, would not attend services conducted by one known to be a Mason. For this reason Dr. Groves and his family, since they had been thoroughly enlightened on this question, had been generally attending services at Bethel Church, where the venerable Father Kemble was pastor, although occasionally they went to hear the Rev. Dr. Dobbs, who was still pastor over their own church.

One day, after their attendance there had become very irregular, the Rev. Dr. Dobbs and the portly Deacon Moyle called and asked for Edith. She came promptly into the parlor, greeted them pleasantly, and entered into general conversation. After some little time the pompous doctor of divinity straightened up in his chair, cleared his throat and, in more sanctimonious tones than usual, said:

"My dear young sister, as officers in our beloved church, and as your brethren in the Lord, we have

called to converse with you in regard to your church relations and duties. If you are willing to answer, in order that we may better understand your intentions, we desire to ask you a few necessary questions." These sentences were drawled out slowly to give a solemn effect.

Edith answered cheerfully:

"Certainly, Doctor, I am willing to answer any questions you may ask."

"Well, Sister Groves, you deeply feel your responsibility as a member of the church to be faithful and diligent in the use of the means of grace both public and private?" said the doctor very solemnly.

"I do," answered Edith seriously.

"Let me inquire if you are in the habit, morning and evening, in secret and also with the family, of offering up your devotions?"

"I am," said Edith humbly and truly.

"Well now, my young sister, we have recently noticed with deep regret your continual absence from our services, where formerly you were always punctual and regular in your attendance," said the pastor somewhat uneasily.

"I am very sorry, indeed," said Edith, "that the circumstances are such that I feel justified in attending elsewhere for the present."

"But your proper place is in your own church," Dobbs remarked more positively than was his custom.

"I admit that generally persons ought to attend

their own church, and that there is too much neglect of this duty; but sometimes circumstances make a difference."

"Well," said her pastor, raising his flaxen eyebrows almost to the place there should be some hair, and speaking very pleasantly indeed, "will you please be so kind as to state the circumstances which lead you away from us, and perhaps they could be remedied by skillful hands?"

"If that were done I should be happy. I love our own church and congregation. If it were not so, I should have asked for my letter to unite elsewhere, but have waited with some hope that the cause of my difficulty would be removed."

"What is the cause of your difficulty?" asked the deacon, who thought it was about time for him to show his authority.

"I think," answered Edith, "that I had better not name it now."

"Did you not say that you were willing to answer our questions," asked the deacon gruffly.

"I am willing, but think it not best unless you insist," said Edith, who in her modesty did not then want to discuss the subject.

"Well, we insist," said Moyle, anxious for the encounter.

"Dr. Dobbs, shall I answer, when you both know something of the nature of my difficulty, and only want my statement which might start an unpleasant discussion?" asked Edith.

"Certainly, we must have a plain statement," was the reply.

"What is the plain question, then, if you please?" said Edith.

"Why do you not attend your own church?" asked Dr. Dobbs very solemnly.

"I am sorry to seem to reflect on any one, but you have insisted on an answer: Because the pastor is a Freemason," answered Edith plainly but meekly.

"Indeed! What difference does that make to *you?*" asked the deacon haughtily.

"It does me but little good to hear a Mason preach," answered Edith, who after a slight pause added, "But you understand the case, and probably we had better let it rest."

"No, it must be settled," said the doctor.

"I wish it could be," answered Edith sincerely.

"Well, answer the questions more promptly," said the officious deacon. "Why does it do you no good to hear our pastor? Is your heart not right?"

"Yes, why is it?" asked the doctor, thinking perhaps they had cornered her.

"Because," answered Edith firmly but respectfully, "I have such serious objections to Masonry that I cannot listen with much confidence in the sincerity of its members."

"What are your serious objections?" asked Dobbs very injudiciously.

"Besides its profane oaths, its profanation of Scripture and other sacred objects, and its assumption of

titles belonging to God only, my special objection is that it is a false religion which claims to be able to save men."

"Well," said the deacon gruffly, "if that were true, as it is not, what reason would that be for not attending church?"

"Deacon Moyle, I am surprised that you should ask me why I do not want to hear any minister on the Sabbath preach Christ as the only Savior, when he is sworn to another religion, and during the week has observed its ceremonies, and perhaps the night before, even after midnight, has worshiped the sun, or at least used the old Baal or Tammuz ritual, referred to in the eighth chapter of Ezekiel? Do you ask me why I cannot profitably be led in prayer by one who has the previous night denied or ignored the only name in which we are to pray? Do you ask why his reading of hymns seems hollow when he has been singing, 'Hail! Masonry Divine'? Doctor, I mean no disrespect toward you. I speak of any one. You have insisted, and I am answering your questions."

"Ahem—hem," said Dr. Dobbs.

"Ahum—um," said Deacon Moyle.

"My dear young sister," said the pastor, changing his manner, and with a supposed winning smile, adding, "I exceedingly regret that you hold such erroneous views of the ancient order. You do not understand it. Its beautiful and elevating, but yet secret ceremonies, cannot be revealed. If you un-

derstood Masonry you would rejoice that your pastor is a member. It is not a religion—only its hand-maid."

"Doctor, did you ever read any standard author on this subject?" Edith inquired.

"Oh, yes, certainly. I have quite a library of our works and read them occasionally."

"I am sorry to hear it," replied Edith; "indeed I am. I supposed that you were ignorant of their teachings. Do you not acknowledge them to be reliable witnesses?"

"Certainly I do," answered Dobbs. "They understand the institution and have no reason to misrepresent it, as its opponents often do."

"Why, then, is it not a religion? How can you deny it? Do you not know that Webb, in his *Monitor*, under the word chaplain, says, 'The Master of the lodge is its priest,' and 'a meeting of a Masonic lodge is a religious ceremony,' and that elsewhere he speaks of the religion of Masonry being so broad?"

"Any more?" asked the deacon sneeringly.

"Yes, sir," said Edith pleasantly. "In Mackey's *Manual* we read in plain words, and he has no reason to misrepresent, 'Masonry is a religious institution.' Again, he teaches that 'It worships God, purifies the heart, and inculcates the dogmas of a religious philosophy.' Pierson, profanely called by the lodge, 'Sovereign Grand Inspector General of the Holy Empire,' teaches that 'It was instituted as

a vehicle of divine truth, and in the infancy of the world it can be identified with religion.' Others teach the same doctrine. And I remember, Doctor," added Edith with directness, "when your Grand Orator, on the 24th of June, repeated with emphasis, 'We have too long denied that Masonry is a religion. It is a religion, the broad, the universal, the eternal religion,' that you and the deacon clapped your hands in approval."

"Well, what of it?" asked the deacon.

Dobbs blushed deeply.

"This is not all," continued Edith, seeing her opportunity to speak on a subject which they refused to hear discussed elsewhere. "The lodge has its priests, its altars, its ritual or manual of worship with its ceremonies, songs and prayers, and all that belongs to a religion and only to a religion. It dedicates its halls to a holy use. It not only professes to worship a god—which may be the god of the Chinese, or Egyptians, or Indians as well as the God of the Christian—but also to purify the heart, to subdue the passions and, as Sickles says, 'To fit the soul for the temple not made with hands.' One writer teaches the most dangerous doctrine, that by obedience to its precepts the members will be saved. While you, perhaps, do not believe this, Doctor, there are multitudes in the lodge who do, and make it their hope of safety. Salem Town, in his book, after implying that all members will be saved, says, 'In advancing to the fourth degree

then, the Freemason is *assured* of his election and salvation.' And every member puts the lodge above the church when he sings,

'Hail! Masonry divine,
Matchless beyond compare!'

Edith had spoken with the warmth of earnestness. The brethren once or twice showed some impatience and would have attempted to stop her, but when she looked directly in their faces they, knowing she was right, were shamed into silence. Evidently, however, they were both irritated, and the deacon asked contemptuously:

"And is that all? Have you finished your lecture?"

Edith answered:

"Is it not enough to show that Masonry is a system of false religion and therefore inconsistent with Christianity, and that a person is blameless when she neglects to hear one preach what in the pulpit he calls the only true religion and only way of salvation, and at the same time is adhering to a false religion and professes by his membership to believe its doctrines?"

"Why, Edith, my daughter, you are abusive," suggested the pastor in a fatherly manner.

"Doctor, I mean no disrespect. You urged me into this discussion, and I must answer your questions fully if at all," replied Edith.

"Don't you know that Masonry is founded on the Bible?" asked the teacher of the Word.

"I know it is not founded on the Bible, for it ignores its central theme, and is in many ways contrary to its teachings, and in heathen lands their idolatrous books instead of the Bible are used for 'the Book of the Law.' In the *Digest of Masonic Law* we read, 'Masonry has nothing to do with the Bible, that is, it is not founded on the Bible; for if it were it would not be Masonry; it would be something else.'"

"The Bible is in our lodge and used," said her pastor.

"Yes," said Edith—and who could blame her for being sarcastic?—"It is there as a symbol, like the compass and square, which, however, are placed above it. It is only 'an article of furniture,' as Mackey says; and I would add like some men who are admitted free, it is there to be used as a bait, a snare for conscientious young men."

Edith thought of one young man who had been drawn into the lodge partly by the bait sitting before her. Her feelings were at once aroused. For although Walter had written that for her sake and conscience sake, after duly considering the question by the aid of her letters and books, he had totally and forever renounced all allegiance to the lodge, yet she was vexed with the thought of him once having been entrapped in its coils. And then she knew the trouble had only begun. His father

would be more bitter against him than if he had at first refused to unite with the order. Now that there was so much feeling on the subject his brethren of Brandon lodge, to which his membership would be transferred, would be very demonstrative in their spite. She feared not only a continual storm of driving sleet and drifting snow which might block up his way to success or freeze the buds of hope and cheer, but also a sudden thunder storm in which he might be killed by some dreadful lightning stroke. She knew the danger. Not that she thought of all these things just now, but, having often thought of them, this allusion in their conversation filled her mind with mingled feelings. There were disgust for the easily manipulated tool before her—her pastor, love to Walter, anxiety for his safety, hope for their happy union and fear that it might be delayed or never come.

"Miss Edith Groves," said Dr. Dobbs with pompous authority, "we did not come to hear your foolish and fanatical abuse of an ancient and honorable institution, and of your pastor and others, your superiors. The first question is, Why have you neglected the services of the sanctuary? This you have answered by abuse. The second is, Will you repent, confess and promise to return to the faithful performance of your Christian duties?"

"I certainly intended no disrespect to you and other officers. I have only answered your questions.

I have not abused Masonry, but used it as justly as I could. In regard to the latter question"—

"Answer, yes, or no," broke in the deacon out of humor, "and be done with it."

"I should be glad to return to our services if Masonry was out of the church, but as there is no hope for its speedy removal I think the best thing I can do, is to ask for my letter and unite elsewhere."

"I am of the decided opinion," said Dobbs, "that the best thing for you is, to confess your grievous errors and return to our fold."

"Confess my errors!" exclaimed Edith.

"Yes," said the pastor.

"Yes," said the deacon.

"Pray, and what are they in this matter?"

"Neglect of ordinances, abuse of your pastor and brethren, evil speaking and manifesting a contentious disposition."

"Indeed! Where, and how, and when?" asked Edith.

"For three months, like you have been doing for the last hour," answered Dobbs.

"It will be impossible for us to agree in regard to what is right and duty, and under the circumstances, which I deeply regret, I ask for my certificate of membership to connect with Bethel Church."

"Well, you can't have it," angrily said the deacon.

"You are not entitled to it when under charges," coolly added the pastor.

"I did not know that any charges were preferred against me," said Edith surprised.

"They are all prepared," said the deacon, "as soon as I add the specification in regard to your abuse and insubordination to-day."

The deacon took from his pocket a lengthy paper and, after writing a few more sentences, handed it to Edith. She was warned to appear in ten days before the church court to answer the charges mentioned during the conversation.

"We have done what we could to urge you to repent, but, as it has all been in vain, you must appear before us for regular trial," said the doctor as they turned toward the door.

Edith was astonished, shocked, that she should be arraigned before a church court for trial, and especially on such charges. She soon found her parents and told them the whole story. They had some time previous received their letters, intending to unite elsewhere. Edith had thought best to wait a little longer to see if there would not be some change in the administration in her congregation, and not altogether without hope that their highest church court might pay some respectful attention to a petition which she knew would be presented, asking it for a deliverance on the subject of Masonry. But that court, although a majority composing it were members of the lodge, answered that it did not know and could not learn anything about the institution, for it was a secret society! The affairs at

home had not changed for the better. Since the discussion began Dr. Dobbs had received into membership and made officers of two Masons. They professed the new birth, but as they did not leave the lodge Groves called them "still-born Christians." The church now seemed to be controlled for the benefit of "the handmaid of religion."

Mrs. Groves was indignant when she heard the account of the pastoral visit. She could talk much faster than Edith; and if the sanctimonious officers had heard the mother's opinion in the case they would have thought the daughter remarkably mild. She made several rapid inquiries. "Did n't you tell them that Masonry was to blame for all the trouble? Have not you as good a right to worship in another church as they have to worship in the lodge? Did you ask them about the malicious falsehoods against your father and others. Did you ask the Rev. Dr. Dobbs why he was absent from church and dismissed services even, the Sabbath old Haines the whisky dealer was buried with the honors of the craft and sent to the Grand Lodge below? Did you ask the pious old deacon why he was absent the Sabbath after the exposition? Did you ask him if he was a Baptist preacher when he was immersing Martin in Pierce Lake?"

Dr. Groves did not manifest much excitement. He said: "It is a serious matter to be obliged to find fault with the church. The world notices the inconsistent action of one member more than

the consistent conduct of the many. I regret to say a word against the ministry, for no class of men stand so high. They are so high in the estimation of the world that when one falls, or errs, or is suspected, the fact is announced in the papers with exclamation points. Leave out Masonic ministers, and there is no class of men with so fair a record."

"But what about my trial?" asked Edith. "What shall I do? O dear! It seems terrible to be brought up in this way."

"'Persecuted for righteousness' sake,'" suggested her father by way of comfort.

"But what shall I *do*?" persisted Edith.

"I would rest easy, attend the trial and let them decide the matter to suit themselves. I am afraid, however, that the trial will be only a farce, and yet if it were not for my experience and observation of the past year I would not believe that the lodge could so nearly control a church and thwart justice."

The days soon passed. Edith, in company with her father, met in the church its officers. The Rev. Theophilus Dobbs, D. D., pastor, was the presiding judge. Pious Deacon Moyle was prosecutor. Dr. Slim, two other Masons, one "But-mason" and one "Jack-mason" were jurymen. All were witnesses. The charges were read. Edith pleaded "not guilty." The trial was conducted in a manner consistent with the proceedings on the day that the notice was

given to the defendant. Edith admitted all the facts in the case, but attempted to show to the jury that the specifications did not prove the charges and that her conduct was justifiable. But, when in her defense she began to read a paper setting forth the relation of the lodge to the church, she was silenced. It was her only plea, but she must not make it. Dr. Slim cried out:

"What need we further witness? for we ourselves have heard of her own mouth."

The case went to the jury. There the "Jack-mason," with about as happy a quotation of Scripture as Slim's, declared that the person who "come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law," ought to be banished, and as Edith had done this, she was guilty of "stirring up strife and contention," and should be cast out of the synagogue. They all agreed to this. The "But-mason" did not really think this fair, but—but—said nothing in opposition to it. It might make matters worse, he feared.

Edith was found guilty of all the charges and suspended from the church until she should confess and give public evidence of penitence. She did not break down and cry, as they supposed she would. It was what she expected. She had submitted to a trial to be satisfied of the extent of Masonic influence and to give no ground for the charge of insubordination. She would give the church, or

the lodge, a chance to show its justice. She deeply regretted the whole affair. She felt mortified by the publicity of the case. She felt as any modest, Christian lady would feel under like circumstances; but she felt not in the least guilty. She resolved to have her name erased from the roll entirely and be received into Bethel Church as one from the world. While she was serious in regard to the serious part of the case, she saw something ridiculous in it, as is evident from the following extract of a letter to Walter:

And now, my dear Walter, how will you dare to marry me when a competent jury (competent to do such a thing), has found me guilty of "evil speaking and contention"? "It is better to dwell in the wilderness than with a contentious and an angry woman." You may often have to hie to the corner of the house-top for fear of my tongue, the unruly evil which no *man* can tame. You should have heard the pompous judge deliver authoritatively his wise decisions of the law, and the mild and peaceable speeches of the meek and lowly deacon who was setting an example, showing the young and wayward sister how to speak of others. Surely the brethren should have worn during the trial their lamb-skin aprons, so that we could have been reminded of their child-like innocence. How you would have laughed to have seen the jury squirm and object to the question when Mr. Rollins asked me how I knew what Masonry is, and I commenced to answer. He should have been better instructed by his masters. But as he says he cannot learn what the lodge is, perhaps he is not capable of being taught.

Mr. Backless, the "But-mason," as the boys call him, poor little soul, I feel sorry for him. He would not offend the

least of his brethren—the jury. He meant to be fair. He would have spoken as he believed, "but—but—it is n't safe," perhaps he thought. If it were not so serious a matter, a shame and a disgrace, it would be only ludicrous. But I am guilty. I suppose I have neglected the ordinances; for in three months I have *enjoyed* only twenty-five public services, thirteen prayer-meetings, twelve sessions of Sabbath-school, one pastoral visit and one church trial. I have spoken evil; for I have shown what the lodge is. And I am contentious; for I contend for the truth. Yes, indeed, I'm guilty. I'll confess to you and promise to reform if you say so.

But what shall I say of our old pastor and others like him?

"I'm no the thing I should be,
Nor am I even the thing I could be;
But twenty times I rather would be
An athiest clean,
Than under gospel colors hid be
Just for a screen."

CHAPTER XV.

"IMPERIUM IN IMPERIO."

"Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I;
Yea, thine own lips testify against thee."

—*Eliphaz.*

D R. GROVES had become, unknown to himself, quite a politician. He had been chosen the committee-man, or the leader, of the republican party in his township, and consequently had considerable power in the conventions. The anti-secret element had been steadily gaining in influence, so that it could now make its voice heard. It added much strength to any candidate for office to secure the support of Groves and those associated with him. The convention to nominate a congressman to represent their district had been called to meet in the month of August. Several candidates were in the field and were nearly evenly divided in strength. The delegation from Brandon township would probably hold the balance of power in the county convention, and the delegation from the

county would probably hold the balance of power in the district convention. This was known to John Bates, one of the most sagacious of the candidates. He at once set his stakes to capture the Brandon delegation. He had an uncle in the bounds of the district, who was a personal friend of Groves. Here was his chance. He suggested to his uncle to write a letter to Groves, and the following was sent:

PRINCETON, May 6th, 18—.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—I am too busy to pay you a visit as I should like to do, and hence drop you a note to ask a favor. I wish you would carefully consider the propriety of the nomination of my nephew, John Bates, for member of congress from our district. I suppose you know his name has been mentioned, and as it has gone so far, we are anxious that he should be nominated. You are somewhat acquainted with him and his history, and therefore I hope that you will feel favorable toward him and assist him all you can. Will you be so kind as to let me know your own opinion of the matter and the prospects for John in your precinct?

Respects to your family.

Yours,

N. R. DOVER.

After due inquiry and reflection Groves sent to Mr. Dover the following answer:

BRANDON, May 18th, 18—.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have delayed a reply to your note in order that I might be able to answer both your questions fully and with some degree of certainty.

I am glad to be able to say that I am personally acquainted

with your nephew, and that I highly esteem him. I have consulted several influential men in our village, and we all agree in our opinion of Bates and his prospects in this precinct. So I can answer both of your questions together and use the plural "we" and "our," instead of showing you mine opinion alone.

We believe Bates to be the best candidate in the field as yet, and it is possible that he will have our hearty support.

We are not altogether satisfied with any of our candidates; but we do not expect to find one that will suit us in every particular. We may consistently support a person and yet have some objection to him. So in regard to Bates. We have one serious objection to him, but whether that will be in our way of supporting him depends on circumstances. I suppose you want a plain statement of the whole matter rather than any uncertain and flattering promises, and I will not be kept back by fear of offending you, or by a desire for office or popularity, from stating clearly our objection to Bates, and the circumstances in which he may probably expect our support.

We do not object to his abilities, moral character, republicanism, relatives or general fitness for the place. We appreciate him for all these. Our only objection to him is, that by certain and numerous oaths which he considers binding, (we do not, however,) he has pledged his support to a monopoly which is more powerful and dangerous than those which he professes to oppose, and has sworn his allegiance to a government which claims supremacy over all other authority whether of church or state. In a word, as we are informed, Mr. Bates is a Freemason.

Now we know that everyone who enters the lodge swears "to support the constitution of the Grand Lodge of the state, and to conform to the laws of any lodge of which he shall be a

member, and also to obey all regular signs, summons or tokens from any Mason or body of Masons." Now whatever he may be told before taking this oath, after he does so he is taught that the authority of the lodge is absolute, the covenant is irrevocable, and its obligations are supreme.

In *General Ahiman Rezon*; or, *Freemason's Guide* we read:

"The candidate, entering the lodge, is on the point of binding himself voluntarily, *absolutely and without reservation forever.*"

Webb's *Monitor* says:

"The covenant is irrevocable. Even though a Mason may be suspended or expelled, though he may withdraw from the lodge, journey into countries where Masons cannot be found, or become a subject of despotic governments that persecute, or a communicant of bigoted churches that denounce Masonry, he cannot cast off or nullify his Masonic covenant. No law of the land can affect it; no anathema of the church can weaken it. It is irrevocable."

Again this same Masonic author says:

"The first duty of the reader of this synopsis is to obey the edicts of his Grand Lodge. Right or wrong, his very existence as a Mason hangs upon obedience to the power immediately set above him. Failure in this must infallibly bring down *expulsion*, which as a Masonic death, ends all. The one unpardonable crime in a Mason is *contumacy*, or disobedience."

Although it takes much space in my letter, let me give you more testimony, with the names of the witnesses, who are all eminent members of the order and high in authority and some of whose works are in nearly every lodge, and necessarily have some effect on the members:

"That this surrender of free will to Masonic authority is *absolute*, (within the scope of the landmarks of the order), and *perpetual*, may

be inferred from an examination of the emblem (the Shoe or Sandal) which is used to enforce this lesson of resignation."—MORRIS—*Dictionary of Freemasonry*.

"Disobedience is so subversive of the ground work of Masonry, in which obedience is so strongly inculcated, that the Mason who disobeya subjects himself to severe penalties."—*Ibid*.

"A Grand Lodge is invested with power and authority over all the craft within its jurisdiction. It is the Supreme Court of Appeals in all Masonic cases, and to its decrees unlimited obedience must be paid by every lodge and every Mason situated within its control. The government of Grand Lodges is, therefore, completely despotic. While a Grand Lodge exists, its edicts must be respected and obeyed without examination by its subordinate lodges."—MACKAY—*Lexicon of Freemasonry*, page 188.

"For ourselves, we deny as Masons that any civil government on earth has the right to divide or curtail Masonic jurisdiction when once established. It can only be done by competent Masonic authority and in accordance with Masonic usage."—*Grand Lodge Report*.

"A 'due summons' from the lodge or Grand Lodge is obligatory upon him, and should he refuse obedience he will be disgracefully expelled from the society with public marks of ignominy that can never be erased."—MORRIS—*Dictionary of Freemasonry*, page 29.

"Disobedience and want of respect to Masonic superiors is an offense for which the transgressor subjects himself to punishment."—MACKAY—*Masonic Jurisprudence*, page 511.

"Hence we find that the Master's authority in the lodge is as despotic as the sun in the firmament which was placed there by the Creator, never to deviate from its accustomed course, till the declaration is promulgated that time shall be no more."—OLIVER—*Signs and Symbols of Freemasonry*, page 142.

"Treason and rebellion also, because they are altogether political offences, cannot be inquired into by a lodge; and although a Mason may be convicted of either of these acts in the courts of his country,

he cannot be masonically punished; and notwithstanding his treason or rebellion his relation to the lodge, to use the language of the old charges, remains indefeasible."—MACKAY—*Masonic Jurisprudence*, page, 510.

"There is no duty more forcibly enjoined in Masonry than that of warning a brother of danger impending to his person or interests. To neglect this is a positive violation of obligation, and destroys any person's claim to be entitled a Mason."—MORRIS—*Dictionary of Freemasonry*, page 325.

"The powers and privileges of the Master of a lodge are by no means limited in extent."—CHASE—*Digest of Masonic Law*, page 380.

"As a presiding officer the Master is possessed of extraordinary powers, which belong to the presiding officer of no other association."—MACKAY—*Masonic Jurisprudence*, page 344.

"The system of Masonic law has little of the republican or democratic spirit about it."—MORRIS—*Webb's Freemason's Monitor*, revised edition, page 195.

"Once a Mason, always a Mason—once a Mason everywhere a Mason. However independent either as individuals or as lodges, whether grand or subordinate—and we are each and all truly free and uncontrolled by anything save our ancient laws and constitution—yet no Mason can be a foreigner to another Mason. We are all equal citizens of one common government, having equal rights, equal privileges and equal duties; and in which government, thank God, the majority does not govern. For our order in its very constitution strikes at the root of that which is the very basis of popular government. It proclaims and practices, not that the will of the masses is wise and good, and as such to be obeyed; not that the majority shall govern, but that the law [*i. e.* above mentioned ancient law] shall govern. Our tenet is not only that no single man but that no body of men (however wise or numerous), can change in any degree one single landmark of our ancient institution. Our law is strictly organic; it cannot be changed without being destroyed. You may take a man to pieces, and you may take a watch to pieces; but you

cannot alter his organs and put him together again as you do the time keeper. Masonry is the living man, and all other forms of government mere convenient machines, made by clever mechanics, for regulating the affairs of state. Not only do we know no North, no South, no East and no West, *but we know no government save our own. To every government save that of Masonry, and to each and all alike, we are foreigners*; and this form of government is neither pontifical, autocratic, monarchical, republican, democratic nor despotic; it is a government *per se*, and that government is Masonic. We have nothing to do with forms of government, forms of religion, or forms of social life. We are a nation of men only bound to each other by Masonic ties, as citizens of the world, and that world 'the world of Masonry'; brethren to each other all the world over, foreigners to all the world beside.'

The above is a Masonic address in a nut-shell; it is the compressed essence of Masonic life."—*Missouri Grand Lodge Report for 1867.*

What a remarkable array of Masonic testimony! And yet the half has not been told. I might go on almost indefinitely showing its foul, treasonable and anti-republican nature, as legibly portrayed under these extracts from standard Masonic publications. The above sentences are complete quotations and not garbled. They are concise and plain. The language is authoritative. Masonic superiors never argue with subordinates. They dictate.

No wonder a most prominent member admits the following:

"There is no charge more frequently made against Freemasonry than that of its tendency to revolution and conspiracy, and to political organizations which may affect the peace of society or interfere with the rights of government."—*MACKAY—Mystic Tie of Freemasonry, page 48.*

Remember, my friend Dover, that I am not speaking of your nephew's personal views of the supremacy of the lodge, nor saying what he would do if he should find that some of

the laws, summons or orders of the lodge should conflict with his duties to the government, but merely showing you what the lodge, according to its standard authors, claims, and what every Mason has sworn to perform. If Mr. Bates should go to congress and then find in some cases that he must violate either his official oath or Masonic obligation, I do not say which he would consider binding; but I do say, for I know, that the lodge by its writers, its lecturers and its decrees declares that its obligations are supreme, its authority above all civil authority, and obedience to his superiors the first duty of every Mason. If eminent members know and tell the truth about their own order, if Grand Lodge reports can be believed, there can be no doubt on this point. Please read again carefully what these have said, yes, dared to print, and you will see our objection to sending Bates to congress, or electing him or any Mason to any office until he renounces his allegiance to the lodge. Do you think that we demand too much? Every other foreigner, before he is allowed even to vote, must renounce his allegiance to the government under which he was born, and to which perhaps he has never sworn or acknowledged obedience. We require of him, and properly, the following obligation:

"I do declare on oath that it is *bona fide* my intention to become a citizen of the United States, and to renounce and abjure forever all allegiance and fidelity to all and every foreign prince, potentate, state and sovereign, and particularly _____, of whom I am a subject."

Is it then right for free citizens of this country to vote into any office a person who has sworn and still lives under and acknowledges allegiance to another—a monarchial and a despotic government? Has not the Grand Lodge of one state, in consistency with the general teaching of Masonry declared that

all its members are foreigners to our government? Let us then consider them as such; and our government also should consider them as such, and forbid them to hold office, sit on the jury, or even to vote until they take the oath prescribed for other foreigners.

When I tell you that the "Most Puissant Sovereign Grand Commander of the United States," of whom every Mason in the country is a sworn subject, is an ex-confederate general, whose rebel hands are deeply dyed by the crimson blood of loyal citizens, and who at one battle of the late war led a brigade of Indians against the boys in blue, who, by these cruel savages, were murdered, scalped and mutilated in a manner too barbarous for description, you will see more force in this argument. And why was not the arch traitor, the leader of the rebellion, hung when captured? He and the president of the United States and many congressmen and judges were Royal Arch Masons, and had each sworn to the following:

"Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will aid and assist a companion Royal Arch Mason when engaged in any difficulty; and espouse his cause so far as to extricate him from the same, if in my power, whether he be right or wrong."

Is it not reasonable then to suppose that these men, who had sworn to fulfil their duties as civil officers, chose rather to obey Masonic obligations and extricate a rebel from his difficulty? This is the only explanation of this strange event which is worthy of any consideration. And it is made more certain when we remember that, according to Mackey's *Jurisprudence*, "Treason and rebellion also, because they are altogether political offenses, cannot be inquired into by the lodge."

These facts concerning the oaths and teachings of the lodge will explain many other strange things in the history of

our country. They will often explain why some improper person is nominated and elected to some office, or the illegal contestant is given the seat, or a criminal is acquitted or pardoned, and perhaps promoted. Why was our present representative, who you say has not brains enough to be a pettifogging lawyer, and who is notoriously dishonest, sent to congress? Why was he nominated by our party? In answer to this question *The Wasp*, whose editor is an anti-monopolist, but also inconsistently a Mason, says: "Because, as the superintendent of our main railway told a prominent man before the convention which nominated him, the present incumbent was this company's most available candidate because he was high up in Masonry." Thus he admits that the lodge is used for the purpose of securing improper nominations and electing to office unworthy men, and certainly implies that it is used to control them while in office. So you see our objection to any Mason going to congress, and our only objection to the nomination of Mr. Bates. The one condition on which we will give him our united and hearty support is that he goes before the clerk of the United States Court and takes the oath required of all foreigners, inserting the word Freemasonry in the blank.

I have given you freely and honestly a lengthy statement of this case; but if there is anything further you desire to know I would be glad to answer your inquiries. I should be glad to receive a visit from you at any time.

Yours,

WARREN GROVES.

N. R. DOVER,
PRINCETON.

CHAPTER XVI.

"A DREAM OF PEACE."

"And he is oft the wisest man,
Who is not wise at all."

— *Wordsworth.*

WALTER completed his post-graduate course in London with high honors, and at once left for his native land. What could detain him? He thought to reach home and, claiming Edith as his own, to begin at once the practice of his profession. He remembered the stormy voyage as he first crossed the sea, and this one, which he had hoped would be calm and pleasant, was almost the counterpart. Perhaps the sea was not quite so boisterous; perhaps his mind was not quite so troubled; but still there were storms without and storms within. His mind was settled in regard to the lodge and to Edith, and he had her loving, joyous answer, and so there was some peace. But he had not yet told his father and learned what would be his course of action. Walter had always been a

dutiful son, and had never deliberately disobeyed his father's command. He felt under special obligations of filial gratitude for the care and expense of his thorough education. He also supposed that his mother, hearing only his father's views of Masonry, would be grieved at his renunciation of the order. He had not yet learned that a vast majority of Masons' wives are in their hearts opposed to secret societies, and grieve over their husbands' membership. True, some are partially satisfied by the insulting device of ladies' degrees, which were organized merely to silence them; but some, through respect or fear of their husbands, only conceal their objections and their grief. Walter supposed he knew what his mother thought of the lodge, but he had no idea what she now thought of Edith, for strangely her letters had avoided all reference to Groves and his family. He knew well, however, that his father would object seriously to his marriage with Edith. But what would he do? Nothing, he thought, but object, and perhaps the objections could be removed. Edith, who knew much of the power and spirit of the lodge when opposed, feared from it also some great evil, and had written her fears to Walter. And so because of all these things his peace was disturbed with dark forebodings.

At last came the expected day. Edith saw the carriage, soon after the morning train arrived, driven to Hulman's gate, and—yes, it was Walter, who stepped out, cordially greeted his father, kissed his

mother and entered the house. "How manly! How tall and dignified! And yet it is Walter, my companion all my life, from childhood until death do us part!"

Walter spent the day with his parents; but after tea he asked to be excused for the remainder of the evening.

"Why! Where are you going?" exclaimed his mother innocently.

"To see my old preceptor," answered Walter with a smile that interpreted his words.

"Don't stay out late, Walter," said his careful mother as in former days.

"No, of course not; but as you retire early and I may be detained, please, don't wait for me," replied Walter in a pleasing manner, which meant, Mother, you know.

His mother was perplexed. She herself had once loved Edith. She once had hoped that Walter did. Now she scarcely knew what she wished, only that Walter would wait. So she said, "Can't you spend this evening with us?"

"Indeed, Mother, I would be glad to do so, but I have been with you all day and you are tired, and possibly I am expected to make a short call at the doctor's this evening," answered Walter promptly.

"Walter," said his father, evidently determined to stop proceedings, "did you not know that Groves and I were not on good terms?"

"I was afraid so," answered Walter, "but that

need not keep me from calling at his house. Once you were his friend and acknowledged that he did so much for you."

"Yes, professionally he did something for me, and I paid him. I am under no obligation to him. He has abused me shamefully," said Hulman.

"How?" asked Walter, surprised.

Mrs. Hulman left the room to allow the conversation.

"By his hard language. He calls us all liars, cut-throats, and such names," answered the father.

"Our *family*?" exclaimed the son.

"No, our order."

"There must be some mistake, surely. I have heard that he says all kinds of men are in the lodge, and that he has no quarrel with men, but with the institution," said Walter, slowly shaking his head.

"Who told you that?" asked his father sharply.

"Miss Edith," was the prompt reply.

"So you have been corresponding with *her*, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Walter calmly.

"Did you not read my letters? Do you not know how she has been acting?" asked Hulman sternly.

"Yes; I have heard accounts from both sides. But I think we had better not discuss this subject to-night."

"Are you going now to see *her*?"

"That is a plain question, Father. Do you want as plain an answer?"

"I do," said his father firmly.

"Well, then, I am," as firmly replied Walter.

"I prefer that you would not," said Hulman changing his tone a little.

"May I ask the reason?"

"Because I do n't want you to have anything to do with her."

"Why?"

"Because she is not a proper person for you. She is abusive, fanatical, crazy, and"—

"Father! Be careful."

"I had reason to think that any attachment formerly existing between you had been destroyed. And now, Walter," continued his father apparently very kindly and wisely, "I advise you, as you have been away so long, to stay away from Groves'."

"Father, I am sorry to ever go contrary to your wishes. You know I have not often done so—never deliberately. But now, I have arrived at the age of discretion and, even if I am not very discreet, in such a case as this I must follow my own judgment."

Hulman made a desperate effort to control his passion, and answered in a whisper, as though it was a most startling announcement: "Why, Walter, she is a fanatical, abusive Antimason!"

"What of that?" asked Walter calmly.

"What of that!" Every Antimason is a fool!"

"Do they speak that way of Masons?" asked Walter, determined not to become angry.

"Would you marry an Antimason?" asked Hulman, stepping up directly in front of his son and shaking his index finger in Walter's face.

"That depends on who she is. Her opposition to the lodge would not prevent me."

"Would you marry a fanatic—a fool—a"—

"No, sir; and Miss Edith is not such a person."

Mr. Hulman did not dare to say she was, but tried to accomplish his purpose in another way. "Do you not know," said he, "your sworn obligations to the lodge, and how an Antimasonic wife would interfere and cause trouble and unhappiness?"

"Yes," replied Walter pleasantly, "and perhaps Masonry interferes more with the marriage relation than Antimasonry, and causes more misery."

"On the square," I acknowledge there is something in that," said his father, who had often felt the interference, and who was now appearing to be very kind and honest. "But," he continued in a very fatherly manner, "you are a Mason now, and if you marry an Antimason your case will be worse than others."

"I do not fear any trouble in my case."

"Do you think you can change an Antimason?"

"If I am ever married to any one, Masonry shall not stand in the way of happiness or in the way of any duty."

"Do you say that you would give up your order for the sake of a foolish Antimason?"

"I said merely that Masonry shall never stand in the way of my duty or happiness. It shall never in the least separate me from my wife, if I ever have one."

"Would you dare renounce Masonry?" exclaimed Hulman, again manifesting his ill feeling.

"If I were married and it interfered in the least, I should renounce it forever," firmly answered Walter.

"Would you for the sake of being married to your choice?"

"Father," said Walter, who began to think they were wasting time in this skirmishing, "I would rather you had waited with this question. But as you have asked it, I will answer it fully. I have carefully considered the whole matter and am ready to speak. But before you answer, please also consider it carefully; will you, Father?"

"Well," grunted Hulman.

"According to your wishes I entered the lodge. I was not entirely satisfied with it from the first. By the advice of another I began to study the subject closely, as a prudent man should do, or should have done before he entered the lodge. The more I learned of the order the more dissatisfied I became."

Walter spoke calmly and firmly, looking his father in the face. Hulman frowned, knit his brows and with his flashing dark eyes looked the picture of wrath.

"I am ready now, Father, to answer your direct

question," added Walter; rising and stepping up closer to his father, who had sat down when he commenced to be honest and kind: "For conscience sake, and for the sake of my choice, Miss Edith Groves, I have already and forever renounced Masonry."

"What!" gasped his father, almost choking with vexation and spite. "Given up Masonry! You've played the devil! Broken your oaths! You've disobeyed and dishonored your father, made a wreck of your prospects, ruined your reputation, and all for the sake of marrying a fool!"

"Father! you used that term a moment ago. I have announced Miss Edith as my future wife; now never use that epithet in reference to her again."

It was the first time Walter had ever asserted his manhood to his father. Hulman, who was not by far as manly and brave as Walter, was surprised, and quailed. He would have been proud of his son if he had not been so angry and spiteful; as it was, he was silenced for the moment.

"Now, then, Father," added Walter in a respectful manner, "I have broken no oath; Masonry was to interfere with my duty in no relation, and it never shall. I am sorry to offend you after all you have done for me, but I cannot change my decision. You are not dishonored by my renunciation, neither will you be by my marriage. I will try to make the best of my prospects. And while I would give up Masonry for Edith, I first became convinced

that it was wrong and I would give it up if I were not to be married to her."

"Sir," said Mr. Hulman, who had regained himself, "if you are foolish enough to marry that girl you shall give up more yet."

Walter did not speak or flinch.

"You shall give up my aid and your home. I shall not claim as a son one who has broken his allegiance to his father and his sworn allegiance to his order. There, sir!"

"I am sorry to lose your friendship and to cause you grief, but I do not hesitate. I have renounced Masonry and I shall marry Edith Groves."

"Walter, visit your mother when you please. Expect no counsel or aid from me," deliberately spoke his father turning and walking out of the room, indignant at the folly of his son.

This was worse than Walter had expected. He must lose his father's love, endure without money the hardships of gaining a practice, and wait for Edith until he was able to support a wife. He thought happiness was at the door, but when he was about to open the door, it took the wings of darkness and was gone. He did not blame his father; he did not feel bitter towards him; but as he walked toward the home of Edith he asked himself, "Did I ever suppose that Masonry was such a tyrant, that it would enslave my own father and drive him to turn me from my home? Edith was right; Masonry does interfere in the family. It

shall never interfere in *my* family. I wonder if it were not more love to his lodge than love to his son that led him to advise me to be initiated. What power it has when it will lead a father to advise his son against his best interests! What slavery when it binds a father to ever conceal and never reveal the great secret of the order—the fact that it is a farce, a swindle, a tyrant! If once I disliked the lodge, now I hate it." Thus he was thinking as he arrived at the door of Edith's home. She had been wondering why he did not come to see her. A score of horrible fears had arisen in her mind. Tremblingly she answered the call at the door herself.

There was Walter! Her fears were scattered to the four winds. There was Edith! Her face was lit with beauty and her eyes with love. His sorrow was turned into joy. He was more than satisfied with his decision. The kiss of his loved one as she proffered her rosy lips was worth more to him than all the religion, art, science and charity of the lodge. They stood a single moment at the door and silently drank in from each other's eyes the glowing light of love in its purity. Intoxicated with the sacred draughts, he dropped his arm around her waist as they entered the parlor, and whispered, "Dearest, you are mine;" and she answered softly, her heart thrilling with joy and love, "Yes, and forever." And was not this expression of their plighted love, as they stepped into the room, more innocent, more sensible, and more powerful for truth and purity

than the placing of the heel of the left foot in the hollow of the right, the feet forming an *oblong square*, and taking two upright regular steps toward a Masonic altar, and hearing whispered in the ear some foolish password? Were not their vows more binding and their secrets more sacred than those of the lodge?

How well suited for each other! One was turned out of the church and the other out of home. But neither was ashamed of the other. The hours flew swiftly by as they talked of their childhood's happy years, the summers that he was in her father's office, that eventful day in the arbor, the long months that they were separated and of the future, bright with prospects of a happy union. They mentioned the great curse of the land, which had almost destroyed their happiness and which even now was casting a dim shadow over the brightness of their hopes.

"I am so glad, Edith, that you did not give up to me in my blindness. I would not have even the secrets of Masonry between us," said Walter.

"I am so glad, Walter, that you were not as blind as some; for 'None so blind as they who will not see.'"

Then, they must not only dream of the future, but make arrangements for it. Walter had decided, subject to Edith's approval, to locate in Megapolis. She readily consented. He offered the only objection—it would take so long in a city to gain a

practice which would enable him to provide for a wife.

"Will you wait for me?" he asked.

"Yes, till you are ready. 'To all of which I solemnly and sincerely promise with a fixed purpose of mind to keep and perform the same,'" answered Edith quickly.

Edith's childhood fears, "Maybe papa and mamma won't 'low us," were not confirmed. For when the arrangements were made known to them, the doctor cordially gave his approval, and Mrs. Groves was happy as well as sad.

In a few days, by the door of a newly furnished office in Megapolis there was displayed a neat sign whose gilt letters read:

WALTER HULMAN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Within the room sat a young man, reviewing his medical work and hoping, not that the well would become sick, but that the sick by his aid might be made well. He watched and waited with a light heart, for he was confident that he could succeed, and that Edith would soon be with him, and being only ten miles distant was not like being beyond the sea.

CHAPTER XVII.

"THE MULTITUDE OF COUNSELORS."

"The words of the wise are as goads."

WHEN Dover received Groves' letter he was surprised. He was not offended, for he knew Groves was sincere and honest, and the proof sustaining his points seemed unanswerable. He understood the principle, that the admission of an opponent is the best kind of evidence. He showed the letter, as Groves intended, to his nephew. Bates only answered that there was something in the argument, and that he had often felt the force of the objection, but that he would promise that the lodge should never interfere with his civil oath and duties. Dover was not himself a Mason, neither an Anti-mason, and therefore there were several things which he could not understand. He had several difficulties in his mind. He wondered why his own son had been advised by "cousin John" to avoid the lodge, and yet John himself remained in it, and gave no reasons to enforce his advice except

that one would be more independent and show more true manliness without any such help as the lodge promises and affords. Dover also wondered, if these things were so, why there were so few Antimasons in the country and so little published in the papers in opposition to the lodge, and why eminent statesmen did not see these alleged evils and denounce them. He wrote another letter to Groves and made inquiry concerning all these things. Groves answered promptly:

BRANDON, June 1st, 18—.

MY DEAR DOVER:—I am really glad of this opportunity to answer your questions, which I shall do at some length. First, Bates' promise, however honest he may be, must be considered as of little weight. It is not as strong as the official oath, and yet the lodge counts its obligation above that. As long as he considers himself a Mason he must consider himself bound to obey the lodge. Every writer declares that it is the obligation which makes the Mason. When he renounces his allegiance to the lodge then he may say that he will not allow it to interfere with his duties. But if he will not renounce his allegiance he must consider himself under obligation to obey. You also ask why so little is said against the lodge. Some places they ask, why so much is said. There are now several papers published with this question as the main issue. There are many books published in exposition of and opposition to the lodge. Many religious papers occasionally condemn it. There are over fifty persons engaged in giving public lectures on this subject. There are nearly a million of communicants in Protestant Churches whose creeds are in opposition to the lodge. Many members of churches

where Masonry is allowed, are the most earnest in working against it. The Roman Catholic Church, with its usual wisdom, sees that if it does not rule the lodge out, the lodge will rule it or will at least interfere in its government; so Masonry is prohibited in that church. Thousands outside of the church altogether are bitterly opposed to all secret societies. Thus there is much said against the lodge. But the reason more is not said against it by the press is because it is very largely controlled by the order. Many editors are members; some are afraid of losing the patronage or even fear persecution, and some are very ignorant of the institution.

But you insist mainly on knowing why wise statesmen do not see and condemn the evils of the lodge. There are two answers: Many of our wise statesmen are only cunning politicians, and belong to the lodge; and many of our wise statesmen *have* condemned secret societies, but their words are hidden from the people. So let me call your attention to what some of our statesmen have said on this subject.

George Washington has often been claimed as an enthusiastic member and ardent supporter. I believe in early years he was entrapped, but hear what he says when he became a wise statesman. When Governor Jonathan Trumbull was an *aid-de-camp* to Washington, he asked him if he would advise him to become a Mason. Washington replied:

"Masonry is a benevolent institution, which may be used for the best or the worst of purposes; but for the most part it is merely child's play. I can give you no advice on the subject."

In a letter to Rev. Mr. Snyder, written when on his death bed, he speaks of his sickness, and says:

"Which allows me to add little more now than thanks for your kind wishes and favorable sentiments, except to correct an error you

have run into, of my presiding over the English lodges in this country. The fact is, I preside over none, *nor have I been in one more than once or twice within the last thirty years.*

"With respect, I am, Sir,

"Your o'bt serv't,

"GEO. WASHINGTON."

In his farewell address he states some general principles which will apply to all secret societies :

- "*All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force, to put in the place of the will of the nation the will of a party, often a small but enterprising minority of the community; and according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organs of consistent and wholesome plans, digested by common councils, and modified by mutual interests.*

"*However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government.*"

It is said, I know not how truly, that after delivering this address only two, and they both Masons, voted against giving him a vote of thanks for his public services. And it is a fact that Washington was not buried with Masonic honors.

"I have been in a lodge but once, so far as I can recollect, *for nearly forty years.* I do not recollect ever to have heard him [Washington] utter a syllable on the subject."—CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

"The use of the name of Washington, to give an odor of sanctity to the institution as it now stands exposed to the world, is in my

opinion, as unwarrantable as that of my father's name. On the mortal side of human existence, there is no name for which I entertain a veneration more profound than for that of Washington. But he was never called to consider the Masonic order in the light in which it *must* now be viewed. If he had been, we have a pledge of what his conduct would have been far more authoritative than the mere fact of having been a Mason can be in favor of the Brotherhood. If you wish to know what that pledge is, please consult the recently published works of Thomas Jefferson."—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

"Governor Ritner of Pennsylvania, proved that the Masons had forged at least two letters in the name of Washington, commending the institution."—*See Sparks' Letters of Washington.*

"The institution of Masonry ought to be abandoned, as one capable of producing *much evil*, and incapable of producing any good, which might not be effected *by safe and open means.*"—JUDGE MARSHALL, *Chief Justice of the U. S.* [an adhering Mason] *Letter to Ed. Everett.*

"Many years ago I became an entered apprentice, went to a lodge once—and but once. On my return from England I voluntarily withdrew from the body, by a letter to that effect."—HON. RICHARD RUSH.

"I have no hesitation in saying that however unobjectionable may have been the original objects of the institution, or however pure may be the motives and purposes of the individual members, and notwithstanding the many great and good men who have from time to time belonged to the order, yet, nevertheless, it is an institution which in my judgment is essentially wrong in the principle of its formation; that from its very nature it is liable to great abuses; that among the obligations which are found to be imposed on its members, there are such as are entirely incompatible with the duty of good citizens; and that all *secret associations*, the members of which take upon themselves extraordinary obligations to one another, and are bound together by secret oaths, are naturally sources of jealousy and just alarm to others; are especially unfavorable to harmony and mutual confidence among men living together under popular institutions, and are dangerous to the general cause of civil liberty and good gov-

erament. Under the influence of this conviction it is my opinion that the future administration of all such oaths, and the formation of all such obligations, should be prohibited by law."—DANIEL WEBSTER.

"From the number and character of those who now support the charges against Masonry, I cannot doubt that it is at least susceptible of abuses outweighing any advantages promised by its patrons."—JAMES MADISON.

"It was established by seceding Masons that the oaths—at least in some of the highest degrees—that were administered and taken by those admitted to Masonic lodges, disqualified them from serving as jurors in any case where a brother Mason of like degree was a party, and his antagonist was not."—*New American Encyclopedia*, Vol. 1, page 658.

"The Masonic fraternity tramples upon our rights, defeats the administration of justice, and bids defiance to every government which it cannot control."—*Address to the people of the State of New York*, signed William H. Seward, Millard Filmore, and others.

"I am prepared to complete the demonstration before God and man, that the Masonic oaths, obligations and penalties, cannot, by any possibility, be reconciled to the laws of morality, of Christianity, or of the land."—*J. Q. Adams' Letter to Ed. Livingston*.

"There is the most demonstrative proof that the persons who had entered into these unhallowed oaths, considered their allegiance to the lodge as of higher obligation than their allegiance to their country. If this be Masonry, as according to this uncontradicted evidence it seems to be, I have no hesitation in saying that I consider it at war with the fundamental principles of the social compact, as treason against society, and a wicked conspiracy, against the laws of God and man, which ought to be put down."—WILLIAM WIRT.

"Secret societies, sir? Before I would place my hand between the hands of other men, in a secret lodge, order, class or council, and bending on my knee, before them, enter into combination with them for any object, personal or political, good or bad, I would pray to God

that that hand and that knee might be paralyzed, and that I might become an object of pity and even the mockery of my fellow men.

"Swear, sir! I, a man, an American citizen, a Christian, swear to submit myself to the guidance and direction of other men, surrendering my own judgment to their judgments, and my own conscience to their keeping! No, no, sir. I know quite well the fallibility of my own judgment, and my liability to fall into error and temptation. But my life has been spent in breaking the bonds of the slavery of men. I, therefore, know too well the danger of confiding power to irresponsible hands, to make myself a willing slave."—WM. H. SEWARD.

"I am opposed to all secret societies."—JOHN HANCOCK.

"In one word, I consider Freemasonry in direct hostility to the government in all cases where it cannot control it; as producing an utter disregard to all civil duties where they come in collision with its interests; as demoralizing in its very nature, making bad men and citizens of all who adhere to its obligation; creating injurious distinctions in society; giving privileges and advantages to one set of men over others equally meritorious; exercising a most potent influence upon our elections, by secret, and I fear, corrupt means, and altogether more dangerous to our country and its government than any standing army, however numerous it could possibly be. 'It is worse than a standing army because its movements are secret and because a more implicit obedience is yielded to its executive. It puts law and government at defiance, and triumphs in the impunity of its members for offenses committed under its sanction. The late trials here have convinced every man who is impartial that government is powerless when opposing this hydra.'—HON. JOHN C. SPENCER.

"BOSTON, March 18, 18—.

"MY DEAR SIR: I sympathize with you entirely and deeply in your movement against secret societies. A secret society is wholly out of place under democratic institutions. Every secret society, so far as it is wide-spread and influential, threatens the purity and existence of such institutions, and warps them to private ends and class supremacy. Secret societies prevent the impartial execution of the laws and obstruct the necessary and wholesome action of political

parties. The judge on the bench, the jurymen in the box, and all the machinery of politics feel the tyranny of secret societies. No judge, and no executive officer, especially in a republic, can, with any self-respect be a member of a secret society. He lays himself open to suspicion, besides subjecting himself to dangerous temptation and setting an evil example.

"These are general principles. As to the Freemasons, our most influential and dangerous secret society, I look upon their claim to antiquity as childish nonsense, and likely to mislead only the grossly ignorant. Their claim to be a charitable organization rests on the flimsiest and most insignificant foundations; while every fair man sees their hypocrisy in pretending to be a Christian body. Every Freemason swears to break the law, commit the greatest crimes, and repudiate Christianity. History shows them perverting justice, stopping at no crime to protect and conceal their mummeries; controlling politics for selfish and personal ends, and interfering with great danger in national emergencies. 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.

"Cordially yours,

"WENDELL PHILLIPS."

"BOSTON, March 28, 18—.

"MY DEAR SIR: I beg to acknowledge the reception of your letter, in which you again call my attention to what I consider the most extraordinary and fearful event which has marked the history of the present century. I mean the sudden and forcible making away with a citizen of New York by a band of his fellow citizens, and disposing of him where he has never been heard of again—and this crime, done for no assignable cause except that he was a Freemason, bound by oaths which required profound secrecy as a condition of existence, and the sacrifice of life if he betrayed a word.

"I do not propose to follow up the narrative. It is enough to say that an innocent man was made away with; but, though the evidence so far as it was opened to the public, clearly pointed to many of the associates, no human power has been efficient enough to draw out from the order any confession of guilt or regret for the offense.

"Lastly, it is well that the memory of this exceptional digression

from the laws of justice and of truth be from time to time renewed, as on this occasion, to establish a permanent safeguard against the danger of yielding in any case to the influence of self-created combinations, however specious they may appear.

"Very truly yours,

"CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS."

"Europe is honeycombed with secret societies. I have spoken to the Duke about them. He is not indifferent or altogether incredulous, but he is so essentially practical that he can only deal with what he sees. I have spoken to the Whig leaders. They say that there is only one specific, and that a complete one—constitutional government; that with representative government secret societies cannot exist. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that with these secret societies representative institutions rather disappear."—LORD BEACONSFIELD.

"Secret societies laugh at government."—*Ibid.*

I think, friend Dover, that these genuine extracts are enough to show you that wise statesmen do see their evils, and do condemn secret societies. True, some good men and wise men may have once belonged to the order. But good men and wise men sometimes err very foolishly. Washington had slaves as well as belonged to the lodge; but does one justify the other? Arnold and Burr were Masons. The leaders in the rebellion were Masons. It is claimed by some that the war was no more due to slavery than to secret societies. Such facts as these should have more weight than the fact that some wise men have once entered the lodge.

The people of Brandon are now by no means alone in this conflict. If the whole country would oppose the lodge, it would not be alone.

"Russia, Spain, Portugal, Naples and Rome make Freemasonry a capital offense. There is no crime in the mummery to die for under the gallows; the offense lies in the political use made of Freemasonry, dangerous to all governments. The sovereigns of France, England,

Prussia, Netherlands, Sweden and Brazil take the fraternity under the royal guardianship. This is not because their majesties love the farce of the lodge-room, but they fear its political tendency.

"Great Britain has pursued both the restrictive and the protective course at the same time. While the late king was heir apparent to the throne he was made Grand Master of Masons; and the parliament forbade the increase of the number of lodges in the three kingdoms; and also forbade the adoption of any degrees, except only the first three in Masonry. The statute bears date 39th year of George III., and is now in force.

"The only countries in which Freemasonry flourishes, neither forbidden nor restrained, are the republics of North America. Here the growth is without a parallel (except in France, during the last years of Louis XVI.); a growth honorable to the freedom, but dangerous to the stability of our public institutions."—*Phelps' Secret Societies, Ancient and Modern*, page 88.

Now when you have in a former letter the admissions of the enemy, and have here the testimony of experts, and both confirmed by circumstantial evidence if you will look around and read history, are you not ready to pronounce secret societies in a republic criminal, and membership in them a disqualification for citizenship?

Where is there a loyal man, who understands Freemasonry, and is in no way related to it, who does not hate and loathe it? Everyone who upholds the lodge is either a member or is closely related to members, or is ignorant of it, or else fears it. But let us be true Americans and stand for equal rights, oppose all titles of nobility from foreign princes, and bend not the knee to this order and call no man MASTER. Let us always vote for free men and never for Freemasons.

Yours truly,

WARREN GROVES.

N. R. DOVER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MYSTERY.

"There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear."

—*Byron.*

WALTER did not wait long for a few patients at least. Mr. Hulman had been ashamed to tell of his own conduct, and thought it not wise to report Walter's renunciation of the order. Walter had not found occasion to proclaim himself an Antimason, so his prospects had not suffered by reason of the lodge. His worth as a man and a physician was soon learned and acknowledged by others. Dr. Groves' old friend, not able to attend to all his practice, and becoming well acquainted with Walter, took him into his office as a partner. In a few months Walter considered that he would be justifiable in asking Edith to name the day for the fulfillment of her promise. The date for the happy event was fixed. On the first day of the month of June Edith should be crowned queen of the home.

One day shortly before the invitations were issued, Robert Flagg, a patient of Dr. Hulman, who was afflicted with some disease which was not dangerous, but which confined him to his room and seemed to be almost incurable, asked Walter if he could recommend Dr. Groves of Brandon for counsel in his case.

"Certainly, certainly; I would be glad to have him," answered Walter.

"Well, as we have been talking of a consultation, I wish that you would send for him," said the sick man.

"Very well," said Dr. Hulman. "When shall we meet?"

"Let me see—this is Monday. Say Thursday, if that suits you."

"I think it will," answered the doctor, adding, "Do you know Groves?"

"I have seen him and often heard of him. Brother John was in this morning and advised me to send for him, by all means."

On Wednesday afternoon a young man, a stranger in the village, giving his name as Peter Hunker, called at Groves' office and got a prescription for his uncle, who lived about half way between Megapolis and Brandon. Before leaving the office he asked the doctor if he would be up the road in a day or two, remarking, if so, he might call and see his uncle.

The doctor answered that he would not be on

that road unless called; that it was not at all necessary to see his uncle, and that he wanted to be in the city the next day, but expected to go on the train that night. The nephew seemed to be well satisfied and immediately left the office.

The train was almost full when it left Brandon that evening, a little after ten o'clock. The doctor sat and chatted with a friend until they reached Stonetown, at which place the train crossed the river. Then he left the coach, remarking to his acquaintance that he was going to take a smoke. As he was passing from one car to the other the stiff breeze took off his hat, and, as he could see by the setting moon, landed it on a pier of the bridge which they were at the time crossing. The doctor remained in the smoking car until they reached the city, where, bareheaded, he stepped off the train and was accosted with:

"Dr. Groves?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have a carriage which Dr. Hulman sent to take you to his rooms."

"Thank you; I am ready."

As he entered the carriage he saw two other men, and noticed the searching glance they gave him as he took a seat. He saw they were large and strong, and of such a countenance as to make him glad that he was in a city with light and police. The horses went dashing down the streets and around corners, until stopping suddenly in front of a large

building, the driver called out in a jocular manner, "FREE HOTEL!" Then he came to the carriage door, announced the office of Dr. Hulman, helped the doctor out and showed him into the building. As Groves entered, followed closely by the two men, he recognized it as the county court house. The door was closed at once and one of the men said pleasantly, "Come on. We'll show you the way."

"The way where?" asked Groves.

"To Dr. Hulman's rooms."

Groves hesitated. Certainly they knew him; but he did not know them.

"There is some mistake," said he. "Hulman's rooms are in another part of the city."

"Yes, yes, until last week. He has moved."

The doctor thought this strange and answered, "I will go to the hotel to-night."

"If you wish to see Hulman now, you can as well as not. Come on," said one of the men pleasantly.

"No, thank you; I will see him in the morning," replied the doctor, taking hold of the knob and finding that it would not turn, just as one of the strangers said fiercely:

"Not much! You will come with us. Do you doubt our word?"

Groves, who since his midnight encounter had carried a revolver, put his hand to his pocket to draw it, but was instantly seized by both men before he could do so. The doctor quietly requested them

to release him. When they laughed only in answer, he made a short struggle to free himself. It was in vain with such powerful men. One of them stamped on the floor, and from an office in the second story two others came to their aid. Groves saw that resistance was useless and gave himself up, asking, "Why do you detain me, sirs?"

"Keep cool, and you shall not be hurt," replied one of his captors.

"Keep cool! I want to know why I am made a prisoner or I demand release."

"Ha, ha," sneered the four men, as they hurriedly dragged the doctor into the office from which the two had come. As they let him down one of them asked, "Where is your hat?"

"Before I answer any questions, you must answer mine. By what authority am I held prisoner? What is the offense or pretense? If this is a house of justice, I would like to see justice done to me."

"Ha, ha! His mind wanders," was the taunting answer of the worst looking of the gang.

The doctor gave the speaker a scornful, piercing look, when another said, "He looks wild, doesn't he?"

"Well, Doctor, it is evident that your mind is somewhat affected. Your friends think you should be under treatment for a short time, when you will certainly recover. If you will sign this all difficulty will be obviated," said another very kindly, as he handed Groves the following paper:

Believing that I am laboring at times under temporary derangement of the mind, and not wishing the matter made public, I hereby ask those in authority to take charge of me and treat my case until I recover, and keep all the proceedings secret. I hereby agree to pay all expenses. This is signed in an hour of sanity.

In presence of _____.

The doctor glanced at it and answered firmly, "I'll not do it. It is n't true."

"To save yourself all trouble, and perhaps your life, will you ask to be taken in charge without stating any reason?" was the next question.

"No, sir. I consider this a foul attempt to deprive me of my freedom. I will never consent."

"You shall, then, remain here under guard until morning, when the commissioners will meet to decide your case."

"I will go to the hotel to-night, and promise to return in the morning."

"No, sir. It is n't safe."

"For you?" asked the doctor, suggestively.

"For you—to say much more. There's a couch; content yourself with that for one night."

Two men left the room. The other two were to act as guards for the night. The doctor after some time threw himself on the couch, not to sleep, but to study. He concluded that there was a conspiracy to deprive him of his liberty, as he could not be

silenced on the subject of Masonry. He then expected no protection of the law. He had called Masonry "*imperium in imperio*," but now he thought the state was the "government within the government." He did not expect a fair hearing before the commissioners. He knew that two of them were Masons and the third, a physician, was absent from the state. Another physician must be chosen by the two present. If it was a plot to imprison him, no doubt that it was all well arranged by that charitable institution which teaches its members art and science, or, at least, artifice and cunning.

In the morning the commissioners met and the case of Groves was reported under the name of Dr. Warren to secure greater secrecy. Dr. Drake—and certainly he was well named; for when a medical law was enacted in the state he absented himself a month and came home with a brand new diploma, although often before this he had claimed that he had attended two medical colleges and understood all systems of medicine, and it might be added, that he practiced all systems of medicine and morals, too, excepting the true ones—was appointed commissioner, *pro tem*.

The examination was begun. Groves asked for counsel, either a lawyer or a doctor of his choice. His request was denied. After the examination by the expert of the board the commissioners retired to another room to hear witnesses and to consult. The driver appeared and testified that he had seen the

man get off the train, and, in an absent-minded sort of a way, and without any hat, wander about the platform at the station apparently not knowing that he was bareheaded or what he was doing.

The strangers, who were in the carriage that night, testified that as they rode along he continually glanced from side to side, as though he thought there was something near to hurt him, and that he was about to draw a revolver on them when they offered kindly to show him his way, and that when asked about his hat he became wild and talked of liberty.

Pious old Deacon Moyle was there. He testified to a remarkable change in him, in that once he had been a peaceable man and now he was fighting all respectable men in his village and the most ancient and solid institution in the world, and fancying that it would soon be overthrown. He added that it was a common report that the man was crazy and dangerous, and that he believed the report was true. Moyle believed in one sense that he was telling nearly the truth. He knew that he was lying, but he argued himself into a belief of his own testimony. He reasoned in this way: Groves is enthusiastic; an enthusiast is fanatical; and a fanatic is crazy. Then he argued again: Groves is causing discussion; discussion will injure the lodge, and that would be a great evil. Then he looked at it thus: Groves is often excited on this question; an excited man may make a mistake; a mistake in

giving medicine is dangerous. So Moyle testified only to his conclusion, which was that Warren was crazy, and that it was injurious and dangerous to have him at large.

Hulman was there and gave similar testimony.

The evidence was all taken. It was a clear case. Warren was insane and should be confined in an asylum.

Dr. Drake, the expert, was convinced from the chief symptom, the persecution of the lodge, that Warren was deranged. True to the principles of his school for once, though perhaps he did not think of them and did not use this language, he favored treating the symptom instead of the disease, and the attempt to remove it by a small dose of confinement which would produce in the body of the patient another evidence of the persecuting spirit of the lodge. He failed, however, to administer the remedy in the proper dilution. The dose was too large and strong to give according to the principle, "*similia similibus curantur*," and Warren was in danger of growing worse. It was ordered that he be placed in the State Asylum, until he gave evidence of a complete cure. The sheriff announced to him the decision. Groves asked to see Dr. Hulman, and the sheriff promised to send him, but he never came. Groves asked the authorities to send his family word which would let them know of his condition. They readily promised, but it seemed that some time previous they had made other prom-

ises which interfered with this one and which they deemed more binding.

That night at ten o'clock the sheriff and an assistant came to Groves' room in the jail to which he had been removed and told him to get ready to start on his journey. They did the preparing, however. His letters, which he had written to drop on the street in the hope that some one would find and mail them, were taken from him and burned before his eyes. Handcuffs were put on him and he was gagged so as to be unable to give the alarm on the way. He was then placed in a carriage, and, by changing horses several times along the way, was driven that night and the next day one hundred and fifty miles to the asylum. Here he soon learned that he was to be considered as dangerous and violent and not allowed to see friends or have any communication with the world outside.

He submitted as patiently as possible. He expected no further violence as long as they could keep him safely. If there was danger of their being discovered they might put him out of the way to cover up their villainy. But this was not probable, for they had already done this well under the forms of law. He had some hope of escaping, and this kept up his spirits. He was more anxious for his wife and Edith than for himself. He knew they were suffering more than he.

On Thursday morning Walter waited for Groves, who he expected would come in his carriage.

When he did not come, Walter concluded that he had been detained by some urgent case at home, and so wrote to him that they would postpone the consultation until Saturday.

Mrs. Groves received the letter late Thursday night and, wondering why this letter, instead of her husband, had come on the evening train, hastily tore it open, glanced over the contents, and fainted. Edith was startled, but preparing herself for bad news, was able to read the letter without being overcome. They said, when they were able to speak, that if he had gone in his carriage they would think that he had been stopped on the way by some patient. But as it was only ten miles by rail to Megapolis, and only one stop between the stations, and as they knew that he had got on the train, where he had gone was to them **A MYSTERY!**

CHAPTER XIX.

"THE TONGUE OF THE CRAFTY."

'T is a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost;
We seek it, ere it comes to light,
In every cranny but the right.

—*Cowper.*

THE mysterious disappearance of Dr. Groves was soon known throughout all that region, and caused intense excitement. It was not, however, generally reported in the newspapers, because it was at once charged by some that he had been kidnaped by the lodge. The evidence of this, however, was not conclusive. The search for him began immediately. He had been seen by a few to get on the train. His body could not be found along the track, so it was not probable that he had been killed by falling or jumping from the train. It was not likely that he had been waylaid and murdered in the city, for at the time the train arrived the streets were lighted, the police were on their beats, many passen-

gers were coming and going, and it was too public between Walter's rooms and the station for any foul deed of that kind. The friends of the order said that the Antimasons were very suspicious and unjust in hinting that Masonry had anything to do with the disappearance, and probably taught by their masters—*Master* Masons they are called—declared their belief to be that his derangement had become worse and that he had committed suicide or had fled from the country. Yes, many suddenly remembered what they had never thought of before and what was not true, that the doctor of late had been melancholy.

"I told you that 'the cow would swallow the grindstone,'" was Jack's answer to one of these wise philosophers who was sitting on a store box explaining the mystery.

On the morning of the third day the friend with whom the doctor had been conversing on the train returned home and reported what had occurred at Stonetown. This led at once to a more thorough search beyond that place. The hat, which had lodged on a pier between two beams, was found. Then there were three theories in regard to the matter. One was, that in changing cars the doctor had slipped from the platform and fallen through the bridge and had been drowned. This was the belief now of a vast majority of his friends and the professed belief of some of his enemies. Others, however, believed that as the train was moving slowly over the

bridge the doctor, with the plea of going forward to smoke, had left the coach, stepped off the train, descended to the pier, thrust his hat into the nook and, in his insanity, deliberately jumped into the river. This was the real belief of the "Jack-masons," because the professed belief of some members of the order. Acting according to these theories the river for miles down was dragged, but of course all in vain.

The other theory was that of Edith, her mother, Walter and several other very intimate friends. They believed that the doctor had been abducted by those who desired his suppression, and that he was still alive and concealed in some mysterious place. Mrs. Groves and Edith were almost broken down by the terrible excitement and suspense. Day after day came and went, but brought no tidings of the lost. Some of his most intimate friends began to give him up for dead. But Edith and her mother clung to hope, fighting against despair which stared them in the face.

The time fixed for the marriage of Edith and Walter drew near. Long had they waited. As the chosen day approached, until her father's disappearance, their hopes had become brighter and their expectations joyous. But their former fears, that some great obstacle would come to destroy or delay their happiness were confirmed by the fact. Walter could not now expect Edith to fulfill her promise. She could not think of being married, with her

father, as she believed, a prisoner in the hands of an institution which claimed authority not only above all other authority, but also exercised its power in spite of the claims of justice and mercy. Ignorance of his condition was more distressing than the knowledge of his death, for it gave loose reins to her vivid imagination. How did she know that his enemies were not devising and inflicting all the cruelties that she could imagine. He might be starving, he might be sick, he might be suffering in agony, he might be dying at the very moment of their marriage ceremony if she should now consent to delay no longer.

She and her mother thought alike, felt alike, feared alike and hoped alike. Every morning they would look for his return or for tidings from him; every day they waited for him, and every evening they were disappointed. In the darkness of the night their hearts grew darker, and the sighing and moaning of the winds mingled with their sighs and moans. In the morning again they hoped, and in the evening they were put to grief. Day after day they hoped; but the pang of hope deferred made their hearts sick. The wife of the lost was weighed down with grief and almost despaired; but the daughter, in the energy of her youth diligently pushed forward the search. Money and time were spent. Messengers were sent here, there and almost everywhere, it seemed. Detectives were employed and professed to be faithful. The officers of the law

offered a small reward. But all in vain. Not a word had been heard that would lead to his discovery. Since the moment he had left the car he had only been seen in the dreams of his loved ones, who continued to mourn and search, and to hope and pray.

Before retiring for the night Edith and her mother, in a plaintive minor key, the clear soprano of the one and the rich, mellow alto of the other, expressing their mingled feelings of hope and sadness, slowly and softly sang from the inspired Psalter:

God righteous judgment executes
For those oppressed that be;
He to the hungry giveth food;
God sets the pris'ners free.

The Lord doth give the blind their sight,
The bowed down doth raise:
Jehovah dearly loves all those
That walk in upright ways.

The stranger's shield, the widow's stay,
The orphan's help is he:
But yet by him the wicked's way
Turned upside down shall be.

Then sinking on their knees Edith cried out: "How long wilt thou forget us? forever? How long wilt thou hide thy face from us? How long shall our enemy *thy* enemy, be exalted over us? Arise and plead thine own cause. Let not the enemy prevail. May those who plot against the Lord and

his annointed, who deny thy Son and conspire against thy people, be scattered and their evil devices come to naught. In thy great mercy deliver thy servant, if alive, from the hands of the wicked, hands cruel and unjust. Comfort us; sustain him; send home to us my father and the husband of my mother. Help us to say, 'Thy will be done.' We ask for the sake of Him who for us was crucified and slain."

Thus Edith and her mother cried from the depths when their hearts were overwhelmed and in perplexity. Morning, noon and night they cried, but the Lord seemed to tarry. The time for the marriage was past, and still no word from the lost.

But the malice of the enemy was not satisfied. Hulman thought this was his golden opportunity. He was completely embittered against Edith and cared not what she suffered; and for Walter to marry her would be a reproach.

Walter hated the lodge, but in the pressure of his duties had never publicly renounced it nor fought against it, although he was ready at any time to say a word privately, and to take his part when the conflict should become open there. It was not generally known, either in Brandon or Megapolis, that Walter had thrown off his allegiance to the order, nor indeed that once he had been a member. His father was so pleased because Walter did not become a fanatic, that his heart softened a little towards him. Then, he would rather gain some-

thing than nothing. A partial success over his enemy, who had done so much evil in the community, would be called by him a complete victory. So he was willing to compromise with his only son. After much study and hesitation and a careful nursing of his spite against the Groveses, he wrote the following letter:

BRANDON, June 30th, 18—.

WALTER: In my haste I once refused you, when I considered that you did not act the part of a son, all my counsel and aid as a father. I regret this separation from my only son on whom I wish to bestow all my wealth and affection. I have lost your brother and sister by death and shall I lose you forever in a worse manner? You have not made a fool of yourself in regard to Masonry since you left it. Your prudence is commendable. You are now a man in the age of discretion, and I treat you now as a man and propose a compromise.

I am willing that you should remain as you are in regard to the lodge, and I will treat you with all a father's favor if you will listen to a father's wish and counsel in regard to the other matter of difference between us.

Would my son marry the daughter of my worst enemy? It cannot but be contrary to all my wishes and destroy my happiness, and bring my gray hairs to the grave in sorrow. Could I grant to her through you all my hard earned wealth? But listen to my advice: Her father has been crazed and has no doubt slain himself. If the insanity is hereditary would you dare, even for love, to take for your wife one of his family? If it was caused by his excitement over a question which was none of his business, remember that his daughter is as much excited and is as fanatical and is as liable to become

deranged and commit a similiar crime. There are already many tokens of her derangement. You may say it is caused by her grief and suspense if you prefer. But it is evident, whatever be the cause. Would it be right—could you conscientiously take her under the circumstances?

Do you speak of promises or love? Circumstances alter cases, and so you are bound by no promise. As for love, sometimes it is only imaginary, and sometimes it must be buried. Walter, consider a father's request and counsel, a mother's prayers and tears, and your own interests, and enter not rashly into union with one who will destroy my happiness, fret out your mother's life, blight your own prospects, and cause you misery as long as you live.

Yours,

T. H.

Walter had mingled feelings on reading this letter. He had begun himself to allow doubts of Groves' sanity to come into his mind, and he had trembled for Edith and was therefore more easily affected. He was perplexed; he was surprised; he was angry; he was vexed; he was ashamed of his father; he was afraid his father was right, and was ashamed of himself; he pitied his mother, and he was frightened. When a young man in love is told in seemingly great kindness and wisdom, and with some show of proof, that the object of his affections is insane, or likely to become so, who can charge him with unfaithfulness or fickleness, or blame him in any way if he begins to carefully consider the matter?

Walter was prudent and conscientious; he loved his mother, and he loved Edith. Under other circumstances he had stood unmoved and unhesitating, but now he was driven to ask himself, "What are the facts in the case, and what is my duty to Edith, my parents and myself?"

CHAPTER XX.

"MURDER WILL OUT."

"Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets."

—*Macbeth.*

WEEKS passed—long, slow, dreary weeks to Edith and her mother. Would the mystery ever be unraveled? Was the lost one dead, or alive? If dead, how and where did he die? If alive, where was he? Was he sick and suffering? Was he at that moment dying? Had he just escaped from a dungeon, and was he now trying to reach home? Was he being pursued by men and dogs? Such were the daily thoughts of the wife and daughter, although they did not often speak of him except in their prayers. The hot, dry, sultry summer brought no good tidings to them. They ceased not to mourn, but still they mourned not as they who have no hope, but searched while they mourned,

Walter's patient, over whose lingering disease

the consultation was to have been held with Groves, unexpectedly grew worse. It was a strange case. The disease, all that could be discovered by a careful diagnosis, did not seem dangerous, but still the patient became more restless, more distressed, more sleepless and weaker. There seemed to be some occult cause of these troubles. The course of treatment, his diet, his room, his manner of living were changed, but to no benefit. The water of which he was to drink, and the food of which he was to eat, were examined and seen to be pure. He was questioned closely, but nothing new was discovered. He continued to grow worse. Walter was perplexed. Dr. Hill and other consulting physicians could not help him out of the darkness. The case baffled medical skill.

While Walter was studying over the case one day, the next week after receiving that strange letter from his father, which he had not yet been able to answer, the postman threw on his table a letter from Edith. The long letter was full of love, mingled with grief and hope, yet clothed in expressions so calm and clear that no one would judge by it that the author was deranged or in great danger of becoming so. Was her mind weak or unsettled when in the midst of such sorrow and in such painful suspense in regard to the condition of her father, she could write so calmly and rationally? Who did, or who could believe it?

Near the close of her letter she said:

And now, Walter, I believe I have a clew. In thinking over the mystery I thought it strange that John Flagg should advise his brother Robert to send for father for consultation when the case was not deemed dangerous, and when there are so many other physicians in Megapolis. With such thoughts I went to the telegraph office and induced Miss Strong, the operator, to look over the files of dispatches, sent and received about that time, to see if there were any which seemed suspicious. Without much hope of being rewarded for our pains, we began the search and soon found this telegram which struck me strangely:

BRANDON, 8 P. M., April 4th, 18—.

JOHN FLAGG, Megapolis: We will be on the 11 P. M. train. A good time to meet us.

PETER HUNKER.

That was the train on which father left Brandon. I do not know Hunker, and never heard the name before. I do not know who are meant by "we." "A good time to meet us" looks suspicious. Could it be that John Flagg was in a conspiracy to abduct my dear father, and that his sick brother was also a conspirator, or used as a tool to get father to Megapolis?

You have spoken of the singular condition of your patient; now do you think his nervousness could come from remorse for some guilty deed? Will you not act on these suggestions and see if anything definite can be learned? How to proceed I do not know. Use your own judgment and I will be satisfied with your efforts, and if you are successful, my dear Walter, ere long we will be happy in our love and union.

Walter was at once convinced that the telegram might be a valuable clew. As officers and detectives did not seem to do much, and as he had become almost afraid to trust them with any valuable in-

formation, he determined to act for himself. He paid another visit to Brandon. He saw Edith, it is true, but he saw others also. He called on the station agent of the railway. By an examination of his books he learned that on the night of April 4th, he had not been in the office, but that the boy left in charge had reported to him the sale of only three tickets to the city. One of these was probably sold to Groves, one to his friend, and the other to Hunker. The neighbor declared that he had no business with Hunker and had never heard of him. That "we," then, referred to Hunker and Groves.

When Dr. Hulman returned to the city he found that the name of "Hunker" was not in the directory. After several prudent inquiries, Walter was convinced that the name was fictitious, but whether assumed by a resident of the city or not, he could not learn. No trace of Groves could be discovered through this person at present, so he turned his attention to the Flaggs. It seemed as though the sick man must die. Walter was now convinced that

"He had got a hurt
O' th' inside, of the deadlier sort."

Still the doctor waited on him and watched him faithfully, not only trying to save his life, but also hoping to hear from him or his brother, who was often present, a word concerning Groves. He had been waiting several days for a favorable opportunity to ask some questions, when late one evening, as he

was entering the house, John Flagg met him in the hall and asked him with an expression of voice and countenance that attracted his attention at once:

"Doctor, are you a Mason?"

"I was initiated, passed and raised in this city," was the answer.

"Where were you made?"

"In St. John's Lodge, number 56."

"What made you a Mason?" was the next question, which fortunately for the doctor was asked in the past tense.

"My obligation."

John Flagg, having met Hulman's father in the lodge, was satisfied with this brief examination, and remarked:

"Well, I am glad that you have 'been to Jerusalem.'"

"Why?" asked the doctor in a careless manner.

"Because Robert is often flighty, you know. I was afraid he might disclose some of our secrets. We can only trust him with our members. Remember, if you hear anything which from its nature should be kept secret, it is 'on the square.'"

"Is there anything special?" asked Hulman, hoping to be let into the secret.

"O no, nothing that I can explain now."

Walter was tempted to ask if it was about Groves, but knew that it was wiser to remain silent.

Flagg stepped to the door, and looking up the street remarked that he had some business up town

and wished Bro. Jarrow, who had been detailed by the lodge to assist him in waiting on the patient that night, would soon arrive.

"I hav'n't had my turn yet," answered the doctor. "I will stay with him until ten o'clock."

"I certainly did not intend to suggest such a thing to you, Doctor; but if you can find time to stay until Jarrow comes, I would be much obliged."

"I would be pleased to do so. Go right along, and feel easy about it," said the doctor.

Flagg hurried off to his business and the doctor entered the sick room. The patient had just dropped to sleep. The doctor called Mrs. Flagg and asked her to stay with her husband for a few moments until he returned.

"Really, Doctor, I would only be too glad to be with my poor husband much of the time, but"—bursting into tears—"John will not allow me. He has forbidden me and our children to enter the room since Robert became so flighty."

"Why so?" asked the doctor.

"He says that I might hear words better for me not to know. Robert told me himself that if his mind wandered that I had better not stay with him. So they drove me out and keep me out. O, it's cruel, cruel! It seems as though I must be with him and help him all I can till the last," answered the loving wife, weeping as though her heart would break.

Hulman wanted to tell her that Masonry is an

accursed system, anyhow, and had no right to separate husband and wife in the least; that she ought not to respect their wishes at all, and that he would have no great objection to giving her the usual secrets; but he was now in a hurry, and as there was one secret which he wanted to learn, he must wait to tell her this at some future time. So he said:

"I am sorry. We will arrange it better as soon as possible. Please sit here a moment until I step in at the next door."

She gladly did so. The doctor called at the next door and asked to use the telephone. He called up Brother Jarrow and asked him when he expected to be at Flagg's.

"I was coming immediately, but if John is there and can do without me an hour or two, I will be much obliged. I'm very busy."

The doctor answered, "You need not hurry. We can get along without you for two or three hours very well."

Walter then returned to the sick room and in a few minutes said he would excuse Mrs. Flagg. Slowly and sorrowfully she left the room: As she was leaving, the patient awoke and the doctor went to his bedside. He was very flighty, and after muttering inaudibly a few minutes spoke more plainly, but very slowly and faintly, for he was very weak: "'O Lord, my God! is there no help for the widow's son?'"

"What is the trouble?" asked the doctor, recognizing the grand hailing sign of distress.

Flagg did not answer. Perhaps he did not hear the question, or was too weak to speak.

The doctor, with the hope of hearing something useful, listened very closely. Here was a chance, perhaps his last chance, to discover Groves, and so he wished to improve the opportunity. Soon the sick man spoke faintly again:

"O that my throat had been cut across ere I had been accessory to the death of so good a man!"

"Is he dead?" asked Walter, convinced that, while the words might refer to "Hiram Abiff," the sick man was thinking of Groves.

He spoke again, so faintly that the last part of the sentence was lost:

"O that I had become a prey to the wild beasts of the field ere I had conspired to the'"—

"Is he dead?" asked Hulman again.

No answer from the miserable man. He was almost asleep. He seemed to be dreaming, for he twitched nervously, opened his eyes widely, and stared around the room. He did not appear to see the doctor, but said in a low tone:

"O that my body had been severed in twain and divided to the north and south'"—

Walter tried it another way:

"Well, Jubelo, what have you to say for yourself—guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty, my lord!" was the answer.

"Is Peter Hunker guilty, or not guilty?"

"'More guilty, my lord!'"

"Is John guilty, or not guilty?"

"Most guilty, my lord!'"

"'Take them without the west gate of the temple and have them executed,'" said the doctor, who had not quite forgotten the ritual.

"'O Lord, my God! is there no help for the widow's son?'" piteously begged the wretched patient.

"'Go and search for the body, and if it is found, carefully examine it for the Master Mason's word or the key to it.'"

The patient, talking to himself in almost inaudible tones, began to search. He pulled at the covers of the bed, and looked here and there until he caught hold of a pillow and lifted it, when he exclaimed, "'Ah, here is his grave!'"

"'Where is he and I will go in person and try to raise his body,'" said Walter in intense excitement, hoping for an answer not according to the ritual. But he was disappointed; the sick man answered another question:

"'Nothing but a faint resemblance to the letter G.'"

Hulman knew that "G" profanely stood in the lodge for God and Geometry, but he thought to turn his patient's mind away from the ritual, and so said:

"Yes, yes, that's right. 'G' for Groves. Where is Groves?"

The answer seemed to be a quotation from the lodge, even if not down in the regular work:

"Groves is crazy; he ought to be in the asylum. We will take him to Riverview. That will quiet him; ha, ha!" And the flighty man began to whisper, evidently repeating the plan for his abduction as heard from his brother.

Hulman tried to get him to speak aloud, but he would not. He continued to mutter and whisper until the doctor, thinking perhaps he had learned enough, or could learn no more, and that his patient had been awake long enough, gave him a narcotic and let him sleep.

Soon Walter called in Mrs. Flagg and told her that she could watch her sleeping husband for an hour, and then she must retire for rest. The wife, with her daughter, about twelve years of age, came into the room to stay until half past nine. They counted this a great privilege.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Flagg after she had sat for some time in silence, gazing at her husband, "are you a Mason?"

"I was made one in this city when I was a student," answered the doctor, who did not think it wise to tell her the rest of his history until he had further investigated this matter about Groves.

"I am sorry."

"Why?"

"Because they keep me from my husband."

"I don't keep you away. I did not know until

this evening that you were not allowed to be with him."

"You did n't advise it, then?"

"No, indeed. I don't approve of it."

"You do n't think it is right?"

"Certainly not. The rights of a wife are above any rights of the brethren. Marriage is a divine institution; Masonry is an institution of—well, not of God, any way. It ought to be kept in its own place," said the doctor politely and prudently neglecting to say where that is.

"That is just what I think," said Mrs. Flagg. "Masonry is a nuisance, to say the least. With its meetings, and its secrets and its duties of various kinds, it has always been in the way. It has separated me from my husband and destroyed our perfect confidence in each other. I supposed I ought not to object, because Robert said it was for my good, and other Masons' wives endured it; but I think it goes a little too far when it comes into our home, sets me aside and tries to control everything. We were sworn at our marriage to forsake father and mother, that is I think every authority and love, and cleave to each other; and we ought to be together in such a time as this, it seems to me."

"You are right. It has no business to interfere with the marriage relation. But you ought not to blame the members too much, for it of necessity interferes."

"Well, it ought not to exist, then ; and if I had my way, it would n't, either."

"Well, well," said the doctor, "I think we can arrange it satisfactorily. You stay in the room until your husband begins to talk ; then it might be better for you to leave, even if not required."

"Are there any secrets that it would hurt me to know?"

"There is one, at least."

"Indeed ! And what would hurt me and does n't hurt my husband and others?" asked the wife.

"Perhaps it does hurt them," suggested Walter.

"Well, I have wished, and I believe every Mason's wife has wished like me, a thousand times, that my husband had never been a member of the lodge. I wish I had made him give it up before we were married."

"I do, too. Now, not because I am a Mason, but because you need rest, I will ask you to retire."

She kissed her husband and left the room. In a few minutes Brother Jarrow arrived. The doctor gave him the necessary directions and went home, not to sleep, however, but to write a letter to Edith and to prepare a plan for the discovery and release of Dr. Groves.

CHAPTER XXI.

"FOUL IS FAIR."

"Love is master of all arts,
And puts it into human hearts
The strangest things to say and do."

—*Longfellow.*

THE next morning after his conversation with his delirious patient Dr. Hulman called on the county clerk, and after a few minutes said that he would like to look through the public records in the office. Of course he was granted this privilege. After looking through several volumes, he picked up the records of the commissioners for that year, and with assumed carelessness turned to the minutes of the meetings in the spring. He had checked the manifestation of any special anxiety and determined to control his feelings and expression should he find anything startling on the pages before him. And could he believe his own eyes! There was the record commencing, "And now comes Dr. Warren," and ending, "The commissioners, after due examina-

tion, do find the said Warren to be of unsound mind and dangerous to be at large, and do hereby give authority to the proper officers to take, and commit and hold the said Warren in the asylum in Riverview until released by due process of law; the county of Park to pay all charges for boarding and treatment." Certainly this was Dr. Warren Groves instead of Dr. Warren. Several important particulars were omitted in the record, but otherwise the case seemed to have been conducted regularly. After pretending to look at one or two more books, Hulman thanked the clerk for his courtesy and went out. He had determined on a course of action. He proceeded immediately to the office of Judge White and asked him to issue a writ of *habeas corpus*, commanding the person of Dr. Warren Groves, falsely called Dr. Warren, to be brought before him, with a view of inquiring into the reasons and ground for his imprisonment and retention in the asylum at Riverview.

Judge White was a Mason, as were all the other judges. But Judge White was upright, honorable and conscientious, which was more than could be said of any of the others. Hulman did not believe that Judge White knew of the abduction of Groves, or would refuse to issue the writ, and he was correct. The writ was at once issued and put into the hands of the Masonic sheriff. Walter regretted the latter, but could not then well state his objections, for he had not suggested that Mascnry had anything to do

in the matter; and then, of course, all the deputies were Masons also. After consulting, as Hulman observed, John Flagg and Dr. J. B. Lumm, the sheriff left for Riverview.

When the doctor called on his patient he found him worse. He was now speechless and could not be aroused. The end was fast approaching. Now, when he could not speak to her, those who go to the lodge to learn to purify their hearts and subdue their passions, very kindly allowed the devoted wife to be in the room with her dying husband. They, however, were not as attentive as usual until after his death, which occurred about two o'clock the next morning. Then the brethren were very attentive, or, at least, officious. They appointed the time, and made all the arrangements for the funeral. The afternoon of the next day was set as the time. Mrs. Flagg had not been consulted, and when informed of it requested that the time be changed until the day after that, as she did not think it was necessary or proper to bury on the Sabbath and as she expected some of her relatives to be present by Monday morning. But of what importance were her wishes? Had not her husband once, when he had no thoughts of dying, requested to be buried with the honors of the craft? Did not the lodge through its Worshipful Master say without hesitation, "Sunday is the best day for us, and we will have the funeral on Sunday"?

Surely, on this occasion, when the lodge, whose ceremonies are almost identical with those of the

ancient worshipers of the sun, would meet to perform its sacred rites over the dead on the day which the heathen have named in honor of their god, it was at least consistent for the priest and members of the order to call the Lord's day *Sun-day*.

At the appointed hour, with great pomp and display, the body of Robert Flagg, a kidnaper, a profane man and an arrogant infidel, was taken to the church to which his wife, unattended by him, was accustomed to go. The pall-bearers, who had so tenderly carried the remains of the departed brother into the sanctuary and who would bear them to their resting place, consisted of two ministers, one saloon-keeper, the president of the local "Liberal League," a prominent Jewish tobacconist, and a zealous class-leader. The pastor of the church was a good man who was not in favor of secret societies, but who never opposed them for fear they would oppose him. He was grieved, silently, however, to have the ceremonies in his church, but did not have the courage to refuse the lodge admission. He, however, only assisted in the services to the extent of reading the first hymn, which was to be sung while the audience was being seated. At the suggestion of a master at his side—a master he feared to offend—he announced and read the hymn commencing,

"Blest be the tie that binds."

The services were conducted by the profane Worshipful Master of St. James' Lodge, who read from a

Monitor the prayers which carefully excluded the only name in which one should pray, and the Scripture selections, which were so garbled as to offend none but Christians. The Rev. Dr. Dubble preached the sermon. He was not in profession a universalist, but still, probably owing to the circumstances, he "preached the departed 'straight into the Grand Lodge above."

After the services in the church, which were attended by many who for long years had not seen a pulpit, and now went only to see one disgraced, the body was carried out by the motley crew and put in the hearse. Then the procession was formed. First in order was a brass band of jolly beer drinkers, and on each side of them was a crowd of urchins of different ages and degrees of dirtiness. Then came St. James' Lodge dressed in full uniform; that is, the members wore their good clothes and white cotton gloves, and little white muslin aprons which, with their usual honesty, they called lambskins, and which were about the only tokens of innocence they possessed. A part of "the furniture of the lodge"—a Bible, compass and square—was carried by a tottering, frail, aged deacon, who for several years had been too old to go to church, but who often, as he once thoughtlessly declared, shed tears in the lodge over the tragic death of Hiram Abiff. Next, with the pall-bearers, was the hearse containing the remains of a man who was being buried with Masonic dishonors. Then all the Masonic bodies of the city marched in

rank. After these were the pious divines riding along in a carriage, mourning and wondering over the deadness of their churches, and remembering *Sun-day* to honor the lodge. Then came the family and friends of the deceased, and last of all "the profane." The signal was given, the band began to play and the procession began to move. It was an imposing sight to those on whom it was easy to impose; it was ridiculous to those with any acuteness of sense; it was wonderful to the small boys and big Masons; it was painful to sensible persons; it was distressing to the mourning widow, and it was solemn and beneficial to none.

Arriving at the grave, there were more heathenish and superstitious rites. A prayer from Webb's *Monitor*, containing a petition for the departed, was read, the body was lowered, the sprigs of cassia were thrown in, the grave was filled with earth, and the few mourners, the many performers, and the crowd of gazers departed. The Masons did not seem to be very sad. Why should they mourn? True, they had lost a brother, but their order had been grandly advertised and the widow would have to pay all the expenses.

The sheriff had come back to Megapolis late Saturday night. On Monday morning Hulman called on Judge White and found the writ with the return, stating that the person named within could not be found in the asylum at Riverview.

The doctor then gave the judge a full and sworn account of the case. The judge was surprised and shocked. He could scarcely believe what he had heard. If Dr. Hulman, or some one like him, had not made the statement, he would not have believed it. Walter, at his own request, was appointed deputy sheriff, and the writ put into his hands. He took the next train for Riverview, arriving there the next morning. He went at once to the asylum and introduced himself by handing to the superintendent his professional card.

"Dr. Hulman, I am glad to meet you," said the superintendent, giving a grip.

"Thank you," said Hulman, returning the pressure of the third knuckle with the thumb.

After being seated in the superintendent's office and conversing a few minutes in a friendly way, in order to introduce the subject of Masonry, Hulman mentioned the grand display of the order in the funeral.

The superintendent remarked that such things seemed necessary and did very much towards awakening a desire in many to become members, and asked how the lodge was prospering in Megapolis.

Hulman answered that it was quite flourishing, but that there was danger of trouble in regard to that matter of Dr. Warren. He added, also, that the man who died was quite prominent in the affair, and that in his delirium, before death, he almost let

the secret out, and that he himself had come up to see Warren and get the matter all arranged.

"You are a Mason, are you?" asked the superintendent sharply.

"I was initiated, passed and raised in St. John's Lodge in Megapolis," was the answer.

"How do you know that you are a Mason?" was the first question in the examination.

The answers and the questions were all according to the established customs.

"By being often tried, never denied, and willing to be tried again."

"How shall I know you to be a Mason?"

"By certain signs and tokens."

"What are signs?"

"All right angles, horizontals and perpendiculars."

"What is a token?"

"A certain friendly grip whereby one Mason may know another in the dark as well as in the light?"

"What is this?" asked the superintendent, taking Hulman's hand and pressing the third knuckle with his thumb, thus omitting all other due-guards and signs to this point in the third degree.

"Pass-grip of a Master Mason," said Walter.

"Has it a name?"

"It has."

"Will you give it to me?"

"I did not so receive it, neither can I thus impart it."

"What will you do with it?"

"Syllable it with you."

"Syllable and begin."

"Nay, you begin."

"Nay, the word is yours; you begin."

"Bal."

"Tu."

"Bal."

"Cain."

"Tu."

"Bal."

"Cain."

"Tubal-Cain it is. Be off or from?"

"From."

"From what, and unto what?"

"From the pass-grip of a Master Mason to the true grip of the same."

The change was made and the correct answer was given by Walter.

"I am glad to meet a brother. What can I do for you?" said the superintendent.

"Brother Floridale, the sheriff of our county reports to Brother Judge White that Dr. Warren or Groves—giving the superintendent a sly wink—cannot be found. There is danger of trouble down there, and I would like to find him a few minutes. I think I can make him safe enough."

"I am under orders to allow no one to see him."

"I understand that, but now you have a summons to allow me to visit him. I must see him," said Walter, giving the grand hailing sign of distress, which every Mason is bound to recognize, and which many criminals have given to the sheriff or jury, who have allowed them to escape, although often these officers are better men than they are Masons, and keep their official oaths.

The superintendent then led the way along the main hall, up three flights of stairs, along another hall, turning to the left, until they reached the cells for a certain class of dangerous patients. Then the leader turned the key, stood by the open door and let Dr. Hulman enter.

There was Dr. Groves, well, but pale and thin! They grasped and held each others' hands in silence. Groves was able to speak first.

"Walter Hulman! Is this you? How are my folks?"

"They are well and soon will be happy."

"How so?" asked Groves eagerly.

"See here, Mr. Superintendent," said Walter, pulling the writ from his pocket and reading it aloud.

The superintendent became as white as a sheet, when Walter continued:

"Well, Doctor, we'll go."

"I want an explanation," said the surprised superintendent.

"You'll get one soon enough," answered Hulman, sticking the writ into his pocket.

"I'll not allow you to remove this man until you explain," was the next demand.

"Sir, as you see, I am deputy sheriff of Park county and have the legal papers to take this man with me, and I shall do so. I shall defend and support the law, which you and others have basely violated in depriving Dr. Groves of his freedom."

"I object, and shall call for help if you proceed."

"Speak a loud word or make a sign of resistance, and, by my lawful authority, I shall shoot you dead," fiercely said Hulman, drawing a revolver and pointing it at the superintendent.

Groves announced himself as ready to go.

"Now, sir," said the deputy sheriff to the superintendent, "walk quietly before us to the front gate. Alarm any one, or resist, and you are a dead man."

It was a very quiet, orderly procession through the halls, down the stairs and along the pavement to the gate.

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Superintendent. Now you may return," said Walter, bowing courteously as he stepped into the carriage and gathered up the reins.

They reached the station in time for the noon train, and soon were whirling across the streams, along the valleys, through the villages and over the prairies towards Brandon. On the way Groves re-

lated to Walter the manner in which he had been captured, all he knew of the examination and all about his imprisonment. Walter, in turn, related the account of the search for him, the manner of obtaining a clew to his whereabouts and the means of his discovery.

While no unbiased person would censure Walter severely for the part he bore in the proceedings, still there may be a question in the minds of some whether or not he did exactly right. The object of this history, however, is not to draw perfect characters, but to represent persons as found and to give a true account of them, with their faults as well as their virtues. Walter, however, was conscientious in all he did, and if he did wrong, he committed the sin of ignorance. He reasoned, perhaps incorrectly, in this way: I will take them on their own ground—"Once a Mason always a Mason." If I am under obligation to keep their secrets, which I have never revealed, I am also entitled to the advantages they give me. It is a desperate case, and Groves must be released. If they can use these signs and grips fairly for foul purposes, then *vice versa*.

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air."

While Walter may have erred in judgment and practice and his course may not be entirely commendable, still none can blame him severely, or reproach him at all. Who, under similar circum-

stances, would not have done the same? "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

They reached Brandon in safety a little before ten o'clock that night. It was arranged that they should stop there until next morning, when Groves would appear before the judge for an examination of his case. Walter walked with Groves until they reached the gate before the house, and then, because he did not wish to intermeddle with the joy of the family, and because he wished to reach his mother's before she retired, he left him there, telling him that he would call for him in the morning.

Edith and her mother were waiting with all the patience they could command. Walter had written to them every day of the progress of the investigation, and, before leaving Riverview, had sent a telegram announcing that the lost would be home on the night train. So they were ready to meet the long-absent and loved one at the door. They threw their arms around his neck and wept for joy. It was a happy meeting, and yet, for a time, the words spoken were few. After tea, which they had kept waiting until his arrival, the doctor repeated to his wife and daughter the story of his abduction, farcical trial and imprisonment. Then Mrs. Groves and Edith told the story of their search and painful suspense while he was gone, and declared their unalloyed happiness at his return. Thus they talked until the wee small hours of the night began to grow large again.

CHAPTER XXII

"WITHOUT A THOUGHT DISLOYAL."

"Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more."

—BRUTUS—*Julius Cæsar.*

WHEN Walter reached home on the night of Dr. Groves' return to Brandon, his mother had not yet retired. His father was also in the room with her. He had not been feeling well for several days, and was lying on the sofa at the rear part of the parlor. He greeted Walter on his entrance, not cordially by any means but politely. Walter, seated near his mother, briefly related the story of the discovery and return of Groves, carefully avoiding all reference to any conspiracy. Mrs. Hulman was greatly pleased at the announcement and her face was lit with joy. But if Walter had looked back on the sofa, he would have seen a very pale face on the white pillow. But he did not happen to glance in that direction, and as he had no suspicions that his father was especially

implicated in the case, he did not look at him intentionally.

In a few minutes Mr. Hulman went to his own room, leaving Walter alone with his mother. Shortly after, she said:

"I can't imagine what is the matter with your father, Walter. He is so very gloomy. He has not been right for three months—I might say, a year.

"Perhaps he mourns over me and my waywardness," suggested Walter, who had before this explained to his mother his conduct, principles and intentions, and received from her a partial approval.

"No; I don't think he cares for that as much as formerly. He said one day that Masonry is a humbug, anyhow."

"Why don't he leave it, then?"

"Oh, he says that he hates to give up now and acknowledge that he was wrong, and that he is so involved in its affairs that he is a great deal safer in the lodge."

"Why, then, does he continue to use me so coolly?"

"You know, Walter, that you have crossed his wishes, and he so dislikes Edith's father. He does not want you to be married to her."

"Well, Mother, I wanted to tell you to-night, now since Dr. Groves is home, that it will not be long, I hope, till we are married. What will father say or do then?"

"I don't know. I am afraid that the fact that his wishes are not obeyed, and that his only son marries the daughter of his enemy, and that, as he thinks every one knows his dishonor, will cause him to fret until he becomes sick. You know how such troubles always did worry him. Sometimes I am afraid that he may become deranged. He talks so much about insanity that I think he is afraid of it himself."

O, Mother, do n't fear that. There is no danger."

"He is not well now, and I fear the result. He is in some great trouble which he will not mention to me. I don't want to delay your marriage, Walter, but I do hope that your father will be reconciled first."

"Shall we wait?" asked Walter.

"I do n't insist that you shall. You have had so much trouble already. Make your own arrangements, and I will give you both my blessing; but if you would only wait until your father is willing, how glad I would be, how much happier you would be, and how much safer for us," said his mother, with tears in her eyes.

"Well, we'll see about it, and I will respect your wishes. There, now, Mother, don't worry," said Walter, kissing her and adding as he rose to go to his room, "Good night."

The next morning Hulman was sick, indeed. His wife persuaded him to allow Walter to prescribe.

"For his mother's sake," he said, but really for his own sake, for he was alarmed at the symptoms, "he can do as he thinks best."

"Walter examined his father and found him very sick. He offered to return every day to visit him until he should get better. His father gladly consented. He had no confidence in Dr. Slim. He would not, when seriously sick himself, employ a physician in whom he had no confidence, although he had persuaded others to send for Slim instead of Groves.

After writing a prescription and giving the necessary directions, the medical deputy sheriff started to get his prisoner, to take him before the judge. He called at Groves', waited until time for the train and started to the station. As they walked along the streets of the village, all were astonished to see Groves; some were delighted, a few seemed afraid of him, and some were evidently sorry for his reappearance.

As soon as they reached the city, Groves was taken before Judge White, who immediately set an hour for hearing the case and summoned the witnesses. At the appointed time the examination was begun. Groves was allowed to testify. Dr. Drake was compelled to give his testimony, which, after the cross-examination by Hulman, amounted to but little more than one of his pellets. The driver of the carriage was found and put on the stand. He gave clear and direct testimony, tending to show a

conspiracy to kidnap Groves. The commissioners were called, but their testimony amounted to very little, chiefly because they had strangely forgotten almost all they ever knew about the case. Several other witnesses were called, some of whom answered in a straightforward way, and some as though they were under an obligation to ever conceal and never reveal the truth.

The judge without any hesitation gave Groves his freedom, administered a severe rebuke to any and all who helped or in any way sympathized with such an outrageous crime as that of which the abductors were guilty, and issued a warrant for the arrest of John Flagg on the charge of kidnaping.

The warrant was placed in the hands of Sheriff Floridale. There was no excuse for neglect of duty this time. Flagg was seen every day on the streets. Still he was not arrested. After several days, Judge White appointed a new deputy sheriff and put a warrant into his hands. At once Flagg left the city. Several citizens started in pursuit, overtook and arrested him and committed him to Park county jail. Upon a writ of *habeas corpus* he was brought before Judge Henry and admitted to bail in the sum of two hundred dollars! The circuit court met the next week. Five more men were needed to fill out the panel of the grand jury. James Lowle, the Senior Warden in a lodge; John Brix, the secretary; two other Masons, and Jerry Daller, an ardent friend of Flagg, were placed on the list by the sheriff. The

rest were young and inexperienced men. No bill of indictment was found. Dr. J. B. Lumm wrote a glowing account of the discharge of Flagg, which was published in the *Megapolis Journal*, whose editor-in-chief, as well as all others connected with the office, even down to the devil, was a member of the order. A paper in reply, written in behalf of the people of the county, and signed by Judge White, Dr. Hulman and a score of others, was sent to the same journal for publication, but never appeared. In that reply they say:

“With the grand jury we have nothing to do; but with the same testimony as was given before Judge White, we will venture to say that there cannot be found twenty-three candid, respectable and intelligent men in the world who would not have found an indictment.”

Groves returned to Brandon as soon as released and resumed the practice of his profession. He was urged by his friends to bring a civil suit for damages against Flagg. But he heard the sneering remarks of the brethren of the mystic tie, “Who are your judges? Who will be your jurors? Who will be your witnesses?” He knew the trial would be a farce and leave him to pay the costs. He did not fear Judge White. He believed White, although a member, to be above the influence of the lodge. But he knew that the Masons, supposing they could not get injustice done to him from Judge White, would ask for a change of venue, swearing that they

believed they could not get justice. Some of the witnesses would be members of the order, and he remembered the teaching of the great Masonic author, Rob. Morris.

He was asked:

"Does the Master Mason's obligation debar his giving evidence in a judicial investigation when it is against a Master Mason?" He answered: "*If prior and weightier duties do not prevent*, every man should be ready to give any information when called upon to do so."

Again it was asked:

"Ought not a Master Mason, who loves strict integrity as well as Masonry, to stand up under all circumstances and tell the truth in evidence, even though it condemns a guilty Mason?"

Morris dares to print and publish this answer:

"Whatever is *told* must be the truth; but, as we have intimated, there are many occasions on which we are not compelled to tell at all."

Again the writer instances a case in court and says:

"We hold that B should not answer the question unless the *lodge* grants him permission. If the court is stupid enough, let them send him to jail or impose a fine; *we* should glory in thus testifying to the strength of our *Masonic* integrity."

Again he says:

"Should our *own* obligations ever come in conflict with

statute laws, we shall first see that the law of God is not violated by our course, then refer the question to our *lodge*. Whatever is thus *authoritatively* given us we will follow with all the strength of mind we possess."

Groves also remembered that Hon. John C. Spencer, the contemporary of William H. Seward and Millard Fillmore, wrote once as follows:

"Magistrates and sheriffs have interposed every obstacle in their power; witnesses have been concealed and spirited away by them, the guilty have been assisted in escaping, or if brought to trial have been succored and sustained by money, by professional aid the best the country could afford, and by the presence and sanction of their brethren. Masons called as witnesses have refused to testify in cases where they could not implicate themselves, and have submitted to fine and imprisonment in order to screen their brethren; others more hardy have directly perjured themselves on the stand; when sitting as jurors they have utterly disregarded their duty and their oaths, and by obstinate perseverance have procured the acquittal of their brethren, or compelled the courts to discharge them. The very fountain of justice is polluted; the conservative principle upon which all depends, the obligation of a judicial oath is corrupted. The power of the fraternity is equal to its need. It reached our present executive, (De Witt Clinton), who had once as a judge applauded the spirit that was excited by the abduction of a law abiding citizen, and converted him into an indifferent spectator of the means used to bring the offenders to justice. He disclosed my official, confidential communications, in consequence of which my efforts were baffled and I was subjected to every species of obloquy."

He had also read of two recent cases in the metropolis of the Pacific coast. Two Masons, in different courts, refused to swear to facts which they knew because they should perjure themselves to the lodge by so doing. One said to his brother, the judge, "Your honor knows how it is yourself," and the other merely declined. One was excused and the other imprisoned a short time for contempt of court; but *neither was compelled to testify!* Both judges were members of the order of Freemasonry.

Groves was also reminded of the following in the oration of Brainard, the eminent Masonic orator:

"What is Masonry now? *It is powerful!* It comprises men of all ranks, wealth, office and talent, in power and out of power, and that in almost every place where power is of any importance; and it comprises among other classes of the community, to the lowest in large numbers, active men, united together, and capable of being directed by the efforts of others, so as to have the force of cement through the civilized world. They are distributed, too, with the means of knowing each other, and the means of keeping secret, and the means of co-operating, in the desk, in the legislative hall, on the bench, in every gathering of business, in every party of pleasure, in every enterprise of government, in every domestic circle, in peace and in war, among enemies and friends, in one place as well as in another! So powerful, indeed, is it at this time, that it fears nothing from violence, either public or private; for it has every means to learn it in season to counteract, defeat and punish."

Groves remembered all these facts and wisely

hesitated. While he believed there were some Masons like Judge White, he knew there were many of the other kind, and that it was no use for him to try to secure justice by the law.

But the end of the case was not yet. The term of office for Worshipful Master soon expired, and he was at once arraigned before his lodge on the following charges, signed by several members, among whose names appear those of Dr. J. B. Lumm and John Brix:

David A. White is a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 56, A. F. & A. M., under the Grand Lodge of the state of ——— and is guilty of the following unmasonic conduct, which being proven, should be attended with the penalties of the broken obligations.

In the excitement grown up in this community out of a charge of crime against our brother John Flagg—

1. The said David A. White has not ceased to charge individual brothers, and by inference the lodge, with conniving and arranging to defeat the ends of public justice. In so doing he has headed and been regarded by others as the head of an Antimasonic excitement, and the bitterest Antimasons among our people quote him exultingly as authority for their charges against the order and individual brothers.

2. At a public meeting held at the court-house in Megapolis, the 4th day of Oct., D. A. White did say substantially these things: "That the sheriff, a brother Mason, had a warrant against Flagg, and saw him, and had it in his power to arrest him and would not do it." Being asked by R. P. Golden, our post-master, why Floridale would not arrest Flagg,

Judge White answered, "Because he is a Mason and an Odd-fellow."

3. "He also, at the same place, improperly made allusions to the obligation of a Master Mason.

4. In the presence of Dr. J. B. Lumm, and to an excited crowd of outsiders, he said "that he had learned that the Masons were going to attack him in the lodge because he had done his duty in pursuing a murderer, and that he was ready to defy and meet them."

5. "In the lodge he has reiterated the same statements, and defied the lodge to interfere with him.

6. "Many other things are reported of him which may be true or may not be; and we, the undersigned, Master Masons of St. John's Lodge, No. 56, believe that he is rapidly rushing toward open and avowed hostility to the order, and feel perfectly convinced that the safety of the institution requires immediate action on the part of its authorities.

There are other particulars which we cannot communicate by writing, which press us to this measure, and we do earnestly urge immediate and energetic measures. Given under our hands at Megapolis, this 28th day of Nov.

Signed.

J. B. LUMM,

JOHN BRIX, and others.

The judge had not the remotest idea of being disloyal to the lodge. He did not consider that he had broken his obligations in the least. He did not understand Masonry in the same way as did his brethren. He thought his course of action was required by justice and would be the most favorable to his order. He made the following answer to the charges:

1. I deny I implied that the lodge was guilty of any offence. I charged individuals with endeavoring to defeat the ends of justice and improperly using the lodge to secure their object. Neither have I in any sense headed the Antimasonic movement. All I did tends to defend the honor of the lodge.

2. It is a fact that the sheriff would not arrest one charged with a crime, when directed by proper authority, and had it in his power to do so. At the meeting in the court-house I denounced the conduct of the sheriff, repelled the charges made against our order, and assured the people that Masonry taught the contrary and that these men were acting on their own responsibility, and in derogation of their duties not only as officers and citizens, but also as Masons.

3. I deny that I made any improper reference to the obligation or secrets of a Mason.

4. I admit the language was used by me and am ready to prove it. I was informed by Brother Fulton that it was arranged that I should be assassinated by certain members of this lodge. It was by my defiance and by the fact that the excited populace were guarding me that I escaped death at the hands of the brethren in obedience to Masonic oaths.

5. This charge is too indefinite for an answer. I confess that the conduct of some of the brethren is rapidly driving me toward open and avowed hostility to the order. One thing is apparent to me: We have Masons here who construe their obligations precisely as has been charged by the enemies of the lodge. But I have never so learned, and I have never so taught, Masonry. If I shall now learn that such is Masonry, then I will swear by the Great Supreme Architect, and by the God of gods, that I have had enough and the world has had

too much of it. As I have learned Masonry I am still a loyal member, and so I subscribe myself,

Yours fraternally,

DAVID A. WHITE.

St. John's Lodge, No. 56.

This paper was sent to the secretary of the lodge one week before the regular meeting at the full of the moon.

On the evening of the meeting when the call was made for papers, Judge White presented the following:

We hereby charge J. B. Lumm and John Brix, Master Masons in St. John's Lodge, No. 56, with the following un-masonic conduct:

They each and both do hold and teach and urge upon the lodge and its member views of the duties and obligations of Masons to each other, and inculcate principles which are at variance with individual rights, derogatory to the interests of morality, in violation of the laws of the land, in derogation of the order and well-being of society, and calculated to jeopardize the rights, property, liberty, reputation and lives of those who do not belong to the fraternity.

Specification: At different times and places, especially in lodge assembled, they have taught: That a Mason has no right to expose a brother's crime; that the greater the crime the greater the obligation to conceal it; that the first duty of a Masonic state officer or citizen is to his lodge; that the lodge has the power of life and death over its members; that it has a right even by force to defend itself from the attacks of its enemies; that a member has no right to call on the state authorities to protect him from assassination by the lodge; and that one must deceive, and lie if necessary, to ever conceal and never reveal the secrets of the order.

Signed:

DAVID A. WHITE,
PETER T. AKERN.

In his remarks on the admission of this paper, the judge said:

The first time I ever noticed these views was at the initiation of Brother Akern. When I, as Worshipful Master, told him that the assurance which I had given him at the altar, that nothing in Masonry would conflict with his duty to himself, his family, neighbor, church or state, was not falsified by any subsequent proceeding, teaching or ceremony, these men were offended. They then and there contended that Masons were bound to stand by and protect each other at all hazards and under all circumstances. Since that time, often in lodge and out of it, they have taught the same doctrine. I have found many other brethren who hold the same views. I have never so understood Masonry, and I never will. I bring up these charges so that if this doctrine is contrary to our principles these brethren may be only silenced; and if it is according to Masonry I wish to know it, and hereafter I will forever let it alone.

Dr. J. B. Lumm objected to the admission of these charges on the ground that the principles and teachings were not censurable, because not contrary to Masonry. He proved from the wording of the obligation and numerous authorities that his views were correct and that the judge was in error. The lodge by a three-fourths vote sustained the objection. Judge White then gave notice of appeal to the Grand Lodge.

When the time for his trial came he claimed that the lodge lacked jurisdiction over him in this case because the offense was alleged to have been

committed while he was Worshipful Master, and that he must be tried by the Grand Lodge. This objection also was sustained.

At the meeting of the Grand Lodge, after a very brief consultation, the decision of St. John's Lodge in regard to the irrelevancy of the charges against Lumm and Brix, was confirmed. Thereupon Judge White and two others gave notice, that since Masonry, as defined by its highest court and understood generally by its members, was contrary to true patriotism, sound morality and the Christian religion they did and would henceforth renounce all connection with it. The Grand Lodge, therefore, after they had retired, expelled these three brethren for gross unmasonic conduct.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"THERE'S VILLAINOUS NEWS ABROAD."

"I can not tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

—*Scott.*

"Where there is much smoke there is some fire."

—*Old Proverb.*

IT was often charged by the members and friends of the lodge in Brandon that their town was the worst place for opposition in the country; that the subject was not discussed in any other community, and that the conflict would never amount to more than a neighborhood quarrel anyhow. They evidently believed their own statements. The same things are believed in hundreds of other villages and cities.

Why the lecturers who speak in one place never speak or make any impression elsewhere, is a question not asked by members of the lodge. They do not know in any certain locality that their secrets are out and the country is rising up against them

until a speaker comes, gives a lecture and works the degrees. Then they think their situation is most peculiar, and they are of all men the most miserable.

But that the movement against the lodge is being spread, and that the lodge meets it in the same spirit everywhere is evident in several ways. *The North Star*, a paper published in opposition to all secret societies, has thousands of subscribers, and brings reports of earnest and successful work being done in all parts of the land. Several other papers of like character are doing the same in a more limited degree.

And although the vast majority of newspapers do not desire or dare to publish the news, yet occasionally in some will be found an item bearing on the subject. Because some persons do not read in their *Crow's-eye*, or *Mid-land*, or *Post*, or *Advocate*, or some other paper owned or controlled by the lodge, accounts of these things, they, in their bland and childlike innocence, doubt the facts of every occurrence reported by those who read them elsewhere. But the reports are too numerous and too well attested to be doubted by any one with open eyes and good judgment. Generally the most credulous people in the world are those whose belief can so often be expressed in the simple words: "I believe it is n't so."

During her father's imprisonment Edith had cut from different journals many accounts of Masonic

and Antimasonic work, and pasted them in her scrap book, so as to make a partial history of this conflict. She hoped some day to show it to her father, who, if he should return, would be inquiring what had been done in his absence. From this book, in order more clearly to show the true condition of affairs past and present, the following extracts are taken. The first is an advertisement from the *Crow's-eye*:

\$50.00 REWARD!

The above reward is offered to anyone who will discover, arrest and convict the miscreant who threw the stone which struck Rev. Richard Hospin after his lecture on "Secret Societies" in Bethany Church, on the night of the 14th of March, 18—.

JAMES BUTLER, Pastor.

The North Star published the following:

FREE SPEECH DENIED.

MOB OR MASONIC LAW ENFORCED.

Our readers will be pained to learn that Rev. David B. Cooper, one of our most esteemed lecturers, was brutally assaulted and nearly murdered at Killintown, —, last week. A brief note announces the fact that while sitting in the store of a friend, conversing with him on the subject on which he was to speak that night, several citizens came in and without provocation began beating him over the head and kicking him

in the stomach until they left him for dead. He will probably die.

Because this was seen by some only in an Anti-masonic paper, it was doubted that there was any like occurrence. But the following, clipped from a weekly journal published in the same county in which the occurrence took place, confirms the account of the outrage and, being evidently written by a member of the charitable order, shows their views of law:

FREEMASONRY "EXPOSED."

KILLINTOWN, June 21st, 18—.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Monday, on the train from the west, came a Mr. Cooper to expose Freemasonry, the lectures to be given Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. He conducted himself in rather an imposing manner, and frequently engaged in arguments with the boys in the matter, until finally his remarks and misrepresentations so disgusted his hearers that one of them laid his fist very heavily on the cranium of the exposor, and said gentleman concluded he had better sit down upon the floor and rest, but finally landed in the mud in the street without any exertion of his own. Then his hat, which had been left upon the sidewalk, was politely handed over the mud to him by a new process. Said gentlemanly exposor finally concluded he was too sick at his stomach to lecture that night and left the town, but the boys presented him with eggs enough as he left to have made several egg-nogs. They were awfully careless in handing the eggs to him, but I suppose it

was because he had no time to stop and receive them any other way. M.

From *The Democrat*, published in a city in a distant state:

The judge then presented to the mayor, in behalf of the police department, a magnificent inlaid gold Masonic emblem.

From *The Wasp* of the next day, referring only to the officers and not to the lodge which controls them:

After a few more murderous matinees resulting from the refusal of the authorities of this city to enforce the law, the people will place the responsibility where it belongs.

From a letter from a prominent man, published in the *Iron City Tradesman*:

Not long since I discovered that I was losing money and letters from the postoffice. I informed the postoffice department at Washington of the facts of the case and they sent on a detective to work up the affair. He soon detected the thief, in fact caught him in the very act of stealing. The man was tried, convicted and sentenced, not to the penitentiary or to the jail, but to one year in the county workhouse. After several months' imprisonment he was pardoned by the President. He now fills a position in the custom house; and I understand that before he was convicted of stealing from me he had been found guilty two or three times of petty larceny. He was a Mason, and it was through their influence that he was liberated.

Sometimes after a lecture, the speaker and friends

were abused only in words, as the following extracts from local papers will show:

Why the Hibernian came we know not, except to put in his inguinal region the hard-earned shekels of our people by charging the small admission of ten cents.

Again:

The man's appearance is certainly not in his favor. He has a beautiful blossom on his proboscis and a peculiar red and swollen condition of the eyes, giving them a kind of felonious squint. If he has been a Mason and is now revealing that which he swore and called on God to witness he would not reveal, he is a villain of the deepest dye.

This thing of one man or a set of men of questionable character coming among us and feloniously attacking, without cause, an institution whose intent and purpose is honorable, and through several centuries has borne the closest scrutiny, it is, to say the least, damnable.

Another paper published as an editorial that the lecturer had probably made an effort to become a Mason, but had been blackballed, and then added:

All the efforts that have ever been made to expose Masonry have only strengthened the order and proved the exposers knaves and fools.

Another said:

This man is the agent of a college president who stole five thousand dollars from his college, and tried to lay it on his dead mother-in-law. Such war dances will only make

Masonry stronger, and will injure the church and all parties engaged in them.

From a published letter written in one of the Middle States:

After the lecture last night on the subject of Freemasonry, the speaker, Rev. R. P. Johnson, started home with Mr. Piper in his family carriage. When about a mile from the village, near the woods, the occupants of the carriage were startled by the report of firearms from the thicket on the roadside. Mr. Johnson at once shouted, "I am shot—shot in the arm!" The horses were run for a short distance, when on stopping it was found that Mrs. Piper had fainted and Mr. Johnson was painfully but not dangerously wounded in the arm.

From a paper in another state:

Peter Brown, who has been in the habit of drinking, failed to come home on Friday night of week before last. At first little attention was paid to the fact, but afterwards search was instituted and on Sunday morning he was found near the roadside where in his spree he had fallen from his horse and perished. Some animal had eaten out his tongue. A warning against the use of the bowl.

Another paper, near the former, afterwards published this:

Sometime previous to his death Peter Brown had told his friends that he was afraid he would be killed because he had been exposing the secrets of his order. He manifested great fear. He would never stay alone at night. He would have

some one stay with him, and would bring in the axes, and bar the doors, and then often spent the night in agony. When he disappeared he was not found until the ninth day, and then on a knoll where several of our best citizens will testify they previously had looked for him. His tongue was not eaten out; it was *cut out smoothly* with some sharp instrument. His throat was cut also from ear to ear. When it was sewed up the blood flowed freely, and there was no offensive smell about the body. The doctor will testify that Brown had not been dead twenty-four hours when found. Yet our officers will do nothing definite to ferret out and punish the perpetrators. A respectable citizen, whose name we can give, and who has left the order, declares that he believes the Masons killed Brown.

But why continue? By the mouth of two or three witnesses everything shall be established. If the following can occur, as it did, in a leading city in this country, why will one doubt any account which has been made? The following was published in the leading paper of the city, and in at least three other prominent papers in the country; and yet the account was not copied by newspapers generally, nor referred to by them, and is not known by the vast majority of citizens.

This is from the account published by order of the convention in one of the city papers. It was signed by the president of the convention, who was president of a leading college in this country, and countersigned by two secretaries:

The National Christian Association, which aims to enlighten the public in regard to the principles and character of

Masonry and other secret fraternities, held its twelfth anniversary convention in this city on March 24th, 25th and 26th.

The night meetings were held in Music Hall, where a Past Master gave on the last night the third degree of Masonry, with explanations of its symbolisms. But owing to the presence of a large number of Masons, who carried on an organized riot of noisy demonstrations, the exercises could only be seen, and the large audiences which assembled to hear were wholly deprived of the privilege. The city authorities had required the *Association* to hire the services of twenty-one policemen to keep order, and the owner of the hall compelled the taking of an entrance fee to exclude the rabble; and yet there was utter disorder, and an evidently prearranged determination to prevent the speakers from being heard. The clapping, stamping, whistling, cheering and loud cries of derision were kept up from the beginning, so that no one was allowed to be heard. Even a man ninety-three years of age, an ex-member of the legislature, once a member of the same lodge with Morgan, and from whose house the body of that murdered man was buried, when he attempted to speak was met with derisive laughter, insulting epithets and cheers which wholly drowned his voice. Threats were freely made on both evenings against different speakers and members of the convention; even threats to take life were made against two of them, whom they said they had "spotted, and would send after Morgan." One of those making these threats was heard by a number of persons, who will testify to the facts and identify the man. The first evening one delegate was hit by a brickbat and two others were pelted with bad eggs. The second evening, had not the lecturer passed out without being recognized he would have been attacked by a crowd of Freemasons, who waited about the doors till midnight for that purpose; and the police informed the

delegates that they must not venture to leave the building without their escort. Surely a system that meets the arguments of a Christian assembly with only such rebuttal stands self-condemned as guilty of all and greater wickedness than its present opponents have laid to its charge.

This manifestation of mobocracy in the refined center of New England was made by no "fellows of the baser sort," but was the work of men of standing in wealth and social position, and high in Masonic honor and influence, as was evident from their appearance and the manifest deference shown to them by the police. The policemen, whom the society was forced to pay to keep order in their meeting, confined themselves to "guarding property and life," and put forth no effort to restrain the lawless noise of the rioters. Several police captains were present, yet no orders were given to suppress the disturbers of the meeting. A captain, when pressed by one of the vice-presidents of the association, admitted that the ends for which the hall was hired and the police employed were wholly defeated; yet he ordered no arrest, and permitted the outrage to continue to the end. The leaders of the mob were pointed out to the police, and the noise was repeatedly led by men right beside the officers, and yet these guardians of public liberty in this great city looked on in helpless impotence, or with sympathy and approval. A portion of the press of the city truly characterized the disturbance and shameful proceedings, but studiously misrepresented the facts by false statements about the motives and character of the association, and the spirit and character of the rioters. Thus, in this "Cradle of American Liberty," the right of free speech is again outrageously denied to Christian men, and loose rein is given to men whose conduct is an outrage and disgrace to our civilization.

After his own experience Groves believed all these to be reliable accounts. He was glad as well as sad. It made him sad to think that his country, his church, and so many of his fellow-men were under the bondage of this secret empire, and that there must be so much suffering ere its rule would be destroyed. He was glad to know that during his imprisonment the opposition to the institution had increased. He rejoiced to see opposition arising in so many places against all secret societies; for he considered all others but the children of Freemasonry, to which parent they, to a greater or less degree, bear resemblance in both appearance and character.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE END OF THE BEGINNING.

"Let those love now who never lov'd before,
Let those who always loved now love the more."

—*Thomas Parnell.*

DURING this time Hulman had become quite feeble. He had been better at times and able to attend to his business; then soon he would have a relapse, which placed him in a worse condition than before. He was now over sixty years of age, and there seemed to be a breaking down of his whole system. Walter tried hard to restore him to his usual health and vigor, and for a time had great hopes. But his father had lost spirit, and did not struggle to baffle the disease, as he would have done if he had been more cheerful and hopeful.

It began to look gloomy to Mrs. Hulman. Walter himself was becoming discouraged. It was already dismal to Mr. Hulman. He continued to grow worse. It looked more dismal to him. Death did not present bright hopes and happy prospects.

Never brave nor pious, he had always been afraid to die, and now he was afraid he was going to die. He was not sure of the existence or the nature of a Grand Lodge on the other side of the dark river; or if he was, he seemed in no hurry to reach it. He did not care so much to live as he dreaded to die. He did not love life so much as he hated death and feared the darkness beyond the grave. In the presence of the dead, or on the near approach of death the vain boasts of the careless and skeptical take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea.

Hulman spoke of inviting a consulting physician. Walter had desired one before this, but his father had objected. Now both were willing. Who should be invited? Slim was out of the question. McNally, another resident physician, had been drinking heavily. Walter objected to Lumm. His father objected to Hill. At length Walter said:

"I will suggest one who is willing to aid you; one in whom all physicians have great confidence; one whom you can trust with no fear of not getting the best medical advice; and yet one whom to ask would require you to allow your judgment to control your feelings. And now I propose that you, not for friendship, but as a matter of business, send for Dr. Groves."

Hulman groaned. His feelings had changed considerably in the last few weeks or he would have cursed.

"Although you may dislike him personally, you know that the wisest thing you can do is to have at your bedside that old physician who has brought you and your family through many spells of sickness and who is acknowledged to be without a peer, even in the city."

Hulman groaned again. Then his wife added pleadingly:

"Not to help him, but to help you; for your sake and my sake do let us send for him."

Hulman was silent. There was a conflict in his mind. As often as he had advised others not to employ that crazy Groves, which advice was the indirect cause of many deaths, with the ignorant Slim or the drunken brother as the direct cause, yet now his own judgment told him that the clear-headed Groves would be the best counselor. He bit his lips. He hated Groves. But ah! he hated death worse. He was in bondage to one ruling passion of his life—spite; he was in bondage to secret societies; but he was in worse bondage through fear of death. On one side were arrayed pride, prejudice, envy, hatred and deep-rooted spite; on the other, steadily approaching him and slaying these passions was the king of terrors. "All that a man hath will he give for his life."

"Well, if you do not object, I will go over to his office and have him to come immediately."

Hulman moaned, but did not object.

Mrs. Hulman remarked, "Do go, and urge him to come."

"He will need no urging," said Walter, leaving the room. He knew that it was one of Groves' rules never to allow any personal matter to interfere with his efforts to save life. When Walter made his request, Groves said nothing about confession and forgiveness, or about his great sacrifice of dignity, or anything of the kind, but considered it as any other case and went with Walter to visit the patient.

The consultation was held, the nature of the disease, the course of treatment and the probable result easily decided. They agreed on every point, both considering that the patient had a very narrow chance for recovery. It was generally known that Hulman was dangerously sick. The Rev. Dr. Dobbs called, but did not find him very communicative in regard to his spiritual interests. He gave his pastor no encouragement to continue his conversation or to engage in any religious exercises. He talked more freely to his wife. Said he, one day, after lying long silent:

"Whether Christianity is true or false, I would give all I have in the world to believe and feel as you and other Christians do."

"Believe as they do and you will feel as they do."

"How can I make myself feel? I do believe that the Bible is true."

"O I mean more than to believe that the Word is true. Believe in, trust the truth of its promises,

and depend on Him who made them. That is what we call faith. Don't try to feel. There's nothing said about feeling. Accept the Savior as yours and rely on Him, and whether you *feel* deeply or not, you will receive the promised blessings."

Hulman was again quiet for some minutes. Then he remarked that he would like to see Father Kemble. Without saying another word on the subject, Mrs. Hulman sent a note to the venerable minister asking him to call on her husband. When he came that afternoon she met him in the parlor and wisely gave him as near as she was able a description of the views of Mr. Hulman. Then she showed him into the room of the sick man, and as she knew that her husband might be more free to communicate his feelings, she prudently excused herself for a few minutes.

"I have often thought of you in your affliction and am sorry that I have not called before this, but I did not know that my visits would be desirable," said the pleasant old gentleman.

"You had reasons for believing as you did, but I ask you to forgive me. I have sadly abused you, spoken ill of you, and tried to injure you. I confess it all and humbly beg your forgiveness. I could not die in peace until I had done this."

"I did not intend to accuse you, Mr. Hulman, but merely to excuse myself. If you have ever done me any wrong, I freely forgive you, even as I hope to be forgiven."

"Thank you, Father Kemble. I have wronged you and am grateful for your forgiveness. I do not try to excuse myself at all. The only palliation I offer is that it was my associations that led me to do so much evil. But this is no excuse, for I should not have been in associations which I knew all the time were wrong. I refer to secret societies."

"Indeed, I am surprised yet glad to hear you speak as you do. I always did blame that institution which exerted such influence over you, and which I was once afraid would keep you, as it has kept thousands, from ever being saved. But allow all that to pass, and let us now continue good friends until death."

"Ah! I fear that is not far from me, and I have asked you to call that you might talk to me and pray with me before I die."

"I will surely be glad to do so. I suppose your pastor has often conversed with you and that you are well prepared for the end," remarked Father Kemble, rejoiced and yet surprised at the request.

Mr. Hulman answered earnestly, "Dr. Dobbs has often called and attempted to converse with me, but I have little confidence in him as a minister. I have met him where no Christian should enter and heard him reading Christless prayers. Ah, no, when one comes to die he wants a minister who is free from all such entangling alliances. I prefer that you, nay, I beg that you may be my spiritual adviser, and, as you have forgiven me yourself, point

out to me, a guilty wretch, the way in which I may obtain forgiveness from Him before whose bar I must soon appear."

Father Kemble answered, "If *I* forgive, how much more will *He*! He will abundantly pardon, for his ways are above our ways and his thoughts—his thoughts of mercy—are above our thoughts, even as the heavens are higher than the earth."

"But I am such a wicked sinner."

"Let *him* return to the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet"—

"So are mine," broke in the sick man.

"They shall be as snow. Though they be as red as crimson"—

"Indeed they are."

"They shall be as wool."

"But how shall I return?"

"Do you know who proclaimed these words: 'I am the way'?"

"Yes."

"Then take Him as your Savior and trust Him to do as he promises and he will do it; for he never fails."

And thus they talked until the almost dying man declared his confidence in Him who only can forgive sin. Promising to call the next day at three o'clock, Father Kemble left the room.

By the entreaty of Mrs. Hulman and the consent of her husband, Groves had called frequently. The patient during these visits scarcely took his eyes

from the doctor, but followed him with them as often as he moved. Often he would sigh as if his heart were broken. After the doctors had made their examination the evening after the second call of Father Kemble, and were about to leave the room, and had, in fact, opened the door, Mr. Hulman said:

"Wait a few minutes, please."

They returned to the bedside and waited for the request. After asking them to be seated he added:

"Walter, take a pen and write as I dictate. You can write as fast as I can speak."

Walter procured paper and pen and sat down at the stand by the bedside. Groves sat near the foot of the bed.

"Promise me that neither of you will speak a word, or utter any exclamation till I have finished."

They both promised. The sick man began to dictate. He spoke very slowly and faintly. Every word was considered. He had probably thought it all over before this.

My last hour is fast approaching. Before all things fade from my mind I feel the need of making a confession, and so far as in me lies, restitution for my wrong. It has been my sad and guilty lot to be concerned in an event which for a time caused agony to some and pain to many, and was in itself a great wrong. My object in making this confession is that I may receive forgiveness from those I have injured, and that it may be used for the cause of truth and right when I am gone. It is all I can do now; and it is with great sorrow and shame, and only from a sense of duty, that I speak.

I was made a Mason a score of years ago. I did not examine the principles and claims of the lodge. I did not care what it was, so that I had a good time there and received some advantages. When opposition was raised and its principles were discussed, I became vexed. When opposition was continued and its secrets revealed, and when one with whom I was already offended, and who I was told had been a Mason in the army, and therefore subject to our law, opposed it, I became spiteful and revengeful. Partly to satisfy my personal malice, using the lodge for my base purpose, and partly for the sake of the order, I suggested to some of the brethren that means should be used to silence the leaders in the opposition. Different opinions were expressed. Some believed that the opposition should be met in silent contempt. Some claimed that a warning would be effectual. Some argued in favor of inflicting a light punishment. And some declared that the offence of the Antimasons was like the crime of invading ones country or home and trying to destroy it, and therefore Masonry should be defended in the same way,—the death of the invaders or rebels would not be murder but self defense.

These conversations took place after the regular meetings, and by carefully leaving out of the caucuses the best of our members, the last party rapidly increased until Dr. Groves especially was in great danger. Seeing this, and not wishing blood to be shed, and unwilling to inform him of his danger, and desiring some punishment to him, I planned his abduction which was carried out chiefly by members of other lodges, some of whom Groves knows, but none of whom I feel at liberty to name. The rest of this crime is a matter on public record and too well known to need relating.

The only palliation I claim is that I tried to save blood.

shed; but this is no palliation for me, because it was I who first suggested the violence which I felt must be checked.

I confess that I am guilty of heinous sin against our Maker, of crime against the state, of gross injustice against Groves, his wife and daughter, and my son and many others. I humbly confess all, and beg forgiveness. I have suffered more than any. I renounce all connection with Masonry, and all allegiance to it. I warn all, who may read this, against its snares. I request not to be buried with the honors of the order when I die, at which time this or a part of this, as may be deemed prudent, may be made public.

I make this confession in full possession of my mental faculties and believing that I am near my death and my Judge, who I believe has forgiven me even as He forgave those who plotted against Him and put Him to death. Now I have done. Have mercy on me, a guilty criminal, but a heart-stricken penitent who has suffered more than his victims.

He closed his eyes a moment and waited. He was tired and was resting, it was true, but also he seemed to be praying. Soon he opened his eyes again. The three men looked at each other and wept. Finally Groves controlled his feelings so that he could say, as he held out his hand:

"I freely forgive you. I do not blame *you*, but the power that ruled over you as with an iron rod."

Walter could scarcely speak, but sobbed out, "And Father, you forgive me, too?"

"Yes, but rather beg your forgiveness."

Hulman asked for a pen, and with a trembling hand signed his full name to his confession. Then

he asked the two doctors to sign their names as witnesses, and when this was done he added:

"Now let Dr. Groves keep this paper till I am gone, and only tell that between us there is friendship. Afterwards, as it is my dying request, this paper is to be used so as to promote the interests of that cause of which Groves is a worthy representative. This is all.

They sat in silence a few seconds, and then Groves slowly rose to leave.

"Doctor, I would like to see Mrs. Groves and Edith before I die," said Mr. Hulman timidly.

"They no doubt wish to see you. I shall bring them with me to-morrow at three o'clock."

Groves went home, told all he was allowed to tell, and made known Hulman's request. Mrs. Groves and Edith readily consented to visit him.

The next day was bright, clear and cool. But Hulman had grown worse during the night. He was conscious and able to speak, but there was no hope that he could live another day. A little before three Father Kemble called according to promise. Soon Dr. Groves and family arrived. Hulman was the first to speak after their entrance.

"Mrs. Groves and Edith, can you forgive me for all my evil deeds that you know, and more, too, when you hear them?"

"Yes, I can and do with all my heart," said Mrs. Groves.

"And I as freely and fully," added Edith.

"I wanted Edith to come and see me as she used to do years ago when I was sick."

"I am glad to come to see you and happy to think you are willing to see me; but I am sorry to see you so weak."

"Edith, I want to see you as my child and bless you and Walter as my children before I die. What will hinder you from being married now while I can see you? Father Kemble is ready. Are you willing, Doctor and Mrs. Groves?"

"Yes," said the doctor.

"I'll leave it to Walter and Edith," said Mrs. Groves.

"Come, children, please do hear the request of your dying father."

Walter took Edith aside and conversed with her several minutes in a low tone, and then placing her hand on his arm, as they turned toward the others, said, "We are ready."

Father Kemble arose and said:

"Marriage is the union between one man and one woman who bind themselves to live together as man and wife until they are separated by death. In this relation there should be perfect unity of heart and mind, with nothing to mar or disturb perfect confidence and love. In this relation are many mutual duties, but they may all be comprehended in one command: 'Love one another.' Here it is especially manifest that 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.'"

Then, after asking them to join their right hands and to promise to live together with united hearts, dutifully, faithfully and constantly loving and helping each other, and praying the blessing of the God of families might rest on them and those assembled, in all their joys and sorrows, in health and in sickness, during life and at death, he solemnly said:

"And now I pronounce you husband and wife. 'What, therefore, God hath joined together let not man put assunder.'"

The congratulations, the well-wishes, the kisses and the tears were not merely according to form and custom. Every one spoke from the heart. All were glad and all were sad. All wept for sorrow and all wept for joy. Hatred and love, wrong and forgiveness, trouble and peace, happiness and pain, delay and haste, mirth and mourning, curses and blessings, marriage and death were mingling or had come so close together.

"And now, children," said the dying man very slowly, "'The Lord keep you, and be gracious unto you, and bless you.'"

That night, without a fear of evil, without a struggle or a pain, in peace, in hope, yea, even in joy, and surrounded by the marriage party, Hulman walked through the valley of the shadow of death. He was given a Christian burial, with the services conducted by Father Kemble. His renunciation, but not his confession, was made public.

Walter and Edith are now happy in their new and lovely home in Megapolis.

Dr. Groves and his wife are still living in peace and contentment in the village of Brandon.

The local lodge no more troubles them. Its charter has been returned. Of those who were once its members some are silent and some curse the order.

And this is the end of the beginning of the coming conflict which is to rage in nearly every village and in every city in the land, until that which has been so long spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops, until the church is freed from the iniquity of this mystery, and the state is released from the power behind the throne, and until every one who has been bound in the coils of a secret society shall have his bands cut assunder, and instead of saying, sensible of his bondage, or glorying in his shame, "I am a Freemason," shall be able to say, in his glorious liberty, "I am a FREE MAN!"

"For freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

