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LIFE IN THE TRIANGLE,

OR,

Freemasonry at the Present Time.

By ROB. MORRIS, K. T.

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OTHER MASONIC WORKS; AND LECTURER ON "THE  
LANDMARKS AND WORK OF FREEMASONRY."

"I will compass thine altar, O Lord: that I may pub-  
lish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy  
miraculous works."—Ps. xxi. 6, 7.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE ROUGH ASHLERS.

CONTENTS OF CHAPTER FIRST.—Character of the three Brothers Scribe—Earthquake of 5812—Repentance and Reformation—*Wo unto him that striketh with his Maker—Thou hast trusted in thy wickedness—Thou hast said none seeth me—Behold the day of the Lord cometh, cruel both with wrath and fierce anger, to lay the land desolate, and he shall destroy the sinners thereof out of it.*

Forty years ago and the three brothers, Charles, Timothy and Bartholomew Scribe, residents of L—— county, Missouri, were the terror of their enemies, and the sorrow of their friends.

Prophets, there were not a few, who denounced the whole three as the subjects of some future slip-noose and cart-tail; prophets, too, who staked their entire reputation as prophets upon the correctness of their judgment in this matter. It must be acknowledged, however, that all such conjectures were advanced under the strictest veil of secrecy; for woe to the prophet if either of the Scribes got wind of his prediction.

These men, as we have said, were the terror of their enemies, and their enemies constituted the whole race of human kind.

Mothers trembled for their virgin daughters when the Brothers Scribe addressed them.

Fathers picked their flints or sharpened their blades when the Brothers paid a visit to their dwellings.

Men, fearing to act individually, united in bands and acted in concert, when one of the Brothers insulted them.

The regions round about Bethany mourned for the exploits of the desperadoes; exploits that involved lust, covetousness and revenge; and men ground their teeth together at the sound, and prayed to the God of Vengeance, that the day of Vengeance might come.

Was there not ample cause for this prayer? Why did that pale-faced maiden droop like a stricken lily, at her father's fire-side, the gray-haired old Minister; and grow weaker and more pale-faced, day by day, until the sunken eye and lily-white cheek were laid together under the coffin-lid, and consigned to "The house of all living?" Why halted that strong-limbed hunter "upon his thigh" and crawled painfully upon crutches in the mansion of his mother, widowed and stricken, until the fever of the wound and the poison of the lead, worried the life from his tortured frame, leaving desolation to that mansion and to that widowed heart? Whose hand was it that applied the brand to that store-house, filled with merchandise, and reduced the two young and enterprising merchants, in a short hour, to poverty? Whose strong arm opened the lungs of the county Sheriff and made him a life-long invalid? But ours is no Newgate calender and we forbear a further catalogue.

On the sixteenth day of January, 5812, these three men were engaged, each, in a scheme as diabolical as a heart, glowing with the flames of anticipated hell, could conceive.

Charles had been busy for several weeks arranging the seduction of Jane Engles, the country beauty, engaged in marriage to one Peter Harmer, an enemy to Charles. Having sworn destruction to Harmer, Charles laid siege to the heart of his betrothed, as the most effectual means of doing him an injury, being determined, so soon as he had accomplished her ruin, and thus pierced her lover's heart with the keenest anguish, to provoke a quarrel with Peter and put the man to death. The threat had been recorded, and many a stronger man than Peter Harmer had felt how Charles fulfilled such determinations.

Jane lived with her widowed mother, and had no protector. Therefore she could not prevent Charles' visits, however unwelcome, though her heart sunk within her, whenever his fierce countenance gleamed in at her mother's door, and she reckoned the consequences if her lover should call at such time. She absented herself as frequently as the condition of her poor bed-ridden mother would justify, and when she was compelled to sit in the same apartment with her evil visiter and to endure his honied speech, (for Charles had all the art that is essential to his cruel trade,) she answered him as respectfully as she could, yet as distantly as she dared.

But when the villain proposed that which

should blister man's tongue to pronounce in woman's hearing, which should rend man's heart that would conceive it for woman's ruin, she spurned the vile proposition with a disgust and contempt that stung him to the quick.

And when with an easy hypocrisy he changed his manner of attack, and with all the gentleness he could assume at a moment's notice, he professed regret for his words and a purer passion, and even offered her marriage, the outraged girl could not conceal her poathing, but spoke language of scorn that aroused the very demon within him. From that moment he determined to use *force*. *Revenge will keep*; and Charles could abide his time, though at the cost of the jeers of his associates who had heard of his attempt and of its failure.

On the sixteenth of January, then, Jane had left her mother's house to visit a neighboring family, a mile or two distant. Her path was through a dense thicket of hazel, bound as with cords, by strong vines; a path lonesome and rarely trod, save by the foot of beast and bird. But the country beauty had so frequently traversed these wood paths, in the boldness of a frontier life, that no thought of fear entered her breast. She was, therefore, taken altogether by surprise when, at a sudden turning in the path, the large form of Charles Scribe sprang upon her, his face lit up with a mocking smile and his eyes fiery with lust. It was but a momentary task for the strong man to bind the maiden's hands, to

smother her despairing screams with his handkerchief, and then—there was none but God and his angels to preserve poor Jane.

Timothy, the second brother, was, that morning, accomplishing the will of Satan in a different sphere. For several months he had been negotiating with a party of counterfeiters, who coveted the advantages of his house and influence to carry out their plans. The negotiation had been brought to a close. They had removed their machinery to his dwelling after entering into a compact with him, whereby he bound himself to become a full participant in their operations. That morning, the sixteenth day of January, 5812, all had been made ready to commence the coining. The furnace had been set aglow. The massive screw, duly oiled and polished, stood like some giant of mischief prepared for its work.

The dies and clippers, fashioned with a skill that would have insured fame and fortune to its possessor, had it been exercised in an honest calling, were set in due place; sentinels were stationed at appropriate distances to guard against the approach of any; the signal was made to begin. The toils had been woven around him with so much ingenuity that Timothy Scribe was this day to commence the career of a counterfeiter.

Bartholomew, the youngest brother, the darling of his mother, who, for grief at her darling's vices, had sunk into an untimely grave, was engaged that day in a scheme of robbery and murder. He had been involved in a horse

race the week before which had cost him a thousand dollars by its loss. This unexpected disaster was the result, as he had every reason to suppose, of fraud on the part of his opponents. True, such a thing is but a part of the unpublished code of horse racing, yet, none take it more to heart, when they happen to suffer by its practical operation, than professional jockies themselves. Bartholomew experienced this in his own person; and, being the very man to right his own wrongs, he vowed to have restoration of the spoils and bloody revenge for the fraud.

Under his accustomed stolidity of face, Bartholomew hid his intentions. He professed to believe that the match had been fairly played out, and paid the money to his opponents with no appearance of discontent.

But he marked each coin *with a drop of blood*, and set himself vigorously to recover it.

He proposed a *second race*, in which still larger stakes should be invested. This being promptly accepted, he invited the parties to meet at his house on the sixteenth day of January, that they might arrange the preliminaries. There Bartholomew had prepared a draught of death! Taking the care of the breakfast into his own hands, he had mixed such portions of the deadliest drugs with the food and drink to be spread before them, as to insure death to every taster. Vengeance halts not at cost. His favorite dog, that had cost him more money than any man has a right to invest in such property, was unhesitatingly

sacrificed in the experiment which tested the strength of the poison.

All then was ready. The parties had actively discussed time, amount and distance, and compromised the figures upon each. The umpires had shaken hands over the settlement. All was ready. Old Sheba, the cook, had set out the table and spread the cloth. The opening of the kitchen door had admitted a cloud of appetising vapor. The servants had placed the food in the dishes. What a feast to the Skeleton King, who stood grinning by with upraised dart, preparing to follow up the venomous dishes with his deadliest stroke!

It was nine o'clock in the morning. The sun, that day, had risen clear upon the hills and prairies of Missouri, and brought the promise of a fair day.

Suddenly it grew dark, not as the darkness of an eclipse, but with a choking, damp fog, such as hangs densely at night in the noisome marsh. Mysterious sights and sounds accompanied the gloom. Large birds, of species unknown to the revelers, flew down with horrid screams into the yard and settled in very bewilderment upon the door-step, tame with terror.

The servants, on the path from kitchen to parlor, with the well-filled, death-charged dishes, dropped them scalding to the floor and fled. The sportsmen rushed to the doors and windows, leaving their bags of gold and silver unguarded upon the table.

The ravisher paused in that lonely hazel

thicket, his infernal deed yet unaccomplished. The counterfeiters threw down their ladles heavy with the molten metal, leaving the moulds unfilled.

And then the great earthquake of 5812 burst, with unexampled fury, upon the land! Then the birds fell in myriads to the ground. Trees dashed their heavy tops against each other like heavy wheat, then toppled in mighty winrows to the earth. Houses of wood and houses of stone were alike rent from top to bottom. Then the turbid Mississippi, parent of waters, became bewildered on his long journey of two thousand miles, lost his way, turned madly in his course and "sought the north," that region of cold and darkness. Then amidst the general groan of nature, districts were submerged; ponds became lakes; hills were degraded, and the strength of pent-up fires became awfully manifest by the rending of innumerable strata from the very core of the earth.

The counterfeiters forsook the falling house and returned no more. Their comrade, Timothy Scribe, vowing repentance amid that wreck of nature, fulfilled his vow in gratitude to God, who had kept him alive while so many perished, and thenceforth reformed his ways.

Charles unbound the maiden's hands; removed the handkerchief from her mouth, and the twain knelt there together, the innocent with the guilty, while the thankful woman prayed for both.

Bartholomew rushed madly from the scene

of his intended guilt; roamed abroad with the fires of hell in his conscience; sought death on every hand where death was so busy, but found it not.

There is a providence directs our ends. He "that will bring righteousness to the plummet" had a further use for these Brothers, blood-stained and abandoned as they were, and He placed his broad shield of protection over them, that they might work his divine will in due time.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE PERFECT ASHLERS.

CONTENTS OF CHAPTER SECOND.—Description of "The Triangle"—The Perfect Ashlers, as discovered in the good-wishing and good-doing Brothers Scribe—A sermon opened—The corpse and inquest—The Broken Tessera, and how it is acknowledged—*Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return to the Lord and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon—Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.*

In the prosperous Commonwealth of M—— there is a portion of territory that we beg leave to introduce to our readers under the title of "The Triangle." The name results from its topographical peculiarities, as may be seen from the description following.

Flowing towards this region from the North-East, as the Jordan flows past the clay-grounds of Succoth, is the Bawbah river, noted for the cane brakes that skirt its banks, and the abundant muscle-fish that imbed themselves for a livelihood in its sands.

From the North-West, as the Tyrian workmen journeyed towards Jerusalem, comes the Menolee, scarcely a river, being less than two cubits in depth when summer suns are hot, yet larger, for all that, than half the water-courses of Canaan. The angle of intersec-

tion, formed by these two streams, is exactly sixty degrees, as the field-notes of the original surveys, preserved in the General Land Office, accurately show.

The country, for three miles up both rivers, is low and choked with cane. In ancient times it was subject to mighty inundations, as may yet be seen by the marks twenty feet up the cottonwood, birch and gum trees, that rise loftily out of the thickets; scars engraved by the floating logs as they hurried down the current towards the Gulf. But none of the present settlers can recollect such a fluvial event.

At the termination of the cane-brake, the hills set in. At first they are mere inclinations that afford the true agricultural slope for drainage; then they become steep, with outcrops of hard, white clay; then precipitous, presenting beds of gravel mixed with various fossil remains precious in the sight of the geologist and in the sight of no other. Finally they run up into a ridge that we will denominate the "Ridge of Mounds." For here is one of the most magnificent displays of aboriginal skill in the erection of forts and tumuli that we have any where beheld. It is odds if we shall not be tempted to sketch them ere our volume is complete. To Freemasons, as the preservers of ancient traditions, and the conservators of ancient remains, it is left to develop the great lessons taught in these mightiest of hieroglyphics, and we would not avoid our share of the responsibility.

Passing this water-shed, northwardly, the hilly lands slowly decline and terminate in a large and elevated prairie, bordered by the bed of a slough, which may be traced clear across from river to river. It is easy to see that this slough, or cut-off, was made long since by the waters of the Bawbah, swollen into speed and seeking a nearer route to their place of destination. Although it is now useless for that purpose, yet every rain supplies it and keeps it full, and fishes of all kinds rejoice in its waters, and do there increase and multiply to their heart's content.

It is this arrangement of water courses (viz: the Bawbah, the Menolee and Roblin Bayou,) that constitutes The Triangle, of which the longer sides are each about nine miles in length, the shortest about six.

The Triangle presents many desirable places of residence, as may readily be conjectured from our brief description; and if human beings, as at present constituted, could be content to live at peace with each other, there is no section that offers greater inducements for a home. But contentment has had no residence on earth since the craftsmen returned to Tyre. No altar of sacrifice has been erected to contentment here, and it will be found in the progress of our tale, that The Triangle is no exception to the general contrast that perfect nature presents with imperfect humanity.

In the more eligible parts of The Triangle, are located the three Brothers Scribe, whose unpropitious commencement we sketched in

our first chapter. They are old men now; the youngest having numbered his three score years, and the fire of youth has long since burned out within them. But they are by all odds the most prominent citizens of The Triangle, as they were the earliest and for several years the only settlers after the Indians took their national journey towards the setting sun.

Charles is the proprietor of the snug country store in the village of Scribeville, which lies on the lower side of the high-land prairie, close to Roblin Bayou. Timothy claims the proprietorship of the ferry on Bawbah river, where the mail route towards the State capital crosses that stream. The active duties of the ferry boat, however, rest in a grizzly-headed servant, his own residence being a mile or two inland. Bartholomew has a tan-yard on the edge of the cane-brake, about half way between the two rivers, and is rather the wealthiest of the three. His fine spring, which gushes out from the hill, is a delight to eye and sense, and attracts much company during the hot season, which just now has been too hard upon the wet weather fountains and careless water-branches of the country, far and near. And now we will introduce them into the active scenes of our narrative.

One of the hottest days of the month of August is drawing to its decline, and the old man Bartholomew, who has been taking his daily sies a has just rubbed his eyes half open, and filled his ample pipe, of which



no arithmetic can measure the capacity, when his lazy routine is interrupted by the noise of the riding of a furious gehu in the shape of a negro boy upon a mule. At first view, which is taken at a considerable distance, it seems as though the brute will not be able to move his limbs fast enough to sustain his equilibrium. You can readily number the lashes he receives from his rider by the pendulum-like motion of his tail acknowledging each blow. The queer cat-step of the species, is quite lost in the headlong gait with which he comes down the steep hill. Should he be fortunate enough to find the bottom in safety, his character for a mountainous region would be established forever.

Mr. Scribe summons his wife, a fine silver-haired dame of fifty-five, who wears her glasses with the air of one to whom they are *se ond nature*, she confirms his opinion by hers; "That the nigger is Schuyler's Jim!" easily recognising him through the aforesaid glasses by the bald patch on his head.

As Schuyler's Jim approaches nearer, he pleasantly exhibits, what some poet has described as "The mingling of a smile and tear."

THE SMILE (any body but a poet would term it a grin; measured, it would occupy

one-sixth part of an Entered Apprentice's Guage) the smile is the ecstatic grimace of obedience with which he has executed his master's orders, "To ride fast as the mew-el can go." Poor mewel! how little that master thought of the bunch of briers under thy tail or the inch-thick sapling about thy flanks, by which cudgel thy colored tormenter has contrived, unprecedented exploit, to accomplish the four miles from gate to gate in twenty minutes!

THE TEAR is not so clearly marked as the smile; yet there are manifest tokens of terror in the stammer of the boy as he endeavors hastily to deliver his message; how Marser George drowned in *de ribber*, and how he tole Old Marser to send him to Marser Scribes to come right ober and help him *inkwish de body*;" a commixture of lawful pronouns with unlawful idiomatics that would drive any grammarian except Kirkham, into a madman or a fool.

By the aid of the clever dame with the spectacles, who takes gehu by the ears and interrogates him with an acuteness invaluable to a lawyer in a large criminal practice, the skein is unraveled and found to imply "that a dead body has been discovered in Bawbah river; and that Mr. Obion, the coroner, desires Mr. Bartholomew Scribes to come over and serve on the jury

of inquest; for which purpose he had requested Mr. Schyler to send his black boy Jim quick as possible."

Such a message is not to be disregarded. With that admiration for the horrible, so universal in remote country settlements, an admiration that induces female people to ride forty miles to a hanging, Mr. Scribe mounts his horse, kept saddled all day under the shed before the door, as becomes a Southern gentleman, and rides off at a brisk gait, leaving the negro to lead his exhausted brute back at a speed ridiculously disproportioned to the rate of his approach.

A short distance from home, Bartholomew overtakes the Rev. Mr. Tubal, circuit rider that year, for all the preaching stations in the Triangle. The pair are intimately acquainted; have seen each other three times before since breakfast; meet almost as often as they eat; yet you see them now stop and shake hands, and Mr. Scribe slackens his pace one-half to correspond with that of the aged minister. "Behold how good and how pleasant &c."

"And how is it with you this evening, Brother Tubal? inquires the friendly Scribe, "how's your Bronckectus?"

"Mending a little, Brother Bart, but only a little. I couldn't preach this evening at my three o'clock appointment; only ex-

horted an hour or so and dismissed. But I'm getting on pretty well with the discourse. Got through the second general division and noted down some ideas for the third. It seems to me Brother Bart that Mount Moriah is the most famous spot upon earth. I only wish we could prove the tradition of the Jewish rabbins true, that the Ark rested there after the Deluge, instead of Ararat; then the chain of sacred events would be complete."

The subject mentioned above, by the old preacher is, "The Temple upon Moriah." About a month since he was deputed by the Masonic Lodge, U. D., in the county town, to prepare a Discourse for John Evangelist's day upon that head. It is understood that the thing is to be published for extensive circulation; hence the care the old circuit rider is bestowing on it.

He goes on to tell his Brother Scribe how that he has arranged the heads of his topic as follows: "The purpose; the time; the place; the preparation; the plan; the furniture; the arm of wisdom; the arm of strength; the arm of beauty; the subordinates; the lab. rers; the grand summons; the procession; the dedication; and the divine approval." Upon this basis he has made progress, as he says to the fifth head; and thus our enthusiastic Mason displays

his subject in that copious form of notes facetiously styled extempore preaching.

### THE TEMPLE ON MOUNT MORIAH.

TEXT.—“*And Solomon determined to build an house for the name of the Lord, and an house for his kingdom.*” 2 Chron. 2: 1.

I. PURPOSE.—Show the prevalent idolatries of that age—gross and debasing—there was no Deity of peace—and no Temple of peace. The Temple was built First, To symbolize the grand promise made by God to Adam. Second, To make Jehovah known as a God of mercy and peace—therefore the Temple must be built by Jehovah's people only; must be constructed under charge of a man raised up for that express purpose; must be more costly and architecturally splendid than any other edifice; must be built upon a draught or plan furnished by the Holy Ghost; must have all its parts symbolical. Third, To furnish the chosen seed gathering peace. Fourth, To establish permanent monuments of Jehovah's favor. Fifth, To be the initial point of a secret, moral association designed to inculcate the principles of peace throughout the world.

II. TIME.—A. M. 2,000—480 years after coming out of the children of Israel from Egypt. 1st. A time of general peace. 2d.

A time of the highest glory of architecture. 3d. A time of the eminence of the Jewish nation. 4th. A time of the fullness of various prophecies and promises.

III. PLACE.—1st. Sacred to the memory of pure faith—Abraham. 2d. Sacred to the memory of repentance—David. 3d. Prophetically holy. 4th. Convenient of access—conspicuous—defensible.

IV. PREPARATIONS.—1. David's desire—refused—God's approbation—gave him pattern of the work—David prepared 3000 talents gold, 7000 silver, and much building stone. 2. People gave—5000 talents gold, 10,000 silver, 18,000 brass, 100,000 iron.—3. God's hatred of war delayed the work.

V. PLAN.—Difficulty of description—why?—outer wall 45 by 912 feet; gates 18 by 36; portico south, three aisles 70 by 90, 45 by 90; porch east, pillars; Courts first, second and third; temple proper 60, 30, 20; sanctum one third; cherubim 36.

VI. THE FURNITURE.—Gold 140,000 vessels; silver 1,240,000; priest's garments silk 10,000; singers' vestments 2,000,000; trumpets 200,000 and 40,000 other instruments.

The reading of this, aloud to Bartholomew Scribe occupies the remainder of the ride and brings the pair to the river.

It is a few hundred yards below the ferry.

boat, on the Bawbah, at a place where the banks are so sloping that one can walk down to the water's edge, that the corpse is lying. A negro whose attack of "yaller janders" incapacitates him from labor has strolled four or five miles down here to fish and was the first to see the body. Giving notice at the ferry, the idlers, always hanging in swarms around such a place, have spread the report so briskly that although it was high twelve before the corpse was first discovered, the crowd that already covers the banks, and numbers more than a hundred individuals, has come in from a circuit of five miles round, so swiftly does intelligence of this sort fly abroad.

The scene that opened to the fraternal pair as they ride up is animating. The Coroner, Mr. Obion, was a short, pursy man, with an almost unintelligible stammer, whose funny attempts to express his meaning, half by his tongue and half by his gestures, very unmasonically given, do not at all expedite the duties of his office. A lively debate between one physician of "the regular practice" and two steam doctors, who are present, relative to the manner in which Lobelia affects the human system, is listened to with delighted attention, by one-half of the company; while the other portion speculate with intense earnestness, amount-

ing in some cases to insulting language and gross, as to "who the drowned individual mout be." The balance of opinion lies somewhere between Dutch Dick the jewelry pedlar, and Sam O'Rhafferty the Irish well-digger, both of whom have been missing since the last public speaking at Seribeville; though the names of Sam Winslow, Ol Sheevers and various others not unknown to fame are mentioned in the same connexion.

The corpse is in that condition which renders humanity disgusting to behold.—The skull peeled of its hairy integuments; the exposed gums grinning and frightful; the skin slipping from the flesh, and the flesh cleaving from the bone; these and the insufferable stench arising from them, present the image of God in such a point of view, that the heart of the observer becomes sickened and he turns away unable to endure the sight.

As Mr. Tubal and his friend retire up the bank, after a silent survey of the remains, the former points with his long fore-finger, which has clinched many a theological nail in his forty year's practice, to the cloud of buzzards wheeling their solemn circles overhead, circles of which the poor body on the river's edge constitutes the center, and remarks: "A decent bed it is, that mother earth offers us. Of all the dispositions that

can be made of the insensible corpse, that of exposing it upon a scaffold to be wasted by the elements, or to fill the maw of carrion birds as is done in some pagan lands is the most revolting, and contrary to the genius of Freemasonry. Many a man dying is distressed at the thought of what shall be done with his body. Many a poor outcast has refused to go to the hospital, where his last wants would be provided for, unwilling that his body should fall to the surgeon and his dissecting table. The daughter of Aaron Burr displayed in her letters, yet on record, an intense anxiety upon this subject almost morbid. But it is a principle of our nature that corresponds with our love of home.—This poor clay tenement which we have just witnessed, racked and weather-beaten as it is, its paint and adornments all washed off, its binding pieces loosened from their mortices, was the home from earliest childhood of an immortal being. Its inmate was attached to it with all the affections of his nature. For the respect we bear those affections, then, my Brother, let us remove it hence for more decent interment." And to all this his Masonic brother cheerfully consents.

By this time Mr. Obion has selected his jury and is ready for business. They consist of Mr. Bartholomew Scribe, Rev. Mr.

Tubal, Boling Schuyler, Joshua Longstreet, and his brother Abram, Billy Cockle the hunter, and his partner Sawney Lynn, and five persons from the prairie village who have been summoned upon the inquest by process of law.

The Constable, Jacob Mitty, who came in to help the Coroner of his own free will and accord, enters his protest against empannelling the two hunters, on the score that they are half-breeds, and "not eligible to the franchise," but this is promptly overruled by Mr. Obion, who declares in his excruciating form of speech that "Billy Cockle and Sammy Lynn knows a dead man from a live one, as well as any voter in the precinct, and that is all he wants."

This being the decision, the jury is sworn in, and they form a half circle, but with averted faces, round the corpse, and proceed to make an inquest.

The body proves to be that of a man about twenty-five years of age. It seems to have lain in the water a week or more. He was a tall person, well-formed with the exception of the left foot, which as Dr. Stokes, the "regular," points out, is slightly crooked. The clothing is considerably finer than country wear, the shirt having a linen front, and the pantaloons a tailor's cut. No signs of violence upon the body are observable

by any of the jury. The two steam-doctors give in their opinion "died by accident from drowning," before any thing to the contrary has been observed. Now this is just what Dr. Stokes has waited for all the time. The standing feud between him and the steamers is such as to legalize every opportunity of mutual attack. He has requested from the beginning that his rivals' testimony shall be taken first. His keen professional eye, trained in one of the best Medical Schools at the East, detected at a glance the distortion of the lower jaw, and the general expression of countenance, that denote a fractured skull as the probable cause of death. And now, having convicted the steamers of ignorance, he raises the head in his hands as coolly as if it were a mineral specimen he is exhibiting, and points out to the astonished jury a fracture on the back of the skull near its intersection with the neck.

The wound is deep but narrow; and made apparently with the claw of a hammer, or some such weapon. The delighted physician takes this occasion to inflict a long surgical discussion upon his audience, which, however, we cheerfully spare our readers, in which there was an equal portion of eulogium upon *his* school and aspersion upon all others.

The jury thus enlightened render a unanimous verdict of, "Perished by a blow from some metal tool, to the jury unknown," and the two steamers retire in disgrace.

This business being concluded, the twelve are dismissed by the Coroner, and preparations commence for the burial. But now to the general surprise, a proposition is made by Mr. Bartholomew Scribe, seconded by Rev. Mr. Tubal, that *they* will take upon themselves all the trouble and expense of the interment. While the Coroner is endeavoring in his slow way, to pump those gentlemen as to the motives for such a charitable offer, a couple of persons ride up whom we must introduce before we go any further.

The elder occupies the whole width of his light gig, and is apparently a martyr to rheumatism. He is more than seventy years of age, quite bald and toothless. But neither his number of days, nor his painful disease, nor his defective dental arrangements can counter-balance the native buoyancy of his character. He jests as he rides, and jests at every thing. He forms odd conceits; draws the most unheard-of comparisons; and is his own loudest laughter at all. The elliptic springs that break the jolts of the wood-path over which he is riding, are tried to their utmost tension as

the fat old man shakes his sides at his own uproarious wit.

His companion is a gentleman admirably adapted to set off, by way of foil, this queer fellow. He is actually a few years younger but looks a dozen or so older. The idea expressed in his countenance is that of general philanthropy. A mild smile has stamped itself upon his lips, and on the corners of his mouth, that will no doubt be there, when nothing but the grave-worm shall behold it. Yet there is nothing in this to tempt one to lightness. It is not the smile of wit but the smile of love. There is a gravity about the man; a thoughtful seriousness, as though the shadows of the coming world had crept in upon him; that instantaneously represses all thoughts of jocularity in your mind. You would guess the man to be a Minister or at least, an active lay member of some evangelical church. The latter supposition would hit the mark.

These two men are no others than Charles and Timothy Scribe, whose unpropitious youth was so plainly exhibited in our first chapter. Yes, here is the Seducer by the side of the Counterfeiter; both by the grace of God saved to the world for philanthropy and usefulness! Shall it be said, after comparing the two stages of their life, that any rough ashlar is a hopeless block? Has

not the Creator left all his quarry pieces in an unfinished state, that we as co-workers with Him in the preparation of the materials, may entitle ourselves to a share of the honors of the construction! It is in accordance with this analogy that we place in the hands of our E. A. P., a measuring stick and an implement for the first rude shaping of His blocks.

The awful phenomenon, witnessed forty years before by these three Brothers, changed their whole turn of thought and action. Gratitude to God awakened them to a new existence. From being aggressors in evil, they began to make atonement for the past, and to shape themselves to be useful for the future. But there was a frightful out-layer of "vices and superfluities," to be removed. These, which in themselves are mere incrustations (does not the statue which enchants the world, lie within the block! is the statuary's part anything more than the lapidary's!) these superfluities had become by long habit so intimately attached to the living soul within, as to be almost a rending of flesh from spirit to strike them off.

But the Brothers were MEN; men of that class of which, in olden time, heroes were made. Yet not the heroes of bow and spear alone. Not the men of power of arm only. 'He that is slow to anger is *better* than the

mighty; he that ruleth his spirit is *better* than he that taketh a city." These men set about the work with a mind to make it a life-time avocation. They impoverished themselves to restore four-fold, Zaccheus-like, for the wrongs they had done to mankind.

Unfortunately much of their evil was irreparable. The grave held many of the victims of their cruelty. But to the sorrowing survivors they dispensed sympathy and material aid. They bought forgiveness for the coin of kindness. The strong-limbed hunter, "halting upon his thigh" on account of the bullet of Timothy; the maiden whose lily-white cheek and sunken eye were tell-tales of the depravity of Charles; these and such as these could not be recalled, Lazurus-like, to come forth from their graves. But the stricken widow, mother of the one, and the gray-haired minister, father of the other were half consoled for their losses in the child-like devotion of the Brothers who supplied their temporal wants with a bountiful hand, and made easy their journey to the grave. The Sheriff, an invalid from the cold blade of Bartholomew was established as an inmate in the hospitable mansion of the Brothers, and his family provided for at his death.

And as for the country beauty, whose

honor had been preserved by the very hand of God, in the great devastation, her marriage to her betrothed was consummated under the auspices of the three Brothers; her bed-ridden mother was made comfortable by a liberal income; and the wedded pair were presented with a handsome farm for their outset in life.

Thus a good work did these Entered Apprentices in moral Masonry accomplish.—Many years were required for the task.—Their ample means were scattered as the cloud-waters are thunder-shaken upon the hills. Many a pang did selfishness and the remains of their corrupt nature give them, as they cast off one by one, these vices and superfluities of life. Many a time were they tempted to turn back, leaving the plow in the furrow. Many a partial halting in the Desert, and hankerings for the flesh-pots of Egypt called their attention to their spiritual weakness and set them upon seeking unto the source of strength for strength.

That Source of strength was the twin-power of Religion and Freemasonry! Religion as the *theory* (best of all theories! only sure guide to peace and happiness! the most precious of divine gifts!); Freemasonry as the *practical development* of the theory; its systematized form; its ancient, acceptable, simplified body!



Within a twelve-month after the earthquake whose voice spoke so fearfully to their souls, the three Brothers had become members of a Masonic-lodge. It was amidst much doubting and trepidation that the Masonic fraternity cast suffrages in their favor; but with a prayer for divine guidance they elected and initiated and instructed them in the first degree. And the divine approval followed the act. The lessons they had already received from the pulpit, (for all three were now seekers for religion, and members of an active *working church*;) became clearer under the light of Masonry. The tasks enjoined by the Sacred Book, of which they were already attentive readers, became easier under the aid of Masonry.—The aims advised for their future life were the same both in religion and masonry.

They did not make a rapid progress in acquiring the degrees. They were contented to work with the gauge and gavel for several years, for it accorded both with the advice of prudent men such as lived in those days, and the dictates of their own consciences.

But in process of time their Rough Ashlars began to present an appearance charming to a Mason's eye. All the surfaces appeared beautifully polished; the angles artistically developed. There was such an

exact coincidence between the blocks under their hands, and the designs upon the Trestle Board of their Master-builder, as to declare their fitness to advance farther within the Temple. The fraternity understood it and governed themselves accordingly.—They promptly elevated the three Brothers to the second step in Masonry and placed the plumb, square and level in their hands.

These trying instruments being applied to their minds soon approved them fit for the Master's use. Then they were borne in triumph by skilful hands to the Temple walls, placed in conspicuous stations there, and so well had the quarry work been performed that little was left for the trowel to cover or conceal!

Thus the Brothers Scribe came through the Needle's Eye, divested of pride; stripped of wealth; and wanting in all that pampers the heart or feeds the corrupt nature of man. Then their gold was pure in the estimation of their brethren. Humble and meek; their minds at rest under the easy yoke of the Redeemer; with a sense of sin pardoned and retribution rendered to their utmost ability; they were claimed on the one hand by the *Church* as upright pillars, on the other hand by the *Lodge* as binding blocks. May the Grand Architect in whose charge are both Church and Lodge always

have an abundance of such to his own honor and glory, Amen. So mote it be. In a world noisy with "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals" let such men have their place.

The two elder Brothers ride up to the river bank as we have seen, and ask an explanation of the objects before them. A hundred tongues clamor in reply, and as if it were the most remarkable incident of the day, each adds for a sequel, "That Parson Tubal and their brother Bart. is gwine to bury the body on their own hook!" "Oh let the Coroner tend to that, Bart," suggests the laughing philosopher, and his brother Timothy approved the advice, on the ground that there might be danger of contagion from the putrid corpse.

To answer this and give a suitable reason for the step resolved upon, the new comers are drawn aside for a conference at low breath, and it has the singular effect to change the duett of philanthropy into a quartette. In other words, the four now concur in the scheme as freely as the two have previously done, and they immediately set about executing it. To dissolve the crowd is not very difficult. The laughing brother has only to hint that Col. Brodnax' famous Jack, Calico, is to pass the ferry in a few minutes on his way to the village; the

company breaks up as if by enchantment, the grand effort being merely to reach the crossing first.

The dispersion being successfully accomplished, and Charles having blazed upon the retreating multitude a perfect *mitraille* of jokes, the four friends go together to the corpse.

For that dead body has been invested with new interest since the jury stood around it with their averted faces.

That semblance of humanity, putrid and broken as it is, and cast by its unknown murderer into the water-depths as a useless thing, has become suddenly a thing of price. Even as we have seen in these latter days, a land of mountains and rocks, a land difficult of approach and more difficult to admire, suddenly become an object of attraction, a magnet of immigration from three quarters of the world, so it was with this forlorn and loathsome cadaver. Suspended around its neck, and well-nigh hidden in the ruffles of the shirt, the eyes of Bartholomew Scribe have beheld a medal, marked with divers emblems of great meaning to the initiate, while all other eyes saw only the fatal wound through which life had leaked out.

Again that bruised head is raised, but all gently now, and tenderly; it is to enable the

examiners to slip the ribbon off the neck and withdraw that medal. And more than one hand is raised to a tearful eye, as Mr. Tubal reads aloud the motto worked in red beads upon the silken slip; "Is your heart, oh my Brother, as my heart? then let us make a covenant together!"

The medal is a small one, fashioned of gold, in the shape of a Keystone. We should have said it was once in that shape, but the lower half of it has been broken off. No artist's hand has done this; the edges are rough and jagged, as though it had been effected hastily and awkwardly. There have been two concentric circles upon one side of the medal and a number of letters engraved without any apparent order between them. Of these letters only five are upon the fragment, to wit: K S H T W.; and in the contracted space within the inner circle, the upper part of what appears to have been an Urn, for the handles can still be traced out. Upon the opposite side is a variety of emblematic characters, such as may be seen upon the Tracing Board of every well-furnished Lodge.

This discovery it is which has stamped the ingot value upon these remains. No one would be likely to wear such a signet saving "him that hath received it;" and Mr. Bartholomew Scribe did at first sight make to be Ceroneer his philanthropic offer.

It is dusk before the matter of the burial is arranged between the four; and then calling a couple of negroes from the ferry-house, to watch the corpse till morning, the band of Brothers separates.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE HAILING SIGN.

CONTENTS OF CHAPTER THIRD.—A dying Brother, "Stranger in a strange land"—Vivid representation of distress—Sympathy at hand.

*On that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of way  
faring men—What shall I do when God riseth up? and  
when he riseth what shall I answer him?—Surely I know  
that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fears  
before Him.*

THERE is confusion, dismay, in the gilded cabin of the fine steamer which, freighted with its hundreds of passengers, is heading the mighty current of the Mississippi.

Women are there crowded wildly in their apartments, and whispering, with frightened looks, concerning the great calamity.

The officers of the boat, from the pilot at his airy post, to the sweaty engineer amidst his machinery, have abandoned, for the time, their unholy hardihood of speech, and their voices are low and gentle—more so than you could believe did you not hear them—while they descend to any listener upon the imminent danger.

Even the greedy stewards, whose avidity for perquisites is proof against all ordinary sensations of fear, have huddled together into the pantries, or, if ordered away by authority, clustered in knots of four or five, to confer

upon the same topic. THE CHOLERA, scourge of Asia, traveller around the earth, terror of humanity, has come suddenly upon them, even "as a thief in the night."

Stretched upon a mattress on the floor of the cabin, appears a ghastly object; a man in the last stages of the disease. Nature has few sights that exhibit humanity in so humiliating a point of view as this. There is such a premature exhibition of that ghastliness which the great change stamps upon the corpse—such a loss of the beauty and dignity of manhood, that it is not strange, this general terror on the countenance of the bystanders. The cholera, however it may have been slighted in the distance, has vindicated its claims to respect here, amidst these travelers upon business or pleasure, and they take no pains to conceal it.

The sufferer is a man unknown to them all, save that there is a record of his name—Mr. Rainford—upon the clerk's register. He is traveling from a distant country, it afterwards appears, to meet, by appointment, a beloved brother, who awaits his coming. But, ah! no brother shall meet him ever more! His summons is come, and there is no delay. The attack has been very sudden and frightfully violent; a few hours having brought him to the dark chasm that separates the land of dreams from the land of reality. He has had no opportunity to advise with any one; no time even to send a parting message to those who form the subject of his thoughts. With his affairs thus unsettled, with no relative or friend

nigh him, he must take that fearful leap, and none shall ever say how passed the traveler from the scene of action.

Nearer and nearer draws the King of Terrors. Acute pains contract the body of the unfortunate, so soon to become his victim. His face is filled with bitter, agonized feeling. He looks up with a longing, speaking gaze, as though he would catch some answering expression from the many faces that bend over him. Alas for sympathy! Sufferer, *look higher!* there is not one on all this dead level to care for you now!

Yet, the awful scourge, amidst its enormous ravages, has done one good deed—it has put one masonic claim to a test never before afforded us. Wherein our Institution has declared, even since the dispersion of the Temple Builders, that we will aid and assist distressed brothers, this hideous demon, striking down the strongest and the brightest, from the eastern shores of Asia to the western shores of America, has put our declaration to its utmost proof, and tested its entire sincerity.

Perhaps, in that fearful hour, Mr. Rainford may hear voices and see faces, to others all unheard, unseen. His hands wander to and fro in the paroxysms of his attack. They express the roivings of his mind, indicated as plainly by his countenance; both will soon be fixed in the decency of death.

But, lo! a shade of peculiar meaning flits now over his face! Again he looks up—for the resolution, whatever it may be, has

strengthened him—and, then, with a rapid gesture, *he makes signs with his hands.* Once understood, that sign is always recognized wherever beheld.

His hands, shaking like an aspen leaf, fall powerless to his side again—but *the signal has been made*, and there are Freemasons who have seen it. Can they forget to obey such a solemn summons? Ah, never! A brother, in the whirl of life, in the embarrassments of this mortal state, may become negligent concerning many important duties enjoined by his Order. He may do many things which Freemasonry has taught him ought not to be done, and through his evil, a reproach may fall upon the Institution, but never can he resist, never did a man resist that mute gesture, *the grand hailing sign of distress!* Oh, he cannot neglect *that*, while virtue lingers within his breast!

At once, the space around that lowly bed is cleared of the unsympathising crowd, and then the band of brothers takes charge of the dying man. Vain, indeed, are all their efforts to effect a cure—death is not thus to be defrauded of his prey—but they may do much to rob him of his terrors.

Soon that longing eye becomes softened into a beaming look of gratitude. The bitter, agonized expression is no more seen upon his face, but in its stead shine resignation and relief. He contrives to whisper his name; his residence; the names of two dear friends, a mother and a brother; his wishes in regard to

each; and the disposition of his property. He sends kind words of farewell to them both, words that will be treasured up in the inner chambers of the recipients' hearts as long as life shall last.

Everything that he asks for is carefully noted down and witnessed with legal accuracy. But now, time is becoming scanty on his hands. His work has been done; he must prepare to meet his God.

He is not alone in this last, great work. How solemnly through that cabin resounds the voice of him who is dispensing the word of God! How every head is bared with reverence—how every heart responds to the truthful passage, appropriately selected: "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it!"

The scripture-reading is followed by prayer from a religious brother of the company. It is not such a petition as we should expect to hear in a fashionable congregation; there are few fine-drawn words or eloquent sentences in it. But, it is a *heart-drawn* petition, and has sincerity at its foundation. It goes up amidst sobs and tears, for the speaker is thinking of those far away, who will never more hail the coming of the dying man; it calls out responsive tears from many an answering eye. From the frightened crowd in the ladies' cabin, one by one comes lightly in, and each fair head bows itself in unison; for where the voice of prayer is heard, woman has always her proper place.

From the selfish group in the pantry come forth young and old to kneel, perhaps for the first time since they left their mothers' knee, and to acknowledge the force of prayer.

Rude men, sunburnt and weather-worn, from the deck below, come in and take a part, unquestioned, in the solemn exercise.

Louder and louder swells the voice of the petition. It has risen to a pitch of triumph. All oppression of heart or speech has been removed in the boldness of the priestly office. Words, burning and thrilling in the very majesty of man reconciled to God through a powerful Redeemer, leap glowingly forth. The lowly death bed is all forgotten. The friends who will look long and vainly for the returning wanderer, fade from memory; their image is replaced by the image of victory. All things are wrapped up and blended in one gladsome hope. "The soul of our brother is departing to its heavenly rest."

Should we lower our eyes to the countenance of the dying man, we should be astonished at the change that is visible there. He is taking his departure on the flood-tide of conquest. His cheeks are burning; his eyes sparkling; his strength has returned to him. Almost we expect to hear him shout: "Oh, Death, where is thy sting! Oh, Grave, where is thy victory!" Death stands aghast while his firm hand relaxes not its hold. And still the prayer goes on, and still the cabin rings with words that have a power to enter within the gates of heaven. A spell has come over

the whole auditory, bowed down and absorbed in wondering attention; "Thou, Oh God, knowest our down-sitting and our up-rising, and understandest our thoughts afar off. Shield and defend us from the evil intentions of our enemies, and support us under the trials and afflictions we are destined to endure while traveling through this vale of tears. Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth as a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not. Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months is with thee, thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass; turn from him that he may rest till he shall accomplish his day. For there is hope of a tree if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and the tender branch thereof will not cease. But *man* dieth and wasteth away; yea man giveth up the ghost and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down and riseth not up until the heavens shall be no more. Yet, Oh Lord, have compassion upon the children of thy creation; administer them comfort in time of trouble, and save them with an everlasting salvation. So mote it be. Amen."

And here the death-struggle, moderated by the triumph of the spirit within, ceases. The last hopeful "gazing up into heaven" is fixed by the hand of death into an unchanging smile; the soul has ascended its last round rejoicing; and when the spell-bound auditory

rise, they can see that the victory has been won, and one more has gone up from the labor of earth to the refreshment of heaven.

But the influence of that Grand Hailing Sign ends not here. There follows a series of fraternal acts, in which the noble contention, or, rather, emulation, was, of who best could work and best agree. There was a decent interment of the brother's remains, during which the steamer waited patiently at the landing; for the commander was himself a Freemason, as most of his generous craft are; and the sorrowing group walked to the grave-yard to deposit their hallowed dust. And a worthy brother—we shall know more of him as our tale progresses—offers himself to convey the tidings to afflicted friends. And these things being accomplished, in their proper order, and the steamer resuming her headlong course northward, there was no topic discussed in those broad saloons so suggestive and full of wondering thought, as the sign made by that dying man.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE SPRIG OF ACACIA.

CONTENTS OF CHAPTER FOURTH.—Burial ground in The Triangle. A midnight intruder. Secret burial of a Brother Mason.

*And if the King Sennacherib had slain any, I buried them privily, and the bodies were not found. Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away; for he shall return no more nor see his native country.*

There is no enterprise more popular in these latter times, than the improvement and decoration of cemeteries.

But this enterprise has not extended Southward. Those who remember New-England burial grounds, as they were twenty years ago, bleak and cheerless as the phantoms with which imagination had peopled them, avoided as well by day as night, where the dead slept, as neglected as though they were hidden in some hideous coffin-shop, can figure to their minds what the traveler will find a Southern burying-ground to be.

The site, selected in accordance with aboriginal traditions that run far back into ancient Freemasonry, is upon some highland ridge.

A worm-fence, crooked as the ways of evil men, which, from its being always in the damp shade, falls to speedy rottenness, en-  
 closes the place; but when mischievous cattle, or thoughtless negroes, throw it down, or the falling trees crush a pannel of it here or there, no repairs are granted; the hogs burrow in the fresh hillocks; cattle push over the temporary pens in search of a rare bite; the frail grave-stones are shattered in frolicsome kick; and then, the grave-yard, like its sister grave-yards through the South, becomes a thing of scorn and abhorrence.

Such is the grave-yard in The Triangle, as the reader will find by accompanying us to the spot. It stands upon the eastern edge of the prairie, just within the skirting timber, and about three miles from the ferry, on the Bawbah. This piece of mechanism was once a gate, an axe-and-auger gate, built by contract, without a nail. The green timber yielding to the first pressure, the gate has long since fallen beyond the hope of resurrection. This is less matter, however, for the whole enclosure has rotted down during the ten years since it was erected, and now the weakest limb can leap it.

This cavity on the right, as we enter, marks the grave of one of the earlier founders of Scribeville. Perhaps he deserved a better burial; for he was ever kind to the poor, and ruined his estate, and impoverished his widow and orphans by going security for the debts of others. Indeed there was a popular manifestation at his death, but it exhausted itself in erecting a cheap plank paling, rotten and shattered now, and ordering a pair of



grave-stones, without advancing the funds to pay for them.

Little children lie yonder, four in number, the whole family circle of a once fond mother, who, at their death, vowed to make a weekly visit to their graves; but a new marriage, and a fickle mind, rendered even the mother unfaithful; and now, in the smiles of a second group, she has become oblivious of the departed. And these little white grave-stones have all fallen inward, and will soon be covered up.

This broad stone, rent in twain and lying like a hearth-stone, to be trodden upon, is marked by the pen of steel, with the name of one who died at the early age of seventeen, remembered yet as the accomplished belle and the indefatigable philanthropist of The Triangle. During the great epidemic, when committees, physicians, and the boldest men fled, Miss P\*\*\* fled not, but staid to visit, relieve, comfort, and pray. Is there not another world where such deeds are more correctly appreciated? We will reverently raise the fragment of her grave-stone, prop it upon its support, and, with a sigh, pass on.

Here lies an old man, a land speculator,—a man of his fifty thousand,—who died last year while on a journey to The Triangle, in which he had thousands of acres, lying untilled. None cared for him living, none mourn him dead. Yet it has been whispered around that it was as little as the heirs could do in acknowledgment of the rich inheritance he

left them, to erect a pair of grave-stones by old Buckletyshuck's hole. But they have not done it, nor is this pen even constructed of rails. It is only piled up with the wind-strewed boughs and half rotten fragments. Well, it is a fitting lesson for all such! but, will they take it to heart? No.

This corner, which has been appropriated to the slaves, the hard-working sons of bondage, who secured their first good rest by dying, is the saddest of all. In those *three graves*, ranged closely side by side, there is a tale which we must not fail to tell. Their tenants, who lie in such close proximity in their death, experienced in their life far different vicissitudes.

One, our foot rests over him now, was born in the highlands of Old Scotia. He trod the mountain paths, and brushed the early dew from the heather. His lungs inhaled the rarified air of that stern and sober land. He grew to manhood, to wield the broadsword and to sport the tartan with the stoutest of his clan. Then poverty entered the cottage of his father, and he went abroad to seek for sustenance. He enlisted in one of the bagpipe regiments of the Peninsula, followed the retreating footsteps of Napoleon, even to Waterloo, and there struck a blow with the bravest. Then to young America he wandered; for, by this time, both of his parents were dead, and his betrothed had faithlessly given her hand to another. He had heard of our fruitful soil and our free laws, and felt willing to cast in

his lot with the sons of the open hand and the frank heart.

One, he lies just beyond the Highlander, and the briar-roots strike down even to his coffin-lid, was a son of Virginia. The Old Dominion, from her soil prolific of great hearts, never sent up a finer sample of the gentleman by nature, than this.

One,—a hickory tree, dead, worm-eaten and foul, has fallen across him,—was reared in the thickets of Africa, a negro. Captured and enslaved, he underwent a career of hardships in the middle passage; passed successively from the decks of the slave vessel to a pirate, a privateer, a man-of-war, and a merchantman; was sold to a West India coffee plantation, to the rice fens of the Savannah, and, lastly, to be a cotton wagoner further west.

And here they lie together—no distinction of length, or breadth, or depth, existing between the stalwart Highlander, the polished Virginian, or the toil-hardened Ethiop.

Why *should* any distinction be made, seeing that in their lives they had all bowed before the same tyrannical master, Intemperance! when each had surrendered the talents to him entrusted by his Creator, and the honorary grade by which mankind had marked him, and entered with open eyes upon this common and degraded level!

The stout-limbed conqueror of Napoleon had gone puling and shrieking to his grave seeing visions and hearing sounds known to none save the victims to the drunkard's madness.

The son of the Old Dominion had murdered his bosom friend while enraged with drink; destroyed the peace of his wife; beggared his children; forfeited his political station; and died a stranger, an outcast and alone.

The negro had suffered the most of the three, having gained for himself various acute diseases that tortured him by day and night, and embittered his temper, until the man became hateful as a fiend.

The negro fell drunk in the road, and was crushed by his own wagon-wheel. They brought him here with little ceremony, and interred him at small expense.

The Scotchman hung himself on a low, brushy oak, hard by. He had strolled to this place in his madness, and becoming enamored with the quiet of its graves, he sought death hurriedly, and found it. They laid him by the negro's side, and calmly their bones moni-der together.

The Virginian perished in a drunken brawl. Few inquired into the matter, for there were but few interested. All entreaties, all efforts to reform him had been exhausted, and the vile heart had been left to work out its own destruction. All that the world cared for was to hide the bleeding, mangled remains, soon as might be. And so they did; for on the same stormy evening in which his soul went forth, they brought him hither upon a cart drawn by oxen, and by the Highlander's side they buried him.

Here, then, in the grave-yard of The Tri-

angle, was terminated the wild romance of three lives, of which the gist is : *three graves filled by Brothers of one kindred vice—Intemperance*. Well did the wise King place TEMPERANCE at the head of his column of virtues.

In this lonely and unattractive spot our readers must suppose themselves to be standing, the evening of the day subsequent to the Coroner's Inquest, described in the second chapter. The day has been long and distressingly sultry. On the horizon, on every side, flashes the mysterious "heat lightning," deceitful as a hypocrite's smile. The dews are late in falling to-night, and one might with reason suppose that the sharp and rapid cry of the whippoorwill, perched upon yonder rail-heap, is an impatient exclamation at the delay. A concert of multiplied sounds from the wings and throats of insects, forms a happy contrast with the whisper of the evening breeze, sighing in the sedge-grass below, or the oak boughs above. The bat is wheeling his eccentric courses, now here, now there, in pursuit of his prey ; and the slow, solemn flight of something that is passing over us, tells us of one whose dismal hoot makes this place more dismal through the live-long night.

Suddenly the concert of insects is hushed. The complaining whippoorwill ceases to sound. The owl, rising heavily from his perch, flies away. The step of a man is heard ; there is yet light enough to trace the outlines of his form and clothing—and verily he is not such a

visiter as we should have looked for here at any time.

His dress is cut neither for *wisdom* nor *beauty*, yet, peradventure, for *strength*. His outer garment is of buckskin, shaped into the easy and convenient pattern, styled a hunting shirt, and filled with innumerable pockets. There are pockets in the skirts, in the sides, in the breasts ; the collar is but one large sack, into which many objects may be thrust. The lining is constructed on the same utilitarian plan. The man himself is apparently forty or forty-five years of age, not more than five feet in height, and much bent, as if accustomed to view carefully the ground on which he stands. His cap is of oil-cloth, conveniently arranged to drop a wide roof, when needed, over neck and shoulders, protecting them from rain. His right hand lifts a heavy staff, so heavy as to forfeit any advantage in the way of support, which, however, his elastic step repudiates. His left supports a kind of knapsack, filled, as it turns out, with books and hand instruments. He wears moccasins instead of shoes, and fringed and beaded leggings, worked by Indian hands.

As this queer object comes up the grass-grown path that divides the grave-yard, he mutters to himself some words that seem to form part of a description in natural history : "Quadrupeds ; *Cervus Virginianus*, feeding as the night gets cool and the graminæ moist ; *Canis lupus*, frequent around such a place ; likewise, *Canis vulpus* ; *Felis rufa*, too timid

to permit approach ; *Prægon lotor*, most frequent, but no curiosity ;" and much more to the same want of purpose.

By this time the mysterious visiter has reached the *three graves*, and deliberately seating himself in the one appropriated to the negro, leans back against the fallen trunk of the hickory, and lights a sort of pocket-lantern that has been stowed away in one of his thousand-and-one pockets. This enables him to read to himself certain entries in a pocket-journal, which he takes from the crown of his cap. They appear to be of such a cast as this : "*Calenipora escharoides* and *Pentamerus oblongus* associated, characterize the upper part of the Onondoc limestone ; *Conrad*, —," &c. connected, one would suppose from the enormous words, with geology and its cognate branches.

He arranges the light so as to be visible to no one but himself. As he sits, half-buried in that sunken grave, it is no wonder that the insects and whippoorwill lose sight of him, or that even the owl flaps its big wings overhead again, rejoicing that the intruder has departed.

All further cause of alarm to them ceases for a long hour. The rabbit steals fearlessly through the enclosure, springing lightly over the graves and cropping the blades at will. The deer comes timidly through the bushes, and takes his course into the prairie to feed. The raccoon and fox sneak out of their hiding places in the thick bushes or the hollow trunk, and search for their prey among the sleeping

birds or the stupid muscles. Occasionally a heavier step is heard in the direction of the canebrake that indicates the monarchs of the forest to be abroad ; the sullen bear or the ferocious panther. And winding nimbly here and there through the grass, now moist with dew, and cooling fast under its influence, come serpents of all hues, habits and magnitudes. They sport with their own species like little lambs. They suck the dew eagerly from the bending blades, and absorb it in at every pore of their lithe forms. They make trails across every dusty path, as though a cane had been dragged here and there. They twist themselves around each bush, and under each log, and into each hollow, those rattlesnakes, treesnakes, blacksnakes, copper-snakes, green snakes, striped snakes, cotton-mouths, and others, named from any peculiarity of form or hue. And still the strange visiter turns the gleam of his little lantern upon his pocket-book, and notes down, with many an abbreviation, the signs and sounds of that dark hour.

Amidst this nocturnal hilarity and mysterious employment, a sound is heard inharmonious with the voices of night. Down the avenue towards the edge of the prairie the sketcher sees, over the brink of the negro's grave, a flash of artificial light like his own ; and, suddenly, as the first hum of human voices that saluted his ears ceases, he hears the following lines, sung in a subdued but solemn manner, admirably adapted to the time, place, and occasion :

## FUNERAL SONG OF THE BROTHERS

Bear him home; his bed is made  
In the stillness, in the shade:  
Day has parted, night has come—  
Bear the brother to his home—  
    Bear him home.

Bear him home, no more to roam—  
Bear the tired pilgrim home,  
Forward! all his toils are o'er:  
Home, where journeying is no more—  
    Bear him home

Lay him down—his bed is here:  
See, the dead are resting near:  
Brothers they their brother own—  
Lay the wanderer gently down—  
    Lay him down.

Lay him down; let nature spread  
Starry curtains o'er the dead,  
Lay him down: let angel eyes  
View him kindly from the skies—  
    Lay him down.

Marching slowly as they sing, the end of the third verse brings them to a spot about twenty yards from the three graves, and there they halt.

They consist, as the sketcher can see, of four men, one very corpulent, all of them aged. Each bears a torch made of the scaly strips from the hickory, which are highly inflammable, and each has a hand on the rude bier that contains a coffin.

It is with difficulty that the burden is carried. Age has not been sparing of its infirmities to those four men, and more

than once the bier is made to rest upon the ground awhile, that the porters may recover strength.

At last they pause for a longer period, for they are at an open grave now, and this shattered temple, the poor remains of the drowned man found near the ferry, is to be laid with its brothers and sisters of the worm. The torches are trimmed that they may shed more light; each of the aged bearers strengthens his eyes with spectacles; and the following question, read from the volumes over which they lean, startles the echoes of that old graveyard:

"What man is he that liveth and shall not see death? shall he deliver his soul from the grave?"

Is it a voice from another world that rises from the very graves beneath their feet and responds: "Man walketh in a vain shadow; he heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them!"

The torches tremble in the hands of those aged men, and one of them, a minister of God, calls out in a voice heavy with emotion: "Whoever thou art that cometh thus to mock us in our ancient ceremonies, show thyself, whether thou be of the living or of the dead!"

Even while he spoke, the form of a man rose, as it were out of the ground, in the

direction of the three graves, and came towards them. Its voice was not the voice of a foe, but cheerful and brotherly; and it said, in a language the four could well comprehend: "I am one that has been cast as rubbish out of King Solomon's temple. Fourteen days was I hidden where wisdom could not contrive nor strength execute my release. Yet I live again. I come in obedience to the mystic call to aid in the burial of a brother." And as he spoke, he drew from the little knapsack in his hand, a well-worn book, opened it at a well-worn page, and continued the funeral service at a point where the first speaker had left it: "When he dieth he shall carry nothing away; his glory shall not descend after him."

"Naked he came into the world, and naked he must return."

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Let us live and die like the righteous, that our last end may be like his."

"God is our God forever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death."

"Almighty Father, into thy hands we leave, with humble submission, the soul of our deceased brother."

"The will of God is accomplished. So mote it be. Amen!" \* \* \* \*

"May we be true and faithful, and may we live and die in love."

"So mote it be."

"May we profess what is good, and always act agreeably to our profession."

"So mote it be."

"May the Lord bless us and prosper us, and may all our good intentions be crowned with success."

"So mote it be."

"Glory be to God in the highest; on earth peace! good will towards men!"

"So mote it be, now, henceforth and forevermore. Amen."

Intermingled with these impressive words, are sundry gestures and ceremonies even more impressive than words. And then the coffin is lowered to its final place, with the utmost strength of the gray-haired brothers who had borne it there. A portion of earth is thrown upon it by means of implements previously deposited hard by, and then the minister, who had officiated in the procession, took his place in the west of the grave, and spoke:

"This lambskin — — —. This emblem I now deposit in the grave of our deceased brother. By this we are reminded — — —. This evergreen — — —. By this we are reminded — — —."

Slowly, now, but with earnestness and

ardor, a circular march is commenced, of which the half-opened grave is the center. As the various individuals who compose the procession, pass its western side, each throws in it a sprig of holly, brought for that purpose, the corpulent man thoughtfully dividing his and sharing it fraternally with the stranger, who, it is needless to remark, has been received into full fellowship, and assigned a conspicuous place in the ceremony, as becomes one who has so well proved his claim. The procession having passed three times around the grave, leaving it upon the right, a halt is proclaimed, and the aged Minister, from the fullness of his heart, breathes a prayer. Many a sigh answers and extends that petition. More than one tear goes to swell the dew-drops on the sedge-grass beneath their feet, as the speaker refers to absent, perhaps waiting friends, who will listen long and vainly for the returning feet of one thus consigned to a returnless grave. Then, in the prescribed words of the Brotherhood he concludes: "Most glorious God! author of all good, and giver of all mercy! pour down thy blessings upon us and strengthen our solemn engagements with the ties of sincere affection! May the present instance of mortality remind us of our approaching fate, and draw our attention

towards Thee, the only refuge in time of need! that when the awful moment shall arrive, and we are about to quit this transitory scene, the enlivening prospect of thy mercy, through the Redeemer, may dispel the gloom of death; and after our departure hence in peace and in thy favor, may we be received into thine everlasting kingdom, to enjoy, in union with the souls of our departed friends, the just reward of a pious and virtuous life. Amen."

The ceremonies conclude with the remaining verses of the funeral hymn:

Ah, not yet for us, the bed  
Where the faithful Pilgrim's laid!  
Pilgrims weep! again to go  
Through life's weariness and woe!  
Ah, not yet!

Soon 't will come! if faithful here,  
Soon the end of all our care.  
Strangers here, we seek a home,  
Friends and Savior, in the tomb!  
Soon 't will come!

Let us go, and on our way,  
Faithful journey, faithful pray:  
Through the sunshine, through the snow,  
Boldly, brother pilgrims, go!  
Let us go!

And now the grave is closed never again to be stirred until the dust shall acknowledge the Archangel's trump. This duty performed, the mysterious visitor introduces himself as a Naturalist, who had walked

down to the graveyard to spend an hour or so, as a convenient place to study the habits of certain nocturnal feeders, and thus become an unintentional intruder upon the mystic burial. "No intruder, Brother!" eagerly respond the whole four. The elder, Charles Scribe, speaking for the rest, invites the Naturalist, name yet unknown, to their respective dwellings, so long as his vocation detained him in The Triangle.

"Our homes are but common, Brother! and our wages of labor scarcely up to the Fellow Crafts of King Solomon! but freely we have received,—freely we will give thee! make our homes yours, Brother, and the heartiness of the welcome will make amends for the poverty of the cheer!" And so said they all.

"My name, Brothers," responds the Naturalist, "is Giesler. My residence is as long as the East is from the West, and broad from North to South. The special objects of my visit to The Triangle. (as you so aptly name this locality, seeing that the ancient bed cuts off a large section and incloses a trigonal tract—but that's immaterial;) my business, as I was going on to say, is fourfold—to make a collection of the Unio and Anadonta of these waters; to inspect the contents of the tertiary strata of the prairie formations,

(which I have reason to believe are rich in Paleontological specimens—some things relative to the Claiborne outcrop need confirmation—but that's immaterial;) to make a plat of the ancient monuments upon the ridges above us—(a subject badly needed—the Swedes, yea, even the Russians, far surpass us in this department—but that's immaterial;) and to study the phenomena of the nocturnals; (the last memorandum promised to be more to the point on the Ves— —but that's immaterial.) I feel, Brothers, that I have come among you at a good time. *Lux e tenebris*: I give or take. That's the word of my vocation. (Too much *give* in this country, it must be admitted—but that's immaterial.) If my electricity in relation to yours be negative, show your liberality! if not, receive mine! That's the password for me!"

All this was said with a volubility which mocks description. Each sentence was accompanied with a jerk similar to the one so conspicuous in a jay-bird when uttering his peculiar sounds. But for all that there was such an air of sincerity in all that he said, and he had so much the appearance of a well-bred gentleman, that the four who had so freely extended him their hospitality, felt sure they had secured a valuable companion.



So, with some mutual introductions and explanations, as to the circumstances of the present meeting, it was agreed that Mr. Giesler should accompany Charles home that night, his dwelling being nearest, and that the party would mature a plan within a day or two, whereby the fourfold objects of his visit to The Triangle might be forwarded. And then the funeral Lodge was closed.

Lest the reader should think that we are treating him less frankly than the Brothers treated Mr. Giesler, we will inform him that the population of The Triangle was darkly anti-masonic. By this we do not imply that the principles of Freemasonry were more than commonly unpopular. True, the corrupt, unregenerate heart of man, *everywhere*, spurns the four-twist cord of Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence, and Justice, and refuses the tenets of Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth. But, in The Triangle were many whose hearts had been changed by the influences of the Holy Spirit; many who were professors, worthily walking in the paths marked out by revelation. These, while they adhered to the principles and tenets of Freemasonry, (but under another name,) strove against that manner of teaching them which has lain at the basis of the ancient Association for

twenty-eight centuries and upward. Yet we would not imply that secret communications in church and political and domestic associations were wholly unfashionable in The Triangle. All the political parties, all the religious sects, and every family circle had their arcana from which the *profane* were carefully excluded. What then did they oppose in Freemasonry? *the name, and the name alone.*

And this name, to so many persons precious and revered, met, in The Triangle, all that continually which the world once cast upon Him who was the personification of justice, truth and mercy. In vain the attached four, the three Brothers Scribe and the Rev. Mr. Tubal, gave it to be understood that *they* were affiliated Freemasons. In vain their walk and conversation, popularly without reproach, were shaped with additional caution, that the enemy might find no occasion to stab the Institution through them, its votaries. In vain they distributed the books of the Brotherhood among those who would read them. Prejudice had shaped a monster, and named it Freemasonry—nor could the popular mind be disabused.

The nocturnal burial had taken place agreeably to the suggestion of Bartholomew, who, anxious to bestow fraternal res-

pect upon those remains, which they had so much reason to believe were the remains of a brother, and dreading the opposition with which a public burial would be met, planned the arrangements which we have described, and which were so pleasantly diversified by the intrusion of the travelling Naturalist.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE ALL-SEEING EYE.

CONTENTS OF CHAPTER FIFTH.—The forest danger and escape. Indian Freemasonry.

*The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him; to all that call upon him in truth. Ye shall have a song as on the night when a holy solemnity is kept.*

The cabin of Widow Rainford stands on the extreme Western edge of the prairie, within half a mile of the Menolee river. The widow has resided there with her four younger children for several years—in fact, ever since, by the death of her husband, she was compelled to leave her fine mansion at the State Capital, and bury herself here in The Triangle, where there are few to mark the painful contrast in her fortune.

Very little is known concerning her by the people of The Triangle, though, sooth to say, this is for no fault of theirs; for were half the boring that has been expended upon unfortunate visitors devoted to searching for Artesian wells, that county would excel France itself in that peculiar style of perforations. The ignorance referred to is more the result of the Widow's want of communicativeness on the subject, or her tact at changing the conversation when it inclined too much towards her personal affairs. One thing, however, is generally un-

derstood, that the three Brothers Scribe were acquainted with her in former days, but there, somehow, is a coolness between them now, so that no sociabilities of any sort pass.

The Widow, though poor, does not seem to suffer for the necessities of life. The small patch of fruitful land enclosed at the side of her cabin, affords her an ample supply of the coarser kind of food, and she always has means at her command to pay the negroes who cultivate it during their hours of freedom. Somehow or other, too, there is always a stock of coffee and sugar, a half barrel of mackerel, a supply of flour, and various other things, luxuries to the people of the neighborhood, which render it quite a pleasure for them to step in at leisure moments and visit her. How these things are procured, the keenest hawk of a gossip has not yet been able to discover.

The village school at Scriberville, though superior to those of the surrounding settlements, has no temptations for Widow Rainford. She prefers instructing her own children, though it imposes upon her an additional burden that she is poorly able, in her feeble state of health, to bear. She has taught them the elements of knowledge, and is congratulating herself and them that they are now better able to teach one another, when our story finds her.

The afternoon is cooler and more agreeable than the latitude usually permits in September. The Widow and her little folks com-

mence a long-projected walk to the river. The two older children, have been promised a romp in search of autumn flowers for their herbariums; the others are made joyful in the anticipation of a fishing party; so it is with a glee that makes the Widow's heart bound with joy that the little band hurries down the road towards the river. The open woods that skirt the prairie are soon passed, and the party enters the thickets of hazel and sumach which form the entrance to the river bottom. Some object of interest has occupied the attention of the children for a moment, and they have dropped a little ways behind. The road, at first a wagon-way, has been so frequently tapped by by-paths and bridle-routes, that the track they are now pursuing is little more than a footpath, the tall bushes meeting in many places overhead and shading it like an arbor. Across the path had fallen a large tree, which, with the usual want of economy in The Triangle, instead of being removed, has been suffered to remain, and the way accommodated to run around it.

It is just at this spot that the Widow, having made the short turn around the tree-top, finds herself face to face with a large panther. The animal seems to have been pursuing his way through the thicket without any particular regard to objects coming down the road, but finding the intruder is only a woman, and judging by that instinct common to many beasts of prey, that there will be no defence, he pauses, lashes his tail, and crouches as if

preparing to leap. What a moment to the woman's heart! Already she can hear the merry voices of her children, as they run on to overtake her, and she knows that every step is to certain doom. Their gleesome voices seem to inspire the animal with new ferocity. His eyes glare, like diamonds, upon the unfortunate mother. His huge mouth opens involuntarily as if in hideous anticipation of the feast before him. Shall he be permitted to take *all* to his death-feast?

The Widow gains her presence of mind at the thought. Let not the reader doubt what follows; for there are moments in our lives when the immortal part within us acts instantaneously, as though flesh and sense, those dead weights upon the spirit, were already cast off. She calls aloud to the group she dares not look upon, feeling certain if for an instant the beast were released from the power of her eye, the fatal spring would be made—and with a voice steady and commanding, as though it related to some household affair, she said: "Agatha, stop, my daughter!" The well-trained child paused without an instant's hesitation—"Take little Henry in your arms, Agatha, and go back to the house, fast as you can. He must have his other clothes on. The briers will spoil his new suit. Let the other children go with you—I will be there presently."

What joy to the anxious woman to know, by the retreating footsteps of her children, that her orders are obeyed! If anything can

impart comfort in this awful moment, it is that her darlings have obeyed her commands without a murmur, and saved their lives by their obedience. They are all gone, now; the echoes of their feet have died upon her ear. Their prattling voices, never so musical as now, that she may never hear them again, cease to awaken her anxiety for their safety, and her only anxiety henceforth is for herself alone.

Novelists rarely paint death-scenes as they are. Even Cooper, who is called the mouth-piece of nature, seems never to have watched the departure of the soul; or, if he had seen it, has never described it truthfully. Even in that scene which some may consider the original of this—the escape of a woman from a panther, in *The Pioneers*—there appears to be no evidence in the actions of his heroine that she felt a single anxiety for her spiritual condition; a single compunction for errors of heart, word or deed; a single doubt as to her reception at the dreadful Bar, before which she was so shortly to stand! Is this real nature? Then the Scriptures are false, and our faith is vain!

The Widow Rainford feels all that unwillingness to die which is a portion of human nature. She has been trained under gospel teachings, and full well she knows that the All-seeing Eye has marked unnumbered errors in her ways. There is, therefore, no fond and false dependence in her own merits to strengthen her against this dreadful hour. No prayer for mercy, as though the Divine

Judge saw sufficient expiation in her sudden death for the transgression of His laws. But her dependence is in the merits of a righteous Sacrifice; and her prayer, *through Him*, goes pleasingly, we may suppose, into the Divine Ear. The woman is thus strengthened in heart, and enabled to say in the very spirit of humility and faith, Thy will, Oh God, be done!

All this, which has cost us a page or two in description, passed during the motion of the minute hand over three degrees. The monster has not taken his glittering eyes once from his prey. His long, flexible tail has swung to and fro with cruel earnestness. He has but waited for some movement on the part of the woman to end the scene. That movement is now in progress. The widow can no longer keep her straining eyes upon his. Her knees bend involuntarily and meet the ground. She throws her hands prayerfully up, as if to signalize her readiness for the attack, and then her eyes close, and all is over.

All is over—but only to mark the commencement of a miraculous preservation. The exhausted woman falls to the earth in a swoon as Mr. Giesler, the individual of the pockets and the pocket diary, the graveyard and the burial, springs from behind the fallen log, where he has all the time lay enconcealed, and, intercepting the panther in his very leap, breaks forth into a yell, of which the original he learned far in the north-west, among the Pawnee Loups. The shrill sound terrifies the

beast, as well it may. He drops upon his belly, and partly turns as if to flee. But the bold naturalist is not disposed to let him off so cheaply. From a tin-cup, in his hand, which contains some fiery fluid, used in the preparations of specimens in Natural History, he dashes a portion right on the panther's head. The pain is excruciating. With a scream, that adds speed to the far-retreating footsteps of the children, he passes his paws rapidly over his scalp, that now burns with insufferable heat, and bounds into the thicket to return no more.

To our readers who have observed the devotedness of the Professor to natural phenomena in general, it will not appear incredible that the man of science should be found there at such a time. The real explanation is not so easy to believe. But, if he tells the truth—and how can we doubt a man whose whole life has been spent in the search of facts—he had several days before set a bait made of *asafetida* and several other odoriferous gums, in that spot, and preparing himself a snug nest there, under the vines that hid the prostrate log, had lain quiet, day and night, to mark the habits of such animals as had been attracted to the spot. To judge from the crowded state of his diary, his scheme had been eminently successful. Raccoons, opossums, minks, and other quadrupeds, (but all under names far different, and far more difficult of utterance,) had fallen into the snare, walked to the bait, inhaled its delicious per-

fume, and then and there, over-tempted by the intoxicating draught, had displayed those secrets of nature which the naturalist so eagerly sought after. How well is Temperance placed at the head of Masonic virtues. Neglecting this, the others are paralyzed, and the standard tenets become obsolete.

It is a characteristic of all naturalists to be kind. The Professor only seeks for *phenomena*; and when the various denizens of the cane-brake had yielded up those signals and sounds peculiar to their Freemasonry, and he had clandestinely recorded them in his book, as aforesaid, he made no sacrifice of their lives, but let them depart in peace.

The approach of the panther was an event so unexpected, so very far beyond his utmost hopes, that, naturalist-like, he had rather permitted the widow to approach to a dangerous proximity, than, by giving her warning, to alarm the brute. But when the moment of danger really arrived, and he saw the fatal spring about to be made, he sacrificed a magnificent display of nature, an unparalleled opportunity to describe a panther's leap—and interposed his own form, as we have seen, between the brute and his victim.

It must be confessed that it is with a shade of regret at his loss, mingled with a look of ardent admiration after the flying animal, that the Professor now turns to the prostrate woman. It is not so much out of his line to attend to the sick as it might appear; for Mr. Giesler took a thorough medical course in

his younger days, and was noted for his researches in human physiology. Much of the skill of a practiced physician might have been seen in the manner of his attention to that senseless form—nor is it long until his skill meets with success. The color returns to her face; her lips move; a shudder passes over her—the first indication of returning consciousness; and then she opens her eyes. With the delicacy of a true gentleman, the Professor withdraws his arm from her neck, soon as he sees her able to sustain herself, and steps back, politely, to inform her of the circumstances connected with his presence on the spot, and assure her of perfect safety from any further attempt on the part of the panther.

She makes no reply; but, as her eyes fix themselves upon his face, the color in hers deepens; she rises up and utters the single ejaculation, "Dr. Giesler?" to which he answers with a recognition prompt as her own, "Mrs. Rainford!" and the mutual grasp and pleased air of surprise, tell how welcome is this meeting to both.

The naturalist gathers up his knapsack, cane, and other articles of scientific baggage, the pair join arms and walk together—talking earnestly of the past—towards the Widow's dwelling.

Scarcely have they disappeared, when the sound of crashing bushes is heard from the direction of the river; and with a bound scarcely excelled in lightness by the panther himself, a strong-limbed Indian springs into the path.

We will not weary our readers with a catalogue of his wearing apparel, seeing that the hides of animals, however shaped or decorated, will be leather still. But in the countenance of the savage there is a look of excitement, singularly mingled with the dejectedness of some great grief. His hand wields a hatchet whose blade flashes in the few sun-rays that straggle here and there through the papaw saplings. Every muscle in his frame seems to be in the most intense state of action. His mouth is partly opened, as if prepared to answer the Indian yell he heard a few minutes before.

As he comes to the sudden turn in the path, his practiced eye catches the traces of those who have been there so recently—the woman, the panther, and the rescuer. No newspaper report could make the circumstances so clear to him as the foot-prints that remain. But there is still something inexplicable in that yell. Too well he knows it to be the *Dacotah war-whoop*. He has heard it ringing in many a prairie fight, where savage horsemen, borne by savage horses, struggled for each others' lives. He heard it on that doleful night when the last of his sons went down at the spear's point to yield up a reeking trophy for the wigwam of the foe-man. Just cause, then, had he for recognizing the sound. But whose throat uttered it? It was not

the pale-faced woman. No lungs of panther could imitate such a yell. Was it from the pale-faced man who has stepped between them and robbed the monster of his victim? The Indian, after a moment's reflection, hid his hatchet in a dense mat of vines, and followed rapidly after the footsteps of the pair.

There has been ample debate among Masons upon the abstract question: Have the Indians a Freemasonry peculiar to themselves? Some very odd and widely different conclusions have been arrived at from the self-same premises. We will not weary our readers with a detail of the arguments; but, for the purpose had in view in the construction of this volume, beg leave to lay it down in the form of an abstract.

The question, What is Freemasonry? is one by no means clear to the minds of the craft. Some of the very men whose names and initials are familiar to us in connection with Masonic Debates and Masonic Essays, seem never to have settled that inquiry clearly, even to their own minds. Before we can take up *Indian Freemasonry*, we should certainly be able to expound our own.

Now, there are three different definitions of Freemasonry; 1st. It is said to be a system of morals. 2d. A system of mutual

relief. 3d. A system of hidden knowledge. In the first sense it can scarcely be maintained that the Indians possess Freemasonry. Their secret code, if they have any, does not appear to render them more kind to strangers, more gentle to enemies, or more devoted to God, than they would be without it. In this view their Masonry is no more to them than the Roman Catholic form of worship, which it would be idle to say renders its votaries more moral or religious. In this sense the Pagan mysteries were *not* allied to Freemasonry any more than are our various college fraternities, or other partial imitations of Freemasonry, so fashionable at the present day.

By the second definition, we think that the Indians possessed and do possess a form of fraternity even more powerful than that called Freemasonry. The various symbols peculiar to each tribe, to each character of warrior or chief, &c., admit of but one interpretation respectively, and to that one each initiate was resolutely bound. To bring off the wounded at the hazard of your own life; to rescue the corpses of the dead from mutilation, while there was a greater probability of doing so than of losing your own life; to defend a brother when attacked; and, in all things, to *prefer* one of your own tribe to all others. These were estab-

lished rules in this system of Masonry; rules whose violation brought down scorn, degradation, and even death, upon the offender.

Instances of this sort of fraternal aid make up every authentic sketch of Indian history. The native ferocity of the savage was restrained towards his own people, though allowed an almost unchecked course of wrong toward all others; hence thefts and adulteries, in the Indian sense of the word—that is, to the injury of one of their own tribe—rarely occurred; but when they did, they were punished with unparalleled severity. To pursue this division further, we give the following authentic sketch which has been more elaborately wrought out in an article written by the author, some years since, for a New Orleans journal.

Among a party of Indians of a tribe that resided in the lower part of Mississippi, an instance occurred of a man, in a fit of intoxication murdering his own sister. By the laws of Indian Freemasonry, this offence was punishable with death at the hand of the nearest of kin, which was, of course, the brother of the survivor. The murderer submissively bowed to this *lex talionis*, but requested permission to visit a spring well-known to his tribe in a distant part of the State, and to die there. The



tribe consented, at the suggestion of the executioner, and it is on record from the pen of a white man who accompanied them a considerable part of the journey, that the two brothers travelled together without interchanging a word of conversation the whole distance. Being attacked on the way by a hostile party, their lives were saved by referring to a *symbol*, marked in Indian paint, upon the breast of the murderer, whose import—"Doomed to death by the hand of justice, as a sacrifice to the manes of the departed,"—seemed to be perfectly understood by all. Arrived at the spring in question, the twain dug a grave east and west, by means of stone hatchets brought for that purpose; one of them, taking a last look at the sun just sitting, sang a death-song, and knelt resignedly at its foot; the other, borrowing the white man's gun, shot his brother through the head, and, burying him hastily, departed."

The student cannot fail to recognise much that is purely masonic in this incident, of which there are many similar ones in Indian history.

In the third sense there can be no doubt but the Indians possessed Freemasonry, yet we are free to admit that our information is too scanty to offer particulars. For had we been initiated into Indian mysteries—which

we have not—we would of course be prohibited from disclosing them. Why this has not been thought of by Masonic Essayists in tracing up the subject, is truly a wonder. Suppose an English traveller to visit American Lodges for the purpose of marking discrepancies, if any there be, from the ancient work as known in Europe—could we expect him to note them down in his book of travels? Not to consume space with such a clincher of an argument, we must believe honest historians, who declare that the Indian mysteries are apparently ancient, and when properly investigated, remarkably profound, considering the uneducated character of their recipients; that, under a veil of ceremonies disguised in many an uncouth symbol, is a *system of religion* far beyond the knowledge of those who hold it; that much caution is exercised in selecting persons through whom it is to be transmitted; and that meetings for practice and lecture are held in places obscure and carefully tyled.

Before leaving the subject of Indian Freemasonry, we would add that it is not to be expected that the symbols of their mysteries should be architectural like ours, seeing that architecture, as a science, is utterly unknown amongst them. If the emblems so rudely painted upon the bodies,

weapons, and wigwams of the savages, bear any resemblance to those handed down to us by tradition from King Solomon, their primary meaning must certainly be lost. What secondary explanations have taken their place, the author does not know; and those who have the knowledge did not so receive it, and cannot thus impart it.

It is related by Jamblichus, [see note to Oliver's Landmarks, vol. 1., Moore's edition,] that a Freemason, traveling on foot, lost his way in a desert, and arriving exhausted at an inn, fell seriously indisposed. When at the point of death, unable to recompense the care and kindness with which he had been treated, he traced some symbolic marks with a trembling hand, on a tablet, which he directed to be exposed to view on a public road. A long time after, chance brought to these remote places a disciple of Pythagoras, who, being informed by the enigmatical characters he saw before him, of the misfortunes of the first traveler, stopped, paid the innkeeper the expenses he had been at, with interest, and then continued his journey. It is this sort of Freemasonry that abounds among the Indians.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE SLIPPER.

CONTENTS OF CHAPTER SIXTH.—Scriberville. Scribe's store. Tony Bright. Madam Yeast. The Delegate and the Slipper.

*My heart is inditing a good matter. A faithful ambassador is health. He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly, shall dwell on high.*

There are so many things worthy of observation at Scriberville, that it is surprising the place has not been noticed before. The roads that intersect The Triangle at this place, lead, as the various signs denote, to four different county towns. The sign-boards are marked with a hot iron, and badly marked at that. *To Helenis 28 mds*, was the original legend on one of them; but frolicsome wagoners have added the hundreds figure, and it now reads 128—a discouraging piece of news, truly, to the jaded traveler at the close of a summer's day. The figures on the other three sign-boards have all been changed or obliterated, in the same spirit, probably, that actuated the ancients to burn up the Alexandrine library. *To Smithville*, reads *S mithvhl*, the inverted *S* being universal in Southern

symbolics. It is at Scribeville that Charles Scribe has his store, the place itself having been named after him. Charles, while he is one of the lightest hearted, is one of the most hospitable men south of fifty-four, forty. The following incident illustrates both of these amiable traits in his character:

Time of day, near sundown. Charles in his store door, fills up the space from side to side. He is smoking through a stem as long as a chibouque's—so long that it reminds us of those stars astronomers dream of, whose rays are millions of years coming to the earth, being bewildered on the way as much as the astronomers themselves who have described them. A traveler rides up, saddlebags and leggins; dusty and wilted; makes a vain effort to read the sign-board; then turns and calls out:

"Halloo, Mister!" "Halloo, yourself!" "How far on to Dimsby?" "If you go thirty milder, you'll be jest four the other side!" "Creeks in the way?" "If they aint, it's cause they've run dry sin' (since) yesterday!" "Bridged?" "If they're bridged, they've been done sin' dinner!" "Is this the road?" (pointing southward.) "If you take that road, you'll never get to Dimsby." "Can I get to stay all night with you, then?" "If you can't, it's what nobody

ever said before of my father's son!" And down comes the traveler; his horse is promptly relieved of its galling load, and soon man and brute are made comfortable in their respective quarters.

Such a call is an every day's occurrence with Charles. He has a reputation for whole-heartedness, and, like all such reputations, it is a costly one. Every morning, after a hearty supper, a feathery bed, and a bounteous breakfast, some departing traveler, offering to pay his bill, is astonished to hear: "*My only charge, sir, is, come again next time you pass!*" This seems the more astounding to men of the world, because Scribeville, as we have said, is a public place—enough so to make the most generous landlord hardhearted. We have known families that were models of Christian benevolence while they lived in retired places, who kept open doors to the weary and the distressed, and divided their gains liberally in charity as God prospered them; but, no sooner did Satan prompt them to remove to a public road and *take in* travelers, (as it is too correctly styled,) than their whole course of life is changed. They become more stringent than alum. The distressed object is expected to move on. Extortion is the mainspring, and to make money the chief end of their man.

Not so with Charles Scribe. He feels that he would be justified in the sight of man in making a publican's charge; nevertheless he will not do it, but always declares that he is well repaid in adding to the stock of human happiness.

The store presents a miscellaneous assortment, adapted to every department of a country trade—dry-goods, groceries, hardware, drugs, and sundries. There are no counters in the room, those mute and sad evidences of man's want of confidence in his fellow man; those barriers between poverty and abundance, too frequently a fence behind which the hardhearted dealer may extort whatever superior knowledge enables him to wrest from the ignorant poor. Charles Scribe needs no such barrier. His principle is that others may be honest as well as himself, and if the rule does not always work well for his interests, it has no more exceptions than to general rules are usual.

His clerk, an old man, like himself, and almost as corpulent, wears a little, loosely-hung head, round and disproportioned, like the ball on a gate-post. His lower limbs are so obese that when their load is deposited on a chair, they naturally assume an angle of seventy or eighty degrees. That clerk's looks are a fortune. The face is

deep-pitted with small-pox, like the markings on the carapax of a crab, (vide Silliman's Journal.) The forehead is corrugated like the shoulders of a plough-horse, or the knees of a camel. The teeth are too many by half, and crowd one another in incessant strife. The short, red neck is so like fresh beef, that, looking at it, we feel a horrid temptation to cut it across from ear to ear. To explain this peculiarity in his conformation, he declares, "that when a boy his mammy made him tote so much water on his head, it squashed the neck short!" And his voice is tuned to the peculiar base of a bumble-bee, as you hear it in a June meadow.

This odd-looking clerk—Tony Bright, by name—is just now waiting on a venerable dame, who has come from her home to barter home-made cloth for "kalimy, kaliker, and shoes." It is a great business in The Triangle, to get store-goods in this way,—though the merchant necessarily gets the larger end of the bargain. A pair of socks that will take a woman's leisure hours for two weeks, carding, spinning, and knitting, are only valued at two yards of calico that cost the merchant twelve cents a yard. However, this is none of Tony's business, and he goes on to measure out "the kal-  
cotton."—the old woman's husband is sick,

and calomel is the heroic; he selects the shoes, (number nine is her standard,) and then, after waddling to the door to empty his mouth of tobacco-juice, rolls round to the "kalliker" department, which is the centre of female attraction in all country stores. How the woman's eyes glisten as the gay prints are unfolded before her! How well she likes *this* pattern until she sees *that* one!

"How happy she might be with either,  
Were t'other dear charmer away!"

In her admiration, time passes insensibly. She is like a stranger in a magnificent picture gallery. This is her picture gallery, and Tony finds time to examine the post-office letters for one customer, to weigh out some sugar for another, then, lighting his pipe, to stand complacently before her, while her soul imbibes all the glories of the Lowell prints.

At last, with a feminine sigh that she must content herself with so little, when so much remains to be enjoyed, she designates the piece, (a large yellow parrot being its attraction, with black wings and scarlet head,) and lets him measure it. Yet, fickle to the last, this daughter of Eve, stops him as the scissors are open for the preliminary snip, and falls covetously upon

that big gold star with the *delovely* sprig. Then turning prudently away to resist further temptation, she permits Tony to tear it off and tie it up, exhorting him, however, to "throw in thread—good strong thread—none of that no-count auction truck Susan Weems got, without half-a-dozen needle-falls on a spool."

The saddlebags are then packed and laid upon the old mare's back. The old mare itself is led up to the horse-block, and the good woman, remembering that she has several miles to ride, and afterwards to get supper for the family, hastens to mount. But just at this moment, the traveler who was inquiring the distance to Dimsby rides up, as we have seen, and after some such queer sort of confab recorded a little way back, alights from his horse, and takes his seat in the portico of Charles Scribe's dwelling, next door to the store-house. There is nothing very peculiar in the young man's appearance, but the old lady—Mrs. Yeast is her cognomen—lives off the main road a-piece, and anything in Adam's form is interesting to her. She gazes on his fresh and youthful face with evident admiration; criticizes the cut of his garments in an under tone to Tony, who is holding her bridle as though he expected to hold it for a week; estimates the height and value

of the chesnut gelding as correctly as if it was her born colt; and then recollects that she has forgotten part of her errand, which we will record in her own words: "They's a chap boardin' with us got a risin' on his ancle, sent for some Injun intment. I telled him bruised elder bark and cream was shooperur to *any* thing else, but *he* went have nothin' but the Injun. He knows 'bout as much 'bout intment as a hog knows 'bout his granny!" "And who's *that*, Aunt Yeast? I didn't know there was any body out your way but your own people," inquires Tony. "Oh, he come thar 'bout two weeks back, and axed me would I board him awhile. I telled him we didn't take in strangers, commonly—but seein's how Christopher had done gone down to the New Orleans, he mought stay tell he come back, if he could put up with our farr. Then his ancle got so bad he couldn't leave, and he's thar yet. Here's the quarter he sent for the intment."

Tony returns to the store for the *intment*, and the inquisitive old woman pursues her investigations concerning the traveler. She observes that the jocular sort of hospitality which Charles Scribe did at first indulge in, has run into something by far more social. In fact, the corpulent landlord has laid aside his astronomical pipe, and drawn

his chair hard by the stranger. The pair is communicating in a tone so low that even the sharp-set ears of Mrs. Yeast fails to catch it. She can see, however, that Mr. Scribe is much excited with something the traveler said; and she observes him reach out his hand convulsively and grasp the one which the stranger has offered him.

But the *intment* has now been brought, and the woman finding no further excuse for her delay, rides slowly off, lingering at every stumble, like Lot's wife, nor is it until the last turn of the road hides that cool, shady porch from her eyes, that she consents to turn them from the scene which has so greatly interested her.

Lest our readers should imitate the example of Mehitable Yeast, and turn *their* heads back, while we are endeavoring to point them forward, we will explain here that the traveler, whose communications to Charles Scribe have implanted such a sudden attachment in his breast, is the identical gentleman delegated by the Masonic brethren of the Mississippi steamer, in pursuance of the dying wishes of him whose fate we recorded in the third chapter. It is time that we give a more explicit statement of the whole business.

Daniel Rainford, the cholera victim, was on his way to the village of Dimsby to meet

his brother Henry, by an appointment made several months before. Called away so suddenly from the plans and labors of life, he has found in the active sympathy of his Masonic brethren, a means for completing the work which otherwise his death had rendered imperfect. Amongst the last wishes communicated to the fraternal circle around him he said: "Take this package, place it in my brother's hands and tell him the circumstances relative to my sudden death. Take this medal from my neck, but not until my spirit departs, and say to Henry that by this token *he is to persevere*—tell him *to persevere*—he will understand you—bid him *persevere* for the honor of his mother and the welfare of her orphan children."

Mr. Hewlett, the traveler now before us, who was taking his annual excursion to the northward for purposes of health and pleasure, readily accepted this mission, and receiving the medal and package, landed at the first town, and made traveling preparations for a saddle journey to Dimsby, a distance of more than two hundred miles. This has been safely accomplished as far as The Triangle, as we have seen—and here, by meeting with the hospitable merchant, he is shocked to learn the intelligence that the person whom he had come so far to meet,

is probably the same that a few nights before was buried in the prairie graveyard.

Servants are despatched forthwith to the residences of Timothy and Bartholomew Scribe and Parson Tubal, and upon their arrival a long private conference is held relative to the matter. The broken fragment taken from the drowned corpse being fitted to a similar piece produced by Mr. Hewlett, they are found exactly to correspond, making it in reality "a Tessera." The lower half, besides exhibiting a variety of emblems beautifully engraved, contains the remaining part of the literal circuit, as follows: S. S. T.; every point of the broken edge fitting into the upper piece with precision. The proof is, of course, complete, and the brothers now contemplate their work with self-approval.

But the feeling of self-approval is soon lost in the reflection of the unfortunate widow, deprived, at one fell stroke, of her two sons. Although but little sociability has been exchanged between that lady and the party now consulting relative to her affairs, yet there has always existed a tender feeling of sympathy in their breasts towards her, which has not exhausted itself in words. Many a secret kindness have they performed towards her. Many an hour's labor have their servants done for her be-

yond the stipulated service for which she paid them. Many a welcome addition to her humble wardrobe and humbler kitchen has been made by them in a manner that gave her no clue to the real donors. And now that they have learned this painful intelligence, they feel that the double duty devolves upon them to communicate the news, and to dispense comfort to the survivors.

It may appear strange that the identification of the drowned man had not taken place sooner. The truth is, however, the brothers had never seen the two young men, or even knew beyond mere report that Mrs. Rainford had absent children. These sons had not visited their mother since her removal to The Triangle; and, in the general gossip concerning her former condition, and the cause of her misfortunes, nothing has ever been said of them. Many inquiries have been made in the country towns adjacent, but up to this time no advice of a missing person has been gained. We did not think it necessary to mention that the coroner's inquest brought to light no document or token of any sort that would give the name or business of the deceased. His pockets were entirely empty, the linen was defaced so as to destroy any name or initials that might have been on it, and

the hat was missing. The ugly gash upon the back of the skull, brought to view by the skill of Dr. Stokes, was indeed a mark of death, and the slight deformity of foot had not been unnoticed—but as to any evidences of life, they were all erased.

All night the five men sat in the upper room of Charles Scribe's storehouse and discussed this affair. There began to appear a mystery in it. That there was something marked and peculiar in the purposes for which the two brothers, now both dead, were to have met at Dimsby (not nearer the residence of their mother than thirty miles) had already come out in the dying words recorded by Brother Hewlett. The message *to persevere*, so emphatically uttered and reiterated in his last breath was a striking proof of this. The singular circumstance, now invested with prime interest, in connection with the others—of the erasure of the initials on the linen of the drowned man, only increased the mystery, to which must be added the protracted absence of the young men from The Triangle, ever since the widow had been a resident there.

The plan adopted, just as the cock blew his morning clarion, was to advertise a reward for the murderer—for which purpose, and to defray the other necessary expenses



of this inquisition for blood, Mr. Hewlett deposited one hundred dollars as his share of the outlay—to lay aside the package for a short time, in hopes the result might be a successful one, but if not, to hand it to the widow unopened. The coming day being the election of State and county officers, it was agreed upon to attempt nothing until after that event was over. Timothy Scribe was appointed executive and treasurer in the entire plan, and the parties separated with a fraternal grasp, and a Masonic pledge to spare neither exertions nor expense to see this woman righted and the murderer of her son brought to justice.

There was a general regret at the absence of Professor Giesler from this conference. A dozen messengers had been sent out to the north and to the east, to the south and to the west, but no definite tidings of him had been procured. One person had seen him cleaning and refitting the bones of Mr. Schyler's *mcwel*, which, we must necessarily add here, never *did* recover from John's literal execution of his master's orders, detailed in the second chapter. Another had *fatched* a bag of muscle shells for him from the Menolee river; another had *skun* a big snake for him that morning, and was looking for him to come *arter* it; another *heard* him halloping in

the mouth of the snake's den up the ridge, where there was a remarkable *eekeo*; another ———, but a quire of paper would fail to contain a single day's record of his movements. It is enough to say that no one could tell where he was *just then*, and for the very sufficient reason that he was sitting that very hour in Widow Rainford's dwelling, surrounded by her little ones, to whom he was dispensing jests and stories with a gusto that would have inevitably disgraced him in the sight of Scientific Associations wherever established.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE SIXTH HOUR AND THE SIXTH DAY OF THE WEEK.

CONTENTS OF CHAPTER SEVENTH.—A cheerful party at the Widow Rainford's. A pleasant surprise.

*God, that comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing. When He giveth quietness, who is there can make trouble? Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest.*

There is a cheerful party at the Widow Rainford's to-night. The professor has laid by his knapsack, cane, and sundries; has taken a seat in the centre of the passage that separates the cabins; has placed his old friend, the Widow, on his right hand; drawn a little happy form on each knee; and distributed the other children, like olive-plants, around his feet. For an old bachelor Mr. Giesler is mighty knowing in the ways and means of reaching a woman's heart! May be he learned *that*, also, when he took his course of physiology at the Paris schools!

By mutual consent of the only two persons cognizant of the event, the wonderful escape has been concealed from the children, and to all Agatha's inquiries why they could not take their promised trip to the river, the

Widow only gives vague replies. True, there is more than a usual paleness upon her cheeks, for the imminent danger from which she has been rescued is too recent not to have left some traces; there also may be noticed a tremor in her speech—no sign of cowardice, either; but neither of these things casts a shadow over the domestic joy of the occasion. If the children perceive any change in their mother, it only seems that her manner is more intense, and a shade more affectionate than usual.

"And now, my dear madam! daughter of my old and tried friend, the Judge! I claim of you an unreserved history of your affairs since you left the Capital, and what you are doing in this strange, out-of-the-way Triangle—(it might easily be rendered accessible—one short plank road, a branch to the main road, and the thing's accomplished—but that's immaterial.) Why haven't you let your friends know of your necessities? And, strangest of all, where are your adult sons, that they are not contributing to your necessities and those of your younger children? (Even the savages, with a fine instinct, the clearest evidence of their common humanity that remains to them, are devoted with touching disinterestedness to their aged parents—but that's immaterial.) I sought you diligently when I returned to the city from my Rocky Mountain tour. I made more enquiries concerning you than I would have done for fragments of the Zeuglodon. (Strange incident, yesterday—saw a cabin resting on six vertebrae of that

fossil animal, as though nature had designed them for underpinning—but that's immaterial.) I really have a right to think harshly of you, my dear friend, for treating your old acquaintance so cavalierly, and for one I shall not cancel the debt of friendship, unless you make me now a full confession."

To all this the Widow assents, but suggests that after the children retire will be a fitter time; that there is much they ought not to hear, and something they must not; and at the best, their happiness at his sociable attentions would be checked. The Professor assents to her suggestion, and the short September evening passes swiftly on, amidst laughter and songs from the young, and smiles from the old.

Agatha, an amiable and promising girl of twelve, yielding to the Professor's request, sings her favorite song—a Masonic melody of her father's, lang syne:

#### HOURS OF PRAISE.

Morn, the morn, sweet morn is springing—  
In the East his sign appears—  
Dews, and songs, and fragrance bling  
On the new robe nature wears.  
Forth from slumber—forth and meet him!  
Who too dead to love and light!  
Forth, and as you stand to greet him,  
Praise to Him who giveth night!

Noon, the noon, high noon is glowing—  
In the South rich glories burn;  
Beams intense from Heaven are flowing—  
Mortal eye must droop and turn:  
Forth and meet him! while the chorus  
Of the groves is nowhere heard.

Kneel to Him who bendeth o'er us,  
Praise with heart and willing word.

Eve, the eve, still eve is weeping—  
In the West she dies away;  
Every winged one is sleeping;  
They've no life but open day:  
Forth and meet her! lo, she lends us  
Thrice ten thousand brilliants high!  
Glory to his name who sends us  
Such night-jewels from the sky.

Death, pale death, to all is certain—  
From the grave his voice comes up;  
"Fearless pass my gloomy curtain;  
Find within, eternal hope!"  
Forth and meet him, ye whose duty  
To the Lord of Life is given—  
He will clothe death's garb with beauty—  
He will give a path to Heaven.

These beautiful sentiments, never more beautiful than when joined to Mozart's more beautiful air by the sweet voice of the child, called out a song from the old bachelor, who, not to be behind the times, cleared his throat, hoarse with many a night's watching under the stars, and volunteered a Masonic ballad, strikingly adapted to his audience. It was all about a green grave, a widow weeping over it, and a band of orphan children mingling their tears with hers. It could scarcely be expected that such mournful ideas, attuned to the pathetic air of Blue-Eyed Mary, would add to the hilarity of that family group.

This poetical effort of the Professor's had been written in his youth, and for one who had long followed her lamented husband to the land of peace. But there never was a

rupturing of Masonic ties by death, but what some tender heart of woman or orphan child claimed fraternal sympathy, and urged upon the brotherhood of kindness to make their professions practical. The Widow had leaned her head upon her pale thin hand, but you could see that she applied the sentiment to her own condition. The older child put on a cloud of painful thought upon her blooming face. The others, too young to understand the sorrows of which he sung, could only look at their mother with childish astonishment, and wonder what had so suddenly cut short their glees.

It was just at this moment, and while Mr. Giesler was almost regretting that he had not selected something more cheerful, that there was heard, just outside the little yard that surrounded the dwelling, a yell that curdled the blood of the young hearers. It combined all that was horrible in fancy, with all that was painful in the utterance. Made up (as savage yells always are) of the harsher notes of the forest, the croak of the raven, the hoot of the cat-owl, the panther's scream, and various other dismal sounds, it was rendered intense and ear-piercing by the singular manner in which it was given, that is, by clapping the hand rapidly against the mouth. Every tribe has its peculiar war-whoop, tantamount to Masonic passwords; or, more popularly, to the national bugle calls of cavalry, by means of which a party may be recognized even in the din of battle, or the confusion of retreat.

This unexpected sound brought out an answering scream from the children, who hurried to group themselves around their mother, as if to claim that protection which is commensurate with a mother's love. Mr. Giesler, of all the party, seemed unmoved. He only drew out his tablets, and commenced writing with the muttered exclamations: "Pawnee Loup—good imitation—too much of the cat-bird, though—but that's immaterial,"—and then deliberately walked down to the gate to welcome the new-comer.

It was the aged Savage, whose sharp ears had so easily recognized the roll of the Naturalist, when he so opportunely headed off the panther, and who had followed the party a little distance off, to the house. He had stood in the shelter of a large poplar during the supper hour and the domestic events that followed. His pleasure at the music had been that of his race. He had recognized the voice of Mr. Giesler as that of an old acquaintance, and when the last song was ended, he sounded the dreadful call of the Pawnee Loups to challenge recognition, seeing that he had himself taught that singular war-cry to the Naturalist, years ago, far in the regions of the west.

Mr. Giesler led the old Warrior into the house, and introducing him to Mrs. Rainford with the brevity peculiar to Indian habits, proceeded to explain the circumstances of their first acquaintance: "I was engaged," said he, "in studying the habits of the Buffalo:

likewise investigating the tumuli said to abound on our western borders—(a huge mistake—very rare in number and insignificant in size and contents—but that's immaterial)—at the same time I was not negligent of the Linnean craft, for whose use nature has done so much in the prairie development. One morning I was penetrating a dense cluster of sumac, which grows to a gigantic size in that quarter—(*Rhus glabra*—leaves used for dyeing morocco—beware of *R. toxicodendron*—but that's immaterial)—and had paused for a moment to measure one of the stems—(nearly twelve inches in diameter—what would Gray say to that?—but that's immaterial)—when a dash was made upon me by a grizzly bear. Somebody had wounded it with an arrow—(shaft through and through the heart—most remarkable circumstance—arterial blood pumping through the orifice like a gush of Croton water—but that's immaterial)—and it had endeavored to escape by hiding in a thicket which none but a wounded bear or a live naturalist would seek. I had no recourse but to climb a tree, and there was but one tree near enough to climb. Unfortunately that was the thorny locust—(*Gleditsia triacanth*)—a remarkable specimen of nature's armature—thorns thorny—perfect waste of spinal development—but that's immaterial)—and I was horribly wounded by the spikes, endeavoring to mount it. However, I got high enough to escape the bear. He settled himself at the base of the *triacantha*, and stood

watch over me three days and nights before I got relief.—(Fine illustration of hunger and thirst—food comparatively unimportant, but water keenly desiderated—but that's immaterial.)—At last, this clever Indian—Wehawba is his native name—approached in answer to my cries, killed the bear, accomplished the more difficult undertaking of lowering me from the *triacantha*, bore me on his back to food and drink—in fact, saved my life. I presented him with my valuable prairie herbarium as a small token of gratitude, and I'll warrant he has got it yet."

The Indian being questioned on this interesting topic, smiled in his mournful way, and replied :

"Very good—squaw burn um leaves—Wehawba make squaw fill um more—up full, squaw fill um—up full, full."

Mr. Giesler's astonishment at this summary mode of replenishing a herbarium, may readily be imagined, and it will not disparage the character of the warm-hearted Naturalist in the reader's esteem, to learn that, for a little time, his natural sweetness of temper was slightly acidified by the discovery. But he only growled to himself in a parenthesis :—"Just the way with all of them ; when will the world learn the true value of things ?"—and the cloud passed by as rapidly as it had gathered.

While the hospitable Widow was preparing a hasty meal for the Indian, a conversation, in the Choctaw tongue, was sustained between

him and the Professor, which seemed to interest the latter greatly. He examined various devices drawn in red streaks upon the Indian's arms, breast, and face, and took accurate copies of them in his pocket volume. The history which the Indian communicated was truly romantic, and will not be misplaced here.

It appears that in former days, his tribe, a section of the great Choctaw nation, had possessed all the region of country which now comprehends The Triangle, and the contiguous counties; that they had been dispossessed in accordance with some one of the numerous treaties by which the whites plundered the poor Indians, under the semblance of law, and sent Westward. Weehawba was the oldest son of the head chief, and of right inherited the whole authority vested in that potentate. But he had been reared up under all the disheartening influences of broken power, grinding poverty, and the wasting grief of beholding his tribe dwindle away, one by one, until his immediate family stood almost alone. His sons had all fallen in the strife incident to their warlike dispositions, and he had no companion, in his old age, but his wife, aged and stricken like himself. A few weeks before, he had experienced, he said, a remarkable dream. This was: "To lay aside all his weapons of war; to journey on foot and alone; and go and lie down one day and night by the Peace Spring of the Sweet Waters!" The place known by this title, was a fountain

once very famous among the Indians as a *neutral ground*,—a place at which all discord ceased, and enemies, however implacable or embittered, met, and parted *as brothers*.

More than one such sanctuary is known to have existed among the Indians,—and this fact it is, amongst others, which seems to connect that strange people with the Hebrews, who likewise possessed their Cities of Refuge; and the Freemasons, who have Lodges typical of the great Temple, into which no workman was allowed to bring an iron tool, and no soldier a weapon of offence or defence. But the sanctuary of "The Peace Spring" was the most noted of all neutral grounds in the Indian territory. Its protection was boundless and undisputed. A warrior, though he might be the avenger of his father's blood, or his mother's dishonor, paused when he came in sight of that hallowed ravine, or the tall trees, covered with painted symbols, which embowered it; laid down his bow and spear, with superstitious reverence, and then the feud was closed. It was as if the retreating party had passed the boundary of life to that refuge where the wrath of man could not follow him, and mortal vengeance could not enter.

Many a tradition, intensely interesting, is connected with the Peace-Spring of the Sweet Waters, some of which we have preserved for the future entertainment of our readers.

Weehawba's dream had all the force of a divine command, to the old man's heart. It

had been a palpable vision ; for he had seen a thing, shapeless but awful, that seemed clothed in a white cloud, and spoke with such a dignity as none of his medicine-men could assume. And this phantom had opened its mouth to say : " Go, warrior, upon thy last journey ! Bend thy steps to the haunted waters of the Peace-Spring ! Rest thy weary bones there from one sunrising to the next, and thine eyes shall be opened in the Spirit Land, where *all* is peace ! " The chief had obeyed the midnight call, and he was here, within a few hours' journey of the sacred fountain, prepared to try its truth.

Food was then spread before him, and he was invited to partake. To the surprise of his entertainer he demurred : " Lest the Great Spirit of his fathers should be wrathful that he ate of anything not consecrated." This he explained by drawing from his pouch a handful of dried venison, which had been consecrated in a full meeting of the Medicine-men, ere he commenced his pilgrimage ; and remarking, in his sententious manner : " Great Spirit this give ! Great Spirit this take ! Great Spirit me please, me have—good ! " Such a fine sense of reverence to Deity was marked by the Professor with great delight.

Nevertheless, by explaining the manner adopted by worshippers to secure a divine blessing upon their current meals, and pronouncing an audible Grace over the food now spread before them, he was able to overcome the scruple and induce the Indian to partake.

When this agreeable duty was performed, the Professor had but little trouble to persuade him to delay his journey over the hills till the morrow, and to accept the shelter of the Widow's roof for the night ; he first giving proof by the family prayer, in which he took the lead, that the dwelling was a *consecrated one*, fit for the most pious devotee to occupy. By this time the little ones petitioned for leave to retire. When their merry little lips had been duly kissed, and the kind good-night interchanged, the old chief was stowed away in a snug corner, he utterly refusing any such accommodation as bed or blanket—and Mrs. Rainford entered upon her promised history, which we will give, as nearly as possible, in her own words :

" Much of my husband's history was imparted to you before his death. You know that his father died at sea, and that the documents in his possession, which secured him in his ample property, were surreptitiously concealed by some unknown person. To recover those papers, my husband devoted himself with untiring industry. He offered large rewards, even to half the value of his inheritance. He feed the most eminent counsel to advise him, from year to year, of every turn in his affairs. He kept several men in his pay, at high prices, instructed to watch the heir at law, and see if, by any overt act, he betokened his possession of the coveted documents. My husband had no fears that any serious steps would be taken in his own lifetime ; but he

trembled when he thought of his children and their friendless mother. It was this subject, indeed, that shortened his life, and gave his enemies occasion to say that his mind, in his later years, was impaired.

"Our oldest sons were trained to contend against this calamity. From the age of twelve years they were instructed in the legal profession, under the care of eminent lawyers. Before their father's death they had acquired much skill in this calling—not so much with a view to practice it in a general way, as to be qualified to meet the lawsuits that he clearly foresaw would be brought against us upon the first announcement of his death. There were many opportunities for Mr. Rainford to conceal large amounts of the princely estate his father had left him. Propositions to turn it into cash; to settle it in the form of annuities upon his family; to transfer the title to trustees; and other schemes were recommended to him by his intimate friends; but much as my husband loved us all, and full of painful anticipations of our possible fate as he was, he would take no evasive steps—all should be open and honorable, he said, both before God and man. And so he died.

"No sooner was he laid in his grave—yes, even before the coffin was borne from our sorrowing home, suits of all kinds were brought against us in weight and number almost unprecedented. These were sustained by an unlimited profusion of money; and the courts, having nothing from our side but verbal testi-

mony, were constrained to eject us, as, indeed, we felt convinced from the first they would. We departed from our splendid home, owing no debts, refusing every person's offer to loan or present us with money, and relying upon God and our own exertions to keep the wolf from our dwelling. My sons, after settling me, at my own request, in this out-of-the-way spot, selected for the very reason that it was out of the way, left me to pursue the search for which their father had trained them. They went to seek for the papers so mysteriously abstracted, so fraudulently obtained.

"Until within a few days I have heard from them at least once a month, and many a present of money, food and clothing, has come to me through their attention and liberality. Unfortunate youths! I fear they deny themselves to pamper me; and were it not that I know their affectionate hearts, and how much happier they are at the thoughts of our happiness than at any merely personal enjoyment, I would forbid it. Would you believe it—they have even made a mystery of the way they send their presents. Sometimes we find a barrel of flour lying inside of the gate at daylight. Sometimes a package of dry-goods, just such as I should have selected, meets our eyes. Indeed there is no end to the comforts of this sort we have received."

While the Widow paused to wipe away the tears that had followed spontaneously at these recollections, Mr. Giesler recalled what he had heard of the generosity of the Brothers Scribe,



and found no difficulty in tracing out the mystery of these donations. Without stating his suspicions, however, he merely inquired :

"Have you never called upon the Scribes to advise or assist you ? The neighbors speak warmly of their wisdom and generosity."

"No ! my husband knew too well the character of these men. He was reared in the same county with them, and knew them to be most desperate, hardened villains in their youth. I remember that the elder brother, Charles, called at our house a few months before my husband's death, and that he refused even to take his proffered hand. True, general report is favorable concerning their improvement in morals ; but my husband was a judge of human nature, and he would not trust them. Therefore I have refused all intimacy, and even communication with them, more than a distant courtesy."

Again the Professor was called upon to admire the deep-rooted generosity of men whose benefactions were not prevented, even by the scorn of their recipients. More and more light broke in upon him. He asked :

"Were you expecting your sons at home, shortly ?"

"There has been an agreement between the two," replied the Widow, "to meet at stated periods—but not here. To confess the truth, there seems a disinclination on their part to witness the great contrast between our present mode of living and the abundance to which we had been accustomed—and they

have only returned to make me a single visit since they left me. I can scarcely blame them for it, though it has cost me considerable pain. Not that there is any pride at the foundation of it. So far from it, I believe they would cheerfully labor with me and cultivate my little field, did I ask it. But their father's dying request, and the purpose for which he reared them, agree with their feelings I have hinted at. They are to leave no stone unturned to recover those precious documents—and I cannot advise them to anything that would shake their filial affection."

Much more in praise of these devoted youth did the fond mother communicate to her old friend. All the details were transferred, according to his custom, to the pages of his diary, for he began to see that a clue to this affair was opening in the discovery of the body below the ferry, a few days before. Her description of the young man Henry, his age, height, and the distortion of his foot, exactly corresponded with the notes he had taken from information given him by various persons who had seen the corpse ; and, with that sharpness he had gained from long experience of men, he saw that there must be some secret reason to account for the manner in which the Brothers Scribe had conducted themselves towards the Widow Rainford.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE COWAN.

CONTENTS OF CHAPTER EIGHTH.—The Election. The Cowan.

*A wicked man taketh a gift out of the bosom to pervert the ways of judgment. An ungodly man diggeth up evil and in his lips there is as a burning fire. Evil shall come upon thee; thou shalt not know from whence it riseth; and mischief shall fall upon thee; thou shalt not be able to put it off; and desolation shall come upon thee suddenly which thou shalt not know.*

The political campaign is ended, and the political warriors are gathered together, to-day, to share the spoils of political victory, or chew the cud of political defeat. Wandering candidates, whose restless wing has led them into every man's enclosure, in search of a suffrage; men of wives and children, whose children and wives have been fatherless and husbandless for many moons, came home last night to tell wives and children as much good news as Huan-man told his. The incorruptible freemen of The Triangle have left their dwellings since candle-light—breakfast—and met, with one accord, at their respective precincts, to cast votes that *may* elect a Governor and *must* elect a Constable.

The constabulary at Scriberville has been contested with unprecedented severity; not more than a vote or two will suffice to turn the scale. Men hold their breath when they think of Stubblefield and Hangdog, whose respective friends have *sworn* that their candidate shall be elected, or—they'll find out why.

The county offices are sought after with an avidity peculiar to certain localities in freedom's realm. For County Clerk there are five applicants, besides Orget, the present incumbent. For Sheriff the struggle is awful. There is every human probability that at least ten out of the twelve competitors for that lucrative station will gain it, if the asseverations of the most respectable citizens of the county may be credited. For Circuit Clerk, Umbel stands alone, nobody venturing a back-throw with him. For County Trustee, everybody in Dimahy, the county seat, is running—and cotton goods never ruled so low, nor were such rates ever offered for petty and home-made socks before.

To give an idea of the abundance of candidates, we record the declaration of Professor Giesler, that during his sojourn in The Triangle, he occasionally got bewildered amongst the by-paths and no-paths that intersect that mathematical region, but his

patience was never over-ried; for, stop where he would, and sit down for a few minutes where he might, one of those busy gentlemen in search of an office, would spy him out and set him straight again.

The Statistical Society of the county estimated that year that there were consumed 1,896 barrels of corn, 3,304 lbs. bacon, 819 bushels of turnips, 18,693 heads of cabbage, 47 sacks of coffee, 23-7 barrels of sugar, and goodness knows how much beans, fodder, and molasses, in feeding the traveling candidates. One tight-fisted fellow, it is reported, got his whole crop hoed gratis by those philanthropic gents who called on him at the rate of twenty a day, and took a couple of rows apiece as the price of his support.

A famous display of qualifications had been made all around. Hangdog proved that he had been in the last war, (a teamster,) and had lost a leg, (wagon run over it, his enemies said, when he was drunk,) which fact would have given him invaluable advantages in *stumping* it, only that Stubblefield, his competitor, was minus an eye, popped out in the Black Hawk War by the premature bursting of a cap. The big green patch of the one, so well matched the rough whiteoak support of the other, as to puzzle the unbribable in their choice.

Amongst the twelve candidates for Sheriff was found every description of physical defect and misfortune ever brought to bear upon human sympathies. Certain we are that King Solomon would not have admitted one of them amongst his Fellow Crafts; nor would the Lodge at Dimsby, if they had any regard for the Ancient Landmarks. Plugge had a white swelling in his knee; Hugge in his hand; Qugge in his foot; Slugge in all three; Fourhe got his cotton-gin burnt last winter; Pourhe suffered shockingly from the squirrels; Courhe from the bears. The other five were equally fortified with good reasons why *they* should be elected—and it must have been frightfully difficult for voters to decide.

Very little bribery had been employed in the canvas, though it was whispered (the thing was too delicate for an open charge) that Col. Phellokrafte *did* use his influence among the Masons to have his Brother Bowadze elected Clerk. Probably it was a slander, at least Captain Geeakin said it was, and everybody admits that *he* ought to know.

There was one instance of corruption which came to light, so gross, that we should hesitate to name it, did not our duty as chronicler demand the exposure. Mr. Triptolemus A. Standish, candidate for the

same office, finding a poor widower sick down upon Fallacy creek, with several little children unattended, ragged and hungry, had the meanness, wretch that he was, to send him a bribe of a load of corn and meat, and three full suits of children's clothes. This vile act was duly heralded by one of his opponents, Stingee, who let it be distinctly understood, wherever he went, that nobody ever should catch *him* doing such a thing; and, truth to say, nobody ever did. We grieve to add that Standish was a Freemason—and still more, that he was elected by an immense majority. This exhibits a lamentable state of public morals; for it was clearly proven on election day, that he had been guilty of many such acts, even before he became a candidate at all.

The fated day—the biennial election day, however—has come at last; and at Scribeville have gathered all the voters of that precinct, and many of the candidates.

The dyspeptic taylor Thinne has left both goose and shears; the shoemaker has forsaken his awl to come. The concourse is like the unassorted quarry blocks—there are sinners, saints, preachers, farmers, loafers, juveniles, seniles—every class in The Triangle is represented by a full delegation. Bob. Scammony's doggery has

been swept out and replenished with a full barrel of whisky, "Jackass brand," and Bob. himself wears a clean shirt in honor of the day. Bob's wife has baked three hundred "grungers," of which the sole *ingreerjunces* are, flour, molasses, and water. Visions of nightmare and midnight horrors hover over the heap.

Ancient Abe, the free nigger, the best hand at a barbacue in all The Triangle, is busy at his trenches, where hang eight of the likeliest shotes ever coveted by bear or "painter." From the vapor that has hovered over the spot since daylight, there is a glorious prospect of good eating to be realized there about the hour of high twelve.

At nine o'clock, precisely, the inspectors or judges, previously selected by the Sheriff, open the poles by proclamation with the Gallic three. No one, however, seems anxious to avail himself of a free-man's privilege, and, for the first hour, there is only one vote cast, that of Mr. Wobblepen, whose wife's condition demands that he should hurry home *immediately*. Nor must we overlook old Benny Kincade, who is led up by his seven sons to cast his suffrage for Hangdog, on the principle that if they should wait till the honored gentleman gets drunk, (a deviation from rectitude which the patriarch is some-

times guilty of,) he would be sure to cast it for Stubblefeld, if only to spite them. The same pure motives actuate 'Squire Ulysses Brown, who sacrifices himself, likewise, on the altar of patriotism.

The second hour, things become more agreeable. A fight or two occurs that changes the blue to scarlet. Two of the candidates ride full split to Talley's precinct, across Bawbah river, to put down a false report floating there, of which the first intimation has just reached their aural. But, alas! they find upon their arrival that *the report itself was false*, and all they have for their pains is a skinfull of bones shaken sorely by the ride.

Old Ma'am Bagsby, wife of one of the combatants, has just come in on the old grey mare (the better horse, by half,) to take him home, and doctor up his lacerated ear, shamefully bitten off by Christopher Yeast, in a slight-of-hand acquired in his late trip to the New Orleans. As Mrs. B. goes out, she meets Mrs. Yeast herself, and as *this* lady also rides a grey mare, and as *her* son has also a bitten ear, it is hardly to be expected that the ladies will be cordial. In point of fact they are *not*; and Mrs. Bagsby's mare happening to run its head, stone blind as *it* is, against Mrs. Yeast's feet, corny and tender as *they* are, she takes

the thing as a challenge, and the twain dismount in an instant. The delight of the great unwashed may be imagined as the pair pitch into each other like grey-headed tabbies spitting over a bone. The husband and son coming to their relief, the original combat is renewed, and two more lacerated ears are added to the chapter of accidents, with other jobs suitable to oculist, dentist, and body-surgeon.

But all pleasures of this sort are transient. The females are separated by the strength of Charles Scribe and his rollicking clerk, Tony Bright; and then the grey mares resume their respective burdens, and the women go out of town to mend up.

Several votes are polled during this second hour, especially those of the various candidates, who all vote for themselves, and five young men, just come of age, who seem afraid they may die before they get a chance. It was clear that people were holding back for some cause or other; and as a kind of aperient, Mr. Orget, who was present, proffered a speech. The speech was a good one enough, so the audience said; and surely they ought to know, for they had heard it often enough before—yes, and read it, too, several of them had, in the Columbian Orator. But good and sound as the effort certainly was, it did not

meet the approbation of all; and, presently, Mr. M. Webbingly, one of his opponents, (instigated by J. F. Brewer, his particular friend,) arose to answer it. Somehow Mr. Webbingly's memory was at fault; for at the very outset, he began to combat an idea not at all like anything contained in the speech. The crowd cheered him, while Orget vainly endeavored to point out the mistake. Delighted at the energetic manner with which Webbingly demolished his own straw-man, they hurried away to liquor at his expense, and the thing was done. Orget, finding that all was up with him at Scriberville, mounted his *mucel* and rode off to another precinct.

At meridian, Ancient Abe sends word round the grounds, by way of three or four little Abe's, that "the barbaque is ready, please gemmen, and, for two bitts a head, gemmen can feed scrumptiously." The rush is *tremenjus*. Sharp-set by their early breakfast, and an over-free use of the "Jackass brand," the company eat as though eating to them would never more be permitted. The eight shotes fly into pieces at every joint, like glass-snakes.\* The patriarch carved until his muscular powers

\*The Glass-snake is a queer little serpent, so hastily put together that it flies into thirty-nine pieces when tapped with a stick. —VICE PROF. GIBLER.

failed, then the crowd carved for themselves. And, oh, shades of the kitchen, how they *did* carve! what unskilful cutting! what savagiferous tearing! what ferocious pulling! what carnivorous biting! New ideas of stomachic capacity fill the mind of old Dr. Noetiss, who vows to write an essay for the Medical Journal, that very night, wherein he will demonstrate that the citizens of The Triangle are furnished with the fifth stomach of the camel. Corn-bread and fat shote being at last disposed of, the heart of the Ethiopian is made merry by a shower of silver quarters; and then the crowd returns to the "Jackass brand" aforesaid, which has now become doubly necessary to their comfort.

Then the polls become thronged in serious earnest, and voting commences. The clerks can scarcely keep up with the applicants. Old Parson MacWhertor, one of the inspectors, gets shockingly insulted by several of the voters for being so slow. Young Oliver Swett takes a lawful oath that he is twenty-one, though his daddy's household bible declares only twenty. As Swett is one of Stubblefield's adherents, the act arouses the patriotism of Rube Mann, who vows "He kin take a swar if Ol. Swett kin" —and a *swar* he does take, instanter, to

vote for Hangdog—thus out-venoming the venom.

The afternoon passes rapidly away, and at four o'clock the proclamation is made that the polls are closed. As all are anxious to learn the result, the clerks immediately commence counting out. Bets to an enormous extent are indulged in pending the same. Ishbosheth Matlock invests a dollar at a single clip on Stubblefield. Horri-fer Winters goes it to the extent of nineteen coonskins on Hangdog. Some are found so wild as to propose a bet on *anybody* on *any terms*—or, as the jovial fellow from Dimsby remarks: "From what, by what, on what, to what, with what you will!" Fight after fight occurs, principally around the "Jackass brand," and dearest friends dissolve partnership without an apology. One case of pistoling is recorded, but as there was no bullet in the barrel, nothing could come out of it save smoke and wadding. Knives are brandished in abundance, but they are generally Barlows, and consequently harmless. So, as it turns out, nobody is much hurt.

Now comes the announcement—

"Stubblefield has forty-nine votes."

"Hurra! hurrah!"—cheers rend the firmament—"the victory is ours;"

"Hangdog has—" hearts cease to beat—eyelids forget to wink—the current of life stands still—"has fifty—and—is—elected!!!"

So ends the biennial election; and the result, really as unimportant, in a social or moral point of view, as children's squabbles over a fistful of marbles, is received by both parties without a particle of opposition. The disappointed candidates merely announce themselves as *in* for the next contest; the elected ones proceed to qualify themselves for their respective duties, and The Triangle resumes its working-day aspect as before.

It was shortly after the rush to the barbecue-ground, and while the party were furiously devouring each his two bitts' worth of pork and pone bread, that a man was observed standing near the horse-rack in front of Charles Scribe's store. He was a total stranger to each of the social party, to wit: the three Scribes, Parson Tubal, and Mr. Giesler, who had just risen up from a family dinner at Charles Scribe's, and were picking their teeth in his portico; and their attention was called to him by his sickly, sallow cast of face, that denoted continued ill health.

Mr. Tubal, at the suggestion of the company, walked out to him, and courteously

invited him to partake with them, as there were yet ample remains of the dinner; at the same time apologizing for not asking him to the first. But the reverend gentleman was shocked to hear in return, "that he (the stranger) didn't eat of any man's leavings; and didn't thank any man for troubling himself with his (the stranger's) business!"

Reporting this to the rest of his company, Charles, whose good nature was not easily shaken, only smiled at such a want of gratitude for his proffered hospitality; Bartholomew, remembering the ill-promise of his own youth, charitably suggested that he was probably drunk; but the Professor, who had been scrutinizing the man with considerable interest, whispered:

"Hush! hush! keep an eye on that man! I have something on foot that will unmask him, if you will watch him closely."

The person whose rudeness was so marked, was a young man of not more than three-and-twenty, burnt and branded with dissipation. His eyes were blood-shot by the use of stimulants. His slight form, graceful once, and active, was slouched and bent as though the bones, softened by the furnace-fires within, could not uphold the slight weights that hung upon them. Nor was it only the effects of intemperance that

this ruined figure exhibited; there were traces of sensuality, of bestial lust in that once handsome face that told a history our pen could not write nor our readers read. We have not seen many such in all our diversified life. They are they who overstep the line of separation between humanity and the brute: and it is well for our world that the overruling Power crushes them from before His face as we would brush an annoyance from ours, ere their life of evil becomes too deeply involved with lives of innocence and purity. His manner of speech, as we have seen, (though our record omits his oaths,) was shockingly blasphemous and repulsive. His lips were yellow with the stain of tobacco-juice, which he voided in inordinate quantities on all sides. His dress was of a finer texture, and it was better made than corresponded with his general appearance. Although tobacco-stained and very slovenly, it was a suit of costly cloth, whose equal was rarely seen in the Triangle; certainly no one of the little party of Masons was so well dressed; and his hat and boots matched them well. He held a double-barrelled gun, of which one side was rifle-bored, the other smooth; and if the appearance of his left breast counted for anything, there was a bowie-knife of large size there, to follow up the



work which the ball might chance to leave undone.

While the party was acting according to the Naturalist's suggestions, the old clerk, Tony Bright, came past the stranger, on his way to his own dinner, and as a kind of answer to the inquiring looks of the company, he exclaimed:

"It's the man who's been boarding down at Ma'am Yeast's the last two weeks. Nobody seems to know his business in The Triangle. For my part, if I was to guess, I'd say he'd killed somebody, and was hiding out! Little use of *his* hiding! Hell has already found him out, if his looks count for anything!"

And the clerk passed through the portico with this sententious verdict dropping from his mouth.

The stranger still stood leaning against the horse-rack, with one eye bearing upon the party in the portico, the other taking in the whole scene at the barbacue grounds. Nothing escaped his observation. Every passer-by, on his way from the feast to the polls, stood the gauntlet of those bloodshot organs. Every word spoken seemed to be heard by the stranger, even before it was caught by the person to whom it was addressed. To the good-humored smile and nod with which his stern glances were oc-

asionally acknowledged, he made no reply save a scowl that changed the smile to an answering frown, and, in one or two of the instances, brought the good-humored party to a halt, as though such a challenge were not to be passed unanswered. If so, a better look at the double-barrelled gun and that full breast, satisfied the offended party, and he resumed his walk. All this time it was remarked by our party in the portico that he never ceased to observe their movements, even the slightest; and that his hand was all the time in suspicious proximity to the locks of his gun, as if awaiting some signal.

At last he gathered up his lank form, and with an indolent step, walked down towards the barbacue tables, now nearly deserted, and entered into conversation with Ancient Abe. Upon his departure, all turned, by unanimous consent, to the Professor, and asked an explanation of his former remark.

"I was dissecting a serpent," replied that intelligent gentleman, "some two days since—(a rare reptile—five feet—head and fourteen inches back jet black—light grey on nose and a spot twelve inches back—then came ring an inch broad of gray—then four inches grayish black—then light gray, again, alternately—tail sharp—tongue darted rapidly—eyes with red circles round

—but that's immaterial)—and the sun being somewhat too warm—(truth to say, my business was not over-savory at the best, seeing that I had killed the reptile three days before, and the buzzards had found it—but that's immaterial)—and had drawn myself under the shade of a rock—(“the shadow of a great rock in a weary land”—how expressive the prophet there!—but that's immaterial)—and begun in the usual manner, at the third pair of nerves—(I wish I had my notes here. There was a circumstance connected with the junction—but that's immaterial.) Sitting pretty well up the side of the hill, near the lower outcrop of the Pliocene strata—(magnificent cancers there! nautilus nine inches across! remains of sauriens rich, rich—but that's immaterial—and the whole imbedded in a regular pipe-clay—very remarkable)—when who should I see but this same barbarous-looking fellow walking towards me. That he had seen me I thought certain—and supposing he merely wanted to ask me a question or so, and having the head of the serpent in my mouth, as I passed my scalpel down his fourth pair of nerves—(the bifurcation remarkably evident—equal to the ramifications of the live oak, *quercus virens*—but that's immaterial)—I felt that the interests of science would suffer if I de-

layed my dissection any longer. He seemed to be lame, and stopped once or twice as if to rub his ancle with his hand.—(Nature's own remedy, by the way—and the best for all rheumatic affections; even a pig knows that, as everybody can see—but that's immaterial.) As he walked, he seemed to be looking around him, as though suspicious of being observed. In that particular trait he resembled the raccoon nearly. It was this, indeed, that in a manner fascinated me, and caused me to fix my eyes upon him, thinking of the raccoon simulation, though the snake was more worthy of my observation at that time. He came within a score of yards—near enough, indeed, to smell the serpent; and drove off the buzzards that were waiting the results of my dissection.—(Interesting birds, those,—their habits have not been half investigated—they are rich in phenomena; it is yet one of the most important of the *rezata questiones* in Natural History, whether their scent or sight be the stronger. The sacred writer Job inclines to the latter opinion—see the passage, “There is a path which the vulture's eye hath not seen,”—for vulture, read buzzard—but that's immaterial.) Seeing the buzzards, I say, and smelling the snake, he started, turned pale with a look of conscious guilt, if I ever

saw guilt on the human countenance, and snatched a pistol from his pocket. The thought came over me that he was deranged. I had made the subject of mental alienation a study—(it is a topic that better merits the attention of a medical student than many of those that are connected with the usual school-course—but that's immaterial)—and was delighted to witness a case thus free to act. But, to my regret, he returned his weapon to its place of concealment, and, with some deliberation, though with manifest trepidation, he remarked:

"Can I never get that corpse from my mind! Faugh! smell and sight! buzzards and carrion!—d—n the fool who would mind it!"

And then went off on a hobbling trot down the hill, while I totally ruined the most interesting portion of the snake's jaw, in my astonishment. It is with shame I acknowledge it—for naturalists should be proof against surprise—(as Prof. Ernest facetiously observed when he found that, instead of putting the end of his cane into the turtle's mouth it was the end of his finger—but that's immaterial.) I must confess, on second thoughts, that I entertained some suspicion, and do yet harbor it against that young man, connecting his unguarded and truly remarkable exclamation

with your discovery, in the Bawbah river, of a corpse that had been evidently misused."

The Professor's remarks, though so complicated *on paper*, and scooped into parentheses, were very intelligible to the ear. He had a habit, while conversing, of giving way to himself in an undertone, as though he were treating himself to a private philosophical discourse; but these morsels were not so necessarily a part of his conversation as that the hearer need be confused by them. Through the drift of his speech, his company easily caught the idea, and cordially assented to it, that in the absence of any other object of suspicion, this young man should be watched, with a view to ascertain his connection, if any, with the death of young Rainford. The Professor was requested to attend to this duty, and to find some excuse for calling upon him at Mrs. Yeast's, where it was understood he was boarding—a task which that eccentric gentleman the more readily undertook, as he had promised that good lady to assist her in hunting up some sarsaparilla, a vine she greatly cherished for its blood-purifying properties, though she was unable to recognize it in a state of nature.

Mr. Giesler took this occasion to speak of his recognition of Mrs. Rainford as an

old acquaintance, and gave to the company—under the seal of secrecy—the highly important particulars she had imparted to him the evening before—merely omitting her expressed opinion in regard to the three Brothers. A long conversation followed, and many details were settled for future action. Mutual promises were made, sealed by many a hand-grasp and brotherly word, to see the Mason's widow righted, the Mason's mother avenged of her adversaries. And then the party listened to Bro. Tubal's Masonic Address, from the point at which we left it in our second chapter. We cannot find it in our heart to deprive our readers of this Masonic treat—and so here it is:

VII. THE FOUNDER.—1. God promised David that Solomon should build. 2. King of unmatched wisdom; aptness in teaching; knowledge of men; piety; wealth; a willing people, a time of peace, and a time of plenty.

VIII. THE ARM OF STRENGTH.—Phoenician history—greatest sailors and builders—their secret associations; friendship between K S and H T; loan of money and men.

IX. THE ARM OF BEAUTY.—Difficulty of finding a general manager; successful discovery; describe H A B.

X. THE SUBORDINATES.—3,600 overseers—Adoniram; Zabud; Abishah.

XI. THE LABORERS.—80,000—70,000—30,000—all foreigners except the last.

XII. THE GRAND SUMMONS.—Seven years six months. Command sent forth to chiefs—obeyed; invitation to people—accepted; ambassadors to all nations; immense company.

XIII. PROCESSION.—From Palace on Zion to South Gate.

XIV. DEDICATION.—Brazen scaffold; blessing the people; prayer—seven parts.

XV. DIVINE APPROVAL.—Cloud and fire; dismissal of people; vision by night. Application of the whole.

## CHAPTER IX.

CONTENTS OF CHAPTER NINTH.—Mrs. Yeast and her household. Her guest. Dr. Giesler and his psychology. Startling developments.

*There is one God; there is none other but he; and to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbor as himself, is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices. They vexed his Holy Spirit: therefore he was turned to be their enemy, and he fought against them.*

The family of Mrs. Yeast consists of her husband, her son Christopher, and a couple of grand-children, the clandestine offspring of a deceased daughter. We have put her husband at the head of her dependants, for the old man was so crippled with rheumatism, and imbecile in mind from inordinate whisky-drinking, that he was only able at best to crawl out of a pleasant morning, and hoe an hour or two in the garden, the rest of his aid consisting in keeping house for the old woman when she rode to town, holding her thread when she spooled, counting the clicks of her reeling apparatus, and acting as a broad target generally for her splenetic explosions. Her son Christopher rendered a little help in various ways, besides working as deck-hand two or three trips a year on some of the New Orleans trading boats. But the young man was

getting so quarrelsome, having inherited so much of his father's disposition for drink, that, what with her trips to town to bring him home, and the heavy cost of his potations, and the many suits of clothes torn to pieces in his blackguard fights, people said she would be better quit of him. In good sooth, Mrs. Yeast had a hard row to hoe in the vineyard of human life. But few hearts could have stood up under her burdens and sustained themselves as well as she did. Mrs. Yeast is a fair type of a class of women with which we have familiarized ourselves in many a half hour's call at the rude frontier cabins from Wisconsin to Texas; a class that however their language and untutored manners may incline the casual observer to a smile, will not fail to increase his admiration for genuine female character.

Let us eye her a moment. Having no advantages in the way of literary cultivation—unable even to read that Bible, which, for its mysterious influences, and its Family Record, is placed in the most honorable part of her dwelling; having no mental resources in the long dull days, or the longer, duller nights; enjoying only the snatched companionship of a neighbor as burdened and as poorly informed as herself; cursed with a drunken, stupid husband, and an unpromising son, this "daughter of Dan" kept her house decently; supported those who should have supported her; and even had a name abroad as a healer of various complaints, and a kind though rude friend to the distressed. It was indeed won-

dearful how much that woman did perform. The turkey-hunter, passing her cabin on the way to the feeding-grounds, hours before daylight, saw her door open and her lard lamp blazing, and her red flannel dress flitting to and fro, as she prepared the early breakfast for her family. The still-hunter, perching himself upon his lofty stand by the deer-lick, to wait the moon's rising, that he might sight his game, saw the gleams of her lamp shining through the broad crevices of her cabin at an hour closely verging upon midnight. Both might say of her as Solomon says of "the good wife," "her candle goeth not out by night." By day she spun the wool and cotton, wove the coarse cloth and coverlids for which her grandmother before her had been famous, and, however hurried or harrassed she might be, kept her house, rude and mean though it was, always clean swept and wholesome. By night, while her brute of a husband snored off the effects of his drink, she bent over the knitting, and the strong wool socks grew swiftly under her hands.

All the cares of the dairy, of the poultry-yard, often of the corn-field and garden, devolved upon her, and each received good attention. She had always some boasted product, such as an unexampled cabbage, the earliest brood of chickens, or a famous yield of milk, to exhibit to a neighboring dame, poor and hard-pressed as herself. There was much monotony in her life, but no tediousness—for there was always some humble object of desire

in advance, some handsome pattern at the store, or a better looking-glass, a new coat for her son, pink-colored shoes for her granddaughters—something or other that kept her mind pleasantly awake, and served as a sufficient aim. In brief, our Grand Master has not imperfectly described such a woman as this in Proverbs, xxxi.

It was towards the cabin of Mrs. Yeast that Professor Giesler might have been seen approaching the day after the election. He had already scraped an acquaintance with that busy dame, as, indeed, he had with every other dame, busy or not busy, in The Triangle. It was no part of that learned gentleman's theory to slight the practical wisdom of the common people. On the contrary he labored to cultivate their good will, and to draw from them that knowledge, scanty, perhaps, but the more valuable, which their peculiar habits enabled them to collect and communicate.

Was there a runaway negro captured in the canebrake, and deposited for safe-keeping in the county jail? Mr. Giesler visited him with such assiduous attention and kindness that he soon opened his heart and mouth, and gave to the greedy naturalist that store of facts relative to the fauna and flora of the swamps, which none knew so well.

Was there an old woman famous for relieving the *roomatty*, (rheumatism) curing cancers, healing toothache, or reducing out-of-the-way swellings? the Professor was at her cabin in a jiffy, with a world of similar lore, and by out-

mystifying the good lady, it was odds but what he had all her cyclopedia in his notebook in an hour.

His acquaintance with Mrs. Yeast had been on this wise. In common with most country people, she placed an extravagant estimate on the sanitive properties of sarsaparilla, but, unfortunately, was not able to recognize it in the forest where it grew. Now, our Naturalist would have recognized it, or any other herb, shrub or tree, in the land, the darkest night ever known, and he made this fact the key to unlock what little real information on the subject of country medicines she possessed. In a single hour's walk with the old lady he showed her sarsaparilla enough to de-globularize and de-oxygenize all the blood in her body. He pointed out various other roots and *yarbs*, (herbs,) whose merits in fattening or reducing, sharpening or blunting, inclining up or inclining down, are desirable to all dabblers in the healing art.

Now, it was a notorious fact that Mrs. Yeast was at open warfare with Dr. Stokes, "the regular," for had he not openly and scornfully disparaged her knowledge of medical facts, and laughed at her infallible receipts, decried her faith in lunar influences, more precious to her than her faith in the Bible, and unfeelingly advised her to stick to her own trade, and let the doctors stick to theirs! Therefore, when, by the botanical skill of Mr. Giesler, she was brought to the knowledge of the famous *unicorn-root*, the all-

potent *black-root*, the *sang-root*, (ginseng,) and oh! best of all, the much coveted sarsaparilla, the good woman felt herself on the eve of a triumph that should put "regularism" under the sod all through The Triangle. It was no wonder, therefore, that she set her best chair, unceremoniously tipping her foolish husband out of it, and smoothed her gray hairs to a perfect glossiness, with a dab of lard, when the loud barking of the dogs announced the Professor's coming.

The prospect of Mrs. Yeast's residence, as approached from the South, was not romantic. First, there was a large gate to open, which, like all large gates constructed without the sound of axe, hammer, or other metal tool, swagged fearfully at the end and dragged painfully at the hinges. Then there was a very offensive stable-door and stable-yard to pass, with sufficient free ammonia floating over it to fertilize a Sahara. A pair of bars came next, rather easier to climb than to let down, and lastly, a gauntlet of dogs. When the cabin was fairly in view, it presented the appearance of one low room, constructed in the usual cabin style of logs overlapping at the ends, with the chimney made of sticks and mud, set upon the outside. The floor, of puncheons, or split logs, but washed and swept clean as a palace. No window—for the door is only kept closed at night, and does not light enter there? The whole eight or nine feet high.

Entering in, you see a room sixteen feet

square, so ingeniously filled, yet so spaciouly empty, that we increase our admiration at the human power of adaptation. There are two full-grown beds upon full grown bedsteads. There is a trundle-bed, besides, for the children,—but this, through the daytime, is concealed under one of the full-grown aforesaid. There is a bureau, which, tradition says, is the first one ever made in the State—and judging from externals, tradition lieth not. There is a lawful sized table, six chairs, and a Bible-stand. There is a cupboard, which contains all the earthenware of the family. The kitchen wealth is heaped up in one corner, and this little room, which a city housewife would scarcely find roomy enough for her preserves, actually serves for a bed-room, kitchen, dining-room, parlor, and nursery, besides holding the spinning-wheel, reel, and other implements of her profession.

It was here, stretched upon one of the beds, and groaning in the chilliest stage of the *agur*, (ague,) that the young man lay who had been observed near the horse-rack the day before, and whose broken condition we endeavored to describe.

There is a complaint, rarely prevailing in the older States—but when a stray case occurs, they call it by some grand name, and great is the fuss they make over it. In the South and West we style it *the chills*, and take it as we take corn bread, quite as a matter of course. From Georgia to Nebraska, from Ohio to New Mexico, in all thickly-wooded coun-

tries, near all streams, around all marshy districts, this annoyance is looked for as we look for the whip-poor-wills, once a year. We become amusingly accustomed to it. Caroline Knob declined marrying her present partner, the Rev. Mr. Polyhystor, on a Thursday, because it was her *chill day*. Rev. Jabez Hooter, in making his stated appointments, always added, "Provided providence permits, and it don't come on my chill day!" Gen. Swaynish, stumping his district for Congress, in making out his route for a month ahead, omitted all the odd days, (the 1's, 3's, 5's, 7's, 9's, &c.,) because they were his chill days. Finally, Dick Tweedle, hung for burning his neighbor's house, declared his comfort on the scaffold, "that he was bound to swing before eleven, while his chill didn't come on till one!"

We have a chunky little son who had a spell of chill for three months. They affected him exactly at 9 A. M., (his mother possibly set the clock by them,) when he would lie before the fire *for an hour*, and shiver beneath hyperborean cold; then to the farther corner of the room and drink ice-water and parch with tropical heat *for an hour*—then sit smilingly by our side, happily perspiring *for an hour*—then to play again until day after tomorrow. His appetite, sprightliness and good-nature were not the least impaired by these periodical assaults, and our family got so accustomed to them at last, that the other children would leave their various projects un-



finished "till Alf's chill is off." Such a queer thing is the ague.

Many times have we seen the farmer hitch his plough-nag to the fence, throw himself out in the shade and *shake away* his tertian—then go on with his work. Calling once at a school-house, we found the domine lying upon a bench sweating off his attack, (he was a Yankee, and persisted in calling it the *agur*;) while his patient flock were performing the tasks allotted to them for the eighty-seven minutes his indisposition would require.

It is a singular fact that the hotter the weather, the more the patient suffers in the cold stage. For this reason, when Erastus Andrews took one in January, he prayed that his next might be deferred till August; but when his prayer was granted, the stubborn fellow petitioned for January again!

There is something more than nineteen hundred remedies for the chills, each of which (save sulph. quin.) is equally useless. The most reasonable one of the whole (always saving the sulph. quin. aforesaid) is that so successfully pursued by Mrs. Yeast. "Bore a hole in the head of your walking-stick; put in a spoonful (two, if the chills come every day) of rozum (rosin); plug it kecerfully up with white wax made by the king bee; eat nothing; don't move about much; keep the stick ollers (always) in your left hand, and you'll break the drotted complaint to wonst." The idea resembles one recorded in that veritable chronicle, the Arabian Nights.

The catalogue of remedies comprises such standards as cobwebs, whisky, dogwood, cherry, poplar, (*Liriodendron tulipifera*, Dr. Giesler calls it—but that's immaterial,) French brandy, boneset, and the like, beyond all enumeration. But the only reliable one is the sulphate of quinia, commonly called quinine. This is the basis of Sappington's pills, once so famous, but which, oddly enough, lost their fame so soon as the proprietor, having become rich enough, promulged the ingredients of the nostrum. Quinine in pills and quinine in fluids is the remedy, and this will usually change the periodicity of the complaint forthwith. So highly is the drug estimated by the faculty, that it was once declared by a facetious Lecturer: "If you conceal a drachm of sulph. quin. in the knot-hole of a tree, during a tempest, *the shake* will be entirely checked!"

A regular chill may be thus described. You get up late, and feel that the vocalists sing well who advise us "to wait a little longer." You feel no appetite, nevertheless consume a third more than common. Having no hunger to appease, you have no fulness that cautions you to stop. The coffee is execrable, as bad as though rhubarb was in it. For this you scold your wife, and rail savagely at the cook; and when they persist in declaring the concoction of an excellent flavor, you turn from them horror-struck at their mendacity. Having a prose sketch to write for Graham, you sit down to it, but get little beyond the caption, and wonder whether you were drunk the day

before, that the subject flashed so clearly upon your mind. Laying Graham by, you conclude to finish your prize poem ; but are astonished at the insipidity of its sentiments and the stupidity of its plan. After dashing out every good figure in it, you toss it into your drawer, and take up that funny thing for the *Yankee Blade*, that so tickled your fancy last week. But the pen, ink and paper will not work out anything funny by themselves, and *that* you toss into the fire.

All the time you are yawning incessantly ; your feet and hands get cold as krout ; your finger nails represent benevolence, and taking a look in the glass, you wonder to see how jaded and rummy is the face that was so blooming only yesterday. It is plain enough now, that you sat up too late last night, and you resolve to sin no more in *that* particular.

The nigger boy will *not* keep your fire burning, spite of all your bawling, and you determine to flog him vigorously after dinner. Wife now suggests, but humbly, that *you are going to have a chill*. Remembering her falsehood concerning the coffee, you vouchsafe no reply. Every minute or two you hitch nearer the fire, until, by half-past eleven, you have advanced, glacier-like, fairly to the bricks ; your extended legs resembling a Fellow Craft's second implement ; your back bowed forward like the most significant part of a Past Master's jewel. You double your thumbs tightly into the palms of your hands, roar to Simeon for more wood, and wonder why you don't get warm.

Presently something cold, like a spring-eel, starts from the region of your stomach, crawls hastily up the inside of your backbone, and nestles itself cosily in the left ventricle of your heart. You acknowledge its activity by an involuntary shudder, and take the last hitch, overwhelming the andirons and overshadowing the fire in the effort. Another eel, and you demand your cloak. Another, and another, and another—your stomach has certainly resolved itself into an eel-trap—and now your affectionate rib takes courage to declare that you *must* have a chill, and suggests the bed. You growl—at first negatively, then change your mind, and turn in, though the blankets are sheet-iron, and the sheets ice-cakes. Pile on the bed-clothes, now. Heap up the counterpanes, quilts, and all the comfortables that the wit of woman has devised to increase the happiness of the marriage-bed. Blessings now be to the dear heart that has forgiven all the coffee insult—and snuggling her soft, warm cheek to yours, fixes herself quietly by your side, while the polar blast blows by. May her own coming hour of woman's peril be lightened by angels' aid, gentle as her own.

Dinner is prepared in the kitchen, for the smell of food is a stench in your nostrils. Nevertheless, the thoughtful one lays aside a covered portion for you, though you insist upon it that your last morsel in this world has already been eaten. The clock now announces one,—and though even yet icy cold, you feel oppres-

sed with the weight of clothing, and have it, piece by piece, removed. The sign is favorable. The chills are departing, and then the fever will set in. It sets in with a vengeance. Panting, you cry for water, water,—the coldest water. Bring it in buckets, barrels, hog-heads, oceans. Dash it upon the forehead. Let the tortured wretch fill himself with it and find relief.

And now your head begins to wander. You talk to your wife of Mary T——, of whom she never heard before, and of the heart-ache she gave you long years lang syne. You commence a new romance, in which Graham, the Yankee Blade, and the novelist James, perform prominent parts. You say many things which better have been unsaid; and make divers developments, which, if the good little woman could by any possibility be made to believe them, might blow up a breeze between you twain worse than the chill itself.

But the fever is soon off,—you cease to drink water; to talk of Mary T——; to confuse the magazines; to make developments. You go to sleep, and after a few real musselmen dreams, wake up bathed in perspiration, and hungry as a bear. But don't fret yourself an instant. The covered plate is hot and ready. The very right part of the turkey is on it, and as coffee is still detestable, there is a cup of tea that would tempt a Mandarin. All's right, now. Simeon is forgiven and forgotten. Prose and poetry and facetiae are alike easy,—and before bedtime you mail a package to the mag-

azines that will bring back an "X," at the smallest.

The first glance that Professor Giesler took round Mrs. Yeast's cabin, opened to his mind the whole state of the case. Upon one of the beds was the suspicious individual whom he had come to see, in the last of his "chill stage." His ferretty eyes glared round the room, fixed upon nothing, but fiery with general wrath. On the opposite bed lay Christopher Yeast, whose damaged ears and bruised face could only be guessed at, under the matrix of flannel rags in which they were concealed, like some queer fossil of which only a streak or two is visible. A general smell, in which boneset, vinegar, camphor, and paregoric were pleasantly combined, mingled with the fumes of coffee that old man Yeast was parching, and left no corner of the cabin unimpregnated with their perfumes. The dame herself, had been, that very morning, engaged in dying some cotton yarn blue. If her cerulean arms were any test of the merits of the drug, then it was an excellent quality of indigo she had been using. A few splotches that had settled upon her face, gave her the aspect of one powder-burnt by some dreadful explosion. She was now occupied with the knitting, and threw the wires about in a style that occasioned some doubts in her visitor's mind as to the merits of the stocking-frame invention, of which so much has been said.

That the Naturalist had called expressly for the purpose of discussing simples with Mrs.

Yeast, seemed so well understood by all the company, that they gave him no salutation whatever. This was the more fortunate for his plans, as it enabled him to place his chair in a position that gave him a full view of the sick man's face, even while he kept up the conversation with the eager old lady. It commenced with the history of Christopher's ear. She told him what she had done; what she expected to have to do; why she had done it; and why she expected to have to do it. Charmed with his attention, for the Professor had the gift of looking the most intense look, while in reality his thoughts were far distant, she rattled her tongue in tune with her knitting wires for a full hour, and went over all the topics of accidents, medicaments, and superstitious observances, like a very Froissart. Mr. Geisler was not the least bored.

All this time the young man was *in transitu* between the cold stage and the hot. The heated bricks were kicked from his feet. Blanket after blanket was hurled aside with oaths that weighed a pound each. Then the scorched frame lay invested only in such garments as decency demanded. Then began the tossings, the violent agitation of his limbs, the heavy inspiration of breath that announced the fever stage. His eyes assumed a peculiar wildness, startling in every fever patient, frightful in one like this. The lips moved—the shrewd Naturalist was waiting for

this—and broken whispers began to be heard. Then Mr. Giesler changed his position to the head of the bed, and taking the young man's hand in his, as if to mark the action of the pulse, listened eagerly for words.

There is but one topic that, amidst the ravings of such a fever, remains ever unrevealed. All that crime has treasured up for the judgment bar of God; all that avarice has concocted; all that covetousness has desired; all that ambition has striven for; all that the modesty of true love, or that the immodesty of licentiousness has hidden; all these, and more, may be discovered through the door left open by the flight of the tyler, Reason, from his post. All the secrets so valued, so guarded, may be read by the eavesdropper and the cowan—all but one: the secret of *Freemasonry*. This alone is placed in the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of the spirit's temple, and no lapse of reason or flight of tyler from his post, can expose it to an inquisitive world. Verily, this is wondrous strange.

Mr. Geisler did not long listen unrewarded. The whispers from those lips, now scarlet with fever, began to assume a form. Words pregnant with meaning united to other words, verifying the worst suspicions of the Naturalist and his friends.

He entered them all on his tablets, while the tedious old woman descanted upon the topics which formed the delight of her life, doubly voluble now that she enjoyed so good a listener, and, like all tedious persons, indifferent as to receiving any replies.

Another hour, the sick man had fallen away into sleep, and Mr. Geisler was seated in a dense thicket of papaw bushes, perusing and correcting the following memorandum, as he had taken them down from the sick man's mouth:

D——nation to my soul! *he made the sign* after I'd struck him! What's the odds? the odds is nothing! Up and down—down—down—splash—splash—and then that d——d buzzard! where did the black curse come from so soon! All's right!—packet safe! But that d——d sign!—what for did he make that? Oh, the hell in my heart! Hereby and hercon—so help me God! But I didn't see it soon enough!—How did I know he was one of us? Up and down—down—down! That devilish buzzard was watching us from the word go! That I will not strike—well, what has that to do with it? Ten thousand dollars—ten thousand—five thousand dollars a blow! H——ll, how cheap! And then that cursed sign! If he had only made it a little sooner! Up and down—down—down—and

then that infernal black buzzard! Am I in hell, that's it's so hot here! Ten thousand, and only one to kill! Better job than plucking at poker—all but the buzzard!"  
\* \* \* And much, very much more, of the same sort.

## CHAPTER X.

## CONTEMPLATING THE GLORIOUS WORKMANSHIP OF GOD.

CONTENTS OF CHAPTER TENTH.—A day in the woods. The Weapon of Death.

*It came to pass when they were in the field that Cain rose up against Abel his brother and slew him. And Jacob said to Amasa, Art thou in health my brother? And Jacob took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him. But Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Jacob's hand; so he smote him therewith in the fifth rib, and shot out his bowels to the ground, and struck him not again; and he died.*

All who would shape their spiritual works by rules of wisdom, strength and beauty, must have regard to divine patterns. In the works of nature, God has spread out before us every combination of beautiful lines, strong bands, and wise designs. This is the trestleboard of *nature*, as distinguished from *revelation*. In ancient days, our brethren valued it above all price. It was made one of the great employments and enjoyments of their Sabbath days that they found delightful leisure to contemplate it. We, in these latter times, too much neglect the *natural* in our contemplation of the *spiritual*. *Not yet* is the great day of

the Lord when "the earth shall be burnt up with fervent heat." The islands are *not yet* fled away; the mountains are yet found. The Creator has spread this wondrous display before us, and it is not for us to turn aside and refuse to look upon it.

To contemplate the glorious workmanship of God, and to adore the Great Creator, has been the life of Professor Giesler. In his eye, the finest horologe bears no comparison with the coarsest shell. To him, all this Divine Trestleboard teems with beauty. No desert is barren; no plain is solitary; no mountain top is desolate. He has made friends of the brute, and companions of inanimate things. He has found *the mark* of the Divine Workman upon everything—stars, rocks, clouds, bones, lights, leaves, everything—and he believes that what God has thus marked is *good—good—good*.

The learned gentleman has not escaped ridicule in pursuing thus earnestly his observations of nature. Sometimes, among the stolid Northerners, he has been considered a knave; sometimes, by the impulsive Southerners, a fool. Men who desire wealth for indolence sake, and men who desire it for wealth's sake, alike despise the man who desires only wisdom for its own sake. Yet, in all lands, there is a chosen

few who respect his motives and imitate his pursuits. Most assuredly those who do not, have no claim to *the mystic lore* which first turned the mind of this Naturalist to the study of nature. For none can know the real secrets of Freemasonry who would scorn a student of Jehovah's Trestleboard. None are masters of their second degree, or worthy even to stand within *the middle chamber* of the Temple, who do not wish to become acquainted with Him who out of chaos brought a world, and out of darkness evolved light.

The day succeeding the event recorded in our last chapter had been set apart by this enthusiastic brother for a search amidst the sand-bars of the Bawbah river. Professor Giesler is one of those who have been inflamed by the singular *Unio* fever that has possessed all Naturalists for the last ten years. He had previously suffered somewhat from the ravages of *the spider fever*; *the sea-weed epidemic*; *the mastodon scheme*; *the cryptogamous fashion*; and other fancies of different times; but now, happily recovered from these, his main devotion is to *Zenglodons* and to *Unios*, and an occasional flirtation at Indian mounds and upheaval theories. To-day, his desire, as we have said, is *Unios*; and, as the Bawbah is as famous for *Unios* as Baltimore

Say for oysters, his zeal, peradventure, will not go unrewarded. Would the reader like to spend a day in the woods with him?

Across the little prairie, through the muscadines, sumacs, hazel thickets, and into the canebrake. A mile of that, guided by a pocket-compass, without which a serpent could scarcely wind itself in safety, and here is the river. We strike it near the little cabin occupied by the grizzly-headed slave Juniper, who keeps the ferry. There is something of a crowd at Juniper's—indeed, who ever saw Juniper's *without* a crowd?—the little Junipers alone number fifteen—for Juniper has been putting up a beef to be "shot for," and all the idle humanity of The Triangle are among the marksmen. Juniper's beef would scarcely command 9@10c. in the New York market. *That* style of meat is rarely displayed on the Fulton street stalls. But it is such beef as in "the beef month," (September,) when last year's bacon is low, and next year's pork is thin, the Southerners eat. And Juniper has driven it into a little pen made on purpose, (an enclosure considerably higher than it is broad,) and estimating it to weigh three hundred pounds, he puts it up "to be shot for," forty chances at a quarter dollar a shot. And Mr. Giesler

stops, with his memorandum-book open, to see the thing done.

Jacob Mitty, ex-constable, tears his hair with anguish, after wasting his dollar's worth of chances, and breaks the law anent blasphemy. Christopher Yeast would have done better, but the matrix of flannel rags around his face and mutilated ears, confuses him, and his bullets fly wide. Sam. O'Rhafferty, who did *not* turn out to be the drowned man, hits nothing, unless it be the bosom of his mother earth, although he invests ten feet of well-digging, at twenty cents a foot, in the chances. Boling Schuyler's shot is beaten by Billy Cockle's, who has done nothing from year's end to year's end but hunt the woods, and Billy's is beaten by his partner, Sawney Lynn's. Greatly to the amusement of the crowd, Professor Giesler then puts in a quarter, borrows a rifle gun and prepares to try his hand. He lays aside his heavy staff, which contains a portable barometer, and his oil-skin cap, which represents an umbrella. He divests his pockets of some birds-nests, sumac heads, a large snake dead, a ditto alive, and other such trifles, and, without a second sight, draws trigger, drives the center, and wins Juniper's beef. Again is the law anent blasphemy broken, this time

by the whole crowd. The Naturalist, whispering a few words in Juniper's ears, —we may as well tell what they were: "Butcher the beef and take it to Widow Rainford; and here's a dollar for your trouble,"—and joining in the general laugh at Boling Schuyler, who has broken his gun-stock in his rage, walks on to the sandbars, and leaves the party to their vexation. Very great it was. Mind against the mass! and if mind wins, the mass declares the event only fortuitous! of course.

The sandbars commence at the lower side of a sharp turn in the river, and run out some two-thirds of the way into the stream—there meeting the rapid current, they bend back so as to skirt and bound it for the space of half a mile. A single glance proves that there is abundance of the *Unio* (known to raccoons and other *varmint* under the name of muscles) all about. Their shells, of every variety of color—black, dark purple, scarlet, pink, violet, down to bleached white, crackle beneath our feet as we walk along the bar. Their gaping mouths, yawning to catch any mote of eatable matter as it floats by, betray them as far out in the stream as the eye can penetrate. It is a very large family of *Unios*. They are here, too, in all the multiplied forms that have enabled scientific conchol-



ogists to classify them ; from an oval, round as an egg, to a compressed, flat as a razor-fish. Burrowed familiarly among them, too, we shall find their half brothers, the Anadontæ, their cousins the Paludina, Physæ, and others, whose names are far more formidable than their appearance.

But we are detaining the Professor from his researches. See, he has doffed his mocassins, and is already planted knee-deep in the soft mud that imbeds the shells. His arms, bared to the shoulders, are already reeking with slime. His busy fingers are engaged up-rooting the bivalves. Wo to any one of them that is very flat, or peculiarly large, or remarkably small, or monstrously broken, or extravagantly round, or strangely anything, for its doom is sealed ; it is pitched ashore, its fishy body to go to the raccoons, whose tracks, like children's hands, overlap one another all along the bar, its shelly covering to the wallet, thence to be transferred, in due time, to some American or Foreign Museum, the last link, maybe, in its catalogue of fresh water conchologia. We may patiently seat ourselves here on the sandbar, and watch this old Naturalist riding his hobby, for he will not speedily tire.

It is as good as a treat to see his delight, his almost rapture, when he makes any

new acquisition. It is better than a treat to watch the movements of his countenance while that "water-mocassin" snake comes writhing and floating and peeping around his legs, as though they were some grand curiosities. Sad day for the Professor, should said mocassin take offence at said curiosities, and strike them with his teeth. All the sarsaparilla in the canebrake would scarcely outmatch the venom treasured now at the roots of those polished fangs. But, best of all it is, when the learned gentleman, opening a miserably rough, ragged, and wo-begone muscle, whose umbones (that's the term, sir,) are ground to the quick, from its extensive perigrinations, extracts therefrom a whitish object, no larger than a pea, which he immediately notes down in his memorandum-book as "a peculiarly fine and shapely pearl." The joy that beams through his eye, at that instant, is beyond expression. He puts the peculiarly fine and shapely pearl into his mouth instanter, and polishes it on his tongue ; he examines it, especially a slight speck on one side of it, with his pocket microscope ; he weighs it with his pocket scales ; he brushes off the slight speck on one side of it with his pocket file ; and he measures it with his pocket callipers. Naturally, his glance is into the mud around his feet for

another such. Holding the peculiarly fine and shapely pearl between his lips, he again plunges his arms into the slime, but this time a dark, heavy-looking body, not at all like a Unio, is brought up. It is what wagoners call a coupling-pin, made of iron, a mere bolt with a head, weighing in all some four pounds. It is not rusty; does not seem to have lain there long; and is altogether a queer thing to be domesticated in a joint household of Unios and Anadontas.

Professor Geisler evidently thinks as we do about the coupling-pin—for he shifts it from end to end, once or twice, somewhat listlessly, then, with a puzzled look, turns to to s it ashore. But ere it leaves his hand his eye catches something that is sticking under the rudely shaped head of it—something that looks like, and really is, a lock of human hair! Then the listless look changes like lightning to one of intense meaning and horror. His lips open, (the peculiarly fine and shapely pearl falling irrevocably into the mud at his feet,) and he staggers a pace forward, as though this coupling-pin had been used upon him, as it was used a few weeks before for the murder of Henry Rainford!

All further search for specimens closes for that day. His moccasins are hastily

donned; he shoulders his heavy wallet and takes his way back to the nearest house. That way leads him past the ferry-house, where the crowd, still disgusted at their bovine failure, linger. The ill-nature naturally resulting from their defeat, (and that defeat, as Boling Schuyler correctly remarks, "by a piddling snake-skunner, instead of a right-up-and-down rifle-shooter") has run into an exasperated state of feeling, through a misunderstanding that originally sprung up between Christopher Yeast and somebody else, but has by this time extended to the entire crowd. The lawful way of settling such things in The Triangle, is by a fight, and a fight of a promiscuous and dangerous character has just been commenced as the Professor comes up. Too much accustomed to such practical amusements to mind it much, the good man confines his philanthropy to picking out some of the fifteen little Junipers who are being trodden, like fat toads, under foot in the melee—and that being accomplished, is inclined to pass on.

Just then, however, his attention is called to an individual who has come out of Juniper's cabin, and is gazing, like himself, upon the scene. It is the stranger whom he left the day before in "the sweating stage" of the chills and fever—and he has

his double-barrelled gun, inseparable companion, in his hand. His face is yellow and pinched up, as though another chill were coming on him—but his eye glares with all its usual fire. It fairly flashes as he returns the glance of the Naturalist, and to his polite nod of recognition, he vouchsafes no other answer than that blazing stare. By this time the most interesting portion of the fight is ended. The couples are slowly rising, shaking off the dirt from their torn garments, or scooping the same from their beclouded eyes—all but Christopher and his opponent. That hopeful youth, having practiced the New Orleans feat of catching your adversary by the lower lip, has made the red leaves of the black gum which lie around, far redder by the blood that followed his bite. All this was well enough while it could be sustained. But the lip at last gave away, and Christopher, from being topmost in the strife, found himself underneath. Then he felt his arms pinioned to the ground, while the big drops from that lacerated lip plashed heavily into his face. But this was nothing. He next felt his hair violently twisted at the temples, and he knew that his wrathful adversary was preparing to put out his eyes. He understood the whole thing; he had seen it done; he had helped to do it;

how that the conqueror points his strong thumbs, and places them at the inner angle of his enemy's eyes; how that a leverage is secured by means of those hair-locks; how that one mighty pressure, scientifically applied, loosens the organs of vision from their attachment, and blinds the man forever!

Already the thumbs were pointed, the matrix of rags and plasters being torn off, and in one more second, the wretched youth had been stone-blind. Already the excruciating pain was causing him to yell like a burnt creature, when his mother's guest, who had coolly watched the whole proceeding until that instant, sprang upon his conquerer, and, at a single kick, hurled him far aside. There is no clause in frontier law more religiously maintained than that which forbids any interference with amusements of this sort. Much dudgeon was consequently felt and exhibited towards the stranger, and some propositions were made to renew the fight, so as to make him the general object of attack. But to those he answered by such a display of pistols as to spare the company further trouble, and then taking the crest-fallen Christopher by the arm, he left the company.

Our Naturalist, pondering upon this display of audacity, and more than ever con-

vinced that the young man was the real murderer of Henry Rainford, continued his course towards the house of the proprietor of the ferry.

But his day's adventures were not yet ended. Before we recount them, we must return for a moment to the Indian chief, Weehawba.

It will be recollected that the old man had left his distant home in the West, influenced by a singular vision, to re-visit the land of his childhood, and to lie down from one sunrise to another sunrise by the Peace-Spring of the Sweet Waters. He had laid aside all his weapons of war, reserving only the indispensable hatchet, as a weapon of domestic use; he had journeyed on foot and alone, and arrived, as we have seen, in The Triangle, several days before. Made a welcome guest at the Widow Rainford's, through the introduction of Professor Geisler, he had not hesitated to remain during the time that he was detained by a severe attack of rheumatism, and no attention was spared on the part of his kind hostess to restore him to ease. This morning he had felt strong enough to commence preparations to obey the sacred command—and Mr. Geisler meets him on his way to the river. Taking no food or drink of any kind, he goes down the bank and immerses

his body three times beneath its clear waters, accompanying each plunge with many a solemn prayer, and many a mystic sign. He washes his blanket, his moccasins, and every portion of his Indian apparel. Then he returns to the side of his old friend, who has been sitting on the bank, sketching the strange scene in his memorandum-book,—and proposes to bid him an eternal farewell. For the old man feels that the hour of his death draws near. The great fatigue of his long journey, the weakness incident to his morning fast, and all the intimations with which approaching death furnishes its victims, conspire to spread the gloom of the grave upon his face. Yet, as he solemnly grasps the hand of the sympathising Naturalist, and points upwards to “the beloved Hunting Grounds” of his people, that tender-hearted man strives to give him new courage.

“Nay, nay, good Brother, there is no cause for this despondency. You will finish your visit to the Peace-Spring—(how much like “the six cities of refuge” which were included in the eight-and-forty cities, with their suburbs, which were allotted by Moses to the Levites—but that's immaterial)—and you will go back again to the buffalo range—(thinning out, though, almost as fast as the Indians themselves—but that's

immaterial)—and I shall have many a good excursion with you when I get through with the Zeuglodon here. Cheer up, Brother! The Great Spirit looks for the great warrior to have a great heart!"

"In great heart Weehawba live—in great heart Weehawba here come—in great heart Weehawba ready to die—in great heart!"

With flashing eye and swelling breast the old warrior answered the Professor's insinuation of cowardice.

"No little heart Weehawba. Great Spirit know *that*!"

"The Great Spirit expects the great heart to do great things! Not to hang the head and sigh like a childless mother—but to show the young braves that the old trunk gets harder and firmer as its branches fall away.—(That's true only of a few species—but that's immaterial.)—Answer that to me, Brother, if you can."

But the fire has left the warrior's eye, and his head has fallen again upon his breast.

"When the Great Spirit touch the mighty oak with fire, it die. Great things not can do, when strength not have. Weehawba have great heart, but his arm is squaw's arm!"

"But the man who is the most useful to

his race is not the man of strongest arm or greatest power. It is the man of wisdom: the grey-haired one, who sits in our presence while others stand, and tells us things of the past times. Weehawba, your people need many such men as that. Go, and be the grey-haired wise man to your people."

A melancholy shake of the head is the only reply.

"Weehawba, tell me what is this that is lodged upon the end of this iron bolt!"

And the Naturalist drew out the coupling-pin which had been so curiously brought to light from the mud of the Bahwah river, and extended it towards the Indian.

A slight glance, a slight examination, with taste and smell, and then came the sententious reply—"White man's blood; white man's hair; white man's brains!"

Thus confirmed in his own belief, Professor Giesler then enquired: "This hair, this brains, this blood, came from a man who spent his life in righting the wrongs of his widowed mother. His murderer is still at large, and not far from us. Will not Weehawba join us with the Indian eye and the Indian foot to follow up the man of blood?"

"Weehawba is the servant of the Great

Spirit. Indian eye and Indian foot belong to Great Spirit."

Then rising, as if no longer to be hindered from his sacred resolve, he takes once more the hand of the Naturalist, and raising his eye for an instant to heaven, as if invoking a blessing upon his head, moves slowly away. We shall have no further occasion, at present, to follow his movements.

Professor Geisler meets no more obstruction until he reaches the house of Timothy Scribe, to which he was addressing his steps when he encountered the devoted chief. Timothy is at home. He is always at home, except when called away on some errand of kindness. He sits at home waiting until the messenger shall come—three-score years have not long to wait—and call him to exchange this dwelling for the narrower one of the grave. Timothy Scribe waits, as we have said, but he waits patiently. He is not solicitous to depart; is not as Paul, who longed for the "far better" state to which he was inclining. There was much for him yet to live for, sitting as he did, day after day, with that mild smile stamped upon his lips, and that thoughtful seriousness, not incongruously joined to the smile of love, and waiting for the sum-

moner. Though his wife has passed before him to the goodly land, she had left behind her a band of youth worthy of his best care. And Timothy Scribe has devoted himself to their training, having the quicksands of his own evil youth to warn him, and the experience of his better life to guide him therein. He had succeeded in the holy enterprise, and lived to see each son and daughter honorably settled in society, and, like himself, a worshipper at the foot of the cross. And day by day they come to the old homestead on some affectionate errand, to bring him, it may be, only a loving message, or some more solid token, some little gift from a favorite grandchild; or to ask for advice in some small perplexity not difficult for the experienced old man to unravel; and all this makes the good father think himself still useful as a member of society, and still willing to wait, though the summoner shall overlook him yet another twelvemonth.

Timothy, then, is at home, and prepared to welcome his Brother Geisler, as only the aged can welcome each other. It was a long time before the two hands unlocked which were interwoven at the gate; it was not until they had walked side by side up the gravelled path, between the rows of the China-tree, and taken chairs together in the

passage, that Timothy Scribe could consent to release that brotherly gripe.

How many there are, lying in graveyards from Maine to Texas, with whom we have thus interlocked that strong hand-gripe. How many \* \* \*

The gentle heart of Timothy was fully aroused at the startling news his friend communicated to him; and he at once agreed to the Professor's suggestion to call in the other three, who had interested themselves in the affair of the murder. A few hours more, and they were there in solemn consultation, those five, and a plan for the speedy capture of the murderer was matured before the party separated.

## CHAPTER XI.

### ENTERING THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM.

CONTENTS OF CHAPTER ELEVENTH.—An Indian Sacrifice.

*There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death: and there is no discharge in that war. I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.*

We are about to describe a remarkable locality, and to relate a remarkable incident.

What analogy may exist between the Hebrew cities of Refuge and the Neutral grounds of the Aborigines, we are not prepared to explain. Professor Geisler, who has devoted much attention to this subject, was called upon for his written views, and in response, forwarded the accompanying sheet. We cannot see, however, that his opinion decides the question either way. To tell the truth, we have not been able to discover that they have *any* direct bearing upon it whatever, unless it may be the last few sentences. But here is the letter to show for itself:

"After the decisive defeat at Hafursford, the vanquished party fled to Iceland. Coming in sight of the new land, their chief ordered the sacred columns, those which had supported the roofs of their dwellings, the Jachin and

Boaz of their domestic temples, to be cast into the sea. Whichever way these pillars floated, the vessels of the exiles followed them, and where they were dashed ashore the first settlements were made. Even so the Israelites, before, followed their pillar of fire and cloud. Among the Scandinavians no person was ever allowed to carry a weapon into the temple; that murder, violence, and impiety might never enter the sacred enclosure. He that should commit an outrage there was regarded as the worst of criminals, and hunted as an outcast from the country. \* \* It is a queer thought that the spread of Asiatic cholera has afforded us the first opportunity, since Solomon's day, to test the reality of our favorite expression, *all around the globe*. In regard to the character of Masonic government, it is quite Athenian. Passive obedience to the existing rule is made to agree with stated democratic elections; this, indeed, is the only thing that separates democracy from monarchy. The Masons choose their rulers; having chosen, they obey them. \* \* One of the religious incorporations of France thus divide their time: eight hours are set apart for sleep; twelve for labor; four for religious exercises, meals, toilet, and recreation. \* \* They wrong Freemasonry who suppose that the great architect of King Solomon's temple is an abstraction, a mere personification of duty or resolution. He is a real man, a finely conceived and subtly executed character. \* \* From what source the idea of Neutral grounds originated, unless it

be tradition based upon revelation, cannot be known. We are not to suppose that the aborigines were wiser or more pious than other men; yet the inspired son of David was the first person of whom history notifies us to originate a *strictly Neutral ground*. In the dedication prayer, the sixth clause, he petitioned for "the stranger coming from a far country" to pray in God's house. The request is that Jehovah would do according to all that the stranger should call for. Now this is a clear intimation that no violence could or would be allowed upon any who should go up to the Sanctuary. This must be the original of all neutral grounds."

This is the Professor's rambling reply to our inquiry.

The Peace-Spring of the Sweet Waters, as the Indians styled it, in their fanciful language, gushes out from the northern side of the Ridge of Mounds referred to in an early chapter. The cleft in the hill-side, which is the orifice of the spring, is hidden in a dense growth of the black alder, swamp willow, and other water-loving shrubs, which have so struggled to get the first drink of the pure fluid, as to form an impenetrable thicket at the hill's edge. Becoming thinner as the element trickles more thinly through them, it makes room at a distance of fifty feet from the cleft for the loveliest basin of water that ever mirrored the form of Indian maid or man. The bowl is perfectly round, larger than Solomon's brazen laver or molten sea, (1. Kings.



vii. 23.) having "flowers of lilies" far more beautiful than his, and worked by the hand of an Architect far more skillful.

The bottom of this fountain is a glittering bed of white sand, sparkling with scales of mica, which, when the meridian sun strikes its rays down upon them, do so brilliantly throw back its beams as to bring thoughts of gold and gems, mayhap cast long before into that bubbling fount. A few small, very small fishes have somehow found their way to the basin, and they add animal life to the other beauties of the spot.

The ravine down which the spring branch flows, is a haunt worthy of sketcher as well as naturalist. Its sides present all the strata, rich in fossiliferous remains, which are represented by that extensive geological formation. Fragments of all the monsters that walked, or crept, or swam through the ancient ocean which once rolled over this whole region; teeth of the shark; vertebrae and teeth of the yoke-tooth monster, the mighty Zeuglodon; jet-black and glittering scales of the plates of the rare and remarkable Myodon; huge shells of the bivalve Gryphea, and all the fossil array of Pectens, Dentalia, Pleurotoma, &c., that serve to identify peculiar strata, are here so abundantly diffused as to whiten the very matrix of clay that contains them.

But the sketcher will warm up with delight as he notes the ancient growth, the mighty monarchs of the wood, whose leaves have never shuddered at the sound of ax, hammer,

or metal tool. This deep ravine is the very *Sanctum Sanctorum* of nature.

And this is the famous *Neutral ground* of olden time. It was here that the dishonored maiden, violated by unmanly, cruel force, forgave her undoer; and her undoer voluntarily plighted to her his savage faith to redeem her from all her dishonor by making her his wife.

It was here that the feeble remnant of the Menolce tribe, reduced by war to seven families, gathered that remnant together, and under the shelter of this sanctuary, plead with the other tribes for their lives and for their homes; and the great nations that had overpowered them, here heard their plea kindly, considered it generously here, in Grand Council assembled, and granted them here air, water and earth.

It was here that the Pipe of Peace had sent up its grateful odor to the Peace-God day and night. These forest denizens gathered the clouds of perfume within their mighty branches, while the ground at their feet was stirred to open graves for the burial of the war-hatchet; and this little stream flowed more gladly by, as it ran between the bands of strong-limbed warriors, late met in bloody strife, now joined in lasting amity.

It was here that the murderer, red with the crimson of the midnight slaughter of mother and babes, took refuge, nor durst his pursuer, frantic with grief for all he had loved on earth.

harbor his revenge a moment longer than his foot passed the sacred barrier.

It was here that the robber found refuge when the hand of justice was about to be laid upon him; the spy, when his crafty and dangerous character was about to be discovered; the traitor, when his treason was about to be expiated with his life.

What scenes have these tall trees witnessed during the centuries of their existence! What generations had passed under their branches up to the hour when the white man came, and swept away the tribes, as, in a morning walk, one would brush the foggy webs from before his face.

On the hill above, these silent mounds peered over the solid bastions, that told of wondrous wisdom and strength in the unknown builders.

In the ravine below, the medals of geological epochs, of which they are the only traces, whitened in the sun and rain.

And at their feet, sending up through every pore, the grateful moisture which was their life, boiled and flowed the Peace-Spring of the Sweet Waters, as yet it boils and flows, as long it will boil and flow when coming generations shall occupy *our* places.

In the days referred to, these trunks were covered, it is said, by symbolic representations, painted with the single color of the aborigines, vermilion red. These emblems, long ago effaced, were the universal language of the

tribes. Inscribed by the hand of the venerated head-chief, or the mysterious medicine man, and declared to be that lore which had come down unchanged from remotest times: these emblems were regarded with all that reverence with which the Jews gazed upon the ineffable characters in the mitre of their High Priest; a reverence which actuated the heart of an Alexander to spare their city for the sake of Him whose title glittered before him.

The sun was coming up, that September morning, as Weelawba, the old chief, stood upon the Hill of Mounds, and looked down upon the alder thicket and the willow clump which pointed out the locality of the Peace-Spring. He had lain all night at the foot of the principal mound which towered above the other eleven, like some exalted Joseph amidst his humbler brothers. The stars of that cloudless night had passed over him, as they were wont to do in the far West, while he had been his home for so many years, and the warrior had marked them, one by one, as a man will scan all the beloved objects upon which he feels he is gazing for the last, last time. As they culminated over him, and looked down with their steady gaze upon him, then moving majestically on, made room for the others, they seemed like some company of mourning children passing the bedside of a venerated sire, who is taking his last look of earth, and would fain catch each well-remembered eye once

more, ere it close forever. Not for an instant had the old man slept.

The sun was coming up, as we have said. His heralds were announcing him in light and song, as the doomed one walked to the top of that central mound to take a survey of the scene. And it was worthy of his last gaze. Before him, miles in the distance, beyond the dense forest, was spread out the little prairie, with its village and its graveyard; and then the deep bayou, which could be traced by its ragged growth of cypress; and then the interminable forest again. On his left, the Menolee river wound hither and thither, like some lost thing; on his right, the Bawbah.

And there was no spot in all that forest, prairie or river, but was a part of the old chief's memory. For here his boyhood had been passed. Here he had struck the game. Here he had speared the fish. Yonder bend, in that erratic water-course, was the scene of his greatest youthful feat—the killing of his first bear; the scar was yet upon his arm, which, a bleeding, ugly gash, he had so triumphantly displayed before the eyes of his warrior sire. Upon that range of hills, so far in the north that his blunted sight could scarcely distinguish it, was the place of his lookout the night before the great battle fought with the white man, worst enemy of his race. There had gleamed the watch-fire, which, had it been only answered—had not treason stepped in to snatch the victory from their hands—had given the victory to his people.

Looking out upon this goodly scene, he remembered the words of the vision: "Go, warrior, upon thy last journey! bend thy steps to the haunted waters of the Peace-Spring! rest thy weary bones there from one sun-rising to the next, and thine eyes shall be opened in the Spirit Land, *where all is peace.*" He remembered these injunctions, and prepared to obey them.

He walked down the tall mound, and between the rows of the eleven, and over the earthen rampart and through the trench, still sharply complete, and down to the water-spring.

He imbibed a single draft from its limpid store; then gathering up his limbs, like one who has done his journey and would rest, took up his last repose.

There through the day Weehawba watched. The graceful fawn, just weaned from its dam, stepped lightly to his side and drank, ere its sensitive organs discovered his presence. Bounding away at the first glance, it stood for a long while gazing at him; then, observing no movements on his part, browsed awhile, yet watchfully, in the ravine, and then departed. The birds made no note of his presence. They sipped at that brim, bedecked with "flowers of lilies" by the hand of the Master Workman above, and hopped here and there at his very feet, all unconcerned.

All day Weehawba watched. Weakened by the want of food—for he had partaken of no nourishment, save that single draught of

water, for thirty-six hours—weakened by the want of sleep during two weary nights. no wonder that the veteran's mind began to wander. No wonder he began to see strange things. No wonder his ears began to be saluted with strange sounds.

Long trains of chiefs and medicine-men began to come up that sacred ravine, to pass solemnly by that spring, giving him a long and awful stare as they went past, then disappeared in the alder thicket at his head. The tops of the ravine began to be peopled with men and women. Some brandished weapons as though they would join in strife. Others pointed eagerly down to the Peace-Spring; at which the combatants threw away their warlike implements and embraced. Grey-haired medicine-men seated themselves around the foot of that largest oak, covered, as of yore, with vermilion stains, in emblematic devices, and there they smoked the calumet kindly together. Groups of Indian maidens, but far more beautiful than the fairest maidens of his race, came tripping and singing their songs of good cheer as they surrounded the spring.

All day Wechawba watched, and his vigil was well repaid. Friends, whom he had not looked to see again in this world, came and gazed smilingly upon him, then disappeared. The very youth who had gone down in his presence, under the Pawnee spear, stood at his feet, his dark locks renewed above his forehead, and his eagle eye glittering as of old, and seemed as though he would fain press

his old father's hand again. And there was not one, in all the multitude that haunted the ravine that day, not one enemy or evil-wisher to the dying chief. Every face, however solemn, or even awful its expression might be, wore a look of gladness; every gesture that had reference to himself, was one of welcome. The songs were all of Peace—of Peace—of perpetual Peace—of unbroken Peace—of that Peace which is the result of Fraternity—that only Peace which can endure.

The old man was happy. Weak and dying as he was, the hours marked by that circling sun as it struggled into the ravine from the East, and from the South, and from the West, and then left the world to gloom again, were his best hours. He felt that these things were real. It was fit that this place should be haunted to one like him. But to find that the residents of the coming world were all his friends, and that his reception to the blessed Hunting Grounds, would be one of universal welcome—this was a joy that he could scarcely have anticipated.

And now the still and solemn night came on again. The stars, which could look down upon those silent mounds, could not penetrate the forest growth to behold the form of Wechawba; but as they passed by they seemed to whisper to one another: "Gone forever." The night breeze could not enter that deep glen; there was not sufficient breath to stir the scanty locks of the dead Indian.

The old chief was dead. The setting of the

sun had marked the termination of his long and sorrowful life. His day and breath had parted forever. The spring bubbled and trickled over its brim, ornamented with the flowers of lilies, drooping under the chilly night, and its current still made low music as it struggled out of the ravine—but there was no longer a beating heart by its side.

Those solemn eyes still glared upward, for there was none to close them. The spirit had joined the phantom throng that hastened, as happy youth will hasten to some beloved playground, to show him all its capacities—all its beauties—all its glories—and the clay tenement was neglected. What further occasion had they for that?

And thus perished the last warrior of his tribe. Born the heir of all this great land—of prairie, forest, and river—driven by injustice to a distant country—constrained to devote his life to a precarious pursuit for subsistence—Wechawba had come thus back to spend his last day by the favorite spot of his people—the Peace-Spring of the Sweet Waters.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE ERRORS OF BIGOTRY AND SUPERSTITION.

CONTENTS OF CHAPTER TWELFTH.—A day at Scriberville. Magistrates' Court.

*If a man walking in the spirit and falsehood do lie, saying I will prophesy unto thee of wine and of strong drink, he shall even be the prophet of this people. There is a generation that curseth their father and doth not bless their mother. There is a generation whose teeth are as swords, and their jaw-beth as knives, to devour the poor from off the earth, and the needy from among men.*

Life in the The Triangle is a rude, unpolished thing, as the reader has doubtless discovered. The general defect in all such frontier settlements, is, the want of permanent associations. It is this poverty of society which renders a residence in such a place an undesirable thing. Where all are strangers to each other, there is little or no inducement for individuals to make sacrifices on the altar of sociability or even morality. The human mind takes its stamp, for the most part, from surrounding associations. The family, which, in other States, has been noted for its decent and orderly walk, its Sabbath-keeping, and general

moral tone, being removed to the lawless frontier, will too often be found to 'shake off, one by one, the conventional shackles that society has thrown around it—the restraints of morality—and finally the requirements of religion itself. The remedy for this is simply to remain in a land where God is worshipped and morality practiced; if not, then go to the wilderness, as our ancient brethren did, *in bands*, and carry your society with you.

Many instances exist within our knowledge, of emigration by companies that bore their domestic altars, their pulpit, their school privileges, and *their Masonic Lodge*, with them. Thus "the wilderness and the solitary place was made glad *for them*, and the desert blossomed as the rose."

But in The Triangle there was none of this, except the single instance of the Scribe family. All the other settlers had straggled hither, one by one, as birds of passage will stop to feed and rest for a day on their long migrations; and settled on rented places, or made scanty clearings for themselves, intending only to make a crop or two, and then move further West.

What could be expected of such a population as that? Where the horse-thief, the bigamist, the red-handed murderer, had as good a name in his neighborhood as the

grey-haired philanthropist! where none expected to abide later than the next Christmas, and no debts could be contracted save at the risk of your debtor absconding the first moonlight night.

But why has not the influence of the three Brothers been more efficient, in promoting good and restraining evil? Why has not the preaching of the zealous Brother Tubal accomplished more? Is there no encouragement, then, for men cast amidst such associations as these, to be moral and philanthropic?

Doubtless the influence of those four men has been as great, and has accomplished as much as the influence of any four men can be and do in a population of four hundred families, made up of such heterogeneous materials as those we have described. To know how much that is, note the history of Elisha the prophet, and learn how little one or two can do to stay the *flood* of evil. Much *individual* vice they may restrain; much *individual* virtue they may arouse into action; but *the mass* sets the fashion, and fashion controls the world. We shall see, hereafter, how this low type of morals in The Triangle was exalted.

We will introduce Scribeville again to our readers. The occasion is Magistrates' Court—a day that calls out everybody in

The Triangle, whether he has any business there or not. The amount of jurisprudence that devolves upon the Magistrates is not much; it is only to adjudicate menied claims not exceeding forty-two dollars; to commit all offenders against the law for trial; to report overseers of roads for neglect of duty; and a few other charges still more trivial. The executive officer of the Magistrates' Court, is Constable Hangdog, whose triumphant election we were proud to record in a former chapter of this history. The Magistrates themselves are Squires Gilbert and Bushoover, whose peculiar qualifications for the office will be better understood further on.

In a country where everybody that has legs bestrides the saddle, the talk is necessarily much of horses. And it will be found, on inquiry, that yonder knot of men who are gesticulating as though they were killing mosquitoes, are gesticulating on the subject of *horses*; that yonder Yankee, who has taken the long-jawed fellow aside, and whittles while he whispers to him, is whittling out a *horse-trade*; that the eight pairs of copperas-dyed breeches that have just disappeared in Bob Scammony's grocery, envelop eight forms whose lingual members are wagging on the subject of *horses*; that the whole string of placards, tacked by

wooden pegs to the sign-post yonder, relate to strayed and stolen *horses*; and that five of the warrants for debt in Constable Hangdog's hat, which are returnable to this court, were issued for debts incurred in *horse-trading*, and have been satisfied, if satisfied at all, by legal levies upon *horse property*. It might really be made out that the old days of the Centaurs have been revived, and that *half-horse, half-man*, is the present character of the Triangle population.

Here at the rack is the horse wealth of the land. Stained with the mud of the Roblin bayou; splashed with the waters of the Bawbah and the Menolee rivers; powdered with the dust of the hilly lands; they stand here in hot, tired, uneasy rows, and here they *will* stand until sunset, sans shade, sans drink, sans everything. No secret do they make of their discontented feelings; no attempts to conciliate each other's esteem, or soften the hardness of each other's lot, by grateful socialities. On the contrary, every opportunity to lacerate each other's ears is thoughtfully acknowledged; likewise to kick; likewise to crowd. There is such a close analogy between all this and the actions of unshaped human creatures in like difficulties, as to prove that civilization affects even the brutes.

The room occupied for the Magistrates' Court, is the school-room, vacated for the occasion. There is a considerable attempt at dignity in the manner which the two Squires assume when they order their officer to open court. True, there might be something more in the way of personal appearance. For instance, if Squire Bus Hoover's wife had not mislaid the comb so that his official head had not failed to receive its monthly disentanglement this morning, the head would certainly look better. If Squire Gilbert would lay aside his black pipe for the occasion, or procure one not quite so black, or use milder tobacco, or spit less horizontally and more perpendicularly, all or any of these changes would be marked as improvements in his manners. But it is not so, and there's the end of it. After all, why should they put on airs, seeing that their constituency would not appreciate the change!

The first cases called were the five horse-warrants, from the hat of Constable Hangdog. These were readily disposed of, and a call made for something more. Then was offered for trial the complaint of Shook *vs.* Limber, for assault and battery. As Col. Pause (of the law firm of Pause & Think) had come over special from Dimsby to prosecute this case, it was reasonably

considered to be worth hearing. It seems that Limber had gone to Shook's dwelling, armed with concealed pistols and a cowhide, and there, in the passage, had debated an old out-standing difficulty with him. Not being satisfied with that, he invited Shook to walk out to the gate with him and talk it over still farther. The latter, taking up his little boy in his arms to stop his clamor, had accompanied him; and there, to his surprise, he was brutally assailed with the concealed cowhide in the cowardly fellow's hand. Encumbered with the child, he had received a blow or two on his hands before he could place his burden upon the ground, and one severe lash over the neck while in the act of stooping.

Such an assault merited the severest punishment; the friends of the aggrieved party, a school-teacher of quiet habits, in feeble health, had feed the crack lawyer to come over and prosecute it. As usual in cases of this kind, the court obeyed the dictum of the distinguished counsel, and put the unfortunate Limber under such heavy bail bonds as to overwhelm him at once.

The fight between Jernigan and Dollahite, which had been marked on the trestle-board—we beg pardon, the docket—for several sessions of the court, was still further postponed, in consequence of the con-



stable's inability to serve the warrant. It seems that Dollahite, whose bump of secretiveness equalled his swelling of combativeness, had retired to the canebreak immediately after the fight, and as no constable could be expected to explore *that* labyrinth, the warrant for his apprehension had been regularly returned in the constable's hat, with the endorsement, *not found*. The proposition of Reube Bawl to "run him down with nigger dogs," was summarily rejected, and Dollahite was left quietly to the canebrake for another month.

Oakley, a famous horse-thief, had been caught the evening before, and was in custody awaiting his trial. This case was calculated to arouse *all* the indignation of The Triangle. To attack a sick man encumbered with a child in his arms was unmanly; but *to steal a horse*—horrendum! the affair was quite of another complexion. Oakley was a bull-necked fellow, with a blacksmith's arm, and that queer sort of Saturday look about him that showed plainly enough how his life had been spent. The rogue had been in the penitentiary two or three times already, for horse-stealing. It was a passion with Oakley, as it is with everybody raised in his country, to own a good horse. But Oakley was too dull to trade for the good horse, and too lazy to

work for one, so he adopted the only alternative, and grabbed for one. It was his practice, as soon as his term of imprisonment expired, to go straight back to his old neighborhood, and select the best nag left, and make that the subject of his next depredation. This was the third he had run out of The Triangle, and it was carrying the thing, as Squire Bushoover said, "a *leetle* too d—d fur!"

As Hangdog opened the door of the stable that had been used for a *pro tem.* jail, and led out the culprit for trial, anybody accustomed to mobs could see that Oakley was in a fair way to be lynched. Five kegs of tar and Mrs. Yeast's last sold bag of feathers had been purchased to make a suit of clothes for the horse fancier. A rail, two or three rails, in fact, had been provided—and such rails! such keen-edged rails! so splintery! such cross-grained wood! such obstinate fibres!—one was compelled to admire the patience of the man who split them. But there they were in readiness, and there were ropes and an old broom, and other appliances, for the work that lay before the Lodge—no, the mob.

Oakley saw at a glance that he was in a bad way. He had always rather admired the penitentiary than otherwise—his sense of justice approved the locking up, the light

work, and the good feeding—but *this!*— He essayed to petition the leaders of the mob, and his language according to Professor Geisler's note-book was this: "Now, gempin, there's the *law!* eff you don't let me alone, you better! there's the *law*, and whoffore's the use of law, eff 'taint kept, gempin?" The enquiry, we regret to record, fell to the ground unanswered. Perhaps the leaders were staggered by the logic; perhaps they thought Oakley's theory like many other persons' theories, was better than his practice. At any rate, they proceeded to tie his legs together; and his hands behind him; then to shear off his hair—that hair which even the penitentiary barber had spared amidst all his misfortunes—and this was the ancient preparation for the degree he was about to take. The ceremonies essential to a genuine tar-and-feathering were scrupulously performed according to the ancient landmarks. Tar, warm, but not too hot—(overmuch heat, says Prof. Geisler, who had witnessed many amusements of this sort, causes it to drip off, and then there's a loss—but that's immaterial)—was laid thickly on him, commencing with the shaven scalp, but humanely sparing the eyes and mouth, and extending to the very soles of his feet. This afforded the proper ground for the

feathers, which were laid on with much artistic skill and precision—that duty being completed, the favored individual was mounted upon that saddle of splinters, and made to ride the spine of that cross-grained rail. It was a cheerful, a merry, a happy procession, that escorted him past the dram-shop, past the school-house, where court adjourned for five minutes to witness the scene, and down to Roblin Bayou, into which the horse-fancier was incontinently pitched, to scramble out the best way he could. All this afforded a striking comment upon the sufferer's own words: "Whoffore's the use of law, gempin, eff 'taint kept?" and gave Professor Geisler a good page and a half to his memoranda. The crowd then returned to the court-room, happy in the consciousness of having performed their judicial functions in the best possible manner.

While they are listening to an elaborate article concerning hog-marks, in which the technicalities of "a center-bit in the right year," "swallow-fork and double-crop in the left year," and such like are profusely intermingled, let us go up to the post-office a while, and look at that little knot of travelers who have just come up. They are Bartholomew and Timothy Scribe and Parson Tubal. The arrangement of the

day before may as well be stated now, that the reader may not be confused with the somewhat crowded incidents that follow.

It has been determined on, and the parties have met to carry out the plan, to take advantage of the gathering of people at the Magistrates' Court, and to organize the *posse comitatus* to arrest the supposed murderer. Several intimate friends of the parties have been let into the secret, and their hearty co-operation engaged in advance. The storekeeper, Charles Scribe, will go before the Magistrates and swear out a warrant; the Sheriff and three special deputies have come from Dimsby to the edge of the prairie, and are already in waiting to aid in the arrest; for it is considered an affair of vital importance to capture the fellow alive.

We trust that our readers have been able, from the hints so profusely thrown out here and there as we came along together, to anticipate those facts; that the ruffian who is guest at Mrs. Yeast's, having committed a single murder, and thereby secured a valuable package of documents, has been lying in wait ever since for Daniel Rainford, of whose decease by cholera, he has not been apprised. A single victim does not answer the double purpose for which he has been employed; nor does the package, important

as it may prove to his employers, contain *all* the documents which he has been informed are on their way to the Widow's dwelling.

This being presupposed, the current of our story is all regular, and the reader will understand what the fellow is doing all this time in the vicinity of Scriberville, and what are the chances to take him by surprise.

The knot of confreres adjourned to that retired room over the store, and as their first duty, take up a letter received that morning from the noble-hearted Hewlett, in which he said: "My heart misgives me that I did not contribute my share to the outlay that may become necessary in righting that poor widow. I, therefore, with much shame and regret, enclose a check for a trifle more--(the trifle was two hundred dollars)--and there is a score of Masons here who say they will invest fifty dollars apiece, if necessary, to see the thing out. We have further concluded that you will need more legal ability than your county affords, and have fed Judge Winston to go down and consult with yourselves and the Widow, after you think proper to apprise her of the death of her two sons. The Judge will arrive within a day or two following the receipt of this letter. He is a brother, and of the right stamp."

Such letters are not suspended from every bush; and after the Naturalist had read it aloud, each member of the company took it up and perused it for himself. But it spoke the same way to all of them. There was the map of that big heart in it; and there was the money. The whole sheet was blotted somewhat before it had gone round the circle; then Prof. Geisler filed it away with three pins on the middle leaf of his memorandum-book, and there it remains to this day.

A message from Tony Bright, the jolly fat clerk: "Widow Rainford wants to speak with Prof. Geisler;"—and down goes the shell-hunter to see the lady. It was only that she might communicate to him her sore disappointment that she had not heard in so long time from Henry and Daniel. "They wrote me frequently and regularly," said she; "they suffered nothing to interfere with that duty. I am distressed beyond measure at this long silence." The professor asks her permission to withdraw for a few minutes for reflection, and returns to the Brothers in the loft. He tells them of her distress, and asks if this is not a fitting time and place to inform her of her great loss?

A solemn silence follows the inquiry; then, in that circle of aged men, every head

is bowed upon the breast, and every eye moistened with tears. The perplexity cannot be overcome by any ordinary wit; but then Timothy Scribe, in his deep grave voice, and with his most engaging smile, suggests: "When the wisdom of man is overtried, dear Brethren, it was the opinion of our first Grand Master, that there is an inexhaustible fund in prayer. Let us pray!"

The fraternal petition is led by Timothy himself, a giant in prayer—and being ended, the group arose with *more wisdom*. Their duty is plain to them now. The poor Widow must no longer be kept in ignorance. The information, truly, is heart-rending to communicate, yet the Divine Husband of the Widow will sustain her to hear it, and fraternal sympathy, such as those five men will tender her, will soften its harshest portion. Timothy Scribe shall be the mouth-piece of the company—and the Widow, this hour, shall be taken into their full confidence.

So the company adjourned to the back parlor of Charles Scribe's dwelling; and the house being carefully purged of all cowans and eavesdroppers, and tyled at every avenue, the Professor was despatched to the store, to invite Mrs. Rainford in to the conference. What arguments he urged

to overcome the scruples expressed in her hurried words, "That she had no communication with the Scribe family," we do not know. For reasons best known to himself, he neglected to enter them in the plethoric memorandum-book, from which the most interesting items of this veritable history are extracted. But be they what they may, he succeeded in his efforts, and in a few minutes led the good lady, but closely veiled, into the room. The company rose at her entrance. Rev. Mr. Tubal took her hand respectfully, and escorted her to a chair.

It has been a source of regret to us, ever since we commenced the compilation of this work, that the entries in the memorandum-book are so scanty and so illegible in reference to this interesting scene. Had it been watching the habits of a mink, or skinning a snake, the Professor would have rasped the point of his pencil to the quick but what he would have noted all the details with the exactest precision. Why he was so deficient here we do not so well understand. He commenced to stenograph the affair. Deciphering a bunch of twirls that none but a phonographer would ever *think* of deciphering, we read the heading of the page: "Details of the scene between Widow Rainford and the four Masonic

Brothers, concerning the death of her two sons and the recovery of her large fortune;" but after a page or so, the lines become blotted as if something overhead leaked upon them, as probably it did, and then the twirls get more and more complicated, and at last run into one inextricable, unimaginable flourish, which the Professor explains to mean, "*ultimus!*" or, in common language, "dead up!"

This serious hiatus in the materials from which we have been drawing so profusely, would have thrown us, nautically speaking, on our beam-ends, had we not, by consulting the joint and several recollections of the five Brothers, together with the Widow herself, supplied such of the missing links as were most essential to the narrative. By this means we can vouch for it, that Timothy Scribe proceeded in the following strain:

He commenced by speaking of a family of Brothers—three in number, they were—who lived, five-and-thirty years ago, in a wild portion of Missouri. How they had been debarred the advantages of religious and moral training, and left, at the age of manhood, to the indulgence of their evil passions; without the balance of a good home-nurturing in God's truth; and still more unfortunately, without that induce-

ment to honest industry and enterprise which restricted means would have given them. How their course became evil both before God and man. How virgin innocence and manly strength were sacrificed of their vicious pursuits. How the plans they had formed and the desires they had entertained were working a fearful course of results to the injury of society and the damnation of their own souls. How their schemes were suddenly frustrated, and their corrupt desires changed by an intervention of God in an earthquake, which was to them a practical refutation of their atheism that they never forgot. How they sought for pardon of God and man for their misdeeds. How they finally gained peace of mind which no changes of time had ever shaken; which they humbly trusted never *would* be shaken, though death, with all his terrors, should make the attempt."

A short pause, and the astonished woman heard him further say:

"This reformation, so difficult, was not to be accomplished in a day, nor by any single effort. Years passed during the war between the new man and the old; and every aid was brought into requisition before the victory could be achieved. Amongst the allies, the most powerful of all was that of Freemasonry.

Another pause, and the Widow, throwing aside her veil, gazed with undisguised interest upon the aged speaker.

"The moral teachings of Freemasonry proved to be such as were most needed by men situated as these three brothers found themselves; and the fraternal relationship into which Freemasonry placed them, was the principal means of their restoration to the confidence of society which had been so sorely shaken by the lawlessness of their acts. Their Brethren of the mystic circle were the first to express faith in their penitence, as they were the first to welcome them back to society. Many of the mass, many good men and women, too, and some of their own Order of Brothers, refused to credit the change in their lives, attributing that to hypocrisy, which, as *God the Judge well knew*, was attributable to grace alone. Amongst these latter were Judge Rainford and his wife."

The Widow cast down her eyes at this gentle rebuke, but made no reply.

"There was everything to admire in Judge Rainford, but one: he had no faith in the renovation of human character. Firm in the consciousness of his own integrity, he could not look with any allowance upon moral delinquency, or admit the probability of moral improvement. Coming

in contact, in the way of business, with the three Brothers of whom I have spoken, he gave them sternly to understand that he should hold himself aloof from any intimacy with them, and, as far as lay within his power, shut them out from the circle in which he and his family moved. The Brothers, with chastened spirits, thereupon resigned themselves to his dictation, and withdrew to the solitude of their new homes, which they had made for themselves in the forest. Then misfortunes came upon the proud man. The close of his life was embittered with sad thoughts relative to the orphans and the widow he was to leave behind him to the cold charities of the world. It may be that in those last days there passed over his mind a sense of the injustice he had done to those three Masonic Brothers—his Masonic Brothers—and that this was an ingredient in the bitter cup."

The Widow hid her face again within her veil—but not until heavy, blinding tears were visible to the group. Being hidden, the bursting sobs told that the fountain of grief was unsealed under the pointed words of Timothy.

"The Judge died, and, as he had foreseen, left a legacy of litigation and poverty to his heirs. His sons departed, to make their own way in the world: the Widow

and her little ones hid her poverty and distress in the same distant region to which the Brothers long before had borne their shame and reproach. The young men did what they could for their mother's comfort; but their little could not have sustained the family in food and raiment, nobly as it was yielded from their own scanty earnings. Other help, however, was at hand."

The veil was removed, now, and cast aside; and the lady, with swelling breast, anticipated what was to follow.

"Then, dear lady, those Brothers blessed God that they were able to return good for evil. Then, out of the bountiful store which the gracious Father had given them, they from time to time gladly yielded, though in secrecy, a portion to the distressed widow of their Brother Mason."

The grateful woman arose, and would have thrown herself at the good man's feet, but that a solemn look and a warning gesture from the Naturalist restrained her, and brought her again, all tremblingly, now, and with fearful forebodings, to her seat. The solemn look was but a reflection of the one that had fixed itself upon Timothy's face, upon the face of every one present, as she saw in her hurried glance around the circle. It was several minutes before the voice was resumed. The speaker moved

his chair so as to face hers, and took her hand in his, cold as very ice.

"There came to The Triangle a young man, eldest son of his mother, and she a widow. He had succeeded in the object to which his young life had been devoted. He had recovered documents of great value, which would restore his mother's fortune, wrongfully snatched from her. He was on his way to meet his brother, and the twain had contemplated a glad surprise for their beloved parent. But a stronger arm interposed, and the young man is with his God!"

Well that you took her hand, royal-hearted Timothy! Well that you had prepared that cup of cold water, thoughtful Naturalist! Well that you were anticipating the results of this great shock, benevolent auditors! For awhile it consigned to insensibility the over-tried mother, and drew upon your utmost kindness to restore her. \*

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"Then these three Brothers, and two other Brother Masons, better than these—men who had no weight of youthful guilt to groan over—entered into a covenant to befriend that widow, and to be as fathers to her children. They have not regretted that covenant to this day; they met this morning to confer upon the best means of re-

gaining possession of the papers lost in the death of that young man."

Then, to the pale and weeping mother he told the whole story of the murder; and of the burial of the body; and of the reasons they had for suspicion as to the murderer. By this time Timothy was exhausted. Three-score years necessarily weaken the most solid structure. The old man was compelled to ask his Brother Geisler to complete the sorrowful tale.

We will not unnecessarily spin out our history, nor consume our reader's time by showing how that bereaved one endured the intelligence of the loss of her second son. Suffice that she heard it and lived. There is so much in sympathy—there was so much in *such* sympathy as those Brother Masons had to give her, that bereavements almost became blessings under it. She listened and wept; but her weeping was not turbulent; for that good philosopher went on to tell what had been done for her; all that had been projected; all the hopeful incidents of her younger son's death; and he so ingeniously mingled his sad news with the most joyful intelligence, that by the time his half hour was ended, her mind had been rendered incapable of looking steadfastly at the dark side of the picture, and she had almost brought herself to be-



lieve that the sacrifice of her sons was a necessary step to the better fortune that lay before her and her family.

The conference in that back parlor was broken up by a tremendous uproar, which, commencing down by Scammony's grocery, soon extended throughout the village.

The cause of the tumult will be given in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE ROAD TO JOPPA.

CONTENTS OF CHAPTER THIRTEENTH. The murder, the flight and pursuit.

*Their throat is an open scabbard; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips; whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; their feet are swift to shed blood. Destruction and misery are in their ways; and the way of peace have they not known. There is no fear of God before their eyes.*

Magistrates' Court had finished its docket, and adjourned. Llewellyn, the road overseer, had received his walking papers for continued neglect of duty, and some other person, equally inefficient, had been appointed in his stead; two fights had grown out of that. Various warrants have been issued, returnable to the next court, for notes given in horse trades, and these have gone to replenish the constable's hat. Col. Pause (of the Law firm of Pause & Think) has departed for Dimsby, carefully pocketing his first instalment of fees for his efficient aid in *Shack vs. Limber*, and leaving behind him a profound appreciation of his ability as a barrister. There is some talk of running him for Circuit Judge at the next election, and if they do, his vote in The Triangle will be handsome. All the

Shook interest will go for him "tooth and toenail;" while all the Limber interest will as ardently go against him. This is a delightful commentary upon the modern practice of throwing high judicial offices into the popular ferment. A message has been received from that daring scamp, Dollahite, dated from the heart of the canebrake, to the effect that unless the magistrates pledge themselves to drop further proceedings against him, he will waylay them on their road home, and "lick them both like smoke!" Furthermore, he will stay in the canebrake "till all's blue, and won't *never* come out! and throw his wife and orphaning childing on the county for support!" At these belligerent intimations, Squire Gilbert glances knowingly at his rifle-gun in one corner, and Squire Bushart at *his* in the other corner, and the twain pass the thing off as a capital joke. Oakley has drawn himself out of the cypress knees that bestud Roblin Bayou from end to end, and by the assistance of muscle shells, and sherds of old Indian crockery, that lie all over The Triangle, has scraped off his feathery wear as far as he can reach it, and feels, as he says, "a heap better." The good humor of a mob, especially such a mob as mobbed him, is soon restored. One of them gathers up the clothes of which he had been so summarily divested, and, the rest concurring, soon rid him of his defilements, put on his garments, ply his willing throat with liquor, and restore him to full fellowship amongst them. We should be doing the grate-

ful creature sad injustice, if we neglected to add that he stole the best horse in The Triangle, that night, and has never been heard of since.

While these events are transpiring, an accession of two members to the crowd, to wit: Christopher Yeast and his mother's fierce guest, Barnard Leigh, has been made. The former rides in upon his mother's grey mare; and his re-banded face and bloodshot eyes standing out, as it were, on pegs like a beetle's, the result of his gouging frolic of the day before, cause him to look additionally ugly. He *would* come to Magistrates' Court, though his old mother tried hard to keep him at home.

The latter is in all respects the same character whom we introduced to our readers on election day. The brand which whisky and licentiousness have stamped upon his brow, is still there—can all the power of man, can the soft hand of woman, can even the gentle influences of the Spirit efface that mark of Cain? Can that slouched form, softened by the furnace-fires of lust, ever regain its vigor? Or those trembling nerves their stiffness? His double-barrelled gun is still in his hand, and his breasts that protrude even beyond a woman's, betoken a store of the engines of death concealed there, in the form of blade and barrel, charged and sharpened for use.

There is no blasphemy to say of Bernard Leigh that *his day of grace is ended*. Bernard Leigh has passed the barrier set as the *last* wall around each human soul, and henceforth

he walks and acts *for himself*. The Power that feeds the young lions will feed him, but he must work out all spiritual problems now for himself. But why do we say so? Bernard Leigh is not alone! No! there is one to whom he may well say, Hast thou found me, oh, mine Enemy! one for whom he lives, and plans, and acts! one to whose burning home his miserable soul is fast hastening! Bernard Leigh acts no more for himself, but for the Prince of Evil, to whom he is but the veriest slave!

You would have thought so, good readers, had you seen the glaring eyes, had you heard the language, hot from the regions of the damned, with which that young man addressed his companion as they stopped to hitch their horses together at the rack that morning. Some trifling altercation had arisen between them as they came into the village, and Leigh was in a perfect fury of rage at a remark the half-drunken Christopher had uttered. He hitched his horse, a powerful animal, a subject of fire-side conversation in *The Triangle* for the last week or two, and walked to his companion as if to demand an explanation. Deterred by a crowd of Christopher's friends, who had already gathered round him in anticipation of a fight, he turned and walked off some twenty paces as if to leave him. Possibly all might have ended well between them yet, had not the tipsy fool, urged on by a mischief-loving friend, bawled after him that he was a *liar*, a *coward*, and—an epithet not to be re-

corded in these pages. Then the human tiger paused, and, for an instant, refused to look around! Could he have killed that young man *without turning*—could he, clairvoyant-like, have sent all the desires of his heart into the heart of Christopher Yeast, as he sat crowing and deriding him on that old grey mare, he would have done it—he would have done it unhesitatingly. The hangers on at Bob Scammony's grocery who were right before him, as he stood, saw that well enough—and stupid as they were with rotten whisky, they felt that something was to happen that must result in crimson blood.

An instant the young man thus wavered, and his whole system shook like one in a palsy. Then, swinging on a pivot, he threw up his gun, cocking the rifle-barrel at the same motion, and all his irresolution, all his palsy gone at once, hurled the lead, point blank at his reviler's heart. Point blank the lead struck and entered, and passing clear through, plashed into the brain of the mischief-lover who stood beyond!

Wildly throwing up his arms to heaven—alas! that man should ever extend his arms towards the Throne of Mercy when it is too late!—and uttering but the words, "*Oh, Mammy!*" the first epithet in the rude border language he had ever learned, Christopher Yeast fell to the ground stone dead—while the blind old mare stood as quietly and carelessly as though it were only a sack of corn that alid from her back!

It requires but a small exercise of the fancy to imagine the uproar that followed. Though Bernard Leigh stood alone, having no acquaintance or friend in the company, yet the very fact of his having committed a violation of the laws, gained him *some* friends; and it was scarcely an instant before there was a general fight amongst those immediately surrounding the two bodies. This was good fortune to the murderer, for it gave him time to reload his gun, throw his saddle-bags upon his horse, and mount. But now the two magistrates had come up, and they were well-armed and resolute men. Hangdog was on the spot, and to do the man justice, though his name is not euphonious, nor such as we would have selected had we been at the christening of his grandfather, Hangdog was as brave a fellow as the next man. The whole party of Masons had also come forward; and Charles Scribe, learning the cause of the confusion, more from sight than from sound, pressed up in person, his big jolly form parting the crowd like a forty-two pounder, to arrest the murderer. The fight was soon over—for everybody who happened to be underneath, halloed *enough* as soon as they could do it honorably; and then the general sentiment concentrated upon Leigh. The uproar if possible had increased. Nobody who has never heard it, can imagine how loud a hundred men, half maddened with liquor, can shout. Col. Pause, (of the law firm of Pause & Think,) who had got half way to the ferry, heard it, and believing there was

money in it, turned hastily back towards Scribeville. Mrs. Yeast, who was spooling yarn on shuck spools, heard it, and knowing Christopher's propensities for liquor and fighting, divined, with a mother's instinct, his danger, and ran without bonnet or shoes towards Scribeville. The Sheriff and his three special deputies, who were lying *perdu* in the edge of the prairie, heard it, and instantly started at a hand-gallop towards the village.

The rush made towards the murderer soon moderated; for Leigh drew a six-shooter from his bosom, and aiming it at Charles Scribe's head, deliberately drew the trigger. Fortunately merely the cap exploded, and life was spared; but the suddenness of the act, and the imminency of his danger, caused the philanthropist to give back for a moment, and this set tone to the valor of the crowd. They quailed, as well they might, while that desperado, with his teeth set firmly as though he would never unlock them, a six-shooter in each hand, his double-barrelled gun on the saddle-bow before him, and death in every glance of his eye, rode slowly through the crowd. Wherever a hostile motion was made towards him by blade or barrel, thither he levelled those black tubes, deadly as the gates of death, and his ferocious glare deepened as one by one every form slunk away from before him.

Thus he passed through the village, nor did any one dare draw a trigger upon him until he had gone out of the street. Then a shower

of bullets whistled in his rear. The spell being removed, a simultaneous rush was made to the horse-rack, and a loud call for pursuit. But the audacious fellow only waved his hand scornfully behind him, and then put his good steed to his mettle.

But his adventures were not yet ended. A short distance from the village he met the four officers, who seeing a person thus armed riding furiously away with that tremendous uproar behind him, naturally conceived it to be their duty to stop him. They therefore promptly drew themselves across the road to intercept his passage. Now the condition of affairs was this: They had halted at a light rail bridge across a ditch, which intersected the road, and all four had planted themselves firmly there, supposing, very reasonably, that the fugitive would not attempt to leap the ditch. But they reckoned nothing upon the skill of the best rider ever raised in Kentucky. And they reckoned nothing upon the agility of the best colt ever begotten from the loins of Leander. Coming down the lane at this furious rate, Leigh made as though he designed to attempt the bridge, until he was within a single leap of it, then turning, with a masterly curve, to the left, sprang clear over the ditch. The Sheriff happened to be on the side at which he was to pass, and being himself a fearless rider, reined his horse suddenly around and threw his arms over the young man's neck as he went by. He was of course dragged from his saddle, and borne off dan-

gling against the side of his opponent's horse, urged now at a most furious speed.

The scene that followed, though brief, was intensely exciting. To preserve himself from being pulled out of his own seat, Leigh was compelled to throw his body so far from the perpendicular that his saddle-girths cracked loudly under the tension. This inclination gave the bold officer an opportunity to fix one foot in the stirrup leathers, and now there was no chance to shake him off. The two-barrelled gun fell to the ground in the struggle; the costly six-shooters followed; and thus Leigh was almost disarmed, with his deadly incubus around his neck. The sound of horsemen thundering in his rear came clearly to his ears, and told him too surely what his doom would be if overtaken. Mrs. Yeast, who met him at that instant, as she came hurrying in on her motherly errand, describes his face as being quite black under the pressure of the Sheriff's arms, and declares that streams of fire were shot from both his eyes!

Bernard Leigh was not long in deciding what he should do. A few desperate struggles, to convince himself that he could not break that dreadful gripe, and then he drew his heavy bowie-knife and stabbed the officer in the back. But striking as he did in the dark, he could not hit the heart. He withdrew the blade, and thrust again and again; now breaking its point upon the spine; now forcing it through a rib; now sinking it to its fullest extent in the cavity of the body; anon

striking at the air in his aimless blows. But the unfortunate Sheriff only clung the more firmly. He groaned heavily at each thrust, and yielded up his best blood in the performance of duty, but his fingers clinched the tighter, and his arms hugged more closely, so long as he had any life. The three deputies came up to where a *broad red trail like a scarlet ribbon*, began to appear, and there sick at heart, young and inexperienced as they were, sat down by that pool of gore and wept like boys.

The hot streams poured over everything. They deluged the arms and legs of the murderer. They flowed down the saddle skirts. They made the horse's flanks to smoke as a slaughter house. At last the powers of life began to fail. The Sheriff's embrace was loosened, just in time to save Leigh from strangulation. Then his fingers began to unclinch, and then, with a strong thrust, Leigh was able to push him off. But, as if resolved to haunt him even in death, the corpse hung by the foot in the stirrup leather, and he was compelled to cut it loose before he could feel himself entirely safe.

The dreadful work then was finished, and the young man was *free*. *Free*, with that heart of evil upon which three more murders had been laid over the many laid there before. *Free*, with pursuit far behind, and his good steed under him, and only a hundred miles between him and safety.

The reaction of his mind was so great at

finding himself loosened from that awful burden which had hung so like a millstone about his neck, that as he met Col. Pause, (of the Law firm of Pause & Think,) and fled by him like a blood-painted phantom, he actually shouted aloud in the exhilaration of his spirits, putting the worthy barrister into great bodily fear, and adding wings to the flight of his own brave horse.

The boasted son of Leander, pride of the blue-grass counties of old Kentucky, needed no such stimulus as that to bring out his utmost powers. Every spring that he made upon that firm road seemed to increase his self-confidence. He tossed his head gaily to and fro; champed proudly at his bit; and even threw back his fine ears in answer to the encouraging words of his master, all the time continuing the pace that had won many a four-mile heat, before he fell into the hands of his present owner. This killing pace soon brought him to the edge of the cane, and through it, past the cabin of old Juniper, to the ferry-boat. As usual, that convenient bark was on the other side of the stream—whoever knew a ferry-boat that wasn't!—and Juniper had gone to hunt muscadines in the thicket—who ever knew a ferryman that hadn't! The plan for travelers not particularly straitened for time, at the Bawbah ferry, is to blow a cow-horn, hung conveniently to a papaw sapling hard by, and it is said that the sound thereof never fails to call up the ferryman when he is not out of hearing. This plan, for professional

buglemen and trombone players, is capital; the horn, to them, being almost as easy as a G Flat trumpet without any keys—but for ordinary lungs it is illy adapted.

Hard or soft, the murderer had no time to wait for it—but, with a curse at all ferries, ferry-men and delays in general, he dashed his horse into the stream and ordered him to swim it. The proud son of Leander made no hesitation to obey his master's wishes. He took the water boldly, and rising gallantly from his first submersion, began to breast the current as he would have undertaken to breast the current of the Amazon on the same incentive.

But Providence at last was wearied at the villain's career. The better sort of angels had become jealous of such a succession of good fortune to one so totally undeserving; and a portion of Bernard Leigh's punishment was now to be meted out to him. He had reached the middle of the stream, and was selecting a landing place at a point to which the current was bearing him, when suddenly his noble horse stopped, threw up his fine head with a movement of agony, gave one scream such as the species will only utter when in mortal distress, and then sunk in the deep water to rise no more. He had struck the top of a sharp pointed snag,—pest of the southern waters—the point had penetrated to his vitals, and caused an instantaneous suspension of all his powers. The man-killer was hurled backwards into the stream, from which he only escaped with the loss of his heavy knife and all

the contents of his saddle-bags. Dripping and half-drowned, he found himself a few minutes afterwards upon the same side of the river he had just left; and in this condition we can afford to leave him for the remainder of this chapter.

It is well said in 2d Samuel, xx:12, that when Amasa wallowed in blood in the midst of the highway, the people, as they came up, all stood still, and would not pass the uncovered corpse. The same thing was observed when one of Napoleon's heroic Marshals was slain in the very fever of victory; his soldiers one and all refused to go on until the body was removed from the road, and covered up out of their sight. As the foremost of the pursuers following that long scarlet ribbon of blood, which trailed through the dust, came to where the faithful Sheriff lay, they stopped with one accord, dismounted and gathered round the body. Others, as they came up, imitated the example—and thus it was, that within a quarter of an hour the hundred men so recently congregated at Scribeville had all met again at this place. They had merely dragged the corpses of Christopher and his fellow-sufferer into the doorway of the grocery, and then with one accord joined in the pursuit of their murderer.

There was no want of orators to stimulate the popular frenzy to madness, but there was great need of some one to direct it into a useful channel. Such frothy speeches as the one made by Col. Pause, (of the law firm of Pause

& Think,) are worse than useless, when something decided is to be done by the multitude. The Colonel soon found it so; for his auditors all left him when they discovered that instead of a few manly sentences, advisory and instructive, he was launching out into an oration on the powers of man and the rights of republics. Then Professor Geisler came forward and begged their attention. He had been conferring with the three Scribes and Bro. Tubal, as they came hastily down the road together,—and the five had sketched out a plan of pursuit. This it was that he wished to explain.

For once in his life, it is said, the Naturalist neglected parenthetical sentences. For the first and last time in his life he seemed oblivious of snakes, shells and stones—for he talked right straight on, and his words struck home, every one of them, to the hearts of his hearers.

We must tell the reader a secret here: The unfortunate Sheriff, (Wilcox is the name by which his three sons are registered on the books of the Masonic College they are now attending,) was a Freemason, a member of the Lodge U. D. at Dimsby; and the message sent him the day before, to come with an unusual number of deputies, and arrest the reputed murderer, was made more than usually urgent by the *masonics* with which it was mingled. This will fully account for the interest which the five Brother Masons now took in his death, and for their subsequent action in the premises.

The Naturalist, as we have intimated, made a powerful speech. He told the whole story, though in language condensed as Butler's Analogy, the whole story of Widow Rainford and her murdered son; of the strong probability that this wretch who had just slain three men before their very eyes, was his murderer, and had the important documents in his possession, which, with the documents in the hands of Daniel Rainford at the time of *his* death, would substantiate the Widow's legal rights, and put her in the enjoyment of her fortune; of the duty which lay before them, the people of The Triangle, to organize some efficient system of pursuit; not a mere impulse which would wear out in a day or two, but one that should continue days, weeks, months, and years, if necessary—at any pains, at any expense, until the villain was brought to punishment and the papers taken from him.

The opportunity to speak a word for Freemasonry was not to be lost. The population of The Triangle had been abominably anti-masonic, ever since it was settled. The Lodge U. D. at Dimsby, though out of the immediate influence of that section, had met much opposition from that quarter; and Sheriff Wilcox, the last election, had felt the sting of anti-masonry in its being brought to bear against his own canvassing for re-election to office. So fine an occasion to choke down prejudice, we say, was not to be neglected; and the Naturalist, standing upon the ten rail fence which bordered the lane, spoke boldly concerning it, in this wise:



"Freemasonry it was, good people, which caused the hearts of these three citizens, to incline so kindly and favorably to this distressed Widow, though she herself refused to acknowledge them as friends. She was a Mason's Widow,—and a Mason's worthy Widow has inalienable claims upon the kindness of Freemasons wherever she may be found.

"Freemasonry it was which first gave the clue to the real name and purpose of young Henry Rainford, after he had been murdered and cast into the river. He was a Mason's son—and a Mason's worthy son has inalienable claims upon the kindness of Freemasons wherever he may go.

"Freemasonry it was, good people, which gave friends to the dying hour of Daniel Rainford, victim to cholera, and caused one of the noblest sons of earth to take charge of his papers and to fulfil his dying requests, even to the coming to this distant place and appropriating three hundred dollars of his own funds towards the detection of this mischief-maker who has just rode red-handed through our midst.

"Freemasonry it was which brought hither this unfortunate Brother, victim to his fidelity, and placed him in the way of a cruel, sudden death.

"And Freemasonry it is which now causes me to declare to you that while this arm can move I will not cease the pursuit of this homicide, nor will I rest in bed or eat at board until he is captured. For myself, I declare it! Who will join me."

Four aged men standing by loudly declare their acquiescence, to-wit: the three Scribes and the Preacher. Then, with one voice the multitude join in the declaration, and hands are grasped over it throughout the crowd. The plan proposed by Prof. G., was, to select ten of the best horsemen to start at once on the trail; others to follow more leisurely. It is done, and the chosen party gallops off. Within three hours, and before the inquest has been completed over the Sheriff's remains, one returns with the welcome intelligence that the murderer has lost his horse attempting to swim the river, and has returned into the interior of the country. Parties of all sizes, and with all kinds of facilities are immediately organized to beat the canebrake, and capture him before he can leave The Triangle. The proposition of Reube Bowle, "to run him down with nigger dogs," is eagerly accepted, and Reube finds himself at once elevated to a post of honor. Night comes on by the time the last company is organized, and then the village of Scribeville is left to the solitude of the women and children, who keep vigil all night long, sleepless at the thought of three bloody corpses so near them unburied.

Poor Mrs. Yeast! she is sitting upon the floor there by the side of her *last child*. She has been told that his dying words, his only words as he passed the great barrier of human life, were, *Oh Mamma*—and she *knows* that poor Christopher thought of her even then. The disconsolate creature says nothing to any

one. She answers no questions. She takes no food. She only fondles that poor lifeless head in her lap—oh, how heavy is the head of the sleeping and of the dead—and lets her fingers play lightly through his hair as they used to play, when this dead man was a little boy at her knee. The live-long night passes by, but she makes no note of the lapse of time. It is her last child—her last! What has she to live for, now?

## CHAPTER XIV.

### RETURNING TO THE INTERIOR OF THE COUNTRY.

CONTENTS OF CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.—Foot-worn, hungry, and thirsty. The cleft in the rocks. The executioners of divine vengeance.

*Hold thy tongue: for we may not make mention of the name of the Lord. I will make thee a terror, and thou shalt be no more; though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again, saith the Lord God. Behold I have smitten my hand at thy dishonest gain, which thou hast made, and at thy blood which has been in the midst of thee.*

Dripping and half drowned, the homicide exhausted with the excitement of the day, and his efforts to clear himself from his perishing horse, crept slowly up the river bank and sat down by the edge of the cane-brake. His situation was sufficiently distressing, and there was no part of it but what he keenly felt and appreciated. He knew that by this time the population of The Triangle was up like a swarm of hornets insulted in their nest. He knew that fleet horses and expert riders were on his trail, and only wondered that he had not heard them ere this. He knew that

the death of the Sheriff put him out of the pale of mercy should he be taken alive. But he would *not* be taken alive! this broad blade should end his destiny before the hand of man should ever be laid upon *him*! This broad blade—death and hell, *it is gone*! feeling in his bosom for the knife that should serve him as a friend in that anticipated event, he springs wildly to his feet to find that in his struggles with the dying horse he has dropped the weapon, and stands now *unarmed*!

Unarmed! the man whose bosom has been for years an armory of dreadful weapons, to be left without a single one. Unarmed! the man whose hand was against every man—here, in the Triangle, alone, with the memory of four victims upon his conscience, and *unarmed*! it was *this* that blanched the villain's face as he stood under that tall cane, and cursed the day in which he was born.

But now nature began to droop, and his vital powers to weaken, under the tertian ague which had so long maintained its hold upon his system. The chill consequent upon his submersion, aggravating the attack, he began to freeze in the first or cold stage of that insidious disease. His fingers blue and shrunken—his nose and ears pinched and icy to the feel—his feet

heavy and cramped; his stomach a network of wires, sending to his heart incessant telegrams of cold, still colder, coldest, coldest, coldest—poor wretch! Even his rude old hostess, sitting by the heavy head of her last child, might have pitied him then. Even the unfed dogs of Reube Bowl had they suddenly come upon that shivering form, and seen him prostrate there with his hopeless eye and frozen face turned upward, might have stopped in commiseration, and forborne to tear his flesh, then.

His chill was a *long* and a *trying* one. So long that the foremost of his pursuers passed down to the ferry-boat within a hundred yards of him. While looking up the body of his horse, they came still nearer, so near that their horses snorted in terror for some strange object near; and, had the party not taken it for granted, while riding up and down the bank, that he was on the other side, they had infallibly detected him. So trying, that he sobbed and wept like a child under it; and became so careless of life, that had the company come upon him, he would not have thrust forth hand or foot against them. But the pursuit passed by, the party crossing the river to look for his trail on the other side, and failing to discover it there, returning

to the ferry-house to arrange their plans and send a messenger back to Scribeville with the news.

The long and trying chill wore off at last, and was succeeded in due course of the disease by the fever. Then might have been seen the spectacle of a deranged man walking at random through the dense thicket; now tearing his garments from his limbs with the green briar; now stumbling heedlessly into some trap of a ravine; anon striking his face against a projecting limb until the ragged skin hung from it loosely as the bark on the sycamore; and, amidst all, throwing his arms wildly about, and whooping like some wild Indian, until the solemn woods echoed as in the time of savage life.

It was far in the night before his fever left him. But to his wandering brain night was as the day. He struggled hither and thither, as openings in the thicket were presented to him, nor ever stopped for a moment. And as he went, the Master whom he had so faithfully served, put it into his heart to conceive that he was following closely after Daniel Rainford; that the crooked stick he carried in his hand was the coupling-pin with which he had murdered Henry, his Masonic brother; and that the other thousands which were to re-

ward him for the double slaughter, were waiting his call, and clinking impatiently in their canvas bag. Furthermore, he was prompted to say, greatly to the delight of the Fiends who listened, how dearly he loved to kill and to take possession; how heartily he hated all canting hypocrites who pretended to be better than their neighbors; and many other things that were really in his heart but would not have come out so freely but that the fever had again dashed away all the barriers between the world and his most secret thoughts.

The obstinate runaway, Dollabite, had prepared for himself an encampment in the canebrake, and was at that very time sitting cosily by the fire eating the food which the eldest of his "orphaning childring" had brought to him. Dollabite was not the miserable man one would have supposed.—A path had been marked from his cabin to the camp, by which the older boys, and even the goodwife at times, could come and minister to his wants. By that they had brought him ample food, and clothes and bedding; and what his soul coveted more than anything else, whisky; and by the aid of these prime necessities, the vagrant was, in point of fact, doing well. He was sitting, as we have remarked, by the fire, kept burning at the mouth of his camp, and

nodding, under the joint influence of whisky and fatigue, when his contemplated repose, and indeed the whole tenor of his life, were suddenly broken in upon by the appearance of a ghost. Having never seen a ghost ourself, we are at a loss to communicate to the reader a reliable description of the thing in a civilized language. We are driven by necessity, therefore, to use Dollahite's own words, or omit the scene altogether. We prefer the former :

"I was peercht on a log by the fire, thinkin' p'r'aps 't was 'bout time to turn in, when I was right smart skeert by heerin' somefen crackin' through the cane. Knowin't thar was right smart o' painter about, I cotched up old Bugbitter, and primed her so's to be ready. The dodrotted thing, however, was no painter at all, nur nothin' o' that stripe kidney. It was a *fant*, and that of the bluest sort. 'T looked sumfen like a human. Had a right smart baird, but the doddarndest physomy ever a human wore. Its right hand had a chunk in 't bout's long's a hammer, and 'twent thiser way and thater way all the time, (imitating.) It hadn't no clothes on hardly, and what thar was was right smar tore up. As this hieenur of a picter come inter the openin', it didn't seem to see me to wunst, but sorter stopt to look at the

fire. I reckon, mebbe, the fire put it in mind of hell-fire, outen which the kritter, seems like, had jest crawled. Then it hollerd—and of all the dod-darndest yells that thing give I never heard. Arter hollerin' a bit, it seemed to mend a little and got right peert. I couldn't quite see from where I sot, but seemd like as ef it larfed right smart. Then it seen me, and crackt it's heels together wunst or twyst, and come at me. Brimstone! hom the kritter smelt. I was eenymost skeert by this time, and stidder poppin' its doddarned eye out with old Bugbitter, I keeled over back of the log, and when I got up the fant was gone!"

This lucid description is thought by some to be imperfect. Those who visited Dollahite's camp the next day, declare that his rifle stock was broke in two, his jug empty, and everything in a state of derangement. One thing is certain, however, that the vagrant got home somehow next morning, without hat, shoes, or sense, and, as soon as he recovered from the effects of his bruises and terror, gave himself up to the constable, and bore his punishment afterwards like a man.

So, like a disembodied thing, Bernard Leigh passed through the heart of that canebrake; but when his fever wore off, and he began to take note of time and

place, he paused in his mad career, and, in the state of exhaustion to which he had arrived, felt it to be a blessed thing that he might lie down and sleep. His rest was unbroken until day—until the sound of gun-shots here and there through the cane-brake, and the barking of innumerable dogs, and the shouts of men, told him that he was closely pursued, and must fly for his life.

Hungry and weak as the young man was, this knowledge gave him both wit and wings. The very crisis at which his affairs had arrived was of a nature to inspire such a heart as his with courage and vigor. There is a boldness of thought in the imminent peril into which that class of desperadoes so often find themselves thrown, that oftentimes baffles the most determined pursuit, and crowns the wisest scheme of capture with disappointment and mortification. It was not the first time, nor the fiftieth, that Bernard Leigh had been the mark of popular pursuit. There were, but few crimes in the calendar which he had not committed. More than once had the Executives of the different States placed a reward upon the young and skillful burglar, or the heartless murderer, or the violator of female purity, or the ingenious counterfeiter—and bands of officers and daring cit-

izens had more than once been organized to follow and capture him dead or alive. But they had never succeeded in taking him yet,—and should they now? Should these backwoodsmen, green and inexperienced, succeed, where the best-skilled police of the cities had failed? No, no!

There are many resources to one accustomed to the woods, which would never occur to a citizen of the town. Even the fox and rabbit are our instructors in woodland lore. The wild deer can baffle the sharpest pursuit. The stupid bear, the cat-like panther, and other animals whose instinct is sharpened by the necessity of continual vigilance, have a thousand shifts at an extremity,—and from all these Bernard Leigh had taken lessons. Well did he practice them that day. Every feint, every double which is known to the savage, was put into requisition by him. He swam down the river's current; he waded in the water deep enough to hide his tracks; he passed from the cane-lands to the hills and from the hills to the cane-lands again; he shod his feet with sandals of bark; he betook himself to where herds of cattle were treading up the ground, and confounding all footmarks. \* \* The reader would be wearied with the catalogue of resources

possessed by those who have served an apprenticeship on the savage border.

By these means the murderer finally baffled his pursuers. Long before the day was closed, he had supplied himself with food at one cabin, raiment at another, their proprietors being absent on the chase—and what he most desired, a strong outlass, remnant of some old Indian campaign, by which he could defend himself if attacked. These pursuers, as they met in groups from time to time, acknowledged that they had found their match, and paid unwilling compliments to his skill. But they had drawn a net-work of sentinels all around The Triangle, and made arrangements to beat both banks of the rivers with dogs, four times a day, to be sure that the murderer was still amongst them. Towards this they had received large accessions from the settlements for ten miles around. Already there were more than a thousand men in the pursuit, stimulated by the offer of the five Masons: "Fifteen hundred dollars to the man who brings him in alive!" Already a corps had been organized at Dimsby to take vengeance for the murder of their Sheriff. Already a messenger was on his way to the seat of government, to secure a proclamation from the Executive adding

another five hundred dollars to the reward. Ah, Bernard Leigh, your resources will all be needed to escape from this imminent danger! Shrewd and experienced as you are, that will be a happy hour which beholds you a hundred miles from this spot.

Yet the homicide, as we have said, baffled all his pursuers, aided by the finest instinct of their dogs. He slept soundly the second night, not one hundred yards from Mrs. Yeast's dwelling. He had come back to that place to secure possession of an important package of papers, laid for safe-keeping in the archives of that old oak; and had he felt one gleam of pity for human distress, he would have remained awake to hear that bereft mother, as she groaned by her lonely fireside, her last child now buried in the garden with the other four—her stupid husband drunk upon the bed—he would have heard her groans, for he was near enough; and he would have caught her despairing words, rude but heart-rending:

"Oh! my poor boy! honey sweet Christopher! what is thar for me to live for now!"

But the monster slept soundly until a few hours before day—then passing along in plain sight of the mourner's lamplight, and in sight of the freshly made mound in the

garden, he struck back into the canebrake to try a new plan.

He tried it, but this time he failed. It was to launch a heavy log in the river, and clinging to the upper end, to float down unseen by the sentinels on the banks. He succeeded at first; for although many bullets were shot, more in jest than earnest, at the log, none struck him; but as the sun came up he found he should be discovered, so, with considerable difficulty he made the shore again.

The population at Scribeville had by this time renewed its usual pursuits. The Sheriff's corpse had been sent to his family at Dimsby, and buried with Masonic honors. The bodies of Christopher Yeast and his malicious adviser, who had justly suffered for his fatal intermeddling, were also interred, and the event of their death made an era for future dates. The grocery had been re-opened, and was rejoicing in rather more than its usual patronage, seeing that parties starting out upon the hunt, and parties returning from the hunt, alike drew their nourishment from that source. Hourly sessions of Magistrates' Court were held in view of the anticipated capture of Leigh, and to that place as the proper head-quarters, reports were made of the progress of

the chase. It will be worth our while to call there a few minutes.

The fat man chatting so familiarly with Squire Gilbert is Charles Scribe, though his lack of sleep for two nights has disfigured him, especially about the eyes. Charles has done yeoman-service in the pursuit, and it is fortunate for his future health that he sprained an ankle-joint before daylight, and was thereby temporarily incapacitated for farther locomotion. But sprained ankles and protracted watchings can never check his flow of spirits, or stop the genial current of his jokes, painful as they are to the tired midriff of Squire Gilbert. The half dozen snoring so loudly on the floor, are the party just in from the ferry. They report that the fugitive took water awhile before day, but didn't cross the river. The party just coming in is the company from Mendenhall's Ford, on the Menolee. They report no tidings from the West, and with the word join the sleeping detachment on the floor. The party just going out consists of Constable Hangdog, Thinne, the tailor, and three others who have been ordered by authority, to take their stand on the Hill of Mounds, and watch out for what they shall see. Finally, the yellow-painted carryall just now driving up to the tavern, contains the well-known nigger-



catcher, Mariner, and his dogs, from the adjoining county, which, "if *they* don't run a man down, nobody took can't!" Mrs. Rainford and her family are at Charles Scribe's house, where they will be likely to remain for a considerable time, seeing that by some accident her cabin took fire on the day she had the conference with the five Masons, and was totally destroyed, furniture and all. One would almost be tempted to believe, from the looks of the Brothers when they heard of it, that they were glad instead of sorry for her misfortune. And such is the aspect of things this morning at Scribeville.

We must beg the reader's indulgence here while we copy an extract from the minute-book of the United States surveyors, made while sectionizing The Triangle, some twenty years ago. The gentleman who wrote it is now a distinguished geologist, and his reports are considered peculiarly reliable.

"I had often found spots before where the serpent tribe *house* up during winter, but never what is called a *Snakes' Den* until now. True, I had heard astonishing accounts of them from Indians and others, but had always set down as apocryphal the statements of their coming in by tens of thousands at the commencement of winter,

and hiding up in the deep fissures of the limestone cliffs, and laying aside all enmities while thus housed together. The Snakes' Den, as I found it, was on the south-east side of a large collection of mounds described in these notes, in a mural face of rock fifty feet high. I came very unexpectedly on the spot this morning, (March 15,) and as my orders were to make notes of everything which would tend to establish lines and corners, paid special attention to the locality. As I approached the place I had started one or two large snakes, and could distinctly hear the whirr of their rattles; but left them, as I always do, to the chainmen. Going further on, the course being through a hazle thicket, I began to think, from the frequent rustlings under foot, that snakes were uncommonly abundant there; and though I rarely trouble myself about such things, it struck me as so unusual, that I stopped, fixed my compass on the Jacob's staff, and looked around to learn the cause. The sight was truly a shocking one. Just before me, in a thicket, as far as I could see, the ground was literally *paved* with snakes. They were of all the species found on dry land: bull-snakes, copper-heads, rattle-snakes, glass-snakes, blue-racers, green-snakes, tree or striped-snakes, black-snakes, and many

others that I was not so familiar with. In numbers the rattlers greatly predominated, as the quantities of dry buttons rattling around me denoted. The day being very warm for the season, the serpents generally were extended at full length upon the ground, apparently enjoying the warmth. As the chainmen came up I cautioned them of the danger of getting their hands bitten, and told them to count their pins and halt awhile by the compass, while I went forward to explore. The 'Snakes' Den' was a few steps to the left of the direction we had been pursuing, and as I parted the bushes and walked towards it, the reptiles became thicker and thicker until they were in knots, in heaps—incredible as it will appear—in *heaps* so thick that I could scarcely find safe places for my steps. Arriving at the foot of the limestone bluff in which they had been wintering, I looked up and saw them crawling in and out until my stomach sickened. Every crevice in that shelly limestone was packed full of snakes, as high up as I could see. And the stench, which from a single snake is plainly perceivable, so sulphurous, pungent, and nauseous, came up as nearly to suffocate me. I have since wondered why I did not faint and fall amidst the disgusting groups."

To this vivid account we might add a

learned one from Prof. Geisler, who had almost naturalized himself in a snakes' den, so pure was his affection for the species. But our readers will not thank us for detaining them. Our only object in bringing it in at all is to account for its connection with the scene that follows.

Bernard Leigh spent that day in vain attempts to cross the river unobserved. He had contrived to secure a stray horse in the bottom, and by means of a grape-vine halter, rendered him sufficiently docile to carry him across The Triangle in two or three directions. But he found every point so closely guarded, and he ran such narrow risks in the effort, that he thought it best towards the close of the evening to leave the horse and mount to the top of the hill, which we have all along designated as the Hill of Mounds, and spend the night in that elevated spot. The scouts, who had occupied it during the day, had taken their departure just before he approached, and he saw that he should be uninterrupted.

The sun was going down as he stood on that highest mound and looked over The Triangle. By this time the villain, with all his wounds and bruises and difficulties, began to take courage. It was clear that he was more than a match for his pursuers, and he counted on their remitting their vig-

ilance in another day or two, and giving him an opportunity to slip out at some unguarded corner. Oh, how he would laugh at the baffled crowd when next he sat to drink wine with his boon companions, a hundred miles away? Over his scarred face a smile passed at the thought, and he threw himself on the ground to rest and hug this hope to his bosom.

The sun went down hot and sultry, but left clouds, heavy banks, to gather behind it. The clouds, dry and wind-tossed, met together in the upper atmosphere for no good. They joined their forces and arranged their plans for a heavy storm. Before midnight the plans were put into execution. To the detriment of the old oak trees, costing them many a limb; to the sore twisting of many a sapling; to the terror of beast, and bird, and man—a hurricane swept over The Triangle. The old rotten enclosures in the prairie graveyard fell down before it as if glad and merry to make obeisance before the storm-god. The full cotton bolls, ripe, white, and heavy, on the plantations, shed their linty store upon the dusty field. Cattle ran home in their fright, or herded together in some little opening, and pushed furiously and fought each other for the central place. Bernard Leigh, who had taken his first nap on the

spot sacred to the last watching of the old chief Weehawba, arose at the war of elements and sought a sheltering place. Even his daring soul was daunted before that angry glare above him, and that mighty rush of winds below. He sought shelter around the low bluff which he had noticed as he came up the hill, and finding a considerable opening in the form of a cave, entered. The air was hot and suffocating, and he imagined that there was an unpleasant odor in it, which made him cough—but spurning the thought as a mere fancy, he drew to the extremity of the opening, and glad to find it well stored with drifted leaves, lay down and again fell asleep.

The young man dreamed. He thought he was in a vast hall lit up with brilliant lamps, and musical with a full band of instruments. Forms were dancing around him to that music; but, strange to say, he could not make out their shapes. One was acting as master of ceremonies, and he heard himself introduced to different persons, whose names he could not distinctly hear. He took their hands politely to shake them, but they were singularly small and round, and when he would press them in his, they withdrew from his grasp. Astonished at this, he endeavored more earnestly to catch their features, but could see noth-

ing only two bright points, keen and beautiful, which stood them in the place of eyes. Then he turned to his conductor to make inquiry, and to his surprise it was no other than Christopher Yeast, who in the most good humored manner threw an arm about his neck, embraced and kissed him. But his breath was exceedingly foetid, and the cough which followed it awoke him.

Horror upon horrors, where was he! The thunder bellowed awfully, and the storm still raged outside the cave, but what was going on within! What was this that had wound itself around his neck, and was sending diamond sparks into his very soul! What hissing sounds were these which echoed and re-echoed from all parts of the cave, seemed to call ten thousand sleeping forms into life!

Bernard Leigh was lying amidst the reptiles, from which he was never to escape alive! No! though he tore the king serpent from around his neck; though he dashed a hundred from his body; though he trampled them under his feet like a madman, till he was weary with death, he should never leave them alive. They were resolved upon that. And so they poured in upon him from every crevice, until the cave itself was crowded with serpents. They hung in festoons from the wall and

struck his face, his lips, his cheeks, his eyes. They crept up his legs and hid themselves within his garments. They stung him until there was no pain in their keen fangs. No *pain*—but yet death! Horror-stricken, blind, distracted, the young man staggered wildly about, then fell prone upon the writhing heaps. The murderer now was theirs. Ten thousand tongues and rattles, and sparkling eyes gave expression to the joy of victory. And when, the next morning, a party of pursuers, led by a trusty dog, came to that cave and looked cautiously in, there was little semblance of humanity—little save a black, bloated, and putrid mass of carrion!

## CHAPTER XV.

## PRE-EMINENCE IN VIRTUE, AND KNOWLEDGE IN THE ROYAL ART.

CONTENTS OF CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.—St. John's Day at Dimsby. The night of grief.

*This day shall be unto you for a memorial, and ye shall keep it throughout your generations. And it shall come to pass, when your children shall say unto you,*

*What mean you by this service? that ye shall say. It is the sacrifice of the Lord's Passover, who passed over the houses of the children of Egypt when he smote the Egyptians and delivered our houses.*

The confreres at Dimsby and vicinity, had long anticipated their December festival with profound interest. We have given intimations of their plan; how they detailed Bro. Tubal to prepare an elaborate discourse upon King Solomon's Temple; how he had put together a piece of frame-work for the speech as strong as the Temple itself; and how liberal they all were in their donations of money to do honor to the occasion. With the reader's permission, we will now transport ourselves in all our usefulness and beauty, to that lively little county town called Dimsby, on the morning of St. John the Evangelist's day, and immortalize the place and its people, by bringing them into public notice.

Dimsby, to use the vernacular of the citizens, "was cut out for a right smart place." The original proprietors having what phrenologists call sanguine temperaments, and being unwilling to restrict the expansive energies of their prospective purposes, laid off no less than two miles square into town lots, and fearlessly put them up for sale. It is an amiable weakness in our national character, to be conquered with names. That comic writer, Shakspeare, who said that a rose by any other title would smell equally well, knew nothing about *our* folks; for here was a tract of land that wouldn't bring two dollars an acre, if you called it *unimproved*, but staked out into lots, and named *Dimsby*, every hundred feet of it sold ten! Shakspeare, indeed!

The two miles square, however, was not compactly built up. How could it be, seeing that there were only two hundred families in the whole town! But such as it was, the houses were neat and pretty, several of them being painted, and a few having brick chimneys projecting at a part where you could see them—that is, on the outside, where all such adornments ought to be placed. But it was the Court-House which constituted the pride of Dimsby and the county thereto appertaining. This magnificent edifice was of brick, two stories high, and if measured in inches and tenths, very wide. Having been built by contract, and the ground being a pleasant mixture of clay and gypsum, one

corner, this St. John's day, is a foot or so lower than the others; it always is after a heavy rain—because, as Professor Geisler has discovered, the crystalized gypsum dissolves and lets it down; but, a short season of dry weather elevates it again, even higher than before, so there is nothing lost in the end. What signifies a few cracks in the wall and plastering, to such a happy arrangement as that!

It is here at Dimsby that every body and his wife have met to celebrate St. John's day, or rather see it done by the Masons. It is the first occasion of the sort that has ever occurred in all that section, and great is the popular excitement to see how the Masons will do it. There has been a very indistinct idea floating through the popular mind as to Masonry in general, and St. John's Day Festivals in particular. It is thought by some, and they have not been backward in promulgating their belief, that the Masons, on these semi-annual occasions, make a point to divulge their most treasured secrets. This expectation has brought up hundreds to the celebration. Others have been deluded, through their North Carolina traditions, that the only thing the Brothers *can raise* is the devil! that they *enter* their Lodges for that purpose; *pass* through their diabolical incantations; and *raise* Ancient Harry incontinently. A great many who have served his Satanic Majesty all their lives without ever seeing him, have come up this morning expressly to do it.

Another large reinforcement has been made by the promise of a good dinner. A barbecue has been announced, ample, public, and free, and nothing but death or the doctor can restrain our Southern people from a barbecue.

Dropping further badinage, we are happy to say that the great majority of those who fill Dimsby to overflowing to-day, are men and women who really desire to be enlightened on the subject of Freemasonry. They have lived all their days on the borders, where the Institution is but little known; they have inherited a bad opinion both of its motives and its members; yet they have recently seen the best men in their ranks passing the Tyler, submitting to the ancient rules of initiation, then becoming forthwith the most enthusiastic friends to the Institution; now they want something definite and explanatory from an authorized source, and they have come here to-day to get it. They say *sit lux*; we hope to add, *lux fuit*.

It has been thought proper to grace the ceremonies of the day by a large attendance from neighboring Lodges. Officers of dignity in the Grand Lodge are on the spot; and what is a striking token of Masonic popularity in this State, the grey-haired Governor, who "has thought it an honor to have his name enrolled among the fraternity, and has been a patron of the craft" from his first entrance into manhood. His benevolent visage matches well his grey hairs. His unbounded popularity through all this region makes his pre-

sence peculiarly desirable on such an occasion as this.

Only one row takes place the whole morning. The reader will recollect how much fighting and lawlessness we were compelled to notice in our description of Scribeville. The marked contrast here is the result of a happy thought on the part of the Masons to *buy* up the liquor-shops for twenty-four hours, and lock their doors! It is a fact, and the entry on the Secretary's books will show, that seventy-five dollars was paid that day by that noble-hearted set of Masons, as an offering on the altar of Temperance! The row referred to is the very excusable one made by one hundred and fifty men, seeking throughout the town for a dram of whisky, and finding none. Fortunately, Greene the druggist, has a small keg of Stoughton bitters, to which gall and wormwood were a pleasant drink; and as there is really nothing else to titillate their nerves with, they titillate them with that, and the substitute is hepatically to their advantage.

Prominent in the crowd this morning are the three Brothers Scribe and Prof. Geisler. The latter has become, by odds, the most popular man in the county. He has squinted up every tree and down every snake-hole within twenty miles. Sarsaparilla root and the genus *Unio* are nearly exterminated under his vigorous efforts; and if the Botanic doctors don't purge everything to death with the immense quantities of Unicorn and Black-

root which he has sharpened their wits to discover, it will be a matter of congratulation to the next census-takers. It is astonishing what an impetus the Professor has given to *home doctoring* by his labors in this department.

The Professor, as we remarked, has become popular. It has even been hinted that if he will consent to have his name run for the Legislature on the *Comptroller question*, he will receive the support of "Many Voters." But we think he will decline the honor—at least until there is a complete classification of Natural History. Be that as it may, he is looked on with a jealous eye by several office-seekers, and principally by that respectable barrister, Col. Lemuel Pause, of the law firm of Pause & Think.

As for the Brothers Scribe, they could be elected Presidents, if they would accept it. For the report of their benevolence to the Widow Rainford, and their exertions to effectuate the capture of their son's murderer, has got into all the papers; gone the rounds of creation in the form of editorials and correspondence; come back again in the shape of circular letters of approval from subordinate Lodges; been distributed to the number of ten editions in a highly-wrought steamboat and railroad pamphlet, by Egbert N. Alexander, "Author of the Rational Ringleader, and various other high-pressure tales;" and finally given to these prophets what prophets never had before, viz: honor

in their own country. They are all on hand to-day: Timothy, with that loving smile on his face, which, if you raise his coffin lid years hence, you will still find there; Charles, a trifle fatter and somewhat merrier than he was three months ago; Bartholomew, with his astronomical pipe fresh filled in honor of the occasion. Oh! it is good even to look upon such men. What a pity that the longevity of Methuselah is obsolete.

And is not yonder individual who is talking to the old Governor, our friend Hewlett? It is even so. The invitation to come and honor their meeting on this day, though it involved much labor and expense, accorded so well with the friendship which had sprung up between him and the five Masons in The Triangle, that he could not refuse it. So he is here with his heart tuned to the same pitch with the hearts of his companions.

There is an anthem of fraternal feeling, whose grand and heavenly notes have been pealing since the day King Solomon arranged its matchless harmony. Thousands and tens of thousands who are making their solemn march towards the boundary of time, *know the music*, and unite in concord with it. They seize the echo as it rolls back to them from the millions who have gone beyond our straining sight into the shadows of the unknown world; they teach the key-note and the pitch to those who are to follow them; and thus friendship's music is never silent; its secrets never lost; the air will never

cease to vibrate with it until time shall be no longer. Many of those who claim to be Masons may have never learned the *pitch* of Masons' music. They may get skill to handle the instruments; they may give utterance to some kind of a tune; but the true key-note of King Solomon and his successors they receive not. And why? Because there never was a taste for such music in their souls! there never was a capacity to appreciate such refined ideas! their ears had become blunted to the sound of celestial harmonies, and only won by the rude imitations which men without Wisdom, Strength or Beauty, have given forth to the world as fraternal music.

Brother Hewlett is none of these. The key-note of world-wide philanthropy had been found and struck in his soul before Masonry ever applied her *shaping* (not creating) implements to it; and the consequence was, that when his notes were tried in the grand harmony of the Sons of Peace and Benevolence, they fitted, note for note, without a discord or a jar; they will fit equally well some day, in the higher music which his soul will hear in heaven.

The procession marched from the Lodge-room to the Methodist Church, in good order. The music is adapted to the occasion. It is no Ethiopian melody, or flippant air light as chaff—no! but solid old marches, such as would have delighted the ears of Handel himself.

Arrived there, the services commence by a



prayer from Timothy Scribe, whose amazing skill in that department can only be accounted for by his incessant practice. Then the white-haired Governor gives a short address to the effect that all this pains he and others have taken to come here to Dimsby to-day, is, that they, the citizens, may be instructed on the subject of Masonry. That the Rev. Bro. Tubal, Grand Orator *pro tem.*, has prepared a discourse upon Masonry, with express reference to their wants, to-wit: that by investigating the time and circumstances of its origin, the talents and piety of its founder, and the wonderful stability with which it has been fixed in the hearts of men for twenty-eight centuries, they might better understand what masonry is. He throws out one thought which, to our mind, is a novel one. He says that in the crowd then sitting before him there are perhaps one hundred *Mason-blocks*. This he explains by comparing them to a certain quarry of building stone, in an adjoining county, of which, perhaps, one block in twenty is *sound*—and when trimmed, hewed and squared, is a perfect stone, without a flaw or defect, or iron-stain, or crack, or weak place, or crevice, or nodule in it. He says, furthermore, that what Masonry wants is sound blocks, and she is determined to have them or none at all. Here a fellow in buckskin, who has brought his liquor with him, in him, bawls out, "Don't you never get no others, Governor?" Not in the least confused by the inquiry, the old man replies, "Our

workmen all work by the same guage. They are all obligated in the same solemn manner to take no blocks into the temple but sound ones. If they violate their engagement, we cast both blocks and workmen out, soon as we can find out who and what they are!"

The Governor concludes this interesting thought with advising every one of his hearers to examine himself well before putting his character to the Masonic guage, wielded by the skillful hands of the Dimsby Masons. Great cheering follows his remarks, and Buckskin is incontinently hustled out of the house.

Then comes the address of the Rev. C. Tubal. We have enquired of our publisher whether he will consent to insert this admirable production, provided we will extricate it from the stenographic twirls in Prof Geisler's memorandum book. His reply is, "that Masonic addresses are a *drug* in the market." Not being versed in the drug business, we are slow to see how a discourse on King Solomon's Temple, that occupied only four hours and a quarter in the delivery, and succeeded in removing the anti-masonic scruples of a hundred good citizens, can have any connection with that line of trade. We expostulated with the publisher aforesaid. We told him that the ordinary run of Masonic addresses were no more like C. Tubal's discourse on King Solomon's Temple, than the ordinary run of Masonic tales are like this of ours. We assured him that Tubal had pro-

ved, spite of that South Carolina writer, that Solomon *was* a Mason, and the father of Masonry; that Masonry was only to be studied with reference to Bible history, and not by the mere dictum of modern authors. Still he refuses to insert the discourse, and the reader must look to him, not to us, for the defect.

The triumph is complete; so is the barbarue. By four o'clock the assembly disperses, each to his respective home, and from that time till this, one more subject of conversation is added to the five which from time immemorial have made up the fire side talk of that people.

Dimsby Lodge, U. D., held a meeting that night—and, oh! such a meeting as it was! The Tyler, on being questioned concerning it, affirms that the feeling of brotherly love was so intense, and the language of the Lodge room so affecting, that he *couldn't* keep the door shut, nor himself outside of it! We are happy to add that no accident occurred in consequence of his neglect.

We have examined the Professor's memorandum book, to see if any notes relative to this delectable occasion were inserted by him. We find a few headings of subjects, and once or twice he commenced twirling, but Champollion himself never had a key to such hieroglyphics as they are. His hand must have trembled, or else he was too much crowded to write—the latter, probably, seeing that there were two hundred Masons in a room thirty-five by thirty.

Amongst the pleasant sayings of the night, we are told that Hewlett made a speech, in which, from his own experience, he gave various facts that have never been taken down before. We think we shall violate no pledge to make a note of them:

"I had the pleasure, several years since, of making the acquaintance of the famous African traveler, who informed me that his Arab purchaser, Sidi Hemet, was a Mason; and that it was the circumstance of his (Riley's) making signs and symbolic marks on the sand, in his presence, that induced him to invest all the money he had in the world on the faith of Riley's representations that the Englishmen at Mogadore would purchase him and his companions when they arrived there. Furthermore, that Mr. Wiltshire, the English consul, was a Freemason, and that when Riley wrote him a letter from the desert, he covered the margin of it with the emblems of Masonry, by means of which the recognition was made.

"Any person reading the preface to Riley's Narrative, and examining the cuts, will be convinced that he attributes his escape to the influence of Masonry."

This traveled brother, Hewlett, also gave an incident connected with the early settlement of Kentucky:

"One of the settlers who had moved from Maryland, marked his horses and cattle with the figure of the square and compass. Strange to say, while the stock of his neighbors was

disappearing every night under the hands of the Indian marauders, not a hoof of his was missing. This being continued for some time, excited the suspicion of his neighbors, who took him into custody as a confederate with the savages, and brought him to trial. Unwilling to admit that he had used a Masonic mark for such a purpose, he submitted to considerable obloquy, until his wife acknowledged the fact to those interested, and obtained his release. After the war was ended, the Indian leaders admitted that they had paid respect to *the emblems*, and forbidden their warriors injuring anything thus made holy!"

Various sketches, pathetic and amusing, were given of the Anti-masonic war of 1826 to 1836. In the words of Bro. Herron, he said:

"Against Freemasonry a war of extermination was declared and prosecuted with as much zeal and bitterness as if heaven had no other foe, man no other fiend, and perdition no other ally so potent and dangerous!"

He gave an extract from that distinguished Mason, J. R. Chandler:

"The good have sought to imitate our society to do good; the bad its secrecy to do evil; the persecuted have forged confraternal links which they hoped would be permanent; but all have been mistaken in the durability of their systems; for an unknown ingredient is wanting."

Other speeches were made during the even-

ing, among which was one from the old Governor, of a comic sort.

He said that many years ago, at his first setting out in political life, he was canvassing a dark anti-masonic district in Georgia, for the Legislature. Among others, he called upon a Squire Bird, an influential citizen in his precinct, and solicited his suffrage. The Squire declared he wouldn't vote for any Mason unless he would tell him some of the secrets! After much expostulation, the candidate at last consented on condition that the Squire would take a terrific oath, such as he would dictate, to keep the thing forever concealed in his own breast. Of course there was no objection to that. No persons are so willing to make engagements of this sort as those who are teasing you to break your own most solemn pledges; and the Squire readily consented and took the oath. Well the joking candidate then went on to say that one of the greatest secrets in Masonry is the mode of preparing candidates, which is done by tying a cord made of greased leather to their right toes, and thereby dragging them three times around the room!

Next morning the Governor departed to pursue his journey, but having occasion to come through the same section on his return home, he was amused to find that in spite of the terrific oath, and in spite of the faith with which Squire Bird had drank in the account of Masonic ceremonies,—he had told the whole to his wife! she had told it to *her* con-

fidential friend; and it had gone around the county as a veritable exposition of the mysteries of Freemasonry! This little incident, trifling as it might appear, had taught him, the Governor said, how little confidence could be placed in the discretion of that class of humanity."

It was low twelve before the convocation broke up. Many friendships were formed and sealed there which will defy death itself to sever. For, if there be permitted, within the precincts of the eternal world, any remembrance of happy scenes in this, such reminiscences as these will be transplanted to heaven to bloom in perpetual green. A liberal donation was made to the charity fund; amongst the rest the three hundred dollars which Bro. Hewlett had given towards the detection of Bernard Leigh, and which he now resolutely declared he would never receive back; a bank note from the old Governor, whose denomination is best represented by the Roman symbol "C"; and a collection of coins from the mass of brothers present, which, if the value of the gifts were stamped by the sentiments of the givers, would have been gold doubloons at the very least.

And then they parted. Daylight witnessed their own homes, no more to meet as a whole in any subordinate Lodge. But when the SUPREME GRAND LODGE is opened on high, and the eye of the SUPREME GRAND MASTER cast towards the entrance to see who will come in to approach the East, and claim, through the

merit of their Redeemer, a seat there, we may safely hope that many of those Masonic Brothers will meet again. So mote it be. So mote it be.

The influence of this Masonic Festival, following so closely upon the developments of Masonry in the discovery of the murderer of young Rainford, was happy beyond all expectation. It gave just such an impulse to the *outsiders* and just such a caution to the *insiders*, as was needed to sustain a proper balance between the two.

It was on the sixteenth of the succeeding January that the three Brothers Scribe met together at the house of the three Brothers Scribe met together at the house of Bartholomew to keep a holy fast, known among themselves as the Night of Grief. Punctually for thirty-six years those men had devoted the anniversary of the dreadful earthquake of 1812 to meditation, fasting and prayer, on account of the immense evils of their younger days.

Then they recalled to one another the acts of cruelty, seduction, and murder which they had committed. Then they challenged each other to point out any acts of retribution which might yet be made, which had not yet been made. Then they asked if their hearts had been sufficiently humble; if they had sufficiently displayed the results of the saving change which the spirit of grace had worked in them; and wherein a change could be suggested for the better, they pledged themselves each to the other to adopt it.

It was their practice to meet a little before sundown, and occupy several hours in this mutual examination. This being done they laid out their plans of benevolence for the coming year, and made a record of them. A fixed part of their income and such standing objects of charity, were the items of the record. These being agreed upon, a few hours of meditation brought their minds to a proper state for prayer. Then they knelt together, those three aged men, and, Timothy as the mouth-piece of the band, supplicated the forgiveness of God for their evil years, and his blessing for the short remainder of their pilgrimage. Daylight found them thus engaged, and then their Night of Grief was ended. But the influence of these meetings, thirty-six years continued, did not end so. Through the succeeding twelve-month there was a straight line drawn from which those men but little deviated. Along that straight line was a succession of self-sacrifices, of alms-givings, of instant prayer, of active efforts to teach Glory to God in the highest, on EARTH PEACE; good will towards men. All through that twelve-month there was a reference to the trial of the Night of Grief, and to the record which, with impartial justice and strictness each made of his own course, to be read when next they should meet in that solemn assembly.

It was only by this method that the contaminating influences of their evil youth could be worn off. Let none deride these lowly-minded men for these efforts, or scorn

them for their weakness. The true Mason is the poor in spirit, and *theirs* is the kingdom of heaven." The practice of Masonic virtues, while it strengthens the moral powers, tends to humble the heart; and none see their own defects so clearly as those who have labored longest and most faithfully to have those defects removed. Let none who read this tale say that these is no danger, and no permanent evil attaches to an evil youth. The seed then sown has embittered the whole life of these three Brothers—and until the sod is laid above their heads, they can never cease to mourn for the vices of their earlier days.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE UEN, THE SPRIG, AND THE OPEN BOOK.

CONTENTS OF CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.—The conclusion of the whole matter.

*The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked: but he blesseth the habitation of the just. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.*

Our drama must be wound up. This sketch of human life, as human life is exhibited in a few of its less-known phases, and in an undescribed region, has been sufficiently extended; and most inartistically have we exposed the *moral* of it before we came within sight of the *end*. All the secrets of our tale have somehow slipped from us; and here in the last chapter, where should legitimately be a key and a *dénouement* to the whole story, we have nothing to offer but what the reader knows already—nothing at all. Looking over our sheet of thoughts, we find that we have

dealt so liberally with the reader in the preceding chapters, as to leave nothing but mortar for this. The whole blunder reminds us of an error committed by some Brother Masons who are called upon to be Masters of Lodges. They make their first and second degrees so interesting and so important as to blunt the edge of the rest, and at the last, when the best work *should* be done, there is no vitality left. This is our fault; we candidly admit it; and now it will but little interest our patient readers, who have come along with us through our chapters, to be told that a Masonic Lodge was established in The Triangle before another twelve-month—for he has anticipated *that*; that Prof. Geisler remained in that part of the tertiary formation until it was accomplished—he has anticipated *that*; that Mrs. Yeast has lost her stupid husband before three months expired—(he fell into the fire while spooling her yarn for her one day, and burnt up his head and her reeling machine)—for he has anticipated *that*; and that Bob Scammony's grocery was dried up most effectually by the united influence of the Masonic, religious, and temperance movements around him—for he has anticipated *that*, also. There are a few details, however, which the reader does *not* know, thanks to our discretion: and with

them we will make as graceful an exit as we may.

The result of the various Masonic charities and kindnesses recorded in the last chapter, was to make Freemasonry fashionable in The Triangle. It was not long until the demand for a Lodge of their own became so pressing as to induce the Grand Master to issue a Dispensation appointing "Brother C. Tubal to be first Master; Brother Charles Scribe to be first Senior Warden; and Brother Bartholomew Scribe to be first Junior Warden," of Triangle Lodge, U. D. The brethren from Dimsby came over in large numbers to help constitute it, and it was in that apartment over Charles Scribe's store, which had been the scene of so many fraternal meetings already, that the sound of the gavel was first heard. Tony Bright and Dr. Stokes were made by dispensation at the first meeting, and they proved good rocks in the foundation of the new Lodge.

The Bible, cushion, curtains, aprons, and regalia, which had been procured fresh and new from New Orleans, were the gifts of Mrs. Rainford, whose restoration to her large property, and removal to the seat of government have also been anticipated by thereader.

The thick and handsome rag carpet

which covered the floor, and muffled all sounds of footsteps, was presented by Mrs. Yeast, whose hands had woven it for the purpose. (We may as well add here that this good lady is nominally house keeper for Charles Scribe, now; but in reality she employs most of her time in gathering sarsaparilla, and persuading people to drink it. Several have done so with considerable benefit—the majority decline.)

The first thing that Dr. Stokes did, after he was *raised*, was to put in the petitions (recommended by himself) of Drs. Pill and Grim, Botanics of the Thompsonian sort. Those who thought they knew the Doctor best, imagined he did this thing just to have a chance to black-ball them. But on the contrary, it was for the express purpose of giving them a brotherly greeting on the platform of Freemasonry! And the three doctors, who had been so at swords' points as not to speak to each other for months, got to be, as Mr. Dollahite emphatically said, "thick as thieves!" visiting each other's patients, and, most incredible of all, taking each other's pills. The consequences were, that Messrs. Pill and Grim mixed calomel with their black-root, Dr. Stokes combined lobelia with his ipecac, and as the patients were thereby puked and purged beyond all precedent, it is supposed that

everybody was satisfied. It is said that "The Eclectic System" of Medicine originated in this trifling occurrence!

As the craftsmen in ancient times associated themselves to erect churches and found chapels, which they made shrines of *art* as well as of *piety*, so with the young and zealous craftsmen of Triangle Lodge; their first labor in the new association was the erection of the neatest building ever known in that country. The daily view thereof set the people around to improving their own rude cabins, and it is wonderful how much better their log houses looked when whitewashed and furnished with glass windows and plank doors, than before.

The closing of Bob Scammony's grocery was the signal of departure for a large number of the citizens of The Triangle. They had staid in one place nearly two years already, a thing unprecedented for them, but their hegira was undoubtedly hastened by that untoward circumstance. They moved on, and on, and on—always further West; and wherever the Maine Law is not in force, you can always find them. By their fruits you will know them. They are cracked, metal-stained, and flawy blocks, every way unfit for the speculative Temple of Freemasonry.

Scammony himself found an eligible sit-

uation to unite himself in partnership with a Dutch pedlar, who had a place somewhere down the river; but he had scarcely got settled comfortably, and making a little money, before he took the chills, the Dutchman took the capital, and both have got them yet.

Dollahite has never been drunk since he saw that ghost. The fright operated as a genuine result of "spirit-rappings" to him. Yet he says that it wasn't so much the sight of the thing that *skeert* him, nor the way he keeled over that log when it made at him; it was that, "steader poppin' the thing's doddarn'd eye out with old Bughitter when it fust cum up. he shoulder gin back so like a doddarn'd puke, that he hadn't felt like a right smart somebody never sence!" We are happy to add he has now joined the church and quit swearing.

Hangdog, the constable, is not doing so well. Public opinion attributes the evil conduct of Bernard Leigh to his pusillanimous course on the day of the three murders. It matters nothing that the unhappy officer reiterates the plain fact that he was a hundred yards off when the quarrel took place, and that he tried his best to arrest the murderer after the shot was fired. The voters, stimulated by Bill Ellyfunt, who wants to be constable himself, can only under-



stand that *the law* requires its officers to do so and so, and says nothing about *can't*. Mr. Hangdog will assuredly be beaten next election; his only comfort is his conscience—and that's not much.

Reube Bowl has gone with his dogs to Florida, to teach them to hunt Indians. The "nigger business" got so poor in The Triangle, after Masonry began, it didn't pay at all; and Reube was compelled to do something with his dogs or go to work. The latter alternative was not to be thought of for an instant—hence his departure.

Old Juniper still keeps the ferry, aided by the fifteen young Junipers, who help him manage the boat. Many is the dime the old fellow gets for showing the place where Bernard Leigh, the murderer, sprung into the Bawbah; the snag on which his noble horse perished; and the large bones which lie bleached and crumbling on the sand-bar below; for an extra dime he will imitate the dying horse's scream. The ferry-boat is still on the other side of the river, as you will find if you ever approach it at either bank, and there is the impracticable cowhorn still dangling from that papaw bush, as if to deride your utmost efforts to blow it. Spare your lungs the trial.

The body of Bernard Leigh was never buried. His death, so inexpressibly shock-

ing, seemed, and still seems to the people of The Triangle, as a judgment sent from God. So, when they had dragged the putrid mass to the mouth of the cave, and the intrepid Naturalist had secured the important package of documents which lay within its garments, it was agreed, on all hands, to thrust it back into the vault, and close the mouth with large stones. And so they did; and every spring and autumn, as the serpent tribe leave or return to their ancient home, they crawl over his evil form to whose last dance their king serpent was master of ceremonies. And there let it lie. In his day of probation he preferred the Serpent to the Cross; now that the day of retribution has come, what injustice is there in giving the Serpent his own? And if any fair form shall shudder at the recital of such a death and such a burial, let the gentle one ask herself, if in the balance of justice the transgressor deserved any better?

But while the corpse of the young and evil one lies thus entombed, a very different burial was accorded to the remains of old Weehawba. He was found lying by the Sweet Peace-Spring, with those eyes that had looked their last upon his lost heritage, fixed in solemn stillness above. Beside him lay a large dog. No one knew

whence it came or whither it was going. It was of a strange form, and in manners singularly wild and unsocial. When the party that discovered his body came up, the animal howled piteously, seized the corpse by the arm and attempted to drag it off. Failing in this, and failing to terrify them by growling and showing fight, it darted away so swiftly as to convince some of the beholders that it was nothing substantial. They believe to this day, at least Dollahite does, that it was "a dog sperrit;" although Prof. Giesler recognized the breed at once by their description, as the half-dog, half-wolf, which is owned in such great numbers by our western tribes; and suggested that the creature had probably followed his Master's trail to the spot.

By the cordial assent of the proprietor of the land, a grave was dug in the top of the highest mound of the twelve, (ever since that period known as the Old Chief's Mound,) and there they laid Weehawba, wrapped in his blanket just as he died. Appropriate resting-place, old warrior! It is fit for thy bones to repose on the spot where thy first breath was drawn! Lie here, great soul, all undisturbed; the murmuring melody of the Sweet Peace-Spring still brooding around thee; and when, in the future, the white man shall make his

pilgrimage to a scene so famous in the annals of thy people, this grave-stone, with the single word "WEEHAWBA" engraved upon it, shall tell him where thou sleepest!

But why have we not spoken of Timothy Scribe in connexion with the establishment of the new Lodge? And how could such important changes occur in The Triangle without his aid?

Let us walk this evening, as Prof. Giesler is walking, towards the old grave-yard in the edge of the prairie—and there we shall find him! The sweet smile, the gentle voice are fixed and still, for the ripe old Mason is resting here. His last Night of Grief is ended. His joy came like David's, with the morning. Like a shock of corn fully ripe, he submitted to death's sickle, and the harvest of his virtues has been gathered for the Divine Husbandman above. The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!

His grave was dug according to his own recorded injunctions, by the side of her who had walked side by side with him in a pilgrimage of thirty years. They were lovely in their lives; in their deaths they are not divided. Over the spot is a slab containing nothing but his name and hers, and a mark which seems to the uninformed

eye only a five-pointed star. It was a favorite emblem with Timothy; and he used to say to those who understood such things, that it was recorded opposite his name in the books of the Mark Master's Lodge wherein he was *advanced*; and that he wished all the blocks which he should ever furnish towards building the Temple of Speculative Masonry, to be marked with that symbol. It is an emblem pregnant with all holy remembrances, with all heavenly aspirations; and 'tis no wonder the man of prayer loved it to the last.

Here, then, as by Timothy's grave we stand, the thoughtful Professor approaches us. He points out that the whole surroundings are beautified and made new. That the grave-yard is enclosed with a strong plank fence, its gate being peculiarly substantial and Mason-like. The resting place of the belle and philanthropist is covered with myrtles and roses; the fragmentary grave-stone replaced by a better one, and the whole made to honor one well worthy of our respect.

We see, indeed, that the dead multitude have all been remembered, not as things for the worm and forgetfulness, but for the last trumpet and the resurrection-day. Freemasonry has been true to her mission in this, that she has taken in charge these outcasts,

and is preserving them against the day when they will be wanted for a great and noble purpose.

The tear for friends departed,  
The lovely and true-hearted,  
Cast midst the rubbish of the silent grave—  
Is changed to smiles of pleasure,  
By trusting that our treasure  
A glorious resurrection-day shall have.

Freemasonry has placed her symbol over the gate of this necropolis. Her sign is suggestive of her declaration: "*I know that my Redeemer liveth!*" We will not dispute her claim, but with one more look and one more sigh at the grave of the Ripened Sheaf, we will say to one another that *at last* the erring, repentant, chastened spirit has found repose.

We have concluded our history of Life in The Triangle. At its commencement we laid two prominent objects before our mind, to-wit: to exhibit the influence of Masonry upon brethren isolated by distance from a Lodge; and to point out the effects of establishing the Masonic Order amongst such a population as that of The Triangle. We would not be understood to say that *all* Masons are like Brothers Scribe, Tubal, and Giesler; or that *all* Lodges exert such an influence as Triangle Lodge. Alas! we too well know that it is not so.

Subordinate to our principal scheme, we were anxious to point to our Masonic brethren what an auxiliary is Freemasonry to the Holy Spirit in reforming the character and changing the hearts of men. Yet we would not bring the vicious nor the criminal indiscriminately into the Masonic fold; neither would we admit *all reformed* criminals to companionship. A discrimination exceedingly nice and critical is necessary; one for which, alas! all minds are not competent. And herein have many great errors been committed, the results of which sting us here and there.

And now let us inquire what will make Triangle Lodge *permanently* prosperous and useful?

When, in the rapid flight of time, its present members fall away into the graves already yawning for us all (the spade is a permanent symbol on our trestle-board;) when the novelty of the subject wears off; when the fruits of mistakes, always to be anticipated in human affairs become visible to clog and embarrass Lodge action, what will enable the coming generation to resist them and sustain their organization as it is to-day?

These questions, oh, Brethren who are reading our concluding words, apply equally well to your Lodge and to ours!

Masonry is supported by three principal pillars: Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty.

If Triangle Lodge seeks to swell her numbers irrespective of mental and moral qualifications, Wisdom being absent in their labors, there will be no Beauty. Wisdom and Beauty being absent, there will be no strength, and Triangle Lodge will go down.

On the other hand, though the nicest discrimination be exercised in the selection of material for her mystic Temple, and the highest exercise of Wisdom displayed in the shaping of the blocks, if only *Brotherly Love* be absent, there will be no Temple built, and Triangle Lodge will go down.

Yes, though all the Wisdom and Strength in the universe were embraced within her membership; though the quarry of humanity were exhausted for its perfect blocks, those blocks can never be *cemented*, those walls can never be bound together without the *fraternal spirit* which makes genuine Freemasonry to be *an inimitable thing*—and Triangle Lodge will go down, as many another, once as promising, as zealous, as she is now, has gone down before her.

But if there be *love* in the Lodge! if that charity which never faileth, is not easily provoked and thinketh no evil be there,

though her number may be less than a score, though they may have to work as our ancient brethren did, with sword in the left hand, and trowel in the right, yet TRIANGLE LODGE WILL STAND! her work will bear the Master Overseer's scrutiny! her metal will remain intact when wood, hay, stubble shall be consumed; and her numbers will do good on earth as the light and as the salt!

*Lord of all wisdom and grace! grant that our brethren here and everywhere may be imbued with the spirit of true wisdom to recognize those who are adapted to the moral work of the Institution. Give us an emanation of Love Divine, that we may cherish the good of one another, so that those who are admitted through our guarded portals, may find themselves called upon to banish all selfishness, all uncharitableness, all jealousy from their hearts, and thus our Lodges be found the abodes of harmony and peace. May we be woven together as links in one indissoluble chain of brotherly love. May we put our trust in God, and find our trust to be well founded. May we rest all our hopes of eternal happiness in the Strong One of Israel, the Lion of the Tribe of Judah who shall prevail to raise our dead bodies from their graves. And in the morning of the*

*resurrection may we be found amongst those who shall be accepted as worthy of heavenly life. AMEN. SO MOTE IT BE.*

FINIS.



~~28~~ The following song was written to illustrate the touching incidents recorded in *Life in the Triangle*, chapter xi.:

### THE PEACE-SPRING OF THE SWEET WATERS.

Evening was fading round the sweet Peace-Spring.

Fast by the shadow-haunted dell,

And stillness, soft stillness, with her drooping wing,

Sweet waters, where ye fell.

The Spirit of the Spring that hour

Had smiled on all around;

And spells of peace were spells of power

To silence every sound.

Seasons roll, their beauties fade;

Nations in the dust are laid;

History's page with blood is wet;

But the Sweet Peace-Spring it floweth yet.

Darker the pall of solemn evening grew; [ture's art,

Hushed was the pulse of nature, hushed was na-

When slowly came hither one of swarthy hue—

A warrior, bowed in heart!

A father, but of offspring slain—

A chief, of tribes decayed—

Those aged hills, those forests green,

Had once his power obeyed.

Seasons roll, their beauties fade;

Nations in the dust are laid;

History's page with blood is wet:

But the Sweet Peace-Spring is flowing yet.

"Dreaming, a Spirit whispered in mine ear--

"Fount of the living water, fount for which I sigh--

"*Thy spirit*, I knew it, bade me journey here,

"Sweet waters, *here to die!*

"That Spirit bids me slumber now;

"I feel a solemn thrill--

"These aged limbs I gladly bow,

"Great Spirit, do thy will!"

Seasons roll, their beauties fade;

Nations in the dust are laid;

History's page with blood is wet;

But the Sweet Peace-Spring it floweth yet.

Morning the pall and solemn stillness broke: [burst]

Glad on their golden journey, glad the sunbeams

But never, oh never, from his slumber woke,

That warrior in the dust!

The red man's race is ended now;

'Tis found, the Haunted Shore!

And peace is mingled with thy flow,

Sweet waters, evermore!

Seasons roll, their beauties fade--

Nations in the dust are laid--

History's page with blood is wet;

But the Sweet Peace-Spring it floweth yet.