

Montrose Democrat

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1870. VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 9.

Business Cards.

CHARLES N. STODDARD.
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps. Leather and
Findings. Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Work made to order,
and repairing done neatly.
Montrose, Jan. 1, 1870.

LEWIS KNOLL.
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.
Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will
be found ready to attend all who may want visiting
in his line.
Montrose, Pa. Oct. 12, 1869.

P. REYNOLDS.
AUCTIONEER—Sells Real Estate, and Merchandise—also
attends at Vendues. All orders left at his house will
receive prompt attention.
Montrose, Pa. 1869-70.

O. M. HAWLEY.
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY,
Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Wall Paper, &c.
Fig. Paints, Oil, &c. No. 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109,
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Foot's Corner.

WORDS THAT BURN.
[The equestrian statue of Washington, in Richmond, has grouped about its base the names of other Virginians, illustrious in history as patriots and statesmen. The last of these—the statue of Chief Justice Marshall—was only raised to its place during the past summer, and the ceremony of its inauguration suggested the following sharp, stinging lines. We are ignorant of their authorship, but their merits are such that any author might be proud of them.]

The Bronze Statue of Chief Justice Marshall.
We are glad to see you, John Marshall, my boy,
So fresh from the chisel of Rogers;
Go take your stand on the monument there,
Along with the other old codgers.
With Washington, Jefferson, Henry and such,
Who sinned with a great transgression,
In their old-fashioned notions of Freedom and Right,
And their hatred of Wrong and Oppression.
You come rather late to your pedestal, John,
For some you ought to have been here;
For the volume you hold is no longer the law,
And this is no longer Virginia.
The old Marshall-law, you expounded of yore,
Is now not at all to the purpose,
And the martial law of the new Brigadier,
Is stronger than habas corpus.
So keep you the volume shut with care,
For the days of the law are over;
And it needs all your force to be holding it there,
With "J. E. R. K." inscribed on the cover.
Could life awaken the limb of bronze
And bid it in the burnished eye,
What would it do with your moment of life,
Ye men of the days gone by?

Would Jefferson tear up the scroll he holds
That time has proven a lie?
And Marshall shut the volume of law,
And lay it down with a sigh?
Would Mason roll up the Bill of Rights,
From a race unworthy to see it?
And Henry dash down the eloquent sword,
And clang it against the granite?
And Washington, seated in massy strength
On the charger that paws the air,
Could he see his sons in their deep disgrace,
Would he ride so proudly there?
He would get him down from his brass horse,
And cover his face at our shame.
For the land of his birth is now "District One,"
Virginia was once the name!

Miscellaneous.
OUT IN THE RAIN.
Sprinkle! rain! shower! right down
Mille Warren's tasteful little hat
And graceful shawl, unprotected save by
the rain-shawl, notwithstanding the beech-
leaf glaze of the pretties pair of hazel
eyes that ever looked up to a cloud that
way.
When Mille Warren came to a large white-farm
house, she very gladly, and rather hastily
—for just then there was a heavy peal of
thunder—opened the gate and went up
the flower-bordered path to the house and
knocked at the admission. No body an-
swered, and another peal of thunder
was heard, accompanied by a vivid flash
of lightning. Mille entered without cere-
mony. She took in at a glance the con-
tents of the room she came to—a large
square room, plainly but neatly furnis-
hed—the cane-seated chairs, the pretty ornate
cane-bottomed, back case filled with
books and the chest muslin; the violin in
the case in the corner, the vase of faded
flowers, and the ornaments on the mantel.
There was no one there, but she heard a
childish voice in the room, and again
knocked. A dark eyed girl of ten or
eleven years opened the door.
Mille explained why she was there.
With the ease and good manners of one
much older the child bade her welcome,
placed a chair near the stove and took
Mille's dripping hat and shawl.
"I was just beginning to get dinner,
that was the reason I didn't hear you
knock. It will be a long time before the
shower is over, and you must stay with
me to dinner. It will be ready by the
time you come; but that will not be for
an hour."
"Edna will be waddy when Ben comes,"
leaped and laughed a little girl of three-
years.
The older child, whose name was Hetty,
re-answered:
"I can't get a very good dinner, I ain't
quite enough, but Ben says I do n't
need it. He puts it on for me and I see to it
but he does not allow me to lift off ket-
tles for fear I will burn or scald myself;
but I think I am large enough to do that.
I like to have everything ready for him
when he comes in tired and hungry. I
can't make biscuit; I wish I could for
Ben likes them ever so much; but Mar-
tha, who comes in to make bread for us,
says she will teach me."
"Where is your mother?" asked Mille
of the little Edna when Hetty was out of
the room.
"We is got no mudder but Ben," the
little one replied.
When Hetty came back, Mille said:
"Now I have got nicely warmed and
my dress will dry as well at work as sit-
ting still, so I will help you to get dinner.
If you like, I will make some biscuit, and
we will have dinner ready in a very short
time."
Hetty was delighted. Ben would be
glad. Might she look on and learn how?
Mille was young, and frank, and gay,
and she and the children soon became
very well acquainted over the biscuit.
She said presently, trying a potato with a
fork—
"The potatoes are done. I will pour
the water off so, then put them on again
to dry. That will make them meaty. In
a few minutes we will peel them, and then
dinner will be ready except taking it up."
The dinner seemed very meagre to little
Hetty as she ran over the items in her
mind, potatoes, peas, pork, biscuits, but
red, cucumbers, milk, water. She had

wanted to make tea for her visitor, but she
declined decidedly. The poor child said,
apologetically:
"When father and mother were alive
we used to have a good many things for
dinner, and Martha, our hired girl, used
to get them all; but when they died, and
Squire Johns said he bought a mortgage
on our farm, and that we had to pay
every cent the day it was due or lose
everything, we had to do without a good
many things, and we are very poor now,
and Ben is afraid we can't have enough
to pay it, and they all say we may have
to go for no mercy from Squire Johns, for he
is a very hard man to the poor, and he is
always wanting our farm, because he
some of his own land here he wants to
build. I heard all about it when one of
the neighbors was talking to Ben, though
he didn't want me to know about it."
Mille had felted to this with a cer-
tain mixture of feeling for Squire Johns
was a declared lover of hers, and though
she had not yet accepted him, she had
been pleased with his attention, and had
certainly given him encouragement.
Moreover, he was to receive his final an-
swer in three days from that time, and
she was not sure the answer reserved and
lain away for the time was "no." True,
Mille was not in love with him, but she
had waited so long for that estate state
of feeling she had read and heard so much
about, she thought she was not capable of
love and that to like any one was as much
as she could expect. But she certainly
liked Squire Johns as well if not better
than any one, and his love must certainly
be disinterested, for he could not know
that—but now Mille stopped. "Could he
not? Might he not have found out in
some way? If this story were true, would
such a man be likely to marry a poor girl
for Mille Warren was really an heiress
in a small way. She was sole inheritor
of a small unincumbered farm from her
father, and five thousand dollars in bank
stock. Her father was two hundred
miles south of this town, where she visited
a cousin, and nobody knew it; and
during her visit she had helped her cousin
in her work as she had always helped
her mother when she was at home—capable,
industrious little girl that she was.
She would not have been so long in
knowing that she had a fortune, had she
heard hinted at, or next hinted at,
and even that the next morning was
smoothed over, for Squire Johns was a
rich and influential man, and the people
could not afford, without some reason,
to lose his favor. She remembered it all
now. Could he be really be such a scound-
rel?"

She could better judge of the truth of
the story when she had seen Ben. Who
was he? Two or three inquiries had
amounted to nothing. The children spoke
just as if everybody must know who Ben
was. What he was, cousin, hired man,
or what? Evidently somebody very old,
and the little girl spoke of him. Ben
the shaggy-eyed shaver as she looked
out at the still pouring rain.
Young Ben Hazewell, out in the field,
pitched up the last bay on the field,
and looked his pink cheek against a tree,
and looked his straw hat to cool his moist
forehead. The case followed the bay-cart,
went over the broad lands, and returned.
"The bay is all gone," he said, with a
long breath of relief. "I could not find
to lose even one load now; I don't
know that I can do it, but if I can sell
part of the load, I may. It will be a hard
pull though."
The young man followed the cart into
the barn. The team was at its height
when he went towards the house from
the back way. He stopped in surprise, as he
saw through an open window some one
standing at the table, with arms bare to
the elbow, mixing flour. It must be
Martha.

Now those fair white arms are not Mar-
tha's, neither are those eyes, graceful
figure. He came nearer he could dis-
tinguish the sparkling, rosy face. She
was laughing and talking with Hetty;
and evidently giving her the direction for
what she was making. Hetty was gazing
upon her, rapt and absorbed. Little Edna
was sitting at the table in her high chair,
working a piece of dough.
"What is the total value of the farm?"
"I rather valued it at ten thousand dollars."
"Are there other mortgages?"
"None."
"Very well. I am quite positive I know
some one who can buy you the money.
I am Mille Warren. Call on me to-mor-
row at my cousin's Mr. Sandford's."
Hetty's dreams were strangely mixed up
with that of mortgages and hazel eyes.
The next day was a long time of suspense
and anxiety, and early in the evening
found him at the Sandford's where he was
received by Mille herself.
The next morning accompanied by a
neighbor, he called on Squire Johns.
"He was at breakfast," the servant said.
An angry little shaver in Squire Johns
could give eye, when he heard who the
visitor was.
"How dare he come! I warrant, though,
the chap isn't quite so high and mighty
as he was the last time I saw him. I can
beat him this morning. I will hold out
hopes of mercy until he grovels and begs
for my pardon, grovels low as he laid me,
and then I will be revenged. To-morrow
this joyful farm, added to my other
property, and the possession of Mille
Warner's hand and fortune will make me
a rich and happy man. Indeed, I will
tantalyze him to his heart's content."
"You are early this morning, young
man. I conclude you have come to pay
the money," he said, ironically.
"That's my errand," said Ben coolly.
Squire Johns started back aghast and
thunderstruck.
"Do you mean to say you have raised
the money?"
"I do, and I have brought Mr. Foster
to prove that it is all right. There are
two thousand dollars. We have each
counted it. There is the interest. Now
I will take up the mortgage, Squire Johns.
Lay it with mortgages and hazel eyes,
Johns was compelled to yield the mort-
gage, and execute the usual release.
There was no trace to the violent pas-
sion to which the Squire gave free license,
when the next evening he drove up to
Sandford's. He looked happy and smiling.
There was a queer little smile on Mille
Warner's face as she saw him through the
closed blinds. It was a little ominous
that he was compelled to wait in the par-
lor alone, five, ten, fifteen minutes. Still
more ominous that she came in at last,
distant and unsmiling. Still he could
hardly believe he had heard what to his
suit she gave prompt and uncompromis-
ing "no." He urged; she was firm. He
threatened; she flashed out, brave and in-

ignant, something of what she knew
and felt, and spurred him and his suit
with scorn and loathing.
"Such a threat to a girl is worthy of
you! of a piece with your conduct to the
Hazelwells, she ended.
"To the Hazelwells. What do you know
about them? Perhaps you are the one
who loaned the money to them?"
"Yes, it was me. I went in there for
shelter from the storm. I heard it all;
every word."
The Squire returned curses low and
deep, but Mille did not stay to hear them.
She only saw him ride away, with that
sneer which little smile on her face.
Squire Johns rode a long distance out
of his way, six months later, to avoid a
wedding party just returning from
church—Ben Hazewell and Mille his
wife—which he came very near blunder-
ing upon.

THE HORRORS OF MASONRY.
If our readers, and especially those who
have ever been initiated into the myste-
ries of Masonry, wish to enjoy a good
laugh, let them read the following chap-
ter which we take the liberty to extract
from a very readable and amusing book,
entitled "WALKS ABOUT CHICAGO."
The noble, enterprising, and moral
Christians who met in convention in Chi-
cago, for the purpose of kicking off Ma-
sonry, have my profound sympathies.
Why I thus sympathize with their efforts,
I shall proceed to relate.
It was two years ago that this citizen
became possessed with the righteous idea
that Masonry is a blight, a wit, a blast.
After carefully examining the matter, he
felt himself called upon to undertake a
crusade against the afflicting organization.
After consulting with several of his friends
he concluded to join the order, get its
secrets, and then annihilate it by revealing
them.
Bidding a tearful farewell to his loving
wife, and clasping her in a fond, it might
be a last embrace, he started on his pil-
grimage.
Going boldly to a lodge room, he knock-
ed loudly at the door, and was bidden to
enter. He went in.
At that precise moment, the air was
rent, and the earth shaken by a terrific
burst of thunder. His knees smote to-
gether, as this menacing roar tore thro'
his ear; but he pressed forward, nerved by
a high sense of duty.
It was noon of the following day. The
single street of the little village was lined
with anxious faces. Every man, woman,
and child had turned out to discuss the
fate of him who had gone the night be-
fore to discover and reveal the secrets of
Masonry. His frenzied wife, clasping an
infant in either arm, tearing her dishevel-
ed hair with her hands, ran hither and
thither like a maniac, in search of her
loved and lost.
Since the time of his departure, he had
not been seen or heard of. It was believ-
ed that he had fallen a victim to the fury
of the conspirators whom he had un-
der-taken to expose.
Gradually the women, and the children
and the men gathered in front of the
gloomy pile which was believed to contain
the *penultima* in which met the dread Ma-
sonic order. With upturned faces, and
anxious hearts, they gazed at its closed
shutters, each of which seemed the reposi-
tory of some awful secret.
Suddenly the front doors opened, and
then, propelled by a tremendous kick,
there shot into the streets a horrid form!
It was that of the lost husband; but
oh! how changed! He was neither man
nor child, for upon his left foot was a
slipper; upon his right, a stocking;
around his neck, a noose with a dangling
cord!
He came down the steps at a head long
pace. His eyes were staring, and were
lighted with a glance of mortal terror. As
he reached the sidewalk he recovered
himself, and looked wildly around.
Thus he stood for five minutes, and
then a woman covered her face with her
apron, and the other women, a few min-
utes later, followed her example.
Then he gave a demoniac yell, and
charged through the crowd. Up the
street he tore like a maddened bull, yell-
ing at every jump as though panned
with a red hot iron.
The entire population started in pur-
suit. He kept on for three days, and then
rushed himself into the ground, and was
captured. He was found to be an idiot. He
asserted that his name was Solomon Abiff,
and he wanted an acquit sent in his
favor.
To date this victim of Masonic cruelty
wanders about, aimless and hopeless. He
often takes somebody else's wife and chil-
dren for his own. He is a melancholy wreck,
and his friends have determined, as a last
resort, to secure him a confinement to some
foreign nation.
Does not this affecting incident prove
the nefarious character of Masonry, be-
yond all dispute?
Some years ago I knew of a most fun-
nular being committed. A Mason was
arrested for the crime. He was not con-
victed.
It was proved that he was 500 miles
away at the time, and that the murdered
man was killed by somebody else. But
what of that? Who doubts that he
escaped because he was a Mason?
I knew another case which shows the
devilish disposition of Masons. A prom-
inent married man applied to a friend
whom he supposed to be a Mason, for his
degrees. The latter got together six oth-
ers, and organized a plan to receive the
applicant.
Lovely women were there, who mingled
with the descendants of men who killed
Morgan as freely as the young men's Chris-
tian Association. A woman is a mystery.
Her liking for Masonry can only be ex-
plained on the ground that it is compos-
ed exclusively of men. In loving Ma-
sonry, she is engaged in a sort of wholesale
business of the affections.

ter, slid down one soaped board, against
the grain, and was then brought up to be
examined.
Sworn on an authenticated copy of
Munchausen, to tell the truth, he was in-
terrogated by the G. R. J., who was the
village physician.
"Confess," said the latter, "all your
sins. If there be one crime on your con-
science, you must reveal it. On your
honor, on your solemn oath; have you
ever done aught to wrong the marital re-
lations of any citizen of this village?"
"Must I answer this question?" said
the shrinking candidate.
"You must, would you ever pass be-
neath the Royal Arch," solemnly respon-
ded Dr. R. "Answer, now, upon your
fearful oath."
"No one, then, except—except—in the
case of Dr. R." reluctantly confessed the
candidate.
Suddenly Dr. R. launched out his right
hand, and handed the candidate "one
on his smeller." Then the latter tore off
his handkerchief, and being game he respon-
ded with his left. Then the two cinched,
and fought all over the one table and the
two chairs; four times up and down
the soaped board, and in and out every
tub of water, for four hours and thirty
eight minutes. Both were licked so badly
that they had to be carried home on blan-
kets.
A suit for divorce followed, and Dr. R.
and Mrs. took separate lodgings.
This heart-rending occurrence exem-
plifies, further, the atrocious character of
Masonry. It is seen that Masonry is a
convenient garb in which men and Ma-
sonry may perpetrate inhumanities and
nameless crimes. I charge upon Ma-
sonry the breaking up of the happy family of
Dr. R., by separating him from a wife who
loved wisely, and two will.

As a further proof of the infamous
character of these Morgan killers, I will
expose some of their crimes which occur-
ed at Haas's Park, near the city of Chi-
cago.
St. John's day is observed by these peo-
ple who killed Morgan. Morgan is a man
who was killed in time to carry an elec-
tion. His initials are G. E. Good Enough
Morgan.
The men who killed Morgan had red
plumes in their hats, at Haas's Park,
which indicated their bloody character.
They also all had swords. They are the
same kind of swords with which G. E.
Morgan was slaughtered with. They also
carried several immense poles, which are
pointed at one end. These poles are em-
ployed for the purpose of marking spots
to be used for the graves of those whom
the order slaughters.
A good many of the men had engrav-
ings of skulls on their breasts. These are
accurate likenesses of the skulls of men
who have been murdered by the Masons.
When a Mason has killed three men he is
entitled to wear a likeness of his victims'
heads, and to take the degree known as
Goigolia.
This is the true explanation of these
skull badges. Of course the Masons do
not own it. They pretend that they wore
these skulls on account of the wet weather.
They said a flood might come up, and
thereby they wanted to be ready to skull
themselves to dry land.
Each of them had the number 32 among
his insignia. This is the number which
each of them is sworn to kill.
The Masonic performances at Haas's
Park were of a sinister character. How
many men and women were slaughtered
during the origin of the day, and buried
among the shadows, no man, unless a
member of the anti Masonic societies, will
ever know. One man not a Mason was
discovered among the crowd. An hour
later he was found prone on his back be-
hind a tent. He was dead, yes, dead
drunk.
Some of the ceremonies of the saturnal
were horrifying. One Druidical look-
ing Mason, with a long grey beard, and
lurid spectacles, read something from a
roll of manuscript. As he did so he was
surrounded by an auditory that occupied
itself with weird and fantastic ceremoni-
als. His words seemed to fill them with
a strange power. Unearthly sounds filled
the building, in which one could distin-
guish guttings like that of blood from
gashed throats, or the flow of champagne
from bottles. The air was filled with
whizzing pellets the size of corks. Bursts
of demoniac laughter tore through the
din. The further the speaker with the lurid
spectacles proceeded, the louder grew
the clamor.
It was a fine address—probably. It
was a ceremonial suit to be illustrative of
the condition of the Masons who built the
tower of Babel.
Some of the Masonic rites are peculiar.
As every thing about the craft has some
mathematical connection, the triangle,
the square, the pentagon, etc. were sym-
bolized. The circle was represented by
six small rings about the size of a silver
dollar. A Masonic candidate would take
these rings and attempt to throw them,
one at a time, over spikes driven in a
board. To take one of these degree casts
twenty five cents. If the candidate threw
one of the rings around one of the spikes,
he was adjudged worthy and well qual-
ified.
Another degree, which was conferred
upon a good many, was one in which the
candidate stood in rows, and poured an
amber colored fluid, with a creamy sur-
face, into their opened mouths. These
degrees cost five cents each. One man
took forty two of these during the after-
noon. He was the highest Mason
on the ground, except a thermometer.
There was a thermometer on the ground
that had reached the 85th degree.
Every one in a while would be heard
a loud exclamation. It came from some-
body who was being murdered. In sev-
eral cases of which I was a witness, these
fell victims of Masonic vengeance were
outsiders, who were disposed of by being
shot in the neck.
Lovely women were there, who mingled
with the descendants of men who killed
Morgan as freely as the young men's Chris-
tian Association. A woman is a mystery.
Her liking for Masonry can only be ex-
plained on the ground that it is compos-
ed exclusively of men. In loving Ma-
sonry, she is engaged in a sort of wholesale
business of the affections.

The sexton of the order is a man named
Berry. He has charge of the Berry-al ser-
vices. It has its Bailey, which will hold
more than any other institution of the
kind in existence.
And all this time the killing was going
on until the