

THE CONSTITUTIONALIST

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POETRY.

IS THERE AN UNBELIEVER?

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLIS.

Is there an unbeliever? One man who walks the earth And madly doubts that providence Watch'd o'er him at his birth!

In manhood's loftiest hour, In health, and strength, and pride, Oh! lead his steps through alleys green, Where rills 'mid cowslips glide:

Still gladly he'll deny, But see the unbeliever Sinking in death's decay; And hear the cry of penitence! He never learnt to pray.

The Constitutional

"BUT THIS I WILL AVOW, THAT I HAVE SCORN'D, AND STILL I SCORN, TO BIER MY SENSE OF WRONG."—Crosby.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

VOL. 7. HARPERS FERRY, VA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1830. NO. VI.

noble efforts, or of doing justice to their great and glorious deeds. The remembrance of Marathon and Thermopylae will ever strengthen the arms of those who defend the soil and liberty of their native land, who like *Miltiades*, go forth to battle for their country, their kindred, their homes, their all. Yet notwithstanding this rich and glorious legacy which Greece has left to the world, we find her history spotted o'er with crimes of the darkest dye; her statesmen, either banished from the land which their counsels had saved, or condemned to drink the fatal cup; and amid all the brightness of her national glory, we find her name and fame were the victims of the same ignominious and

burden of human sorrow. While hundreds and thousands crowded the Olympic course, struggling with all their energy for the chaplet of victory which would fade in a day, we see here and there, a solitary philosopher, in some retired garden, inculcating upon his few followers, the practice of virtue and benevolence. We find, on looking at their domestic policy, the spirit of the laws and measures of Government of one State resembling more the severity of military discipline, than the mild and gentle wisdom of civil policy, and the rules and regulations of another, rendering her citizens unjust and cruel, and encouraging that luxury, which struck at the heart of public morals and virtue, and undermined that power which had raised them to such an exalted height.

We behold one of her sons, who stands first among the conquerors of the world, with one foot upon the Indus and the other upon the Nile, weeping that there were no more nations to conquer, a prey to the keenest remorse and self condemnation for the many deeds of cruelty which had marked his victorious path. And he, the conqueror, conquered at last by revelry and midnight debauchery, passing away from the summit of earthly glory to the solitude of an early tomb. The heart sickens and turns away from the contemplation of such scenes as these, but it carries with it the solemn lesson of the vanity and misery of such ambition—an ambition which grasps at universal dominion, not over the hearts, but over the person and fortunes of men—which marks its

labeled provinces and drives its bloody chariot over the dying and the dead, which in its mad career for power, overlooks the thousands whom it hurries into the jaws of death. And the votaries of such ambition have their reward—"they sow the whirlwind and reap the bitterness of the storm." Looking down the stream of time, our eye rests upon the Roman, as he stands clad in the panoply of war, his polished armor glistening in the South sun, prepared to breast the storm of battle or to stand unmoved even before the Volcano's devouring fire. You hear him rejoicing that he is a Roman citizen; you find him carrying the terror of his name and the power of his arm, over the known world; and the Roman Eagle waving in triumph over the fields of Britain, as it waves over the sandy plains of Africa, or hangs out upon the battlements of Greece. You behold him carrying the treasures of earth back to his home on the Tyber, and there erecting a city which was the admiration and wonder of the world. You listen with deep attention to the eloquence of the Senate Chamber, and your heart is melted and your imagination fired by the muse of the Mantuan Bard. You hear the shouts of victory, and you press forward to behold the conqueror's return, and your heart sympathizes with the long line of captives chained to his triumphant car, and you mourn at the thought of their homes. You behold with wonder and gaze in astonishment at the lofty Coliseum, which seems to bid defiance to the ravages of time, but you mourn in spirit when you learn, that it was cemented by the tears and toil of the captive children of Israel. You enter with Rome's thousands into its mighty amphitheatre and hear the Numidian lion roaring for his prey.—You behold the fierce contest of the arena, and as the re-echoed shouts of thousands, proclaim the victor, your eye falls upon the dying gladiator: You see the stream of his life fast ebbing away;

And when we look at the domestic history of this wonderful people, we find but little to admire; we see but few pursuing the peaceful avocations of life: their chief aim seemed to be to educate their children for the din of war, and their highest happiness in its bloody career. Here and there we see a noble exception, but it is an exception in whose glorious light, we discern more clearly, the darkness and desolation around. We find the gates of the

Temple of "Janus" wide open, and the Roman legions marching with untired step, form the conquest of one kingdom to the overthrow and ruin of another. That happiness which is to be derived from the effort to add to the happiness of others, seems to have been unknown in their day, or if known, known only by some mighty spirit who was in advance of the age.—Those who sought their wealth by the power of the sword, and who knew that their only road to honor and distinction lay in their valor, would not be found pursuing slower, though surer and calmer paths to happiness. They would be found bringing that sword, which had carried them triumphantly through foreign conquest, into the bosoms of their fellow citizens, and the close of the history of this nation presents one long catalogue of crime and blood, without a parallel in the annals of the world. One military despot succeeding another, either by the power of the sword or by the corruption of the Senate, and each successor striving to surpass his predecessor in crime or bloodshed; the rights of a Roman citizen which had once been so highly valued, trampled on, and even the Imperial City herself, made the arena of the most sanguinary strife. It is one dark page without a single bright spot upon which the eye of the historian can rest with pleasure; the gentle angel of happiness seems to have taken his flight back to the Heavens, and left man to be directed by the tempest of his passions. The cries of slaughtered citizens and martyred Christians at length entered the ears of the "Lord of Sabaoth," and he swept this great empire with the besom of destruction. Innumerable savage hordes rushed down from the North upon the fertile plains of Italy, and swept away before them as well the crime and tyranny of Rome, as all her records of the arts and sciences: all were buried in one common ruin; and the dark night of ages, to which there seemed no morning settled over Europe.

In this brief survey of man's history, as it is delineated in the course of empire, up to the period of the overthrow of the Roman power, there is something wanting to satisfy the desires of the heart. Although we may admire the heroes of those times, and be struck with astonishment when we read of their daring exploits, yet there is nothing to elicit our affections.—If we behold any great effort made, it is made by multitudes for the gratification and ambition of some aspiring spirit, either to extend his power over man, or to erect some lofty column to perpetuate his name down to after generations. We find no combined effort to increase the happiness of the many, no associations for the purposes of benevolence.

At length the glorious day, began slowly to break thro' the black darkness which had enshrouded the kingdoms of earth. And like the dawn of the natural day, there was here and there, an outshining of light to tell that day was at hand. Men's minds were beginning to shake off the chains which had bound them for ages, and to strike out for themselves, new and untried paths to happiness. Their end and object seemed no longer the conquest of empire but that of the heart. The principle of doing good to others, appeared now to break forth in all its glorious light upon the world. The invention of paper and printing multiplied the record of Divine Truth, and the Heavenly injunction "cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days," found many ready to obey the command. And although the first efforts were made and partook of the character of the age which witnessed them and the infant stages of civilization, they were right in the motives and were acting upon a principle almost unknown to the ancients—Chivalry and knight errantry were the first offspring of this effort, and took their peculiar character from the feudal times in which they arose. The Crusades gave ample room to develop this Heaven born principle, and in their singular history, we meet many bright records of its practice. Man seemed to seek his happiness in doing good unto others, and although he erred and erred most widely, in the measures he took to confer this good, he was right in motive, and the principle was afoat upon the world, to be carried out as the advancing civilization of the nations might direct. It followed rapidly the tide of civilization, and in its progress gave rise to all the benevolent and charitable institutions, which have blessed our earth. It was soon discovered that the principle which governs and controls and makes powerful armies and nations, must be brought into action, in carrying into successful operation this heaven-born precept. That although man might do much alone, to increase the happiness of his race, he multiplied his power a hundred fold when he united with his fellow-men. It is a principle of common sense, of reason, and one acknowledged and acted on in all the departments of life. The principle that

in union there is power, a principle recognized by even some of the brute creation. And the wonder is, that it should ever have been opposed, and opposed by many even in this day, and in this period of the world's history, where her records show so many glorious results from its practical operations. A principle whose development is now uniting Christendom in one great effort to break down the barriers of barbarism and infidelity, and to extend the light of civilization and the Gospel to the Heathen world.

It is for this reason that we contend for the expediency, and sanctify the policy of forming and upholding friendly institutions, for the relief of the poor, and the lessening the pressure of poverty and want in declining age. And more especially do we, on the same ground, claim support and encouragement for this our liberal and benevolent order, which is founded on those salutary and lasting principles which commend it to all; claiming its superiority from the permanent nature of those laws upon which it is founded; from the extent and efficiency of its charitable operations; from the moral and religious tendency of its forms and textures; and from the greatness it ought continually to keep in view; the increased improvement and welfare of all its members. It rests upon the great principle that every man is bound to do something to advance the cause of human happiness; that the obligation rests upon every one to make some effort to stay the tide of human sorrow, and to lessen the burden of that misery, by which disease and vice have weighed down the sons of men. That, to live, unmindful of others, acting only for our own selfish gratification, and to die without ever having, in any manner, advanced the cause of benevolence and charity, is not to fulfil the purposes of our being, to turn traitor to our high destiny, and to quench in our bosoms the noblest emotions which our Creator has there implanted. Resting upon these great and universally acknowledged principles, and keeping constantly in view the welfare of its members, and their progress in every thing that adorns the human character, the constitution of the order and its regulations are admirably adapted to attain these glorious results. I speak here of the rules of the order for the relief of the poor, of its members, and for the regulation of its sick and orphan fund. Of its rites and ceremonies I would only say, they are innocuous in themselves, and neither add to, or take from, the beauty of the principles which the order inculcates, or the obligations of the moral lessons which are taught. Many of them are the cobwebs which age has thrown around the Dorick temple which could be swept away, and only reveal more clearly the symmetry of that edifice which has its foundation in the noblest feeling of man's heart, and towers with its lofty spires towards the skies—which belongs peculiarly to no country, or climate, or nation—but stands wherever there is a man, made in the likeness of his Creator, who has a heart to feel for the wrongs and sorrows of his fellow man. Let us look for a moment at the Constitution of a Lodge.

Before we cross its threshold, we have a lesson read us of human liberty and man's equality. The distinctions of earth are gone, the trappings of place and pride fall aside, and we enter the Lodge room feeling that we are brothers indeed, having one common destiny, bound to assist each other in our earthly course, and all receiving the same countenance and protection, whether we be clad in the beggar's rags, or clothed in all the splendor of a Coronation garment. We feel that here, indeed, there is no other distinction but that which may be gained by every brother, by a life of virtue, by the practice of charity, and by a pure and unspotted character. That here, the heraldry of earth and the possession of her treasure, can gain no exclusive honors. That the titles of the world are not known here, and her beaten tracks to fame are forgotten paths. We find, too, that the Lodge is organized upon republican principles; that all the officers are elected and its proceedings conducted by the voice and at the will of a majority of its members. And it is no marvel, then, that this and kindred institutions should not be permitted to exist in countries where liberty is not known, and where the subject holds his life and property at the will of a despot. If permitted to exist, they would teach a lesson of the rights of man and of the true end of all Governments, before whose influence the absolute monarchies of the world would be banished. We are in the Lodge room, and we are reminded by its beautiful emblems of the practice of virtue, of the omnipotence of the Deity, of our own sinful condition by nature, and of our need of an Almighty Saviour, of the temptations and trials of life, of the sorrows of earth, and of our dependence upon the sympathy and assistance of our brethren. We are encouraged to be true and faithful in the

practice of the principles of the Order, and we are taught that if we break through its moral precepts and violate its regulations, rebuke, and finally, expulsion may await us. And I know of no institution of man, and I am happy thus publicly to say it, better calculated to render its members good and useful citizens, and faithful in the performance of all their duties, in the various relations of life, than the one with which you are connected. Its precepts and regulations are admirably adapted to bring its members under the gentle sway of the kinder feelings of our nature, and to enable them more successfully to reject the siren song of pleasure and the evil propensities of their nature, than in poverty, it roots sickness of half its terrors to the poor man by the assurance that when disease may lay him on a bed of suffering, his little children will not be permitted to want for bread, but that he will receive that assistance which belongs to him as a right from the Lodge to which he may be attached—and when he may have paid the great debt of nature, and have left perchance, some little ones in the tender years of infancy uneducated, and therefore unprepared to act well their parts in life, they are still under the watchful eye of the Order and receive an education from the brethren of their father. And does not an institution whose organization and whose provisions for charity and benevolence are such, commend itself to the best wishes and support of every one?—In the Lodge we are free from many of the exciting subjects of the world—politics disturb not its harmony, and the malignant spirit of abolition which hyena-like prowls secretly about the country, to scatter the seeds of discord and ruin over the face of the land, pollutes not with its presence, the sanctity of the Lodge-room.—It is therefore free from all those vexed questions which sometimes make us a divided people, and which threaten to sever the glorious union of these States. And it is in this light that I love to contemplate it and to rejoice at the increase of the Order in every part of our country. It will prove another link in that chain which binds us together as one people, having the same glorious recollections, the same destiny and the same great interest that the Union should be preserved. This is a paramount consideration: and forever palsied should be the arm that would strike one star from our country's diadem or dim the brightness of her national glory. And I would charge you, my brothers, whatever may come in the future, whatever fanatics or designing demagogues may do to get up sectional prejudices or to alienate the feelings of this people from their government, what ever dark cloud may obscure our political horizon, stand by the "Star Spangled Banner," as the sheet anchor of your country's hopes—for if ever the day should come when that Banner shall be struck, and its stripes rent asunder by the hands that should have upheld it; then will the happiness and peace of this nation be gone, liberty will retire weeping from the field of her glory, and the American Eagle with drooping pinions and broken spirit, will wing his way to the distant mountains to be seen no more. The hopes of freedom would be quenched in the ruin and desolation which would surely succeed a separation of the States, and then sectional prejudices and conflicting interests would lead to long and bloody wars. It becomes our solemn and imperative duty, looking to an issue so awful as this, to cherish every institution which tends to unite us more closely in the bonds of a common interest, and to shew us more clearly that our fortunes, our happiness and our duty are one. Institutions which form a sort of neutral ground, where the North and the South can meet in harmony to learn there each others worth, and to practice that conciliation and spirit of forbearance upon which may hang the destinies of this great nation. It is therefore with an all pervading interest, apart from the noble objects which they have immediately in view, that I regard every benevolent Society of the day.

Scarce twenty years since, and the Order to which you belong, was not known in the United States. There came to our shores a brother from our father land, who brought with him the remembrance of the joys of the Order, and of the happiness to be derived from the practice of its principles. And although he found friends and fortune here in this land of plenty, although success here awaited him; yet his brethren whom he had left, "his heart, untrammelled, still returned." He longed to see that Institution established here, which had blessed hundreds and thousands in the land from whence he came—which had relieved the poor, educated the orphan, and carried the consolation of a brother's sympathy and assistance into the house of mourning. He commenced his labours; hope which like heaven's own sunbeam, smiles for all, smiled upon and

animated him, and the rapidity with which the Order has spread, has far outstripped the anticipations of its early friend, and is an earnest of the purity and beneficial operation of its principles. For it is a libel upon the sense and virtue of this enlightened people, that an Institution radically defective or morally wrong in principle, should not only be permitted to exist, but to spread with a rapidity unexampled in the history of similar Societies.

From the granite hills of New Hampshire to the sunny plains of the South, its charity is known, and it is daily ministering to the wants of its members. From the broad Atlantic to the green valleys of the mighty West. And it is hourly inculcating those principles of temperance in all things, without which there can be no earthly enjoyment; and in this respect, it is a powerful auxiliary to the great temperance reformation. For those who know the rules of this Society, know, that no one who is guilty of habitual intoxication, is permitted to remain a member of the Order. Every effort is first made, by advice, by private and public admonition, to save him from this living death—he is warned of all the ignominy that will surely await him if he thus yields himself a prey to the destroyer, and he is exhorted by every consideration that can be addressed to him as a man and a christian, to turn from that broad and beaten track which leads through sorrow and shame to the drunkard's grave. Those who know the misery and ruin that have sprung in this world from that grog-velling vice, that vice which robs man of his god-like reason and places him upon a level with the beasts of the field, should ever bear in grateful remembrance an institution which has done, and is doing, much to stay its ravages, and to save man from its polluting touch.

For the last one hundred years of the world's history, more desolation and ruin to families, more sorrow and misery have sprung from intemperance than any other single cause. It has not only robbed the poor man of that strength and vigor upon which depended the bread of his children, but it has successfully assaulted the citadel of the mind of the most gifted of the land. It has prostrated the most lofty genius, blasted the hopes and aspirations of youth, and forever covered in an early affectionate family. Who does not remember some young and noble spirit who started with him in the race of life, fresh and vigorous, with all the buoyant hopes of youth; and with bright anticipations of a glorious manhood. The busy scenes of the world have separated us for a short time, and we have parted, confident in the belief that our friend would attain distinction and renown. We have returned, and our eye rested not on him; and to an enquiry, there came the melancholy response, that intoxication had first paralyzed his mind, and then swept his body into an untimely grave. His name was added to the catalogue of those who had fallen victims to the destroying demon of intemperance. And, my brethren, all should rejoice that an Order like ours, which is so extended in its operations, is bringing all its moral government to bear against this vice, and has taken a noble stand against it;—and the private record of the Lodges of this country presents the history of many who have been saved, and who now stand redeemed and regenerated, free from the snares of this absorbing passion.

Permit me, before I close these few remarks, to allude to another regulation of the Order which should attract to it the affection and respect of all. I allude to its provisions for the education of the Orphan children of deceased members. If there be one subject dearer to the heart of a parent than all others, concerning the temporal welfare of his children, it is that they should be educated. None can expect to rise to honor or distinction in this country without education; wealth can be acquired but by few—education should be enjoyed by all. It is the passport to power; it unlocks the treasures of his mind and opens to its possessor the thoughts and sentiments of all ages and all time. It is of incalculable importance in a country whose government depends for its purity, upon the intelligence and virtue of its people. And when we know that in our changeable climate, the race of life is so short, and its tenure so precarious, how often man is stricken down in the prime of life and called upon to leave a young and helpless family, it imposes upon our minds the necessity of cherishing and supporting this regulation of our Order. Let it be a solemn obligation resting upon you, that no child of a departed brother, goes uneducated in this land of the free.

I have thus briefly, before the large audience which is here to-day to witness this celebration, unfolded the principles upon which our Order rests, and many of its leading regulations. I would fondly hope that I had enlisted for it their affection and respect. I feel confident that if it

feel pleasure, maintained by those of ambition, or seek of the world. Follow the precepts of your Order, Heaven, unseen by man; may you shed its blessing around the couch of poverty and at the bed of death—and may you be strict to observe the rules of your Order. Although our Institution has now attained much distinction and renown in our country, it has yet to contend with much opposition, and like all Societies, it has been too often "wounded in the house of its friends." Let then its reputation be dear to you; let your daily practice and life be the living example of its benevolent principles; and when any attack your Association, or doubt the correctness of its organization, point them to what your Lodge has done, and ask them "if a corrupt tree can bring forth good fruit." Set your mark on high; rise above the glittering toys and seducing pleasures of life; let your ambition be to add daily to the happiness of your fellow creatures—and enjoy, and the evening of your life tranquil and happy. Remember that noble spirit who spent a life of toil and privation in efforts such as this; who visited the prisons and Lazarettos of Europe "to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, sorrow and contempt;" to relieve the captive, to bind up the broken hearted, and to pour the joy of sympathy where no kindness had before been found. That man who gained for himself a name, more glorious than all the accumulated titles of earth—before whose brightness they all glow dim and valueless. I allude to John Howard, the Philanthropist. You live in a State consecrated by the deeds of our fathers; the eloquence of her sons first boldly proclaimed those principles of liberty which animated the armies who fought for freedom; and the plains of Yorktown witnessed the glorious consummation of that eventful struggle, when this Nation became a free and independent people. Sully not the soil in whose bosom rests the Father of his Country, and that illustrious band of Patriots whom Virginia sent forth in the hour of trial to fill the councils and the armies of the Revolution. As citizens of this great Republic, ever remember the high privileges you enjoy and the duty you owe your country, to guard the purity of her free institutions with a sleepless vigilance; and to transmit, unimpaired to your children, the rich legacy of freedom which your ancestors bought with their blood. And those whose infant days may have been passed in other land, ever remember with gratitude a country which has welcomed you to this Home of the Brave, which has afforded you the shelter of its laws, and the protection of its arms, and you into an equal participation of the rights of her sons. Remember, too, the lamented Freedman, that noble stranger who came from the great bank of his own dear and native land, who sought the helpless portion of all the sorrowing children of earth, those who had been shut out from the glorious light of day and were not permitted to look upon the beauties of our world to educate them; to open to the vision of their minds the treasures of their intellect, and to bring them out from the dark hiding places of misery to which their situation had driven them, to restore them to the intercourse and usefulness of life; who has erected for himself a monument in the affections of his pupils, more lasting than marble, for it will endure beyond bright Heavens to which his free spirit has winged its flight. May you all remember the obligations resting upon you to sustain your Government and the constituted authorities of our country, and to maintain the supremacy of the laws, under every crisis, at any cost. For without this, you would have an anarchy more to be dreaded than the most absolute despotism upon earth. Recollect, too, the great experiment which you are now trying for the benefit of all time—whether man be capable of self-government. Although the time allowed you to play a part in the great drama of life be short, although you may not hope to blunt the iron tooth of time or break his leaden sceptre, you can do much to give stability to those principles upon which our free institutions rest, and upon which depends the happiness of this nation. May you love your country, may you love your fellow man, may you go much to increase his happiness, may you be living examples of those benevolent principles which your Order inculcates;—and then, "when life's fitful fever is o'er," you shall sleep well.

another death of a young lady from a Saw Mill.—We learn from the Middleton (Vermont) Free Press, that on the 23rd inst. Miss Laura Calvin, of Weybridge, Lower Falls, in company with another young lady, went into the mill yard of T. Bailey's saw mill, where the logs are placed on an eminence for the purpose of rolling them on the carriage of the mill. The workmen were absent for a few moments, and the young ladies through sport took a lever and loosened the lower log for the purpose of seeing them roll down the declivity, when the whole mass from above came rushing down the slide. A large log caught the unfortunate Laura in its descent, rolling over her head and chest, literally crushing her to death in a frightful manner. The log was removed immediately, and the body taken away, but she breathed only once, so suddenly was she rolled to a final account.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HARPERS-FERRY, MAY 20, 1830.

Brothers: We the undersigned, members of Virginia Lodge No. 1, I. O. O. F., have been desirous to tender you the thanks of that Lodge for the very able and elegant Address delivered by you to them on the occasion of their late Anniversary Celebration, (18th inst.) and being assured that its publicity will advance the interests of our Institution, respectfully request a copy of the Address for publication.

JOHN F. PRICE, JEROME B. YOUNG, JOHN H. STAHL, E. H. CARRELL, ELIAS ARWIN, WM. H. HEWITT, JOSEPH MCKEE, Committee of Arrangement.

BALTIMORE, 23rd May, 1830.

GENTLEMEN: I received your very kind letter of yesterday, and feel much indebted to you for the very complimentary manner in which you speak of my effort at Harpers-Ferry, on the occasion of your late celebration. The only copy I had of the address, was given to Brother Smith, Editor of the paper published at Harpers-Ferry, at his request for publication. You can procure it from him. With my best wishes for the prosperity of your Lodge, and for your individual health and happiness, I remain Your friend and brother,

WILLIAM F. GILES.

To John F. Price, Jerome B. Young, John H. Stahl, E. H. Carrell, Elias Arwin, Wm. H. Hewitt and Joseph McKee, Committee of Arrangement.

ADDRESS.

Delivered before Virginia Lodge No. 1, of Independent Order of Odd Fellows, at Harpers-Ferry, Va., on the 18th of May, 1830.

BY WILLIAM F. GILES, Esq.

BROTHERS:

Called upon to address an order such as yours, from my knowledge of its principles I am naturally led to the subject of benevolence, and those efforts which man has made to extend the happiness of his fellow man—and the few minutes that I shall occupy your attention to-day will be devoted to a brief review of this subject, and to what has been done in reference to it.

Since sin commenced to roll its black tide over this ruined world, constant and unceasing have been man's longings after happiness; and the race which he has run to regain this lost treasure has varied with the age in which he lived or the country which witnessed his fruitless efforts. We find the inhabitant of Nubeh and Babylon, either pursuing with savage steps some conquest for sovereign power, or reclining beneath the shade of his costly gardens, planning future enterprises of blood. He knew no other road to happiness.—We behold the Persian at one period, leading his victorious armies to every part of Asia, and at another, retreating across the Hellespont, which he had so lately covered with his fleets and armies, overwhelmed with shame, ignominy and disgrace.—We see the inhabitant of Greece, more noble than they, passing even amid his struggles for empire, and his contests for dominion, to erect, for the admiration of all future time, those marble temples, the lasting monuments of his skill and genius, and to tell in heroic lay, of that liberty, which was won to be trampled beneath the iron tread of the Macedonian Conqueror. We find him far outstripping the rest of the world in his advance in the arts and sciences, and with a noble ambition, seeking distinction and glory by his eloquence in the popular assemblies of his land.—He had read and admired the works of the immortal Homer, and they had marked his path with light, kindling in his bosom the flames of patriotism and love. Sappho, Anacreon and Pindar, had also sung for him. The variegated strains had unfolded every form of genius, wandered through every field of fancy, culled sweetness from every flower and blossom of nature, and adapted their harmonious numbers to every tone of melody from the thunders of the warlike great to the sweet accents of the lyre. Great as were the achievements of Greece in architecture, (and that they were great and glorious, the ivy covered columns of the Parthenon, bear ample testimony,) in her eloquence and in her poetry, she far surpassed them all.—And the names of her orators, her statesmen and her poets will be remembered with respect, as long as there lives a single human being capable of appreciating their

He heard them but he heeded not, his eyes were with his heart and that was far away; He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize; But where his rude hut by the Danube lay, There were his young Barbarians, all at play, There was their Dacian mother; he their sire, Butchered, to make a Roman holiday."

And when we look at the domestic history of this wonderful people, we find but little to admire; we see but few pursuing the peaceful avocations of life: their chief aim seemed to be to educate their children for the din of war, and their highest happiness in its bloody career. Here and there we see a noble exception, but it is an exception in whose glorious light, we discern more clearly, the darkness and desolation around. We find the gates of the

Temple of "Janus" wide open, and the Roman legions marching with untired step, form the conquest of one kingdom to the overthrow and ruin of another. That happiness which is to be derived from the effort to add to the happiness of others, seems to have been unknown in their day, or if known, known only by some mighty spirit who was in advance of the age.—Those who sought their wealth by the power of the sword, and who knew that their only road to honor and distinction lay in their valor, would not be found pursuing slower, though surer and calmer paths to happiness. They would be found bringing that sword, which had carried them triumphantly through foreign conquest, into the bosoms of their fellow citizens, and the close of the history of this nation presents one long catalogue of crime and blood, without a parallel in the annals of the world. One military despot succeeding another, either by the power of the sword or by the corruption of the Senate, and each successor striving to surpass his predecessor in crime or bloodshed; the rights of a Roman citizen which had once been so highly valued, trampled on, and even the Imperial City herself, made the arena of the most sanguinary strife. It is one dark page without a single bright spot upon which the eye of the historian can rest with pleasure; the gentle angel of happiness seems to have taken his flight back to the Heavens, and left man to be directed by the tempest of his passions. The cries of slaughtered citizens and martyred Christians at length entered the ears of the "Lord of Sabaoth," and he swept this great empire with the besom of destruction. Innumerable savage hordes rushed down from the North upon the fertile plains of Italy, and swept away before them as well the crime and tyranny of Rome, as all her records of the arts and sciences: all were buried in one common ruin; and the dark night of ages, to which there seemed no morning settled over Europe.

Before we cross its threshold, we have a lesson read us of human liberty and man's equality. The distinctions of earth are gone, the trappings of place and pride fall aside, and we enter the Lodge room feeling that we are brothers indeed, having one common destiny, bound to assist each other in our earthly course, and all receiving the same countenance and protection, whether we be clad in the beggar's rags, or clothed in all the splendor of a Coronation garment. We feel that here, indeed, there is no other distinction but that which may be gained by every brother, by a life of virtue, by the practice of charity, and by a pure and unspotted character. That here, the heraldry of earth and the possession of her treasure, can gain no exclusive honors. That the titles of the world are not known here, and her beaten tracks to fame are forgotten paths. We find, too, that the Lodge is organized upon republican principles; that all the officers are elected and its proceedings conducted by the voice and at the will of a majority of its members. And it is no marvel, then, that this and kindred institutions should not be permitted to exist in countries where liberty is not known, and where the subject holds his life and property at the will of a despot. If permitted to exist, they would teach a lesson of the rights of man and of the true end of all Governments, before whose influence the absolute monarchies of the world would be banished. We are in the Lodge room, and we are reminded by its beautiful emblems of the practice of virtue, of the omnipotence of the Deity, of our own sinful condition by nature, and of our need of an Almighty Saviour, of the temptations and trials of life, of the sorrows of earth, and of our dependence upon the sympathy and assistance of our brethren. We are encouraged to be true and faithful in the

another death of a young lady from a Saw Mill.—We learn from the Middleton (Vermont) Free Press, that on the 23rd inst. Miss Laura Calvin, of Weybridge, Lower Falls, in company with another young lady, went into the mill yard of T. Bailey's saw mill, where the logs are placed on an eminence for the purpose of rolling them on the carriage of the mill. The workmen were absent for a few moments, and the young ladies through sport took a lever and loosened the lower log for the purpose of seeing them roll down the declivity, when the whole mass from above came rushing down the slide. A large log caught the unfortunate Laura in its descent, rolling over her head and chest, literally crushing her to death in a frightful manner. The log was removed immediately, and the body taken away, but she breathed only once, so suddenly was she rolled to a final account.





