

## The Spirit of Masonry.

A BALLAD.

When Sol with grave motion had plunged  
in the ocean,  
And Twilight hung over the border of  
day,  
A splendid reflection, with downward direc-  
tion,  
Stole softly the senses of mortals away.

My thoughts were suspended, as darkness de-  
scended,  
With night's ample canopy widely unfur-  
led,  
In solemn procession, the mists in succe-  
sion,  
Bade twilight in silence retire from the  
world.

I saw in sweet slumber, a beautiful crea-  
ture,  
Replete with electrical transporting glee;  
With rapture I trembled—I thought I re-  
sembled  
Some beautiful angel of humanity.

As far as I viewed him my fancy pursued  
him,  
His station was lofty, and noble his  
mind;  
He walked so discreetly, fulfilling comple-  
tely  
The precepts of nature which wisdom en-  
join ed.

My fancy, it caught him, home with me it  
brought him,  
And in my own bosom I bound it with  
care  
Nor would I unloose him, for in his soft  
bosom  
I saw the best image that mortal can  
wear.

I thought he said to me "In vain you pursue  
me,  
While on the swift wings of fair science I  
soar,  
But if you will hasten, become a Freema-  
son.  
No bond of sweet Friendship so lasting  
and strong.

There's one thing 'tis certain, is truly divert-  
ing,  
The keeping a secret of union so long,  
There's no combination so firm as Freema-  
son.  
No bond of sweet friendship so lasting  
and strong.

The world may keep gazing their senses  
amazing,  
And rack their invention to find out the  
plan;  
Yet we'll treat them with meanness and pity  
their weakness,  
And prove that a Mason's a virtuous man.

Old time may keep beating, his cycles in-  
creasing,  
And wear out his wings in a region of  
years;  
But Wisdom and Beauty shall teach us our  
duty  
'Till our Worshipful Master in glory ap-  
pears.

—Anonymous.

## The Mystic Mill.

OR,

WHERE JOSEPH A. RITNER GOT HIS VOTES

BY JEFFERSON.

Away up above Red Stone Old Fort,  
now called Brownsville, fifty years ago,  
there stood on the banks of the Red Stone  
creek, what was known as the Sharpless  
paper mill, a large establishment for the  
times, and one that wielded a wide influ-  
ence over the surrounding country, finan-  
cially and politically. It was at this  
mill that most of the paper was made for  
the presses of all that part of the Key-  
stone state, consequently nearly every  
publisher of a newspaper in the country  
was a debtor to the Sharpless paper mill.

The location of the establishment was  
in a deep and dark ravine, which made  
the channel of the old Red Stone creek,  
and always bore the appearance of an  
isolated and dreary locality. On the  
hillsides and near the mill stood a num-  
ber of tenements occupied by the employ-  
ees, while the better-off proprietors lived  
in one a little more spacious than the rest,  
but after all not much better.

The mill stood there without any very  
particular pretensions, and yet it was the  
center power of the land in newspaper  
influence, and in all general elections.

The overwhelming majorities of Gen-  
eral Jackson in the great campaign of  
1828 had silenced and totally discourag-

ed the Adams minority, so that but few  
had even a threadbare hope of any sort  
of a future political revival. The ava-  
lanche had swept everything before it,  
and the opposition wisely concluded that  
they must fight some one else besides  
Gen. Jackson if victory ever perched up-  
on their banners. Every German in the  
land was a Jackson man, and they al-  
ways made the majority. The political  
situation was wholly one sided, and the  
fortunes of the minority were utterly  
hopeless.

Not long after the dust and confusion  
of the election of Jackson had passed  
away, an old German by the name of Bal-  
singer visited the mill to chat away an  
hour and to learn what was going on in  
the world of politics. Balsinger was a  
strong friend of Sharpless, the proprietor  
of the mill, notwithstanding they had al-  
ways differed politically.

On the table of the office lay a pile of  
newspapers, just brought in by the mail,  
which was carried on horseback and de-  
livered once a week. This made Friday  
—the main day—of some greater note  
than any other day in the week, espe-  
cially among those who cared much about  
the news.

Sharpless had been looking over the  
papers and had just been reading a very  
succinct and minute account of the "hor-  
rible murder of William Morgan of New  
York State, by the Freemasons," and  
hunting up the paper he read it all over  
for the enlightenment of Balsinger who  
sat in stolid silence, listening to the  
bloody story with as much interest as if  
it had all been endorsed from the Broth-  
erhood.

When Sharpless had finished the ter-  
ribly told story, Balsinger drew a heavy  
sigh and said:

"Dat is bad business for de Mazons,  
Meister Sharpless, and dey vill have to  
buy pig monies for it before dey die, yit."

"Yes, Balsinger, I believe they will,  
myself," said Sharpless, as he folded up  
the paper again and laid it carefully  
away in his desk, with the purpose of  
reading it to others.

"Boor man, dat Morgan," exclaimed  
Balsinger, "to bo kilt dat way yust be-  
cause he would not keep dar vicked se-  
crets."

"It is horrible, horrible," responded  
Sharpless, "and every Mason in the coun-  
try ought to abandon the society at once.  
It ought not to exist an hour in a free  
country like this"

"Dat ish right," said the honest Ger-  
man, "dat ish jest vat should come of  
de society vat kilis and murders its own  
members, and all de beoples should bro-  
nounce the same sentence right away  
now."

"They will, they will, I have no doubt  
of it," chimed in Sharpless with deep  
feeling, for he hated the victorious party  
which had placed Jackson in power, and  
as drowning men catch at straws, he was  
willing, as were many others in the dire  
emergency, to ride any hobby-horse that  
would carry them to power.

This paper mill, obscure as its location  
was, became in a few years a powerful  
anti Masonic magazine. It made the pa-  
per for the journals of this kith through-  
out all Western Pennsylvania. The fires of  
fanaticism were soon kindled, east and  
west, an anti Masonic party was organiz-  
ed and Joseph A. Ritner of Washington  
county, was selected as their candidate  
for Governor of the State.

To rouse the people, and especially the  
Germans, whose votes ruled the elections,  
the Sharpless paper mill run a strong  
force and turned out paper by the thou-  
sand bundles, taking notes for the pay,  
and the whole State was flooded with the  
horrible hobgoblin stories of the wicked

murder of William Morgan—and there  
was only one of him after all—and yet  
the people grew so superstitious and be-  
came so excited that they looked upon  
the Lodge rooms of the Craft everywhere  
as dens of iniquity, hot beds of conspi-  
racy, where plots were continually going  
on to defeat the courts of justice, to over-  
ride the rights of the people and to de-  
stroy the liberties of the Government.

Men, women and children read the pa-  
pers, they read Morgan, and Bernard,  
and Allyn, and they hurried for Ritner,  
and cried "down with the Morgan-kill-  
ers," until the storm turned to a politi-  
cal hurricane and swept all before it.

During the contest they tried hard to  
find the body of Morgan, and at one time  
they thought they had succeeded, but a  
woman claimed the body which they had  
fished up from the bottom of the Niagara  
river as the body of her own husband,  
but they denied her testimony and said  
the body would at least answer for poor  
William Morgan until after the election.  
So it did, and thousands went to the polls  
and voted for Ritner, believing that the  
body had been found, and that the Ma-  
sonic murder had been fully proved.

When the news came on Friday to the  
old Sharpless paper mill that Joseph A.  
Ritner had been elected Governor of the  
State of Pennsylvania on the anti-Ma-  
sonic ticket, there was great joy in the  
camp of Israel. Sharpless was glad be-  
cause he knew he would get the cash for  
all the paper he had sold out on credit,  
and Balsinger was happy because he had  
been elected on the same ticket to the  
Legislature, and men, women and chil-  
dren were all exuberant because "their  
side had beat," and the ghost of William  
Morgan had been fully vindicated.

Twenty-five years after this wonderful  
campaign we passed through this far-  
amed battle ground, and we found that al-  
most every village had a Masonic Lodge  
in full tide of successful operation, and  
the best men of the country constituted  
the membership. With many of them  
the Morgan crusade was unremembered.  
They were too young to know anything  
of it, save by tradition. The dark cloud  
of ignorance and persecution had passed  
away and the light was shining from the  
East with its wonted splendor, while the  
men who rode the anti-Masonic hobby  
were nearly all in their graves.

It is thus with all men who fight the  
ancient Craft—they die, but Masonry  
still lives. Its life story is coeval with  
our race, as its work of charity can only  
end with time.—*Masonic Advocate.*

## Origin of "He has an Axe to Grind."

We owe more of our common sayings  
and pithy proverbs to Dr. Franklin than  
many of us think or know. We say of  
one who flatters or serves us for the sake  
of some secret, selfish gain or favor, "he  
has an axe to grind." In the doctor's  
"Memoirs" is the following story (much  
after the manner of the "whistle story")  
which explains the origin of the phrase:  
Franklin says: When I was a little  
boy, I remember, one cold winter morn-  
ing, I was accosted by a smiling man  
with an axe on his shoulder.

"My pretty boy," said he, "has your  
father a grindstone?"

"Yes sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow," said he  
"Will you let me grind my axe on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of "a fine  
little fellow," O, yes, sir," I answered;  
"it is down in the show."

"And will you, my man," said he pat-  
ting me on the head, "get me a little hot  
water?"

How could I refuse? I ran and soon  
brought a kettle full.

"How old are you and what's your  
name?" continued he without waiting  
for a reply. "I'm sure you're one of the  
finest lads I have ever seen. Will you  
turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery like a fool I  
went to work, and bitterly did I rue the  
day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and  
tugged till I was almost tired to death.  
The school bell rang, and I could not get  
away. My hands were blistered, and it  
was not half ground. At length, how-  
ever, the axe was sharpened, and the man  
turned to me with,—

"Now, you little rascal, you've played  
the truant; send to school or you'll get  
it."

Alas! thought I, it was hard enough  
to turn a grindstone this cold day, but  
now to be called a little rascal, was too  
much. It sunk deep in my mind and  
often have I thought of it since. When  
I see a merchant over polite to his custo-  
mers, begging them to take a little bran-  
dy, and throwing his goods on the coun-  
ter, thinks I, that man has an axe to  
grind.

When I see a man flattering the peo-  
ple, making great professions of attach-  
ment to liberty and prating loudly about  
economy, who is in private a tyrant, we-  
thinks, look out, good people, that fellow  
would see you turning a grindstone.

When I see a man hoisted into office  
by party spirit, without a single quali-  
fication to render him either respectable  
or useful, alas! methinks, deluded peo-  
ple, you are doomed for a season to turn  
the grindstone for a booby.

## DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY BY INSECTS.

—Prof. C. V. Riley asserts that in 1874  
the Southern States lost \$20,000,000 by  
the cotton worm in a single week; that in  
1871 \$30,000,000 worth of grain was  
ruined by the chinch bug; and that in  
1873, 1874 and 1875 the Rocky Moun-  
tain grass hopper destroyed food to the  
amount of \$50,000,000. Bringing in evi-  
dence the attention paid by the French  
Government to the study of the phyllox-  
era Prof. Riley states that they have  
offered a price of 300,000 francs for the  
discovery of a remedy, and are construct-  
ing a canal capable of irrigating 60,000  
acres of vine, believing that water will  
kill the phylloxera. The attention of  
our Government having been drawn to-  
ward these insect pests, Prof. Riley ad-  
vocates that a commission, extending over  
a period of five years, be empowered by  
Congress to study these subjects, as he de-  
clares that in less than that time it would  
be impossible to discover the origin or  
habit of many of the insects, or devise  
methods for their destruction.

GLASS HOUSES.—A very spunky  
young lady—not in Newberry—writes as  
follows, and as the cap does not fit any  
one in this editorial department, we have  
no objection to give her animated views  
to the reader:

"Those editors who are decrying the  
'pull-back' skirt, and seeking to bring  
ridicule on the fair sex, would do well to  
look at home and mend their own foolish-  
ness. They should stop coloring their  
whiskers padding their shoulders, wear-  
ing box toed shoes, and eating cloves for  
the—toothache (?). Let them 'pull  
back' on some of their shortcomings first,  
before they read the ladies' fearful lec-  
tures on what is evidently a good one."—  
*Newberry Herald.*

The New Masonic Temple, at Indian-  
apolis, Indiana, was opened on March  
29th, ult., to the public, for the first time,  
the occasion being a Grand Concert, pre-  
faced by an opening address from Hon.  
J. W. Gordon.