

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 be 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.