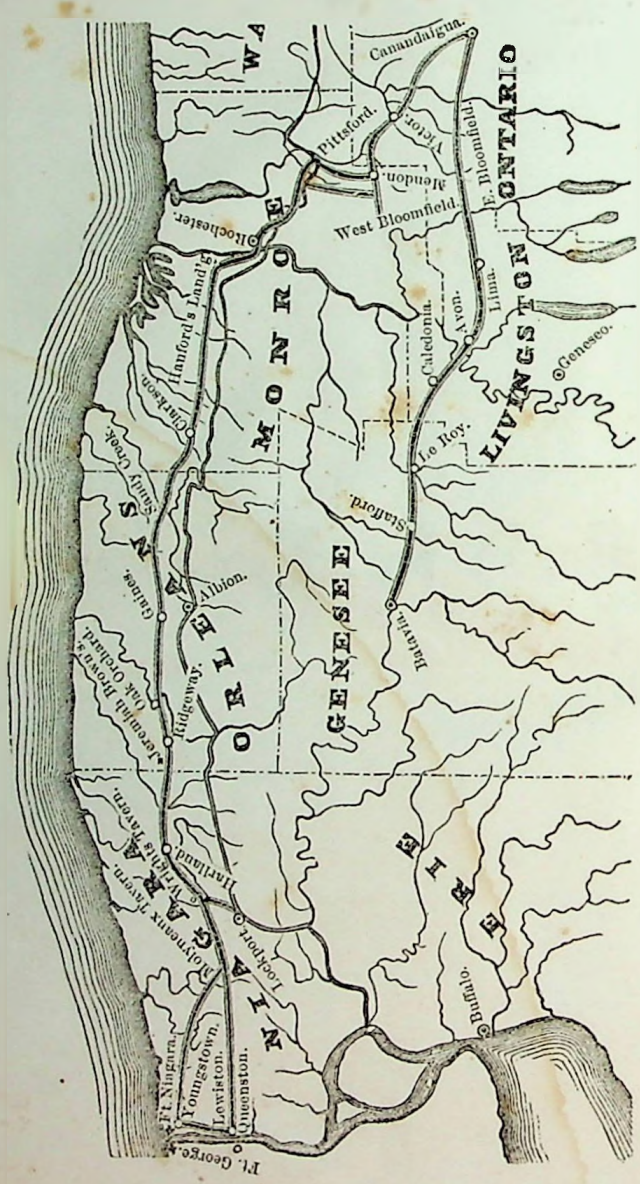


Books for Freemasons.



THE MASONIC MARTYR.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF

ELI BRUCE,

SHERIFF OF NIAGARA COUNTY, NEW YORK,

WHO, FOR HIS
ATTACHMENT TO THE PRINCIPLES OF
MASONRY, AND HIS FIDELITY TO HIS TRUST, WAS IMPRISONED
TWENTY-EIGHT MONTHS IN THE
CANANDAIGUA JAIL.

By ROB MORRIS, LL.D.,

MASONIC AUTHOR AND LECTURER.

" Mine enemies are lively and they are strong ; and they that hate me
wrongfully are multiplied."—PSALM xxxviii : 19.



LOUISVILLE, KY:
MORRIS & MONSARRAT,
PUBLISHERS OF MASONIC LITERATURE.

1861.

THE MASSACHUSETTS

THE BIOGRAPHY OF

BILL BRUCE

REVISED BY WILLIAM GUNN, NEW YORK

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY MORRIS & MONSARRAT, 100 NASSAU ST. 1860.

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MORRIS & MONSARRAT
100 NASSAU ST. N.Y.

TO

THE VETERANS

Who still linger round the Temple Walls,
Devoted to its Interests, Jealous of its Honor, Landmarks of its
Exchangeableness and Truth,

This Volume,

of the

Hard Trials and Sufferings of one of their Cotemporaries,

is

FRATERNALLY DEDICATED.

THE VERMONT

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VERMONT ...

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P R E F A C E .

THE idea of compiling a biography of Mr. ELI BRUCE was confirmed upon me about eight years since, while reading the official accounts of his trial. The implacable course pursued toward him by Mr. Spencer and other leaders of the antimasonic faction; the refusal of Governor Enos T. Throop to shorten his term of imprisonment, although it was proved that his life was in peril; and the million insults heaped upon his head by the entire press and party of antimasonry, awakened an intense indignation, which took this direction. It appeared to me that the victim of political malice ought not to pass out of the memory of the present generation without at least one fraternal attempt to vindicate his honor and innocence, even though it should be at the expense of men living and dead who occasioned or profited by his sufferings. The present prosperity of the Masonic institution is chiefly due to the constancy of a few men (among whom Mr. Bruce deserves special mention and undying honor) who bore their injuries in silence, and patiently awaited the day of justice. That day has come to others, but not to Mr. Bruce. The man who entered the Canandaigua jail, May 20, 1829, dejected,

but not dismayed; poor, but strong hearted; healthy and robust, came forth, September 15, 1831, feeble and worn, and prepared to fall an early victim of the terrible epidemic of the coming year. And now twenty-eight years having elapsed since his body was deposited in the old burying-ground at Lockport, I think it is time his story was told.

In the preparation of this volume I have had many advantages in the way of oral testimony, and of documents printed and in manuscript. By the family of the deceased, resident at Centralia, Illinois, (his aged widow, a son and two daughters,) I have been favored with three volumes of his jail journals, and various private letters and papers written during his imprisonment. From his brother, Dr. Silas Bruce, of Boston, Mass., and his nephew, Rev. A. W. Bruce, late of Fitchburg, Mass., I have received whatever traditional matter remains relative to his youth and early manhood, and which is necessary to form a correct judgment upon his after conduct.

My own researches through Western New York have brought to light large amounts of intelligence of one sort and another; but the investigations of Mr. Elisha D. Cooke, who, at my instance, spent several months in that section, in the winter and spring of 1859, were still more successful. His accumulations of information upon the subject of the Morgan excitement in general, and the affair of Bruce in particular, were very extensive, and leave but little wanting to the demands of history.

It is proper here to mention the names of the following gentlemen who have contributed most largely to this stock: Rev. Salem Town, Aurora, N. Y.; N. G. Chesebro, Canandaigua, N. Y.; John L. Lewis, jr., Penn Yan, N. Y.; Jerome Steele, Lockport, N. Y.; John Whitney, Chicago, Ill.;

Ebenezer Mix and D. Seever, Batavia, N. Y.; Finlay M. King, Port Byron, N. Y.; John S. Weed, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Sylvester Gilbert, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Peter P. Murphy, Royalton, N. Y.; John O. Cole, Troy, N. Y.; Jeremiah Brown, Jeddo, N. Y.; Robert Macoy, N. Y. City; John W. Simons, N. Y. City; Mordecai Myers, Schenectady, N. Y.; James M. Austin, N. Y. City; Sidney Haden, Athens, Pa.; the late Giles F. Yates, N. Y. City; Philip C. Tucker, Vergennes, Vt.; James Herring, N. Y. City; James S. Reeves, McConnellsville, O.; Joseph Covell, Jay Bridge, Me.; George W. Chase, Haverhill, Mass.; Abelard Reynolds, Rochester, N. Y.; P. H. Taylor, Ionia, Mich.; General P. Whitney, Niagara, N. Y.; the late Robert P. Dunlap, of Me.; and William C. Barker, of R. I.

The cheerful assent of the surviving relatives of Mr. Bruce to the publication of this work, may be inferred from their readiness to furnish so much material otherwise inaccessible. Their express permission, however, is recorded in the following letter, dated October 4, 1858:

"We, the daughters of ELI BRUCE, do grant you full permission to be the biographer of our father. We give you the use of his Diary and all other works in our possession that you may desire, reposing the utmost confidence in your ability and judgment to do full justice to the memory of one so sorely tried, and so precious to us—*our father.*"

The anxiety of these estimable ladies that his memory should be vindicated from the least stain, is evinced in the following words:

"We charge you to give to the world a truthful delineation of our father's character. He united himself with the Masonic Society from the purest motives. He was both noted

and honorable before his Masonic troubles gave his name such notoriety. He suffered much and remained true to the principles of that Society until his death. Now let that Society testify to his integrity."

Most sincerely do I hope that the great labor expended upon this volume, the motives which have supported me under that labor, and the earnest prayers to the Divine Throne which go forth with each page, will, in some degree, relieve that anxiety, and that the sacred debt so long due the memory of ELI BRUCE will no longer be withheld.

ROB MORRIS.

LA GRANGE, KY., August, 1860.

ELI BRUCE,

THE MASONIC MARTYR.

CHAPTER I.

THE INTRODUCTION OF FREEMASONRY INTO AMERICA, AND ITS CONDITION IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1626.

THE institution of Freemasonry is more ancient than any other in the world. In some form or other, it has existed in every nation possessing any trace of civilization or religious worship, for many thousand years. Among the American aborigines, there are abundant evidences of a partial system of Freemasonry (secret affiliation for mutual profit and religious culture) from the earliest times. But this is not the enlarged idea of the Masonic institution as understood at the present day. In the latter sense, it was first regularly introduced from England into America, in 1733. On the thirtieth of April of that year, a Letter of Authorization was issued by the Grand Lodge of England to Mr. Henry Price, and others, at Boston, Massachu-

setts, in New England, to form and open a *Provincial Grand Lodge of New England*, and, by virtue thereof, to establish subordinate lodges throughout New England.* This authority was first employed July 30th of the same year, in the opening of the Provincial Grand Lodge and establishing the first subordinate lodge at Boston.

The year following, the authority granted to Mr. Price, as Provincial Grand Master of New England, was enlarged to embrace *all North America*. By virtue of this extended rule, a charter was granted by him, in 1734, to Benjamin Franklin and others, to open a lodge at Philadelphia, in the province of Pennsylvania. Lodges were instituted the year following at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and Charleston, South Carolina; and from that period the institution steadily enlarged its operations, following closely upon the heels of civilization, until there was no town or village unenlightened by the operation of a lodge.

Governed essentially by the same regulations wherever established; avoiding the exciting political and religious questions of the day; alike in war as in peace; kind, benevolent, and humane; binding in one common tie a Wolfe and a Montcalm, a Washington and an Andre, a Jackson and a Clay, a Tompkins and a Clinton; a tie indissoluble in amity; and, put-

* See *Morris's History of Freemasonry in Kentucky*, and *Freemason's Almanac*, 1860, from which the historical facts in this chapter are mostly taken.

ting into requisition every agency of benevolence and good fellowship, the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons took possession of the New World as at the same time it was spreading over the Old.

The first Masonic publication in America was issued by Benjamin Franklin in 1734. This was a reprint of the Constitutions of the Craft, published in England ten years previously. Since that period, the American press has abounded in works illustrating the history, philosophy, jurisprudence, and belles-lettres of Freemasonry.

So great an extension of lodges soon called for the establishment of governing assemblies in the different provinces. In 1754, a Provincial Grand Lodge was instituted in South Carolina; in 1764, in Pennsylvania; in 1771, in North Carolina; and in 1781, in New York. These five (viz., Massachusetts, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, and New York) are the only bodies of this class in the American colonies whose records have been preserved, although it is known that Provincial Grand Masters were appointed in New Jersey, Virginia, and other colonies; and it can scarcely be doubted that they exercised the authority granted to them.

In 1777, the first *Grand Lodge* in America, properly so called, was established according to the inherent right of Masons, in the State of Massachusetts. The lodges that united in this movement were those that had been previously under the government of Joseph Warren, Provincial Grand Master, slain at Bunker Hill. This inherent right was exercised, in

due order, by Virginia, 1778; Maryland, 1781; Pennsylvania, 1786; Georgia, 1786; New Jersey, 1786; New York, 1787; South Carolina, 1787; North Carolina, 1787; New Hampshire, 1789; Connecticut, 1789; Rhode Island, 1791; Vermont, 1794. This completed the series of Grand Lodges in the thirteen original States of the American confederacy.

A new series was commenced, and Masonry received increased vitality in the establishment of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky in 1800. Delaware followed in 1806; Ohio, 1809; District Columbia, 1811; Louisiana, 1812; Tennessee, 1813; Indiana, 1818; Mississippi, 1818; Maine, 1820; Alabama, 1821; Missouri, 1821; Illinois, 1823; and Michigan, 1826. Thus the aggregate of twenty-six Grand Lodges in the American States was formed at the period at which the antimasonic warfare commenced.

There are now (1860) eleven Grand Lodges additional to these, viz.: Florida, established in 1830; Texas, 1838; Arkansas, 1838; Wisconsin, 1843; Iowa, 1844; California, 1850; Oregon, 1851; Minnesota, 1853; Kansas, 1856; Nebraska, 1857; and Washington Territory, 1858. These govern an aggregate of 4650 lodges, having 200,000 members nearly.

The number of lodges and Masons acknowledging allegiance to the twenty-six Grand Lodges of 1826, can not, in the present condition of Masonic statistics, be given with accuracy. They may be com-

puted approximatively, however, at 2,500 lodges and 100,000 Masons.

The State of New York alone had more than 500 lodges, and 20,000 Masons. In no country, indeed, was the institution more worthily represented than in New York, the scene of the warfare about to be commenced. The Governor of the State, DeWitt Clinton, eminent for every qualification that goes to the making up of the patriot and statesman, had been its Grand Master from 1806 to 1819, and was succeeded in that high position by the late Vice-President, Daniel R. Tompkins, and others of fame and repute.

The *élite* of the State in wealth, science, politics, and trade, were, in 1826, conspicuous among its members. Joseph Enos was Grand Master in 1822; Martin Hoffman, 1823 to 1825; Elisha W. King, 1826; Hon. S. Van Rensselaer, 1827 to 1829; Hon. Morgan Lewis, 1830 to his death in 1843. Elias Hicks was Grand Secretary from 1817 to his resignation, Dec. 6, 1826, and was succeeded by Oliver M. Lownds. James Herring was elected in 1829, and served until 1846. Richard Hatfield was Deputy Grand Master, 1825 to 1827, and was succeeded by Mordecai Myers, who served until 1834.

Ministers, merchants, lawyers, farmers, met to pursue the mystic labors in the Masonic halls. Twice a year, upon the 24th of June and 27th of December, its processions marched solemnly through the streets of every town and village, displaying a strength of numbers and influence that no affiliated society had ever

before wielded; and from the lips of eloquent men its principles and history were given forth in Orations that charmed every hearer. Marble tablets in every graveyard spoke in expressive silence the Masonic merits of deceased Brothers, and by the universal voice of symbolical figures declared the perpetuity of the institution.

The fundamental laws which regulated this great fraternity were contained in their Book of Constitutions, first published in England in 1723:

“That no atheist or irreligious libertine can become a Mason; that the religion of Freemasonry is goodness and truth; that Masons are peaceable subjects to the civil powers wherever they reside or work, avoiding all plots and conspiracies against the peace and welfare of the nation, and cheerfully submitting to inferior magistrates; that every Mason ought to be a member of a lodge and submit to its rules and regulations; that the members of lodges are good men and true, free born, of mature and discreet age, no bondmen, no women, no immoral or scandalous men, but of good report; that official preferment is based upon real worth and personal merit only; that Apprentices should only be made as fast as the real wants of the institution demand, and must have no maim or personal defect, and must be born of honest parents; that Wardens must be at least Fellow Crafts, and they only can be elected Masters; that Masters only can be elected Grand Masters; that the Grand Master may have a Deputy; that the officers of the Grand and Subordinate Lodge must be obeyed with humility, reverence, love, and alacrity; that national Sabbaths and holidays must be observed, and all other time given to labor; that

overseers must be selected with reference to their expertness; and that all ill language and discourtesy between Masons are forbidden. These, with many appropriate rules of decorum, regulating the conduct of Masons in relation to their families and neighbors, to strangers, and to the brotherhood at large, constitute the entire Code of Masonic Law."

Such was the condition of the Masonic Institution, especially in the State of New York, in the year 1826, a year ever memorable as the beginning of events that threatened for a considerable period the very existence of this ancient and honorable system in America. The history of this period has never been adequately written, and our brief sketch of it in this volume is but to show how far Mr. Eli Bruce was connected with it, and to explain the cause of his severe sufferings in its behalf.*

Suffice to say that the abduction of William Morgan, which has rendered the year 1826 chronologically infamous, grew out of an exaggerated alarm on the part of certain members of the Masonic fraternity in Western New York, lest the essential secrets of the Institution, which had been preserved intact for three thousand years, should be exposed to the public gaze, as threatened by Morgan and a few other reckless adventurers in and about Batavia. This led them into the commission of a series of blunders,

* A distinct work upon the Antimasonic Warfare, 1826 to 1836, has long been in course of preparation, and may be expected to be issued from the press within a twelvemonth of the date of the present volume.

not to say errors, that produced all the sad results to Masonry which make the story of "the Antimasonic Warfare," and which brought grief to many hearts.

An abstract of these events is given in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THE ABDUCTION OF WILLIAM MORGAN.

OUR sketch of the person and character of William Morgan is derived mainly from the reminiscences of Hon. Ebenezer Mix, of Batavia, New York, a veteran Mason of much and deserved repute, and one who followed, with critical eye, the progress of the events in question. William Morgan, it is said, was born in Culpepper county, in the State of Virginia, about the year 1776. He was trained to the business of a stone-mason, which occupation he followed at intervals in a sluggish way until 1826. During the last war with Great Britain, he was connected with the piratical band of Lafitte; in which service he united with Jackson's army at New Orleans, and, with the rest of his ruffianly compradors, rendered good service against the enemy. His only military title, if any he had, grew out of his connection with the company of free rovers, the roll of Jackson's forces being innocent of his name.

After the war, he engaged in a small mercantile business at Richmond, Virginia, where, October 7, 1819, he married the daughter of a Methodist clergy-

man named Pendleton, then in her sixteenth year. The marriage not being agreeable to Mr. Pendleton, Morgan removed, in 1821, to the town of York, afterward Toronto, in Canada, and engaged with another person in the business of brewing. This proving unsuccessful, he shifted his labors to Western New York, the scene of the drama in which he was to bear the part of Judas Iscariot. Here his character was, in all respects, infamous. At Rochester, working at his old profession for a Mr. Warren, he wormed himself so deeply into that gentleman's confidence as to persuade him that he (Morgan) was a freemason, and succeeded in entering the lodge at Rochester in that capacity. No evidence has ever been adduced to show that Morgan acquired, in a lawful manner, more than one degree—the Royal Arch; and we are constrained to believe that, as to the rest, he was a base impostor. But, emboldened by his success at Rochester, he claimed, at LeRoy, to have acquired the six regular degrees up to, and including that of *Most Excellent Master*, and was allowed, in the Chapter there, with a most reprehensible laxity, to receive the Royal Arch at their hands.

During the year 1823, he removed to Batavia, where he resided at intervals until his abduction. Here he engaged the then Grand Lecturer, Mr. Blanchard Powers, resident at Batavia, to give him a course of Masonic instruction; by which means he was enabled to pass himself, without difficulty, as a Mason, and, in that capacity, to play whatever character might seem most profitable to a mercenary dis-

position. The room in which these lectures were taught was adjacent to the printing office of Mr. David Cade Miller, a printer of little standing, who had received the degree of Entered Apprentice, many years before, at Albany, New York. Miller had been unsuccessful in life, lived hard, made but little money, and, "being thoroughly tired," as he said, "of such a dog-trot life, was resolved either to end it soon, or raise himself to riches and renown." These were his own declarations. The acquaintance between these two men, formed by their accidental vicinage, soon ripened into friendship. There was congeniality of temper, habits, and views, to unite them.

The partner of David C. Miller was John Davids, and, at the outset of the undertaking to be presently specified, the following form of oath was subscribed to by them:

"We, and each of us, do hereby most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, upon the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, that we will never divulge, during our natural lives, communicate, or make known to any person or persons in the known world, our knowledge, or any part thereof, respecting William Morgan's intention (communicated to us) to publish a book on the subject of Freemasonry, neither by writing, marking, or insinuations, or any way devisable by man. Sworn and subscribed this thirteenth day of March, 1826.

"(Signed) JOHN DAVIDS," and others.*

* By a stretch of delicacy, the other signatures were reserved, by our informants, from publication.

At this time, William Morgan was about fifty years of age. There is no likeness of him extant, but it is remembered that he was five feet six inches in height, square in build, with a darkish complexion, and, when closely viewed, a fiendish eye. He had little depth of thought, was buoyant in spirits, in character versatile, and extremely illiterate. He cared little for the acquisition of property, save as a means of temporary enjoyment. He was much addicted to drink, and, when intoxicated, very brutal and ferocious—taking his wife, who was small and feeble in person, by the hair, and dashing her furiously about the apartment, breaking his furniture, and committing many other outrageous acts. Although quite unlearned, he was loud in bar-room debates, and passed, in the lower sort of grog-shops, as an oracle. With the classes of men who throng the stove-rooms of taverns on winter nights, he might well be esteemed a paragon of learning, having seen much of the world, and being, on common matters, somewhat informed; but, by a discriminating observer, his true mark would readily appear—an egotist and ignoramus. His family consisted of his wife and two children, who, through his idleness and improvident habits, were often brought to extreme want, and became the subjects of common charity, and especially of the never-failing beneficence of the Masonic Craft.

As early as the month of March, 1826, and perhaps earlier, negotiations commenced between these two characters (Morgan and Miller) for a specula-

tion at the expense of Freemasonry. A most exaggerated idea had taken possession of them as relates to the existing demand for expositions of Masonic secrets. Fourteen years before, (1812,) a work by the title of "The Antichristian and Social Conspiracy, an extract from the French of Abbé Baruel: to which is prefixed Jachin and Boaz, or an Authentic Key to the door of Freemasonry, Ancient and Modern," (8vo., pp. 438,) was published at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, by Joseph Ehrenfried, printer, which professed to give all the mysteries of the Craft, so far as blue-lodge Masonry was concerned. But this being a large and costly book, it had not sold freely, having, in fact, fallen well-nigh still-born from the press, and entailed heavy losses upon the publisher. Neither had the mysteries so boldly exposed in it met with general acceptance. The brethren positively declared they were *not* the secrets of Masonry; while non-Masons, struck with their puerility and insignificance, were in doubt, and inclined to suspect the publisher of having drawn upon his imagination instead of rehearsing the work and lectures of Masonic lodges. The failure of "Jachin and Boaz" might be attributed, then, by Morgan and Miller, to two causes: *first*, its expensiveness; and *second*, its want of reliability. Yet, a new work, more modern in the character of its contents, agreeing outwardly with the Monitors then in general use, and published at a low price, (twenty-five or fifty cents per copy,) would it not sell? would not everybody, both in and out of the lodge,

purchase it? Such were the questions mooted between that unprincipled pair of speculators, as they debated, through many a midnight hour, in the printing office of Miller, until their conclusions became irresistible. Immense fortunes loomed up in the not extreme distance. The sums of fifty thousand, one hundred thousand, one quarter million of dollars, were successively proposed and accepted between themselves as the not unreasonable profits that would accrue to them from the undertaking. The betrayal of the Masonic institution was coolly proposed by two men; one of whom had entered one step within its portals, the other had climbed ver the walls; and the price thereof was deliberately weighed and ascertained.

On the 5th of August, John Davids and David C. Miller, of Batavia, and Russel Dyer, of Rochester, executed to Morgan a bond in the penal sum of *five hundred thousand dollars*, conditioned for the payment of one fourth part of the sum which should be received on the sale of the proposed book. Nothing better shows the exaggerated expectations of the trio than this engagement.

The conspiracy could not long be concealed. Neither of these secret-breakers was a prudent man, and both of them were addicted to drink. In his maudlin, the weaker man, Morgan, soon began to drop intimations of the mighty treason in which he had embarked. Duns, for money due, a class of men with whom he was very familiar, were put off with mysterious hints, that soon their claims should

be liquidated by the proceeds of a great *spec* in which he was engaged. The fraternal counsels from the brotherhood against the course of blasphemy, intemperance, cruelty, and improvidence he was pursuing, were met by surly references to a plot—a mine that would soon be sprung under their feet. The rumor went abroad through the county of Genesee, and those adjacent, that Miller was preparing to publish a book, written by Morgan, in which all the secrets of Freemasonry would, finally and forever, be brought to light.


The indignation of the Fraternity was not unreasonable, although, in its depth and extent, it was far greater than the occasion required. That such men should conspire against such a cause; that Morgan, whose children were fed almost daily by the bread of Masonic charity, should propose to sell his benefactors for a price; that two men, insignificant in their social relations, exempt from the debtors' prison only by the courtesy of their creditors, should plot the downfall of their neighbors; that unlettered ignorance and presumption should attempt to write down a society, of which religion and morality were the foundations, and science the fabric,—it was too much for human patience. The older members exclaimed loudly against such presumption and ingratitude; the younger rashly threatened unlawful pains and penalties upon the men who had engaged in the undertaking. It is sad to reflect that some influential counselor could not be found to show how such attempts at exposition had been made, from


time to time, by unprincipled men, during the century preceding, and how totally all of them had failed when submitted to the cool and honest judgment of the world. The following imprudent notice was published as an advertisement in the *Ontario Messenger*, at Canandaigua, August 9, 1826:

“NOTICE AND CAUTION.

“If a man calling himself William Morgan should intrude himself on the community, they should be on their guard, particularly *the Masonic Fraternity*.

“Morgan was in this village in May last, and his conduct while here and elsewhere calls forth this notice. Any information in relation to *Morgan* can be obtained by calling at the Masonic Hall in this village. *Brethren* and *companions* are particularly requested to observe, mark, and govern themselves according.

“ Morgan is considered a swindler and a dangerous man.

“ There are people in this village who would be happy to see this Capt. Morgan.

“CANANDAIGUA, August 9th, 1826.”

This notice was copied into two of the newspapers published at Batavia, where Morgan then resided, and, as may be supposed, excited much attention and comment among all classes of readers. The threats previously made were reiterated, and hints thrown out of a dark and murderous character, all of which tended to the disadvantage of the Masonic cause when the time of trial came.

A few days subsequently to this notice, a third

partner, one David Johns, was admitted into the company by Miller and Morgan, for the sake of the capital he professed to possess. It is thought, however, that the amount he was to contribute to the publication was never paid in, as a quarrel upon this head soon occurred, which threatened to put an end to the whole enterprise. That there was a general want of confidence existing among the whole may be inferred from the following letter, written just before the new partnership was formed, and directed to Davids & Miller:

“August 7th, 1826.

“GENTLEMEN:—My note of this morning has not been answered. Further evasion and equivocation I will not submit to. Acknowledge you are not gentlemen, or I will expose you in twelve hours, unless you do as you have agreed to do. I am not a child—if you suppose I am you are mistaken. I am a man, and will not suffer myself to be imposed on; you have not acted as gentlemen. I am sorry to be compelled to say it. Every part of your conduct has been mysterious, and why so? My first impressions were that you were not honest men; therefore I wish to settle and have no more to do with you. If either of you feel hurt, call on me as gentlemen, and I will give you any satisfaction you wish.

“(Signed)

WILLIAM MORGAN.”

At this time, and since the 25th of July preceding, Morgan had been confined within the jail limits of Batavia at the suit of Mr. Nathan Follett. Previous to this period he had been sued in the Supreme Court for a considerable sum due to parties in

Rochester, and Messrs. Nahum Loring and Orange Allen had been accepted as his bail. His debts were numerous and pressing, and his only hopes of release were based now upon the nefarious job in hand.

Through the month of August, Morgan boarded with his family at Mr. Stewart's, and spent his sober hours at the house of Mr. John Davids, the partner of Miller, in the suburbs, where with David Johns he occupied himself in revising the sheets already prepared for publication. Here he was arrested by a constable from Pembroke, on Saturday, the 19th of August, and taken with his papers to jail. This was upon an execution sued out by Mr. Thames McCully. Bail was procured, and he was released on Monday morning the 21st of August, and remained within the limits until Sunday, September 10th, following.

On that day, Mr. N. G. Chesebro, of Canandaigua,* obtained a warrant against Morgan upon the charge of stealing a shirt and cravat in the month of May preceding, from a hotel-keeper there, Mr. Ebonezer C. Kingsly. This was the accusation alluded to in the public notice of August 9th, already cited. The warrant was directed to Mr. Chesebro, as coroner of the county of Ontario, and delivered by him to Hollaway Hayward, a constable of Canandaigua, who took with him six others from Canandaigua, (including Mr. Chesebro,) viz.: Henry Howard, Harris Seymour, Moses Roberts, James Day, and Joseph Scofield, and proceeded the same day to Batavia.

* See Map.

On the road they were joined by Mr. Nowlen, John Butterfield, and E. G. Smith. On the next morning, (the 11th,) Morgan was arrested under the writ, which had been indorsed by a magistrate at LeRoy, in Genesee county, and conveyed on that day to Canandaigua, where he was conducted before a magistrate and discharged. The charge of larceny not being sustained, a claim for debt, however, was instantly sworn out against him by Mr. Chesebro, as assignee of Aaron Ackley, a hotel-keeper at Canandaigua, and he was conducted to jail about ten o'clock that evening under the writ.

On the next evening, about eight o'clock, September 12th, Mr. Loton Lawson, a citizen of Canandaigua, called at the jail, and had an interview with Morgan. Mr. Lawson proposed to Mrs. Hall, the jailor's wife, (the jailor being temporarily absent,) to pay the small amount (two dollars and costs) for which Morgan was confined, and release him. The woman at first refused, having heard that Morgan was a dangerous fellow; but upon the assurance of Mr. Edward Sawyer and Mr. N. G. Chesebro, both citizens of Canandaigua and gentlemen of excellent standing, she consented. The amount was paid and Morgan left the jail in company with Mr. Lawson, joined at the door by a man who has never since been perfectly identified.*

No sooner, however, had the party reached the

* He was called Foster at the time. Mr. John Sheldon of Canandaigua was punished in his stead, but doubtless wrongfully.

street, than Morgan began to struggle with his companions, and being held by them, to cry "Murder." Half drunk, free from the debt for which he had been imprisoned, regardless of all pledges made to those who had released him, his first thought was to escape. He was, however, constrained by the two to go a few steps in an easterly direction, by which time his scruples were removed, and he entered without opposition a coach which had been brought up for the purpose, and was driven off in a north-westerly direction, toward Rochester.*

The subsequent movements of the party are clearly given in the evidence judicially taken of the coach driver and others: Hiram Hubbard, keeper of livery stable in Canandaigua, was engaged by Mr. Chauncy E. Coc, on the 12th of September, to take a party to Rochester. He selected a two-horse carriage and acted in person as driver. He started about nine o'clock P. M.; took in five persons a short distance east of the jail, turned round and drove toward Rochester. He heard no unusual noise, and observed no opposition from any of the party upon entering the coach. Six miles from Canandaigua, at Brace's, he stopped to water his horses, again at Victor, and then at Mendon and Pittsford.†

He arrived at Rochester about daylight, and after remaining a few minutes, went on by request to Hanford's, three miles north of the town, where his services ended, and he turned back after discharging

* See Map.

† Ibid.

the party near a piece of woods a short distance beyond the house. He testifies that he heard no unusual noise, and observed no opposition or desire to escape or appearance of alarm upon the part of any one, either upon entering or leaving the coach, or during the journey.

A carriage from Rochester took up the party at Hanford's and proceeded west. By nine A. M. they had reached Clarkson, (fifteen miles,) and the horses were changed two and a half miles further west, at Mr. Allen's house. By noon they had reached the village of Gaines, and proceeding a mile further west to the house of Mr. Elisha Mather, the horses were again changed. Mr. Mather now took the reins and drove to Morehouse's Tavern. At Ridgeway, Murdock's Tavern, Mr. Jeremiah Brown put his own horses to the carriage and drove on. About sundown the party had reached Wright's Tavern, three and a half miles north of Lockport, where they were joined by Mr. Eli Bruce, who accompanied them the rest of the way. By nine P. M. they had arrived at Molyneux's Tavern, six miles from Wright's, Mr. Brown still acting as driver.

Corydon Fox, a resident of Lewiston, lived with James L. Barton as a stage driver. On the 13th of September, about ten P. M., he was ordered by Mr. Barton to go to Youngstown with a hack. Mr. Eli Bruce got upon the box with him, and they drove to a back street, where they found a carriage without any horses attached to it. Several persons were standing near it, one or two more got out of it, and, with

Mr. Bruce, got into his hack. He then drove to Col. King's house at Youngstown, about six miles distant. He witnessed no coercion as applied to any of his passengers. Arrived at Col. King's, Mr. Bruce got out and went into the hall, where Mr. Bruce and Col. King conversed together. While they were doing so he heard some one in the carriage ask in a whining tone for some water, to which Mr. Bruce answered that he should have some in a moment. Col. King and Mr. Bruce got into the hack, and he drove the party to the graveyard, a short mile from King's, and half a mile from Fort Niagara, where, by Mr. Bruce's directions, he stopped. Four men got out and went toward the fort. By Mr. Bruce's orders he then returned to Lewiston, and arrived before daylight. The next day he saw Mr. Bruce at Lewiston. He observed nothing unusual in the manner of any of the party getting in or out of his hack, or during the journey.

On the night of September 13th, as detailed, the party arrived at Lewiston, on the Niagara river, and the same night to Youngstown, to the mouth of the river. From thence they went without delay to Fort Niagara, about a mile below the town, and to the ferry, kept at the time by Mr. Edward Giddins. The party crossed the river in the ferry-boat, remained a short time, and returned before daylight. Morgan was then accompanied to the magazine of the fort, and detained there under lock and key for some two or three days; and here closes all authentic information concerning him. His fate is shrouded

in impenetrable mystery, nor until the judgment day will it be more than conjectured what became of him.

Our own surmise, which, after a careful perusal of all the testimony, and much questioning of the remaining actors in the abduction who still survive, may perhaps be as good as any other, is that Morgan was abundantly supplied with money by those who had expended so much, and run such risks to separate him from Miller and his confederates, and that he was assisted to pass into Canada, the scene of his former adventures, where, among a rough and lawless border population, he met the end likely to befall a drunken, boasting fellow, whose pockets were sufficiently well lined to render him a desirable prey.

Certainly, there is no evidence that he was murdered by the Freemasons. The facts that they took him openly from the jail at Canandaigua, that they left a broad trail behind them, for more than one hundred and fifteen miles through a thickly settled country, and, that so many were admitted into the secret of the abduction, forbid such a supposition; the character of all the actors from Mr. N. G. Chesebro, the earliest, to Col. William King, the latest, forbid it even more strongly. That the abduction was a consummate piece of folly, from first to last, it is easy at this period to affirm; but, those who affirm it the most loudly, had they felt the provocations the brethren of Western New York experienced, might have committed the same error. In our private notes of Masonic History since 1846, we find more than

one "Morgan case," which was only prevented from coming to a head by the prudence of a few, who remembered the dark days of Eli Bruce and Col. King, and taught discretion to the more rash and indignant.

CHAPTER III.

THE ANTIMASONIC PARTY.

OUR sketch of the rise and progress of the antimasonic movement must necessarily be brief. It originated unquestionably in the best feelings of human nature, but was almost immediately seized upon and appropriated by the evil and designing, who, pushing aside the honest men first moving in it, changed the purpose first avowed—*the defense of humanity*, into a *general attack upon Masonry*, and the political elevation of its opponents. Thus it was that the rescue of Morgan and the punishment of his abductors were, in a few months, lost in a purely political movement, in which such men as Solomon Southwick, and others, came conspicuously to the surface.

September 12th, about four P. M., the day of Morgan's abduction, Mrs. Morgan left Batavia, in company with Nathan Follet and George Ketchum, on her way to Canandaigua, to make inquiries respecting her husband. She arrived at about noon the next day. She took with her the Masonic Exposition Morgan had prepared, and delivered the papers over

to Mr. Ketchum. At Canandaigua, ascertaining the departure of her husband the day before, she returned to Batavia. Here her distress of mind and unprotected situation called forth the kindly offices of many. An agent was sent to Canandaigua on her behalf, September 22d, who procured the attestation of Mrs. Hall, the jailer's wife, and various others, to the circumstances of Morgan's release and departure from the jail, as we have described them. Upon this, a public meeting was called at Batavia, September 25th, and another, more numerous attended, October 4th following, and a notice was issued "To the Public," as follows :

"On the 11th day of September, William Morgan, native of Virginia, who had, for about three years past, resided in this village, was, under pretext of a justice's warrant, hurried from his home and family, and carried to Canandaigua. The same night he was examined on a charge of petit larceny, and discharged by the justice. One of the persons who took him away immediately obtained a warrant against him in a civil suit for an alleged debt of two dollars, on which he was committed to the jail of Ontario county. On the night of the 12th of September, he was released by a person pretending to be his friend, but, directly in front of the jail, notwithstanding his cries of *murder*, he was gagged, and secured, and put into a carriage, and, after traveling all night, he was left (as the driver of the carriage says) at Hanford's Landing, about sunrise, on the 13th; since which he has not been heard of. His distressed wife and two infant children are left dependent on charity for their sustenance. The cir

cumstances of the transactions have given rise to the most violent fears that he has been murdered. It is, however, hoped by his wife and friends, that he may be now kept concealed and imprisoned in Canada. All persons who are willing to serve the cause of humanity, and assist to remove the distressing apprehensions of his unfortunate wife, are earnestly requested to communicate to one of the committee named below, directed to this place, any facts or circumstances which have come to their knowledge, and are calculated to lead to the discovery of his present situation, or the particulars of his fate, if he has been murdered.

“BATAVIA, October 4, 1826.

“T. F. TALBOT,

D. E. EVANS,

“T. CARY,

WM. KEYES,

“WM. DAVIS,

JON. LAY,

“T. FITCH,

L. D. PRINGLE,

“E. SOUTHWORTH,

JAMES P. SMITH.

“N. B.—It is hoped that printers throughout the State, in Canada, and elsewhere, will give the above a few insertions, and thus serve the cause of justice and humanity.”

A request was immediately preferred to the Governor of New York, (DeWitt Clinton,) desiring his aid. This was promptly granted, and a proclamation issued, October 7th, enjoining upon all State officers and ministers of justice to pursue all proper and efficient measures for the apprehension of the offenders, and the prevention of future outrages.

On the 26th of October, this was followed by a second proclamation from the Executive, offering a

reward of *three hundred dollars* for the discovery of the offenders, and *one hundred dollars* for any and every one of them; and a further reward of *two hundred dollars* for authentic information of the place to which Morgan had been conveyed.

Meetings were held at Victor, October 7th, LeRoy, October 17th, and other places, to ascertain the situation of Morgan, and committees of inquiry and vigilance were appointed in almost every town and village in Ontario, Niagara, and adjacent counties.

At the Court of General Sessions for the county of Ontario, in November of the same year, held at Canandaigua, indictments were found by the Grand Jury against Messrs. N. G. Chesebro, Loton Lawson, Edward Sawyer, and John Sheldon, each upon two counts: the *first* for conspiring to abduct Morgan; the *second* for the abduction itself. Delegations from many of the committees alluded to were present, and, by their exertions, seven eminent counsel were employed in aid of the public prosecutor. Nearly one hundred witnesses, duly subpoenaed, were in attendance. Public sentiment was aroused to phrensy, and it was scarcely to be expected that deliberate justice would have a voice there.

Messrs. N. G. Chesebro, Loton Lawson, and Edward Sawyer pleaded *guilty*, reserving their right, however, to move the Court in arrest of judgment. They acknowledged the act, but pleaded that they had no criminal design in what they did. Mr. Chesebro deposed in his affidavit, made in arrest of judgment, that he had not seen Morgan since the dismis-

sal, by the magistrate, of the suit for larceny, on the evening of September 11th, and that his exertions to have Morgan removed from the jail were influenced by an honest belief that he (Morgan) had consented to go away. Furthermore, he declared that his only object was to keep Morgan from falling into the hands, or under the influence, of David C. Miller, and remove him to some place where his friends and acquaintances might endeavor to convince him of the impropriety of his conduct. Finally, he deposed that he was not concerned, either directly or indirectly, in using any force in the removal of Morgan from the jail, and had no concern whatever in any transactions concerning Morgan since that time, nor did he then know where Morgan was. The date of this affidavit is January 5, 1827, on which day judgment was rendered in the case.

Col. Edward Sawyer deposed in his affidavit, the day following, that he never saw Morgan in his life, until his examination on the charge of larceny, September 11th, and knew nothing of any attempt to liberate him from the jail. That he had accompanied Mr. Loton Lawson to the jail, in the evening of September 12th, at Mr. Lawson's request, simply to give the jailor's wife, Mrs. Hall, his opinion that she might lawfully release Morgan from imprisonment, should Mr. Lawson pay her the amount of the execution and costs. Mr. Sawyer further affirmed, that he verily believed Morgan was leaving the jail of his own accord, and, that when he heard Morgan's outcries, he was so taken by surprise, that he had no time for reflection.

After these pleas and affidavits, the Court pronounced sentence. Judge Throop, the presiding justice, delivered an address to the prisoners, which, however it may have been extolled at that period, will appear to every deliberate reader at the present day, as turgid and bombastic in style, as in that excited hour it was extra-judicial and imprudent in sentiment. It is easy to apprehend the *animus* of juries and judges against Masonry in that fearful time, when this trial, the first in a long array of judicial prosecutions that extended over four years, developed such verdicts from juries, and such inflammatory speeches from the bench. After a harangue more appropriate to Judge Lynch than Judge Throop, Mr. Lawson was sentenced to *two years'* imprisonment in the common jail; Mr. Chesebro, whom the Judge honestly characterized as a man, "for industry, honesty, quietness, and moral deportment, without reproach," for *one year*; and Mr. Sawyer, "because he did not raise a hue and cry, and attempt a rescue," for *one month*. Mr. Sheldon (who, by the judge's admission, had nearly proved an *alibi*!) was imprisoned for *three months*, all in the Canandaigua jail. John C. Spencer was engaged in these trials for the defense. The accused patiently served out their respective terms, nor lost any social *status* by their sentences.

Meetings were called, inflammatory appeals were made, excited men rode from place to place, spreading the most exaggerated rumors, and lashing the popular mind into madness. At Bloomfield, Decem-

ber 11th, Rochester, December 14th, and at various times throughout the infected district, great masses of people came together, neglecting business and duty of every character, to inquire, "Where is Morgan?" and devise new steps to secure an answer. In vain the lodges and other Masonic bodies, in vain the more sober portion of the press strove to allay the agitation. In vain the Henrietta Lodge declared, December 14th, that "they would hold no fellowship with the parties implicated in Morgan's abduction;" and Harmony Lodge, No. 212, on the same day, that "the act of abduction, was a violent departure from the principles of true Masonry;" and Putneyville Lodge, No. 201, "wholly condemned the conduct of the abductors." Such declarations had few to heed among the maddened populace. The publication of a pamphlet of ninety pages, entitled, "Illustrations of Masonry," by David C. Miller, professing to be the same as the matter contained in the sheets delivered by Mrs. Morgan to Mr. Ketchum, added fuel to the flames, although even Southwick himself, afterward antimasonic candidate for Governor, declared of it that "it was not worth a cent." And so ended the year 1826.

The beginning of the year 1827 found the public mind in the most plastic condition, and brawlers and demagogues henceforth had "their day," in giving it shape. The prudent and discriminating, whose horror at the mysterious outrage properly inclined them to use all laudable means for its detection and punishment, were soon left in the rear by the vig-

orous and unprincipled, who saw honor and profit in the excitement, and determined to reap them. Then arose a new generation of politicians in New York. The rallying cry, "Down with Masonry," became familiar to every ear, and henceforth to the faithful craftsmen the contest was morally and Masonically *for life or death*. This must be borne in mind by the reader in forming a correct judgment of the conduct of Masons during that memorable period. This, too, must serve as the best apology, if any apology is admissible, for the conduct of those renegades from Masonry, those false craftsmen who renounced the institution in its time of need, and even of those who denounced it, that in point of numbers, Masons stood in a fearful minority with respect to their adversaries, and in the path of a storm that threatened to sweep away everything that opposed it. All that was dear to them, for a time—good name, social standing, domestic happiness—was in the scale. The odds stood at a frightful figure against Masonry, and few there were to accept them.

Early in January, as already detailed, Messrs. Chesebro and others, at Canandaigua, began their respective terms of imprisonment. Out of their trial grew a publication described as follows :

"CASE OF MORGAN.

"Just published, and for sale at the Canandaigua book-store, an account of the trial of the conspirators on an indictment for carrying away William Morgan from the jail of Ontario county, on the

evening of the 12th of September, 1826, together with Judge Throop's address, January 16."

The first public action of the antimasons this year, was a Convention held at Lewiston, January 25th, by the several committees previously appointed by the town and county committees. The result of their deliberations was the issuing of a Report, entitled:

"A Narrative of the Facts and Circumstances relating to the Kidnapping and presumed Murder of William Morgan, and of the Attempt to carry off David C. Miller, and to burn or destroy the Printing Office of the latter, for the purpose of preventing the Printing and Publishing of a Book entitled, 'Illustrations of Masonry.' Prepared under the direction of the several Committees appointed at meetings of the citizens of the counties of Genesee, Livingston, Ontario, Monroe, and Niagara, in the State of New York, with an Appendix containing most of the Depositions and other Documents, to substantiate the statements made, and disclosing many particulars of the transactions not included in the narrative. Batavia: Printed by D. C. Miller, under the direction of the Committee, 1827." (8vo, pp. 36, xxxv.)

The Report was signed by the committee from Genesee county, the Rochester committee, the Victor committee, the Chili committee, the Wheatland committee, the Bloomfield committee, and the Lewiston committee. The importance of this "Narrative," in a historical point of view, is that it was made the basis of all subsequent statements on the antimasonic side, and enters into the composition of

every history of the period in question, from humble tracts to showy cyclopedias. Among the thirty-eight names appended to it, are seen those of Frederick Whittlesey, Thurlow Weed, and others of the persons who rose with the excitement, but, unlike the most of their fellows, avoided the returning wave.

The slow hand-presses of 1826 to 1830, though worked night and day, failed to supply the popular demand for these catchpenny publications.

The ostensible purposes of the Lewiston Convention, were to "ascertain, arrest, and convict the perpetrators of this nefarious outrage," but the result of their labors fell far short of this. They merely appointed a committee to write out a history of the transaction in question, and to petition the Executive to offer larger rewards than he had yet done.

A petition was likewise presented to the Legislature, praying that a special commissioner should be appointed to investigate the transactions growing out of Morgan's abduction. The matter was referred by the House of Representatives to a select committee, of which Mr. Francis Granger was chairman.

This committee reported, April 4, that the conspiracy to abduct, and perhaps murder William Morgan, extended through several of the western counties, and was the result of a previously concerted plan, but that the evidence to sustain their charges is vague and undefined, and rests mainly upon hearsay. They proposed, therefore, a series of resolutions, offering a reward of *five thousand dollars* for the discovery of Morgan, if living, and the same amount for the

apprehension of his murderers, if dead. Also, the appointment of a joint commission of the two Houses to visit Western New York, and make inquiry into all the facts and circumstances connected with the case. But the resolutions were negatived in the House, by majorities of seventy-six to twenty-six, and seventy-four to twenty-three, respectively.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Canada, Sir Peregrine Maitland, issued a proclamation, January 31st, offering a reward of \$200 "to any person who might be able to afford any information respecting William Morgan."

Antimasonic meetings convened, January 13th at Seneca, January 31st at Canandaigua, and at many other places, at all of which the same appeals to the passions were repeated, and the flames of excitement blown still higher.

The month of February opened with increased vigor on the part of the antimasons, and it was thought necessary for the defense to establish a Masonic Journal, which was done at Batavia, under the title of the "Masonick Intelligencer," of which the first issue appeared on Wednesday, February 7th. It was a small affair, consisting of only four quarto pages, ten by twelve inches in size, printed weekly by R. Martin, editor, at twenty-five cents per quarter. The Grand Royal Arch Chapter of New York, February 10th, passed resolutions declaring that "individually, and as a body, they disclaimed all knowledge, or approval of the proceedings, relative to the abduction of Morgan, and disapprove of the same."

At Canandaigua, the entire party who accomplished the arrest of Morgan in Batavia, and conducted him upon the writ for larceny to Canandaigua, were put on trial for "conspiracy to convict William Morgan of petit larceny," and after a deliberate trial, extending into the August following, four judges being present, they were *acquitted*. Yet the antimasonic meetings multiplied, and each one endeavored to outdo, in violence, its predecessor. A second meeting at Canandaigua convened February 16th, a large one in Niagara county, February 19th, one at West Bloomfield, February 27th, and *many hundreds* of others.

It is no part of our plan to give in detail the further doings in these maddened times. Up to July, 1827, the raking and sweeping the bottom of the Niagara River, and of the lake bed opposite Fort Niagara, were steadily pursued under the stimulus of the large rewards offered by the Executive and by individual zeal. The putrid body of one Timothy Monroe having been found about the middle of October, was eagerly claimed as that of William Morgan, and made to undergo three several exhumations, before the truth was finally ascertained. A few of the prominent antimasonic meetings this year are thus catalogued: at Canandaigua, February 17th; Middleburg, February 23d; Elba, March 3d; Covington, March 10th; Vienna, March 12th; Manchester, March 15th; Farmington, March 16th; Victor, August 2d. A Convention of delegates from three counties, Milton, September 12th, a religious antimasonic meeting; Canandaigua, September 19th, a county

Convention, at which Francis Granger and others were nominated for the Legislature on the new antimasonic ticket; and at Richmond, October 13th.

Earnest attempts were continued by the Masonic Fraternity at every point, to allay the excitement. The Genesee Encampment, declared, March 17th, that "any of its members not using all lawful means to discover the fate of Morgan, should be expelled." Lyons Royal Arch Chapter announced, March 15th, that "Masons acknowledge no laws that contravene the constitution and laws of their country." A meeting was held at Rochester, November 3d, in opposition to the antimasonic efforts, in which it was declared that "the Antimasonic Committee had forfeited all claim to public confidence." At Batavia, June 25th, the Masonic Fraternity held their usual festival, and in large numbers paraded, at some risk from the mob, and attended an oration by Mr. George Hosmer. And thus passed the year 1827.

The death of the Governor of New York, DeWitt Clinton, which occurred February 11, 1828, was a gloomy opening to the third year of antimasonry. This man had so comported himself through a long and active life, as to win the admiration of almost every one; and the manifestations of grief at his sudden decease were touching. In the formation of his funeral procession, February 14th, appeared "Knights Templars with their banners; Master Masons; Royal Arch Masons, with their officers in full dress; the present and past Grand Officers of the Grand Chapter of New York, in full dress; and members of the

Fraternity to the number of five hundred, with the insignia of their Order."

We shall make no further allusion here to the movements of the antimasonic party, except to say that at LeRoy, February 19th and 20th, and July 4th and 5th, 1828, were the first public exhibitions of treason, on the part of Freemasons themselves. Large "Conventions of Freemasons opposed to secret societies" were held at those times, at which addresses were delivered; the "obligations" of Masonry were discussed and denounced; the book written by "Captain" William Morgan, and printed by "Colonel" David C. Miller, indorsed; a petition to Congress relative to the improper use of Fort Niagara, by Morgan's abductors, drafted; and Elder David Bernard encouraged to prepare a new "Exposition of Masonry." The whole of this affair forms the foulest blot upon the escutcheon of Masonry, and condemns to eternal infamy all who were concerned in it. March 6, 1828, at the same place, a convention of delegates from twelve counties was held. A memorial was forwarded to the Legislature of the State; the establishment of antimasonic presses recommended; a State Convention mapped out, and other new and vigorous measures of self-emolument devised. March 19th, following, the Lieutenant-Governor addressed a message to the Legislature, recommending the appointment of a Special Counsel on the part of the State, to investigate the Morgan transaction, and assist the authorities in securing the conviction of the guilty parties. A bill was accord-

ingly introduced, and passed, April 12th, and Mr. John C. Spencer, who had been the counsel of Mr. N. G. Chesebro, at Canandaigua, in the first trials for abduction, was appointed to this office. Daniel Moseley, of Onondaga county, was appointed to the office. He resigned it a few months afterward, and was succeeded by Mr. John C. Spencer. Mr. Spencer was succeeded by Mr. Victor Birdseye. The first State Antimasonic Convention was held at Utica, August 4th, 5th, and 6th, following, at which Francis Granger was nominated for Governor, and John Cary Lieutenant-Governor of the State. But enough of the history of the antimasonic faction. We proceed to that of Eli Bruce.

CHAPTER IV.

ELI BRUCE, HIS FAULT, TRIAL, AND CONVICTION.

MR. ELI BRUCE, the subject of this work, was born at Templeton, Worcester county, Massachusetts, November 8, 1793. His parents were Josiah and Mary Bruce. His brother, Dr. Silas Bruce, is still living in Boston, Massachusetts; his widow and three children at Centralia, Illinois. He received his name from Eli Bruce, noted in the history of New England as the first man in that country who constructed an organ. The cottage in which he was born, and that in which his boyhood's years were passed, are both standing at the present time; an engraving of the latter is shown on p. 309 of this volume. His father died in 1804 or 1805, leaving a widow with seven children, five sons and two daughters, in humble circumstances of life. Thus it followed that the children were distributed among relatives and friends, and that Eli, who was next to the youngest, and then about twelve years of age, was taken into the family of Mr. Burrage, who reared him as a farmer's boy to the age of eighteen or nineteen years. The young man then pur-

chased his own time, and becoming thus free, though not at his majority, removed to Leicester, Massachusetts, and entered himself as a student in the Academy there, but for what period, cannot now be ascertained. After completing the term, whatever it was, he engaged successfully in the profession of teaching, in the vicinity of Leicester, in which occupation he continued for several years ; pursuing it after his removal to Western New York. Many persons at Niagara, where he practiced teaching for four years, remember him in that capacity. Among them is General P. Whitney, who was one of his early patrons, his bondsman as sheriff, and a steady friend. Mr. Whitney testifies to his many merits as a teacher and a man.

The description given of the appearance and character of Mr. Bruce by his early associates, marks him a most interesting and promising young man. In physical power and endurance, he was remarkable. He was the strongest among his school-fellows and associates. His personal appearance was commanding. He was above the average height. His manners were winning and genial, and he was in all respects irreproachable. His education was above mediocrity. Of his meek and amiable disposition, the copious extracts we shall give from his jail diary and letters afford abounding evidence.

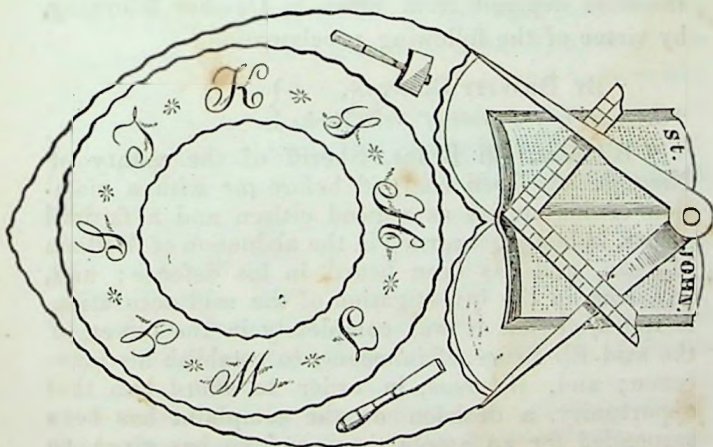
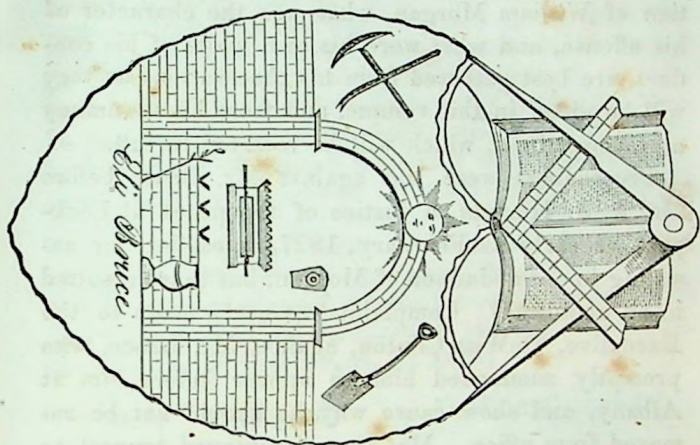
From the many testimonials in our possession, we quote such words as these : " Mr. Bruce was a bright star in Masonry, a devoted husband, a kind and indulgent father, a warm and constant friend. He was charitable to the poor, a good nurse, and in the

last years of his life, a skillful physician." "He was emphatically a nobleman by a patent from God's hand." "Few men in my acquaintance won so rapidly upon the esteem of men as Mr. Bruce." "He was never idle a moment, and always engaged either in personal improvement, or for the good of his fellow-men."

Mr. Henry Brown, counselor-at-law at Batavia, New York, author of a brief narrative of the antimasonic excitement, attests that "Mr. Bruce was a person of great activity and vigilance in business, and possessed of fine, liberal, and social feeling. At the commencement of the unfortunate difficulty, which afterward occasioned his removal from office, he had become extremely popular."

E. J. Roberts, editor of the *Craftsman*, styles him "as honest a man as ever breathed."

From Niagara, he removed to Lockport, where, in the latter part of the year 1825, he was elected Sheriff of Niagara county for the usual term of three years. This was an office of eminent trust and responsibility. Here, at the period of the Morgan abduction he resided with his family and his deputy, Mr. Hiram B. Hopkins, in furnished apartments in the county jail buildings. It was said that he was initiated into Masonry not long before the year 1826, being then about thirty-three years of age, but upon this subject we have not been able to procure reliable intelligence. He served as Principal Sojourner of the Royal Arch Chapter at Lewiston, in his own county, at the period of the abduction, and his Royal Arch Medal appears on the next page.



How far Mr. Bruce was implicated in the abduction of William Morgan, what was the character of his offense, and what were his own views of his conduct, are best gathered from his observations as they will be given in this volume, and from his testimony at various times, which will be inserted in full.

Proceedings were had against Mr. Bruce before Mr. A. J. Hinman, a justice of the peace at Lockport, as early as February, 1827, or earlier, for assisting in the abduction of Morgan, but these resulted in an acquittal? Complaint was early made to the Executive, DeWitt Clinton, against Mr. Bruce, who promptly summoned him to appear before him at Albany, and show cause why he should not be removed from office. Mr. Bruce employed counsel to represent him there, who did not, however, satisfy the Governor's mind upon the subject. He was therefore deposed from office in October following, by virtue of the following proclamation :

“BY DEWITT CLINTON, }
 “Governor of the State of New York: }

“Whereas, Eli Bruce, Sheriff of the county of Niagara, has been charged before me with a violation of his duties as a good citizen and a faithful officer, in being concerned in the abduction of William Morgan, and has been heard in his defense; and, Whereas, in the investigation of the said accusation, it appeared that it was completely in the power of the said Eli Bruce, if innocent, to establish his innocence; and, Whereas, in order to afford him that opportunity, a decision on the complaint has been suspended for an ample time, and he has given no

explanation of his conduct; and, *Whereas*, it appears that at a recent trial at Canandaigua, of certain persons charged with the said abduction, the said Eli Bruce, when called on as a witness, refused to testify on several material points, on the ground of self-crimination; from all of which I am persuaded that he was participant in the said abduction, and thereby has rendered himself unworthy of the official station which he at present occupies: *I do, therefore*, pursuant to the powers vested in me by the Constitution of this State, *remove the said Eli Bruce from the office of Sheriff of the county of Niagara.*

“In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the privy seal of the State, at the city of Albany, the 1st day of October, A. D. 1827.



“(Signed)

DEWITT CLINTON.”

A second proclamation was made immediately after, ordering an election to supply the vacancy.

The most determined efforts had been made by the leaders in the new party then forming, to implicate Mr. Bruce in the Morgan abduction, and to have him removed from office. These had involved him in heavy expenses and damage to his business. A statement to this effect was offered to the Grand Lodge of New York, at its session of June, 1827, and a very strong appeal made to that body, to extend him pecuniary aid. The Committee on Charity, through Mr. J. A. Spencer,* its chairman, reported a resolution “that the sum of one hundred dollars be paid to

* The reader will not confound this name with that of the State prosecutor upon the Morgan trials, Mr. John C. Spencer.

Bro. Bruce to relieve his necessities," which the Grand Lodge adopted. This was the only money donated by the Grand Lodge to persons connected with the Morgan affair. It is said that considerable sums were likewise donated to Mr. Bruce by individuals and lodges, but this is more than doubtful.

The trial of Mr. Bruce before the Circuit Court of Ontario county, sitting at Canandaigua, commenced August 20th, of the following year, (1828.) The indictment was in the same form as that upon which Messrs. Chesebro, Turner, Sawyer, and Sheldon had been convicted, nearly two years before. United with Mr. Bruce, in the same trial, and upon the same counts, were Messrs. Orsamus Turner and Jared Darrow, both of Lockport. The following judges were present: Hon. Nathaniel W. Howell, Hon. Chester Loomis, Hon. John Price, and Hon. Samuel Lawson. For the State, Messrs. Daniel Moseley, Special Commissioner, appointed a few months previously, Bowen Whiting, District Attorney of Ontario county, and Charles Butler, were engaged.

For the defense, appeared Messrs. Dudley Marvin and Mark H. Sibley, of Canandaigua; William H. Adams, of Lyon; Vincent Matthews and Ebenezer Griffin, the two latter of Rochester. The jurors in the case were Messrs. Hiram Anson, Nathan Cary, Jasper W. Peet, Levi Smith, Amasa Spencer, John Stults, Evert Green, Abraham Dodge, Henry Lincoln, Daniel Short, John Pennal, Jr., and Samuel Reed.

The testimony of the jailor, Mr. Israel R. Hall, and his wife, was taken, as in the previous trials.

Willis Turner testified to the cry of murder, three times repeated; Hiram Hubbard, to driving the carriage to Hanford's Landing; and Ezra Platt, of Rochester, to hiring a carriage to members of the Royal Arch Chapter, on the 12th or 13th September, to go to Lewiston. Other witnesses formed a chain of evidence, tracing Morgan and his abductors from Canandaigua to Fort Niagara, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles.

Some of the details of this trial are gathered from the files of the *Albany Argus*. Those relative to the rejection of the evidence of Giddins, are very interesting.

“ TRIALS FOR THE ABDUCTION OF MORGAN.

Dated “CANANDAIGUA, August 20th.

“ *To the Editor of the Argus :*

“ The trial of Bruce, Darrow, and Turner, on the indictment of kidnapping Morgan, will come on this morning; the counsel for the people and for the defendants, being as roady as they ever will be. Mr. Moseley, the State Commissioner, and Messrs. Whiting and Butler are the counsel for the people; and Messrs. Marvin, Sibley, Adams, and a host of others, counsel for the defendants. The trial will probably occupy all the week, and will be highly interesting.”

“ CANANDAIGUA, Thursday, 6 o'clock P. M., August 21st.

“ Mr. Moseley moved on the trial of the indictment against Bruce, Turner, and Darrow, yesterday afternoon at two o'clock. It was resumed this morning at half-past eight. Nearly twenty witnesses have been examined, in chief on the part of the people, and this afternoon Edward Giddins was offered, and

objected to by the defendants' counsel, on the ground that Giddins *did not entertain such religious opinions as to render him a competent witness*. In support of the objection, one David Morrison was first called, who testified that he was intimately acquainted with Giddins, and had known him since 1820, and between that and 1825 had frequent conversations with him, in which he expressed the opinions *that there was no God — nothing spiritual superior to matter, and that the existence of a God was contrary to philosophy*. Morrison produced a letter written to him by Giddins, dated the 20th of April, 1827, containing such sentiments. Several witnesses have been examined on this question by the people and defendants, and Mr. Marvin is now engaged in arguing the question of admissibility to the Court."

"Nine o'clock, P. M.

"After full argument, the Court has decided *unanimously* that Giddins comes within the rule that excludes a witness on the ground of infidelity. Turner and Darrow will doubtless be acquitted. The testimony against Bruce is very strong. These trials excite great interest, and for the first time has there been a clear and legal history of the abduction of Morgan."

"CANANDAIGUA, Friday, August 22d, 6 o'clock P. M.

"The trial of indictment against Bruce, Darrow, and Turner, was resumed this morning at eight o'clock. The people having rested, the defendants' counsel concluded not to call any witnesses. They moved that Bruce be discharged, on the ground that this Court had no jurisdiction of the offense; that no act had been proved against Bruce in the county of Ontario; that if he was concerned in the conspiracy to abduct Morgan, he acted in the county of Niagara, and could only be tried in that county, and not else-

where; that the indictment charged a conspiracy to kidnap Morgan from Canandaigua, in the county of Ontario, and transport him to foreign parts and places, and that the prosecution had proved the abduction, and, therefore, the conspiracy was merged in the consummation of its objects; that there could not be an indictment for a conspiracy to do an unlawful act, *the act having been done*, the indictment must be *for the act done, and not for the conspiracy*. Gen. Matthews and Mr. Griffin argued it very ably for the defendant, Bruce; and Mr. Whiting and Mr. Butler argued in opposition. The counsel for the people contended that the indictment lay for the conspiracy; that the overt acts of abduction were proved in aggravation of the offense; that the gist of the indictment was the *combination* or *confederacy*; that the conspiracy being formed to commit a *misdeemeanor*, the doctrine of merge did not apply; that the acts of Bruce in Niagara county being in furtherance of the objects of the conspiracy; that all the conspirators might be tried in the county in which the first overt act was done, to wit, where Morgan was first unlawfully subjected to their power, and where the conspiracy must have been formed. The Court overruled the objection, and said the cause must go to the jury. The cause was summed up by Mr. Adams, for the defendant, (Bruce,) and Mr. Moseley, for the people, and was committed to the jury at eight o'clock P. M.

“The Court advised the jury, that if from the evidence they were satisfied that Bruce acted in pursuance of a *conspiracy* against Morgan previously entered into, and to which he was a party, they must find a verdict of guilty; and if they believed that Bruce knew nothing of the conspiracy, but *first knew* of the transportation of Morgan when he acted, then they would find him not guilty, because his acts

would amount to an assault and battery and false imprisonment in the *county of Niagara*, for which he could not be convicted in this county, under this indictment, which was for a conspiracy to kidnap.

“The Court also advised the jury that they must be satisfied that Morgan was in the carriage, in which, and on which, Bruce rode, and that Bruce *knew* it; and further, that Morgan was there against his will, and that Bruce knew that also. Giddins having been rejected as a witness, there was no testimony against Turner and Darrow, and under the direction of the Court, and with the full consent of the public prosecutor, they were acquitted.”

“Saturday, 7 A. M.

“The jury returned a verdict of guilty against Bruce at twelve o'clock last night. The evidence proved Bruce to have rode with the carriage in which Morgan was transported from Molyneux's, on the ridge road, sixteen miles east of Lewiston to Lewiston, and from thence to Fort Niagara: all within the county of Niagara. Bruce procured the horses for the change at Molyneux's, and procured a hack and horses at Lewiston, and the passengers who came in the carriage from the east were exchanged in a back street into the carriage which Bruce procured at Lewiston. Bruce was at Molyneux's with the carriage at twelve o'clock on the night of the 13th of September. He was at Lewiston at two o'clock the same night, and started from Lewiston about that hour toward the Fort. Morgan was proved to be confined in the magazine on the morning of the 14th. One witness heard a voice of a man in the magazine that morning at eleven o'clock. No person lived in or occupied any part of the Fort at that time; it had been closed since June, 1826. Giddins had the key of the magazine on the 14th of September.

The witness who testified to the voice in the magazine, went into the yard of the Fort with Giddins, and Giddins went to the magazine, opened it, and the witness heard the noise: thinking that there was something wrong he turned away from the magazine, and walked off from the Fort as fast as he could—he was a brother-in-law of Giddins, on a visit at the time, and is an intelligent young man of the name of John Jackson, residing at Lockport. *It was remarkable that Bruce called no witnesses to explain his conduct, or in any manner to exculpate himself.*”

It may be remarked that at these trials no testimony was had from Mr. Bruce's deputy, Hiram B. Hopkins. This person had kept in his own breast whatever he knew or surmised in relation to the Morgan affair, impelled thereto, as he afterward declared, by a sense of his Masonic obligations. Afterward he was not so restrained, and it was his evidence by which the punishment of his friend and patron was made excessive.

The sentence of the Court was arrested by an appeal to the Supreme Court, which was not decided until May, 1829. The points made involved the right of the Court to try the cause. Upon the subject of the verdict, the *Rochester Daily Advertiser* of August 23d, says:

“It is proper to add that a wrong impression prevailed with some of the jury in relation to the verdict. We have seen the affidavit of one of them, declaring that he would not have consented to finding the verdict against Bruce, had it not been impressed upon him, and on others of his fellows, that if there

was any error in the verdict, it would be set right by the Supreme Court. Mr. Bruce has been admitted to bail."

The decision of the Supreme Court upon the case of Bruce is here given entire.

"ELI BRUCE AND OTHERS }
ads. }
 THE PEOPLE }

"The only question upon which our advice is requested, is whether Bruce should not be acquitted of the charge of conspiracy, inasmuch as the evidence which proves the conspiracy, proves also the abduction of Morgan? It is not intended to call in question the correctness of the verdict of the jury upon the charge for the conspiracy. It is not necessary, therefore, that we should give any opinion upon the question, whether the testimony was sufficient to authorize the conviction.

"We are of opinion that the facts in this case *do not constitute a merger*. The offense of conspiracy is a distinct and separate offense, and not at all necessary to, or necessarily connected with the false imprisonment shown by the evidence. The defendant Bruce might commit the offense of abduction, or imprisonment, without having been guilty of conspiracy.

"It was decided in Lambert's case, in the Court for the Correction of Errors, that when the indictment charges a *conspiracy*, and also the *commission* of the unlawful act conspired to be done, it was to be considered an indictment for the offense itself. This is not that case, or at least it is not so presented to us. We advise the Court of General Sessions to give judgment upon the conviction of the defendant.

"(Signed)

JOHN SAVAGE.

"May 8th, 1829."

A note from Mr. Matthews, one of defendant's counsel, adds, that the objections made by the defense, were, that the testimony proved that the act *conspired to be committed*, (false imprisonment,) *was committed* pursuant to the conspiracy, and that the latter was the offense. This, in fact, was Judge Savage's opinion, for he says that in Lambert's case, where the indictment charges a conspiracy, and also the commission of the unlawful act conspired to be done, it was to be considered an indictment for the offense itself, which was conspired to be done.

Now it can make no difference, says Mr. Matthews, whether the indictment charges the act conspired to be done, to have been committed, or whether proof established the commission of the offense conspired to be committed. The result is the same. The manner of *charging* the offense cannot alter the *nature* of it. The counsel for Bruce had no knowledge of Lambert's case, when they made up Bruce's case, but they adapted the latter to the objection made by them, and if their case had gone up to the Supreme Court as they prepared it, the opinion would unquestionably have been different. But it was altered after it went out of their hands, with the honest but mistaken purpose of simplifying it, and so the real objection was not presented to the Court at all.

On the 19th of May, 1829, the opinion of the Supreme Court was read in the Court of General Sessions, at Canandaigua, but, on motion of defendant's counsel, judgment was suspended until the

23d. The Special Commissioner of the State, Mr. John C. Spencer, recently appointed in place of Mr. Moseley, then produced for a witness Hiram B. Hopkins, in aggravation of the punishment of Bruce. Hopkins deposed :

“That in September, 1826, Eli Bruce was sheriff of the county of Niagara, and that the witness was his deputy. They both resided in the jail at Lockport. Some two or three weeks before the abduction of Morgan, he was informed by Bruce and others, that it was in contemplation to remove Morgan from Batavia, where he then was, directly across the country, to Lewiston, to carry him to Fort Niagara, and ultimately to put him on board a British man-of-war. On one particular night, six or eight days before Morgan was carried from Batavia to Canan-aigua, Bruce called the witness up, from his bed, and told him that he expected Morgan immediately, and that witness must prepare a cell in the jail for his reception. A cell was pointed out for that purpose, which was the most secret and retired in the jail, and which did not communicate with any other. The witness prepared this cell accordingly; but Morgan did not arrive.

“The witness was at the installation of the Chapter of Royal Arch Masons at Lewiston on the 14th of September, and was then informed that Morgan had arrived and was confined in Fort Niagara; this was generally known among the Masons assembled there.

“In answer to cross-interrogatories by the counsel for the defendant, he stated that he had not disclosed the facts to which he had now testified until recently, when he had communicated them to Mr. Spencer, at Lockport. That he had considered himself bound

by his Masonic obligations not to disclose them until his own reflections had satisfied him that he had no right to withhold them. That he had been unhappy ever since the occurrence, and found no peace of mind until he had revealed it."

It is proper, however, to state here, that on the trial of Jewett, June, 1830, Mr. Peter Aikin testified that Mr. Hopkins stated to him in the summer of 1827, that Mr. Bruce was *not* implicated in the abduction of Morgan, for if he had been, he (Hopkins) would have known it.

John Whitney, of Rochester, and James Gillis, of Lockport, were tried during the week upon the same counts as Bruce; the former was returned guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment in the county jail for one year and three months. In the case of Gillis, the jury could not agree, and they were discharged.

Upon the trial of Whitney, Mr. Bruce was a witness, and testified :

"That on the evening of the 13th of September, 1826, he was first apprised that William Morgan was coming on from Canandaigua, on the *ridge road*. He was told this by Burrage Smith and another person, then living at Lockport. Some six or eight days previous to this, he had been informed by a gentleman from Batavia, that Morgan was willing to go away from Miller, and the witness was requested to assist in his removal, which he declined. He, however, had been requested by another person, to prepare a cell for Morgan in the jail at Lockport, in contemplation of Morgan's being carried directly across from Batavia to Lockport, and thence to

Niagara. Smith, and the person who came with him, told witness that Morgan had come voluntarily, and was willing to go into Canada; they said he had come peaceably, and wanted witness to assist in getting him on. Witness declined at first, but finally agreed to do so, and between nine and ten o'clock went to the house of Solomon C. Wright, living on the ridge road, three miles north of Lockport, where he found the carriage and got into it. William Morgan, or a person called Morgan, was in it, one Hague, who is now dead, and himself, and no others were in the carriage. It was driven by a person of his acquaintance. There were several persons at Wright's who did not belong to the house; and on his way there, he met some strangers on foot going toward Lockport. He never saw Lawson, until he saw him here in jail. He did not see Whitney, and did not know him. He afterward stated, that he saw Whitney at the installation at Lewiston.

"He went in the carriage from Wright's to Lewiston, where another carriage and horses were procured; the same passengers got into that carriage and drove to the ferry near the fort. On their way, they took in another passenger. The testimony of Corydon Fox is perfectly correct. Witness did not see Morgan until their arrival at Lewiston, when they came to the ferry and got out of the carriage. Morgan *locked arms* with the two who accompanied witness. Morgan was blindfolded in the carriage, which was kept perfectly closed, the curtains down, the windows up, etc.

"Witness and his companions, four besides himself, crossed the river to Canada, having Morgan in the boat. Their object was to get Morgan away from Miller, into the interior of the country in Canada, and place him on a farm. The expected arrangement for the reception of Morgan in Canada had

not been made, and it was thought best to wait a few days. Morgan was accordingly brought over to this side of the river, and was put into the magazine in Fort Niagara, to await the preparations on the other side to receive him. It was past midnight and before daylight when they put him into the magazine. He has never seen Morgan from that day to this; and has never had any communication from any person respecting what was ultimately done with him.

“While with Morgan in the carriage, the conversation among them was, that he, Morgan, was going among his friends; he appeared to be easy and said nothing. At Lewiston, witness took a sulky and horse that were there, and drove them to Lockport; they were to be forwarded on to the East somewhere; did not know where. Did not learn at Lewiston that Burrage Smith came on in a sulky; understood the horse he drove was owned on the ridge somewhere.

“When the carriage with Morgan drove up to Molyneux's, another person rode up on horseback. He did not stop there. Witness does not know what became of him. He says that he supposed Morgan went voluntarily; Morgan had a handkerchief over his eyes, and had a hat on. Witness was informed, and supposed, that the object of putting a handkerchief on his eyes was, that he should not discover those who rode with him. On being again interrogated, whether upon the oath he had taken, he still persisted in declaring his belief that Morgan went voluntarily, he said, *he did.*”

The sentence of Mr. Bruce was in these words: “That you, Eli Bruce, be confined in close and secure custody in the county jail of the county of

Ontario, for the term of two years and four months." Upon this sentence he was committed, May 23, 1829, and remained in custody until its termination, September 23, 1831. It will be seen, upon a subsequent page, that an additional term of thirty days charged to him for contempt, in refusing to respond to certain questions, was not exacted.

In summing up this chapter, we remark that Mr. Bruce was undeniably in fault for taking any part in the Morgan proceedings. None of his friends ever contested this. As a peace officer, burdened with public responsibility, he should have declined to listen to any proposition to remove a man privately from the State, even though agreeable to the will of the man himself. But the fault was greatly inadequate to the long and untiring persecutions that followed, the damage to his business, the wreck of his private affairs, and the incarceration which, in effect, cost him his life. He deserved not the flood of defamation from the partisan presses of the day. He was a man who suffered greatly for a lenient error, and suffered withal so patiently, and bore his pains with such manly fortitude, as to ennoble the very prison and cell where those weary days and years were passed. He deserved and enjoyed the friendship of the best men of Canandaigua, Rochester, Lockport, Niagara, and wherever he was known. His name, and sufferings, and patience, were themes at many a domestic hearth, and the sympathy of children and the prayers of women were wafted toward his prison. In the few and thinly attended lodge meet-

ings of the country, his case was often named, and many a generous promise was sent him from "the two or three who were gathered together," promises, alas! made impossible of fulfillment by the interposition of an early death.

Mr. Bruce was not *criminal* in his act of that unfortunate night. Those few hours which he spent in the covered carriage with Morgan, did not blacken the heart that had kept itself pure for more than thirty years. He was not aware that Morgan had been taken to Canandaigua from Batavia. He knew nothing of any force employed, if indeed any force *was* employed, in conveying him from the jail door to the coach. He was not informed of any steps in contemplation, if indeed any *were* in contemplation, to end the life of the miserable renegade when borne beyond the boundary of the State. He had been informed simply that Morgan was willing to be separated from Miller, and for a suitable compensation to destroy the manuscripts he had so wickedly prepared. He learned that Morgan was on the way from Rochester westward, in pursuance of this contract, and would be at Wright's by a certain hour. He found him there, sitting in the coach, conversing cheerfully, a willing traveler from the partner who had swindled him, and the debts that had oppressed him, and the community that despised him, and the Fraternity that abhorred him. He got into the coach with him, and accompanied him past Molyneux's and Lewiston, and Youngstown, to the ferry at Fort Niagara, across the river and back, and to quarters in

the Fort where he left him, and from that hour he never had reliable intelligence of that passenger's fate. This was his fault. Say, O ye censorious, did ever such a fault receive such a punishment?

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST YEAR OF IMPRISONMENT.

AND so the malice of political foes and the blind animosity of the multitude were satiated, and Bruce, for a venial error, incarcerated in the county prison at Canandaigua. What were the feelings of the sensitive mind thus exposed to the scorn and contempt of the rabble? What were the reflections of the young and ardent husband and father, doomed to a long separation from friends so fondly loved? What his despair of future eminence so desired, so desirable, to such a spirit as his? The mark of the felon should be upon him! the shadow of the jail should becloud him all his days! should follow him when he journeyed abroad! should embitter his life when he abode among the people who had so unkindly wrought against him!—those we may presume were the bitter fancies that crowded thickly into his cell that night as he lay and wooed the slumber that would not come.

But we are not left to conjecture alone. Filled by his own hand, here lies before us a package of books containing his prison life. Commencing the day he

entered the jail, and evidently prepared for that occasion, these three volumes of his diary discover to us the thoughts, actions, and desires, which made up those dreary months of incarceration, and leave but little room for biographical acuteness, or the necessity of conjecture. The first of these volumes of memoranda covers the period from May 20 to November 18, 1829, one hundred and sixty-eight pages, and has for its motto the couplet :

“ A variegated map of human life,
Its fluctuations, harmonies, and strife.”

For the most part a page is appropriated to each day, and for the first year or two, no day is suffered to pass without its appropriate entries. The style of penmanship is of an angular cast, rapid and careless. The ink with which the work is done is pale and full of acid. Now and then a page is crossed with red ink, according to the fashion acquired in the days when letter postage was charged upon each single piece of paper posted. It is not difficult to trace the marks of tears that at many a sad hour were dropped upon the pages. The second volume of these “Records of Imprisonment” extends from November 19, 1829, to May 16, 1830; the third from May 17, 1830, to January 7, 1831. There was a *fourth*, now supposed to be irrevocably lost, which brought the sad story down to the day of his release, September 23, 1831, which was a short year prior to his release, September 26, 1832, from the gloomier prison of his life.

The style of composition, as in all diaries written up mainly to while away time, and preserve suggestions of passing thoughts, as well as events, is careless, often trifling, yet sometimes profoundly pathetic, and not unfrequently soaring and sublime. Much of the tender and loving relates to domestic events, upon which the historian may not touch. The merely trivial and jocular sprinkled in almost every page, is sacred to the time, place, and occasion, and will not be looked for in this biography. The rest, for the most part, has been faithfully culled out for the present volume, and will be seen in our pages as they follow.

The first entry is this:

“*Wednesday, May 20, 1829.*—Escorted by sheriff, Mr. Garlinghouse, at 11 o'clock, to my domicile; visited by my much-respected *friend*, Mr. Rawson, also by a man wishing to see my misery, a *bum-bailiff*. Felt very heavy. Read *Ivanhoe* with much attention. Viewed with much scrutiny the ingratitude of mankind, and found to my *satisfaction* that there is no such principle remaining in the human breast as *disinterested friendship*. It is no longer a doubt; whenever you find a man's interest, you find the man, saint or sinner, civilian or savage!”

Alas, poor prisoner! the bitter “satisfaction!” Alas, poor exile from human kind! thus so late to have learned the “over true” fact. Long a learning it, often doubting, sometimes suspecting, now at last “it is no longer a doubt!” In some verses wrung from his heart at a future day, we

shall see the same misanthropic conclusions expressed.

To this "much respected friend," Mr. P. J. Rawson, of Lockport, New York, we find many allusions. His correspondence is noted under date, May 26th, of the same year. October 5, 1830, and January 3, 1831, his visits to the prison are particularly noticed. There was also a Judge M. Rawson spoken of further on.

But Eli Bruce lived to change in some measure these opinions. The prison thoughts were not altogether so gloomy. On the contrary, prison solitude was sometimes relieved by such bursts of human friendship, such rays of benignant light, sometimes shot into that lonely cell, that poor Bruce was constrained even in spite of misanthropic doubts, to believe that "disinterested friendship" did exist upon earth. Even on the day following his incarceration, Thursday the 21st, after a sleepless night, with his mind oppressed by the awful solitude of his cell, he is obliged by the very force of gratitude to say :

"My very kind neighbor, Mrs. Taylor, visited me on her return home; was very feeling and sympathetic; gave good advice; professed much friendship; shook hands cordially; kissed and left me. Miss Hopkins and cousin, and Miss Wilder visited and stayed till sunset; had a pleasant interview; time went off tolerably."

This estimable lady is still living at Ionia, Michigan, with her husband, Mr. L. Taylor, in a green old age. Their son, Mr. P. H. Taylor, is a Mason

of much poetical ability, which he has displayed in the columns of the various journals devoted to the Craft. A letter from Mr. Bruce to Mr. Taylor will be found further on.

On the 22d he parted with Cousin Joanna, and began a letter to James A. Mason, the conclusion of which he delayed until after the sentence, which was to be pronounced the next day. Now, in the anguish of the moment, he writes:

“I begin to think men all ingrates, save now and then one whose virtues and fidelity, like the evanescent scintillations of the evening star, are dim and distant.”

On the day following, the epochal day of his life, as it proved, he was conducted into court to receive his sentence. We give it first in his own words.

“*May 23d, Saturday.*—Received several visits from gentlemen whose deportment bespoke the sensibility of their hearts. Was called into court as witness. Answered a variety of questions pro and con. At half-past ten o'clock was called to receive sentence, when lo! “two years and four months” sounded harshly upon my ears! It is a period in my life which will constitute a blank; an era from whence to date my disappointed ambition arising from just and laudable principles.”

And here we would call attention to the latter part of the entry above. This is the secret utterance of the prisoner's heart in the very hour of his condemnation. It was written for his own eye alone, or at

the most, with the hope that after his death, after malice had exhausted its spite upon him, and the worm should be busy with him, the pious eyes of his children would be gladdened by the declaration of their unhappy father, that these sad results, these harsh "two years and four months," this blank in his existence, this era from whence to date disappointed ambition, arose *from just and laudable principles!* Read it, Brother Mason! it is the key to this whole history. The "Masonic martyr," however mistaken in some things, and possibly erring in others, was actuated in his conduct, and sustained in his imprisonment, by a consciousness of just and laudable principles.

The questions "pro and con." to which he alludes as having answered, are those tending to exonerate Mr. John Whitney from the charges then hanging over him. Mr. Bruce's testimony under this head is given in the last chapter.

And now Mr. Bruce is settled down for his incarceration of twenty-eight months. Whatever hopes of escape he might have entertained, if any, are all falsified; the penalty is to be exacted to the utmost, and not until September 23, 1831, does he again step upon the green sward a freeman. From the pages of his diary, well described by the motto already quoted, we shall draw whatever passages of general interest they contain.

His visitors were many, and of many sorts, as we shall learn from the record. "Gentlemen of taste and respectability," he described some: "General

Marvin;" "Mr. Williams, of Rochester;" "Mr. Barnum, assistant editor of the *Craftsman*;" "Mr. Chesebro and lady;" "E. A. Cooley, from Lockport;" "Alpheus St. John, and P. G. Richardson, called on me on their way to New York;" "A second cousin of the name of Whitcomb;" "L. Taylor;" "John C. Spencer," and many others whose names will appear in their proper places. We find, upon a hasty enumeration, that not less than *two hundred* persons, male and female, and probably three times as many, visited Mr. Bruce during the thirty months of his incarceration.

During the whole course of his jail-life, he exhibited much industry. "I finished two letters, one to J. F. Mason, and one to cousin Joanna;" "Letters to E. B. Child and William Hughes;" "Wrote to Mr. Taylor and Mr. Jackson;" "Wrote four or five letters;" "Wrote five letters to send home," etc. By the aid of the jail physicians and others of the profession, resident at Canandaigua, he read up a pretty thorough course of medicine while under bondage, intending to pursue that as a calling, upon his release. The diaries are full of notes and reflections upon Michaux and Wistar, and the other medical and surgical authors. His tastes were highly esthetic. He loved to read of birds and flowers, and the more tender objects of nature. His sensibilities were excessive. The sound of music enraptured him. The tones of "the church-going bell" filled his heart, and awakened the tenderest emotions. The voice of woman had the greatest attraction to his ear.

His course of reading, though irregular, was extensive. The first book to which he applied himself, upon entering the prison, was Scott's *Ivanhoe*, then just issued. The week following, he was engaged upon Cooper's *Last of the Mohicans*, the characters of which he conceived to be "admirably drawn." Next, in course, he perused Darby's *View of the United States*, which he pronounces interesting. June 3d, he took up the life of *General Jackson*, characterized as "very interesting." *Wistar's Anatomy*, etc., he adopted as the commencement of a course of medical reading; and in this he was aided by the use of a skeleton loaned him by a friend. The *Medical Journal* was the next work in order. Bishop Hobart's *Sermons* formed much of his Sabbath reading; he declares "the diction fine, sentiments sound, language easy-flowing and with uninterrupted velocity, as from a clear and pellucid fountain." Others will be found in the extracts following.

Among his correspondents we find his brother, ("my only brother," he styles him,) Silas Bruce, now of Boston, Massachusetts, D. Washburn, W. P. Daniels, his cousin Joanna, of Lockport, and many whose names are not given. His epistolary labors were unintermitted, and many of his letters are yet extant. He wrote *currente calamo*, and paid little regard to revision. In his letters, his allusions to bondage, ill-health, the sad condition in which he had left his family, the blast of public rumors, etc., are forcible and exceedingly touching.

Every note he touched, however, was manly; there was no whining or whimpering in his appeals. He had chosen his own course. He might have betrayed his friends, as Hopkins, Giddins, and others had done, and received pardon and compensation, but such a thought evidently never entered his mind. He looked forward to the end of his term of imprisonment as a period when he could begin life again, with unblemished honor and unfaltering hopes.

At times, however, and under the influences of nervous disease, the most gloomy apprehensions possessed him. The dread of paralyzing sickness, fears lest his imprisonment should cast a stain upon the character of his family, especially his dear children; apprehensions of poverty and its concomitant evils, were among the forms in which the demon of melancholy most frequently appeared; such passages as these abound in his diary: "Griefs of mine own lie heavy on my heart;" "Rain fell in torrents, which produced a depression of spirits."

"How hard is my fate, once I freedom enjoyed,
Was as happy as happy could be."

"Thought considerably on domestic felicity—that its value was not duly appreciated by those whose privilege it was to enjoy it. *Wished very much to see my darlings;*" "Felt rather depressed; thought much about home;" "Did not sleep much; mind clouded;" "Felt neglected;" "Dreams unpleasant." In a paroxysm of misanthropy, June 6th, he writes: "I find no difference in men;—'tis sordid interest

guides them all. I am sick of bare-faced professions, proffered friendships, and plighted, but false fidelity." But we shall see that such fits were brief and unfrequent. May 28th, he remarks that "His mind is growing lighter." The next day "Passed tolerably well;" "Had a fine interview, (with Chesebro, Barnum, and Williams,) was cheered, felt lively;" "How refreshing is news of family and friends, to a man in prison!" "All appear to exert themselves to make me happy;" "Gentlemen of the village were very friendly." July 18th, "Time begins to move less heavily;" "In the evening sang and played with my visitors—all cheerful;" "Between study and amusement this day passed off tolerably well;" "Were my dear wife and boy here, I should be measurably happy, although in prison;" "Felt in tolerable spirits;" etc. But we now commence our regular course of extracts, adding in our words of comment or explanation as we go along.

"*May 22, 1829.*—Finished *Ivanhoe*. Think it a fine tale."

"*May 25.*—Visited by many friends, among them Gen. Marvin. Rain fell in torrents, which produced a depression of spirits. Wrote letters to E. B. Child and William Hughes. Read, with some attention, the doctrine of temperament, and found of the six classes of temperament, viz.: sanguineous, athletic, bilious, phlegmatic, (alias lymphatic,) melancholic, and nervous, that I possess the latter, although partaking largely also of the bilious. My mind is characterized by extreme sensibility; impressions are easily made upon it. Mind is somewhat active, fre-

quently volatile, flying with easy transition from one subject to another, not, perhaps, from fickleness, but from a rapidity of associations—so much of me belongs to the nervous. The bilious amalgamates, as its prominent features are ambition, resolution, prompt decision, and permanency of enterprise.”

The Gen. J. F. Marvin alluded to here, was equally constant as a correspondent and visitor. June 16, 1829, Mr. Bruce styles him “my much respected friend;” and says, the next day, “had for my bed-fellow J. F. Marvin, who participated in the gloominess of my prison with me.”

This true friend is now deceased.

“*May 27.*—Received visits from several gentlemen. Wrote five letters. Day passed tolerably well. Read *Darby's View of the United States*; found it very interesting. Had a visit from a second cousin by the name of Whitcomb.”

“*May 28.*—Received a few visits. Rather dull. Felt neglected.

““Tho' mad I appear, to all who come here,
Yet search through the town, from the judge to the clown,
All sorts and degrees are as mad, if you please.””

“*May 29.*—Forenoon went off rather heavy, although a good atmosphere. Afternoon had visitors most of the time. Thought considerably on domestic felicity; thought its worth was not duly appreciated by those who had the privilege of enjoying it. Wished very much to see my darlings.”

“*May 30, 1829.*—Received several visitors, viz.: Mr. Williams, of Rochester, Mr. Barnum, assistant editor of the *Craftsman*, Mr. Chesebro and lady, etc. Had some fine interviews; was cheered and felt lively.”

“That cleared the *misty spell* away,
And turned the mind on livelier things.”

“Heard of the death of Col. William King. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*”

“O death! among the ravages of thy domain,
Thy conquest's great!”

“*Actio personalis moriatur cum persona.*”

Col. King's history was deeply interesting. His connection with Morgan's removal has already been intimated in the testimony of Corydon Fox. He received his full share of the opprobrium so abundantly heaped upon the abductors. Col. King had long been a resident of Niagara county, and had represented that county in the State Legislature. Some years prior to 1826, he had been appointed by the United States government agent for the military posts of Niagara, Plattsburg, and Mackinaw. When these posts were abandoned by government as military stations, he sought occupation through his friend, Governor Clinton, and was appointed, December 1826, state agent, to transact some business at Washington city. There he remained until February following, when he received an appointment from the Federal Government as sutler of Cantonment Towson, in the western borders of Arkansas. To this distant point, he started, February 10th, and arrived April 1st following. It was while there that he learned, through the press, that his name was publicly connected with the Morgan affair.

Immediately upon the receipt of this intelligence,

he set about to arrange his business, and return and offer himself for trial. While doing so, he discovered that he was pursued, the sheriff and two deputies of Ontario county having set out for Arkansas, December 13, 1827, and being then in the vicinity, prepared to take him to New York *in irons*. This he would not submit to, but evading them, he concealed himself until they had departed, and then went alone to New York, arriving shortly after the officers. On the 17th of May, 1828, he published the following notice in the *Lockport Journal*:

“*To Messrs. Garlinghouse and Bates:*

“The undersigned asks leave to inform them that he has returned to the county of Niagara, where he can be found, and is ready to transact any business that they may have with him.

(Signed)

WILLIAM KING.”

No one, however, seemed disposed to arrest him. He went before a magistrate at Lewiston, a few days after the publication of this notice, and entered himself, under bonds, for his appearance at the next court. May 27, 1828, he published the following letter, which we give entire, as an important link in the history of Mr. Bruce, who was intimately associated in friendship and Masonry with Col. King.

“TO THE PUBLIC.

“*Fellow-Citizens:*—Believing in the disposition of the generality of my countrymen to do justice to their fellow-men, and owing to the unwarrantable liberty taken with my name by individuals of whom I shall

not now speak—influenced likewise, by a sense of duty to my family, my friends, and myself, I have thought proper to offer for your consideration a detail of circumstances connected with my departure and subsequent return to this State, leaving for your candor to determine with what degree of justice I have been branded as a *fugitive from justice*.

“A few years since I was doing the business for three United States posts; viz.: Niagara, Plattsburgh, and Mackinaw. Within that time these posts have all been abandoned, and my business was entirely broken up. A family of twelve children had drawn so largely upon my resources as to prevent any accumulation of property, and the business of this part of the country did not offer me, as I was then without capital, sufficient inducement to remain. I consequently left for the city of Albany, where I received an appointment from the late Governor Clinton, to transact some business for the State at Washington, to which place I repaired, and remained till the 7th of February, 1827. During my stay there, I received from the Hon. James Barbour, Secretary of War, an appointment to do the business at Cantonment Towson, in the Arkansas Territory, on the Red River, about twelve hundred miles above its junction with the Mississippi. I left Baltimore on the 10th of February, and traveled by the way of New Orleans and Nachitoches to Cantonment Towson, where I arrived on the 1st of April, and established myself in business, which I pursued till informed by a gentleman who arrived from below, that my name was in the papers connected with the Morgan affair, which was the first information I had ever received to that effect. I replied to him that I would go home as soon as I could get my business arranged; and was actually getting on with the arrangement, when, about the middle of February last,

a gentleman informed me that he had overheard a conversation between three men and Capt. Hyde, by which he understood that they had come from New York after me. I instantly replied that I was perfectly willing to deliver myself into their custody, if I was suspected of having violated the laws of my country; but on being assured that Mr. Garlinghouse said that he should be compelled to put me in irons, etc., I, though willing to return, determined not to be brought from there to this State in that way, and concluded to ride to a friend's about ten miles off, where I remained till I was sure they had taken their departure—when I returned, put my business in the best state possible, and started for this place, a distance of nearly *four thousand miles*, traveling all the time nearly, night and day, to arrive here with as little delay as possible.

“I arrived here on Saturday afternoon, the 17th instant, and on the following Monday went to Lewiston, where I entered bail before the first judge for two thousand dollars, myself in one thousand, and two sureties in five hundred dollars each. During my absence I was continually writing to my family and friends; as for instance, I wrote from Albany, New York, Baltimore, Washington, Natchitoches, and Cantonment Towson. From the latter place I frequently sent letters, many of which never reached their destination, and especially one mailed on the evening of the 31st of August last, directed to my family, and containing three hundred dollars for their support.

“Such are briefly the circumstances connected with my departure and return, and it is for others to say whether I have evinced any disposition to escape the justice of my country, and to judge of the motives of those who have condemned me unheard, and branded me to the world as a fugitive from the laws to which I have now voluntarily surrendered myself.

And it is proper to add here, that although no means were left untried to procure a different result, no indictment could be obtained against me beyond a *misdemeanor*.

"In conclusion, I ask of my fellow-citizens a suspension of opinion on the prejudicial reports which have been industriously circulated at my expense. By submitting voluntarily to the laws, I have given sufficient evidence of my determination to abide the issue, to entitle me to a cessation, until I shall have had my trial, of that rancor with which some individuals have endeavored to prejudice and forestall the public mind.

"WILLIAM KING.

"YOUNGSTOWN, May 27, 1828."

Col. King was never brought to trial, although constantly courting investigation. In the latter part of the year 1828, he went West a second time, upon business, and again returned, remaining among his old friends until his death, May 28, 1829. He was buried on the 29th of May, with military honors, under the direction of the commandant at Fort Niagara. Col. King was in the expedition against Little York, Canada, under Gen. Pike, commanding the troops of the fifteenth regiment. Also, at Four Mile Creek, where he greatly distinguished himself, and received a wound.

"May 31, 1829, *Sabbath day*.—No visitors. Mr. Chesebro brought me a Bible, Bishop Hobart's *Sermons*, papers, etc. I read a part of the book of Job; thought the logic very cogent. My mind dwelt with considerable emphasis on the latter part of the fourth chapter. Thought the vision a powerful as-

sault upon that vanity which exists so profusely in our nature. It is calculated to awaken the mind to a due sense of its own worth."

The name of Mr. N. G. Chesebro occurs upon almost every page of this diary. It will be remembered that at the commencement of these unfortunate troubles, Mr. Chesebro was coroner of Ontario county, and in that capacity accompanied the party who went from Canandaigua to Batavia on the 10th of September, 1826, to arrest William Morgan upon a writ for larceny. At Morgan's discharge by the magistrate at Canandaigua, Mr. Chesebro sued out an execution against him for debt, upon which he was immediately committed to prison at Canandaigua. Mr. Chesebro stood in view of the party who led Morgan from the jail door to the coach, after his release from the prison, and for that offense, such as it was, he suffered twelve months' imprisonment in the same jail. His term of sentence, with that of Col. Sawyer, commenced January 7, 1827. An application for executive clemency, made in the spring, being denied, he served out his period patiently, and upon his release, returned to his business at Canandaigua, without any loss of character on account of his imprisonment. He is still living, (1860,) at his old residence. During all Mr. Bruce's imprisonment, Mr. Chesebro and his excellent wife, (who died December 24, 1853, greatly respected,) and daughter, were most attentive to his wants. His meals, for months together, were furnished him from the table of Mr. Chesebro, who lived nearly

opposite the jail. Newspapers and books were freely afforded him from the same quarter. Messages and greetings from friends, warnings and counsel, reached him daily through that medium, and it is not too much to say that much of his sufferings was made tolerable through the unwearrying friendship of Mr. Chesebro and his family.

“ June 1st.—O, how changed is the scene, when I take a retrospect of two years past! I fancy myself in some foreign clime, far from society and home. Morning very clear and tranquil. My mind was clouded and I did not sleep much. E. A. Cooley, from Lockport, called and brought me a packet. Received letters from my dear wife and eldest daughter—from my only brother—one from D. Washburn, and one from W. P. Daniels.

*“ ‘ O, friendship, thou sweetener of our life,
Thou solace of our joys!’*

*“ ‘ June, thy gay glories may delight the throng,
Whose hearts have never felt keen sorrow's touch,
Whose days glide on with music and with song,
With not a cloud of thought! O, yes, to such
Thou art delightful; but for me, whose breast
With many a care, with many a pang is riven,
Whom joy awaits not here, whom even Heaven
Seems but to punish, such is its behest.’ ”*

“ June 2.—Our friends sent me in some of the good things of life, which made me more cheerful. I think I will continue this diary, for it may be a valuable stimulus to the mind, which, if it be tolerably fertile, will, like a story, lose nothing by its continuance. It may become the repertory of a series of images and thoughts, which, if they are cumbrous and rambling, and whether facts, thoughts, or feelings, will salve the mind in future. If a re-

trospective glance should be taken on this waste of time, this segment of the circle of my days, this diary will prove a mirror to the mind. Had my head showered to remedy an intolerable buzzing in it.

"June 3.—But little time for reflection and self-improvement. If I am called an egotist for the frequency of the repetition of the pronoun I in my own journal, I can not give credit to the censurer's charity, nor pertinency to the observation. I claim a right to autobiography, and to spread as much ink on paper as this eventful interim permits. To absorb time during this period, and not utterly waste it, is my chief aim. The recollections of liberty dwell pertinaciously, like the lingering twilight of a summer's eve, and, endeavoring to be an optimist, the mind struggles involuntarily, like the flutterings of a bird unused to be pent up in a cage. Read the *Life of General Jackson* nearly through; very interesting.

"June 4.—I began the study of anatomy. Found that my memory was very treacherous. Technical terms perplex me. Endeavored to recall memory to her empire and consolidate my thoughts; but my mind proved refractory, almost uncontrollable. I perused and re-perused, yet I could not retain it. Visited by a number of ladies, who requested of me a song, accompanied by the viol, with which I complied, by giving them *Home, sweet Home*. But I thought of the passage: 'How shall I sing a song in a strange land? They that took me captive required of me a song, and they that carried me away, required of me mirth.'"

The Bible furnished him by his trusty friend, Mr. Chesebro, seems often to have been his solace, and a source of quotation. It was a happy thought when

that lovely group left his cell to turn to the 137th Psalm, and read :

“By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song ; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the LORD's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth ; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.’

“June 5.—Mr. L. Taylor called for an hour, bringing news from family and friends. How refreshing to one in prison ! ’Tis balsam to the heart. ‘The countenance of a friend maketh the heart glad.’ Were true friends duly appreciated, what murmurs would be spared, what woes shunned, what acrimony avoided, what vituperations lost in the current of concord and harmony, mingled with patience, forbearance, and all the sister graces ! Friendship is the wine of life ; it does not inebriate or leave the feelings in a cold and torpid state, but continent in all the evolutions of the mind. ‘Judge before friendship, then confide till death,’ said the good doctor.”

We have already spoken of the kindness extended by Mr. L. Taylor, and his wife, to the forlorn prisoner. Much correspondence passed between them, which displays the generosity of that family in a brilliant light. Mr. Bruce was ever profuse in his gratitude to them, and trusted to them to see that

his wife and children should not come to want. The residences of the Bruce and Taylor families were contiguous at Lockport; and it is no compromise of delicacy to say, that but for the one the distresses of the other would have been far more poignant than they were.

Among the visits paid Mr. Bruce by Mrs. Taylor, one is described under date May 7, 1830, when she came, very unexpectedly, with his youngest daughter, and another, May 20th, when she called to take her home.

“*June 6, 1829.*—Busy in arranging books brought yesterday by Mr. Taylor. Lectured considerably, (in his letter-writing.) Thought from the manner in which some people deal with one who is shut up in prison, unable to see to his own business, that there is very little reliance to be placed in any one. I find no difference between saint or sinner, professor or infidel. 'T is sordid interest guides them all. I am sick of barefaced professions, proffered friendships, and plighted but false fidelity;

““ And this makes friends such miracles below.’

“*June 7, 1829—Sabbath.*—Mr. John C. Spencer visited me and rehearsed past events. He became warm on the subject; talked much about duty to one's country, and apologized for harsh treatment. He set some spring-traps very eloquently, and, in vivid colors portrayed the good that would arise from exposing all that I was in possession of relative to the devilish M—— affair. He was told that the obligation I owed to the preservation, comfort, peace, and prosperity of my family, was more than paramount to all legal injunctions, human or Divine.

The last epithet I might have omitted, as it involves or embraces my notions of probity. I was apprised that I should be taken upon a *habeas corpus* to Batavia as a witness. O, when will they have done with this cursed affair?

“Whither wilt thou lead me?
I'll go no further.”

This celebrated visit to Mr. Bruce by the special counsel was much talked of at the time, and, in a shape more or less true, went the rounds of the press. The account given of it in *The Craftsman* of June 23, 1828, is full of interest, and, though seasoned with the severity common to both sides in that unhappy quarrel, is too valuable to be omitted here:

“It has been announced in several papers in this quarter, that, at the recent session of the Grand Jury of Genesee county, Eli Bruce, whom a concatenation of circumstances has compelled to take up a residence of two years and eight months in the county jail of Ontario, was taken therefrom on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and brought before them to testify further in relation to the Morgan affair, and that having declared he knew nothing more than he had already testified, he refused to be made the toy for John C. Spencer to play with.

“There is a circumstance in relation to this affair, the particulars of which have come to our knowledge, and which we deem it a duty to make public, both in regard to the unbending character of the incorruptible though suffering Bruce, and to show to the people some slight evidence of the means and plans of the special counsel to foment new feuds and extend the fire of persecution which is now raging around us.

“On the Sunday evening of the departure of Mr. John C. Spencer for Batavia, he had the honor of visiting an honest man's cell in the Canandaigua jail, for the purpose, as he avowed, of advising Mr. Bruce upon the course it would be proper for him to pursue. He portrayed in vivid colors the advantages which would arise from a further disclosure of the Morgan affair. He spoke with much feeling and pathos on the duties which Mr. Bruce owed to his country, and to his individual character, in that respect, and urged that if his advice, in this state of the affair, could influence him, he might, when he should again mingle with the community, go forth from his prison as an HONEST MAN. Some other conversation took place on the insult thus offered to a condemned and imprisoned man, when the special counsel asked Mr. Bruce if an honest course would not insure protection to him as well as to GIDDINS! The meaning of this ‘honest course’ it is impossible to misconstrue. Mr. Bruce remarked here, that he would thank the honorable counsel not to class *him* with that wretch; that their cases were not analogous or similar in any one point, and that Giddins's course had been marked with dishonor and meanness throughout.

“Here the honorable special counsel again begged pardon, and did not wish to weigh Mr. Bruce in the same scales with Giddins, but said *the public would be generous to the family of Mr. Bruce*, if he would pursue an honest course! Mr. Bruce quaintly observed, that his family would *starve* on the generosity of the Antis! that their faith and generosity were parallel; that the persecution he had undergone had taken all he had; that he was compelled to ask a gentleman in Lockport to lend him his name to go on with his business; that he had purchased some stock and tools, which still remained on his hands in

consequence of the abrupt treatment he had received from the honorable the special counsel,* and that he had thus involved his friend more than one hundred dollars.

“The honorable the special counsel then remarked, that if the friend of Mr. Bruce wanted money to relieve him on account of Mr. Bruce, *he would loan him some on his own individual responsibility*, and that the community would see that the family of Bruce did not suffer, if Mr. Bruce would take an honest course. And he did not doubt that the Executive would be induced from such a course, at the instance of the antimasonic party, to release him before the expiration of his term.

“To all this, Bruce replied, that he was shut up. That his honesty had done him injury, as well as his friends, and he knew it. And all he asked now, was to be let alone, rather than be entreated dishonorably to poison the minds of the friends who had to support his family. To this the honorable the special counsel only remarked that *Mr. Bruce's notions of honor carried him too far*, and that he went beyond his duty. Mr. Bruce having replied he should be his own judge in that matter, the honorable John C. Spencer, the State's traveling special attorney, took his leave by wishing Mr. Bruce to think seriously, and concur in the views he had expressed.

“These are the facts as they occurred, and the substance of the conversation during their inquisitorial visit. We defer a volume of comments upon them until another season, rather leaving them to the natural comments of every good and virtuous man's bosom. We merely remark, that when Mr. Spencer endeavors again to induce the unfortunate

* Referring, we suppose, to the fact, that Mr. Bruce was arrested while at table in his own house.—*Ed.*

Bruce to dishonor his own good name, the only thing of which persecution had not bereft him, (unless indeed it may be the respect of his fellow-citizens and the commiseration of his friends,) we trust he will have the kindness to carry with him neither a *rack* nor a *thumbscrew*."

"*June 8th.*—Busy with *Wistar on Anatomy*. Was watched very narrowly lest communications should pass to and fro. Ah, there is a passage through the air that mortals do not always see; a language though silent, that speaks volumes which all can not understand. Silence itself is eloquent; looks are orations; absence is bulletins of weighty import. Some friends were denied a pass to us; none were admitted without an attendant. Began this day to board with my fellow-sufferer, participator, and particular friend, Mr. John Whitney."

The history of Mr. John Whitney is so closely connected with that of Mr. Bruce, especially in their prison lives, that we take a few pages here to it. This venerable gentleman is still (1860) alive, and resides at Chicago, Illinois, greatly respected.

Mr. Whitney was indicted at the same session, and upon the same counts, as Mr. Bruce; but his trial was postponed until after the verdict in Mr. Bruce's case was rendered. At the May term 1829, he was put on trial with James Gillis, the latter, however, not being present. Mr. Spencer's special counsel, and Mr. Bowen Whiting, district attorney, prosecuted; Gen. Vincent Matthews, Ebenezer Griffin, Dudley Marvin; and M. H. Sibley, defended. The same evidence traced Morgan and his party from the jail at Canandaigua to Hanford's Landing as in the

previous trials; but a witness was now found* to testify that Mr. Chesebro put a handkerchief to Morgan's mouth to stop his outcries, while the driver, (Hiram Hubbard,) testified that the party in the coach evinced no anxiety or haste to get on. It was proved that Mr. Whitney was in Canandaigua on the day of Morgan's abduction, (September 12th,) in search of a workman, he being a stone-cutter, but it could not be ascertained by what conveyance he returned to Rochester. This seemed to prove his connection with the company who were in the coach with Morgan. Mrs. Hanford, at Hanford's Landing, testified that one of the persons who called about daylight, September 13th, declared that he was d—d glad to get out of jail at first, and this was supposed to be Morgan himself. It was proved likewise, that Mr. Whitney was at an installation of the Royal Arch Chapter, September 14th, at Lewiston, and that he did not go to that place from Rochester on the steamboat, as many of the Rochester delegation did. This seemed to imply that he accompanied the Morgan party all the way from Canandaigua to Lewiston.

At the present day the whole tissue of testimony upon which Mr. Whitney was convicted appears but circumstantial, and too slight for judicial purposes. Even the presiding judge, (Howell,) is known to have declared, while the jury were deliberating upon a verdict, that the evidence was insufficient to con-

* Falsely.—Ed.

vict, and in any but the most excited times it would be. Woe to the accused when the populace cry, "To the lions!" for some one must act the victim. The jury found Mr. Whitney guilty, but could not agree relative to Mr. Gillis. Mr. Whitney was sentenced to an imprisonment of one year and four months. His term expired 1830.

We give in this place a letter of Mr. Whitney, written in answer to the outrageous attacks made upon him by the antimasonic press :

"CANANDAIGUA, July 12, 1829.

"To the Editors of the Ontario Messenger :

"GENTLEMEN—Your paper of the 1st inst., containing some remarks on my trial, has been shown me. As I hope you would not willfully propagate a falsehood, I take the liberty, (relying on that sense of justice and honor which should ever govern the editors of public prints,) to request the insertion of a few lines contradictory of the fact of your statement, that the refutation may be as extensively circulated as the charge. Your observations on me are concluded by these remarks: 'It may not be improper to add, as a matter of every day street conversation, that John Whitney has repeatedly stated since his conviction, that he rode in the carriage with William Morgan from Canandaigua to Victor.' My situation carries with it enough to harass my feelings, without being the subject of false accusation. Whether the proof against me was, or was not sufficient to justify a conviction, the public, who are in possession of the proof, are left to determine. My purpose is not *now* to controvert the decision of the jury. I have merely to say, that the assertion in the paragraph above quoted from

your paper of the 1st inst., is wholly unfounded. I never said nor intimated to any one whatever, since my conviction, that I rode in the carriage with William Morgan when on his journey from Canandaigua to Rochester, or anywhere else. As you have charged me with uttering repeatedly such declarations, for the purpose, it would seem, of justifying the verdict of the jury against me, I think common justice entitles me to repel the charge through the medium which gave it publicity.

“(Signed)

JOHN WHITNEY.

“MESSRS. DAY AND MORSE.”

It is proper here to add, as Mr. Whitney was for so long a time the companion and room-mate of Mr. Bruce, and shared in his feelings and sentiments, that the most manly and touching defense of his private character, and the most earnest protest against the iniquitous verdict under which he was sentenced, were published in the *Craftsman*, under date of June 23d following his conviction. The editor, Mr. E. J. Roberts, says :

“We have deferred, for some weeks, a notice of this persecuted and much-abused citizen, partly that the people might be better prepared to join with us in condemning and regretting that decision, which, under the semblance of justice, has immured an honest, innocent, and reputable man within the walls of a prison, deprived society of one of its most active and useful members, destroyed the citizenship of one of the most faithful sons of the Republic, whose life, honor, and interest would have been pledged for its preservation, and left an amiable, virtuous, and in all respects reputable family, without its prop and support, the husband and the father,

its comfort in the hour of prosperity, and its stay in the day of adversity.

“Of the character of John Whitney, it is almost irrelevant to speak; for the voice of this community,* and the testimony of every man within it, is lifted up in his praise. He was the useful citizen, who in all the walks of life performed his duties faithfully and humbly. He was the kind neighbor, the generous friend, the industrious mechanic, the faithful husband, and the fond father.

“It was not enough that he was driven from his home by the machinations of the very men who are now profiting by his misfortunes, and the stigma they have brought upon his character; it was not enough that he was pursued and hunted like a malefactor; it was not enough that his name was the burden of hireling presses for more than two years, and was rung in all the changes of murderer, kidnapper, and fugitive from justice; it was not enough that he was followed by infatuated emissaries, to escape whom and the ignominy of chains and public exposure for more than fifteen hundred miles, he was obliged to leave unfinished business, and be pecuniarily injured in a large amount—all these persecutions were not sufficient to satisfy the insatiate spirit of antimasonry, and it was decreed that he should be deprived of his liberty as a man for a period; and forever, however long and useful his life may be hereafter, rest under the stigma thus attached to his name; be held up as having been a condemned and imprisoned malefactor, compelled to leave the said heritage to his children. And why has this been done? That the verdict of a jury deeply imbued with the fanaticism, bigotry, and the

* The *Craftsman* was published at Rochester, the home of Mr. Whitney.

unrelenting political prejudice of the times, is *prima facie* evidence of the guilt of the accused. In all the mass of testimony elicited during a patient examination of two days and a half, *there was not one single line directly implicating him in the abduction of Morgan.* The only testimony, which was the imperfect recollection of a bar-keeper in Victor, who had been roused from his sleep—whose testimony would have been refused by the impartial and able Judge Howell, had not this enlightened jurist been overruled by the decision of his associates—only went to show that Whitney was there in company with Gillis, against whom no verdict was found!

“Was John Whitney a conspirator! his business at Canandaigua was abundantly proved. He was unknown, as Chesebro unequivocally swears, to those who released Morgan from the jail. He took tea alone, and certainly in the incipient stages of this transaction was free from all guilt. He was at the installation at Lewiston, and Bruce positively testifies to his ignorance of him in regard to the closing part of the transaction. There was not testimony enough to convict a man of any crime whatever, or to cast even a suspicion upon his character before an enlightened, unprejudiced, and impartial jury.

“We do not hesitate to aver our belief, that Mr. Whitney has been immolated on the altar of a persecuting faction. He had been stigmatized so loud and long as a conspirator, a murderer, kidnapper, etc., that his sacrifice had become an essential aliment to the craving appetites of those who had feasted their imaginations on the enormities of such men as Bruce and Whitney. Had either been declared innocent, where would the Morgan committee have hid themselves from the indignation of an outraged community? And even now, admitting all they claim to be true in regard to a neighbor and a

fellow-citizen, whom even in his misfortunes they respect, how can they sleep upon their pillows, or smile in the family circle, when they think upon the weeping household they have made, and the injuries they have inflicted on an honest and an innocent man? We leave them to their own sense of feeling; to their own sense of the guilt there is in depriving society of an ornament and community of a member; to the idea of unmerited obloquy, and to their own fears, that the people will, in the end, visit upon them that measure of mercy they have dealt out to others."

"*June 9.*—The embargo continues, though some sails come in under good pilots. Preparing to go to Batavia. At two P. M., set off in company with mine host, (the jailer,) Mr. Wheeler. Went as far as Avon. Very unwell. Drank of the spring water there and got relief. Much depressed in spirits, and gave way to tears. Heard unpleasant suggestions relative to Col. King's death from some of the antimasons. When will slander and malice cease to rage? Could Col. King return from his sepulchral abode, he would declare that his God had called him, and he had obeyed the summons; but

"Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale."

It was a favorite subject with the antimasonic press, in allusion to the sudden death of DeWitt Clinton and Col. King, to charge them with suffering the vengeance of God for their participation in Masonic events. Many did not hesitate to attribute Col. King's death to suicide, and some hinted the same in relation to Gov. Clinton. The rapid decease of Elisha Adams, Burrage Smith, Eli Bruce, and others, whose names had received such notoriety in connec-

tion with the Morgan affair, gave grounds for an unprincipled press to charge them with self-murder, death by grief, or Divine judgment. In later times, a better light is given us. The poverty and neglect in which such men as Allyn and others died; in which such men as Giddins and Miller yet live; the disgrace which attaches to such names as Bernard, Merrick, Thatcher, and others, and the general obloquy and contempt which now attach to all who took the lead in antimasonry, give a side to the picture which the writers of 1826 to 1836 could not see.

In relation to Col. King's death, and the charge of suicide which Mr. Bruce deprecates so feelingly, the *Craftsman* of June 9, 1829, says :

“ We last week noticed the death and burial of this individual, and in doing so we hoped the remains of calumny's sad victim would be permitted to rest in the silent tomb undisturbed by the demoniac yell of antimasonry. That hope was as transient as the moment which gave it birth. The soldier who had confronted the enemies of his country, and been seen in the midst of blood and carnage contending, hilt to hilt, for the preservation of our rights—who fought and bled in defense of the very hearths and firesides, wives and children, of these same antinasons; the legislator who honored their names in the State halls; the citizen revered and respected by the wise and good, is, by these callous-hearted wretches, without a trial, without a hearing, ignominiously condemned, and his fame and his honors sought to be covered with infamy and disgrace, while he lies enshrouded in the cold grave. What must be the agony of the wife of his bosom, and his twelve orphan children, on reading the heartless remarks of the cut-throat editors of this wretched party ?

“One of them wishes that the name of King might be buried in oblivion—says: ‘Alas, is covered with an everlasting stigma!’ Another regrets that ‘he has escaped from the hands of justice.’ A third believes it all ‘a Masonic mystery,’ and that he is not dead, but ‘the ceremonies attending his funeral are a mere cover to an escape.’ A fourth exultingly exclaims that ‘the murderer is dead,’ and so on, with few exceptions from the antimasonic camp.

“Col. King was a victim of antimasonic malice. He was a man of sensitive mind, and as such, keenly felt the force of their persecutions. He was followed with unrelenting fury wherever his business called him, and when he was found ready and willing to surrender himself to the civil authorities, ‘excepting these bonds,’ which the *faithful guardians* of the law were willing to impose upon him, his character was assailed in the most vindictive manner in all quarters of the antimasonic hemisphere. He was stigmatized as the murderer of the *sainted Morgan*, and his own heart as well as those of worthy companions and offspring, were made to bleed over their villainous imputations. His fate deserves and will receive the unfeigned commiseration of an honorable and virtuous community. The public in his death have not only lost a worthy member of society, but his family have lost their only remaining hope, and are reduced by proscription and persecution to the verge of despair.

“We would ask, Who has suffered most, the family of Morgan or that of the ill-fated King? The former was a notorious drunkard, swindler, and common vagabond, as the public well know. He would never have been singled from the lowest grade of citizens, while Col. King, from his high standing as a member of the great commonwealth, demanded, and would have received the respect and homage of his patriotic

fellow-men. The former, if left to that course which subsequent acts prove to have been congenial with a natural disposition to disturb the harmony of society, would have sunk into insignificance, while the latter, if not assailed by the contaminating breath of anti-masonic calumny, would have left a name without reproach, and a family in the peaceful occupancy of domestic peace and quietude."

To this the *Buffalo Journal*, of about the same date, adds the following pungent remarks :

"COLONEL KING.

"The corpse of this individual was scarcely deposited in its grave, when the antimasonic party asserted that he was not dead. The story they tell is, that Masons induced him to abscond; after which, to save his bail, the friends assembled and buried an empty coffin. These men talk of respect for religion and domestic happiness, yet they have no scruples in asserting that the widow of Colonel King and his twelve orphan children have followed, with all the mockery of woe, an empty coffin to the habitations of the dead; that the tears on that occasion, which were shed for the husband and father, were evidences only of affected grief assumed in defense of the Masonic institution. What are the people prepared to think of a combination of men who can thus, with the cry of religion in their mouths, violate the sanctity of the grave, scoff at the tears of bereaved relations, and brand with the charge of hypocrisy, the wailing of the orphans, whose tender years and unfeigned sorrow are blazoned to the world as evidences of crime? 'For what,' it will be asked, 'is this done?' To promote the views of a political party. No better motive can be found. It is the work of those who, aspiring to power and

place, labor constantly to promote suspicion and distrust in society to advance their political views. Without dwelling longer upon the relentless depravity of the act under consideration, let us spend a moment contemplating the effects of such wickedness. This will be the best done by assuming a case. We learn that a culprit was convicted last week at our County Court of grand larceny, and when remanded to prison to await his sentence, was placed in the debtor's apartment. Here, during the night, he forced open the outer door with an ax, and escaped. These, we believe, are the facts.

"Now, our jailer, sheriff, and district attorney are all antimasons, and although we have not the least suspicion that either of these officers, or any one else, was accessory to the escape, yet we might readily create suspicion, and raise up a party in the country to act upon it. We might pursue the subject until no act of these officers should be fairly or honestly construed, and, without invading the solemnity of a funeral procession, we might render, in the opinion of honest and worthy men, their whole lives disreputable by implications. This is but a single case, nor is it marked by any peculiarity, by perverse intentions and untiring efforts. Suspicion may be made to invade every walk in life, and attach to every station in community. What the situation of society would be under such a state of things, we need not describe, nor need we comment further upon the motives of those who can charge bereaved relatives with concealing sinister designs under the funeral rites performed over the mortal remains of one whom, in life, they had loved."

"*June 10, 1829.*—Set off from Avon at half-past eight, A. M., in stage, for Batavia. The contrast between my late prison and the face of nature in

all her gay attire, after four weeks' absence and deprivation from the view, awakened sensations highly agreeable; yet, mingled with thoughts of my melancholy fate, it gave a gloomy aspect to the horizon of my mind. At Stafford, was met by a bum-bailiff, with orders from headquarters, Mr. Spencer directing, to be taken, *sans ceremonie*, before eighteen or twenty *antis* as Grand Jurors. I thought matters rather forced, and refused to say much until I had dusted, washed, and dined. Now to the *sanctum sanctorum* of *anti reveries*. Was asked to be sworn; refused. Was dismissed from the august assembly, but retained in durance vile. Saw a few of my friends, and should have seen more, but for jealousy. Left Batavia at three P. M., and reached Avon at eight.

“ ‘O, wad some power the giftie gie ‘em
 ‘ To see themselves as others see ‘em;
 ‘ It wad fra monie a blunder free ‘em
 ‘ And foolish notion !’

“*June 11.*—A restless night. In my dreams saw much of home. Awoke disappointed, vexed, grieved. I raved and cursed my cruel fate. Turned on my sleepless couch till morning in restless reflection and bitter disappointment. After rising, I mused upon the disparity of condition among those around me and my own. Yet all appear to exert themselves to make me happy. My thanks are due to Mr. Nowland and Mr. Comstock for their politeness and attention. At half-past eight, am set off for home, if the word is not a profanation—*jail* I should have said—in company with Mr. Scymour, of Ithica, and two gentlemen from Chenango county; all friends, no *antis*. Arrived, at noon, at the vestibule of my stone apartment,

“ ‘Shut to my door and locked fair daylight out.’

“*June 12.*—Mr. and Mrs. Williams, of Rochester, visited me; also Col. Bissel and D. C. West, of the same place. They were very friendly, and their expressions were full of sympathy. I looked attentively at the pursuits of mankind, and thought that in the great theater of human events it mattered not what became of an individual. If the sole pursuits of life were venal, no bonds but passion, no ties of consanguinity, no attractive charms heightened by the excellences of virtue, no darling cherubs twined in the very fibers of life, no dear consort, the common sharer of weal and woe, then life would resolve itself into an undistinguishable current, and man were but the sport of nature.

“*June 13.*—Mr. Williams and lady, Drs. Wells and Lockey, and others, called. Was much distressed about the time of ‘night’s dim noon.’

Sabbath, June 14, 1829.—No clanking of bars and chains until a late hour. I was awakened by the snapping of a string of my bass viol. Alas, my harp is on the willows hung! As I write, the church bells are ringing, and the streets are lined with the multitudes moving to church. If the motive be to worship a God of spotless purity; a Being whose omniscient eye, whose omnific presence, sees and fills all time and place, then to such there is a foretaste of heaven on earth. Yes, a happy prelibation of transcendent joys derived from the presence of Him who sees all and is in all. But if hearts were as visible as pretty faces, I fear we should see far less at church. Visitors, Capt. S. P. Allen and S. R. Hathaway.”

The second visit of Mr. Allen is chronicled July 6th following, and that of Mr. Hathaway, July 25th following.

Mr. Bruce's poetic sensibility, as has already been remarked, was very tender. The sound of the church bell is often alluded to in this diary, as awakening a train of pensive and sad thought. The following poem, written by him for the *Craftsman*, was published in that journal, January 19, 1830, with the following editorial preface:

“ON HEARING THE CHURCH BELL.

[“We have had the following on hand for a week or two, and if we can ask the forgiveness of the author, the reader will hardly accord his to us for withholding it from him so long. To ourselves, it has an interest apart from the common rhyming of the road, and it may therefore possess to us an interest which others may not discover, but we think no one can read it without being moved at the deep feeling which pervades it. It is from the pen of Eli Bruce:”]

“Yes, oft I hear thy shrill and chiming sounds,
Sonorous, breaking on my grated cell,—
Awakening transports oft in memory's round
Of joy, thou pleasing, sacred, solemn bell.

“Thy tones are heard where saints their preans raise,
In fond ascriptions to the God they love,
While sinners, trembling, bowed; and infants' praise,
Was incense sweet, where all harmonious move.

“From the rich mine of memory's pleasing train,
And through the vista of departed years,
I trace the happy steps of youth's domain,
Those roseate shades and scenes all rest of fears.

“Yes, while I count the lingering lapse of time,
While fond affection's chained from fondest sight,
Thy notes are music, with my feelings chime,
And soothe me in this *crucible* of night.

“Oft thy lone notes with measured distance tell,
Of some whose spirit from its clay has fled;
Of sorrow wailing at the narrow cell
Where sleep the honored and unhonored dead.

"In morn of life I pass my silent hours,
Where recollection forms the busy train :
Persuasive she, mute eloquence her powers,
No fault or fears within, without are vain.

"Does wealth's enchantment hold the boon of life
Abstract from pain, from trouble, or from care?
Do beauty, fashion, or the flatterer's strife,
With deeds of charity or love compare?

"When in the palsied hand of want we press
The mite, and see the beggar's smile arise;
When from our scanty wardrobes pale distress
Hath walked with thankful hearts and tearful eyes;

"Then life was life—its *being's end and aim*;
No jarring sound the tranquil hours foresee;
'T was duty, now 't is peace or this acclaim,
'T is thus, and 'Ye have done it unto me.'

"CANANDAIGUA, January 3d, 1830."

"*June 15th.*—Heard the solemn sound of the bell, and learned that an infant had shut its eyes upon things terrestrial. Well it might do so, and make a happy exchange. Conscious innocence can never blush nor be afraid in that land 'from whose bourne no traveler returns.'

"'Death is the gate to endless bliss,
To let eternal glories in.'

"The closing scene of these little ones can be but the *joy of grief*. Visitors, several gentlemen of the city, who were very friendly.

"*June 16th.*—Finished reading *Wistar on the Bones*. Visitors, William Beall and Mr. Beach, of Victor, and my much respected friend J. F. Marvin, of Lockport, who brought my second daughter. Ah, who can paint the feelings, who describe the conflicting emotions, the poignancy of grief, the burst of paternal affliction in such a place, under such circumstances. Innocence was before me in all its heaven-born loveliness, its godlike lineaments! Ye who are devoid of sentiment, laugh at my calamity!

Ye in whose bosom no spark of virtue dwells,
whistle a discordant air and grin a devilish smile.

“*June 17.*—Had for my bedfellow J. F. Marvin, who shared the gloominess of my prison with me. ‘A friend in need’s a friend indeed,’ and such is he. Visitors, two valued friends, William Beall and A. W. Douglas.

“*June 18.*—Was visited by some who came to espy our liberty of misery. Did not thank them for their insolence or idle curiosity. Mr. H. Scranton, a young gentleman of talent and feeling, called. How the quicksilver of friendship falls or rises as fortune prospers or blasts our affairs. Some seem bound to admit, that ‘the tailor makes the man,’ so often does the little circumstance of an elegant hat or a costly suit bestow the air of consequence, while the thermometer of feeling toward genuine merit sinks below zero.”

Mr. Scranton, of whom Mr. Bruce formed so favorable an opinion, is noted as a visitor, December 3d, following.

“*June 19, 1829.*—Am puzzling myself over *Wistar’s Muscles*. My memory is very deficient. ‘T is a sad reflection that this intricate heaven-wrought structure (the body) seems to have but poorly answered the purposes for which it was designed. It is certain that nothing short of infinite knowledge and consummate wisdom could have formed a structure so delicate, so admirably adapted for motion and the enjoyment of every sense, as the human system. If rightly viewed, it can not fail to awaken every latent expression of gratitude, and arouse every devoted heart to overflow with heartiest ascriptions of praise and adoration to that Omnipotent Power who made

it. Visitor, Mr. Church, from Henrietta, who made many hearty expressions of friendship.

“*June 20.*—Two Yankees called with eager curiosity to see those M——n characters. I happened to be in the yard, and played with their impertinent curiosity for some time. They asked me if I was in for debt; I told them, yes! Thought much of the changes in human affairs. Time has its own eloquence, though not observed by all; for the votaries of pleasure seldom listen. To them a vacant hour brings but the return of sad reflections of misspent time and idle efforts to gratify what?—their taste, a mere chimera! A small stock of good-nature and understanding will preserve a man, if he avoids the sphere of opulence and fashion, from that insupportable vacuum experienced by the unhappy being whose mind is an unprofitable waste, in which nothing has been sown but the seeds of vanity, avarice, and vicious indulgences. Even though a man be shut out from the busy hum of life, he may acquire the means of amusement both rational and permanent, from those intimacies and endearing relations, sure pledges of felicity, which grow out of the domestic tie. Philosophy, if genuine, will silence or soothe all discordant passions and restless, impertinent ideas, that intrude into the mind with mutinous and impertinent curiosity. Religion and morality—the one is the zenith of all our intellectual enjoyments; the other, the nadir of calm and mutual benefits.

“*Sabbath, June 21, 1829.*—From between my iron lattice, saw the waving grain, the growing corn and grass, the beautiful foliage of a rich and picturesque landscape. For a moment, I was uneasy, but quickly threw the grapples of philosophy on the mutinous passion, and all was calm. Visitors, my cousin Whitcomb and five or six friends.’

On this day he wrote a long and feeling letter to his wife, from which a few extracts will be permitted:

“He who has hitherto sustained us will, I trust, be present to you, and afford you that assistance you so much require. . . . Send me from my books the Grammar of Chemistry, Campbell’s Poems, and the Brief Remarks. Also, the True Monitor. . . . O time, how heavily it drags! It seems as if I had been from home a year, and yet only four weeks last Saturday of my time has elapsed. My head is not so bad as it was before I went to Batavia; the ride did me much good. I stayed at Avon Springs two nights; was showered once. It appears to me, if I had not got some relief, I should have been crazed. The people around me try to make me as comfortable as possible, and Mr. Wheeler, the jailer, is very kind as yet. Any indulgence I ask for I have, but yet it is a jail. . . . Were you and the children with me I should be happy, though in prison.”

To his daughter Ann he wrote, under the same date:

“Misfortunes have placed me beyond the reach and power of conversing with you face to face, therefore I am compelled to do it through the medium of my pen. . . . How much devolves on you to do in the absence of your father! Forget not, my dear daughter, the precepts taught you from the holy Bible: ‘Honor thy father and thy mother,’ is a Divine command. Patience, love, faithfulness, and obedience, are among its first principles. If these are cherished and cultivated, you will store your mind with useful maxims and sentiments. I charge you, my daughter, by the love I bear to you, by everything that is dear to you, to be obedient to your dear mother.”

A few days later, he wrote to his daughter as follows:

"If, my daughter, your conduct will comport with your improvement, and evince modesty, gentleness, mildness, and a sacred regard for truth, accompanied with love and obedience to your parents, you will always have friends who will both love and respect you. . . . I beseech you to cherish a most sacred regard and love for Him who is the Father of all mercies, and God of all grace. It is from him we derive all our comforts, whether they be many or few. Our comforts do not spring from forms, nor our happiness arise from ceremonies. To do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly, is all that our God requires of us. . . . From the circumstances of your father's confinement, you should be doubly attentive and obedient. You see, my dear daughter, it is utterly out of my power to assist your dear mother, your sister, or brother, to anything; therefore prudence, economy, and industry, should be always in view; and to lose sight of these would be ruinous indeed."

"June 22, 1829.—Mind absent and sluggish; a total apathy pervades my system. Labored upon the *Muscles of Wistar*. Letter from W. L., jr.; good intelligence from home: the scenes of domestic life crowd my mind, and leave scanty room for improvement. The bell tolls again that another has gone to the world of spirits. So one after another,

"'Death, the mighty conqueror, carths us all.'

Visitors, several village friends.

"June 23, 1829.—Visitor, my friend Mr. E. J. Roberts. Writing a letter to my brother, my mind was called to those childhood scenes on which we so often delight to dwell. Through the long vista of thirty

years, which recollection holds in view, the mirror of reflection presents but few eccentricities to be regretted, few foibles to have been shunned :

“ ‘ Yes, at this moment crowd upon my mind,
Scenes of bright days forever left behind ;
Bewildering visions of enraptured youth,
When hope and fancy wore the hues of truth.’ ”

The brother alluded to is Dr. Silas Bruce, now (1860) a resident of Boston, and a veteran Mason. Frequent correspondence passed between these gentlemen, and much encouragement and aid were extended to the prisoner by his more fortunate brother.

Mr. E. J. Roberts, senior editor of the *Craftsman*, was a friend to Mr. Bruce “ to the backbone.” It is difficult at the present day to see how the current of antimasonic fury could have been checked short of murder or exile to all who came in its way, but for the decision of Mr. Roberts in establishing his Journal, and his firmness in sustaining it. It was through the *Craftsman* chiefly that the public, as well at home as abroad, were instructed in the various moves making upon the antimasonic chess-board, when presided over by such men as Weed, Spencer, etc., and counter-movements projected.

The *Craftsman* was established at Rochester, New-York, February 10, 1829, as a weekly journal (issued every Tuesday) at \$3 per annum. Its motto was, “ Light, Liberty, and Truth.” It was published by Marshal & Dean, at No. 9 Exchange-street. The first volume terminated February 2, 1830. During its continuance Mr. Roberts was tried and convicted for libeling the jury which tried John Whitney. We

have given the article on preceding pages. He was fined fifty dollars. The second volume commenced February 16, 1830, and terminated February 16, 1831. It was then advertised to be removed to Albany, New-York, but our information extends no further.

Mr. Roberts is still living (1860) at Detroit, Michigan, and is favored in his domestic relations in the possession of a son who, as a Freemason, and a gentleman of learning and intelligence, is, in all respects, worthy of his ancestry.

Among the various celebrations of a Masonic character, we may instance that at Greenville, New-York, where two hundred of the craft gathered, and a discourse was delivered by Rev. Joseph Prentiss, Grand Chaplain of the Grand Chapter of New-York; Dedham, Massachusetts, where more than three hundred brethren met; Sandy Bay, Massachusetts, where the corner-stone of a church was laid; New Hartford, New-York, where three hundred Masons assembled; Chepatchet, Rhode Island, where a very brilliant display of Masonic strength was made; Middleton, Vermont; Royalton, Vermont; Thetford, Vermont; Middlebury, Vermont; Louisville, Kentucky, and elsewhere.

“June 24, 1829.—Felt tolerably well this morning. Give me but my dear wife and children, my treasures, my all, and I can still be happy. But these gone, and all is a blank. Visitors, G. W. Long and Dr. —, from Batavia; expressed themselves very feelingly. Likewise two ladies. The Phœnix man called rather

sheepishly; said he called (relative) to our potato patch. Why did not the small man say at once that he wished to steal a vision of ——. Mr. Ward of this village called. Four new prisoners brought today to our habitation.”

This day was celebrated in many portions of the State with all the usual honors appropriate to the patron saint of Freemasonry. The situation of Mr. Bruce formed the subject of discourse in many a lodge that day, and many a kind wish was wafted by sympathizing brethren toward his lonely cell. Of this he was well aware.

Among the topics that interested the Masonic mind at this period was a letter from *Junius* to Rev. Joshua Bradley, then of Louisville, Kentucky, first published in the *Craftsman* of June 30th. Bradley, after speculating upon the Masonic fraternity for several years, receiving his degrees gratuitously, and selling Masonic works of his own publication, had joined the current of opposition, and on the 9th May, 1829, renounced and denounced the Masonic institution. The letter of *Junius* was a scathing one, and disposed of its subject at a single blow.

A *Farewell Sermon*, preached at Harpersfield, New-York, by Rev. Stephen Fenn, A. M., presents some thoughts that must have been startling to its hearers, who were not entirely lost to the voice of reason and justice. This man had preached there for *thirty-six years*. He had settled at Harpersfield when it was a wilderness, and was, in point of age, the patriarch of the town. Marriages, baptisms, and funerals, he

had performed for an entire generation. In the poverty of his flock he had labored with his hands for his own support; in their prosperity he had shared. He thought to have spent the remainder of his days there, but it was ordered otherwise. The spirit of antimasonry had arisen there, and religion had disappeared upon its approach. There was no alternative for him but to flee before it, or be overpowered by its exterminating spirit. That intolerant spirit had "leveled all distinction in the character of men, paralyzed every religious feeling, divided families, societies, Churches, counties, and states, alienated the most intimate friends, declared that every one that would not come into its measures should be prohibited holding any office of any grade in either State or Church, and that it would not give over its persecutions until every Mason, and every upholder and supporter of Masonry should be hurled from his office, and they snugly planted in his room. Jacobinism in France, in the days of Robespierre, was not so deadly in its influence as the spirit of antimasonry." It had produced a moral desolation through Western New-York. Everything was a moral waste there. Churches were divided, refusing fellowship to one another as Churches, filled with the utmost bitterness one toward another, and the stated ministrations of the Gospel driven away from them, societies in ruins, and the morals of the people rapidly returning to a mere heathenish degradation.

The venerable preacher saw a dreadful weight of woe and ruin connected with the antimasonic spirit

in relation to his flock. He saw the seeds of dissolution and final ruin taking deep root. The Church, prosperous for more than thirty years, was trembling and panting for existence. Unless a different spirit was manifested from what had been recently, he feared their destruction was sealed. In the most solemn and impressive manner he then bade them *farewell*.

An address, delivered June 24, 1829, at Dedham, Massachusetts, by Nahum Capen, presents some interesting phases of antimasonry at that period, but our extracts must be limited to the following:

“That a man named William Morgan, a member of some Masonic society, may have voluntarily submitted to be removed into a temporary place of concealment, for purposes connected only with his own private affairs or plans, is not only possible, but more than probable. That he is still living, and enjoying the fruits of one of the most extensive and deep-laid impositions ever practiced upon an intelligent community, is what I can not undertake to affirm, although to me, in the gradual unfolding of future events, it would not afford matter of extraordinary astonishment.”

And, we may add, this theory has many supporters in the Northern States even to the present day.

It was on this day that political antimasonry in Pennsylvania took its birth by the assemblage, at Harrisburg, of a State Antimasonic Convention. The interest was contemptibly small and unpromising; but the party afterward became strong enough to control the State.

"*June 25th.*—Worked some time in the yard, being quite indisposed. My stomach is much affected. Evening, very unwell; spirits low. My chum (Mr. Whitney) rallied me, but to no effect. I rather say:

"Go! you may call it madness, folly,
You shall not chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay."

Visitors, several gentlemen of the village.

"*June 26th.*—Quite ill to-day. Stood long at my grated window and gazed on busy man. Saw

"The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea."

Visitors, Mr. Williams, and a lady from Rochester.

"*June 27th.*—Great lassitude; loitered about. Sheriff Buell came in with two letters from home; sorry intelligence:

"Some men there are cold as the winter's snow,
Whose souls were never touched with sorrow's tale."

Visitors, Gen. Marvin and Squire Hastings, of Genesee; a stranger from Saratoga, anonymous, but all eye, all ear; Miss Whitney and Miss Vantile. These relieved me somewhat; but, O, Liberty! whither art thou fled?

"*Sabbath, June 28, 1829.*—Inactive and languid.

"Time flies not in a prison; lonely hours,
With sorrow-burdened, slowly move; no change
Amuses gloomy thought, whose fettered powers
Can scarce beyond the grated window range.

"I felt it; morning rose, day beamed, night came,
But brought no change of mind, or scene, or place:
Time seemed to stand, all hours appeared the same,
Yet were not blank, for sorrow filled the place!"

"*June 29th.*—Was informed to-day of the birth of my son on the 27th. Ah, this was a time when bolts could scarcely hold me. Sensations new, hopes elate,

fancy all alive, and I confined to this dormitory! This was the unkindest cut of all, that, after the birth of five daughters, I could not enjoy the present of an only son. Cursed ingratitude that chains me here! After the congratulations of my fellow-sufferer, and the outburst of my own feelings, I spent the day agreeably, if the term is suited to a jail. May the Lord preserve my son, my joy in the midst of sorrow! Visitor, Mr. Finch, of Batavia. A letter of friendship from Mr. H. Taylor.

“*June 30th.*—Studying the arrangement of the bones by the aid of a skeleton. Visitors, Mr. Williams, Miss Hitchcock, and a lady from Auburn. Spent two hours with my cousin at chess. The bell tolls another death.

“ ‘We take no note of time save by its loss.’

“*July 1, 1829.*—Visitors, Gen. Van Fossen, J. Clark, Miss Chesebro and her sister, and Miss Whitney. A very fine hour with them, and time hitched another peg, and then—

“How unenticing, and even insipid, are objects, how dull and heavy are hours with him whose *mind is absent*. Would not such a man, interdicted the enjoyments of life in the open air, incarcerated, made subject to the abject and puny peltings of a merciless, unfeeling, irreligious, time-serving, self-aggrandizing, type-slandering, political faction—would he not barter all, save life itself, for the enjoyment of the comforts and sweets of the domestic fireside.”

Gen. Van Fossen is noted in the Diary as having made a second visit, December 21st following.

“*July 2d.*—Busy with anatomy. Again the death-bell. Who dies now? alas, all must! Well, it is right, if only ready; and that depends upon the re-

gard we have for futurity, its purposes and end; for none returns to tell.

“O, that some courteous ghost would blab it out:
Close shuts the grave nor tells a single tale.”

“*July 3d.*—Much sluggishness for want of air and exercise. A present of a bottle of good Madeira for to-morrow's festival. One gun at sunset announces the anticipated morn. To hold the birthday of our beloved country in jail; to be an idle spectator of those festive scenes; to hear those bursts of hilarity in du-rance vile, while a whole nation is in glee; to cramp the noble passion for freedom, and lay a tariff on the mind!—the juster notions of life revolt from it.

“*July 4th.*—At daylight, a noisy four-pounder; at sunrise, a federal salute. Four bells proclaimed a nation's jubilee, but a sorry jubilee to us. Is there a living man whose feelings are ardent, whose heart glows with patriotism, whose life has been devoted to usefulness and care for his fellow-men, whose aims of life were justice without oppression, judgment without partiality, promptness without abuse, cheerfulness without vanity, friendship without dissimulation, and gain without extortion, that could stand by the inner side of iron grates and behold the general burst of joy, commemorative of the birth of a great republic, without experiencing mingled emotions of love and hate, joy and sorrow, respect for his country's law and contempt for the undue administration of them, a love of liberty and hatred for those who violate it. Visitors, Mr. Lodner and Miss H. Reed. The latter evinced much genuine feeling at our situation. Friendship in man, but much more in woman, gives efficacy to the mind, and lightens affliction. It is a solace in trouble, and even a joy in grief.

“*Sabbath, July 5, 1829.*—Weak; thought much of home. My mind was at Lockport (home) most of

the day. I find that 'Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me.' Spent most of the day with M. Lodner about home affairs.

"*July 6th.*—Rose rather early for a gentleman not exactly at large. Visitors, S. P. Allen, on his return from New York, N. G. Chesebro, and C. H. Coc, with a number of misses; the latter allured, I presume, by curiosity."

Mr. Chauncey H. Coc, whose visits are often mentioned in this diary, and always with gratitude, was proprietor of the stage line from Canandaigua to Rochester in September, 1826, and engaged Hiram Hubbard, at Mr. Chesebro's request, to take the Morgan party to Rochester. He was not himself in the least implicated in the abduction. This gentleman is now deceased.

"*July 7th.*—Regulating matters about the prison.

"And such the change the heart displays,
So frail is early friendship's reign;
A month's brief lapse, perhaps a day's,
Will view the mind estranged again."

But there is a more genuine sentiment:

"Friendship, peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given—
To all the lower world denied."

Visitor, J. T. B. Van; interesting and gentlemanly in deportment, noble in sentiment; he evinces a feeling heart and genuine sensibility.

"*July 8th.*—Rumors of threatening turmoils and wars. An embargo on mind and tongue would scarcely serve. Perhaps elevation in office, the probable acquirement of a little of the root of evil, may have good effect. I think with the poet:

“Honest friend, say all you can;
In life still hold the golden rule
That riches make a fool a man,
And poverty, a man a fool.”

“*July 9th.*—Busy in seeing the prison cleansed. Visitors, Mr. Perry, from Skeneateles, Joel Dorman, from Penn Yan, and Lodwick C. Fitch, a pretty clever *anti*.

“Ye know the right, and do approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.”

“*July 10th.*—Studying *Wistar and the Skeleton*. Visitors, Squire Lobdell, of Victor, Col. E. Sawyer and lady.”

Col. Sawyer will be remembered as one of those whose part in the Morgan abduction was so slight, if any, as to stamp the verdict of one month's imprisonment, which he suffered, as an infamous outrage upon justice. His kindness to Mr. Bruce while in jail, was steady and generous. In company with his wife he visited him frequently, and afforded him many of those comforts, without which, his fast declining health would not have been sustained to the end of his imprisonment. Col. Sawyer is now living (1860) at Grand Blanc, Michigan.

“*July 11th.*—Letter from home, which excited some interest. Visitors, Mr. O. Riley, W. Whitney, and Mr. V. S. Olcott, with a good bottle of wine.

“*July 12, 1829, Sabbath.*—A very sudden change of weather, rainy and cool, inclining to *ennui*. Spent most of the day in chit-chat. At three P. M., Messrs. W. and O. set off for Rochester, and left us still ‘Stemming the torrent of a downward age,’ prone to slander, falsehood, and abuse.

“*July 13th.*—Received an insulting paper through

the mail, sent doubtless by some *anti* scoundrel. Visitors, Mr. O. Riley and J. Bond, from Rochester. With him I had a feast, an intellectual feast of fat things like wine on the lees. He took the bass viol *sans ceremonie*, and made the air vocal with music.

"*July 14th.*—Saw the Phoenix; guess he don't like to see gentlemen call. Is there a being so mean, so void of feeling, from whose heart the milk of human kindness ever dropped, much less flowed, who, with Spanish aim could strike at a wounded man, and open anew a lacerated wound yet scarcely bandaged. Visitors, Mrs. R. D——, from Rochester. Two new prisoners brought in."

These frequent allusions to the "Phoenix," of course excited our curiosity to discover the person's name, but we were disappointed, and must equally disappoint our readers. We are equally unable to supply the name to which the initial D. belongs.

"*July 15th.*—Devoted the day mainly to welcoming valued friends. He is a short-sighted man who looks for friendship from those who have not found it in him. Visitors, Major S. Barton, Col. S. B. Jewett, friend N. G. Chesebro, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Chaddock, of LeRoy."

Col. Simeon B. Jewett's second visit is noted July 3d following. This gentleman is at this time (1860) United States Marshal of the Southern District of New York.

"*July 16th.*—Visitors, Col. Jewett, our particular friend Mr. Phillips, and Squire S. Mott, of Geneva. All's well that ends well."

Mr. Mott was a frequent visitor. His calls are chronicled in the diary under dates January 4th,

February 17th, and June 9, 1830, and January 3, 1831. He is said to have left "tokens of esteem."

"*July 17th.*—Time begins to move less heavily. Visitors, Drs. Lackey and Hill, Mr. Hamblin, Mr. Blair and lady, and a brother of Dr. Lackey.

"*July 18th.*—Wet and gloomy. Parted with my daughter and R. D——, for Rochester. Visitors, P. Grandin, Mr. Curtis, of Palmyra, and five scholars from the academy. Mine host (the jailer) gave us a snap. He is too credulous; will find difficulty if he listens to every *street story*. A generous heart will disregard such trash."

We cannot explain this "street story." It was probably some silly rumor relative to Mr. Bruce intending to escape by disguising his person.

"*July 19, 1829, Sabbath.*—Read with much attention in the *Medical Journal*, and two sermons of Bishop Hobart. The diction is fine, sentiments sound, language seems to flow with easy uninterrupted volubility, as from a clear and pellucid fountain. Visitors, our worthy friends Wm. R. Thompson, Esq., and Mr. Hall, of Rochester. In the eve sang and played with Mr. and Miss Wheeler; all cheerful."

Mr. Thompson's visits are noted under date August 20th, and November 8th, following. Mr. Bruce writes in relation to him,

"A friend is worth all hazard we can run;
A world in purchase for a friend is gain."

"*July 20th.*—Succeeded in setting up my skeleton. While putting joint to joint and limb to limb, to see the muscles and sinews play, reminded me of Pol-

lok's descriptive imagery (*Course of Time*) of the *Day of Judgment*; so forcibly drawn as to leave an indelible impression. When men, busy mortals, are in the midst of toils and cares, time is sworn to live no longer. 'The blast of Gabriel's trump is heard, the dead appear, the dying start into life, the living are changed :

“ ‘And as the *anatomist* with all his band
Of rude disciples,' etc., etc.

Saw through my window a fine evening without.
Surely it is tantalizing to the senses when

“ ‘Soft plays the moonlight on the checkered scene.’

Visitors, Mr. Roberts and two other gentlemen.

“ *July 21st.*—Received a very fine letter from C. C. Baldwin, full of eccentric remarks, trite and pithy sayings, etc. Sheriff gave us a polite call, in fine spirits, gentlemanly. Visitors, three sprightly damsels.

“ *July 22d.*—We just begin to hear the song of harvest home. Visitors, Mr. McNutt, N. G. Chesbro, Mr. Tillotson of this place, and Mr. Leland, of New York.

“ *July 23d.*—Very busy with *Wistar*. Visitors, Dr. and Mrs. Williams, of this place.

“ *July 24th.*—Visitors, my very particular friend, Miss Fellows, of Lockport, Gen. J. F. Marvin, Mr. Morris, Mr. Swan, of Rochester, Mr. S. Gillis, Mr. Scranton, King Lyons, Mrs. Williams, and two young men, whose appearance indicated them gentlemen.

“ *July 25th.*—A fine day, and finely spent. Visitors, (many and various, male and female: took them off-hand to be friends: may be disappointed, but hope not,) S. R. Hathaway, of Lockport, a uniform friend; Mrs. Williams, and a number of villagers, mostly young people.

“ *Sabbath, July 26, 1829.*—My chum (Mr. Whit-

ney) heard the pleasing intelligence of the birth of a son.

"I hope some persons are in reality what their sanctimonious appearance indicates. Do n't think that outward habiliments and gravity of countenance are a certain index of purity, meekness, holiness, and godliness, or exactly a safe passport to heaven.

"*July 27th.*—No wonders wrought to-day. Heard of the death of S. M. Smith, of Rochester. Heard that Blossom's vault was an infant's tomb. 'Do mothers monsters turn!' Visitors, an esteemed friend, J. Gray, on his way to Albany, and some village visitors."

We can not explain the above allusion; but probably it has reference to some newspaper story.

"*July 28th.*—Between study and amusement, the day passed off very well. Visitors, J. Gray, Mr. Colley, of Rochester, King, of this place, the sheriff, and J. Field, of Rochester.

"*July 29th.*—Very busy making some small dissections; day passed finely. Visitors, Phelps, Van Buskirk, and Holly, of Rochester, J. Gray, and Mr. Roberts. Letter, with protestations of friendship from S. B. Conby, of Lockport.

"*July 30th.*—Busied in cleaning the jail. Visitors, Gray, Roberts, and J. E. Lashier, from Lockport, with tidings from my family. All well."

A second visit from Mr. Lashier is noted March 3d, following.

"*July 31st.*—Felt tolerably. Visitors, Mr. Babbit, from Worcester, Massachusetts, and Mr. Hutchinson.

"*August 1st.*—A dreary morning; but little improvement to-day. A Mr. Short called with our

host, (the jailer.) He thinks the world is oddly made, and everything amiss.

"*Sabbath, August 2, 1829.*—A fine day; was very studious; read Kneeland's Translation of the New Testament, and found it as I read, perfectly consistent. Visitors, Dr. Lackey, and S. P. Alcott.

"*August 3d.*—Making dissections with Dr. Hill, of the heart, etc., of a bullock. Visitors, Mr. Alcott, wife and daughter, Israel R. Hall, Mayhew, Chesebro, and Sheriff Buel."

Mr. Hall was the jailer at Canandaigua, in September, 1826, and during Mr. Bruce's imprisonment, but he was not present at the time of Morgan's abduction.

"*August 4th.*—Busy as yesterday; things go tolerably smoothly; mind pretty clear. The death-bell note announces the flight of another soul to —. Visitors, Jennings, Mayhew, and Pixley.

"*August 5th.*—Busy about nothing at all; mind sterile, and rather cloudy; thought everything mysterious, secret, astonishing, incomprehensible. Deacon E. Willmarth called on us.

"*August 6th.*—Little profited by study to-day. Think if my dear wife and boy were here I should be measurably happy, though in prison. Visitors, Dr. Williams, Mr. Mayhew, Col. Sawyer, and Mr. Averil.

"*August 7th.*—A day tolerably spent. Saw some hypocrisy in the *Johnite*—man to double baseness bound. Wonder if the shining dust in the hands of the broker eclipsed his vision of heaven. Read in the *Masonic Record* with some emotion the *Moanings of Varro*, a political effusion. The reading of them excited the following:

- "And Varro's years, (though few, yet gay,
Like clouds that stain the summer sky,
So tardily have passed away,
Their shadows dark still on him lie!
- "Is life a dream, a mere mischance,
A vision of the meteor-kind?
That wanes ere half its noon's advance,
And leaves no vivid trace behind?
- "In fitful gusts, or frenzied hours,
Some mingled shapes of fairy names
Come flitting o'er his slumbering powers,
And smiling, paint a world in flames.
- "Are youth and beauty, wealth and ease,
All irksome in the morrow of life?
Has life no charm, no power to please,
No pole-star haven, naught but strife?
- "*Sic transit gloria mundi*, seems
A charm to thee, if charms can find
In thee a point in reason's beams,
To lure the current of the mind.
- "Vain are such thoughts—such whinings vain,
And ill beseeem a man *too soon*;
What, but to hush with cold disdain
The social germ of heaven's boon.
- "When from the portals of the sky,
On errands kind to mortals sent,
The angel Hope is fluttering by,
Thy looks seem scorn and discontent,
- "No wonder that his weary wings
Are perched upon the stormy wave;
And dark despair his fetters flings,
Perchance to hide them in the grave.
- "Yet, if that dull, cold apathy,
Be monarch of thy better kind,
And that foul form of lethargy
To oblivion's cave thy powers consigned—
- "Sad is thy fate, dreary thy doom;
Thy star will set in endless night;
The milky-way of night's dim noon
May be thy only distant light."

The allusion to the *Johnite man* is evidently to some emissary of the special counsel, Mr. John C.

Spencer, seeking to gain Mr. Bruce's testimony for the trials then impending.

As the *Masonic Record* formed one of the mediums through which the institution was kept alive through that gloomy period, we remark here that it was first established at Albany, February 2, 1828, by Mr. E. B. Child, weekly, at two dollars per annum, and continued to the close of the fifth volume, March 3, 1832. Although more of a literary than a Masonic journal, its articles were ever sound, and its blows at the opponents of Masonry well struck.

Mr. Bruce wrote to Mr. Childs, May 25, 1829, and February 8th following, received from him what he styles in his diary "a friendly call."

"*August 8th.*—Heat extreme; studies neglected; mind absent, barren, dull. Letter from home; wife is thinking of paying me a visit. What must be her feelings and opinion! a jury of our country say I am guilty of an offense. If so it is prejudice that has made it. No guilt rests on my skirts. Neither Judge Howell, nor any other jurist from Blackstone to him who sentenced me can alter my opinion when I know I have truth on my side. When jurors carry prepossession and prejudices with them in their deliberations, and suffer themselves to be led away by principles emanating from vindictive feelings, innocence has no protection, equity is merely nominal, and judges and jurors are but thrashing-machines of designing demagogues."

This was equally the conviction of thousands of honest men, as well without as within the prison precincts of Canandaigua.

"*Sabbath, August 9, 1829.*—Read *Kneeland* with much attention. I think it surpasses the old translation. Passages that were wholly inexplicable are read here with ease. I make no question that when bigotry, superstition, and the policy of priestcraft shall have vanished, and intelligence and toleration take their places, this work of *Kneeland* will be preferred. But when the minister closes his eye against the true light, gross darkness will cover the people. Mr. Newton, from Rochester, called on us.

"*August 10th.*—Wrote a letter to Albany, and two to Lockport. A letter from my worthy friend Mr. Stickney. ~ Worth makes the man, and such is my friend.

" 'Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.'

"*August 12th.*—I perceive that the temperature of my jailer is too much regulated by the favor-seeking Spencer, the thermometer of whose feelings is very high in the antimasonic cause just now ; his flat denial to the contrary notwithstanding. Our smut machine is very anxious to do something, or say something novel and original ; but the quintessence of Smith's knowledge will never be overrated, for if no other evidences of worth appear than that exhibited in his paper, he will never be a giant in the cause of antimasonry. Turned the *Johnite* into a case.

"*August 13th.*—Mind absent and barren ; but little done. Read some of Elder Bernard's falsehoods about Masonry. It is well this man did not live in our Savior's time, for the love of filthy lucre is excited in him to such an astonishing degree that he would have underbid Judas Iscariot twenty-five per cent. ! The love of gain, and the babblings of *this, his world*, so eclipse his devotion that the love of Christ is invisible in any of the walks of life.

“ ‘The painted hypocrite is known,
Through the disguise he wears :
Most guilty, villainous, dishonest man !
Wolf in the clothing of a gentle lamb !
Dark traitor in Messiah's holy camp !’

Visitors, Mr. Allen and Mr. Bates, students.”

This is no harsh estimate of the man, David Bernard. As such, posterity will judge him.

“ *August 14th.*—In tolerable spirits. Visitors, William H. Childs, of Niagara, very friendly and feeling, Gen. Vincent Matthews, N. G. Chesebro, R. Norton, Joel M. Parks, and the sheriff, (Bucl.)”

Gen. Matthews was counsel for the defense in most of the antimasonic prosecutions. He was a lawyer of much distinction, and enjoyed an unblemished reputation.

“ *August 15th.*—Heard of great adventures in the antimasonic world; rallying round the pole of political antimasonry; new acquisitions; new lights; great zeal; much hypocrisy and sinister views; all this I learn from the antis only. But I do n't believe that principles and motives fraught with so much corruption, falsehood, and disguise, as those which make up antimasonry, can flourish any longer than self-interest (a most powerful talisman) operates, and self-aggrandizement (a strong incentive) urges forward a few reckless, designing men, most of whom are devoid of principle or integrity. Visitors, Mr. C. H. Coe, with a gentleman from Oneida, John Bellings, and Mr. Allen, from Victor, a thrifty farmer.

“ *Sabbath, August 16, 1829.*—Begin to hear the church bells without emotion. Looking through the vista of by-gone days, I find very little to mar my mind; some eccentricities of youth, some misjudged

efforts in manhood arising from want of mature deliberation, and these not so exceptionable as to constitute a *blank*, but rather a *parenthesis*. Visitors, Ainsworth, Acker, B. Martin, L. Tucker, and S. Saxton."

In reading such passages as these, it must be remembered that they were written in the solitude of a jail, in the secrecy of a diary, and for his own eye alone, or at the most, for those of his children, to be read after he was gone. They are his honest utterances as between himself and God. To read them, is like looking into the chamber of the man's heart. Ever frank, impulsive, and strictly truthful in all his life, he is here recording in an excess of frankness, impulse, and truth, his own judgment of himself. The entry above forms a key to his whole character.

"August 17th.—Finished *Wistar's Anatomy*, read newspapers and miscellaneous pieces. A thunder storm. This the Psalmist terms *the voice of the Lord*; the voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. Such a scene recalls the sentiment:

" ' Man, think of God!
Think of thyself! think of eternity!
Fear God, the thunders said; *fear God*, the winds,
Fear God, the lightning and the storm replied."

J. A. Norton, of Palmyra, called; kind in expression, feeling in sentiment.

"August 18th.—General Sessions and Common Pleas commence to-day. Morganites very busy; try to do much, but effect little. Don't think they'll set the lake on fire this heat. Saw some of Spencer's hirelings. Guess they want more money.

‘O, yes, Mr. S., glad to come! anything you say, Mr. S., black or white!’ Visitors, J. F. Mason, E. A. Cooley, and T. Wright, from Lockport, E. Griffin, Mr. Jarvis, and others.”

Mr. Mason was a correspondent of Mr. Bruce. His visits are noted under dates February 19th and 20th following.

“*August 10th.*—High expectations in the antimasonic cause; but quails are not caught in gull-traps. Shares in that company can soon be obtained for less than what some gentlemen of the bar wished to raise to secure witnesses with. *O tempora! O mores!* Visitors, Seymour Scoville, of Lockport; Hon. H. Gardner, of Lockport, and a number of gentlemen from Rochester and Geneva.”

Mr. Seymour also visited, under dates February 20th and May 13th following. Mr. Gardner visited again September 18th following.

“*August 20th.*—Visitors numerous and respectable—Drs. Wells and Williams, Mr. Follet, from Buffalo, W. R. Thompson, and others.

“‘A friend is worth all hazards we can run;
A world in purchase for a friend is gain.’”

The great difference between real and pretended friendship is rarely seen till the fogs of misfortune begin to gather round, and showers of disappointments fill the cup of bitterness. Then their relative and intrinsic value is duly appreciated. *Pretended friendship*, like the *ignis fatuus*, still leads into the bogs of disappointment, or leaves one in the midst of his wandering; but *real friendship*—like the true magnet to the polar star, never varies. Like the steady beacon, it shines brightest in the darkest night.

"*August 21, 1829.*—Between comers and goers, the taking in and taking out of prisoners, the day was spent very well. Among the visitors, some called with our knowledge and some not. Judge Allen called. Parted with Squire Mason, Griffith, and Jewett. Wright's trial is put off. Heard of Dr. Watkins's law race. He runs well; has good wind; and if he carried the weights of justice with him, he might have won the race; but he had better keep away from Ontario county, for his people go the whole hog, and have swinish propensities. Jurors here are not famous for doing justice or traversing testimony with rectitude. Prejudice and misrepresentation are prominent features in their characters."

The allusion to Watkins is, we believe, to Tobias Watkins, whose trial on a government prosecution as a defaulter occupied much space in the papers of the day.

"*August 22d.*—I find that John C. Spencer has, at last, thrown himself into market to be cheapened by his own volition; and if I do not mistake or misjudge, within six months his attachment to any party will portend disaster, if not dissolution. Strange such a talented man should thus unreservedly throw himself on the wheel of political ambition, and wantonly sacrifice real worth for imaginary greatness. He has yet to learn that the path to real worth and true greatness in this enlightened age is not paved with falsehood, deceit, corruption, wanton aberration from rectitude. Visitors, E. J. Roberts and Mr. Van Ness, from Rochester."

The prediction respecting Mr. Spencer was, in part, realized. Mr. Spencer resigned his position as

special counsel ere the time predicted, and his best friends admitted that it had brought nothing to him but vexation and discredit.

“*Sabbath, August 23, 1829.*—To the true Christian, there has been a day of devotion. To such a man, piety appears conspicuously yet in unobtrusive case in all the varied movements of life, and especially on the Sabbath he shines in the sublimity of the Christian character, mingled with meekness, while he exclaims, in humble adoration and resignation: ‘Not my will but thine be done.’ His daily walk is not filled with those things that spot the true spiritual character, or obscure his vision from a known sense of duty. His faith rises above the bereavements and disappointments of life, for he is convinced that—

“Here is firm footing, here is solid rock;
This can support him: all is sea beside.
His hold on heaven is well described;
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.”

“*August 24th.*—Am reviewing *Wistar*. Dry, complicated, gnarled, and intricate is *Myologia*, as well as *Neurologia*. My memory is treacherous. Mind absent and poverty-stricken. Have scarcely courage to grapple medical science at the age of thirty-five years, even if the residue of my life is worth a profession. Visitors, John Gilbert, of Rochester, an old and esteemed friend; also Johnson, Coe, Chesebro, and Roberts.”

Mr. Gilbert, of whom so grateful a word is said, is known to have deserved the compliment of a true and steady friend.

“*August 25th.*—Heard some good news—good

because impudence has met with merited contempt. B. Cook, than whom few are more vindictive, more bloodthirsty, more vilifying, has now found, from actual experiment, that he can not palm himself off as an honest man in a community where knowledge, law, and liberty are respected. His *prurient* thirst for power carries him very far beyond the bounds of reason and equity. He seems not to be satisfied with feuds and turmoils at home, in setting families at variance with their own inmates, creating schisms in Churches, and discords in neighborhoods; but he must make a second or third attempt to carry his discordant views into a neighboring province. He has been justly treated. Received a letter of condolence from R. Brocket. Visitors, Schuyler, Tillotson, King, and J. Gilbert. King and Schuyler from Palmyra.

"August 26th.—Visitors, Roberts, Wright, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. E. Bacon, of Painted Post, Steuben county, both gentlemen in appearance, and profuse in words of friendship.

"August 27th.—Read a *Review* of Abercrombie on the *Diseases of the Stomach*, a highly interesting and valuable work. Dr. J. S. Barber visited me."

Dr. Barber is said, on a subsequent page, to be of Fairfield, Connecticut. His visits are noted September 23d and September 28th following the above.

"August 28th.—Visited by Mrs. Hall, the hostess of this fabric, and Mrs. Martin. Mrs. H. presents the appearance of all that worth and virtue would seem to require; is feeling, frank, and interesting. Mrs. Martin is grave, though pleasant and affable; clad in the habiliments of mourning; showed the check of sorrow, adown which the tear of affliction

had marked channels not to be obliterated by the hand of time."

See note relative to Mr. Israel Hall, under date August 3d previous.

"*August 29th.*—A letter from my venerable and very dear mother, now sixty-four years of age. It was fraught with instruction and sentiments of no ordinary import. A bundle of papers and a sermon from my new and kind friend, Mrs. Martin. Visitors, Mr. Barnum, assistant editor of the *Craftsman*, Drs. Partridge and Dickerson, and Mr. Felt. Heard at the door the intrusive step of an impertinent, ignorant gossip, who came in unceremoniously, and, with an air of arrogance peculiar to inquisitiveness, made various absurd interrogatories, such as only fools would propound. He said, I think, his name was Gordon."

Mr. Barnum paid visits to Mr. Bruce under date May 30th previous and March 26th following.

"*Sabbath, August 30, 1829, 11 P. M.*—All is dark without, save those twinkling orbs, whose distant lights, so many tapers, would allure me abroad, were it not for the intervention of grated windows and barred doors that interdict it. How roves the mind in the night of affliction! How the fettered fancy writhes under this *durance vile!* Courage droops; magnanimity reclines a pensive head; vivacity steps behind the curtain of bygone *better* days, and ever and anon catches the glimpse of the passing scenes through the vista of affliction. Hope, staggering, lingers still, nor dares to sally forth.

"Where active fancy travels beyond sense,
And pictures things unseen."

"Come 'tired nature's sweet restorer.'"

Never was prison story told in sadder words.

“August 31st.—H. Howard visited us.”

Mr. Howard paid another visit August 9, 1831.

“September 1, 1829.—Mrs. Bruce arrived with my whole family save one. These are the poor man's treasures. Here is a triumph few can boast of. Mrs. Chesebro visited us.”

We take this place to insert the letter from Mr. Bruce to Mr. Levi Taylor, then of Lockport, New York, now of Ionia, Michigan, to which we alluded on page 65. The portions omitted relate to domestic matters.

“CANANDAIGUA, March 3d, 1830.

“FRIEND TAYLOR :—Your friendly and interesting letters have been duly received. I duly appreciate your kindness to me and my family. I never questioned your friendly and honorable feelings toward me; and permit me to say, I have the most entire confidence in your friendship. But I have a claim on your *patience*, not from any service that I have rendered you, but in common with the unfortunate.

“It is with the most poignant feelings of regret in me that your feelings should suffer while you are rendering services to my family. . . . Two of my children are now freed from all the troubles incident to frail human nature, and are enjoying the beatific presence of Him who has redeemed them from the thralldom of sin and suffering. Peace to their ashes! Their father is immured in the cold walls of a jail. From him their mother can derive no help, no consolation, but the return of conjugal affection, and that too made at once livelier and more dis-

travelling by the cruel distance that parts us. Our property all gone—beggared and on the charities of those only who are disposed to be charitable—subject to censure at the least eccentricity, and not a roof to call her own. I say, under all these, and many more complicated, mortifying, distressing, and soul-trying circumstances, . . . is it strange that a woman thus circumstanced (her husband buried alive) should view, with suspicion and intense anxiety, any action that should seem like a neglect. . . . I am aware that many circumstances must arise which will be unpleasant and trying to you, and it will be impossible almost to avoid them. But what can I say? . . . Can I censure you, Friend Taylor? *In my heart I do not.* All I can say is, be patient, attentive, and kind, and your reward must be in another world, for I can not requite you. I must dismiss the subject, for it is very *painful* to me.

“Show this letter to no one but your wife. Do not forget. My time drags very heavily, and frequently seems as if I could not stay any longer. All the comfort I have is when I am asleep, and then I am at home and in business; but it is doubly vexing to awake after a pleasant dream, and find myself in *durance vile*. I would to God I were out.

“Yours, with esteem,

“BRUCE.”

“*September 2d.*—The visit of my family gives me mingled pleasure and pain; pleasure, that they are with me in health and tolerable comfort; pain, that they see me within the walls of a prison.”

A Masonic convention was this day held by delegates from the counties of Madison, Chenango, and Cortland, at the village of De Ruyter, for the pur-

pose of taking into consideration the prevalent excitement, and to adopt measures best calculated to restore peace and harmony to society. The following, among other appropriate resolutions, were adopted:

“*Resolved*, That, in the opinion of this convention, it would be inexpedient to take measures to surrender Masonic charters, and that we recommend to all Masonic bodies the propriety of *retaining their charters*, and a strict and regular attention to all Masonic communications, as the strongest testimonials of their integrity as citizens, and attachment to their inestimable civil and religious privileges.

“*Resolved*, That as the principles of Masonry are opposed to party feuds and political combinations, we will not, as Masons, unite our influence with any political party.”

“*September 3d.*—Heard of great political commotions abroad. The Jackson and Adams’ parties about to amalgamate. This leaves the *antis* to fight by themselves, and with their own strength, which they will find is but weakness. Great efforts making by J. C. Spencer, to his eternal shame and disgrace.”

It will be appropriate here to explain how it was that the names of many gentlemen of the highest respectability, and some who will live in the annals of the nation, were found associated, at this period, with the antimasonic party. It was not from personal feeling against Masonry, but because of the two great parties of the nation, (Jackson and anti-Jackson.) The latter was arrayed, for a short period, under antimasonic colors, as promising the most successful results. Thus, John Quincy Adams, William Wirt,

William Henry Harrison, and Henry Clay, were, at different periods, spoken of as candidates of this hybrid party; but Mr. Wirt was finally selected as the nominee, and severely beaten. Such men as Millard Fillmore, and the like, were not so much antimasons as *anti-Jackson politicians*; and, consequently, for a brief period, antimasonic politicians.

“*September 4th.*—Visitors, Dr. H. Vinton, of Shrewsbury, Mass., H. Hubbard and wife, Mrs. Tillotson, and Mrs. Thayer.”

Mr. Hubbard will be remembered as the individual who drove the coach containing the Morgan party from Canandaigua to Hanford's Landing, on the night of September 12–13, 1826. No blame accrued to him for his part in the abduction. Mr. Hubbard always averred, and stoutly maintained, that Morgan's entrance into the coach was voluntary on his part, and that he manifested no signs of uneasiness or desire to escape during the journey of ten hours. His attentions to Mr. Bruce, while in prison, were frequent and cordial. He has gone, long since, to mother earth.

“*September 5th.*—My much respected and liberal friend, H. Howard, presented me with a fine cage containing two canaries. Mrs. Sawyer visited us.”

Of these sweet songsters, the canaries, there are many entries further on. One of them, not enduring jail life, died within a week.

“*Sabbath, September 6th.*—Very rainy; fine day for *ennui*.

“*September 7th.*—Saw an advertisement of some paintings, purporting to be the immolation of Bill Morgan. Guess most of the Morganites love gain above patriotism; promotion above principle; self-aggrandizement above public peace. Visitors, my tried and much esteemed friend John Hopkins, and lady, on their way to Pennsylvania. Goodness is in *deeds, not words.*”

A convention of delegates from several Masonic bodies in the counties of Madison, Chenango, and Cortland, was held in the village of De Ruyter, on the 7th inst., “for the purpose of taking into consideration the unhappy excitement which now exists against Masonry, and to adopt such measures as were deemed most expedient to allay the excitement, and again restore peace and harmony to society.” The editor of the *Morrisville* (Madison) *Observer*, who was not a Mason, attended the convention, and said it was composed of the most respectable citizens of all political parties and all denominations of Christians. The convention resolved that “it would be inexpedient to take measures for the surrender of Masonic charters; and that we recommend to all Masonic bodies the propriety of retaining their charters, with a strict and regular attention on all Masonic communications, as the strongest testimonials of their integrity as citizens, and attachment to their inestimable civil and religious privileges.”

An address to the people was adopted and signed

by all the delegates present, amounting to *one hundred and nine*.

The ludicrous exhibitions were multiplied in every possible form, from the vilest daubs of a country sign-painter, to elegant designs on copper, steel, and wood. Our library contains a vast number of such. Their tone and spirit are evidently borrowed from the antimasonic almanacs of Edward Giddins, which exhibit, in the most amusing manner, the fancies of the period. One of these engravings, which seems to have been done with a rusty nail upon a hemlock surface, presents the contrast between Freemasonry in 1826, a burly, beef-fed man, and Freemasonry in 1830, a wizen-faced, woe-begone caitiff, as sore at conscience as frail in body. Pity the designer did not live to add a third drawing to his series, viz., Freemasonry in 1860!

“*September 8th.*—Visitors, Esquires Mott and Noble of Geneva, Mrs. Chesebro, and Mrs. Richmond.

“*September 10th.*—Read *Richeraud's Physiology*. Visitors, Mr. Jones and another gentleman from Geneva.

“*September 11th.*—Sheriff called on us. My little tip bird died to-day.”

An antimasonic event occurred this day, so well described by a correspondent of Mr. Child's paper, *The Masonic Record*, that we copy the article entire:

“We have had a rare exhibition here this day. It was an antimasonic jubilee; and all the antis, and

especially the antiwater drinkers, came flocking in like sheep without a shepherd. But they soon found shepherds; for here was Southwick, the bell-wether, and old Caleb Green, the parson, and that other parson, who, though he may have a *strong arm*, has a *weak head*. These were the shepherds of this motley flock. They crowded into the brick church, all eager to hear the great oracle. But Daddy Green first got up and made a genuine anti prayer, as long as an ordinary sermon. He made the sheep believe that *orator Southwick* had been raised up by God for the divine work of putting down Freemasonry; that is, he thanked God very fervently, and they all seemed to ejaculate after him, that he had specially raised up Southwick as the great champion of their cause; as if Heaven would smile upon such an unhallowed clan, and such champions as this parson and Southwick, and the Northampton apostate, who, after preaching masonry for years, suddenly deserted it. Green, to give the d—l his due, never was a Mason, and has always been opposed to us; but for such apostates as Armstrong, and such daring political adventurers as Southwick, no honest man can have any charity. After Green had made a fool of himself by announcing Southwick as the chosen of God, and had retired into the back seat, there came forward a smooth-faced young man, by the name of Johnson, a printer, who read the antimasonic declaration of independence, with an air of much modesty and no little self-complacency. Next came the *Thunderer*, as the antis call him. He began with quoting the Scripture, as the devil would on a similar occasion, and then went on with a wild flourish of defiance to his enemies, and the enemies of 'the glorious cause.' He spoke, I must confess, in *thundering style*; splashing up and down like a mad bull in a mud bog, and making the welkin ring with

his denunciations, not forgetting the ghost of Morgan, and his dear friend Miller, who seems to be ever uppermost in his thoughts. Mrs. Morgan and her babies were also brought to view, to the great edification, no doubt, of the simpleton herd. In short, if anything would excite surprise in these times, it would be the fact, that a *thousand* human, and ought to be, *rational* beings, could listen three hours to the ravings of this 'thundering' dotard. But so it is. Alas, poor human nature! 'O flesh, how art thou fishified!' The apostate Armstrong closed by a hypocritical prayer, and the duped multitude dispersed, wondering at the piety of Green, and the apostates exulting in the wisdom of Solomon, their crazy leader."

The 11th and 12th of September being *consecrated* by the antimasons to the memory of their martyr, William Morgan, various meetings like that described above were held, of which we have abundant record. At Watertown, New York, sixty-nine persons listened to an inflammatory speech from Jonathan Steele, and ended the meeting with a dinner. It was about this time, too, that the party resolved to disconnect itself from the two national parties represented thus far by Jackson and Adams, and form a *tertium quid*.

"*September 12th.*—Visitors, C. S. Drown, Mather K. Hopkins from New Orleans, Mr. Chamberlain, formerly sheriff of Cattaraugus county, a gentleman in deed and word, and Luther Hickok, of East Bloomfield.

"*September 13th.*—Find, by inspection, that I have two long years from this day to serve the arrogant prejudices of an infatuated mobocracy."

It was his fate to experience a gradual decline in health through all those long and weary months, and never again to know an hour of uninterrupted pleasure.

“*September 14th.*—A day of general parade and review; great bustle abroad.”

The triennial sessions of the General Grand Chapter and the General Grand Encampment occurring in the city of New York on this day, it is proper to offer a remark or two here relative to those distinguished bodies. We make no question that the existence of these two supreme powers, at that particular juncture, presented a stronger front against the attacks of antimasonry than did all the Grand Lodges in the United States united. There were much wavering and some timidity, not to say cowardice in most of the Grand Lodges. Few even of those which were bold enough to act, seemed to know what course to pursue, and there was no unity of action or knowledge among them. But in the General Grand bodies, whose officers were among the first men of the nation, a front was presented against which even an Adams could make no impression. Had it not been for these bodies, we honestly believe the sacrifices of a Bruce had been made in vain.

The officers elect of the General Grand Chapter were as follows: Hon. Edward Livingston, of La., G. G. H. P.; Hon. Joel R. Poinsett, of S. Car., D. G. G. H. P.; Rev. Paul Dean, of Mass., G. G. K.;

Joseph K. Stapleton, of Md., G. G. S.; Lebbens Chapman, of N. Y., G. G. Sec.; Peter Grinnell, of R. I., G. G. Tr.; Rev. Jonathan Nye, of N. H., G. G. Chap.; Amos Nourse, of Me., G. G. Mar.

The officers elect of the General Grand Encampment, were as follows: Rev. Jonathan Nye, of N. H., G. G. M.; Ezra S. Crozier, of N. Y., D. G. G. M.; Joseph Whitaker, of R. I., G. G. Gen.; James Byland, of S. C., G. G. C. G.; Ezekiel L. Basson, of Mass., G. G. Prel.; Thomas Hubbard, of Ct., G. G. S. W.; Isaac W. Hubbard, of Va., G. G. J. W.; Peter Grinnell, of R. I., G. G. Tr.; James Herring, of N. Y., G. G. Rec.; G. W. Haller, of D. C., G. G. Warden; Alexander C. McConnell, of La., G. G. St. B.; Ezra Griswold, of O., G. G. St. B.

The decease of DeWitt Clinton was appropriately noticed; and a report made by Samuel L. Knapp, a Mason of literary fame, adopted and published, which the *Boston Bulletin* of that day describes as "a splendid and finished tribute to his memory." The following extracts are in place here:

"He was morally as well as physically brave; and in the generosity of his nature pitied that miserable flock who, in the mild and peaceful day, turned their plumage to the sun for brilliant reflections to attract notice and gain admiration from the world; but who were not to be found when the elements were troubled. He poised his eagle wing in the whirlwind, and fearlessly breasted the peltings of the storm.

"His enemies, reviewing his life, are silent when they cast up the amount of his virtues; and his friends love him the more when they recount the

deeds he has done. Malice never charged him with avarice; nor did slander ever whisper that he could be corrupted by gold. If sometimes disappointed ambition in a paroxysm, at the loss of office, alleged that he was partial, in a calmer moment she was forced to confess that his errors (for he was human, and could not be free from them) sprung from the irregular pulsation of too warm a heart, and from too much confidence in the professions of assimilated virtue; and even envy, that first wishes and then believes all ill—owns, since he is gone, that the only harvest he ever gathered in was glory; and all must acknowledge that the only estate that he left for his orphan children is his fame.

“His exertions were not limited to the temporal welfare of his fellow-men; for he knew that the excellency of all knowledge consists in Divine truth, and he was unremitting in his efforts to disseminate the sacred writings, believing that in them are the oracles of God, and the promises of everlasting life.

“His death has been deplored as that of one who died too early; but if the prominent deeds of men are so many milestones in the journey of life, *his* course can not have been short who has set up so many monuments as he traveled onward to eternity. True, all was finished before age had required the sustaining staff or the helping hand.

“Such was our companion and brother, the late chief officer of this General Grand Chapter—the pride of those who lived and acted with them, and an example for those who may hereafter arise to take a distinguished part in the welfare of our country.

“Let learned biographers write his life; let talented artists chisel his monument, and mold his bust for an admiring people, while we must content ourselves with a miniature profile of him, traced in a single moment, when kneeling at our altars; but there

is some consolation for us in feeling that this sketch is made, as it were, upon our jewels, and is to be worn on our breasts, an emblem, a faint one indeed, of his image in our hearts."

"September 15th.—Fine day, fine air, fine sun—all fine save our dolorous situation and want of health. There is an abstraction of the mind, a want of the *vis vitæ* and some catholicon to invigorate the waning form. Visitors, E. F. Smith and Mrs. Stone, of Rochester, Mr. Stephen Gooding, of Lockport, and Holland, of Oneida."

Mr. Gooding's visits are chronicled under various subsequent dates, and appear to have been a source of great pleasure to Mr. Bruce.

"September 16th.—A rainy day; felt rather bluish. Disguise it as thou wilt, O! Imprisonment, thou art still the same: a bitter cup which thousands in all ages have been made to drink! A thousand nameless, endearing associations must run through thy grated windows and barred doors."

The reader will be reminded here of Sterne's feeling apostrophe to imprisonment, which we give entire:

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, still thou art a bitter draught! And though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess (addressing myself to *Liberty*) whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change. No *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy scepter into iron.

With thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.

“I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

“I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood. He had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time; nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice! His children!—

“But here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

“He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of these little sticks in his hand, and, with a rusty nail, he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye toward the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little sick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh! I saw the iron enter into his soul! I burst into tears. I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.”

“*September 17th.*—Used the lancet to-day in opening a vein; was not very successful. So much for the first trial. Visitors, Judge Rawson and two brothers, and Elder R. Winchel, from Connecticut.

"September 18th.—A comfortable day; passed it tolerably. Visitors, Hon. H. Gardner and lady, Mr. Bollard, of Rochester, with an *anti* gentleman.

"Sabbath, September 20, 1829.—A gloomy and lowering day. Visitors, Mr. Godard, of Lockport, and W. C. Wait, of Chenango county.

"September, 21st.—Visitors, Mrs. Van Zuyle and Mrs. Beach, wife of John Beach, of Parma, Munroe county.

"September 22d.—Read *Richeraud on Digestion*. Visitors, Mrs. Wilcox and a lady from Rochester.

"September 23d.—Visitors, Col. Swancy, Capt. Torrence, of Geneva, and Mrs. Williams, of Rochester."

The visits of Capt. Torrence were numerous.

"September 24th.—Visitors, Mr. Gooding, of Lockport, Mr. Phillips, Dr. J. S. Barber, and Geo. Ketchum. Heard of the death of Burrage Smith."

The notice alluded to by Mr. Bruce is in the *Craftsman*, of September 29, 1829, as follows:

"We are favored by a friend with the following extract from a letter, dated Rodney, Miss., August 25, 1829: 'I have this moment received a letter from New Orleans, which gives the painful intelligence of the death of Burrage W. Smith, formerly of Rochester, N. Y., on the 17th August, at New Orleans, of the yellow fever. His wife being at this place, it was my painful duty to inform her, but could not. Mr. C. Dart showed her the letter, and a more distressed person I never saw. You will please have his death published in the Rochester papers; and inform her friends who live near that place, that she is among friends who will protect her. We keep healthy at

this place, but how long we shall remain so, God only knows. There are from ninety to one hundred confined daily in New Orleans."

"*Sabbath, September 27, 1829.*—All silent about our domicile, and quiet as a jail.

"*September 28th.*—Amused myself in the yard. Visitors, Thomas F. Bogue, of Pittsford, Vt.; Dr. Barber, who took his leave for Fairfield, Ct.; Mr. Stone, and a number of ladies.

"*September 29th.*—Parted with my family; sensibly alive to our unfortunate situation. My wife bore, with unflinching fortitude, the pangs of the pitiless storm to which she seems destined to be exposed. With our eldest daughter and infant son, she took stage for Rochester. Those myriads who in the reservoirs of their malice, have the stones of envy, prejudice, and persecution, may, if their whole lives are void of offense, throw with impunity, and pain me without mercy. Said He whose life was so transcendently virtuous, and the sphere of whose love embraced all created intelligences, 'Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.'

"*September 30th.*—Spent the day mostly with *Wistar* and *Richeraud*. Thought much of my poor wife and children; wish they were back with me in my cloistered retreat, safe from the howling blast and tedious storm without. O! thou Preserver of men, protect and feed, comfort and support those helpless ones in the hour of trial and affliction, in poverty and trouble. Endue them with patience, humility, and resignation, and especially with a sincere love of thy character and attributes, and a competent knowledge of thy written revelation. And at last may they be ushered into thy benignant presence, where there is joy in full fruition to the endless ages."

"*October 1, 1829.*—Dr. Holbrook called on his way to Fairfield.

"*October 2d.*—A fair day; passed it tolerably. Some fine music with Mons. Follensby, who visited me.

"*October 3d.*—Visitors, Thomas Waught, J. Smith, and Dr. Hill, who bade me farewell, for Fairfield.

"*October 4th.*—Received Mr. J. Martin's papers; thanks to the good lady."

This "good lady" is recorded in many a grateful expression in these diaries, and, we doubt not, in many a golden letter in the book of life.

"*October 5th.*—Depression of spirits, flatulency, and nausea. Vomited copiously.

"*October 6th.*—Ill all night. Lucinda Gooding and other ladies visited."

On this and the following days the celebrated appeal to the inhabitants of Vermont was published by the Masons of that jurisdiction, to the number of one hundred and sixty-eight, in which this masterly passage occurs. Of the few yet remaining in the walks of life, we instance of these appellants, the names of Philip C. Tucker, now (1860) and for a long period Grand Master of the State, the venerable Joel Page, of Westminster, Vt., and others.

"As Masons we hold ourselves guiltless, in any manner, of the shedding of human blood; guiltless, in any manner, of conspiring against the liberties or privileges of the people, or endeavoring to monopolize an unequal portion of the privileges to ourselves, or to abridge the rights of others; guiltless, in any

manner, of impeding, or retarding, or diverting the course of justice; guiltless, in any manner, of intrusion into the three great departments of our government; guiltless, in any manner, of attempting to identify the subject with politics, or of making the latter a matter of discussion or remark; guiltless, in any manner, of performing any act immoral or irreligious; and guiltless, in any manner, of entertaining the remotest suspicion that the life of a fellow-being was subject to our control. For the truth of these declarations, solemnly made, we have given you the strongest pledge which honest and virtuous men have it in their power to yield."

"*October 8th.*—Intelligence of the arrival of my family at home. The ills that becloud life are often rendered tolerable by viewing man as he passes, and scanning his being's end and aim. Cool and collected within himself, he bears the shafts of misfortune with calmness. Even as he enters the portals of misery, he is buoyed up by two great pillars amid the wreck about him: the one a just sense of his magnanimity and love of truth; the *other*, a due recognition of an all-powerful God, whose beneficence is equal to his power. These diminish the dread of those awful and obscure realities, *a world to come beyond death and the grave.* The first gives nerve to our conflict here while a ray of hope lights our path; the other pours the balm of comfort into the wounds, that time alone never could heal."

The Masonic reader will be struck with these beautiful reflections, growing out of his remembrances of Masonic instructions enjoyed in the happier days then forever past.

The infidelity of Giddins, which, by a fair con-

struction of law, was a bar to his testimony upon the trial of Bruce and others, but which, afterward, was sanctioned by the State Courts, amounted to this: In a letter, dated April 10, 1827, written by Giddins for the express purpose of stating his religious creed to a friend, he declares that

“God has the same care of a man as an insect, of an insect as a tree, of a tree as a stone. With him there can be no difference or distinction between beauty and deformity, virtue and vice, perfection and imperfection. Prayers are but mockery to his name, and ought not to be encouraged. All that men can do can not change him. He is not susceptible of persuasion; and, as relates to man, he is incapable of love or hatred. This is my notion of virtue and vice, that they do not refer to any future time, but relate altogether to man in his present state. My views are not in accordance with the Bible, for that book represents the Deity as vindictive, revengeful, and inconsistent.”

Now, if the competency of a witness requires a belief in the Divine cognizance of the acts of his creatures, and that he will punish false swearing—a point which we suppose established by innumerable decisions, and the uniform and immemorial practice of courts in every civilized country—then there can be no question but Edward Giddins was legally and properly rejected. It is only a sense of moral obligation and future retribution that can make an oath what it has been fitly termed, “The adamant chain which binds the soul of man to the throne of eternal justice.”

It is but fair to say that Mr. Giddins, now (1860) a resident of Rochester, N. Y., and an old man, affirms

that his former views upon this fundamental topic have been much modified.

“ October 11th.—Very busy in tracing the works of nature in the formation of our own species. In following ‘nature up to nature’s God,’ we are led to admire and adore that infinite wisdom in the admirable formation, the exquisite structure of the human system. The brain is the seat of wisdom, for God is there.

“ October 17th.—A fine day, and some leisure; was visited by friends of worth and feeling—among them were Mr. Rumsay, of Warsaw, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Clark, and Mr. Hare, of Bennington, Vt.

“ October 21st.—Visited by J. Van Tuyke, of Parma, Mrs. Orcott, of Buffalo, and Miss Ann Riter.

“ October 23d.—Spent a fine hour with Sheriff Wilder, of Genessee county, who called, on his way to Auburn with convicts. Mr. Wright, from Rochester, called.

“ October 24th.—Felt an almost total apathy. Lost part of the day from want of energy to persevere amid obstructions and difficulties so complicated. If philosophy alone can sustain a man amid the simultaneous attacks of poverty, calumny, prejudice, and proscription, it were, indeed, a heaven-born virtue. And then to be compelled to enjoy solitude! Who has eulogized solitude? Who has panegyricized the recluse? Were solitude the result of volition, then its consequence might be happiness. It sometimes appears as though the love of solitude springs from chagrin or disappointed ambition, shame, or ridicule. In such cases, its happiness is in a ratio with its estimation of virtue and disregard for vicious indulgences. If a man can reign over himself, and possess an affable mind to enjoy himself, then there are excellences to be found in solitude. But when soli-

tude is *coerced*, and one is made thereby to forego valued friendships, social endearments, and fond attachments, the effort of the mind must equal the former prejudices and prepossessions. To find enjoyment in solitude, to raise sublimity in the narrow walls of a cell, to shut out those obtrusive cares, wonted endearments, would be to form an easy couch in a compact mass of brambles. Yet it becomes the more endurable as life has been made the more useful. When I place mankind in perspective, and view their diversity of characters and pursuits, disparity of condition and fortune, I find much to soothe the pertinacious recollections of former pursuits and the winning recognition of anticipated pleasures. There is an eminent satisfaction to me, derived from active principles and studious exertion, to make my own company pleasurable."

A meeting of citizens of Livingston county was held this day, to consider the illegal and outrageous manner in which grand jurors had been selected by the partisans of antimasonry. It was found, by reference to the jury list, that some of the persons charged by law with the selection of grand jurors in that county, had so far become subservient to their prejudices, as wholly to exclude from the panel of grand jurors, in several towns, a numerous class of citizens of the highest worth, of unimpeachable character and long-tried integrity, *solely upon the ground of their being members of the Masonic society*. A second meeting was held on the 28th, four days later, at which a stirring address to the inhabitants of the county was adopted, commencing with this trumpet peal:

“Fellow-Citizens,—A crisis has now arrived in this hitherto free and happy country, which calls loudly upon you to awaken to a sense of the danger which menaces your safety and threatens the destruction of all which, to freemen, can give a charm to existence or render life itself tolerable.”

The peroration is equally worthy the theme.

“We do not ask you to respect Masonry or any other institution in particular, either social or religious, but to respect the equal and just rights of all men and societies, and unite with us, not in destroying social rights, but in sustaining the chartered liberties of freemen, by reforming abuses wherever they are found to exist.”

“*Sabbath, October 25, 1829.*—Read some religious papers, and some in Pollok’s *Course of Time*. Passed the day negligently.

“*October 26th.*—Visitors, Mr. Cuyler and Esquire Jones, from Palmyra, Mr. Chesebro and Mr. Chamberlain, from Cattaraugus.”

We insert here a few facts of a miscellaneous character, derived from a letter from Mr. N. G. Chesebro to the editor, of date Canandaigua, N. Y., March 6, 1860 :

“The extra imprisonment of thirty days charged to Mr. Eli Bruce, for his refusal to testify, was not exacted ; he was discharged at the close of the thirty months first sentenced. My wife, whose kindness to Mr. Bruce you have alluded to, died, December 24, 1853. The imprisonment of Col. Edward Sawyer and myself, dated from January 7, 1827 ; mine was for one year, his for thirty days. He is still living,

and in good health, at Grand Blanc, Genessee county, Mich. Chauncey H. Coc, Hiram Hubbard, Loton Lawson, and Gen. Marvin, of whom you inquire, have all retired from this world. Col. Simeon Jewett still survives. He is United States Marshal of the northern district of New York.

“There are no records of the jail extant running back to the period of Bruce’s imprisonment.”

“*October 28th.*—Visited by a gentleman from Waterloo, who seemed sensibly alive to our unfortunate situation. This awoke a train of thought; for to think is only to feel, and for me, too sentient, perhaps, to feel is to exist. The faculty of thought may be called the basis of pure enjoyment, which runs parallel with our existence. To me, the memory of the past buries the present; and the sensibility of past impressions soothes and moderates present privations and afflictions. Want, uneasiness, desire, affection, and a crowd of nameless passions, rush in upon me, and, for the moment, stagger my present quiet. But, looking through ‘nature up to nature’s God,’ murmurings cease, Discontent, with all her noisy train, vanishes, and my reason apprehends that ‘troubles do not rise from the ground, nor afflictions spring from the dust.’

“*October 30th.*—Heard from my family—poor, needy, unprovided for. The will is good, but neither means nor liberty are within my reach. The timid hare loves not his woody haunts, nor the fleet deer his shady grove, more than he who was formed for social happiness his liberty and his domestic circle. Ye who are so studious and inventive in killing time, and who waste your precious moments, come to my cell and spend but a week, and then say, if you can, *time is irksome*. Count the tardy moments, notch every lingering hour, listen to every passing sound,

wake at the slightest movement about this dreary abode, and then say, if you can, *Liberty, thou art an empty sound!* Visitors, Albert Porter, of Niagara, Joel M. Parks and John Jackson, of Lockport."

Mr. Jackson's attentions upon Mr. Bruce are noted under a subsequent date.

"November 3, 1829.—Mr. Estes Hill, of Lockport, called on his way to Mobile; also Mr. Follensby, with whom I spent an hour musically.

"November 4th.—This is the third day of election, and knavery and ignorance stalk forth hand in hand. They that are filthy will, I perceive, be filthy still. The Ethiopian can not change his skin, nor the leopard his spots.

"Sabbath, November 8th.—My thirty-sixth birthday; was so indisposed that I had to be bled, for the first time in my life. Visitors, W. R. Thompson, Mr. Chesebro, and Warren, of Rochester.

"November 9th.—Quite unwell; with much labor read a few pages in *Xavier Bichat on General Anatomy*. Visitors, Mr. Wolcot, of Trenton, Oneida county, Mr. Coe, Col. Sawyer, and Mrs. Dolph."

Mr. Bruce was under many obligations to Mrs. Dolph, for her kind ministrations.

"November 10th.—Quite off the hooks this morning.

"November 11th.—Arose early; walked some time, though severely cold. Ice an inch thick. Found the cold air a good tonic. The vital properties of organism very much strengthened."

The trial of Elihu F. Mather, charged with complicity in the abduction of Morgan, began to-day, and

resulted in his acquittal. It was the most protracted judicial trial ever held in New York, having lasted from the 11th to the 21st, beginning at 9 A. M. of each day, and continuing until at 10 at night, Judge Addison Gardner presiding. The first six days of the trial were consumed in securing a jury. The Special Counsel for the State, Mr. John C. Spencer, assisted by Hon. Albert H. Tracey and J. B. Coles, Esq., made a desperate attempt to exclude two of the panel because they were Masons; but, after a full argument, the Court decided that the cause was not sufficient. They were, however, excluded on other grounds.

As this trial brought the entire panorama, so to speak, of the Morgan abduction into public view, aided by the latest and most reliable lights, we think the reader will desire a reference to it here, the more especially as Mr. Mather was a friend to Mr. Eli Bruce, and his frequent visitor while in prison.

Mr. Mather was defended by Gen. Vincent Matthews, Col. D. D. Barnard, and W. H. Adams, Esq. The trial of the panel, objected to as Masons, elicited much and curious testimony, particularly interesting to a Mason who can sift the truth from error. One of them, Mr. Robert Anderson, gave a sketch of the obligations as he remembered them, but knew of no obligation by which one Mason is bound to prefer another to himself in case of life and death. Said the professed objects of Masons are charity and benevolence. There is nothing in Masonry which requires a Mason to give a verdict for a brother against

law and evidence ; but, on the contrary, all obligations, charges, and lectures, require him to obey the laws. The feeling of friendship between Masons extends, in his opinion, no further than between members of the same Church.

Another witness, Mr. Isaac W. Averill, a renouncing Mason, testifies that there is no duty enjoined in Masonry to protect treason from the law, and no obligations to preserve each other's secrets, and on all occasions, any further than those of the lodge.

Dr. J. R. Brown, a renouncing Mason, and an anti-masonic politician, testifies that—

“Men who belong to the same Chapter frequently belong to different Churches, and different political parties, and differ as much as other men on philosophy and morality, and have as many lawsuits as others, as much competition in all relations and business of life ; and, judging from their conduct, as much jealousy and rivalry. Understands the nature of the institution of the Christian Church and religious associations ; there is as much attachment among members of the Presbyterian Church as between members of the Masonic Fraternity, and as much sympathy and friendship. The same with members of the Baptist denomination ; a Baptist would feel as much interest in a brother accused of crime as a Mason. This bond is equally strong with the Methodists. The object of the Masonic association is to *accomplish the golden rule.*”

The results of this protracted and celebrated trial were triumphant to Masonry. But one of the counsel of the defense was a Mason ; the presiding judge was a non-Mason, and perfectly acquainted with all the

charges common against the institution; the special counsel was personally ambitious of a triumph on the question at issue, and was assisted by one who had suspended all his political hopes on the success of antimasonry; therefore the case was esteemed a decisive one, and its results a Waterloo victory. The developments of the trial bore such strong testimony to the purity of the Masonic institution, its harmless character, and the correct principles upon which it is founded, that they had a powerful tendency to remove from the minds of many those prejudices which had been heaped up by the flood of slander and abuse for three years.

Had Mr. Spencer's attempt to exclude Masons from juries succeeded, it would have produced a revolution in jurisprudence, if not in politics, which, reacting upon the antimasonic party, would have swept them from the page of history.

The argument of Mr. Barnard for the defense, was one of the most splendid efforts of that gifted mind. An auditor writes concerning it:

“When he alluded to the situation of things in the western district, and to the unrelenting demon which is hunting down and immolating alike the innocent and the guilty, casting them indiscriminately into the seven times heated furnace of popular fury; to the evil effects of misdirected personal ambition, which was unscrupulous of its means, if it secured its end; to the mad fury of the populace, excited as it is by the unbridled licentiousness of certain presses; and to the duty which the judiciary owed to their country to withstand the torrent of desolation, he was eloquence

itself; the whole court and audience were drenched in their own tears, and the chains of silence—a breathless silence like that of the house of death—hung over all.”

“*November 13th.*—Superintended the *scrub party*; read papers and letters, and wrote.

“*Sabbath, November 15, 1829.*—I am pleased to number the weeks thus steadily; once they came too fast, now with tardy steps. Was busy most of the day with the *American Journal of Medical Science*. I consider it an imperious duty to employ all my time with a view to improvement. ‘Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me;’ yet, not forgetting my good old New England habits, my Bible had my care.

“*November 16th.*—Busied myself with New York and Albany papers. In New York, things have come to a strange pass. The fifty-seventh edition all alive; even the notable and talented Major M. M. Noah, ’tis said, was called to their aid during the heated contest and effervescence of politics. ’Tis amusing to see what names the parties assume: ‘The pewter-mug ticket,’ ‘Miss Fanny Wright’s working ticket,’ etc. The *Herald* seems to stand forth in manly size, and says they fought most gloriously. From a bird’s-eye view of the two parties, it would seem that every urchin, from Bloomingdale to the Battery, was allowed to cry Fire! proscription! infidelity! as if all bedlam were let out. Heard of the conflagration of Buffalo. Warm times among the *anti* presses; thought they were fire-proof, as they are certainly void of honesty and truth. Guess they will cry with Gov. Southwick, *hard times!*

“*November 18th.*—Good news from home. Mused much on the various pursuits of mankind; some seeking the bubble reputation one way and some another. Sam Patch, inspired by vaulting ambition, jumped

into a watery grave. He was a fair illustration of human ambition. Not content with a level, he must be raised twenty-five feet, to sink and rise no more."

The adventures of Sam Patch, of jumping notoriety, formed a topic of popular gossip for several years. After jumping, with impunity, from many elevations, Niagara Falls among others, he took his last leap at the Genesee Falls, at Rochester, N. Y., November 13, 1829. His leap was from a scaffold, twenty-five feet in height, which, added to the height of the cliff, made his descent sheer one hundred and twenty feet. He is supposed to have been killed by the concussion, as he did not rise to the surface, nor was his body found until a considerable period had elapsed.

Here closes the first volume of the diary. The second, which extends from November 19, 1829, to May 16, 1830, has this for its motto :

"A daily journal is a mass of life,
With placid lakes and boisterous seas of strife;
Some happy isles are scattered here and there,
Like specks beside vast continents of care.
But real happiness is only known
In one blest region, *Virtue's temperate zone.*"

"*November 19th.*—Compelled to take medicine to-day, from a vitiated state of the blood. Visitors, Geo. Goundry and Geo. Stafford, of Geneva, and Mr. Ware, of Bloomfield.

"*November 20th.*—The Grand Jury visited us. The countenances of some of them bespoke frankness, freedom, and intelligence; while others displayed a swinish inquisitiveness, bordering on arrogance, and allied, in the present state of political affairs in this country, with a clownish and aristocratic triumph.

"*Sabbath, November 22, 1829.*—Busy with my Bible, and *Lee's Sermons*, and *Hayward's Use of Prussic Acid*. In the afternoon, three men called on mine host for an interview with me; they were rejected promptly; I don't know the cause. My friend, Mr. Orsamus Turner, called some thirty minutes later, and was admitted. He tarried all night."

From this date the pages of the diaries begin to be filled with abstracts from his medical reading, statistical tables, notes from *Wilson's Ornithology*, the *Greek Testament*, and other works.

"*November 23d.*—Reading and writing letters. Mr. Orsamus Turner and Mr. V. Olcott, of Rochester, called. Felt a slight palpitation of the heart, which has troubled me at times for more than a year past. It was induced by the same causes that usually precede cardiac disease; among which are the turmoils of public concerns, the multiplied cares of private business, the mortification of an honest pride, the disappointments of a laudable ambition, the reverses of fortune, the ingratitude of friends, the sufferings for ill-requited favors, the anguish of domestic afflictions, and, so far as I am concerned, (the climax to my accumulated trials,) the obloquy and disgrace that many would gladly heap on me. These frequently serve as vultures to the sensitive heart. Philosophy alone must be the antidote, the balsam to such a disease."

The attentions of Mr. Olcott were frequent during Mr. Bruce's imprisonment.

"*November 24th.*—Visitors, Minry Fisher and Dr. Bean, sheriff and son.

"*November 25th.*—Our worthy friend Wm. Buell, from Rochester, called."

"*November, 26th.*—Letters from my friend Shaw V. O. Hill, student of Fairfield. E. A. Cooley, of Lockport, visited me.

"How oft the shades of joys departed pass
Across the scene, while memory holds the glass;
Till spell-bound Fancy thinks the whole is real,
And spreads her arms to clasp a form ideal."

Mr. Cooley's visits were frequent, and seemed to afford Mr. Bruce much pleasure.

"*November 27th.*—Visitors, Mr. Besançon, of Lockport, Col. William Blossom, Chesebro, and Greenleaf."

Col. Blossom paid much attention to Mr. Bruce during the whole period of his imprisonment

"*November 28th.*—Visitors, Col. Sawyer, II. Richmond, and Mrs. Martin."

Very many visits by Mr. Richmond are recorded in these diaries.

"*November 29th.*—I have been calculating the worth and character of my esteemed friend, Mrs. Martin. Her motives in visiting this place seem to be the most pure, emanating from real goodness of heart, abstracted entirely from those sinister motives of pretended worth, or of extorting praise. Not pharisaical in appearance; having no thirst for a wanton exhibition of those rare qualities so eminently blended in her mind, she exhibits her charities without ostentation, her love without dissimulation, her sense without vanity, her esteem without flattery, and her counsel as the happy offspring of undiminished excellence. A Presbyterian, she is not bigoted in the tenets of her Church. She only seeks to arouse that love which is 'the fulfilling of the law.' Bent on her

Master's business, she visits our prison, and seeks to administer comfort and consolation to its unfortunate inmates; and is our only Samaritan, while many a graceless zealot, priest-like, passes by on the other side. Dr. John Beach paid us a visit."

This tribute to the character of a model lady was so plainly suggested by the drawing of Grand Master Solomon, that it will be in place here to compare the two together :

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

"She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

"She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

"She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar.

"She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

"She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

"She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.

"She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night.

"She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

"She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

"She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.

"Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

"She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

"Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

"Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

"Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

"*November 30th.*—My eyes begin to fail me; can not read constantly; obliged to loiter from necessity, not choice. Visitors, Owen G. Warren, of 263 Mott street, N. Y., and Thomas G. Potter, 342 Bowery, N. Y."

Mr. Warren is noted as having made frequent calls.

"*December 2, 1829.*—Wet and cold without; dreary and dark within. Truly this is the winter of my hopes, of my joys, past or future.

"How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful!"

"*December 3d.*—The day set apart by the Governor as a day for thanksgiving and prayer. It recalls, with fond recollections, the scenes of youth, the enchanting gayety of adolescence, the sober, calm, and interesting scenes of manhood. From the poor laborer to the churlish miser, one general burst of feel-

ing, one heart of joyous festivity, mingled with sentiments of gratitude for unmerited favors, the choicest bounties of nature; sense and sentiments like these were the free-will offerings of the people of my natal home. In the gayer tones of youthful sensibility, in the enlivening circles of health, beauty, and competency, in the willing recognition and fond recollection of wonted endearments, we are at once transported back through the long vista of fleety years, and pay a willing homage to the shrine of virtuous memory. Presented with a fine thanksgiving dinner by Mrs. Chesebro; very thankful. Visitors, E. Mather, J. E. Roberts, H. O. Rily, N. G. Chesebro, O. G. Morrow, H. Swanton, and two ladies; all very good.

“*December 4th.*—Spent part of the day cheerfully with my friends. Visitors, Thomas Shepherd, Mr. L. A. Spaulding, and Mr. M. H. Sebley, for the first time.”

This visit, noted as “the first,” was followed by many others. Mr. Sebley was one of the counsel of Mr. Bruce, upon his trial, a pleader of great ability.

“*December 5th.*—Received a letter from my only brother, Silas Bruce; all well. Dr. Otis Williams, of Rochester, called.”

Dr. Williams was a frequent visitor, and, as we shall see further on, took a rare interest in the case of Mr. Bruce.

The letters of Dr. Silas Bruce to his brother are, we believe, all lost; but we have many from him, written since the inception of this volume, and can readily conceive how much of consolation such epistles

were calculated to impart. In a letter, dated January 11, 1860, he says to us :

“How much your illustration brings back sad memories! O, how much real sorrow brooded over my spirits during those tedious months of my brother’s confinement! But he rests now from antimasonic passion.

“I have been laboring to obtain a miniature of my deceased brother, and even now there is, perhaps, some little prospect. I am to see a gentleman this week in relation to the matter. I suppose my nephew Albert has given you all the information that I might, of Eli’s early history. He stood a full head higher than his fellows, and exceedingly strong withal. So muscular was he, that while pursuing his academic course, two of the students were engaged in ‘combat, almost mortal,’ he, good-naturedly, caught the larger one, threw him over the stone fence into a snowbank, when the lesser ran for the school-door.”

We take this place to insert, as a part of the family history, an account of a second cousin of Eli Bruce, a most interesting lady, Miss E. W. Bruce, to whose precious memory a monument was erected not long since, at Mount Auburn, Mass. Her father, still living, is Mr. Abel W. Bruce, ex-treasurer of Cambridge, Mass., the son of Eli Bruce, sen. The character of the deceased lady resembles, in so many particulars, that of the subject of this volume, that there is thought to be great fitness in inserting the present article from *Dwight’s Journal of Music*, Boston, May 8, 1858 :

“*May 3d.*—A friend has handed me a slip from the *Boston Journal*, containing a notice of a monument recently erected in Mount Auburn Cemetery,

to Miss E. W. Bruce, of Cambridge, who was placed there last autumn. The following description is copied from it:

“The monument consists of a plinth, base, die, and cap—the whole forming a small Grecian temple, about five feet in height, and of pure classic form. In front of the die is a deep niche, in which is inserted a tablet of statuary marble; on this tablet is sculptured, in bas relief, a figure symbolizing the Genius of Music playing on the lyre, with the face turned heavenward, as if in the act of devotion. A mass of drapery falls in rich and graceful folds over it. It is a thing of great beauty of soul rather than of sense, and forms the principal object of the monument.’

“Miss Bruce was one of the rarest instances of highly refined taste, and great artistic culture, gained with no more advantages than are within the reach of us all here at home, that I have known. The instinctive love of the beautiful was, in her case, very strong, and gave her an unerring perception of the true, whether in painting, sculpture, literature, or music. Her studies, however, were devoted to the last; and though it was adopted as a profession, and each day brought its wearying round of the teacher's duties, her interest and delight in the Divine art never flagged. Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Chopin—their works were her delight and constant study—her standards of comparison; and yet she was so catholic in taste, that whatever was good of its kind, the simplest song, or the most profound orchestral work, found in her ready appreciation, and just acknowledgment of its merit. Her facility in reading music at sight was very uncommon; and during the years that I knew her, I never saw her at fault but once, and that was, of all things in the world, upon an arrangement of Handel's overture to the ‘Messiah.’

“It was an old arrangement of the last century,

and so very much opposed to the present style, that, to her infinite amusement, she was forced to stop after a few bars, to study out the means of reproducing, with her skillful fingers, the thin-looking score before her. In a moment she caught the secret, and henceforth there was no difficulty.

“No member of the musical association, to which, for several years, she belonged, will ever forget the perfect ease with which she played our accompaniments, or how much her steadiness in the time and rhythm conduced to our success in the cantatas, choruses, and other music, which was studied.

“But she began young, studied with judicious teachers, and laid a solid foundation, so that, afterward, every step was forward. She had nothing to unlearn. While acquiring and perfecting her technical knowledge of the pianoforte, she, at the same time, neglected no opportunity to add to her knowledge of musical literature; to gain higher and broader views of the art; to penetrate into the very heart of music. I had the pleasure of first calling her attention to the musical essays in the *Harbinger*, and remember well the intense delight with which she read them. It was not more what she knew *of* music, than what she knew *about* it, that made her superior. She was, indeed, a rare proof of the value of general musical culture to the teacher. She was one who showed her love of the beautiful in everything. Not only in art and literature; it was equally visible in her love of flowers and her enjoyment of fine scenery.

“Sometimes she expressed her feelings in composition; but from a rare modesty—in her case too great—none but her intimate friends ever heard her own music, either vocal or for the pianoforte.

“All who knew Elizabeth Bruce will rejoice to learn, that the respect and love of friends for her has been shown in the neat and appropriate monument

above described; and will agree that there are few, who, engaged constantly in the laborious profession of teaching, have attained so high a culture in their art, or by their decease have left so great a vacancy in the circle in which they moved."

"*Sabbath, December 6, 1829.*—Eyes weak; did not read much. In this inclement season thought much of home. My treasure must suffer, though they do not starve. Where dwells affection, and where the pure source of love, but in a parent's breast? Distance can not sever it; water can not quench, or fire consume it; death itself can not destroy it. Do the pent sides of a narrow prison freeze its fountain, or turn its current? No! the darkest dungeon but warms and purifies the fount, and the narrow cell makes it the more ardent. Let the gay pursue their gew-gaw sports, the vain exhibit their high-wrought notion of worth and beauty, and the rich count, with painful care, the treasured heaps; the poor parent is happier in the embrace of his living treasure, and the company of his early love, than these with all their fancied pleasures.

"*December 7th.*—A letter from Orsamus Turner, from home; tidings of sickness and poverty; unwelcome news to a man in *jail*, the very crucible of suffering and alembic of sorrow. Who shall smooth the pillow, and make the sick-bed easy to the dear partner of my disappointed hopes? Who shall guide the darling genius of three innocent and interesting daughters, and help to rear, with fostering hand, a cherub son? Charity may wrap herself in her mantle of white, fold her arms, and stand aloof; faith may grow cold, and shut her eyes; hope may be supplanted by despair, yet a parent's love can never diminish.

"*December 8th.*—What! dunned in jail! I should think it rather a refuge from duns. I had rather see

the ugly hop of the printer's devil putting up hand-bills, than see paper duns. I don't think the antis the most honorable set of bipeds; too many of them will lie for a farthing, and cheat for a penny. Were they as patriotic as they pretend, Hudibras's tocsin is very applicable to them:

“ But my design, and hope, and trust, is
To bring your leading knaves to justice;
Exposed on satire's gibbet high,
To frighten others of the fry.
Thus, when our prudent farmers find
Such demagogues of feathered kind—
Crows,* blackbirds,† and rapacious jays,‡
Disposed to plunder fields of maize;
If, haply, they destroy a few
Of such a lawless, plundering crew,
They hang them in conspicuous place,
To terrify the pilfering race!”

“ December 10th.—Commenced the *Chronicles of the Canongate*. Visitors, Drs. Lackey and Wells; spent a profitable hour.

“ December 11th.—Up at 5½ A. M., reading *Bichot on the Medullary System*.

“ December 12th.—Did some writing for mine host. Wrote Dr. Hill, at Herkimer. Very anxious to hear from home; restlessness; impatience. The ways of God are inscrutable. I can not feel reconciled to the triumph of vice. His wisdom is far beyond human sense; his ways are ‘past finding out.’ Sometimes the inquiries arise—

“ ‘Why God, the just and good,
Omnipotent and wise, should suffer sin
To rise.’

“ But in the light of revelation we are taught patience, meekness, submission, and love. In the due exercise of these principles we shall

“ ‘Accuse ourselves, not God; and put our hands
Upon our mouths, and in the dust adore.’

* Cook and Broughton.

† Weed and Whittlesey.

‡ John C. Spencer.

"*Sabbath, December 13, 1829.*—But little better to-day; mind very absent. This prison-house, 'where chained felons pine,' may confine the corporeal substance of this animated system; but that conscious part, which exists by an unknown union with the body, can not be chained or confined. Conscious of its dignity and liberty, it traverses the broad expanse of the heavens with cherub swiftness, runs back to scenes and places of other times, and leaves the panting clay unconscious of its being.

" 'There is a world, the world of mind,
By neither time nor space confined.'

Visitors, Cousin Whitcomb and another gentleman.

"*December 14th.*—Read the President's Message, a sound and able document. It exhibits, at one lucid view, the state of our national affairs at home and abroad, and all in a plain, unvarnished manner. It will be found an able document. The scholastic phraseology and rhetorical flourishes of his predecessor, contrast unfavorably with the beautiful and unaffected simplicity of style, the easy and familiar flow of language we see here. Visitors, Chesebro, Tillotson, and J. Dawes."

A paragraph in the Message, particularly interesting to Mr. Bruce, related to the recall of Joel R. Poinsett, a high and distinguished Mason, from Mexico, where he had been accused by his enemies of using Masonry for political purposes. Of this General Jackson says :

"It becomes my duty to inform you that prejudice, long indulged by a portion of the inhabitants of Mexico against the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States, have had an unfortunate influence upon the affairs of the two

countries, and have diminished that usefulness to his own which was justly to be expected from his talents and zeal. To this cause, in a great degree, is to be imputed the failures of the several measures equally interesting to both parties, but particularly that of the Mexican government, to ratify a treaty negotiated and concluded in its own capital and under its own eye. Under these circumstances, it appeared expedient to give to Mr. Poinsett the option either to return or not, as, in his judgment, the interest of his country might require, and the instructions to that end were prepared; but before they could be dispatched, a communication was received from the government of Mexico, through its chargé d'affaires here, requesting the recall of our minister. This was promptly complied with; and a representative of a rank corresponding with that of the Mexican diplomatic agent near this government, was appointed. Our conduct toward that republic has been uniformly of the most friendly character; and having thus removed the only alleged obstacle to harmonious intercourse, I can not but hope that an advantageous change will occur in our affairs.

“In justice to Mr. Poinsett it is proper to say, that my immediate compliance with the application for his recall, and the appointment of a successor, are not to be ascribed to any evidence that the imputation of an improper interference by him in the local politics of Mexico was well founded, nor to a want of confidence in his talents or integrity; and to add, that the truth of that charge has been affirmed by the Federal Government of Mexico in its communications with this.”

“*December 15th.*—Spent the day tolerably; played chess with my worthy friend O. G. Warren, of New York. His gentlemanly deportment, affable manners,

and equanimity of mind, powerfully predispose one in his favor. To a highly cultivated mind is added a communicative turn. He is liberal in sentiment, yet sound and correct in principle. He interests us with his urbanity, edifies us with his conversation, and leaves deep impressions of his worth of character and genuine goodness of heart. 'Friendship is the wine of life.'

"December 16th.—Very busy part of the day writing; the residue with my Frenchman on the fibrous system. Was this day frightened with a hideous *dun* from ———. I supposed that account might run till I *could* pay, else I would have begged.

"If I owe
You any debts at all, then you must know
I am indebted still. If nothing be
Due unto you, why do you trouble me?"

"December 17th.—Letter from home. Complaint is useless; to sigh is vain; to rage and vituperate is folly. Without my treasure, earth is a listless hermitage, life a valueless toy. Visitors, Putnam and another gentleman."

Surely never was sketch of prison life more plaintive than this of Bruce.

"December 18th.—Visitors, Chauncey H. Coe and Colonel Bunnell.

"December 19th.—Read a portion of the *Revised Statutes*. Amused myself with the kaleidoscope; its variety of figures and combinations is wonderful. Mr. Wood, of Rochester, called.

"Sabbath, December 20, 1829.—After an absence of several weeks my *muse* paid me a visit. Although on the Sabbath day, I indulged in a few lines on the Village Bells. Under any circumstances, however afflicting, industry tends to a happy life, protecting

us against its various contingences and diseases. By employing the attention, it calls us off from those perplexities and anxieties that so depress and disturb. The ingredients of happiness are exercise of the mind and body, temperance, and virtue."

We have given this beautiful poem on page 98. It is one of his happiest efforts.

"*December 21st.*—Our sheriff spent an agreeable hour in my room; and although he differs from me on the subject of Masonry, yet he evinces a generous disposition, a feeling heart, an honest mind, and a sound judgment—qualities rare, very rare, among antimasons. There *are* honest *antis*; but the assumption *political* is far from honest, for it opens the flood-gates of political ambition and self-aggrandizement to an ignorant, recreant, unprincipled, designing throng, the tools of party, the panders of passion.

"'Nor spleen, nor envy, nor the love of gold,
Infects *one comma* of the course I hold.'

Visitors, Ebenezer Mix, of Batavia, Wm. R. Thompson, Gen. Van Fossen, and Mrs. Dolph."

The sterling integrity, sound attainments, and zealous advocacy of Freemasonry, which make up the character of the now veteran Ebenezer Mix, of Batavia, New York, demand more than this brief paragraph in his praise. No man stood higher in the days that tried Masons' souls, and no man will be more fondly remembered when the flowers bloom above him. To his printed papers and manuscripts, and unwritten recollections, we have been indebted almost from the inception of this volume to its completion. His contributions upon Masonic and mathematical subjects

to the *Voice of Masonry*, constitute one of its most valuable features.

“*December 22d.*—Up at 5 A. M. to my studies, with *Dr. Thomas on Fevers*. The death-bell again; some one exchanges worlds. My books would afford me a sufficient amusement and stimulus, if my mind were more susceptible to calmness, and could more passively submit to the powers that be. Mr. Davenport, from New York, called, on business.

“*December 23d.*—Saw the announcement of the death of Samuel Washburn, a man of worth and respectability. Let his epitaph be written: ‘Here lies an honest man.’ Sages could speak no more. ’Tis the highest eulogy.

“‘Death holds the bright and golden key
Which opens the door of endless life;
From earth’s dark prison sets us free,
This scene of passion, pain, and strife.’

“*December 24th.*—Christmas eve; and I suppose that joy and hilarity characterize its celebration among a great portion of our favored people. But I have been musing on the vicissitudes of time. In taking this retrospect I am led to this conclusion, as I chide follies and applaud virtuous actions, that those labyrinths of trouble and shoals of vexation might have been shunned. Could I again traverse the same sphere of life, I should make wonderful improvements. It has been said that man ‘resolves, and re-resolves, yet dies the same;’ but I have come to the conclusion, that ‘whatever is is right;’ and as fate seems to be interwoven very intimately with the web of life, it behooves me to bear its ills, whether the offspring of fate or folly, blind stupidity or unavoidable contingences, wanton credulity, or the interposition of unforeseen events. And this not with cynical stupor and gravity, but with Christian cheerfulness,

philosophical patience, so deport myself as not to split twice on the same rock; not to slip twice from the same stand.

“*December 25th.*—Christmas day; many people passing the streets in fine spirits. Gaping visitors many, yet I constrained myself to a tolerable temper. How few of all I saw, if any, could tell why it was called *Christmas*, or why the anniversary was celebrated at all. More than eighteen hundred years have rolled away since the angels, hovering over Bethlehem, revealed to mortal eyes the joyful tidings of the advent of the long-expected *Shiloh*. The angelic host shouted their joyous acclamations: ‘*Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good-will to men!*’ Yes, the meek and lowly Jesus came, not in the effulgence of supernal glory; not in the dazzling robes of earthly grandeur, nor the costly livery of a princely train, but condescended (O! what an infinite stoop!) to be cradled in the dumb ox-crib! to be heir to all the sufferings that life or death could yield, or hell invent! How ardent, then, ought our devotions to be! How serious our thankfulness, and how sincere our rejoicings! Not the giddy round of wanton mirth, nor idle pleasure of licentious joy, bespeak the callings of this anniversary. Pleasures should be devotional, and merriments chaste. This joyous occasion, and the season of the year, afford to those into whose lap Providence has scattered the rich rarities of the good things of life a season of the sincerest pleasure, by imparting, with cheerfulness, to the more needy part of the community a part of their goods. Before this manifestation of the *Man of sorrows*, we hear the leathern-girt herald crying: *Prepare ye the way of the Lord, and make his paths straight.* The heavenly dove; the bright cloud; his all-healing power, are but so many tokens of his divinity and love; and in Gethsemane his agonizing trials, with a betraying

kiss; and on Calvary, the crisis of the suffering God, leave no doubt behind."

In relation to the kindly testimonials of respect sent to Mr. Bruce, on occasions like this, we copy the following from one of the antimasonic organs of the day, whose mission it was to torture everything good and wholesome into an evil form:

"KIDNAPPERS AND OYSTERS!

"A keg of oysters arrived here yesterday, from Albany, directed to Eli Bruce and Job Whitney, who are now undergoing the penalty of the law, in the Canandaigua jail, for a participation in the abduction of Morgan. 'This is the way Masonry rewards her devoted children. Bruce and Whitney obeyed her mandate; and since the laws of their country have doomed them to imprisonment for the act, she cheers up their drooping spirits by feeding them with oysters and the like! Have they a *human skull* to eat them out of?"

"December 26th.—A letter from ———, which vexed and grieved me. Slander, that 'foulest whelp of sin,' is busy. Both they who mind their own affairs, and they who are busy with the affairs of others, must needs suffer from jealousy (the many-headed monster) of happiness of which they can not possess themselves, or from the wish to prevent its enjoyment in others. Visitors, Dr. Williams, Tillotson, and H. Hubbard."

We can not explain the rumor to which Mr. Bruce alludes.

"December 27th.—Spent most of the day writing to mother, wife, and daughter.

"December 29th.—Drafted some, and read papers.

There are friends who will accompany us while all is clear, but when the clouds gather they are gone. The only friendship is that which is stronger than death; the only friends are they whose fortunes are embarked in the same vessel, and who are resolved to sink or swim together. Mr. Jesse Hawley called."

Subsequent visits by Mr. Hawley are noted.

"*December 30th.*—In the evening my base-viol was accompanied with violin, flute, and clarionet. Col. Sawyer and H. Richmond called.

"*December 31st.*—The close of the year. How carelessly we note time, or little we improve it.

"'Hark! 'tis the requiem of the closing year;
The hollow dirge of autumn's reign has sped;
Loud howls the tempest to the startled ear,
Deep means the blast o'er summer's beauty fled.'

Visitors, Squire Putney and Judge Howell."

Mr. Putney was not an unfrequent visitor. Judge Howell called often; but whether officially or as a matter of friendship, the record does not show. It will be remembered that this gentleman presided on the bench at Whitney's trial, and expressed his opinion, extra-judicially, that the evidence was insufficient to convict him.

"*January 1, 1830.*—Slept poorly; up at 4½ A. M. Not a happy New Year to me or mine; 1829 has not left me as it found me. It found me with my earthly treasure, in the midst of domestic felicity, without the aid of wealth; yes, in the enjoyment of—

"'Loves, friendships, hopes, and dear remembrances,
The kind embracings of the heart, and hours
Of holy thought;
These were the rays that light me through the gloom
Of mortal life—wells of the wilderness.'

But it has left me—

“‘In prison-house, where chained felons pine,’

afar from all that makes life dear, and, thanks to Heaven, *for no crime!* Visitors, Sawyer, Hammon, Chesebro, Wright, and Mrs. Martin.

“*January 2d.*—Mr. Spencer’s statute relative to jailers seems to have taken effect; although, in my case, it must operate as *ex post facto*. Such is the hue and cry about antimasonry, that justice and humanity are invisible. Illiberal and vindictive must that man be who, when in his power, can add to the severity of the penal laws, merely to gratify an interminable hatred against a particular society, and to have the weight of his ire fall upon particular members. Had the previous regulations been defective or insufficient for the intended penalties, no fault could be found. Alexander Howell visited us.

“*January 4th.*—My fellow-sufferer (Whitney) was taken violently ill; a bilious attack. Robert Harvey is in the last stage of consumption; the pangs of death upon him. Circuit Court is in session, Judge Moseley presiding. The superintendents of prisons and poor-houses called; also E. J. Roberts, S. Mott, and Welcome Esbrech, Esq., of Albany.

“*January 5th.*—A tedious night with the sick. I begin to think the ills of life may better be borne with patience than fought or struggled against. The mind turns traitor to happiness when wishing for objects that can not be obtained. By coveting the pleasures of others we are constantly tantalized with ideal enjoyments. If the mind can span or measure its sphere, and graduate its force and velocity to its circle, then happiness, or, at least, contentment, is within its reach.

“‘But say, without our trials and our tears,
Without our triumphs o’er our wildest years,

Without the charm to crush temptations down,
Who would he worthy of the victor's crown ?'

Mr. W. Whitney and his brother called ; also a gaping anti, who came to gaze."

Mr. Whitney is recorded as a frequent and welcome visitor.

"*January 6th.*—The care of the sick mostly engrossed the day. Visitors, M. S. Jennings, Brockway, Barnum.

"*January 7th.*—Still in fatigue with the sick. Papers and miscellaneous books occupied most of the day."

This was the day on which the trial of Mr. E. J. Roberts, editor and publisher of *The Craftsman*, commenced at Canandaigua. He was prosecuted by the State for the publication of some strictures relative to the infamous conviction of John Whitney, which we have given on page 88. In his behalf Messrs. George Hosmer, Ebenezer Griffin, and Daniel D. Barnard were united ; while for the prosecution appeared Messrs. John C. Spencer, Dudley Marvin, and Bowen Whiting. The case was continued for three days, and the jury discharged, on their declaration that they never could agree. They were equally divided in opinion. One passage from the opening speech for the defense, by Mr. Griffin, is given here :

"The doctrine advanced by the leaders of the anti-masonic party is, that no Mason is fit for any office of honor or profit ; that no Mason is competent to serve on juries ; that no Mason is a competent witness in a court of justice ; in short, that no Mason

is entitled to the rights of an American citizen; that they are all murderers and cut-throats; and are to be hunted down as victims by such misguided zealots as Solomon Southwick and his followers."

"*January 8th.*—Visitors, Mr. Morgan Morse, from Lockport, Cuyler, and another gentleman from Palmyra. Spent the day between the sick and books."

Mr. Morse made many visits, which are duly chronicled.

"*January 9th.*—Up most of the night with Harvey. At midnight he was seized with the agonies of death, and continued to pant till 11 A. M., when the vital spark fled to Him that gave it. Whether Christian or pagan, he evinced the most lamb-like patience of all the sick-bed sufferers that ever I witnessed. Whether his life had been one of folly, and he viewed his confinement and sickness as the retributive justice of Heaven, and so stifled his complaint by deeming his punishment just; or whether his faith in Israel's Shepherd was so full, and his love for Him who is all loveliness, so superabounded as to afford a staff and support down to the very chambers of death, I am at a loss to determine. The vale of death seemed to have no terror, his sting no torment. He gave no positive evidence of a change of heart, and only from his deportment in his sickness could I have drawn such a conclusion. Calm and collected to the very last, he met the grim messenger almost without a groan. His age was thirty-two. He was committed on a charge of petit larceny; but before the trial came on he was summoned to a higher tribunal.

"I was called into court at 11½, as witness for David Fisher. Was glad to breathe the air in com-

mon with my fellow-men. In the evening Judge Rawson and Spencer Chapin called."

Judge Rawson is noted as a frequent visitor; but there are five of this name in the diaries, viz.: Judge Rawson, M. Rawson, P. J. Rawson, a correspondent, P. R. Rawson, of Lockport, and Joseph Rawson, and some confusion has grown out of the variety. Each of them is noted as a friend, and all alike are welcomed by the prisoner.

We are unable to give the details of the case of David Fisher, in which Mr. Bruce was subpoenaed as a witness.

"*Sabbath, January 10, 1830.*—At 9 A. M. the sexton came for poor Harvey. I was invited by mine host to the hall door, it being the utmost verge of liberty or tolerance, to hear the prayer of Parson Eddy. He was tolerably hearty in his prayer, but was mistaken in his expression, 'the house of death;' rather, this is 'the house of *bondage*.' I find a man can meet death with as much composure in the narrow walls of a prison, on a bed of straw, as on the downy couch in the spacious apartments of the wealthy. Mr. E. Griffin, from Rochester, called."

Mr. Griffin, one of the counsel of Mr. Bruce, is noted as making frequent visits. He was an able, eloquent, and most excellent man.

"*January 11th.*—My mail brought the *Statesman*, *Albany Gazette*, *Lockport Journal*, and *Buffalo Journal*, of mammoth size. Sheriff, with Colonel Sawyer, called, and beguiled the last hour and a half of the day.

"*January 12th.*—Devoted much of the day to my

muse. How unaccountable and truly lamentable, that when we are endowed with a competent knowledge of right and wrong, with comprehensive faculties, and so many facilities for doing right, we wantonly do wrong! How vast must be the moral turpitude of the heart! How vitiated the affections! How readily the judgment must yield to vicious indulgences! If this is a fault of our nature, how pitiable our situation! how deplorable our faculties! But if it is voluntary on our part, being induced by boisterous passions, which are obedient to the will, how much we deserve the displeasure of an all-beneficent Being, who has scattered his blessings so profusely in our paths! L. P. Thrall and Mr. Seely, of Lockport, called.

“*January 13th.*—Reviewed and corrected the production of yesterday. Paid considerable attention to Dr. Thomas. Joseph Rawson and daughter, Dr. Ball and wife visited; also some . . .

“A fertile mind and a vivid imagination can always find new objects of attraction and various methods of amusement, all tending to improvement. But when the mind is stung with a sense of maltreatment, neglect, persecution, that poignancy, like the touch of the torpedo, paralyzes the mind; or, rather, it creates such acrimony, that the temper, although not absolutely sour, is no longer sweet; it is occasionally testy and extremely irritable, peevish at small disturbances, unduly annoyed at petty trifles. Give it its tone, and its vibrations will be sonorous, perhaps chiming harsh discord, but occasionally smooth and serene.

“*January 14th.*—Vanity is more or less woven into our very natures. Having transmitted to the editor of the *Morning Carrier*, a daily paper in Rochester, some of my lugubrious lucubrations, I had the pleasure of seeing them out in to-day's paper. I said *pleasure*; well, it was so. *Qui non proficit, deficit.*

“*January 15th.*—My wife and darling boy came to me to-day.

“When fortune frowns and friendships fail,
When tempest-tost amid the gale
Of penury and woe,
Thy smiles, Maria, can impart
A ray of sunshine to my heart,
And make a heaven below.”

“*January 16th.*—Wrote part of the day. Spent considerable time dandling my boy. Yes, Imprisonment, cruel as thou art, here is a joy thou canst not poison! here a bliss thou canst not destroy! Like the sun amid parting clouds, which makes its rays more genial, so the soft affection and the pure tone of feeling are the more ardent, and burn with purer flame as the objects of our dearest love are occasionally eclipsed. He that never has had a child to give his feelings a tone, but, like the Egyptians, for want of a current of his own natural feelings, worships dogs, cats, or monkeys, can never know, by experience, the ultimate object and ecstasies of that heaven-born gift, *Love*.

“*January 17th.*—Spent most of the day playing with my child. Read and wrote the residue. Who knows the extent of woman’s love? In prosperity the mind may revel in pleasures, not in indulgences, or float smoothly along the tide of life’s eventful stream, without any extraordinary development of conjugal attachment:

“But change the scene: In this lone, dreary cell
Her youthful husband is condemned to dwell:
Yet here affection leads her; here she flies
To soothe my sorrows and suppress my sighs.
She cheers my dungeon, tries, by every art,
To quell the anguish of my troubled heart.”

These testimonies to the affection and fidelity of Mrs. Bruce’s character are so thoroughly deserved,

and form so important a part of this biography, that they can not, with propriety, be omitted.

“*January 18th.*—Devoted much time looking over *Webster's* (large) *Dictionary*. Mrs. Bruce spent the day with me. We talked much of the varieties of fortune—from ease to penury; from gayety to sadness; from freedom to imprisonment; and that she must soon return to Lockport. And then to part? O, no!

“‘There are two souls whose equal flow
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—they part? ah, no!
They can not part—*those souls are one!*’

“*January 19th.*—The sheriff and Mr. McGregory called.

“*January 21st.*—Viewing *Bell's Anatomy*, with plates, loaned me by Dr. Ball. Painfully exercised with my foot; extracted a portion of the nail. Drs. Beach and Ball visited me.

“*January 22d.*—V. S. Alcott, Dr. Partridge, and Mr. Dean called. Foot very painful. Wrote my eldest daughter. Wife, boy, and books consumed the day.

“‘This little loved one, clothed in rosy health,
Is joy to us, contentment, rapture, wealth.’

“*January 23d.*—Don't feel lively. Tonsils very tender. System feels strange. Great apathy and weariness. Read my medical books.

“*January 27th.*—The interim from the 23d has been filled up with restless nights and painful days. An attack of *cynanche maligna* renders me very weak. On the 25th was visited by the superintendents of the jail, with Judge Howell; Dr. Hill also called.

“*January 28th.*—My family left me to-day, for

Lockport, and left me in *jail!* Yes, dull and alone
—a void that nothing can fill.

“The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love.”

Sola nobilitas virtus.

“*January 29th.*—Much people to-day gaping about this abode of human wretchedness. Was presented by Col. Sawyer's wife with *The Token* of 1830. Dr. Maxwell and lady, from Lockport, called.”

Dr. Maxwell's attentions are more than once noted in terms of gratitude.

“*January 30th.*—Wrote considerable; read as much as my eyes would bear. Tried the amusement of chess, but could not control my mind to progress with much profit. Sometimes I am almost persuaded that my mind is impaired, or has undergone some evil change, or that it was always flickering and volatile. H. B. Williams and lady called.”

A debate of a singular character occurred this day in the Pennsylvania Legislature, on a resolution of Mr. Mitchell for instructing the library committee to inquire into the expediency of placing in the library, for the use of members, the following books: *Morgan's Illustrations of Masonry; Report of the Le Roy Convention; Bernard's Light on Masonry; Webb's Monitor; Hardy's Masonic Guide; (?) Southwick's Solemn Warning; Report of the Lewiston Committee; Abbé Barruel's Freemasonry; Second Advent of an American Layman;* and such other books in Masonry as the library committee shall think proper. The resolution was lost.

“*Sabbath, January 31, 1830.*—Read most of the day the *North American Review* and *The Token* for 1830. Do not see wherein our own authors fail in excelling the transatlantic. The profound knowledge of Johnson, the chaste, easy, and versatile flow of Addison, and the smooth philosophy of Blair, all have their *rivals* here if not their *superiors*.

“*February 1, 1830.*—Most of the day with books; much amused with *The Captain's Lady*, in *The Token*. The author was a humorous erudite, and living in single blessedness, could, with impunity, satirize and give his humor any latitude. Captain Darrow paid me a visit; also the sheriff of Livingston county. This made the evening pass very happily, if the expression is allowable in jail.”

The visit of Captain Darrow was subsequently repeated, much to the gratification of their recipient. He appears to have been a true friend to Mr. Bruce.

“*February 2d.*—Pretty steady at books, but not much the better. If I could lay an embargo on the outgoes of the mind, and a tariff on every foreign thought, memory would be rich and the mind fertile. Relieved from those obtrusive cares that thrust themselves, uncalled for, full into the face and eyes of business and duty, I could pursue systems of studies with satisfaction and profit.

“*February 3d.*—Steady at books, but often my mind would fly off at a tangent, and then I had to summon the whole posse of my few, weak faculties to force back my roving imagination. Having chosen the most secluded room in this house of bondage, I can not see those gay parties of pleasure, whose jingling sleigh-bells so often salute my ears.

“*February 6th.*—So disturbed with one of the inmates, a devil incarnate, that my mind is thrown from

its balance. It is an old man, seventy-three years of age, committed as a disorderly person. Added to his most daring blasphemy, his conversation is obscene, filthy, and ridiculous. I almost doubt whether he has that indescribable, heaven-born principle called a soul. If he is happy, then the devils may be amid their fires. Visited by Mr. Hurlburt, W. Whitney, and his three very interesting daughters.

“*Sabbath, February 7, 1830.*—But little sleep last night, owing to the maniac (Monair) who was bedeviled all night, thumping, dancing, praying, and blaspheming. If more devils were ever herded in mortal being, they must have been by legions.

“*February 8th.*—Having compelled the devil to go slipshod, and tethered his inner door, I slept tolerably well. Was awakened about 5 A. M. by the cry of *fire*. Did not know but what our domicile was in a *friendly* blaze, but soon discovered that we were perfectly safe in *jail*. S. Ward and E. B. Child, of Albany, gave us a friendly call. When friendship is the offspring of a good heart, it is balsam to the soul, and gives a pleasing tone to the faculties, both physical and intellectual. Even in the sad condition of confinement, and the severe distress of judicial interdiction, its development cheers and illuminates like the sun.”

Mr. Ward's visits have been noted before. Mr. Child was editor of the *Masonic Record*, of which we have spoken in a preceding page.

“*February 9th.*—Still annoyed by the clamor and blasphemy of our ‘legion’ man. Sheriff Wilder, of Genesee county, called; spent a fine hour with him. Should think him a zealous *anti*, but a sound man.”

It will serve as a good comment upon this passage,

relative to antimasonic sheriffs, to give a portion of the State expenses relative to the Morgan affair. The list comprises but a small part of the public outlay, but will give an idea of what antimasonry accomplished for New York :

October 30th, 1827.

To JOSEPH GARLINGHOUSE, Sheriff of Ontario County, for pursuing JOHN WHITNEY and BURRAGE SMITH into Kentucky,.....	\$373 00
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May 9th, 1828.

To JOSEPH GARLINGHOUSE and PHINEAS P. BATES, of the County of Ontario, for pursuing WILLIAM KING, BURRAGE SMITH, and JOHN WHITNEY,.....	2,096 82
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August 22d, 1828.

To THERLOW WEED for pursuing ELISHA ADAMS to Vermont, and bringing him back to this State,	193 55
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February 19th, 1829.

To ORSON BENJAMIN, as the discoverer of one of the abductors of MORGAN, pursuant to the first procla- mation of Gov. CLINTON,.....	100 00
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February 3d, 1830.

To THERLOW WEED for pursuing to Vermont and apprehending ORSON PARKHURST,.....	150 82
To DANIEL MOSELEY for disbursements as Special Counsel,.....	383 59
For services and expenses as Special Counsel,.....	1,000 00
To JOHN C. SPENCER for disbursements as Special Counsel,.....	961 62
For services and expenses as Special Counsel,.....	2,330 00
	<hr/>
	\$7,580 40

February 10th.—A letter from home ; all in health and poverty. My dear wife writes that her

return to Lockport seemed more like going from a graveyard than returning from a visit.

“‘Much happier they, the happiest of our kind,
Whom gentler stars unite, and, in one fate,
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.’

Visitors, Mr. Hubbard and Mrs. Alcott, of Rochester.

“*February 11th.*—Visitors, Mr. Taylor, of Lewiston, and Mr. Hallock. Loitered part of the day with a novel. In no spirits for study. Copied some music.

“*February 12th.*—To-day I was more of a novelist than anything else. Gave loose to the wild ideas of enchanting fiction. A mere skeleton, a tale of probability, a series of accidents incident to life, and a happy termination—these are the characteristics of a novel. Our good friend Mrs. Martin visited us.

“*February 13th.*—Paid some attention to Prof. Gregory’s work on *Pneumonia, Chronic Bronchitis, and Consumption.*

“*Sabbath, February 14, 1830.*—Am almost sick of my species. Conversation and occurrences to-day among the miserable inmates of this jail; the place is but one remove from hell! What depravity and obduracy of heart! What licentious and callous feelings! They are some degrees below the brute creation.

“*February 15th.*—Much disturbed by the bellowing of our bedlamite. Assisted, in the absence of mine host, to chain him to the floor. Thought much of my family; very impatient to be with them. Time moves with tardy steps.

“‘ Could I forget
What I have been, I might the better bear
What I am destined to. I’m not the first
Who has been wretched; but to think how much
I have been happier!’

Mr. Rawson, from Geneva, and Mr. Lawson's son Francis called.

"*February 16th.*—Wrote and copied some music. That science is a grand panacea to the mind, a perpetual resource against *ennui*; for while it delights the ear, it soothes the heart. Like charity, it has a twofold blessing, imparting and receiving. The harp of David could dissipate the infernal gloom from the mind of Saul. A Zillah could soothe, with her sweet voice, the turbulent and irascible temper of her uncharitable father."

These observations accord so nearly with the definition of music in the *Freemason's Monitor*, with which Mr. Bruce was familiar, that we think proper to insert it here :

"Music teaches the art of forming concords so as to compose delightful harmony by a proportional arrangement of acute, grave, and mixed sounds. This art, by a series of experiments, is reduced to a science with respect to tones and the intervals of sound only. It inquires into the nature of concords and discords, and enables us to find out the proportion between them by numbers."—*Preston.*

In the *Craftsman* of this date (February 16, 1830) appear various articles, prize tales, and poems, from one of which, as Mr. Bruce took a deep personal interest in the matter, we make here some extracts, more especially as it presents a good synopsis of the Morgan question. The editor, Mr. E. J. Roberts, had offered premiums "for the best Address to the People of the United States on the subject of Popular Commotions, based upon the prevailing excite-

ment in the Western District of New York ; for the best and second best tales ; and for the best and second best poems."

The committee appointed to examine the various papers presented in competition for the first prize, consisted of Messrs. Vincent Matthews, Isaac Hills, Simeon Ford, George Hosmer, Elisha B. Strong, Ashley Sampson, and W. B. Rochester. They adjudged the prize to an anonymous piece of great merit, from which we make the following excerpts :

"Like most other parties and combinations, which rely more upon popular prejudice and credulity to sustain themselves, than upon the principles of right and wrong, it owes its birth to a slight cause. In the autumn of 1826 a few misguided individuals were seduced into a course of conduct which, unfortunately, resulted in the abduction of an individual by the name of Morgan. Many of them, we have reason to believe, were drawn into it with the full understanding that no act should be committed which would, in any manner, infringe upon the laws of the country, or in the least compromise their characters as men, as citizens, or as Masons. The legal investigations which have since taken place warrant this conclusion, as well as that most of the persons concerned in the abduction believed that the individual, whose name has since that period incessantly jarred upon the public ear, was cognizant of the proceedings, and submitted to them voluntarily. The result of the whole matter was one of the most mysterious occurrences of which record has been made. Neither the activity of party zeal, the scrutiny of public functionaries, nor the untiring efforts of those whose characters have been made unjustly to suffer, have yet unraveled the mystery, or threaded this

labyrinth, more intricate than that of Crete, further than to a certain point, where the unfortunate individual alluded to was left in the custody of one who has since claimed the clemency of the country by denouncing his associates—beyond which all is darkness and doubt, a cloud alike impenetrable to the visions of one party as the other.

“ It is not to be supposed that an occurrence thus marked would have been suffered to sleep unmolested. No one in the least acquainted with the character of the citizens of this country—a people more prompt to redress a public wrong than a private injury—could, for a moment, believe that a transaction thus outwardly characterized as was the abduction of Morgan by criminality, would remain hidden in the bosom of mystery and darkness, without an effort to bring to light the whole scheme of iniquity, and its authors. The American people, chivalrous and daring to a fault, would have thundered at the gates of heaven itself to ascertain the fate of a fellow-citizen; they would have thought light of the fabled journey of the son of Ulysses to the Elysian fields and the shades of Pluto, to have gathered the truth; and, agreeably to the dictates of a feeling which does them honor, in the instance of which we are speaking, every effort was made to procure evidence, and fix upon the guilty the stigma of the crime, and the punishment due to their guilt. The counties more immediately interested in vindicating the violated laws, arose with one accord; meetings were held in various parts, and, in their deliberations and proceedings, the members of the *Masonic Fraternity* took an active and zealous part; many of them, from a feeling additional to that incumbent upon them as citizens, inasmuch as the credit and character of an order they esteemed, and knew to be innocent, were partially involved.

“ But this healthy state of public feeling was not

destined long to continue. Individuals, swayed not by elevated patriotism, but by degrading selfishness, whose only object was personal preferment, and who merged, in their selfish views, all regard for the peace of the community or the good of the country, threw themselves at once into the arena, and usurped the privilege of conducting the investigations which were going on. With a ready wit, they imagined that an opportunity presented itself for lighting the fires of discord throughout the country. The political situation of the country was partially fitted for their adventure. Old party lines had been, in a great measure, defaced; and the whole people of the country thought and acted alike upon all public questions, however much they might differ about the merits of individuals. No question of general importance divided them; the Constitution had been tried and found efficient; the days of the embargo, and the excitement which that measure gave rise to, had long since been numbered with those beyond the flood; and the country had arisen with new vigor and glory from the depression consequent upon the war of 1812. In fact, such was the happy state of the people, that the farmer sat quiet by his winter fireside, with a mind untroubled by 'Kirk and State affairs;' the mechanic busied himself with his employment, secure in the protection afforded by a just and wise administration of the public concerns; and the merchant met with no public calamity to mar the success of his trade. It was at a time of such general quiet and peace, that the restless spirits, who have since taken the lead of the antimasonic excitement, ventured upon the experiment of forming a new party, and calling into being new principles of political action. They saw, or thought they saw, the kindling of a flame which, by judicious feeding, would sweep over this fair land; and although in its progress it might destroy temples

devoted to wisdom and science, and drive from their homes some of the worthiest of the land, they were content if, in the end, they could remain masters of the burnt and blackened field. Instead of endeavoring to extinguish the first flames which arose, by judicious and calm reasoning, they poured the oil of falsehood upon the flame, and the element raged the more madly. Fanaticism was invited to light her torch, and it was not long before the altars of the Church of Christ were blackened by the fire of discord. Prejudice took the brand from the pile, and lighted the flame in families and neighborhoods, and burned in twain the kindred cord that bound the father to the son, and the wife to the husband, while over the whole presided the demon of unhallowed ambition.

“Proscription became the order of the day; and every man who was at the same time a Mason, was held up as accessory to murder, and his name branded with the vilest epithets. It was immaterial how exemplary had been his life, how exalted his patriotism, or how cheerful his personal sacrifices in the hour of his country's danger, his condemnation was pronounced if he could not, like the mass of disturbed spirits in the Western District, discover iniquity where there was none, or evil designs in an institution whose only object was benevolence. Were he the pastor of a Church, fanaticism offered him the alternative either to denounce that as evil which he knew to be good; or, under the reign of error, to forsake his calling and the service of his Divine master. Were he a public officer, a re-election was denied him if he would not forsake his faith. Were he a son, the blessings of a misguided father were withheld if he would not join the mendacious band. Were he a father, he was doomed to see his children carried away by the prejudices of the hour. All the charities of life were for-

saken, and the fountains of good feeling in the heart broken up. Distrust reigned triumphant. In an early stage of the excitement, the evil spirits who had thus placed themselves at the head of this projected revolution, procured the establishment of a newspaper devoted to their interests, and which weekly teemed with the most inflammatory articles, calculated still more to excite the public mind and gratify the vitiated tastes and the malignant feelings which were becoming predominant. Contributions were levied upon the votaries of this new party, to sustain their publications, and, as the excitement spread, established others, until they formed a phalanx of prostituted presses, lost to every sense of the courtesies of life, and urging the people onward to the height of madness and folly.

“The excitement became more general, and spread with more celerity, no doubt, from the very nature of the community in which it arose. The people of Western New York are second to none, in this wide-spreading republic, for patriotism and public spirit; and if they have a peculiar characteristic, it is that they are, one and all, alive to every question that agitates the public mind. Many of them are of that class of citizens who made their home in the wilderness, and sought, amid the pathless forest, a resting-place; who, by unwearied exertions through hardships and fatigue, have made a garden where rude nature triumphed in her glory of wood and wild; and the roar of the waterfall, which then resounded in solitude, is now echoed by the cheering hum of industry, arising from the thousand occupations of man. They have passed the difficulties incident to an uncultivated country, experienced the miseries of a frontier district in a vindictive war, and, upon all occasions, have manfully stood up for their rights as citizens, and their country as men. Bound together by an indissoluble tie, a common interest, and a common feeling, their voice

is the voice of one man. Enterprising in their character, from the very fact that their adventurous spirit has led them to populate a country far from the homes of their childhood and the friends of their youth, they act together with a kindred feeling on all questions of common and public interest. Always holding the balance of political power, they have seldom failed to exercise it with a due regard for the public good; and now grown up in strength and manhood, were they united as they were wont to be, the destinies of the State would be in their hands. Upon the fearful question which now agitates them, their usual unanimity was manifest; as far as the punishment of those concerned in the outrage upon Morgan elicited hostility to Masonry, there was but one voice, and that was for the sovereignty of the laws and the triumph of justice. It was at this point that the natural *prejudice* and *credulity* of men was made to aid the designs of faction. The institution of Freemasonry, like all societies the least exclusive in their character, was, naturally, the subject of jealousy in the minds of those who did not belong to it, and they were easily excited against it by the clamors of those who had been refused admission to its privileges, and the seasonable misrepresentation of interested demagogues. PREJUDICE having thus prepared the way, CREDULITY gave admission to the most absurd tales; and it required some fortitude for any man, who was not a Mason, to believe that the design of the institution was not to subvert the liberties of the country, and that its annals were not blackened by the foulest crimes and most specious deceptions. But when the views of the faction, which has made such efficient use of the abduction, were developed, and they found that the sympathy of many of them extended no farther than to create disturbance in the community, and build up their own fortunes amid a public excitement, the people

paused; and when they remembered that the purity of the institution was guaranteed by the names of the greatest and best men who ever lived—a Washington, Warren, Franklin, and Lafayette, a Tompkins and a Clinton, and perceived that the proper authorities, although many of them were Masons, were prompt in the discharge of their duty, they began slowly, but surely, to return to their accustomed equanimity, leaving factions to fight for themselves, and the guilty to their punishment.

“It is not easy for an individual living out of the region of the excitement, to imagine the diseased state of the public feeling during the two years succeeding the event which gave rise to it. The people, in mass, were ready to believe the most absurd tales; they were filled with ideal stories of blood and murder. Fictions which, in an hour of calmness, when reason ruled the mind, would have carried their own refutation by their very absurdity, were readily received as truth; and the consent of many of the public men who, in the Western District generally, make a merit of adopting the opinions of the multitude to the course which was taking, gave additional weight to the assertions of that party who were determined to immolate upon the altar of prejudice and credulity the fame and good name of every individual who dared question the infallibility of the leaders of antimasonry, or refuse to acknowledge that *their* principles were the only true test of a man's *religion* and *piety*, as well as political orthodoxy.

“Relying upon the infatuation which was so general around them, and believing that the delusion was destined to spread throughout the land, a body of men, who have since been widely known, placed themselves at the head of the new party, and dispensed offices and rewards to their followers with an assurance truly astonishing. These men looked forward with a certain

expectation of obtaining, in a little time, the control of the whole nation. They could not content themselves with tyrannizing over a simple country or a senate district; their political stomachs possessed the digestive powers of the ostrich, and nothing save the sovereignty of the State and nation would satiate their inordinate hunger. Accordingly, they laid their plans for a State and national party, and looked forward with all the acuteness which vivid hope could give to the unlimited sway of the republic; when an aspiring demagogue should control the foreign and domestic relations of the country; when a scheming printer should introduce the tactics of the New York lobby into the hall of the capitol of the nation; or a true descendant of Cleon, of Athens, should preside over the finances of the country, and fill the station which has been graced by a Hamilton and a Dallas.

“ ‘Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!’

“ Their minds thus expanded, and their ambition thus exalted, they began to think that the mere story of the abduction of Morgan, which had been doled forth from their presses, in all the variety of a gallows melody, must begin to pall upon the public ear, or, at least, would be wanting in effect upon that class of citizens whose reading and whose minds were above the catch-penny publications, the ‘last words and dying speeches,’ which emanate from the scaffold, where some culprit has expiated his crimes by his life; and that to give their party strength, and extend its arms, a higher and more important bearing must be attached to it. They, therefore, began in various ways to develop their creed, until it finally settled down into a plain determination to effect a REVOLUTION. So far have they worked upon the *prejudice* and *credulity* of their followers, that the majority of them believe that—

“1st. A member of the Masonic Fraternity is unqualified for an American citizen; and that, therefore, every Mason should be deprived of the common right of holding office under the government, either in a representative, judicial, or executive capacity.

“2d. That in consequence of being a Mason, he is utterly unqualified for acting as a juror upon any occasion, or of being accredited as a witness.

“3d. That as antimasons, they are bound by their duty to God, their country, and themselves, to urge their doctrines to a complete fulfillment of their purposes, without the least compromise or shadow of turning.

“Such is the creed of antimasonry. Can their object ever be effected in this country? And if it be possible to bring about so extraordinary a revolution, can it be accomplished without bloodshed? Are the rights of freemen less dear, or the enjoyment of liberty and the institutions of justice less worth preserving now than they ever have been?

“There is now no need of holding back opinions; an active, vigorous, and wily enemy is eating its way into the very vitals of the republic, and it is time that every man decide ‘which of the two to choose,’ the preservation of the free Constitution of our country and our republican institutions, or a contest which must, necessarily, possess all the rancor of the civil wars of Rome and Britain, and the infatuation and licentiousness of the French Revolution. It will be a struggle of right against might—of the friends of equal laws and equal privileges against those who would limit the protection of the government to a fanatical party. Nothing short of the goal we have set for antimasonry will satisfy its devotees. They make no secret of the point they aim at; and not even the abolition of the institution of Masonry, or the destruction of the splendid temples of benev-

olence and virtue which its enterprise and munificence have erected throughout the land, will satisfy them, unless is added to these calamities the complete annihilation of the political rights of the members of the Fraternity. The question is becoming serious and alarming, and one which interests every lover of liberty. It involves questions upon which depend the prosperity and happiness of thousands of men who are now free; and more than all, it involves the character of the republic and the stability of its government. For, in the one instance, it will clearly evince that our population is the only one where, in these days of light and knowledge, designing men can practice upon the prejudice and credulity of the people; while, in the other, the ark upon which we rest will be cut from its moorings, and left at the mercy of the turbulent waves of faction. May God in his infinite mercy, avert such evils, and preserve unbroken the bond, the only bond which can bind us together, a veneration for the sacred institutions which our fathers have left us, and a respect for the rights and privileges of each other!"

"*February 17th.*—More company to-day than usual. Some . . . ; some visited for friendship's sake, who could look at me not with the clownish gaze of idle curiosity, but with an eye of kindlier feelings. Such possess the heart devoted to friendship. Among my visitors were Dr. Isaac Smith, from Lockport, Dr. Dorris, two gentlemen from Lockville, Warren county, S. Mott, Col. Frost, and Dr. Fuller. I find that many are

"'The firmest friends where interest forms the tie,
And bitterest foes where rival interests vie.'

But all are not so.

"*February 18th.*—But little work to-day, being afflicted with the blue devils or some other class of

colored and ill-disposed genii. The Court of Common Pleas being now in session, I was visited by the Grand Jury. Some of these, but not the majority, seemed pleased to see me here. Of some I formed a favorable opinion.

“ If to my share some human errors fall,
Think on this place, and then forget them all.”

I am not disposed to wrangle with Dame Fortune so much as with some of my own species. The latter are a strange, fickle, mutable set of bipeds.

“ *February 19th.*—Not much progress in study; reading miscellaneous books. Among the visitors with whom I whiled away two or three hours, were J. F. Mason, Major S. Barton, from Niagara county, V. S. Olcott, of Rochester, Mr. Owen; from Phelps, and Dr. Williams, of this village. The latter gentleman, a happy septuagenary, retains much information of the healing art, and relates some interesting cases and anecdotes. He retains much of the man, and delights to exhibit his scholastic abilities, not yet paralyzed under the frosts of seventy winters. He reads and translates Greek and Latin with facility.

“ *February 20th.*—To-day passed less irksome than many have done since my incarceration. Whether it is owing to the vivifying principle of friendship, as manifested in the countenances of some visitors to-day, or whether that parti-colored, soul-disturbing, peace-haunting, jail-visiting, and infernal-born spirit, styled *blue-devils*, has left me for a while to recruit for a fresh attack, I know not, but, probably, both had their influence. My much respected friends S. Scoville and lady, L. A. Spaulding, and J. F. Mason, came in to see me. It is not the least among the triumphs of injured feelings and conscious honor that the expressions of these men, without any effort to extort it from them, indicated that there was no dim-

ination of honor or respect. This is not egotism or self-praise; it is the truth, (I at least hope so,) and what is in justice due me."

Poor prisoner, it was a triumph to know this! And within the year now passing a high order of Masonry being established at Lockport, where he died and was buried, no name was found so suitable for it as that of BRUCE COUNCIL OF ROYAL AND SELECT MASTERS. For the testimony of this we offer the following letter:

"LOCKPORT, N. Y., January 18, 1860.

"ROB MORRIS, ESQ. :—On the 13th January 'Bruce Council of Royal and Select Masters' was instituted in this place, by virtue of letters of dispensation, issued by N. O. Benjamin, Esq., Most Puissant Grand Master of the Most Puissant Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of the State of New York: wherein Rev. Comp. Charles H. Platt was named Th. Ill. Master; Comp. Charles Craig, R. Ill. Master; and Comp. Daniel A. Knapp, Ill. II. Con. of the Works. This council is named in honor and memory of the martyr Eli Bruce, one of the victims of antimasonry. It opens under favorable auspices, and is destined to radiate Cryptic light over this once benighted region."

Nor is this all. The writer of this volume, who, at the youthful age of eighteen, passed westward within sight of his grave, September 23, 1836, and heard there the story of antimasonic triumph over truth, justice, and a life then but four years ended, now, with head thickly frosted with time, puts these last touches to a work which shall show, it is hoped, to

loving Masons, Bruce's sorrows, sufferings, and splendid conquest over self. This, too, poor prisoner, "is, in justice, due him."

"*Sabbath, February 21, 1830.*—Read *Sterne* most of the day; read a little in the *Remember Me*; fine diction and sound sentiments in its pages. This is termed the Christian Sabbath; I fear it is more the hypocrite's Sabbath than that of the humble and meek follower of the lowly Nazarene. But He that 'seeth not as man seeth,' can best judge. Although prosperity may appear to attend the efforts, and prudence seem to sit in the councils of 'the whited sepulchers,' yet 'the hope of the hypocrite shall perish.'

"*February 22d.*—Busy with Prof. Gregory's work on *Apoplexy, etc.* This is the birthday of our immortal Washington.

"*February 23d.*—Much amused with Mr. Hayne's speech in reply to Webster; he is rather too many guns for the Yankee gentleman. The man of the South is really a musico-political genius; he touches the high-toned harp of political feeling with a masterly hand.

"*February 24th.*—Dr. Wells, physician of the prison, not happening to be an antimason, has been removed, and to-day Dr. Carr, who has the place, called upon me; has the appearance of a gentleman."

This is a practical illustration of the proscription which accompanied the antimasonic rule. The tendency of their government was—

"To separate father and son, pastor and people, husband and wife, partner senior and partner junior, the upper and lower millstone, the antagonistic blades of scissors, and all other separable things upon the question of Masonry."—*Tales of Masonic Life*, p. 84.

The ill health and rapid decline of Mr. Bruce, consequent upon his imprisonment, may be partly attributed to the unhealthiness of his cell. As this was charged at the time by his friends, and strenuously denied by others, we give a memorandum upon the subject, penned by Mr. Bruce himself, under date September 21, 1826, which gives, with startling distinctness, what he calls "a phenomenon of startling character," as illustrating the dangerous humidity of the jail :

"At 11 A. M. I discovered two of the large door cells of hewn stone to be in a high state of perspiration. They were very moist, so much so, that I observed to one of the prisoners he was filthy, supposing it was excess of saliva, but found to the contrary. At 4 P. M. found the upper hall, especially its side, covered very thickly with small particles of water. The globules varied very much in size ; some were the size of common pigeon-shot, others dwindled down to the merest molecules. At 9 P. M. many of the large particles had conglobed, and began to run, increasing to a very considerable drop ere it touched the floor. On presenting a lighted candle to the wall, the view was highly interesting and brilliant. The radiated light, as it reflected from the numerous globules, varying in size, converged so admirably as to offer to the view a whited plane, not unlike a smooth surface, thickly set with small diamonds ; and as the motion of the candle would vary their relative radiative positions, the candle being the focus, it was luminous and very pleasing. The walls are two feet thick, plastered and whitewashed, which improved the appearance of the phenomenon. Not only the walls and door sills had the appearance of much dampness, but

the stairway as well as the iron doors partook largely of the moisture. At 9 the rain fell in torrents. 'The taste of the watery globules was quite saltish.'

"*February 27th.*—Forced, whether willing or not, to play the tune 'Away with melancholy.'

"To bear the ills of disappointment well,
Restrain my passions when they would rebel,'

is full as much as can be performed in jail without the aid of metaphysics. Whether metaphysician or philosopher, however, few moments shall pass by without an effort at something to spice my time as it passes. And like the busy bee, extracting from noxious flowers the sweets of life, I will draw from the pangs of a prison-house the pleasure of governing and amusing myself.

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven?"

"*Sabbath, February 28, 1830.*

"LINES TO THE SABBATH.

"I hail thee, holy morn of heavenly rest!
Emblem of future life among the blest!
Thy rays are greeted by the contrite ones
By fervent prayer, devotion's lively tones.
Where, from the fount of reason's frail abode,
Shall true devotion rise to please our God!
Shall nature's self her vital powers impart,
Perform her paeans, and not touch the heart?
Shall songs of diapason's sweetest powers
Be warbled forth to chant the solemn hours?
Can looks or forms, can melody or prayer,
Be incense unto God, save Love be there?
Except the fount of Love be opened free,
And we the willing suppliant subjects be;
Like famed Bethesda's pure and limpid wave,
'Touched by the heavenly visitant, to save
The halt, the maimed, and sickly, from the grave,
We raise our song in vain, our prayers are found
Like brass and tinkling cymbals, empty sound.'

"*March 1, 1830.*—Busied myself for mine host in

preparing a schedule of all the debtors committed in the year passed ; its review affords a striking proof of the inutility of the present code to enforce payment. Mr. Coc, with my much-esteemed friend S. K. Grosvener, of Buffalo, came in.

“March 3d.—Yesterday I was still at work on my list of debtors. It affords a melancholy spectacle of the sacrifice, the wanton waste, of money, for some one to pay, and of time squandered worse than uselessly. In many suits, the costs are greater than the debts. J. E. Lashier and John Hill, of Niagara county, called.”

Mr. Lashier's visits were subsequently repeated.

“March 4th.—Finished the schedule of debtors ; a sorry, shameful list. There seems, in this county, a strong disposition for oppression. Thomas Robson, a stern old Scotchman, visited me, and Miss Boughton, with my hostess.”

As an illustration of the difficulties the writer has surmounted in gathering reliable intelligence relative to Mr. Bruce, we append here extracts from two letters, written us under dates March 31 and April 2, 1860, by the veteran William Bryant, now of Norton's Mills, N. Y. :

“In answer to the inquiries contained in yours, I did not know Eli Bruce until after the year 1826. The first I knew of him was when he was brought to this county for trial. I saw him frequently while in jail. I do not remember where he told me he moved from when he went to Lockport, Niagara county, N. Y. That place is about sixty miles from me. I knew he was sheriff of that county about the time that Morgan disappeared from Canandaigua, but

I have no means of knowing what office he held in our order.

“Mr. Eli Bruce, while at Canandaigua, studied medicine; and when he left he went back to Lockport, practiced it there, until he died with cholera, in 1832. He was said to be a fine physician.”

“I had written you a few lines, since which I have come across an old list of officers, elected in 1826-27, of our chapter at Canandaigua. Some time between 1830 and 1836 our building, used by chapter and lodge, was burned, together with furniture, clothing, tools, and records—all were destroyed. At the time of these two elections, I happened to take a copy. I have tried to find some copies, but can not. I send you a copy that you may know who there was about at that time.

“*List of officers, elected December, 1826, of Ontario Temple Chapter, No. 66, of Royal Arch Masons, at Canandaigua:*

“Stephen L. Maltby, H. P.; John W. Beals, K.; Joseph Wells, S.; Sterling Parkhurst, C. H.; Malicah Loveland, P. S. J.; John Vooris, R. A. C.; Samuel Gillis, 1st V.; William Bryant, 2d V.; Asa Spalding, 3d V.; Richard Wells, Sec.; Horace Richmond, Treas.; Burton H. Heacox, Chap.; Vincent G. Barney, Steward; James Lakey, Steward; James Eaton, Tyler.”

“*List of officers, elected December, 1827, of Ontario Temple Chapter, No. 66, of Royal Arch Masons, at Canandaigua:*

“Henry Howard, H. P.; Asa Stanley, K.; Richard Well, Sec.; Moses Roberts, C. H.; Malicah Loveland, P. S. J.; William Bryant, R. A. C.;

Dennie Chapman, M. 1st V. ; Laman Gales, M. 2d V. ; Asa Spalding, M. 3d V. ; Samuel C. Ward, Sec. ; Ebenezer S. Cobb, Treas. ; Oliver Ackley, Chap. ; James Lakey, Steward ; Horace Rukmond, Steward ; Justin Wells, Tyler.' ”

“ *March 5th.*—Dr. Williams, of this village, came in with a small budget in hand, and said : ‘ Bruce, I have come to sojourn with you. Affairs abroad are gloomy ; I choose the peace of your apartment to the clamorous and trying scenes without.’ I thought I perceived some mental aberration, yet he was perfectly sane on common topics, his recollection distinct, his remarks pertinent ; he seemed blossoming in autumnal youth. Although in second childhood, he is not feeble or fatuous, but buoyant and vigorous. J. Rouse, of Niagara, called to see me.”

This curious case of self-incarceration formed a pleasing episode in the jail-life of Bruce.

“ *March 6th.*—Spent most of the day amusing Dr. Williams. He related many extraordinary phenomena and exhibitions in obstetrics, also historical anecdotes, bon mots, etc. He sang many old tunes, such as he used to sing fifty years since ; and when he sung one of which his son was fond, (his son died but two years since ; he was his *Joseph!*) tears ran copiously down his furrowed cheeks, and the paternal sigh burst forth in the most tender affection.

“ *March 7th.*—Devoted most of the day to the amusement of Dr. Williams.

“ *March 8th.*—Took up the Greek Testament, and, if I have patience, I think I will pursue it till I can at least read enough to call technical terms in my studies. Webster’s second speech against Hayne ; he must have good *bottom*, as well as *wind*.

“*March 9th.*—Poring over Greek, but with little progress; memory being much deficient. To be brayed in the mortar of antimasonry, and beat with the pestle of political jargon, is enough to license a man to indulge in language of any sort with impunity.

“‘A critic’s fame should not from this arise
To find where fault of prisoned author lies;
But homeward wit should share his honest praise,
And find in him the patron of her lays.’

The death-bell’s solemn sound is heard; Mr. Chapin was buried to-day.

“*March 10th.*—Studying Greek with Dr. Williams. My pets (the fox and coon) becoming mischievous, have been banished from the jail. Would that those rude and heavy doors were likewise open to *me!* Then—

“‘Quick would I quit this drear abode, where felons pine,
And seek my treasured ones so dearly, doubly mine.’

“*March 11th.*—Visited by Col. Stout, a venerable old man, apparently worthy and respectable.

“*March 12th.*—Letter from home. My dear partner in trouble is patient in her affliction, stems the torrent of misfortune with fortitude, and meekly submits to the lash of poverty.

“‘My business in this place, it would appear,
Made me a looker-on in prison here,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o’erran the stem, and gave me trouble.’

“*March 13th.*—My good friend Mrs. Martin sent me a periodical. Thanks to the kind-hearted lady; hope she will go to heaven.

“‘Clear and transparent, like a crystal vase,
The female mind its real worth displays;
Whether its hue, or praise or censure win,
It takes its color from the store within.’

" *Sabbath, March 14, 1830.*

" " In spite of fate, that man is truly blest
Who does his duty, and refers the rest
To Him, whose eye beholds a sparrow's fall,
And with unerring wisdom governs all."

" An entire confidence in the Supreme Being, and a willing obedience to all the Divine requisitions, together with a heart overflowing with love, which is 'the fulfilling of the law,' make a heaven upon earth. But the high temperament of our constitutions, and a wrong bias, often prove insuperable barriers between conscious duty and a hasty disposition. Those obtrusive passions, with which our nature is so highly seasoned, prevent our better judgment, and, ere we are aware, our intellectual vision becomes dimmed, and we often swerve, if not lose our way.

" *March 15th.*—Dr. Lackey visited us, and gave us the flying news. I must say with the ancient, 'I have lost a day!'

" *March 16th.*—Busy with medical books. Mr. Bliss, with Mr. Gould, of Pitfield, Mass., came in; also Mr. Clark; and with my two viols we made our gloomy walls echo with music.

" *March 17th.*—Visitors, A. Howell, our sheriff, and Mr. Collins, of Lockport. Read *Dr. Thomas on Colic.*

" *March 18th.*—Slept but little last night, as my bedfellow, Dr. Williams, is restless, wakeful, and talkative. Spirits are rather placid; however, I kept busy with Dr. Thomas. Col. Cuyler, of Rochester, called.

" *March 19th.*—There is some sort of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distill it out; and that should teach us

" " There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will!"

" Who knows but the great munificent Author of

our enjoyments has wisely suffered all my sore calamities to fall upon me for my ultimate benefit and good?

"I feel more easy in my mind to-day than I have for some time. Concluded that if duty to my country and obedience to its mandates and laws demand my passive acquiescence in its harsh inquisitions, so be it. Amen!

"Heard a blue-bird for the first time this spring."

These observations agree well with those of Mr. E. J. Roberts, in relation to the establishment of his *Craftsman*, amid the hottest fire of antimasonry. He says:

"It was an experiment of no ordinary cast, to adventure in the midst of the excitement, and the hotbed of infatuation, the publication of a public journal, devoted with its powers to an unvarying opposition to the faction which reigned with unlimited way in the region where it was located; and it required no common exertion to give it a character, which should command the respect of the public, the friendship of those in whose behalf it fearlessly took up the gauntlet, and the attention and animadversion of its opponents; and it was only by keeping up a vigorous and unremitting fire upon its adversaries, and an intent upon a solitary question, which could enable it to effect the object contemplated in its commencement: the restoration of the public mind to its wonted serenity, and to the friends of toleration and equal rights, giving firmness in behalf of themselves and persecuted brethren, and courage to sustain the assaults of their enemies and defend the principles they held, and the opinions they were not ashamed to avow upon all occasions, whether public or private. The attempt has proved successful; confidence is

restored to those who had been so long compelled to bend beneath the burden of unmerited opprobrium; and instead of submitting to the decrees of the Morgan committee, the people freely canvass the merits of the men who have assumed the dictation of public affairs in this section of the State; and progress is evidently making toward a correct decision, that will ultimately enable the friends of equal and exact justice to triumph over those who have contemplated the establishment of a tyrannical dynasty over the republic."

"*March 20th.*—'Long life to those literary drudges!' exclaimed the captain, 'for we can sit at ease in our closets and enjoy all the fruits of their labor.' Although mine is a *closet not of my own choosing*, and my ease and seclusion not of my own seeking, yet Scott and Cooper can be devoured with as good a relish here, I fancy, as in some of the more liberal walks of life. Saw a robin, for the first time this spring.

"*Sabbath, March 21, 1830.*—Air fine; sky clear; church bells inviting. Nothing but my unhappy incarceration hinders me from enjoying them all. My mind reverts with pleasure to those scenes of the past, when hope was all alive and fortune smiled. Could I but appreciate the importance of the following distich, it would ease life of half its load:

" 'O, be a man! and let proud Reason tread
In triumph on each rebel passion's head!'

"*March 22d.*—A good hour with the nineteenth chapter of Revelation in Greek. Its sonorous language is very pleasing to my ear."

We can not forbear calling the reader's attention to this Scriptural selection, (Rev. xix,) the first chosen

by Mr. Bruce for his Greek studies. There was rich consolation to the heart, as well as melody to the ear, in such words as these :

“ And after these things, I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Allelulia: Salvation, and glory, and honor, and power unto the Lord our God :

“ For true and righteous are his judgments.

“ And a voice came out of the throne, saying, Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.

“ And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.”

“ *March 23d.*—Mrs. Tillotson, Hubbard, Dolph, and Miss Murray called.

“ *March 24th.*—This day was not entirely wasted, yet not much better. Mused, and read, and wrote some; yet lounged more.

“ AN ACROSTIC.

“ Exalted in beauty above vile aspersion,
Sits Virtue, the goddess of bliss and of joy;
Truth is her attendant, and meek-eyed Compassion,
Heaven her bright home, which time can not destroy.
Envy and slander no more shall be heard,
Reproach shall be silent and malice unfeared;

Rich in herself, the germ of perfection,
Around her bright altar true greatness appears;
Wealth is no incentive to win her affection,
She courts not the great, though she's hoary with years,
Obedience to her counsel she strictly requires,
Nor *half* of the heart she ever desires.

“ *March 25th.*—When we give loose rein to jealousy, the ‘green-eyed monster,’ it jars both past and present enjoyments, and makes the future look dubious. It benumbs and stupefies those finer feelings

which we term friendship, and frequently gives rise to

——— 'a quarrel about and about,
Who shall be in and who shall be out.'

But how devoutly to be wished is the possession of those principles which make for peace, and that charity which has a supernal characteristic above all the Christian graces!

"*March 26th.*—My fellow-sufferer quite ill. E. J. Roberts and Mr. Barnum called.

"*Sunday, March 28, 1830.*—Read most of the forenoon. In the afternoon my muse visited me in rather lugubrious diction. However, I indulged her, lest she might desert me.

"How dull the mind when fancy hides her light!
How sad the hour when hope is out of sight!
How tardy time in sad affliction's reign!
How tongueless, too, is grief in mental pain!
What void so vast, what heathy waste so drear,
When hope and friends shut out, and all that's dear,
And patience lost in idle hours of woe!
When life's a lifeless, useless, senseless show.
Where soft affection holds her fond retreat;
Where love meets love, embrace embraces meet;
Where early vows at Virtue's altar rear
The pledges of connubial bliss so dear;—
There dwells the soul, the magnet of the mind;
There are the springs of life, the charms that bind.
Fled are the happy hours that gave a zest
To life's eventful course, as on it pressed:
Spiced every latent pain that might intrude
The hallowed lap of pleasure's solitude;
Lulled every restive thought that would invade
The blessed retreat of a domestic shade;
Where sounds of melody were often heard,
With voice and harp in unison prepared.
Faint are the sounds o' the voice that blithely sung,
And the lone harp is on the willows hung;
The social converse lost 'mid hours of pain,
For moody silence locks the mind's domain,
Spreads her dark cloud o'er every present view,
And interdicts the joy when spoken to.
Like the fell simoon o'er the arid sand
Of Afric's burning zone or desert land,
Obsequious to her mandate, here the mind
Yields to her law and sickens unconfined.

Where dwell the soft effusions of the soul,
 But in a joyous sphere beyond control?
 Where dwells the heavenly gift of charity,
 Save in the ample round of liberty?
 Sheds yon bright orb of day his lucid light
 On him with joy when *freedom's* out of sight?
 Can he whose lingering hours are doomed to dwell
 In cloistered silence in the narrow cell,
 Contemplate nature's beauties with a smile?

“*March 29th.*—Very busy studying *Motherby on Parturition*. Kept good hours. Felt in tolerable spirits; talked some, and thought more.

“’Tis night; and save the wind that shrieks
 Through my *dark window*, with a sound
 Of hollow calmness, silence wrecks
 Her gloomy strength on all around.

“And in that gloom my bosom feels
 A power that spurns the noisy strife
 Of truant reason, and reveals
 The speechless poetry of life.

“*March 30th.*—Miss Sarah Barlow, Lucinda Williams, and Lucinda Rutis called; also Mr. Benjamin Hallock, wife, and sister.”

Mr. Hallock's visits are noted subsequently, and always with pleasure.

“*March 31st.*—Four clownish, gaping gossips came into my office and inquired for ———. I don't think 't is of much utility to be kept *for show*; the sensation is in no wise grateful to my mind. Our 'Legion' disturbed us again, last night; he is now, however, in irons.

“*April 1, 1830.*—Mind much clouded to-day; patience tired; spirits at a low ebb. Profited little from books, though received an addition to my stock of medical works through Dr. H. S. Wheeler, of Niagara county, who favored me with *Darwin's Zoonomia*, by the hand of A. R. Benedict. R. S. Hathaway and H. Howard also called.

"Received a letter from my friend S. B. Cowley, and one from Abijah H. Morse, requesting a reconciliation with Judas H——, *alias* H. B. Hopkins. I think the request altogether unreasonable, and does not comport with my present frame of mind to write him in the assassin-like character. Shall the viper sting me to the heart, and I be asked if it hurt me?"

We have been quite unable to trace up the career of Mr. Hopkins to its close. He was deputy-sheriff under Mr. Bruce, and it will be recollected was the man who went forward *after Mr. Bruce's conviction*, and gave in certain testimony (flatly contradicted by his previous statements) which aggravated the imprisonment of his former benefactor twofold. That he was largely rewarded for this treachery to friendship, was, we believe, never doubted by those who knew him.

"April 2d.—About midday my mental gloom of yesterday cleared off, and considering my place of abode, I felt cheerful.

"The strange vicissitudes of human fate
Still altering, never in a steady state;
Good after ill, and after pure delight,
Alternate like the scenes of day and night.

"April 3d.—I have done so little to-day that the least said is soonest mended.

———"dark
As midnight storms, the scenes of human things
Appear before me.'

"April 4th.—Spent much time in the yard. The air and sun were so inviting, they seemed to challenge my spirits to be cheerful.

"April 6th.—Town-meeting to-day. *Anti-ism,*

though waning, is on the alert. No great efforts in this town.

"*April 7th.*—A fine present, to-day, of a pot of flowers, *heart's-case*, with this label: 'Heart's-ease, in return for Mr. Bruce's poetry.' Although heart's-ease, it did not ease my heart. A very rich and fine cake was also brought me by Mrs. Sibley and Mrs. Gorham, elegantly decorated. In the center was placed a glass, containing geraniums and daffodils.

———" 'Women want the *ways*
To praise their deeds, but men want *deeds* to praise.'

"Visitors, Miss Jane Murray, with a lady of a highly cultivated mind, Mr. W. Wood, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Sibley, and Mrs. Gorham.

"*April 8th.*—Rather unsteady to-day; did not husband my time to the best of advantage. Sheriff paid me a visit; also Solomon Crosby, of Niagara county, Drs. Carr and Warner.

"*April 11th.*—Torrents of rain until 10 A. M.; then the sun appeared, and many of the spring birds were heard warbling forth the divinity of nature. Being asked by Miss Lucinda Williams to write something in her album, I indited the following:

"I saw a rose in all the bloom
Of Flora's choicest hue,
'T was lovely in its happy noon,
Dear lady, it was you!

"The rose of health, though e'er so fair,
The charms that chain the sense
May withered be, and often are,
Ere half the joys commence.

"Then seek, in life's eventful course,
A clime of happier day;
If treasured in that happy source,
Your joys will ne'er decay.

"*April 12th.*—Paid much attention to Dr. Williams, who is severely afflicted with jaundice. Dr. Birch called. Received a letter from my worthy friend,

O. G. W., of N. Y. Heard the twittering of a swallow, and on casting my eyes upward, saw him sporting at leisure, and at *liberty*.

“*April 14th.*—Still in the dust of a prison. Spent most of the day cleansing my room.

“*April 15th.*—Reading *Wilson's Ornithology*. I have observed many times that Europeans were very sanguine, as respects the music of the feathered tribe, that their birds of music far exceed, both in melody and plumage, the birds of our continent. An extract from the much-admired ornithologist, Mr. Wilson, will be considered as authority for a different opinion. ‘I, who a thousand times have listened to the melody of both, can not admit such an opinion to be correct. We can not, with fairness, draw a comparison between the depth of the forest in America and the cultivated fields of England, because it is a well-known fact that singing-birds seldom frequent the former in any country. But let the latter places be compared with the like situations in the United States, and the superiority of song, I am fully persuaded, would belong to the Western continent. Our imitable mocking-bird, wood-thrush, brown thrush or thrasher, are fully equal to the celebrated nightingale of Europe.’”

The Legislature passed an act of this date, continuing the office of special counsel for another year, but reducing the compensation of the person so employed to “a sum not to exceed one thousand dollars beyond his necessary expenses.” This led, as will be seen, to the speedy resignation of the post by Mr. John C. Spencer.

“*April 16th.*—Busy most of the day with *Wilson's Ornithology*. Labored with my muse; not very com-

mentatory. The following is to a young lady who requested me to write in her album :

“ACROSTIC.

“List, list! gentle fair one, the spring now appears,
Unfolds its rich beauties, enchants as it cheers,
Calls from the warm climes the gay Handels of song,
In transports they sport the green meadows along.
No discord is heard from the thousands that pour
Devotion to Him whose kind care and whose power
Alike are imparted; and can he do more ?

“Ay, now in the season of purest desires,
Neglect not those duties that Heaven requires;
Till life's feeble lamp shall grow dim and expire.
In virtue be bold, from vain follies retire;
Safe, then, is your portion, 't is all your desire.

“*April 17th.*—Miscellaneous reading. Some visitors, among whom Mr. W. Hunt, of Lockport, G. Wilson, and Thaddeus Chapin, and Miss L. B. Williams.

“*Sabbath, April 18, 1830.*—Spent most of the morning construing the fourth chapter of John from the Greek. Tedious, yet pleasing.

“*April 19th.*—News by mail from all quarters. Mr. C. P. Turner, from Washington, called. Commenced *Bewell's Bandelocque*. The light winds, fine air, and clear sun seemed inviting. The Handels of the forest were pouring forth their mellow songs, the gentle breeze wafting the fainter notes of the little songsters to my drear abode. All was alive, all cheerful, all seemed happy.

“E'en in this lonely vault,
My dark and narrow world, oft do I hear
The crowing of the cock so near my walls,
And sadly think how small a space divides me
From all this fair creation.

“*April 21st.*—Attended to various sick persons in the prison. Commenced the third volume of *Wilson's Ornithology*.

“*April 22d.*—A fine day; in tolerable spirits.

Drs. Birch and Carr, Sheriff Buell, and H. Norton called; also three "roses of flesh," viz.: young ladies.

"In response to the gift made me April 7th, by Mrs. Sibley, Mrs. Gorham, and Hubbard, I wrote the following:

"There is a charm that chains the sense,
And there are chains that charm;
There is a ray, the light from whence
Is rapturous, pure, and warm;

"'Tis charity, of sisters three
The brightest, noblest grace;
Nor want, nor *jails*, nor penury
Forbids her smiling face.

"Then thanks, fair ladies, for your boon,
To cheer my cheerless hours;
May joys pervade your happy noon
Like *this*, bedecked with flowers.

"April 23d.—Reading *Bandelocque* and *Wilson*. Visitors, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Bennett, Miss Antis, and Miss Alexander, 'the roses of flesh.'

"April 24th.—Unusually sour; ennui, blue devils, or horrors—an indescribable, heart-aching, peace-destroying, world-sickening, health-breaking, revolting sensation.

"Read a letter from Judas H—— to a man in Vermont. The sainted hypocrite would fain make believe he was born for heaven; but his antimasonic lies will bar him from that felicity.

"Go, viper, go,
Though thou hast stung the hand that gave thee meat!"

The testimony of Hopkins upon the trial of Ezekiel Jewett, June, 1830, is important in this connection. We extract it from the *Craftsman* of July 3d, of that year:

"Hiram B. Hopkins resided in this village (Lockport) September, 1826; was deputy-sheriff under Bruce; was at installation at Lewiston; previous to

that had heard of William Morgan, between the middle of August and the first of September; and previous to that he had been alluded to, but not by name. Witness was made a Royal Arch Mason previous to 1st September, 1826; thinks, but not certain, at a regular communication; difference between a regular communication and special communication, regular every month.

“He was then told that a man by the name of William Morgan, at Batavia, was writing a book on Masonry, from Entered Apprentice to Royal Arch degree, and was said to be perfectly correct, and measures were to be taken to suppress it, and ‘you,’ that is, he, and another that was that evening exalted, ‘must act accordingly.’

“Defendant (Ezekiel Jewett) objected to any testimony of the acts and declarations of Bruce concerning preparing a place here for Morgan, on his way from Batavia to Niagara, especially acts and declarations previous to what the prosecution has shown to have been *the commencement* of the conspiracy at Batavia.

“This objection overruled, and exception taken.

“Defendant also objected to any declarations of Bruce not accompanying an act of conspiracy.

“‘Did you receive directions from Bruce to prepare a cell for the confinement of William Morgan?’

“Question objected to, overruled, and exceptions taken.

“Witness says *he did* prepare it by removing things, and Bruce assisted; he thinks ten o’clock in the evening; when he received these directions to prepare the cell, he said he expected Morgan there that night, on his way to Fort Niagara; this cell was prepared from six to eight days before the installation at Lewiston; Bruce did not mention any plan; said he was informed he would be here. It was the

cell under the office; was at Lewiston; did not see Jewett.

Cross-examined.—Will swear it was in August; he was made a Royal Arch Mason about the middle, or between that and the 1st of September; as early as that heard the installation talked of; confident it was as much as two weeks from his exaltation he prepared the cell; it was generally reported at that time that Morgan was at Batavia, publishing his book. Clark Munger, Z. B. Bond, H. W. Campbell, Bruce, Judge Gardner, Mr. Rounds, Dr. Maxwell, (thinks,) were all present in the chapter when Bruce told him and his companions there of Morgan's coming, and what must be done by them. This was while the chapter was open and the officers in their places. Bruce was Principal Sojourner, but it was no part of his business to give charges or directions; this was added by way of codicil to the charge; it was immediately after the charge, and they were standing at the altar; particular officer, High Priest, gives the charge; understood from Bruce that the project of bringing Morgan here had been abandoned. He never came here.

Cross-examined.—Bruce added nothing else."

The latter portion of this incredible statement is positively contradicted by every one who was in the chapter that night, and will indeed appear too absurd for credence to any one familiar with the "works and ways" of such a body of Masons as a Royal Arch Chapter.

Sabbath, April 25, 1830.—Translating the nineteenth chapter of Revelation from the Greek. The boldness of the diction and sublimity of the expression are very striking. The sixth verse is highly

sonorous, as well as sublime; the variations of the word *Θόραξ*, thrice expressed, are like the voice of many waters and mighty thunderings. In the eighth verse are beauties hid from the common eye. The Bride was clad in 'fine linen, clean and white,' for the fine linen is the righteousness of the chosen one.

"April 26th.—The same dull round; the same jargon of bolts and iron doors; the same filthy, fiend-like conversation of the inmates below. The beauties of spring are shut out; the melodies of nature's Handels are forbidden me; forced to forego the pleasures of society, and, worst of all, that of my own bosom friend and helpless children.

"April 27th.—Usual pursuits and feelings. Visitors, Mr. G. W. Rogers, V. Spaulding, Mrs. Wilson and little daughter, Mr. F. Granger's little daughter, and Miss Baldwin.

"April 28th.—Completed the fourth volume of *Wilson's Ornithology*. Mrs. B. called and sung 'Home, Sweet Home,' with me; also Mr. Rawson, from Lockport.

"April 29th.—Construing the fourteenth chapter of Romans from the Greek; very difficult. Visitors, William Gooding and nephew, and Mr. J. Maker, from Royalton.

"April 30th.—Not very pleasant within doors, though very fair without. 'A soft answer turneth away wrath,' says the wise man, 'but grievous words stir up strife.' Man has many foibles, and he who runs not upon the sandbars of folly or the snags of passion will avoid most of the miseries incident to life.

"Sabbath, May 2, 1830.—The contrast between yesterday and to-day is admirable. Yesterday He who 'rides upon the storm' spoke in mighty thunderings and a fearful tempest, and 'He did ride upon the wings of the wind.' To-day all is fair; nature

smiles again. The forest, so recently a leafless scene, presents a green and varied dress, while in the rich variety of Flora's kingdom the humbler family present their attractive charms. The inimitable peach, the varied apple, the pure white cherry-tree, charm the eye and charm the sense. They bespeak the divinity of nature. They tell His wisdom, mercy, and love, which pervade all his works, and leave us but to love, admire, and adore.

“*May 3d.*—Not much done to-day save *bagatelles.*”

This day witnessed the resignation of Mr. John C. Spencer of the office of special counsel in the Morgan trials. In a letter to the Executive, Governor Throop, he complains that that official has disappointed his reasonable expectations of support and countenance; that positive aid, beyond the formal duties from which there was no escape, had, in no instance, been rendered him by Governor Throop; and that in the place of expected countenance and support, he had actually been suffered to stand alone, an isolated individual, to carry on those most laborious and difficult prosecutions, as if they were private suits brought by himself. That the governor had failed to notice, in his communications to the Legislature, his (Mr. Spencer's) suggestions upon the business he was engaged upon, and that his private official communications *had been divulged*, so as to defeat his measures, and bring undeserved reproach upon him. “These communications,” he avers, “related to the means of discovering evidence of the fact of William Morgan's death. They were not only in their nature strictly confidential, but the success

of the measures suggested depended entirely upon their being unknown to the parties and their friends. Yet they became known to a counsel of the persons implicated in the offenses upon William Morgan!" Summing up his reasons, he therefore resigns the office, and Mr. Victor Birdseye was appointed in his stead. It is but fair to say, in justice to Governor Throop, whose ridiculous charge, while judge, upon the trials of Chesebro and others, we have already had occasion to show up, that he denied the statements of Mr. Spencer, implicating him in divulging secret official correspondence; the fault was afterward pretty nearly pinned down upon Mr. Spencer himself, who is said to have been deluded out of his secret by a Delilah in the shape of a bottle of wine.

"*May 4th.*—Busy in translating the eleventh chapter of Matthew.

"*May 5th.*—Busy till noon in Greek. Books, birds, and men swallowed up the residue of the day.

"*May 6th.*—Wrote my eldest daughter. Caught an antimason with the dead carcass of my pet fox, which had been thrown over the wall. I found it in the yard, with a label attached, 'Morganized by Masonry!' Removing this, I wrote, 'Good bait to catch antimasons,' and threw it back!

"*May 7th.*—Mrs. Taylor, from Lockport, with my youngest daughter, called very unexpectedly.

"*May 8th.*—Mr. George King visited us.

"*May 10th.*—Mr. Lewis and lady, from Victor, called.

"*May 13th.*—The most interesting morning of the spring. The meadows and fields, so far as I can see, (which is but little,) are one grand aviary of nature.

From my window I distinctly heard the notes of sixteen species of birds. All seemed exquisitely happy. Their music was incessant, and to me melodious without a single discord.

"Mrs. Martin and her sister, Mrs. Reynolds, of Niagara county, and S. Scovill, of Lockport, called.

"*May 15th.*—Few weeks of my imprisonment have appeared so little irksome to me as the last. My time has been divided between the pleasurable companionship of my youngest daughter and the preparation of some trivial tokens of affliction for my family.

"*Sabbath, May 16, 1830.*—All I can say is, *I've passed the Sabbath day.*"

Here the second volume of the Diary closes. The third has for a motto, "*Actus, me invita factus, non est meus actus!*" This volume extends from May 17, 1830, to January 7, 1831.

"*May 18th.*—Visited by the jail superintendents; presume their inspection was satisfactory. Although prisoners, we are clean and hearty.

"*May 19th.*—*Bandelocque* occupied considerable time; my daughter, birds, and Greek the remainder. Spring, with its gayety, has come. With all that is inviting, cheering, admirable, it regales the senses with the rich variety of animated nature. Looking 'through nature up to nature's God,' we can but admire and adore the munificent hand of Him who 'rules over all, God, blessed for evermore.'

"*May 20th.*—More visitors than usual, viz.: Sheriff and lady, Sheriff Austin and son, from Livingston county; Mr. Conly and Mr. Morse, from Lockport; Mrs. W. Whitney, from Rochester; Mr. Whitney, from Parma; Mr. Warner and brother, from Lima; and Squire Hastings and another guest from Geneva. Passed the day tolerably.


"*May 21st.*—Mrs. Taylor called to convey my daughter back to Lockport. The little innocent has diverted me much with her infantile prattlings, and now there is a vacuum here, which neither viols nor books can fill.

"*Sabbath, May 23, 1830.*—Spent the morning translating the sixth chapter of Revelation; difficult, but very sublime.

"This day ends a year of dreary captivity and doleful confinement. A host of sad forebodings, a thousand nameless associations, a mingled train of hopes, fears, wants, cares, and passions of every name, rush upon my mind and 'picture things unseen.' From the sad vista of the past year I must form the features of the ensuing, and calculate, with moderate nicety, while 'ill at ease,' the deductions from the happiness and comforts of life, the waste of time, the sacrifice of feeling, the deprivations and distress of my dear family, and the diminution of good and charitable feelings toward my own species, or at least a portion of them."

CHAPTER VI.

THE SECOND YEAR OF IMPRISONMENT.

“AY 25, 1830.—Spent much of the day reading *The Peep at the Pilgrims*, and an *Exposition of the Pulse*, by Dr. S. Jackson.”

From the *Craftsman*, of May 11th, we copy the following lines, bearing the well-known signature B****.

“THE SABBATH.

“I hail thee, holy morn of heavenly rest!
 Emblem of future life among the blest!
 Thy rays are greeted by the contrite ones
 In fervent prayer, devotion's lively tones.
 Where, from the fount of reason's frail abode,
 Shall true devotion rise to please our God!
 Shall nature's self her vital powers impart,
 Perform her peans, and not touch the heart?
 Shall songs of diapason's sweetest powers
 Be warbled forth to chant the solemn hours?
 Can looks or forms, can melody or prayer,
 Be incense to our God, save Love be there?
 Except the fount of Love be opened free,
 And we the urgent, willing suppliants be,
 Like famed Bethesda's pure and limpid wave,
 Touched by the heavenly visitant, to save
 The halt, the maimed, and sickly, from the grave,
 We raise our songs in vain, our prayers are found
 Like brass and tinkling cymbals, empty sound.”

It was at this time that Mr. J. G. Brooks, of New York, connected himself with the *Craftsman*, much

to its general improvement in tone and quality. The connection was continued until December 28, 1830, when the financial embarrassments of the establishment compelled him to withdraw and return to New York. Mr. Brooks was a fast friend of Mr. Bruce, often visiting him when "sick and in prison," and comforting him.

The celebrated appeal, by Robert G. Harper and twenty-two others of the Masonic Fraternity of Adams county, Pennsylvania, was published May 24th, and deserves a more extended notice than we can give it. It is an indignant rebuke of the spirit of intolerance then so rife, which held up the Masonic fraternity as murderers and defenders of crime; as plotters against government and the rights of their fellow-citizens; as impious and profane, and unworthy of communion with pious and holy men. In a letter from Mr. Robert G. Harper to ourselves, dated April 4, 1860, he gives some interesting explanations. He says:

"That appeal was written by me, and signed by the Masons who were then in our neighborhood.

"You are, no doubt, aware that the 'Morgan affair' raged in Pennsylvania to a very great extent. Our county (Adams) was among the first that took hold of it, having here one of, and probably the most energetic antimason—the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, then a leading lawyer and politician, since removed to Lancaster, and now a representative in Congress from that district. He was talented, bold, daring, and never quailed in anything he undertook. He was to me a personal friend; and, when I reasoned

with him as to starting an antimasonic party here, he said he felt for me, but he must 'go ahead' in what he had started, just having returned from a visit to the East. He persisted in his course, and, by his boldness and energy, he brought over almost entirely the whole Federal party (as it was then termed) to his views. The Masons had many personal friends, of course, many of whom would not attach themselves to that party; for a time held aloof from politics; some went over to the Democracy; others have, since the death of antimasonry, acted with those of kindred political feeling under another name.

“‘*Good Samaritan Lodge*,’ No. 200, was constituted in Gettysburg, Pa., on the 1st of January, 1825, (A. L. 5825,) by Bro. T. Hartley Crawford, D. D. G. M., (then of Chambersburg, now Hon. Judge of the Criminal Court of Washington City, D. C.,) a bright Mason, and a noble and excellent friend and brother. Col. S. S. King was the W. M. named in the charter. (He was an officer of the army of 1812; was severely wounded at the battle of Chippewa, being shot through the body, his thigh fractured, etc., which, during his life, gave him much uneasiness. He was a practicing lawyer of our place, justice of the peace, etc.) I was the S. W.; Bro. T. C. Reed, J. W.; Gen. Miller, S. D.; F. Leas, J. D. After the first year, Bro. King desired to be relieved from the office of W. M., as he could not, as he fancied, fill the situation to his satisfaction. I was elected W. M. in December, 1825, and was re-elected every year as long as the lodge had an existence.

“In the fall of 1829, Thaddeus Stevens started the antimasonic movement in our county by a call for a public meeting. I endeavored to reason him out of the matter, from political motives; but he, fancying it was the *very thing* to break down Democracy, by creating new issues, and probably from other per-

sonal feelings, persisted in his course. The meeting was held, and all the anti-Democratic feeling (Adams county being very strongly Federal) was brought out by his indomitable energy. At that meeting the strongest resolutions were adopted against Masonry, and a personal one against the editor of the '*Adams Sentinel*,' because he refused to pander to the wishes of the leader, threatening him with the establishment of another press to crush him, etc.

"To those resolutions I replied, in a determined though respectful style. In my reply, I made an allusion to Mr. Stevens by name. This drew from him a ferocious letter, addressed to me, with a request to publish. I did so, and replied to it at length. Both were published in the '*Sentinel*' of September 9, 1829.

"At their meeting in 1829, (September,) they passed a resolution pledging themselves, as soon as the Masons would 'surrender their charters, mingle with their fellow-citizens, and become like other men,' to withdraw their opposition. This the Masons did not choose to do, at the command of any men or set of men. The persecution, however, became so great, from the firm and manly course of the few Masons here, (for they were comparatively few,) that it was thought advisable that an appeal should be made to the thinking portion of the community upon the subject, hoping it might do good. I then drew up the 'Appeal,' which you have seen. It was signed by all the members of our lodge, as well as by others who were not, but Masons. It had a little effect, and, I think, made a kindlier feeling for Masons than had existed previously. We were all known, and our words were taken as the words of honest and true men.

"The antimasons, under the lead and direction of Mr. Stevens, established a paper in opposition to

me, (they having addressed me an official notice, through the secretaries of their meeting, asking me to publish an antimasonic paper, which I indignantly rejected,) and for a time swept everything before them. I, of course, suffered severely in a pecuniary point of view, my old party having gone over to the new, both being in opposition to the Democracy. I still, however, maintained my personal, pecuniary, and *Masonic* integrity, never yielding an inch to the persecuting hordes.

“The antimasonic party, by dint of perseverance and operation upon the masses, became, for the time being, the dominant party, in the fall of 1835, electing their candidate, Mr. Ritner, as Governor. During the session of 1835-36, Mr. Stevens had resolutions passed by the Legislature, (he being a member,) directing an investigation of all secret societies, *Masonry* in particular. He was the chairman of the committee. He summoned the leading Masons from different counties in the State, and had the sergeant-at-arms employed for a month or two engaged in the duty. Gen. Thomas C. Miller and myself were called for by him from this section. I can not enumerate all, but I remember I met many there under the same process; among whom I can name Gov. Wolf, Gov. Shunk, Mr. Dallas, and a host of others I need not name, of the *élite*. I, as did my comrade, Gen. Miller, protested against their authority to make us testify, and sent in a written protest. I found directly that Gov. Wolf and Gov. Shunk pursued the same course. Other leading Masons followed our course, and *their investigation was a failure!*

“From the day I drew up my protest, which my friend Gen. Miller adopted, and the failure at Harrisburg to imprison us for contempt, (as Mr. Stevens warmly urged the Legislature to do,) antimasonry has been on the decline. It is not now named. Since

that time various societies have sprung up in our midst: Odd-Fellows, Red-Men, etc., etc. I find, however, that there is quite a warm feeling toward 'the mystic tie,' and I think we shall soon have quite a genteel and respected lodge."

"*May 26th.*—Much pleased to-day with my visitors, viz.: Drake and Loucks, of Albany; J. Phillips, of Lockport; H. Sibley, and my cousin Whitcomb. The urbane manners and kind expressions of the first three gave me strong predilections in their favor, and assured me that they belong to the higher order of our species. The merits of the others are too well admitted to need comment. I labored very hard this morning with Revelation, ninth chapter, in Greek.

"*May 27th.*—Spent the day tolerably well, *for a jail*. A greater variety of people as visitors than usual. My worthy cousin, J. H——; my friend Daniels, and Elias Ransom, Jr., both from Lockport; and two gentlemen from Geneseo. Letters from J. F. Marvin and my eldest daughter.

"*May 28th.*—Visitors, O. P. Turner and E. Mather, of Royalton, and a gentleman from Rochester.

"*May 29th.*—Not in very good spirits to-day; a great want of energy. Saw a great abundance of vanity, and what appeared like vexation of spirit, in tolerable habiliments. To be sure, they had the female form, but not all that was lovely, interesting, and amiable. They had that prying curiosity, that feminine inquisitiveness, the Eve-like propensity to see all. They would come in at all hazards.

"*Sabbath, May 30, 1830.*—Spent the forenoon with Greek and other books, the afternoon with the *American Journal of Medical Sciences*. Feel restless and impatient. It will be *ex necessitate rei* that disposes me as I am, for it was *dies infaustas* that brought me here.

"June 5th.—My worthy friend, E. Mix, called; also Capt. Torrence, of Geneva, and Squire Penfield, who had previously sent us, in token of his respect, a basket of apples and some books."

In connection with this "worthy friend," we may add, that his friendship for Mr. Bruce has been continued to his biographer, as almost every page of this volume evinces. Early in its preparation we received the following hopeful indication of interest in the work:

"Ebenezer Mix, Æ 71, Past Master of Batavia Lodge No. 210, Past High Priest of Western Star Chapter No. 31, Past Grand Commander of Genesee Encampment No. 10, (eight years,) and Past Grand Captain-General of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templars of the State of New York, will cheerfully correspond with Bro. Rob. Morris, and communicate to him any information which he may possess, when requested.

"EBENEZER MIX.

"BATAVIA, GENESSEE COUNTY, N. Y., March 1, A. L. 5859."

The Grand Lodge of New York, assembled at New York, elected this day the following as its officers for the ensuing year:

Morgan Lewis, (Major-General and Ex-Governor,) Grand Master; Hon. Mordecai Myers, Deputy Grand Master; Ezra S. Crozier, Senior Grand Warden; Welcome Esleeck, Junior Grand Warden; James V. Benschoten, Grand Treasurer; James Herring, Grand Secretary.

Of these, Messrs. Myers and Herring are still

living. See biographical sketch of the former in the *Voice of Masonry*, June 1, 1860.

Gen. Lewis delivered some remarks, upon his installation, which have so direct a bearing upon the Morgan case, that we insert them :

“The confidence with which you have honored me, manifested by placing me in this chair, inspires sentiments more easily conceived than expressed ; which, while they excite the most grateful feelings, impose as a duty, to which I trust inclination will ever respond, such a discharge of the trust reposed in me, as shall not disappoint your most flattering expectations.

“Circumstances, beyond control, having for many years obstructed a regular association with the lodge of which I was last a member, it will not surprise you should the ceremonials of the order have escaped my memory. This can not, however, be the case with its principles and obligations, which are too deeply impressed on my mind ever to be removed.

“The circumstances alluded to by the very respectable brother who has kindly officiated at this inauguration, is one to be contemplated more in pity than in anger, except, perhaps, as it regards those who certainly had the power, and whose duty it was, rather to stifle than to fan the embers of discord, until they had blown them into a flame of persecution, better adapted to the darkness of the middle ages than to the enlightened period of the present day. When we behold these men connecting the excitement (which, if they did not create, they have certainly cherished and increased) with political party views, the conclusion is irresistible, that they have been actuated by sinister and selfish, not by virtuous and laudable motives.

“The circumstances to which this excitement, in its origin, is referable, must, in candor, be allowed to have been of an aggravated nature; and, as far as the immediate perpetrators of the offense are concerned, merits the most exemplary punishment. But to visit the sins of a few worthless individuals on the whole body of an institution founded in benevolence, charity, and the purest philanthropy, which has subsisted for ages with unblemished reputation, enrolling within its pale countless numbers of the best of patriots, statesmen, sages, and divines, must meet the reprobation of the virtuous and disinterested. If Masonry, a human institution, is to be anathematized for having furnished a few enthusiasts and fanatics, what shall we say to those deemed of Divine origin? Has not every religion which history records been obnoxious to similar objections? And among them none, perhaps, has shed more blood than that which we profess. Shall we, therefore, discard it? Shall we deprive suffering humanity of its best, its surest consolation, under the chastening afflictions of Divine dispensations? I say, God forbid.

“But we have been told (as falsely as insidiously) that Masonry has a certain aptitude to demoralization. Might not the same be said with equal justice of the sacred writings? Has not the religious fanatic, as well under the Jewish as Christian dispensations, invariably justified his lawless shedding of blood on those revealed but misconceived truths we hold Divine.

“But we have our mysteries; so has our holy religion. The writings of our patron saint are full of them; we shall not, therefore, I trust, discard the one or the other.

“Our *forms* have also been made the subject of ridicule. A sufficient answer to this is, that forms are essential to the existence of all societies; as they are arbitrary, they will sometimes give scope to the

carpings of the too fastidious; but they never can with justice be held to derogate from the fundamental principles of any institution. I have been a member of this useful and honorable fraternity for more than half a century, and never till now heard the calumny uttered, that its obligations, under any circumstances, impugned the ordinances of civil or religious society. On the contrary, we hold ourselves bound to render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's; and I can with truth affirm, that I never knew a man who became a Mason, and whose practice conformed to the precepts it inculcates, who did not become a better man than he had been heretofore.

“On the whole, believing, as I do, that no favorable result can be expected from reasoning with men during the paroxysms of a feverish imagination, stimulated, in many instances, by the hope of personal advantage, I exhort the brethren to follow the example of their fathers; like them, regardless of the slanders and revilings of their enemies, to pursue the steady tenor of their way, deviating neither to the right hand nor the left, but like Sterne's monk, looking straight forward to something beyond this world.”

“*June 7th.*—Court of Oyer and Terminer sits today. People crowd in to see men in trouble.

“*June 8th.*—A variety of visitors, from Mr. Chapman, of three feet seven inches in height, to Gen. Marvin, of six feet four; also my good friend, Joel Adams.

“*June 9th.*—Letters from home. . . . Poverty is a misfortune to which many are born, yet few know how to endure without complaint. S. Mott, Esq., and three young gentlemen from Geneva, called and left testimonials of esteem.”

Those who brought Mr. Bruce to poverty and its

concomitant evils, were at that time on the high flood of success. Their labors had gained them fame and profit. Their names were in every man's mouth, and their prosperity promised to be perpetual. Yet it was all baseless. One by one, with few exceptions, they came to naught, and the cup they put to the mouth of the patient father and husband, they were made themselves to drink. As one of the cases in point, we insert the following letter, of April 14, 1860, from a correspondent, Mr. C. T. Morley, of Willoughby, Ohio. It relates to that arch-conspirator, David Cade Miller, partner of William Morgan, and the chief kindler of the strife :

“If it would be of interest to you, I will state that some three years since I became acquainted with the circumstances of the notorious D. C. Miller, who published *Morgan's Exposé of Freemasonry*. He lived at that time in Bristolville, Trumbull county, Ohio. He was a poor, miserable, besotted wretch, maintaining a miserable existence by keeping a dram-shop, which, in the spring of 1858 was abated by the citizens as a nuisance. Originally a man of talent, and possessed of a sufficient competency to command many of the luxuries of life, he has sunk to the lowest depths of degradation to which a drunkard and pauper can fall. And the institution he sought to destroy still lives, the pride and comfort of thousands of honest-hearted Masons, and a shield to all ‘worthy, distressed brothers, their widows and orphans.’ This is a powerful witness to the fact that

“‘Truth, [though] crushed to earth, shall rise again.’”

“*June 10th.*—At 10 A. M., Sheriff Buel entered my domicile, and, in a hurried tone, bid me prepare

myself for Lockport, by virtue of a *habeas corpus*. At 2.30 P. M., set off with Sheriff Buel, B. Whiting, (the district attorney,) E. J. Roberts, G. Brooks, E. Bryant, Lieut. Harris, (a recruiting officer at Rochester,) Mr. Kenyan, and John Whitney, my fellow-sufferer. At 7.30 P. M., alighted at the Clinton House, Rochester. Met many warm and respected friends. Soon after tea came in one of the imps or satellites of antimasonry, in hopes to gain special charge of me, but our good friend, Sheriff Buel, would not relinquish his charge. This satellite has a name synonymous with his office, P—e; a mere lackey, a panderer of party, and tool of the higher-toned *anti-passion*."

A communication from that veteran Mason and high-toned gentleman, Killian H. Van Rensselaer, then a resident of Rochester, now (1860) of Cambridge, Ohio, throws light upon this episode, and upon other scenes in Mr. Bruce's jail history, of which we have made use in the proper places. Mr. Van Rensselaer was one of the few in Rochester and vicinity who refused to yield to the fanaticism of the day. He saw the door of Mr. Bruce's prison close upon him, and did a full part to make his thirty months stay in those gloomy precincts tolerable. From him, as from Mr. Ebenezer Mix, we learn that Mr. Jeremiah Brown, whose part in the Morgan trials was conspicuous, is at this time (1860) a resident of Ridgeway, Orleans county, New York.

The second trial of E. J. Roberts, editor of the *Craftsman*, for a libel upon the jury which convicted John Whitney, in May, 1829, came off at Canandaigua to-day, and resulted in a fine of fifty dollars.

Judge Mosely presided, as admitted by all, in a courteous and impartial manner. In pronouncing sentence, the judge remarked, that although the Court unanimously considered the matter libelous, yet they believed the defendant's motives were honorable, and that his action was done through rashness and excited feeling. The libelous article itself will be found on preceding pages.

“June 11th.—At 6 A. M. set off in the stage for Lockport; at 4 P. M. arrived at the Lockport House, and was most cordially welcomed by all. In the belligerent rage of party, the whirlwind of passion and prejudice, it would be but rational to suppose that I should meet some men frosted over with prejudice and soured by party feeling. But I saw none of it to-day; alike complaisant and hearty were the antis with my friends. If there was deception, it was their own.

“From the Lockport House I went on foot to the home of my little family. I can not portray the feelings that pervaded my breast. Ere I arrived at my own door, I was most heartily saluted by Mrs. Scovill, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Gardner, Edna Smith, Mrs. Parks, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Southworth, and Mrs. Persons, whose warm expressions were the offspring of generous hearts and virtuous minds. My darlings met me at the gate, and then —.

“June 12th.—A singular association of ideas filling my mind; a prisoner, and yet with my family. I could not enjoy the one for the sting of the other. Overjoyed to see my treasures, yet my mind beclouded, my joy eclipsed by the remembrance of captivity past and future. Emerged from prison, and in the custody of the sheriff while in the bosom of my family, the embraces of the one brought little joy

while the other held me in durance vile. The numerous and respectable visitors who crowded my house, made these bewildering associations more lively. My position would have been ecstacy itself, but for the thought of *returning*. Sheriff Buel very kind, indulgent, and gentlemanly.

“*Sabbath, June 13, 1830.*—Although it is Sabbath, yet I had many calls.

“*June 14th.*—Still a crowd calling, which left me scarcely time to eat or rest. It is hardly to be credited that all who visit me are friends, yet all seem glad to see me, and speak friendly greetings. Saw the court go in, having sat just one week, and done nothing. Proceeded to make a jury. An expression of a previous opinion had barred some, who were consequently rejected. Made some calls; found the warmest reception, and most hearty expressions of friendship.

“‘Lockport, with all thy faults, I love thee still!’

“*June 16th.*—Had many calls, and from some who, I would have supposed, should have kept away for *conscience' sake*; or, even if they have no conscience, *vox et preterea nihil!*

“*June 17th.*—Went into court; saw great insubordination and want of energy in the management. People going in and out without the least reference to business. Yet the windows were filled, and the sheriff almost trodden on. Saw Judas Hopkins in court, and thought,

“‘If thou be he, but O, how fallen!’

“Was visited by Elder, *alias* Judas W——l; saw much of his hypocritical affectation, his Pharisaical actions.

“*June 18th.*—Went again into court; a great want of order. Had notice of coming on the stand. At

11 A. M. was called; refused to be sworn; was sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment in Ontario county jail. If the people wish my services, they must first unloose me. At 3 P. M. the sheriff gave notice of a speedy departure. I left—yes, *I left all!* . . . We took our exodus in the packet-boat, after taking a coach to the lower town. The politeness of several gentlemen here contributed much to lessen my burden, and chase away the clouds that hung thickly over me.

“ ‘ Dear, damned, distracted town, farewell!’ ”

A minute account of the celebrated trials of Jewett, Brown, and Wright, is given in letters from E. J. Roberts, senior editor of the *Craftsman*, under dates June 16, 1829, and following. The special court appointed by the Legislature for this purpose, commenced its sessions at Lockport, June 7th, for the trial of indictments against persons implicated in the abduction of William Morgan, nearly four years before. Judge William Marcy presided, and the trial of Ezekiel Jewett opened the proceedings. The first four days were consumed in impanneling a jury, out of one hundred who had been summoned. On the fifth day, June 11th, the court adjourned to Monday, June 14th, in consequence of the absence of material witnesses. Victor Birdseye, the successor of John C. Spenser, special counsel of the State, conducted the prosecution, assisted by Bowen Whiting, Esq. The defense was conducted by Gen. Matthews, Col. Barnard, Ebenezer Griffin, James F. Mason, and H. White, Esqrs. The first jury impanneled was for the trial of Col. E. Jewett. A great degree of interest

had been excited in the public mind, and the courtroom was crowded with spectators, through the entire fortnight.

Among the more exciting scenes connected with this trial, that of the recusancy of Mr. Orsamus Turner was prominent. A question was propounded to him on Wednesday, which he declined answering, until he could consult with his counsel. Time being allowed him for this, he then declined to reply, on the ground of self-crimination. For this he was sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment, and to a fine of \$250. A second question, of nearly the same import, was then asked, which he likewise declined to answer, and was sentenced to thirty days' further imprisonment and a second fine of \$250. A third and fourth sentence of the same character was pronounced, and he was then committed to prison as contumacious. His deportment and language through these trying scenes were mild and respectful, but firm and decided.

The next witness called was Mr. Eli Bruce, *who refused to be sworn at all*, for reasons amply given in his diary, and he was sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment in the jail of Ontario. This penalty, however, was never exacted.

Various persons were called to repeat the Masonic obligations as they remembered them. Judge Marcy's comment upon the effort of the prosecution to exclude Mr. Ayres from the jury, merely *upon the ground of his being a Mason*, is excellent, and worthy of publication. He remarked that no man can take an

extra-judicial oath which will interfere with his civil duties; for the law *decmed the oath void* whenever it came into competition with or conflicted with a civil oath. The engagement made by Masons to keep a secret, he thought should be taken in connection with the charges which accompany the obligation, from which (charges) it does not appear that such secrets are to be kept when public justice requires their disclosure; and he did not believe the Order intended any of its obligations to interfere with the duties of its members as citizens. Those points of the obligations which forbid fraud, violation of chastity, and slanderous speaking, as rehearsed by the witnesses, he thought *highly commendable*, as thereby the moral obligation due to society might be strengthened, and society itself benefited. Assuming, then, that the witnesses had correctly rehearsed the Masonic obligations in their testimony, Judge Marcy decided that those obligations enjoin acts in accordance with high moral duties, and all of them, he thought, apply to acts which do not necessarily conflict with the laws of the State, or any duty enjoined by those laws. The whole of this judicial decision is finely expressed, and was as a thunderbolt in the ears of the antimasons present.

Mr. John Whitney, who had also been brought from the Canandaigua jail and called as a witness, refused to be sworn, saying that he was not in the enjoyment of any of the rights and privileges of a citizen; and that as his body was kept in confinement, he preferred confining his mind also. The Court ordered

him to be imprisoned thirty days in the jail of Ontario, and to pay a fine of \$250. James L. Barton called as a witness, was waived for the present, in consequence of there being an indictment then pending over him.

The witnesses generally were the same as in the Bruce trials and others, beginning with Mrs. Hall, the jailer's wife. The cause was summed up on the part of the defendant by Messrs. White and Barnard, and on the part of the people by Messrs. Whiting and Birdseye. The jury, after an absence of fifteen minutes, returned into court with a verdict of *not guilty*. In the cases of Solomon C. Wright and Jeremiah Brown, which immediately followed, nearly the same evidence being again brought to bear, the jury were out thirty-six hours, and returned a verdict of *not guilty*.

As corroborating the judicial opinion of Mr. Marcy upon the Masonic obligation, we add here what Rev. Joseph Prentiss, Grand Chaplain of the Grand Chapter of New York, and Rector of St. Luke's Church, Catskill, and Trinity Church, Athens, in an address before the Grand Chapter at Albany, February 2, 1830, testifies relative to the moral, lawful, and innocent character of the Masonic obligations:

“I have passed, in regular succession, most of the degrees of Masonry, in neither of which have I taken any obligation or heard inculcated any sentiment inimical to peace, to patriotism, or to pure religion. Nor have I any reason to suspect that there is any difference of principle maintained by the various branches

of the fraternity in this country. I have conferred with individuals extensively acquainted with Masonic practice, and of high standing in the confidence of the political and religious public, who assure me, that although the moral character of the fraternity may vary in different sections according to the administration of official trust and discipline, yet that no object or enterprise foreign to its fundamental principles has been adopted or countenanced by Masonry."

"*June 18th.*—Slept but little, in consequence of the unusual noise of the boat; arose rather pouty. At Rochester was warmly met by many friends. At 9 A. M. took stage for Canandaigua; weather fine, but mind cloudy. Drove direct to the jail; and now all the gloom of dreary walls, boding poverty and disappointed ambition, pervades my mind, and leaves but the wish *to be!* Fifteen months must yet clapse, if life still lasts, ere I can say I am free.

"*Sabbath, June 20, 1830.*—A poor place to spend the Sabbath in. Reading has little charms, writing is less engaging, and thinking is wholly out of the question. Since returning from my Western tour, I merely sit and gaze, like a listless idiot, for want of thought, or sleep the precious hours away.

"*June 21st.*—Took a lesson in Greek with tolerable ease. Mind abstracted and feeble. Saw Mr. Spencer's extra sheet. He seems to think he can turn a somersault into the ranks of the antis; a last resort for his falling greatness. *O tempora, O mores!* He has forgotten the bottle of wine and the subject on which it was drank! His cat's-paw has scratched him! It was only a *lapsus linguæ.*"

We have elsewhere explained this allusion. It was a happy instance of "the engineer hoist with his own petard."

“*June 22d.*—Much anxiety about my afflicted ones in Niagara county.

“*June 23d.*—Truly antimasonic times. Small-pox, floods of rain, Morgan trials, and no convictions! canal in ruins, wheat prostrate, corn deluged, and J. C. Spencer most unsparingly assailed! That ‘isolated individual,’ ‘worse for mending, washed to fouler stains,’ after using the rack and thumb-screws, has justice dealt to himself at last, in long meter!

“Had some visitors, not of the vulgar sort, but kindred spirits. Three letters from Lockport. One from Orsamus Turner, commencing, ‘I am well and in jail, and hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing!’ Received some comfortables from Buffalo.”

It is a source of steady regret to the biographer that all this precious correspondence is lost.

“*June 24th.*—St. John’s day. In spite of anti-ism, there are many celebrations in this State. ‘And my reward is with me to give every man according as his work shall be.’—Rev. xxii: 12.*

“Read *Pope’s Dunciad*, and recited a Greek lesson. Took a saline draught. Felt an intolerable sinking of spirits, but now (10.30 P. M.) am better.”

Among the many festivals held this day in all parts of the United States, as indicative of the persistence of the craft in the maintenance of their rights, we instance that in Providence, Rhode Island, which was brilliantly attended. Among the toasts, the following is at this time (1860) especially worthy of

* Quoted in Greek letters.

remark, as the fame of Mr. Webb is reviving through the land :

“*By Moses Richardson*—The memory of one who was first among Masons, the friend of virtue and science—THOMAS SMITH WEBB.”

The veteran Richardson deceased in 1859.

“*June 25th.*—Reading *Darwin's Zoonomia*; very amusing, as well as instructive. Mr. Field, of Lockport, called. Darwin's theory is very finely spun, yet not too highly wrought to be understood, or too tedious to be engaging. He lays down principles as the result of practice, and establishes a system of practice from the most minute and lucid physiological as well as anatomical investigations, the only sure basis on which to build the fame of a Galen of the healing art.

“*June 26th.*—Very flimsy; made the best of my way through the day. Read the latter part of the *Vicar of Wakefield* with more satisfaction than ever before. His confinement was unjust, the result of persecution; but his religion and philosophy, mostly the former, buoyed him up under a heavy load of afflictions. ‘The consolations of philosophy are very amusing, but often fallacious.’ It tells that life is filled with comforts, if we will enjoy them. Its miseries are often made tolerable by the certainty of speedy relief. And although the grim tyrant Death may appear frightful on his first approach, yet a little reflection establishes him as an angel of peace to our miseries here.”

How many, before and since, have drawn these consolations from that charming book!

“*June 27th.*—Miserable from extreme nausea; some debility

"*June 28th.*—Very miserable to-day. Should be sick, were I at liberty. My journey to Lockport has been an injury to my health. Wrote two letters, but with some exertion.

"*June 29th.*—Very flimsy. Dr. Wells, H. Richmond, Mrs. W. Whitney, and Mrs. Williams, of Rochester, called. Occupied my time with my birds, papers, and Greek lessons.

"*June 30th.*—Wrote A. Smith, of North Adams, Massachusetts. Find in the papers that Judge Marcy ordered the district attorney to prefer charges against me, and indict me for refusing to be sworn. The judge appears rather small. Not satisfied with what he did, he let his political feelings loose to the wild yell of antimasonry. He had better turn informer himself, or go home and inform his master. Lounged and idled away the day, as ease and inclination prompted.

"*July 1, 1830.*—A worthless day to me, and those around me. My fingers too lame to write.

"*July 3d.*—Much languor. Col. Jewett, J. Ganson, Miss Coe, and Miss Rawson came in. My index finger alarmingly sore.

"*July 4th.*—Quite discouraged to-day. My hand grows worse; otherwise very ill.

" 'Sorrow's drear morn to this sad heart returns,
 And exiled Hope her blighted garland mourns;
 O'er spring's green vales cold Disappointment throws
 Her icy arm, and sheds untimely snows;
 On the dark wing of storm and tempest borne,
 Each bud is scattered and each blossom torn—
 Torn from the shady bowers of social ease,
 And whelmed beneath affliction's swelling seas.

"*July 5th.*—In great pain and depression.

"ADDRESS TO AN INGRATE, H. B. H.

"O, is there in the human breast,
 'Mongst numbered passions boding there,
 A term so vile, a stain so deep,
 As that which marks the INGRATE'S air!

- "The home of peace, the bosom warm,
And more than common bounty shares;
At friendship's altar low he kneels,
Yet affectation's robe he wears.
- "Was sordid wealth thine only God?
And didst thou kneel at Mammon's shrine?
Delusion all; nor gods nor men
Embrace a perfidy like thine.
- "Hypocrisy, with devilish art,
Some heavenly livery might have stole,
And lured thee thus to infamy,
Beyond reclaim, beyond control.
- "And then 't will bear thee with a pang
Unfelt, untold, unlike before;
Prometheus-like, it tortures there,
With fiend-like fury, sad and sore.
- "For this fell upas of the mind
Both reddens, deepens, cankers all;
Torpedo-like, its touch is stone,
Its only cloak is treachery's pall.
- "I saw the treacherous peccant knave,
All leprous with ingratitude,
And '*Et tu Brute,*' then I cried,
And hid me from a sight so rude."

The reader will be lenient to this lacerated heart, if, in hours of sickness and solitude, the thoughts of what he had borne from Hopkins aroused him to fury. The name of Hopkins seemed to him a synonym of Arnold and Judas; and so it appears to us who, thirty years later, have contemplated his hideous treason.

"*July 8th.*—Last three days in great pain, from my inflamed hand. System enfeebled; great languor. Mine host is very sullen.

"*July 9th.*—Kept my bed most of the day. Finger very bad. Miss Baldwin, of this village, and Misses Rodney and Gibbs, of Geneva, called. 10 P. M.—Am easier than I have been for some days.

"*July 10th.*—Mine host begins to develop the cloven foot of antimasonry more than at any other period of my confinement. His acetous temper displays some strange properties. If they are his own and innate, I pity him; if the results of political feelings, let the anathemas of all honest men fall upon him. Something better to-day, but can do no business.

"*July 11th.*—Better decidedly.

"LINES ON THE DEATH OF A CANARY.

"IMITATION OF THE SCOTCH DIALECT.

"Poor bird! my heart is full of wae,
Forlorn to see thee lifeless sae,
Where naething was thy mortal fae,
Or harm intended;
My dowie haun it did thee slay,
Though not offended.

"Oftimes thou'd hap frae side to side,
Then in thy nest sae sleekit hide;
I'd tak thee in my room, where wide
Thou'd skip wi' skyte;
But, ah, 't was fatal to thy pride!
'T was I to wyte.

"My bonnie bird had twa weeks seen,
Was taken pert, and jonkey green,
Ane o' the nest the noblest mien,
His notes were cantie;
Had mony a prank, had mony a frien',
Had I been tentie.

"Thy hapless fate I maun deplore,
Na pranks, na plumage see na more,
Thine een are dim, and a' is o'er;
Sic is thy fate;
I'll leave thee at the big ha' door,
To fatten Kate."

These lines were inserted in the *Masonic Record* of April 16, 1831, over the signature of "Recluse."

"*July 12th.*—Yesterday and to-day better. Miss

Burnam, from Massachusetts, E. J. Roberts, and N. G. Chesebro, called.

"*July 14th.*—Yesterday and to-day improving, but unable to do anything. Dr. Lackey, Col. William Blossom, and Mr. Bogue called.

"*July 15th.*—Visitors, Gen. P. Whitney, N. G. Chesebro, and P. B. Porter, of Buffalo.

"*July 16th.*—Gen. P. Whitney and Mr. Gideon, from New York, called.

"*Sabbath, July 18, 1830.*—Not much improvement. V. Marcy Balcomb, of Chatauque county, called. Mine host is a mutable creature. What next?

" 'Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me.'

"*July 19th.*—Able to play the viol a little. Two roses came in and sang 'Begone, dull care,' with me. Improving in health and spirits.

"*July 20th.*—Read twelfth chapter of St. John, in Greek; attended Dr. Williams, who is sick. Misses Murray and Bostwick called. Was called up at 2 A. M. by mine host, to see his sick daughter; looked out in the front, and gazed with admiration upon the twinkling hosts of heaven. I saw Jupiter, largest of all the wanderers, glimmering in his whirling course.

" 'Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe
Which gives those venerable scenes full weight
And deep reception in the tendered heart.
What gorgeous apparatus! what display
Of power creative!
One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine!'

"To the equatorial inhabitants of this noble planet there is one eternal summer. As there is no inclination of its axis, which is perpendicular to its orbit, of course the length of its days and nights does not vary. It has four moons, which revolve about it at different distances, and make revolutions at different periods of time. What a splendid display of grand-

eur to its inhabitants do they present, sometimes rising one after another, sometimes all gleaming together, making a midday glory in the place of night. I gazed first on this noble planet, then cast my eyes eastward, upon Venus, just peeping over the hills,

“Fair morning star,
That leads on dawning day to yonder world,
The seat of man!”

This beautiful planet was shining in all her nightly splendor. I returned to my room, and was led to contemplate on the scene with admiration and adoration of Him who hung out all the stars, and calleth them by name.

“*July 21st.*—Visitors, Doctors Carr and Warner, and Mrs. Townsend. Considerable headache to-day. Finger very painful.

“*July 22d.*—An uncomfortable day; an erysipelalous affection of the head; much uneasiness at the stomach. S. R. Grosvenor and Capt. Bucl called.

“*July 23d.*—Too ill for business. Mrs. Baldwin and Misses Pierce and Pound came in. Head heavy and painful.

“*July 24th.*—Sat sad and sick; a very miserable day. Mr. Schuyler, of Palmyra, and a gentleman from Europe called.

“*Sabbath, July 25, 1830.*—Was let a pint and a half of blood, and felt somewhat relieved. Read two chapters in Greek with Dr. Williams, and two in St. John by myself. Saw two humming-birds, as I walked in the yard.

“Minutest of the feathered kind,
Possessing every charm combined,
Nature, in forming thee, designed
That thou shouldst be
A proof, within how little space
She can compose such perfect grace,
Rendering thy lovely fairy race
Beauty's epitome.”

"*July 26th.*—The bleeding of yesterday has been of no essential benefit. Prison inspectors called to see me. This house has a cold front! Being very warm, I felt languid.

"*July 28th.*—Touched the viol slightly. Read seventh chapter of Revelation and seventeenth of St. John. It must have been consolatory in an eminent degree to the disciples of Jesus, amid the perils and the persecutions to which they were subjected, to hear him, with that godlike expression, say, 'Because I live ye shall live also.' How could a Peter deny or a Judas betray him? But it was so, that the great plan of salvation might be accomplished. But when he says, 'I am the way, and the truth, and the light,' what could they have asked more? Visitors, H. M. Bennett, of Albany; C. Bailhaupt, of South Carolina; Joseph B. Heart and Henry Erben, of New York.

"*July 29th.*—Tolerably lively in the morning; busy with my books. In the afternoon my head very troublesome; can not define the ailment. Mr. Blossom sent in an owl for my amusement. His nightly owlship was very passive about his induction into the drear abode.

"*July 30th.*—Yesterday and to-day much out of sorts. A miserable place for a sick person. If this is but the vestibule of affliction, what must it be in the main? I have no desire to knock at any other of its doors. Greek with Dr. Williams.

"*August 2, 1830.*—Three miserable days. A sorry place for the sick. Kept my bed most of the time.

"*August 6th.*—Mrs. Bruce, with our infant child, unexpectedly arrived, and found me exceedingly ill.

"*August 9th.*—Day made tolerable by visitors; Mr. Whitney, from Detroit, Cousin Whitcomb, and Mr. H. Howard.

"*August 10th.*—Better than for four weeks. Wrote to E. J. Roberts.

"August 11th.—Mrs. Bruce set off for Avon Springs with my hostess. Quite feeble and restless.

"August 14th.—This day my fellow-sufferer, John Whitney, completed his term of imprisonment, and left me. Would to God my incarceration were ended likewise!

"August 20th.—Since the 14th, I have been mostly confined to my bed, having been unintentionally salivated. Much pain and languor, and little courage. Yet I have enjoyed some consoling circumstances and reflections, even in this night of affliction. Relying upon it that He who called me into existence, metes out all my troubles in His wisdom, and that the machinations of designing men can affect me no further than His wisdom deems fit, I am less inclined to murmur. The patience and sufferings of his own dear Son ought to suffice to hush every restive thought."

These sentiments are equally affecting and sublime.

"August 21st.—Mrs. Bruce returned. All the inmates of the jail save six were discharged. I begin to feel some better.

"Sabbath, August 22, 1830.—Considerably improved. Read Greek and the *American Journal of Medical Sciences*. Mrs. McNutt and Leland called. Their visit seemed the prompting of friendship, tempered by purest kindness. Their countenances were balsam to my heart.

"August 23d.—My dear wife and darling boy left me for Lockport.

"August 24th.—The Misses Ripley and two other ladies called. My front folks seem more rational than for some weeks.

"August 25th.—Heigh ho! Made up the day in a very busy style about nothing at all! An addition

of strength. Visitors, the Sheriff, Dr. Carr, N. G. Chesebro, Col. Blossom, H. Richmond, and Squire Putney."

The chief exploits of one Avery Allyn, a seceder from Masonry, and a publisher of a well-known book styled *Allyn's Ritual of Freemasonry*, occurred about this time, and demand a paragraph. Allyn was a man of much shrewdness, had been a lecturer *for*, and was now a lecturer *against*, the Masonic institution. After exciting considerable attention in the latter capacity, (especially in New England,) and making considerable money by his public exhibitions, he came West, fell into disreputable habits, sank into poverty, and died in Ohio, a pauper, supported and buried at the last by the charity of Masons. A passage in the *Fairfield* (Connecticut) *County Republican* alludes to him in the following severe but merited terms:

"We hope never to see the time when the anti-masonic faction shall sway the empire of the land. The disorganizing effects of their system have already been sufficiently felt, and the result of their proceedings has evinced that if they triumph it will be the triumph of anything and everything except morality, virtue, and good order. If the men who are prowling about the country in the shape of antimasonic lecturers, sundering the dearest ties of society, and traducing the characters of the best citizens, can find no better employment, it would be well to teach them a lesson in the tread-mill. If the good sense of the community does not put a stop to their unhallowed career, Heaven only knows to what lengths discord will be carried."

In April, 1831, the *New England Galaxy*, edited by Frederick S. Hill, at Boston, Massachusetts, published a severe article of the same tenor, for which an indictment was prosecuted against Mr. Hill, at the June term of the Municipal Court; but, upon a preliminary discussion of the case between the government and defendant's counsel, a *nolle prosequi* was entered.

“August 26, 1830.

“ ‘I have no thought, no feeling—none :
 Among these stones I am a stone !
 There are no stars, no earth, no time,
 No check, no change, no good, no crime,
 But silence and a stirless breath,
 Which neither is of life nor death !’

“Such is my melancholy hap. Such am I to the world and the world to me. If the design of the penal code, in inflicting penalties, as regards the person accused, is to reform him, why put him in jail, to be associate with bawds and felons, and the d—dest rascals in the country? Why thrust him into the very sink of iniquity, in the hope that he will come out purer and love community better. Folly! folly! folly!

“August 27th.—Read *Paul Clifford* most of the day. The author must, at some period of his life, have experienced some of these changes, to describe them with such graphic art, such tasteful nicety. An assumption of characters supported with ease and maintained with untiring perseverance, characterizes this admirable production. Audacity of mind and boldness of character are the chief traits of the hero. The author's system of love is the most artless, his mode of revenge the noblest and most generous.

His style is lively and piquant, of classical purity and elegance.

"*August 28th.*—Mr. V. Balcomb came in from Massachusetts, and handed me a letter from my dear mother. It was with emotions of the sincerest pleasure that I perused it, though in jail.

"Her noble mind does not cower, though in solitude and poverty. With her, philosophy does much, but religion far more, to sustain her in the down-hill of life, animating her to bear the frowns of fortune with Christian meekness and humility. Her sands are almost run; soon she will be gathered as a shock of corn, fully ripe, to the assembly of the Church of the first-born, whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life.

"*Sabbath, August 29, 1830.*—Had much satisfaction in writing a reply to my mother's letter, and telling her my feelings; and while the copious tears moistened the sheet, my heart overflowed with filial love. I felt that I only wanted the opportunity to comfort and support her declining years. But my lot forbade!

"*August 30th.*—Overtaken, for the fourth time in five weeks, by a spontaneous ptyalism. Have taken no calomel by the mouth; but the amount of a grain and a half, put in my sore finger five or six weeks since, was absorbed, and this affects me.

"*August 31st.*—Mr. Moses, from Rochester, and Mr. Brown, from Stockbridge, Mass. Reviewed *Bichot on the Nervous System.*

"*September 1, 1830.*—Miserably ill to-day. John Whitney, my former partner in this 'safety fund,' visited me. Had some water from Avon Springs sent in to me.

"*September 2d.*—Mostly in bed. Great distress in my head.

"*September 6th.*—Much of the last six days in bed;

head greatly distressed. Mine host left for 'down East,' gone, I think, to prop a sinking cause. As a satellite of antimasonry, he must 'keep moving.' Heard of the Revolution in France.

"September 7th.—Letter from home; wife disheartened and children homeless. A long and interesting converse with my old and venerable friend, Dr. Williams. Solved some hard and rusty sentences in Greek.

"September 8th.—Worried through the day tediously. A new turnkey. William H. Child and another gentleman, from Niagara, called.

"September 10th.—Mr. Samuel Lyons and C. H. Coe called. Very uneasy. Tired of confinement. No amusement.

"September 11th.—Cousin Whitcomb and George Thompson called. Dr. Williams came in, and we sat down to a feast in Greek. Read several chapters."

This day the first antimasonic convention which assumed the name and character of *national*, assembled in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in the district court-room. Joseph Ritner, of Pennsylvania, was appointed temporary chairman, and John Clark, of Pennsylvania, secretary. Ninety-nine delegates were present, representing ten states and one territory. Francis Granger was elected president of the convention; Joseph Ritner, of Pennsylvania, Abner Phelps, of Massachusetts, Robert Hanna, of Ohio, and Samuel Dexter, of Michigan, vice presidents; John Clark, of Pennsylvania, and Noble B. Strong, of Connecticut, secretaries. Fourteen committees were appointed upon so many topics appropriate to the purposes of

the convention. Their reports, which appeared in suspiciously prompt time, were collected and published, with the entire proceedings, in a volume which was disseminated broadcast in enormous quantities. Among the more active members of this "self-constituted congress, convoked together for the purpose of sealing the doom of Freemasonry," were William H. Seward, Thaddeus Stevens, Myron Holley, Francis Granger, Henry Dana Ward, Frederick Whittlesey, Pliny Merrick, William Slade, and Peter Thatcher. We presume such of them as are still alive would give much could this page in their political career be forever erased.

"September 13th.—Great lassitude and depression of spirits. When the head is pained and the heart sick, there is little in life to charm. But what boots it! He that throws away his arms before they are taken from him by a superior force, is a coward, and deserves no quarter.

"September 14th.—Passed the day tolerably, but in considerable pain. Visited by two men who had the appearance of gentlemen, but seemed to be *incog*. I suppose they came to see B., and for no other reason. Did not learn their names or residences. Was visited by the amiable Miss Williams, who seems the paragon of innocence and goodness. She left with me her organ, for my amusement."

The following testimonial to Mr. Bruce was published in the *Masonic Record* (Albany, New York) March 13, 1830. We do not know its author.

"LINES

"ADDRESSED TO ELI BRUCE, BY HIS FRIEND, O. G. W.

"There is no power in bolts or bars to hold
The wandering thought, unconquerably bold;
There is no power in prison walls to bind
In painful thralldom the immortal mind;
There is no skill, there is no human art,
To rend contentment from a virtuous heart;
And gentle Hope will in the breast remain,
Where man had bid her never come again.

"The dull, dark hour that lingers in the cell,
The thronging mem'ries on the mind that swell,
And coming fancies thickly gathering o'er
The fevered brow that fain would throb no more;
And the sick anguish on the bosom laid,
By the heart's longing and its hopes delayed;
These, these are thine, my friend, unless there be
No wish remaining in *thee* to be free;
Unless thy buoyancy of spirit give
Life to thy thoughts, and bid thy hopes still live.

"Well dost thou know man can not snatch from thee
Thy self-approving conscience, that will be
Whatever Heaven may send in sorrow here,
A bliss than even *liberty* more dear.
And who shall bid thee now no longer soar,
And seem to traverse scenes of gladness o'er!
Clasp the warm hand thou long hast left unpress'd,
Fold in fond transport to thy throbbing breast
The wife, the children, and the bosom friend,
And feel that all thy woes were at an end!"

"*September 15th.*—Received from Squire Penfield a package of 'tracts for prisoners.' Pleasant visits from James Duncan and P. Buell, two interesting young men.

"*September 16th.*—Very feeble. An uncomfortable day. Mr. Wright, of Lockport, and Metter, of Canandaigua, called. Wrote to J. F. M.

"*September 17th.*—Various visitors, among them Dr. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, Mrs. Tillotson, Mrs. Church, etc. Communion with people of sense and feeling is a balm to the prisoner's heart. Converse with persons alive to friendship, and who truly

estimate merit wherever found, blunts the severity of confinement.

"*September 22d.*—Since the 17th, quite ill. A letter from friend Whitney. O for patience to endure sickness and imprisonment. The union of the two is more than such a temperature as mine can endure. It needs the lamb-like spirit of Him who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, when he suffered, threatened not, but bore the spittings, buffetings, scandals, indignities, and, finally, death itself, for the love he bore to man. O, how it ought to silence my complaints, and raise my mind to a superior tone, even that of thanksgiving, humility, and prayer! A pattern of all patterns, but who can imitate?

"*September 24th.*—A trifle better. Mr. Ball, the turnkey, obligingly brought a horse within the walls, and for the first time in eighteen months, I mounted. Capt. Darrow, lady, and son called, on their way to Lockport.

"*September 25th.*—Somewhat relieved. Mr. H. K. Wright and F. Northum called.

"*September 26th.*—Improving. Mr. Campbell and Taylor called; very grateful to my feelings.

"*September 27th.*—Blisters on my neck. Got but little sleep. The turnkey, Mr. Ball, attends me; he has my hearty acknowledgments for his assiduous attentions to me since his coming here.

"*September 30th.*—Much distress in my head for several days. Two visitors, who gave me great satisfaction; Dr. Reynolds, of Michigan, and Mr. Ewers, of Ohio.

"*October 2d.*—Considerable pain. H. Richmond and N. G. Chesebro called. Read a little in Greek.

"*October 4th.*—My strength diminishes; with some exertion I got down and up the stairs. Saw from my window a man borne to the home appointed for all. Who next? It may be myself.

“*October 5th.*—Many visitors. Mr. P. Rawson, from Lockport, brought letters from home. Mine host returned, bringing James L. Gillis with him. Something better than yesterday.”

The eccentric but earnest evangelist and Freemason, Lorenzo Dow, delivered a discourse of a religious character at Columbus, Ohio, this day. “Although Time had evidently laid his hand upon him, his voice is still strong and clear, and the language in which his ideas are clothed is tolerably chaste and perspicuous. His outward appearance seems to indicate that he has been but indifferently provided for for some time past, and that although his *labors* are abundant, his *temporal gains* are of little value.”

Many good things are told of the Masonic attachment of Mr. Dow through the Morgan times. In New York, Massachusetts, Indiana, Rhode Island, Ohio, and elsewhere, in all his eccentric wanderings, he was ever faithful to the Masonic call, as well as to what he deemed the higher service of his Master. Some of his Masonic discourses are yet extant.

“*October 6th.*—Pain greatly mitigated by the company of James L. Gillis, John Whitney, Philander and Philo Rawson. Sheriff Buel called; also Drs. Wells and Hill. Read the *Chronicles of the City of Gotham.*”

“*October 7th.*—Did some writing for John Rice, constable of Geneva, who generously gave me a two-dollar note. Thanks to the generous man. Volney Spaulding, of Lockport, called. The charity and native humanity of mine host are so evanescent that I sometimes doubt if he possesses any. If so, they

lie smothered in the rubbish of trash and Popish barbarity.

“*October 8th.*—A little better. Managed to keep busy with a mere bagatelle. Mr. E. Reynale, of Michigan, and his lady, called.”

A most singular, and, in some respects, ridiculous affair, was made the subject of judicial investigation before Hon. Slade D. Brown, a magistrate of Washington county, New York, commencing this day. It was the complaint of Elder George Witherill, of Hartford, New York, against Alonzo Hyde, for an alleged attempt upon his life, and was professedly connected with the Masonic investigations of the day. Mrs. Witherill testified that her house was entered at night, on the 27th of September last, and in her husband's absence, by two persons, armed with deadly weapons, who sought Mr. Witherill to slay him. The elder himself swore that he had had his fears with respect to Masons, because he had violated his Masonic obligations. The whole affair was a stupendous humbug, but not too gigantic to be swallowed by antimasonic credulity.

“*October 9th.*—Still comfortable, and hope increasing. A general muster, to-day, of soldiery. Visitors, James L. Gillis, Col. E. Sawyer, Squire Saunders, and Benjamin Hallock.

“*October 12th.*—The learned Dr. Young says :

“ To the same life I now e'en twice awake.

This is not my case. I awake not to enjoy life, but to endure pain; not to meet my beloved wife and

children, but felons and the dregs of human misery and profligacy; not to hear the pleasing sounds of domestic calls, but the clanking of bolts and massive doors. M. H. Tucker and Mr. Frazers called.

"October 13th.—A miserable day; could not read. Nothing pleasurable or inviting to the mind to dwell upon, nothing to feed my hopes or satisfy my desires. Desires may rage, hope may hunger, fancy may range, and imagination put on her airs, all in vain in this place.

"October 14th.—Occupied myself in making a bird cage, which, by giving me employment, afforded me some relief. Not a visitor to-day.

"October 16th.—Head considerably pained. Luther Skinner, a schoolmate, whom I had not seen since 1810, called; also J. G. Brooks, Lieut. Harris, United States Army, R. Norton, Mr. Hubbard, Mrs. Chesebro and sister, and the Rev. Mr. Carney, whose gentlemanly deportment, easy, affable conversation, and godly advice, interested me very much.

"Sabbath, October 17, 1830.—Very sore this morning, from the effects of blisters. Mr. Stone, from Rochester, called. Construed most of the thirteenth chapter of Luke from the Greek.

"October 18th.—Blisters very troublesome, but passed the day much more comfortably. Amused myself with cages for a while. Visitors, Judge Bates, J. G. Brooks, and E. J. Roberts, from Rochester; also Lieut. S. C. Ward and G. Thompson."

A magnificent Masonic *fête* was held in Paris, France, this day, to commemorate the accession to the throne of a citizen king and Mason, Louis Philippe. More than five hundred Masons, comprising the finest talent and position of France, participated in the affair. [See *American Freemason*, 1853, for a

detailed account, translated from the French by Hon. Albert Pike.]

“*October 19th.*—Somewhat better. Learned of the probability of Mr. Granger’s election. If so, there will be a strange development of antimasonic wisdom and jurisprudence. Mr. Spencer will have the mouths of all honest men twisted up with seaweed. Bates Cooke will extinguish the dog-star, and dog-days will be out of date. He will move in the aerial regions.

“‘He’ll ride upon the dog-star,
And then pursue the morning,
And chase the moon,
Till it be noon,
To make her quit her horning!’

The mariner’s compass, in future, will point west instead of north. The aurora borealis will only exhibit its luminous and radiated coruscations on the eve of September 11th, yearly, after the antimasonic constitution shall have been read, and it is to appear between the points of *due west*, and *four points W. N. W.!*”

These queer phenomena, we need not say, failed to occur, as Mr. Granger was very decidedly beaten at the State elections of November 1st.

“*October 20th.*—Still improving in health; head very painful. Read but little. Construed the fifth chapter of John from the Greek. Mine host surly. There is in him a strange medley of feeling, for I call it not *sentiment*, of a charitable nature. It savors much of feudal usurpation of power, where merit was not called in to its aid. I have seen, or thought I saw, in his mind, the genial feelings of humanity struggling for birth, but it seems that the fell monster of party smothered the infant before it could show its native form.

“ *October 21st.*—Think I have passed the crisis of my disease, and health is in store for me yet. The clanking of chains announces the arrival of fresh troops; Sheriff Wilder, of Geneva, going to Auburn with convicts.

“ *October 22d.*—Pain in the head, heaviness, and languor. If humility of heart were more abundant, there would be less complaining and restlessness, but more thankfulness and resignation, in the depths of affliction. Afflictions may be compared to diseases; for while disease is preying upon the system, solids wasting, fluids changing, absorption active, circulation in a sthenic or æsthenic condition, with all the frightful phenomena of approaching dissolution, we look upon ourselves as mutable, meager, helpless, and loathsome objects; so affliction, when severe, drives our sensibilities into a modest contempt of our own worth, and, if duly appreciated, clears the mind of much dross, and fits it for its native element.

“ *October 23d.*—Passed the day uncomfortably; vesy restless. Read a little. Were my mind as fertile, and genius as inventive and imaginative as Ossian's, when, amid barren heaths and rocky wastes, he could charm by the sprightliness of his fancy, and invent from the redundancy of his thought, I, too, might amuse, amid the jarring bolts, grating hinges, and solitary walls of my dormitory. I suppose there have been moralists in every age who could make themselves happy under any circumstances and under the frowns of fortune; yes, even in mine, unpleasant as it is.

“ ‘ For happiness is in no place confined,
But still is found in the contented mind.’

“ *October 24th.*—No improvement of mind to-day, either in reading or reflection. A sorry *cognovit* this!

“ *October 25th.*—A tedious day; neck very trouble-

some, from unhealed blister-sores. J. Jackson, of Lockport, and Pomeroy Bucl called.

“*October 26th.*—A letter from home; the knowledge of distress there increases distress here. I have no way to obviate either. Poverty inevitable, hope hopeless, patience exhausted, health declining, family suffering. Who can view such a picture and not feel?

“*October 27th.*—A tolerable day; only a few intervals of pain. Mr. Ball, of Victor, and Dr. Ball's wife called. Received a letter from William Landrum, Jr., and so heard from home.

“*October 28th.*—Great weakness in the knee-joints, which renders it difficult to ascend and descend the stairs. Made the best shift I could to pass away the time. Dr. Young says:

“ ‘Time destroyed
Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt.’

If so, I commit suicide daily, and from necessity. Read a little of the news of these political times. A great war of words. One party is endeavoring to retain favor, the other to obtain it; and would resort to any means to obtain, even to the sacrifice of truth and honesty.

“ ‘Get wealth and place, if possible, with grace,
If not, by any means get wealth and place.’

“*October 29th.*—A tolerable day. Busy with my little flock of birds and squirrels.

“*Sabbath, October 31, 1830.*—Passed the day with but little distress. My disease is *cynanche tonsillaris*. Read some Greek and Bishop Hobart's sermon on Justification.

“*November 1, 1830.*—So our days and months pass; he must be miserable, indeed, to whom time passes more irksomely than to me. In addition to my accumulated afflictions, I have, to-day, an attack

of hemorrhoids. A cabinet-maker who called on me found me so changed, that he remarked he verily thought he would have to make me a coffin before my term of confinement expires !”

The state elections of New York came off this day, and resulted in the election of Throop (of Chesebrot notoriety) as governor, over Francis Granger, by a majority of about eight thousand. A calculation by a distinguished statistician of New York gives the number of antimasonic presses in the State at this period at forty-six. There were two hundred and thirty-four papers published in the state.

“*November 2d.*—Find I am improving in health and strength, although my head is much disordered. Having had six or eight days of very fine weather, it is very congenial to my constitution.

“*November 3d.*—Passed the day tolerably. Suffered not much till evening, when my head became somewhat painful.

“*November 4th.*—Had a fall, owing to the weakness in my knees. The election returns in this county show it to be *anti* throughout. Of course my friend J. C. Spencer is elected !

“ ‘ A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind’s epitome ;
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long.’

“Received a letter from J. G. Brooks. Mr. Davis, from Lockport, called.

“*November 5th.*—Not so much pain in my head as yesterday. Had a long talk with the father of *the Smith*, (Joseph Smith,) who, according to the old man’s account, is the particular favorite of Heaven !

To him Heaven has vouchsafed to reveal its mysteries; he is the herald of the latter-day glory. The old man avers that he is commissioned by God to baptize and preach this new doctrine. He says that our Bible is much abridged and deficient; that soon the Divine will is to be made known to all, as written in the *new Bible*, or *Book of Mormon*.

“November 6, 1830.

“ ‘The noblest motive is the public good.’

The majority of politicians in the late elections have looked less to public good, I apprehend, than to private advancement.

“ ‘Please not thyself the flattering crowd to hear,
 ‘T is fulsome stuff’ to please thy itching ear;
 Survey thy soul, not what thou dost appear,
 But what thou art!’

“November 7th.—Think I am improving in health. Construed forty verses of Matthew, fifth chapter. Wrote letters to my wife and mother. Could not read much, for reading induces pain in the head. I can not think or meditate here to any improvement of the mind.

“November 8, 1830.

“ ‘Thou Guardian of my early youth,
 Shall I to thee no tribute pay;
 Who formed my soul to love and truth,
 And hung thy lamp to cheer my way.

“ ‘O yes, my raptured heart shall pour
 Unnumbered praises to thy name;
 Though in affliction’s deepest hour,
 Thy hand supports my feeble frame.’

“November 11th.—My wife and darling son have come to spend some time in this vicinity. My feelings can be judged and weighed only by those who have tasted the bitter cup of affliction, and eaten the

bread of sorrow. Let those censure me who know no sin!

"*Sabbath, November 14, 1830.*—A relapse is threatened. Mr. Leland, lady, and Mrs. McNutt called.

"*November 15th.*—More visitors than usual. Mrs. Davis and two Quaker ladies, Mr. Gillis and two nieces, etc.

"*November 16th.*—Court sitting to-day; much ado about nothing. J. L. Gillis on trial; great exertions by the antis to convict him, right or wrong. A box of comfortables, received from friends in Rochester. Visitors, E. Griffin, Miss Gillis, John Whitney, H. Haywood, and half a dozen antis.

"*November 17th.*—Considerable pain in my head. John Whitney and Mr. Alcott called; also Gen. Matthews, who talked of things that *may be*, and several gentlemen from Vienna, Mr. Boughton, Mr. Root, and others.

"*November 18th.*—Arose somewhat discouraged. Gillis's trial progressing. Visitors, Miss Gillis and her brother, R. Ainsworth, and two other gentlemen, from Rochester."

The trial of James L. Gillis for participation in the Morgan abduction, commenced this day, and terminated on the 20th, with the verdict of *not guilty*. It will be remembered that he was tried in May, 1829, with John Whitney; but the jury disagreed as to Gillis, and were discharged. Judge Howell presided. The jury was empaneled with but little difficulty or delay, and was composed of honorable and intelligent men. As to the result it was observed, "that a fair sun was again breaking upon the benighted inhabitants of Western New York, and that

the desolating waves of delusion were ceasing their upheavings."

It appeared, from the testimony upon this trial, that Mr. Gillis was, at the time of the abduction of Morgan, a resident of the State of Pennsylvania, but at this period was on a visit to his relatives in Victor, one of the towns through which the Morgan carriage passed; that he was an active business man; and on the day Morgan was taken from the Canandaigua jail, was at that place negotiating a draft on Philadelphia with Mr. Wells, the cashier of one of the banks; and that on the succeeding day, one of the citizens of Victor met him returning from Rochester, where, it appears, about that time, he had disposed of a quantity of wheat, and bargained for mill-irons and plows with Alcott, Watts & Langworthy, which he was to take with him to Pennsylvania. It likewise appeared, that when he heard, at his residence in Pennsylvania, of his indictment, he started for Canandaigua, to confront his accusers; that he was formally arrested in the stage, as he arrived in that village, and put under bonds to appear at a future court; that he did afterward come from Pennsylvania no less than seven times, with witnesses, prepared for trial, but the public prosecutor had never thought proper, or was not prepared, to bring the cause on until now, except the time when he was tried with Whitney, when he was absent, on a stipulation with his counsel and the public prosecutor, that he was to be served with notice when they were prepared, which did not reach him; and it likewise appeared, notwithstanding

the agreement on the part of the public prosecutor to notify the counsel of Mr. Gillis when he should be wanted for trial, that he had not done so since the former trial, but that a sheriff had been sent, and Mr. Gillis formally apprehended a second time.

The testimony of Mr. John Whitney, upon the trial of Gillis, affords so important a link in the history of the Morgan abduction, that we give it here :

“ He started from Rochester for Canandaigua on the 11th September, 1826, in company with Burrage Smith, for the purpose of collecting a bill due to him at Victor, and to get a stone-cutter at Canandaigua; which was his only business, and the only object he had in view; and that he did not then know that Morgan was to be taken away. That he was imperfectly acquainted with the defendant at that time. He got on to the box of the carriage containing Morgan about a mile out of Canandaigua. James L. Gillis was not in the carriage, to his knowledge. He did not know Morgan at that time. Rode in the carriage to Beach's tavern, at Victor, where he left it, when watering at the trough, and got a horse of Dr. Beach, to go to Rochester. He did not see the carriage after he left it to go into Beach's, until he saw it at the Reservoir, at Rochester.. When he waked them up at Beach's, he went round to the kitchen door, and from thence into the bar-room, where he saw two or three persons, among whom was one of the Gillis's, he thinks Enos, with whom he drank; was there, in all, twenty minutes or half an hour; did not see James L. Gillis there, nor on the road to Rochester, nor at Hanford's Landing, where he was present when they changed carriages, and he could not have been there without his knowing

it. Gillis did not ride out with him, nor did he see him, to his knowledge, at any place, or anywhere on the road; no man of that name accompanied him, nor did he see any one of that name on the road. He knew of no restraint upon Morgan. He did not hear him threatened; he was not gagged, nor blinded, nor, to his knowledge, was he intoxicated. He heard some fault found with Morgan about the course he had pursued. Morgan manifested regret, and he (witness) understood from the company, and from Morgan, that Morgan was going West, secretly, for the purpose of preventing Miller and his associates from knowing where he did go, with the object in view to stop the publication of the book they were about to publish, and he (witness) verily believed this was the real object. Morgan complained of Miller and his associates; said they had led him astray, and he was sorry for it. He appeared perfectly satisfied in going off, and spoke of an arrangement to go. On the ridge road they stopped at two public houses, and at an orchard they got out, gathered and eat apples, Morgan among the others, each walking about at pleasure. There was no jug of liquor in the carriage, but there was some once brought into it in a tumbler. Witness took supper at Wright's, and went on with the carriage to within about ten miles of Lewiston. Witness does not know that Morgan was carried out of the state, nor what became of him. The carriage was not closed all the time. He had no conversation with the Gillis whom he saw at Beach's, on the subject of Morgan. James L. Gillis did not ride in the carriage with Smith and himself from Victor to Canandaigua. Witness did not take tea at Acker's, nor was he about the post-office that day or night, except in coming in and going out from Canandaigua. The persons in the carriage were addressed by their correct names. He informed, or

engaged to inform those who were going to the installation at Lewiston, that this carriage was on its way, and he expected to go himself with them. It was told to Morgan that he should be as well taken care of as though he published the book, if he did as he agreed. He does not remember of hearing any reason for putting Morgan into the carriage by force, but Morgan admitted that he had agreed to go with Loton Lawson, and appeared to apologize at the jail as not knowing what the arrangements were at the jail. Witness thoroughly understood that the only object was to keep Morgan from Miller and his associates, and stop the publication of the book. Burrage Smith was in the carriage, but neither he nor any one else except himself, got out at Beach's, to his knowledge. He did not see Smith there."

"*November 20th.*—J. L. Gillis's trial ends. The jury, after a few minutes, deliberately brought in a verdict of *Not guilty*.

"*Sabbath, November 21, 1830.*—An uncomfortable day; head very painful.

" ' When urgent pain the suffering head assails,
And life's warm current throbbing through each pass,
When heart and hope betrayed, and spirit fails ' "

"*November 22d.*—Heard some favorable intimations concerning my release. Hope the news may prove true."

The efforts made, by friends of both parties, to shorten his term of imprisonment, were based upon his fast-failing health. It is to the discredit of Gov. Throop that they failed.

"*November 23d.*—Gen. D. Marvin came in, with the papers recommending my release, signed by Drs. Carr and Wells, and recommended by four judges.

They are to be forwarded to the Governor for a pardon. Prospects seem fair. Judges Price, Loomis, and Rawson called to see me."

The marriage of Mrs. Lucinda Morgan, wife of the abducted William Morgan, occurred this day, at Batavia. Mr. George W. Harris, a Freemason, was the bridegroom. They were divorced in 1853 or 1854, in one of the Western States, (Iowa, we believe,) upon serious charges against her. Mrs. Morgan (Harris) died at Memphis, Tennessee, in the Female Asylum, in 1860.

"November 25th.—Hope seems breaking through the dark mist of affliction, and gives me comfort in the depths of disease and distress. If the Governor listens to my petition, I shall be *free*. This will add new energies to my system. By invigorating the mind it will give a tone to the stomach. Applied two blisters to my head, hoping it may be the last needed in this cage of unclean spirits.

"November 26th.—Read Mr. Maynard and Fred. Whittlesey's report to the Antimasonic Convention at Philadelphia. *Vox et preterea nihil*. Time will develop all things. People ere long will see that these factionists have more of self in view than public weal. It needs only time

"To drive and scatter all their brood of lies,
And chase each varying falsehood as it flies;
The long arrears of ridicule to pay
And bring neglected virtue back to day."

Never was a truer vaticination, or one more promptly realized.

Charges having been made by the antimasonic press, that the Masonic Fraternity arranged their electioneering operations in the late elections in the

secrecy of the lodge-room, the following letter, which was indorsed by every member of the institution who saw it, was published under this date in the *Albany Daily Advertiser*:

“STEPHENTOWN, NEW YORK, NOV. 26, 1830.

“DEAR SIR:—I have just received yours of the 24th inst., and yesterday, for the first time, I saw the article in the *Commercial Advertiser* to which it refers. I do not know whether I felt more of indignation or surprise at reading the charges which that article contains. And in reply to your questions, I answer, distinctly and positively, that as applying to your lodge, it is totally untrue, and that the subject of the election was never, in any way, mentioned or alluded to in any meeting of our lodge.

“As individuals, the Freemasons of Stephentown will exercise their right of supporting such candidates for office as they may think proper, but as Freemasons, they never have had, and never will have anything to do with politics. The door of the lodge shuts out all political discussions. I have been a member of Friendship Lodge for more than seventeen years, and in that time have been Master six or seven years. I have attended every lodge meeting for three years past, and in all the time that I have belonged to the lodge, I never heard the most remote allusion in lodge meetings to any political subject. I have also attended frequently the Grand Lodge of this State and Grand Chapter, and many subordinate lodges and Chapters in this State and elsewhere. I think I know something of Masons and Masonry, and I should be as much surprised to hear a political discussion in a Lodge of Freemasons as I should to see a clergyman dancing in the aisle of a church.

“I am, sirs, yours, respectfully,

“NATHAN HOWARD.”

"*November 28th.*—Heard that the papers soliciting my release are still in town; if so all is not right. The eldest son of the late Col. King called on me; also H. Richmond, N. G. Chesbro, and J. T. Gillis.

"*November 29th.*—Have toiled through the day between hope and fear. A sad dilemma.

"*November 30th.*—Mr. Howard and Mr. Leland called. Have passed a tolerable day.

"*December 5th.*—A tolerably tranquil day. E. J. Roberts called.

"*December 6th.*—H. Sibley and John C. Spencer called to examine me relative to a sale made in 1828. Was examined by Sibley, cross-examined by Spencer for four and a half hours; quite wearied.

"*December 9th.*—This is the day set apart by the governor as a day of public thanksgiving and prayer; that we should most devoutly and humbly acknowledge our dependence upon the great Author of all things, and with grateful hearts most sincerely thank Him for his abundant goodness toward us. Notwithstanding our undeservedness of his mercies and forgetfulness of our dependence upon his goodness, yet his bounties flow in an endless stream, and his goodness like a mighty river.

"*December 13th.*—My uncle, P. Warren, recently from Templeton, Mass., called. Brings accounts of relatives; many dead.

"*December 16th.*—Thus far in this month and no returns from papers which ought to have been transmitted to the Executive; two weeks given. Surely my health and liberty, and the deplorable situation of my family, must be of little importance in the minds of those from whom I expect greater promptitude. Mr. S. Lyon called.

"*December 14th.*—Have passed this day tolerably. Received President's message and read it. It contains a plain and unvarnished statement of our foreign

and domestic and national affairs, and is a very luminous and able State paper. Posterity will adjudge it a document bearing the impress of a sound head, an honest heart, and an independent mind.

“December 15, 1830.

“Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue!—*Dryden.*”

“I have thought much on the above quotation, and looking to the number of our inmates, I am forcibly led to the opinion that people frequently wantonly shut their eyes against their better judgment.

“December 17th.—Have made an effort to-day at composition; the muse has labored. Subject—*The Vision of Eliphaz*, from the Book of Job, upon which I made thirty lines. Visited again by Rev. Mr. Carney, who with much warmth and feeling urged the acceptance of proffered mercy by the hand of the Well-Beloved of God, whose surety was salvation indeed.”

In the *Masonic Record*, of February 26th, 1831, we find this production, signed *Recluse*. It is, like his *Bells*, a talented piece :

“THE VISION OF ELIPHAZ.

“In Job, fourth chapter, and some eight or ten verses from the last of the chapter, will be found the subject of the following :

“T was night's high noon ; the brilliant orb of day
Had lowered beyond the Western blue, and all
Was hushed in nature's lap ; all sought repose ;
The glimmering lamps of heaven hung out their lights
In silence o'er interminable plains :
The moping bird of night was still, and still
The savage beasts of prey in covert hid.
All sought repose from Morpheus' leaden hand
Save Eliphaz : his troubled spirit's roused
By logic's round of words in converse with
The afflicted man of Uz. Fine metaphors
And allegories, terse hyberboles,
Shrewd irony, amplification just,
Had vexed his manly soul, and sleep had fled.

Thus in deep reveries of thought he lay,
 While thoughts sublime and heavenly filled his soul
 With intellectual panoply to meet
 The sober man of wordy arguments.
 When lo! before his visual orbs a form,
 Unmentionable, from the ethereal realms,
 Passed near his sleepless couch; and there it staid.
 Affright he silent views the chilling scene,
 Which tongue nor pen could there describe it right.
 A tremor seized his manly frame, and palsied
 Every limb; the quaking muscles shake.
 His firmest bone, each tense and sinewy cord
 Act without volition. Spasms so dread
 Distort his beetling brow, his hair erect
 Stood out like filaments of frost or ice—
 For fear had seized and chained his inmost soul.
 The painful silence then was broke—a voice
 Distinct, unearthly, breaks upon his ear:
 ‘ Shall mortal man be more upright than God?
 Shall man be purer than his Maker is?
 You sons of light, who hymn his praise both eve
 And morn, and strike their golden harps in soft
 Symphonious strains, deserve from him no trust—
 Angels of brighter name, who joyful stand
 Around the Source of love, of light, of truth;
 And in his beatific presence wait
 His dread behests, are charged with folly too—
 Then how much less, let thy small wisdom know,
 Shall feeble dust, *the shadow of a shade*,
 Tenants in clay presume perfection’s highs
 To reach, and meet Omnipotence by thine
 Own standard of thy proud excellency.
 Thine intermingling dust and clay is crushed
 Before the moth—hence thy proud origin.
 Say where is thy pre-eminence in life,
 And from what font is thy Utopian wisdom?
 Let this suffice; learn hence humility:
 Man’s but an ephemeral flower, comes forth,
 Is gone, alas! and without wisdom dies!’ ”

“ *December 18th.*—Not so well to-day; another blister to my neck. Visitors, the sheriff, A. Howell, Col. Sawyer, H. Richmond, and Mr. Baldwin.

“ *December 20th.*—Yesterday, owing to much indisposition, I neither read or wrote a word. Gen. Wisner, from Niagara county, called.

“ *December 21st.*—Much disappointed to-day to hear that the governor refused to release me on the petition of the judges and certificate of Drs. Carr

and Wells. He must be very skeptical, or fearful of political tumults. He appears to be a man of shadows, without stamina. Dr. Carr and the sheriff called, and appeared to feel manly and charitably relative to my case with the governor.

"*December 23d.*—Comfortable as could be expected; busied with the *Medico-Chirurgical Review*, favored to me by Mr. Ward, whose kindness toward me has been such as becomes a gentleman and a firm friend still further characterized by true nobility of mind.

"*December 25th.*—Christmas abroad, but filth, vice, and disgust within this place. Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Barlow visited me, with N. G. Chesebro and Mr. Grundy.

"*December 26th.*—While reading the sixth chapter of Matthew this morning I was sensibly impressed, and my attention was forcibly arrested when I came to the ninth verse, 'After this manner therefore pray ye,' etc. In this great pattern of all prayers, 'Our Father, which art in heaven,' how condescending the Savior in his instructions! how familiar his language! What nearness is implied in the phraseology! it is as a child to a common parent. Here we are not instructed to toil whole days and nights for studied expressions and learned phrases. OUR FATHER will deign to hear us! This the more surprises me when I take into consideration the awful disparity between the finite and Infinitude; between impotency and Omnipotency; between us whose vision is bounded by a wall or sides of a room in which we sit, and Him whose sleepless eye sees at once the fall of a sparrow and the whirling of the earth in its vast orbit.

"*December 28th.*—Reading *F. Thomas on Temperament*. Visitors, Silas Starke, Erastus Congdon, and Morgan Morse.

"*December 30th.*—Quite unwell; dread of those

fearful symptoms perplex me. A. H. Millard, J. Wilson, and Dr. Williams called.

"*January 1st, 1831.*—There are few traits in the characters of reflecting and intelligent beings more extraordinary than that of indifference as to the importance of time. The present, the past, and the future, appear alike indifferent to many, but to me not so. Another year has past, and it has been a *sorry vacuum* to me. And now a long farewell to the year just gone, charged in this memorandum-book with many sorrows, pains, and sad forebodings, and with very few joys. But errors in duty and devotion are so many accounts to be rendered before the throne of the great, immutable Father of time. Reflection forces itself upon the mind that there is no return of the probationary seasons which are forever past; that although the budding promise of spring, the blooming beauty of summer, the golden fruits of autumn, and the silvery sheen of winter may come again, yet there is no yielding back the years that have been swept from our grasp; no recalling the moments past, whether ill or well spent.

"*January 3d.*—Considerably cheerful; strong hopes that this will be the last of my imprisonment. N. G. Chesebro and H. R.— called.

"*January 4th.*—Uncommonly smart to-day. S. Mott and P. R. Rawson called.

"*January 5th.*—Too much tumult and noise in our bedlam, for improvement either in reading or in meditation.

"*January 7th.*—Passed a tolerable day, free from pain. Mrs. B. came in with our son, and I extracted two of his incisors from the upper maxillary in consequence of decay and tumefaction. Bled one of our fleshy inmates. 'Two rose-buds visited me.'

Here ends the diary. The fourth volume, which,

to the inexpressible regret of the narrator, has been mislaid in the hands of the Bruce family, brought up the record, it is said, to September 15, 1831, the day of his release. It would have been a grateful task to have culled from this portion of his diary. The certainty of freedom drawing nigher day by day, the congratulations of friends, the anticipations of domestic happiness, the brightening sky of friendship—all these must have made his pen fly nimbly over the closing pages, although his pains and debility had been far worse than during the period we have scanned.

The valedictory of Mr. E. J. Roberts as editor and publisher of the *Craftsman*, appears under this date. The pecuniary embarrassment of the paper, resulting from the credit system, compelled its discontinuance for a time, and final removal to Albany, although more than five thousand dollars for subscriptions appeared due on the books of the office; we have no files of the *Craftsman* subsequent to this date, although we know it was published for a considerable period afterward. The valedictory is well written, as the following extract will show.

“The *Craftsman* was established on broad philanthropical principles; it was not to be, and has not been confined to the narrow circle of political party, or alone to the defense of the injured and wolf-hunted members of a single institution. Its province has been as wide as the world, and its columns as free as the ocean wave, endeavoring to spread light, to add new vigor to liberty, and to inculcate truth where darkness, anarchy, and falsehood were intwin-

ing their poisonous folds and embittering the cup of human misery. It took grounds as the advocate of the Constitution, of equal rights and privileges, of universal education, of true and undefiled religion, as the defender of the persecuted of whatever society or denomination, and as the protector of American genius and worth, found in whatever political circle; and it declared itself the open enemy of proscriptive and intolerable principles, the opponent of political antimasonry, of the union of Church and State, and of fanaticism in religion. Those principles has it advocated; these dogmas has it opposed. Its columns have been open to all; closed against none. Unlike the ordinary press, it has admitted the proceedings and arguments offered to it against the principles for which it was contending, defending its own opinions, but not debarring others from a free expression of theirs, because they failed to agree in sentiment, or through fear that some few subscribers might be unreasonable enough to withdraw their patronage."

February 21, 1831.—The trial of Elisha Adams, Parkhurst Whitney, Noah Beach, Samuel M. Chubbuck, Timothy Shaw, and William Miller, for participation in the Morgan abduction, began at Lockport this day, Judge Samuel Nelson presiding. Counsel for the people, Victor Birdseye, special advocate, and E. Ransom, Jr.; for the defendants, Vincent Matthews, Ebenezer Griffin, William H. Adams, and J. F. Mason. The testimony of Edward Giddins being called, relative to the competency of a proposed juror, objections were offered, on the ground of religious skepticism, and overruled by the Court. He was admitted, but with the charge from the Court that

the jury were still to be the judges of his competency. The case of Elisha Adams occupied the entire of the first week, and the jury, being unable to agree, were discharged. Mr. Adams died on the 9th of May following.

On the 28th February, the other five were put on trial together. The indictment contained four counts, viz. :

1st. For assault and battery upon one William Morgan, and for falsely imprisoning him.

2d. A conspiracy to falsely imprison William Morgan.

3d. A conspiracy to assault, imprison, and transport the said William Morgan, and carry him to parts unknown.

4th. And also for the false imprisonment and abduction of William Morgan.

Among the witnesses in these trials, were Eli Bruce, John Whitney, and Loton Lawson. The latter testified that Morgan confessed to him, in the Canandaigua jail, that "he had got into a scrape in publishing an *Exposition of Masonry*, in connection with David C. Miller, and that he wanted to get out of it; that Miller had not done as he agreed, and he wanted to get rid of him."

The testimony of Mr. Bruce is very interesting, and has been reserved for this place near the close of our volume. The verity of Mr. Bruce's statements is unimpeachable, and there is no question but what his entire participation in the affair of Morgan is here recorded :

Eli Bruce called.—Resided in Lockport in 1826; heard the evening before the installation that a man by the name of Morgan was coming on from Canandaigua; was described to him as a man who wanted to get away from Miller and go West; made inquiry whether he was coming peaceably, or whether there was a fuss; the answer was, that he was coming peaceably; asked him if he was disposed to ride; said he was; witness went to Wright's, on the ridge road, eight or nine o'clock P. M.; the carriage stood before the shed ready to go on; went into the house before he got into the carriage, and got something to drink; Morgan was in the carriage; two other persons were in the carriage; did not sit with Morgan at all, as he recollects; knew the other man in the carriage; presume they were strangers to Morgan; a part of the time witness rode on the inside, and a part of the time on the outside; between Wright's and Molyneux's, (about twenty-five miles from Niagara,) asked Morgan where he was going; said from Rochester to Niagara; stopped in Lewiston; changed carriages; drove down to Youngstown, and then down near the fort; called up the ferryman (Giddins) and went across the river; four men went across; Morgan was not landed; the man whom he called up at Youngstown (not Giddins) went up to the town, (Newark;) talked with some persons about taking Morgan; they objected, as arrangements were not yet made; they all then returned; heard nothing about a signal, or about pushing off into the river, (as mentioned by Giddins;) went up to the magazine; believes Morgan was put in; did not go in the magazine; near Molyneux's discovered that Morgan had a handkerchief thrown over his face; the purpose of the handkerchief was, that he should not know those who had charge of him; his arms were not tied, (as sworn by Giddins;) is confident of it; must have known it if

they had been; thinks they were not tied at the ferry; a man asked Morgan, 'Do you know those who are with you?' answered, 'No.' Some person told witness it was best not to have much conversation with him; this was at Wright's. [Counsel for defendants objects to the public prosecutor's showing the acts or declaration of any other persons engaged in the abduction, until he connects the defendants with the conspiracy. Court overruled the objection. Defendants except.] Did not inquire into the minutiae of the affair; heard nothing said about fastening the magazine; went to Lewiston next day; heard something about a man's making a noise in the magazine; the man who went down with witness from Wright's the day before, intimated that all was not right in the fort; it was not in the presence of either of these defendants; do n't recollect of having any conversation with either of them upon the subject, or of hearing any other persons; Gen. Whitney was one of the officers at the installation; do n't recollect of seeing either of the others there.

"*Cross-examined by Adams.*—Understood and believed that Morgan was coming peaceably, or he would not have got into the carriage with him; had some suspicions when he saw the handkerchief over his face, but was satisfied on being told that it was for the purpose of preventing his being known, that Miller might not be able to trace him; is sure he was not tied in any manner; when they went down to the ferry, left Morgan in company with the man who came with him from Wright's, and went to wake up the ferryman; saw no restraint; it was light enough to see, if he had been pinioned; saw no pistols, heard no threats to keep Morgan still, (as sworn by Giddins;) did not see any one lift the handkerchief and look in his face; he talked freely and answered readily; he asked what is this? was told it was a

boat; asked if it was secure or safe? was told it was; when they came back, and were going to the fort, he did not ask where he was going; was about an hour on the Canada shore.

“*By the Court.*—The objections to receiving him in Canada was, that the place where he was to reside had not yet been designated; had heard it said that he was to go back somewhere on a farm; it was thought best to wait a day or two, till some arrangements could be made; did not express any fears of incurring responsibility as a reason for not receiving him; the man who staid in the magazine was to stay as a companion with him; he was to stay till the arrangements on the other side were consummated; did not know when he started from Wright’s that the magazine was prepared for him; it was said that a man would go back with him into the country in Canada; he (witness) expected, when he was put into the magazine, that he would still go into Canada; don’t know that the reasons for returning from Canada were communicated to Morgan; don’t know whether Morgan was asked if he would go into the magazine; don’t recollect that any lantern or other light was present when he was put into the magazine; witness did not go in himself; when he heard at Lewiston that Morgan was uneasy, he had some misgivings, but supposed from the character of the men who were with him, that nothing dishonorable would be done, or anything that would affect his (witness’s) character and standing; the last he ever heard on the subject (except rumor) was that Morgan was quieted and contented; witness hoped for the best and said nothing, as he (witness) was a public officer; heard no expression from any one that Morgan had forfeited his life; thinks that the gentleman who got into the carriage at Youngstown was the one who

first suggested the idea of putting him into the magazine.

“By Birdseye.—On the way over to Canada, the man who got in at Youngstown observed, that the fellow had made a d——d fuss, alluding to his publishing the book; did not know that defendants were suspected until they were indicted.”

We also copy the testimony of Mr. John Whitney, as reported at the trial:

“John Whitney called.—Came on in the carriage spoken of by Lawson, from Hanford’s to Wright’s; got there after sundown; staid at Wright’s about half an hour, and got something to eat; Morgan did not go in; then came to Lockport.

“Cross-examined by Adams.—Saw Morgan, for the first time, at or near Hanford’s; came with him from Canandaigua to Victor, but it was in the night, and could not tell him from the rest of the company; rode on the outside; understood Morgan was in the carriage; a man who was along told witness that Morgan was going voluntarily, and arrangements were made with him to that effect; got in again at Rochester; came from Victor there on horseback; it was daylight when we got to Hanford’s; went about one hundred rods before we got out; three or four got out; then first recognized Morgan; was not bound or blindfolded; went on voluntarily; was not intoxicated or stupefied; had drank liquor like the rest of the company; nothing was administered to him to produce drowsiness; when they got out at Hanford’s they soon got into another; do n’t recollect that any one had hold of Morgan when they got out of one carriage into the other; got out and in like the rest; no scuffle or any force used; had a talk

with Morgan on the road; expressed a willingness to go, if his situation could be made to suit him, and he was assured it should be so; the object of keeping him secret was, that Miller, and those with whom he had been engaged in printing the book, should not know where he was gone, so as to follow him; said Miller had misused him, and he did not want he should know where he had gone; appeared as anxious as any one to keep his journey secret; saw no bandage over his eyes, nor vail; no threats used; was told he could not expect friends unless he used his friends well; said he had done wrong, and was willing to get out of the scrape; he knew they were going to Lewiston; it was the understanding that the arrangements that were to be made for him were to be as good, in a pecuniary point of view, as the speculation with Miller in publishing the book; nothing definite, however, had yet been agreed on."

The testimony closed, on both sides, on Saturday evening, March 5th. On Monday, March 7th, it was committed to the jury, a little before midnight, and on the next morning, March 8th, two of the defendants, Timothy Shaw and William Miller, were reported *not guilty*, and the jury being unable to agree as to the others, a new trial became necessary.

The following extracts from a letter of March 21, 1831, of Eli Bruce to his brother, Silas Bruce, at West Boylston, Massachusetts, are pertinent to this episode :

"CANANDAIGUA, March 21, 1831.

. "Sensibly near to me are all those who are related to me by the ties of consanguinity. Since I wrote you, I have passed many sad, sick, and trying hours. Till within a few days, I have not

seen a well day since June 25th last. I was left merely 'the shadow of a shade.' My time has passed like a reverie. Such has been my disorder, (chiefly of the head,) that my memory has suffered much. Events which have occurred during some months past can only be recalled by my diary, which I have sedulously kept since my introduction into this bedlam. On looking it over, I find it filled with sad, monotonous repetitions of pains, aches, and sad forebodings. Till of late, I thought the antimasons would have had a *Te Deum* over my imprisoned remains, and I should be huddled to mother Earth *sans ceremonie*. But, thanks be to God! I begin to feel my usual flow of spirits. The genial glow of returning health is creeping through my weakened frame.

"Disease made such havoc with my form and features, that my wife, when she visited me, started and said, 'This can not be Eli!' Even my friends would come in and inquire of me *where Bruce was*, and stare when they saw my wreck.

"I have recently returned from Lockport, whither I was taken as a witness, on a *habeas corpus*. The journey was of material benefit to my health. I was absent twenty days; and although I suffered much from fatigue, being so very weak, yet my constitution brought me through triumphantly.

.....
"The time of my incarceration will expire September 15th, next, and, if I live, I shall once more see *liberty*, which few know how to prize, and then, 'Richard's himself again!' Tell your wife that I was fearful she would become disgusted with the name of Bruce; but tell her that, although circumstances of rather a novel nature have got me into *limbo*, yet I have the warmest sympathies and the most ardent and cordial feelings of friendship following me here, by that class of community, too, in

whose companionship I am justly proud to find myself a welcome associate.

“There is great stir here, as well in the religious as the political world. Changes of the most important character are occurring, and principles truly alarming are gaining considerable ground. I allude more particularly to a set of people styled Mormonites, who claim to be the particular favorites of Heaven by immediate revelation.

“(Signed) ELI BRUCE.”

March 13, 1831.—A large public meeting of the Freemasons, in the town of Manlius, New York, and vicinity, was held, and an address to the citizens adopted, bearing the signature of fifty-three of the Craft.

May 9, 1831.—The *animus* of the antimasonic press, at this period, may be conceived by the following extract from the *Lockport Courier*, published by J. M. Cadwallader, of Tuesday, May 24, 1831 :

“Elisha Adams, the only person who could have revealed who the actual murderers of Morgan were, died at Youngstown on the 9th. Nature has thus entered a *nolle prosequi* in the case of this miserable man.”

This is but a single specimen of the furious and outrageous attacks upon private character with which that paper, and many others of its class, abounded. And such was the state of public feeling, that no Mason, however injured in his reputation by such calumnies, could get a verdict in his favor.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CLOSE OF HIS LIFE.

WE regret most keenly, that of the period of Mr. Bruce's life from June, 1831, to September, 1832, we have such scanty illustrations. Yet we can not attribute this barrenness to any want of industry or research in ourselves. If epistolary correspondence by the thousand; if active, almost bloodhound, pursuit of the few remaining participants in the scenes of Bruce's closing career deserve reward, we have merited it; but our efforts, as the reader will perceive, have failed. We can only give what we have, scanty though it be.

July 22, 1831.—The connection of Mr. John Quincy Adams with the antimasonic excitement (which continued until the decadence of the party) may be said to have commenced this day. His initial step of a public character was the issue of a letter of this date, in which the character of the Masonic institution was vilified, his father's (John Adams's) non-participation in the institution strenuously argued, and the action of the Craft in the Morgan trials rebuked. Mr. Adams entered into the

crusade with all the zeal natural to his excitable character; wrote a series of letters to William L. Stone, a seceding Mason of New York, which were largely published, and for five years devoted talent and learning worthy of a better cause to the vain attempt to overturn Masonry. He lived to be very much ashamed of his course, and his biographers find but little in this stage of his career worthy of note.

Mr. John H. Sheppard, of Boston, Mass., still (1860) a Mason of rare zeal and learning, gave the ex-president a public reply, which remains on the records as a model of polished severity.

August 1st.—A letter was written this day by Mr. Bruce to Mr. E. J. Roberts, editor of the *Craftsman*, of which the following extracts were published:

“Feeling indignant at some remarks made by Mr. Weed in the *Albany Evening Journal*, together with articles from the *Onondaga Republican* and the *New York Spectator*, I wrote Mr. Weed a letter, of which the following is a copy:

“August 1st, 1831.

“MR. WEED:—I saw some articles this morning, copied in your paper of the 29th ult., as well as your own remarks, calculated to mislead public opinion; and as I am the subject of remark, I feel indubitably bound to correct them, as one whose feelings are still alive to public sentiment. I take the liberty to ask the correction through the same source that gave it publicity.

“The Grand Lodge did not then, (1827,) nor at any subsequent period, loan me money. So the remarks of the *Onondaga Republican*, and those of Col. Stone, as well as your own, viz.: “This testimony

is of that direct character so important in making out the case of participation in the Morgan outrage against the Grand Lodge," must fall to the ground.

“‘ELI BRUCE.’”

September 15, 1831, was, according to his letter to his brother just given, the day of his release. The following extracts from another to the same, form an imperfect connection of biographical events :

“LOCKPORT, November 21st, 1831.

“DEAR BROTHER:—I am now at home with my family, and in the practice of medicine. However novel it may appear to you, such is the fact, that from my prison I am in the very lap of friendship, and home of content. It will take some time to repair my broken fortune, but as for loss of friends, *I have sustained none.* Antimasonry is on the decline. There is a redeeming spirit abroad, and that political fanaticism must soon retire with shame and contempt. I hazard nothing in saying that anti-ism will soon *smell most foul.* My health is improving.

“(Signed)

ELI BRUCE.”

The next letter remaining of those written to his brother, Silas Bruce, is of date Lockport, February 26th, 1832, of which the following gives some extracts :

“It is devoutly to be wished, at my time of life, that I should be established in some avocation for the downhill of life, to which I seem rapidly striding. Since the receipt of your letter of January 14th, I have been very busy, both among the well and the sick. The small-pox has been among us, and created no little alarm and distress. Some ten or fifteen have fallen victims to it, and nothing but the

intense cold weather prevented its spread to a most dreadful extent. The cholera of India is a very comfortable complaint compared with this disease when it puts on its malignant form. Added to the effects of the small-pox, we are yet afflicted with the remains of the *Cholera-Morgan!* I am again indicted and held to bail for contumacy before Judge Marcy, a year ago last June. The trial troubles me very little. The antis are mad because I wouldn't swear five or six clever fellows into jail. I'd see them in *Davy Jones's locker* first, and then I wouldn't! I go the *entire pork* for my principle, and they may do their best.

"I intend to get my Diploma of M. D. next June, if possible, but perhaps I shall be obliged to take another degree in jail before then; time only can develop the profound sagacity of anti-ism. I am still gaining in health, though I think I shall never be as active as before my confinement. My misfortunes have operated more against my purse than my character. I care not a twopence about the *stigma*, or injury done to character, but I do about my property lost and spent.

"(Signed)

ELI BRUCE."

The notice of Mr. Bruce's death, as published in the *Lockport Courier* of Tuesday, September 25th, 1832, is as follows:

"DIED,

"Yesterday afternoon, in this village, of cholera, Mr. Eli Bruce, formerly high sheriff of this county. Mr. Bruce had been laboring under the effects of this disease for about a fortnight."

The above would fix the time of his death, *Monday afternoon, September 24th, 1832.*

Thus passed away the amiable, the gifted, the unfortunate Bruce. All is ended now. The domestic affections so keen, the love of friends so sincere, the industrious habits so constant, the ability to endure so indomitable, the Masonic fidelity so exquisite—all ended now. The hope, might it but please God, that he should see the darkness of antimasonry pass from that distracted land—lost now. All is gone, and in a lonely graveyard, now abandoned, and in a grave not now to be found, though sought long and often, the prisoner just released from his cell, sleeps until the resurrection day. He sleeps well. The years of suffering taught him patience. Resignation to the will of God, which had found him in the prison, followed him to the grave. The merciful One, whose eye had so often looked down upon him through his grated window at midnight hours, had pity on him—can we doubt it?—and the victim of antimasonry sleeps well. Let him rest quietly in that abandoned graveyard, assured that his lost grave will be found, and the crumbled remains gathered again when the Son of man cometh.

But let his story live! Let his name be given as the names of Clinton, Lafayette, and Washington are given, to those congregations styled *lodges*, and *chapters*, and *councils*, and *commanderies*, in which white-aproned men work with implements upon materials after designs which Bruce loved well. Tell it, brethren of this generation, to the youth who, with upturned eye and wondering face, drink in from your knees the lessons that are to fit them for the gener-

ation to come. Tell it to the suffering for conscience' sake; he will learn the better how to suffer and to endure. Tell it to the ardent devotee of Masonry; he will the more ardently cling to the good old cause when he learns at what price of human wrong, and outrage, and endurance, the institution has been sustained. Tell it as a portion of history of which every American may justly be proud. And should evil days again occur to our Craft; should the wondrous errors in material, errors in framing, errors in cementing, and errors in disciplining, with which the present workings of Masonry are so frightfully clogged, bring again the just judgment of an offended Deity upon us, then, in the hour of trial, let the few who under all circumstances will adhere to *the cause*, invigorate their needed courage by the name of ELI BRUCE, THE MASONIC MARTYR.

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APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

SINCE the completion of the foregoing, we have received from Dr. Silas Bruce, of Boston, Mass., a letter from which we make the following extracts. The reader will easily mark its proper place in the volume.

“ALBANY, 15th of February, 1829.

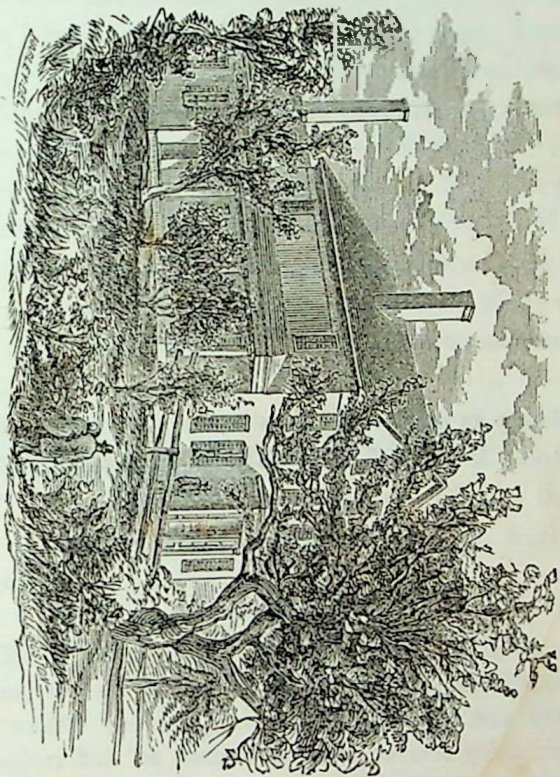
“Well Silas, *tempus fugit*. So we go up and down in the scales of life—prospects rising, vanishing—coming, receding. Success was almost within my grasp, was just visible through the long vista of civil, religious, and political thralldom. I came here on Thursday, and my business will prolong my stay until next Thursday or Friday. I have business with the Supreme Court, also with the commissioner of land office, and the Court of Exchequer. With the two latter I have some moneyed accounts, while the former has some business with me.

“I heard last night that the Supreme Court had decided the question which had been referred to

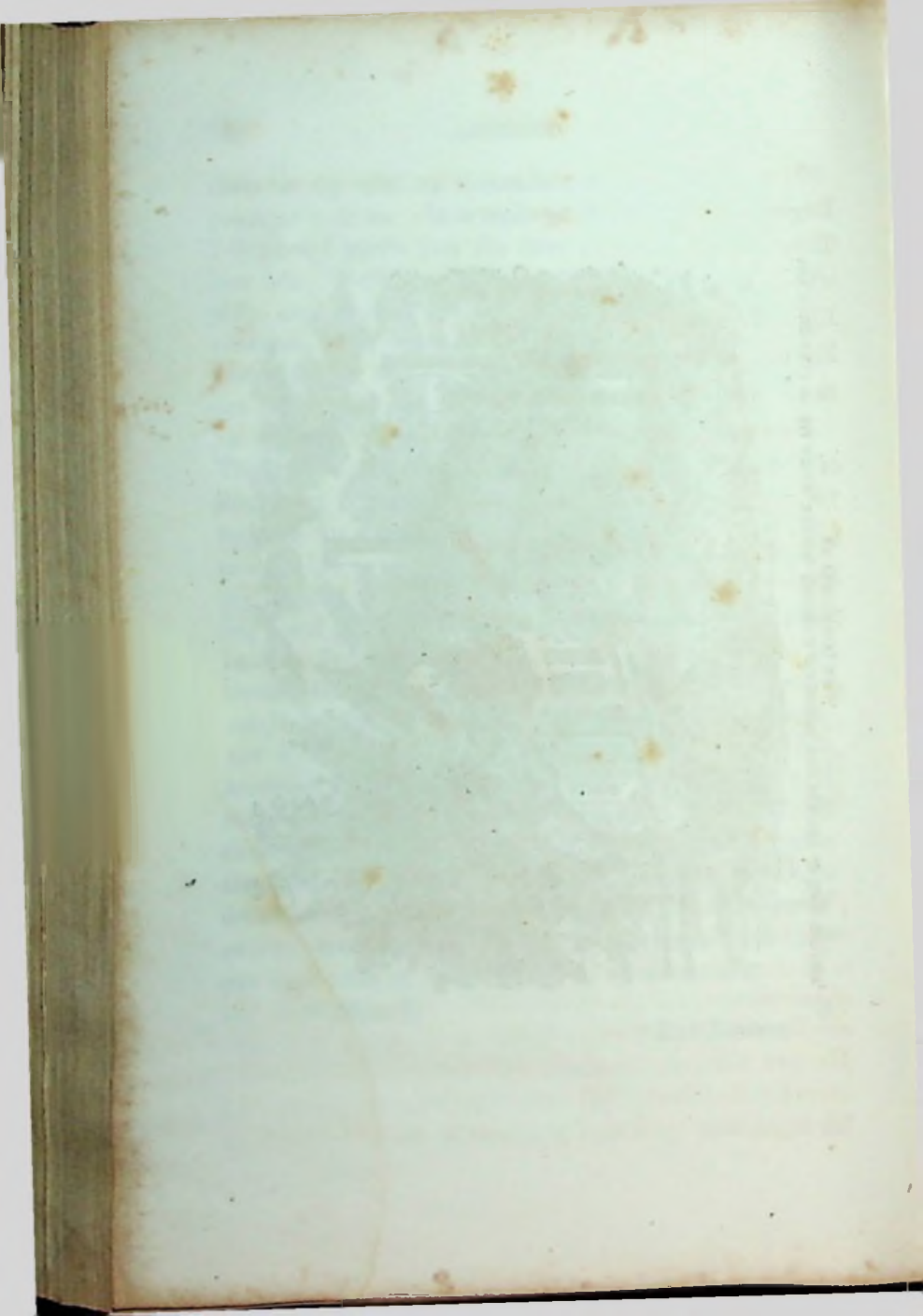
them on my trial at Canandaigua, *in my favor*. I presume it is so. It is right in the nature of things. I believe I wrote you the case at length some time last fall. Nothing could have been more just and plain, and I shall realize what I expected. But I presume new persecutions will arise at our next Court of Oyer and Terminer in our county. The antis are (if I may use the broad expression) *h—ll bent* on my conviction. Pardon the severity of the term. They have done so much, and made out nothing, that they are ready to bite off the end of their tongues for disappointment. The Senate yesterday made a bill to introduce to the Lower House, proposing to debar all Masons from sitting as jurors. Nothing could be more disgusting, nothing more pusillanimous. It originated, too, in that body which is termed honorable. It will meet with deserved contempt in the Lower House. One of the members, not a Mason, rooms with me here. I have got hardened to affliction so that I am quite happy and contented. Squalls and earthquakes, simoons and siroccos, are all one to me! I can get a living spite the worst of anti-ism. A depression of spirits, a desertion of business, a tipling habit, and a want of energy, are what my enemies look for in me, but they can find none of these things in or about me.

“(Signed)

“ELI BRUCE.” •



THE HOMESTEAD OF ELL BRUCE, SENIOR, UNCLE OF ELL BRUCE, THE SUBJECT OF THIS VOLUME,
AT TEMPLETON, MASS.



More than half a century since, three brothers, Roger, Joseph, and Samuel Bruce, met at this house. They were descendants of the royal line of Bruce, whose heraldic device is given on another page. Lord Elgin, formerly Lord Bruce, is of the same race. Mr. Eli Bruce, the proprietor of this mansion, was noted as the earliest organ builder in New England.

From this family sprang Mr. Abel W. Bruce, now of Cambridge, Mass., whose daughter, Miss E. W. Bruce, of Cambridge, Mass., deceased, was in her brief day one of the finest musical geniuses of New England. A sketch of her will be found on another page.

The following is an extract taken from an article entitled, "Biographical Memoir of William M. Goodrich," printed in the January number, 1834, of the *New England Magazine*; published by J. T. Buckingham.

"There was then (1805) and is still living in Templeton, a very ingenious mechanic, Mr. Eli Bruce, now nearly seventy years of age. He was bred a cooper, but he taught himself several other mechanical arts. He was an excellent mason, cleaned clocks and watches, and made good clocks of brass. He has also invented and made several useful machines. Mr. Bruce had been employed, on account of his ingenuity, to assist Dr. Josiah Leavitt, of Sterling,

in constructing a small organ, with wooden pipes. After his return to Templeton, he constructed a similar instrument for himself. While employed in building it, he was frequently visited by Mr. Goodrich, then a young man, whose curiosity was naturally excited, as well by the novelty as the nature of the instrument. It was probably from the impulse thus given to the mind of Mr. Goodrich, followed by other collateral circumstances, that he afterward undertook the same business, which has been so important in its results. The occupation of Mr. Bruce, as a clock maker, might also have suggested to a mind naturally inclined to ingenious mechanism, like that of Mr. Goodrich, the employment of cleaning and repairing clocks and watches."

In the same work for March, same year, we find the following. The article is entitled, "*Organ Building in New England.*"

"Mr. Eli Bruce, who has been mentioned, assisted Dr. Leavitt in building his first organ, was an ingenious mechanic of Templeton, in this State. He was bred a cooper with his father; but he taught himself several other mechanic arts. He was an excellent mason, and paid particular attention to the construction and alteration of chimneys and fire-places, so that they should carry smoke well. He was also a clock maker, and cleaned and repaired watches. He constructed machinery, and invented several useful machines. Among these, was one for

making pins, and another for forming and cutting card teeth.

“While Mr. Bruce was employed with Dr. Leavitt, in 1786, he took the scales and dimensions of the organ they were making, and, on his return home, commenced the construction of one similar to it. In this, he was discouraged, not only by Leavitt, but also by his own friends and acquaintances, and every possible obstacle was thrown in the way of his progress. He succeeded so far, however, in the course of a few months, that one or two stops could be played; but he did not proceed any further at that time. Some years after, he was again employed by Dr. Leavitt in repairing the Cambridge organ. On his return to Templeton, he undertook to complete his own organ, and engaged a friend of his, a Mr. Howe, of Marlborough, to assist him, on condition that Mr. Bruce should afterward assist Mr. Howe in building a similar instrument. They finished the former, and had made great progress in completing the latter, when the death of Mr. Howe arrested their labors. The unfinished instrument was afterward sold to another Mr. Howe, of Princeton.

“The organ built by Mr. Bruce contained four stops, which, according to the best recollection of a son* of his, now residing near Boston, were, stops diapason and principal, both of wood, and twelfth and fifteenth, part wood and part metal. It is probable that Leavitt's first organ was similar to this.

* Abel W. Bruce, Esquire, now residing at Cambridge, Mass.

“Mr. Bruce, himself, never made any other organ. The Congregational Society in Templeton, two or three years since, separated into two societies, Orthodox and Unitarian. The latter procured an organ, in 1832, of the late Mr. Goodrich; and, about the same time, Mr. Bruce’s organ was set up in the Orthodox Church, where it still remains. Mr. Bruce is now living in Templeton, at the age of nearly seventy.”

THE COAT OF ARMS OF THE BRUCE FAMILY.



THIS engraving is from the Boston Heraldry Office, where transfers are found of all the genealogical and heraldic tables, etc., from Great Britain, duly certified.

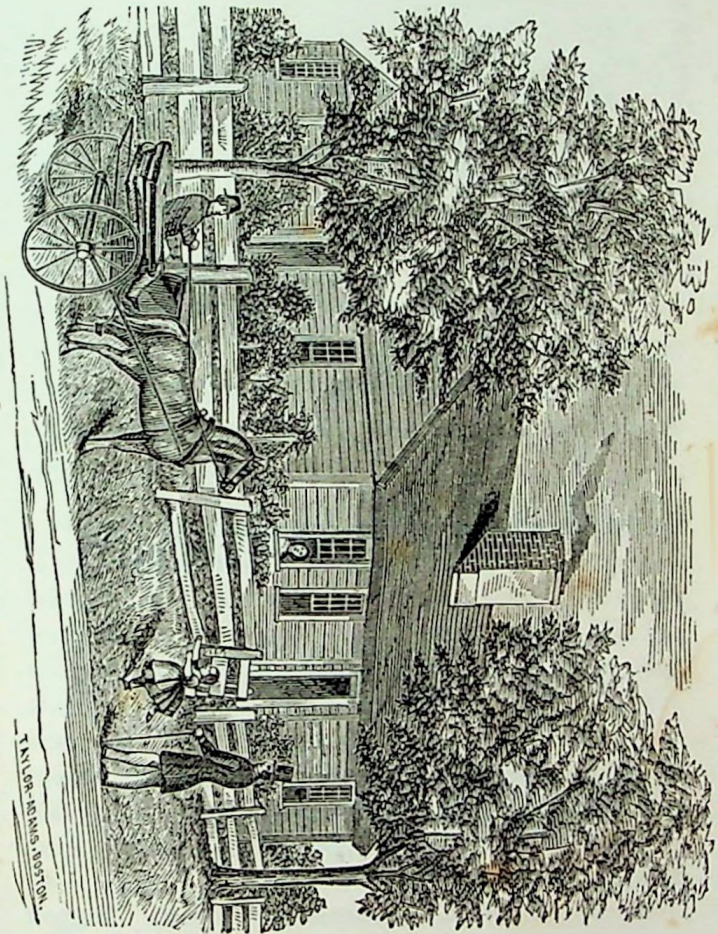
THE COAT OF ARMS OF THE UNITED STATES

1787



This is a reproduction of the coat of arms of the United States as it appeared in 1787. It is not a legal document and should not be used for any official purposes.

THE HOUSE OF MR. BURRAGE, AT TEMPLETON, MASS., WHERE THE EARLY DAYS OF ELI BRUCE WERE PASSED.





SKETCH OF MISS E. W. BRUCE,

NIECE OF ELI BRUCE.

A SKETCH of this lamented lady is here introduced to illustrate the musical and poetical gift which seems to pervade the entire family of Bruce, and was peculiarly manifested in him whose biography we have endeavored to portray. We copy from *Dwight's Journal of Music*, May 8, 1858.

“Miss Bruce was one of the rarest instances of highly refined taste and great artistic culture, gained with no more advantages than are within the reach of us all here at home, that I have known. The instinctive love of the beautiful was in her case very strong, and gave her an unerring perception of the true, whether in painting, sculpture, literature, or music. Her studies, however, were devoted to the last, and though it was adopted as a profession, and each day brought its wearying round of the teacher's duties, her interest and delight in the divine art never flagged. Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Chopin—their works were her delight and constant study—her standards of comparison; and yet she was so catholic in taste, that whatever was good of its kind, the

simplest song, or the most profound orchestral work, found in her ready appreciation, and just acknowledgment of its merit. Her facility in reading music at sight was very uncommon, and during the years that I knew her, I never saw her at fault but once, and that was—of all things in the world—upon an arrangement of Handel's overture to the 'Messiah.'

"No member of the musical association to which for several years she belonged, will ever forget the perfect ease with which she played our accompaniments, or how much her steadiness in the time and rhythm conduced to our success in the cantatas, choruses, and other music, which was studied."

On the 19th of June, 1858, a monument at Mount Auburn, near Boston, Mass., was consecrated to her memory. It consists of a plinth, base, die, and cap, the whole forming a small Grecian temple, about five feet in height, and of pure classic form. In front of the die is a deep niche, in which is inserted a tablet of statuary marble; on this tablet is sculptured, in bass-relief, a figure symbolizing the Genius of Music playing on the lyre, with the face turned heavenward, as if in the act of devotion. A mass of drapery falls in rich and graceful folds over it. It is a thing of great beauty of soul rather than of sense, and forms the principal object of the monument. The only inscription is on the base, in raised letters—"To the Memory of Elizabeth W. Bruce."

In this simple and graceful production, the artist has been true to the character it would commemorate, and met the feelings of those who craved some emblematic expression of their esteem and love for one whose beauty, genius, and goodness are among the cherished memories of their hearts.

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

LIST
OF THE
PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND PERIODICALS

CONSULTED IN THE COMPILATION OF THIS WORK, CONSTITUTING A
PART OF THE MASONIC COLLECTION OF ROB MORRIS, LL. D.,
AT LA GRANGE, KENTUCKY.

MASONIC MIRROR AND MECHANICKS' INTELLIGENCER. Boston, Mass., Moore & Prowse. Vol. 2, Nos. 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, and 11, January to March, 1826.

ANTIMASONIC REVIEW. New York, Henry Dana Ward. Vol. 1, 1828.

MASONIC MIRROR. Boston, Mass., Moore & Sevey. Vol. 1, 1829-30; vol. 2, 1830-31; vol. 3, 1831-32; vol. 4, No. 12, September, 1832.

THE CRAFTSMAN. Rochester, N. Y., E. J. Roberts. Vols. 1 and 2, February, 1829, to February, 1831.

MASONIC INTELLIGENCER. Batavia, N. Y., R. Martin. Vol. 1, 1827.

ESCRETOIR. Albany, N. Y., E. B. Childs. Vol. 1, 1826-7.
This work then merged into the following:

MASONIC RECORD. Albany, N. Y., E. B. Childs. Vols. 1 to 5, 1828-32.

AMARANTH. Boston, Mass., C. W. Moore. Vol. 1, 1828-29; vol. 2, 1829-30.

HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY. Louisville, Ky., 1859, Rob Morris.
(This work has a complete *Bibliographia Masonica* of the author's collection.)

Extensive files of political papers of Western New York, 1825 to 1835; furnished by the courtesy of Mr. George W. Bemis, Canandaigua, N. Y., and many others.

DESCRIPTION
OF THE
JAIL AT CANANDAIGUA, NEW YORK,
IN WHICH

WILLIAM MORGAN, ELI BRUCE, EDW. SAWYER, N. G. CHESBRO,
and LOTON LAWSON were severally confined.

EXCELLENT PHOTOGRAPHS OF THIS EDIFICE, EXPRESSLY MADE
TO ACCOMPANY THIS VOLUME, ARE FOR SALE BY

MORRIS & MONSARRAT, LOUISVILLE, KY.

THEY ARE DONE ON VERY HEAVY BRISTOL BOARD, AND SENT TO
ANY ADDRESS, FREE OF POSTAGE, AT

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

This Edifice stands, with small alterations, as it did in 1829-31. The four upper windows, as seen in the photograph, open into the rooms occupied by Whitney, Bruce, and Chesebro. Mr. Chesebro says there were two rooms in the upper part where now there is but one. The external appearance remains as it was thirty years ago. The old well, so often alluded to in the Morgan Trials, is still there, but the old-fashioned curb and sweep pole are taken away, and a chain pump substituted. The street in front of the jail, as seen in the engraving, runs east and west; it is termed Jail Street. The old Blossom Hotel was about sixty rods west of the Jail. The Jail is on the north side of the street, and about forty rods west of the Court House on Main Street.

BOOKS

FOR

FREEMASONS.

Under this title we have commenced a series of Masonic Works, to be extended to about twenty or twenty-five volumes, of which

ELI BRUCE, THE MASONIC MARTYR,

Is the second; the "TALES OF MASONIC LIFE" being the first. They will all be the average size of 350 pages, and uniform in binding, color of covers, etc., etc.

Their contents, like the two now issued, will be entirely original and practical, and replete with animated life. Price for each volume, post-paid, \$1.

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THE FREEMASON ABROAD;

Being the travels of Bro. ELISHA D. COOKE, 32°, into England, Scotland, and Ireland, 1859-60, compiled by ROB MORRIS, from the copious notes, memoranda, and correspondence of Bro. COOKE in his investigations into Masonry in those countries. Bro. COOKE was sent to Europe by Bro. MORRIS, for the express purpose of Masonic observation, and devoted himself exclusively to his work, with an ardor, industry, and intelligence without parallel. The volume is one of the most valuable works ever issued upon Masoury.

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