

prince, or the powers that were! Was it because Masons disregarded their duties as men, and as patriots? No, but merely because the tenets of our order found a faithful depository in their hearts. Deep in their souls did they own those principles and tenets which Masonry advocates. True, and truly, did they hold fast to the landmarks of the order by which Masonry has been preserved in its pristine beauty and purity, through rivers of blood and oceans of persecution. True, many times, nay, in our nineteenth century, even in this enlightened day, it has been said Masonry is dead, she cannot revive, and then her opponents have raised high their voices—they have cried aloud. We have destroyed her—we have destroyed her! But like the colossus of Lazarus, she raises her beautiful head, and proclaims to an ignorant few, and a politically prostituted mass, the futility of all their hopes, the total impossibility of destroying, or even permanently impugning our ancient and honorable order. I tell all these zealots against Masonry, I proclaim it as an incontestable truth to the whole world, that as long as Masonry remains, so it now is, and what it ever has been, it is foolish vain and idle to attempt to quench its fires; as well might they attempt to pluck the lightnings from the great Deity's hand, as well might they essay to drive the Great I Am from his eternal and everlasting throne, as to destroy it, and why? Because true Masonry and true goodness are synonymous terms. I say again to all such as are foolish enough to indulge in the chimerical dream of prostrating our order, and laying our ancient institution in the dust—go, and when you can weave a glorious bright and beautiful sunbeam into a mantle of darkness, when you can uproot every social and moral virtue; when you can tear from their places the planets, and uplift the foundations of earth; then may you barely hope that your time to successfully persecute Free Masonry has begun. And what has been the fate and fall of most of those who renounce the sacred tenets of our order, have dared attempt to trample on the neck of our institution. Do we not see that from the very first unhappy step, disgrace and infamy fasten itself upon them! a strange family appears to come over the before brilliant mind, and darkness, Cimmerian darkness, pervades the man in all his actions. "Those whom the gods meant to destroy, they first make mad." There is nothing truer than this. See that poor benighted wretch who for political or other purposes, abjures Masonry, renounces that which he by every patriotic and grateful heart was bound to support. View him, I say, in his progress from having been once a son of light, now a being of darkness, groping along in search of political honors or party emoluments. What is the consequence? What have we seen the consequences of such gross abandonment of principle and virtue?" Why, a somerset in their dark walkings, which often breaks the neck of their unholy aspirations, and renders them forever disdained among good men. I tell ye again, vain men, that when you engage in a crusade against Free Masonry, at the very moment when you think you have looked on a beautiful and impious person, you have but placed yourselves within the felon's shirt of Nessus, which will burn and burn, and blister, and corrode, as long as life lasts, and even then your torments shall not cease. Conscience exists beyond their pity, their wisdom and virtue, would attach themselves to, and continue to adhere to a society, in which there are no lessons of wisdom and virtue to be learned. No, no, it will not do. The eyes of the people must be opened. They will awaken, shake off their lethargy and their prejudices, examine Masonry in its effects, and be convinced of its utility. The fires of Masonry can never be extinguished. When its enemies, after unparalleled persecution, desperation & suffering, for a while caused its flame to burn dimly in our part of our country, with what astonishment did they behold it spring up with redoubled brilliancy in another! yes, and it will always rise and burn brighter and brighter, until like the bold, brilliant, and ascending fires of Pyrotechny, it shall encompass the earth and ascend even unto the Heavens, spreading conflagration and dismay among its enemies, but breathing the pure spirit of brotherly love, relief and truth, to all who will be encompassed by it. Free Masonry is not partial in its benefits, for although it particularly and specifically invites none to its altar—yet its doors are always open to the good and virtuous, the worthy and well qualified, no matter what clime or country—no matter of what religious persuasion or political creed, it has for its object the greatest good of the greatest number," and existing and acting on the broad basis of universal love for mankind, it can never cease to exist, it can never cease to be useful, it can never cease to enoble and dignify those who, influenced by pure motives and a desire to render themselves serviceable to mankind, enroll themselves under its wide spread and expanding banners. Within the sacred walls of a well governed Lodge of Free Masons, man meets his fellow man as he should; his soul overflows with kindness towards his brother, all animosity is forgotten and forgotten, and the only enmity that exists is who can contribute most to render his brethren the means of being happy. Is this then, an institution deserving respect? Is it an order that ought to be scoffed at and persecuted? I am sure there are some under the sound of my voice at this time ready to exclaim—I have been grossly deceived—Masonry has been misrepresented to me—my ears have been assailed by scoundrels falsehoods promulgated by men who would sacrifice any—every thing to aggrandize themselves and mount the ladder of this world's fame. Poor wretches, poor blind infatuated men, we deserve our pity as well as our contempt. What sight can be more humiliating than to see a man who once cherished or professed to cherish the pure principles of the Masonic order, but yet when it was said to him, renounce your Masonic obligations—Masonry is on the decline, become our Anti Mason, and your politics will carry you onward to fame. I say, what sight can be more humiliating than to see a man who has lied to his master, a traitor, a blood-thirsty, perfidious, smirking his apostles, who even desired to sell his master's precious blood for filthy lucre. How, then, can we wonder at these scandalous publications which have flooded the earth, making their appearance, which perhaps a few bad Masons assisted in bringing before the world. When we see that one of the chosen twelve descended to hypocrysis and lying, and even banished away the life of the Lord's anointed for money, can we be astonished? I say, that Masons from the same impulse—men calling themselves Masons, should for gain sake, assist in bringing such a tissue of falsehood and slander before a world waiting, yearning to believe and blame. When the Genius of Free Masonry beheld this dark and damning deed, she shrieked aloud, but no fear came over her for her favorite institution. She fled to see the pernicious, the wretched, the base ingratitude of those who professed to be her apostles, but supported by the arms of Faith, casting on high the bright beams of Hope, in Charity, she was willing to say "forgive them, they know not what they do." You see then, my friends and brethren, that it would be unjust in every sense of the word, to blame upon a community the acts of a few, but yet some of the world will hold up to you, when speaking of Free Masonry, but the dark side of the picture, and with all the industry imaginable, take the records of antiquity, as well as modern times, to prove that our institution is one injurious in its tendencies. Yes, they would even descend to the tomb, burst the cements of the grave, and draw forth corruption itself, with all the voracity of Vulture or Hyena, could they, by so doing, fix a stain upon the brightly burnished escutcheon of Free Masonry. And is it wrong—it is sinful—it is abominable, to dry the widow's tear, and hush the orphan's cry—to feed the hungry and clothe the naked! Is it culpable to pluck from the heart of a brother a rooted sorrow, and assuage him, in his deep distress, to extend to him the right hand of fellowship, and with it the soothing tones of consolation and relief? Is it immoral or unchristian-like to have Faith in God, Hope in immortality, and Charity for all mankind? If so, fix your ban against me, count me as deserving neither part nor lot with you; but remember, you stand on awful ground when you denounce Masons and the Masonic institution. Remember that when you raise the voice of cursing against this time-worn fraternity, you are hurling your curses at the heads of some of the greatest men and patriots living, and over the ashes of a Washington, a Clinton, and a Lafayette. Remember, I say, and tremble, that the Father of his Country, "the first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

was an ailing Mason to the last hour of his life. Not long since did I see his portrait hanging on one side of the Masonic Chapel in the city of Alexandria, D. C., and a letter of his to the Lodge over which for many years he presided, on the other, every line of which breathes the most devoted attachment to his brethren, and to the tenets of the Masonic order; and shall it dare it to say, that such men as these were not philanthropists, were not benefactors to mankind, or that they were guided by improper or impure motives? There is more here so base as to say it; there is none here so hardened as dare to hint it. The lightnings of Heaven would crush the wretch, without one single emotion of pity in his behalf, who would do so. Yes, Washington, a name forever dear to every American, to every good and virtuous man of whatever nation, kindred or people. Washington, I say, was the *Mason's* patriot, the *Mason's* friend, the *Mason's* brother. Many a time and oft has he met the "brethren of the mystic tie." For years did he preside over Masons, *himself* the master, pride and ornament of the Lodge. To the bold, the vigorous, the intellectual, the God-like mind of Washington, the mystic rites of Masonry were not jargon and nonsense, as the political animosities would fain induce a consensus and over-credulous world to believe. He saw in this ancient and honorable order, that which he considered ennobling; he saw it in the light, and if we believe his own language, in emanations from divinity itself. And Lafayette, the youthful, ardent, patriotic and high minded stranger, who braved every other consideration, to become the friend of liberty; he who gave up home, and fortune, and friends, and family, and ease and luxury, that he might bear his arm in behalf of an oppressed, and suffering people; who spent his treasure and his blood, in effecting the liberty of our country, was a Mason. The smile of human kindness flowed generously through his nature; to him no orphan's wail was wafted by the breeze without relief immediately following. No widow's tear was left by him and left undried; soothed pity never died in vain the noble Lafayette. And though he was a nobleman by birth, he had a higher, a loftier claim to nobility, for from *Deity* himself he held his patent. And Clinton, the child of genius, of goodness and misfortune, pages could not contain one half of his charities, public and private; who he did so much for his country and his countrymen, he too was a Mason; he mingled with Masons, encouraged their craft, and patronized their assemblies. What shall we say then of all this evidence, and numberless other cases in all countries might be cited in favor of Free Masonry? It is not possible for any man in his uses to say and believe that men, distinguished by their piety, their wisdom and virtue, would attach themselves to, and continue to adhere to a society, in which there are no lessons of wisdom and virtue to be learned. No, no, it will not do. The eyes of the people must be opened. They will awaken, shake off their lethargy and their prejudices, examine Masonry in its effects, and be convinced of its utility. The fires of Masonry can never be extinguished. When its enemies, after unparalleled persecution, desperation & suffering, for a while caused its flame to burn dimly in our part of our country, with what astonishment did they behold it spring up with redoubled brilliancy in another! yes, and it will always rise and burn brighter and brighter, until like the bold, brilliant, and ascending fires of Pyrotechny, it shall encompass the earth and ascend even unto the Heavens, spreading conflagration and dismay among its enemies, but breathing the pure spirit of brotherly love, relief and truth, to all who will be encompassed by it. Free Masonry is not partial in its benefits, for although it particularly and specifically invites none to its altar—yet its doors are always open to the good and virtuous, the worthy and well qualified, no matter what clime or country, that they are not even respectable good men. What of this? Was there ever an institution, no matter how formed and conducted, into which bad members did not creep? Look around you at the members of our churches, do we not see within their pale list of men? I believe it will not be denied. Yes, even in the sanctuary of the Most High, blessed iniquity and dark hypocrisy oftentimes take exalted seats, and play fantastic tricks before High Heaven that make the angels weep; and would you even that circumstance condemn the really good, the truly pious? I hope not, may I know you would not? The last Indiana Democrat says "The administration is daily gaining strength in our state." It is the strength of the whirlwind, doing most damage when strongest. The people will take care to keep its strength down.

The administration first runs the country, and then charges the whigs with it. This is as it should be—a bankrupt always abuses honest men.

The Washington Globe states that "the net revenue produced by the express mail has exceeded \$100,000 since its establishment." The Globe ought to know as it gets the whole of it.

"The hens in Rockville, Md. since the pressure has commenced, have increased their discounts, and now lay three eggs a day!"

Uncle Sam had a chicken that beat this, for it lay golden eggs. But Benton, Blair, and Co. ripped it open to enrich themselves and killed it.

St. John's day, (the 24th of June,) was celebrated here by the Free Masons, in a style worthy of the fraternity. At 10 o'clock a procession was formed at the Lodge Room, which marched from there to the Presbyterian Church, where an Oration was delivered by Dr. OFFUTT of this place, to a crowded house. After the Oration they adjourned to Mr. Doran's Hotel, and partook of a sumptuous collation which had been prepared. The dinner was first rate, and the wine delicious. There was a Ball in the evening, attended by all the merry ones. The Oration will be found on the first page.

We scarcely know how to speak of the Oration in terms sufficiently commendatory—the illusions were most happy, and the comments just. We believe that we express the opinion of every one present, (and the church was full,) in saying so—indeed we have rarely listened to any thing so profound and instructive, embellished by as pure and elegant a style. It will be found vindictory of that ancient order that has so long withheld the veneration of its enemies. We now give our readers an opportunity of enjoying a part of the pleasure which those who heard it enjoyed—and commend it to them for their perusal. The toasts given to them when the cloth was removed, with Mr. Shaw's speech, will be found appropriate to the occasion.

The following are a few of the many Toasts prepared for the occasion:

By N. Harper.—*In memory of the Patron Saint whose day we celebrate.*—May we like him, obtain a residence in that temple not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

By Isaac Mass.—Here's to those who are at all times ready to extend the right hand in tokens of friendship and brotherly love, to relieve the wants of the widow and orphans of a deceased worthy brother.

By R. Y. Caddington.—Brethren, our forms are important because they cover substance, but while we observe the for ns

may we never forget the substance of MASONRY.

By J. Theriot.—*Lafayette.* May we by his example, ever tread in the masonic path of virtue.

By T. F. OFFUTT.—*Henry M. Shaw, Esq.*—A gentleman we all highly esteem. Although he is soon to be lost to us, we console ourselves with the reflection that he will not be lost to FREE MASONRY.

This toast having been drunk by the fraternity with acclamation, Mr. Shaw rose, and as far as can be recollect, addressed the company as follows in his usual eloquent manner:

In rising, my friends and Masons brethren, on this festive occasion, to reply, so unexpectedly, to a sentiment which seems to have found a response in the bosom of every individual present, I feel almost overpowered by my own emotions, and know not how to find words suitable to express the overflows of my gratitude. The kindly feeling which breathes through it, will by me never cease to be remembered until the pulsations of my heart shall cease forever. It is in such a time as this, that we feel how "good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—Party animosity and sectarian fervor, and local prejudices, find no resting place here. The evil passions to which our nature is subject are banished; the week-day business of life is forgotten, and brother meets his brother with the firm determination of devoting the hallowed hour to exclusive indulgence in those ennobling sympathies which adorn, and dignify, and bless our race.—Memory, ever busy, calls up with its wizard wand, the visions of the past, and recollects to me the scenes of the days that are gone. It beckons me now to that period when, fourteen years ago, I first set my foot upon the soil of Indiana. This village was my first home in the West. I came to it young, poor, and a stranger. By its hospitable inhabitants, I was greeted with a cordial welcome. I am now in the meridian of life, and some of those generous men, the pressure of whose friendly hands I then received, are now the tenants of the tomb. Whatever measure of celebrity I may have acquired, whatsoever public honors may have been bestowed upon me in life, I have gathered them here. The most of the life of the worldly goods which I possess, and all the hallowed associations which consecrate that little world called home, are centered here. Here, then, is the green spot, the oasis in the desert of life, upon which, when I am far distant from you, my memory will most loveliness. But if these be my emotions in reference to the great mass of the population beyond the pale of our ancient order, I leave you to imagine what must be the nature of my feelings while I address, as I am conscious I now do for the last time, in their collective capacity, the members of this Lodge. Let the soaring evne grow as he may; let the self-satisfied individual who has grown cold and callous by the oppression of, or the want of communion with, his species, utter if he will, in words which freeze as they fall, his speculations on the absence of all benevolence from our kind; we are nevertheless, convinced that we are sometimes entirely disinterested in our motives, feelings and actions. The heart will sometimes sigh over the miseries of our race, the warm feelings of friendship will sometimes prompt the individual to happiness and property, and life in behalf of his friends. The heart will sometimes be one diffused with a tear at the sound of the orphan's moan, and the sight of the widow's destination. He who beholds inscribed on our arch the motto "succor the afflicted," knows well the fallacy of the doctrine of those who would teach us that there is no disinterested benevolence in the world. The tender feelings which now bind us together, will not admit of discussion. No time or distance can sever them. Although the period hastens on, when we will be separated, I have the consolation to reflect that we shall still live in each other's memory and affection; that we shall still, although on different fields of action, be coadjutors and executors in the same great and ennobling cause—the inchoation of suffering humanity.

Let not the unholy crusade against us, of a band calling itself anti-masonic, dismay us, or cause us to relax our zeal and exertions in the god-like work of doing good. Let it rather serve to make us more watchful, vigilant and zealous—more anxious to illustrate by our lives the benevolent and moral tenets of our institution, more zealous in guarding against the initiation of the unworthy, and more resolved to practice the high duties ennobled in the emblem, and enjoined by the precepts of Masonry. We are not wanting in great and illustrious examples to stimulate us in running the career of usefulness and glory. I need not go to the archives of ancient Masonry to find them. I will open before you the pages of modern Masonry, and point them to you there. I will point you to the venerated names of Washington, Clinton and Lafayette. I will not, however, suffer myself to dwell upon those master spirits of the ages in which they lived, dear as they are, and ever must be, to the patriot and the Mason, for the Orator of the day has, from the sacred desk scarcely an hour since, enumerated their excellencies in classic and eloquent language. The name of Warren has not been mentioned, but should not be forgotten. It is a name which adds alike dignity to human nature, and to Masonry. It was left for him to be the first great martyr in the holy cause of our revolution. He brought into it the unquenchable fire of liberty, and was its premature victim. Methinks I see him now, as he was in the morn of the revolution, on the memorable heights of Charlestown. Youthful, accomplished, with a mind ennobled and adorned with the treasures of ancient and modern knowledge, bold, ardent and intrepid, he stood before those devoted and patriotic militia of New England, that were called to meet in the storm of England, the veteran and well disciplined legions of Britain, led on against them by the abject Generals of Europe—the very personification of his country's genius. I see him, as he looks with a smile at once of uprightness and encouragement, a smile that those of his devoted compatriots, who had twice rolled back the tide of desolation upon the ashen hosts. Alas! he fell—in the very act of pointing the brave Provincials to the glorious flag that floated over their heads, and telling them to behold in it the sign of their political redemption—he fell covered with glory. He fell before he knew whether his own blood would sink into the land of the free, or the land of the slave. Immortal worthy! Thy fame is eternal. Around thy tomb the lovers of Masonry and the lovers of freedom will love to linger, and to reflect that a man so illustrious for patriotism and virtue, was as much so illustrious for patriotism and virtue, as any man in the world, wheresoever we may direct our footsteps, our eyes will not so often dwell upon the sunshiny scenes of happiness and prosperity as upon the dark and cloudy scenes of adversity. He knew not whether his own blood would sink into the land of the free, or the land of the slave. Immortal worthy! Thy fame is eternal. Around thy tomb the lovers of Masonry and the lovers of freedom will love to linger, and to reflect that a man so illustrious for patriotism and virtue, was as much so illustrious for patriotism and virtue, as any man in the world, wheresoever we may direct our footsteps, our eyes will not so often dwell upon the sunshiny scenes of happiness and prosperity as upon the dark and cloudy scenes of adversity. Let us, then, go forth with hearts ever ready to feel, and hands to give. In your individual welfare, as well as that of your Lodge, I shall always rejoice. I shall often revert to the events of this morning, as deplorable and awful indeed. Cells and first floors filled with water—immense small houses undermined

and fallen in—valuable furniture destroyed—many of the streets blocked up with lumber, barrels, carts, drays, and other things, carried off and accumulated by the force of the current.

Permit me to offer the following sentiment:

The Members of Vincennes Lodge, No. 1—Courageous, liberal and benevolent—May prosperity ever attend them.

By T. F. OFFUTT.—The memory of George Washington—the friend of civil and religious liberty, the friend of his country, and the friend of MASONRY.

By D. Stahl.—The ORATOR OF THE DAY.—May his bright talents always be used for as good a purpose as on to-day's occasion, and may his sentiments, full of good precepts, find an echo in every bosom.

By Wm. C. Elliott.—MASONRY—may it ever be cherished by those we know how to appreciate it.

By J. L. Colman.—MASONRY—may its benefits form one vast arch that will span the earth.

By Saml. Goehlenour.—VINCENNES Lodge No. 1.—May its members never lack in their various duties, and closely observe the lessons taught by the square and compass.

Webster Festival.

This spontaneous and universal manifestation of the exalted respect in which the great expounder and defender of the Constitution of the United States is held by the people of Missouri, will long be an epoch in the history of St. Louis.—On no previous occasion has there been we believe, such an assembly of people in our city.

At half past 2 o'clock a large number of persons assembled on Second street between Chestnut and Market streets, and were formed in processional order by Charles Kemble, Esq. Marshall of the day assisted by twenty deputy Marshalls, and proceeded, with music, up Market street to the National Hotel, where Mr. Webster was received, and escorted by an immense concourse of citizens, between 2 and 3 thousand, at least, to the grove where the tables were spread, and where many more persons had already collected. Those who are familiar with large assemblies, vary in their estimate to the number present—some estimating the number as high as 10 thousand—others 4, 5, and 6 thousand. We think the last as near the truth as can be arrived at by conjecture.

At half past 3 o'clock the company, as many as could obtain seats, sat down to a sumptuous dinner. Our venerable and respected fellow citizen, Gen. Wm. H. Ashley, presided, assisted by Vice Presidents Messrs Richard Graham, Wm. Carr Lane, James P. Spencer, Wm. C. Carr, John B. Sarpy, John Perry, James Clemens, Jr. and James Russell.

In a short time toasts were read. Upon the reading of the eighth toast, which was received with the most hearty and enthusiastic cheering, Mr. Webster rose, and for an hour and forty minutes, occupied and enchain'd attention of all who heard him, for many hundreds were deprived of that pleasure—which does honor to him as a man, as a statesman, and as an American citizen. His remarks were characterized by no appeals to the passions and prejudices of his hearers, but were addressed to their understanding, in terms at once forcible, eloquent, and patriotic. We shall give his speech at length to-morrow, when those who could not hear it will have the satisfaction of reading it. It is one of the most agreeable and gratifying portions of the history of this event that several hundred ladies, of the city and county, were attracted to the spot, to do honor by their presence to our city's guest.

Missouri Repub.

From the Baltimore Chronicle June 16. AWFUL FLOOD: IMMENSE DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY & MELANCHOLY LOSS ON LIVES.

The city of Baltimore was yesterday visited with a calamity, greater, perhaps, than any with which it has ever been afflicted. The unexposed detail from the Patriot, and the further particulars we have added, will afford a full view of the nature and extent of this unexampled "rising of the waters."

Last evening the city was visited by a violent storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with heavy rain, which particularly between half past nine and two o'clock, poured incessantly and in torrents; the clouds frequently seeming to open and pour down their contents in floods. Between one and two o'clock, the time when the citizens generally are buried in the deepest sleep, the alarm was given that the stream which runs through the city, known by the name of Jones' Falls, had overflowed, and that the water was pouring into different streets and alleys, filling the lower stories and cellars of the houses, and sweeping every thing before it. The unseasonable hour and the stormy character of the night, combined to make it difficult to rouse the inhabitants even in those quarters which the impetuous elements had invaded and was threatening with desolation. So suddenly and unexpectedly did the water rise, that the inmates of many houses in the Meadows and the vicinity had scarcely time to leave their beds in safety; while others, of whom we shall speak hereafter, were hurried from sleep to death, without any forewarning, and probably without any consciousness of their fate. The aspect presented by the inundated districts this morning was deplorable and awful indeed. Cells and first floors filled with water—immense small houses undermined

and fallen in—valuable furniture destroyed—many of the streets blocked up with lumber, barrels, carts, drays, and other things, carried off and accumulated by the force of the current.

The fact that a gold necklace was presented to a young actress in New Orleans on the night of her benefit, gravely adduced by the Globe as evidence that gold is plentiful in the country! What an able and dignified official our Government has got!

Louisville Journal.

Another Slave Case.—A negro man named Lewis, belonging to Mr. Mc Cain, of Mobile, was a short time since carried away from his master by some blacklegs, whom he accompanied to this city. Here he was arrested as a fugitive and taken before the recorder, where he acknowledged his condition, and requested to be sent home. He was accordingly put on board a vessel for the purpose, but before sailing, a habeas corpus was granted by Judge Oakley, on application of Councillor Sedgwick, in behalf