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*Chas. L. Smith*

# SECRECY:

A POEM.

BY THOMAS ✓ POWER.  
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SECOND EDITION.

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### ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Poem was pronounced at the Installation of the Officers of "the Boston Encampment of Knights Templars," Feb. 28, 1832, and was published at their request.— This edition is, with very few exceptions, a reprint of the first. The Notes are added at the suggestion of friends.

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## SECRECY.

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WHEN foul corruption and degrading vice  
Survey the quiet joys of Paradise,  
Unhallowed purpose prompts the foul fiend's hate  
To mar the pleasures of its tranquil state ;  
Wakes into life ambition's latent fires ;  
With demon's art a demon's hope inspires.  
“ Know ye there is in Eden's peaceful bower  
A hidden mystery—a secret power ?  
Seek, and be gods,” the wily demon cries :  
Man trusts the tempter's voice, and eats—and dies !

Thus social joys oft move unworthy minds  
To break the link that life's best purpose binds ;  
In wanton acts corruption shows its zeal,  
And hates the virtues that it cannot feel.

Wealth, learning, honors tempt some envious hand  
 To scatter terror with its blazing brand ;  
 While black suspicion spreads its dark surmise  
 To mark, with infamy, the good and wise.  
 In private enterprise, or social acts,  
 In councils, morals, arts, all life exacts,  
 Some busy meddler claims it as a right  
 All shall be open to his jealous sight.  
 From less grave matters grave opinions flow ;  
 All worthy acts are not for all to know.  
 Under indulgence, let our subject be,  
 In human life, the worth of **SECRECY**.  
 Doubt ye, its rule? This principle instil :  
 Ask, be its purpose good, or be it ill.

Though other ages proudly bore along  
 The labored measure of a labored song ;  
 Though other temples rang with gen'rous praise,  
 The grateful off'ring to a poet's lays ;  
 Though wit's keen flash or learning's deepest sound  
 Has glanced, or lingered, these grave walls around ;  
 A feebler voice presumes not here to trace  
 The loftier themes that dignify the place.<sup>1</sup>  
 The humblest minstrel of fraternal band,  
 Obedient always to their just command,  
 Presents to gathered friends their warmest thanks  
 For social honors done their grateful ranks ;

Implores from science, learning, wit and sense,  
 The gen'rous meed of manly confidence ;  
 Invokes the mercy of each critic eye,  
 If such there be who seek some fault to spy.  
 Grant us the honors of the field we pray—  
 We wage no battle on this joyous day ;  
 No deed of chivalry, nor daring act,  
 Bears its proud claim one favor to exact.

But there's a valued boon we humbly ask,  
 To aid our efforts in our willing task ;  
 Fair beauty's smile, that erst on loyal knight  
 Gave grace in song, and courage in the fight.  
 He boldly dares, who, recreant to his vow,  
 Defies the shadows mantling woman's brow ;  
 And be she gay or dull or brown or fair,  
 No minstrel knight her blighting frown would dare.  
 In such true courtesy, at beauty's shrine,  
 We pay our homage, chasten ev'ry line ;  
 Invoke, for those who trust our honest aim—  
 When men betray—when slanderers defame—  
 Our fervent wish, their bosoms ne'er may know  
 The with'ring forms ingratitude can show.  
 May no desertion of a trusted friend  
 Confiding hearts and warm affections rend ;  
 May no base thing—a man none dares to say—  
 Live in your smiles, to triumph and betray.

May He, who guards all virtues, rule your star,  
And lead the traitor from your hearts afar.

Ye lords, ye masters of creation too,  
Our truest wishes we enlist for you.  
When false ambition sheds its treach'rous light,  
To pass its hopes o'er intellectual sight;  
When pop'lar favors tempt the honest man  
To sink the patriot in the partizan;  
When base detraction wafts its tainted breath  
To reach the worthy with the touch of death;  
When lurking treason in the heart shall move,  
To sell religion or your country's love;—  
Be wise to see, and firm to shun the foe,  
In truth confiding—in suspicion slow.  
When angry malice tried unholy arts  
To stain our credit in your trusting hearts,  
Then manly hands sustained, with gen'rous aid,  
The true and free who friendship's voice obeyed.  
Accept our wish that persecution's fire  
To your free thoughts shall never dare aspire—  
Our honest zeal, though discord spread its pow'rs,  
To guard your rights as you have guarded ours.

Who scans the heart, to learn man's secret aim,  
Finds human cares and human hopes the same:

Some fancied good, some fav'rite, tempting charm  
 Steals on the heart in ev'ry varied form.  
 In maid or matron, manhood, youth or age,  
 One common record occupies life's page :  
 In search of happiness a life is passed,  
 But few, how few, who find the gem at last !  
 Vainly we look abroad—the phantom flies :  
 The treasure, sought for, in each bosom lies.  
 Who hope, in truth, the golden prize to win,  
 Must search, with honest zeal, the world within.  
 'Mong creeds and systems, since this world began,  
 Most worthy heav'n, best formed for erring man,  
 In Christian charity—fraternal love—  
 He'll find his highest pleasures interwove.  
 The holiest altar is the holiest heart,  
 And social love its worthiest counterpart.

When erst on Sinai's mount the prophet trod,  
 The friend of man, the messenger of God ;  
 When mental errors darkened mental sight,  
 And wrapped a world in intellectual night ;  
 When Horeb's rock gave Israel's purest spring,  
 New blessings still new murmurings to bring ;  
 When, as he stood upon that holy hill,  
 The internuncio of th' Eternal Will—  
 Then riving lightnings traced each sacred line,  
 And fearful thunders spoke in words divine :

Then gath'ring terrors compassed man around  
 And pressed him, trembling, to the cheerless ground.  
 But lo ! another prophet, greater still,  
 Ascends another and a holier hill :  
 The humble Nazarine, whose tearful eye  
 Weeps that his friend, that Lazarus should die,  
 Looks with compassion o'er the peopled plain,  
 And sees in ev'ry heart a guilty stain.  
 Gentle as music of Eolian string,  
 His accents fall like dews of earliest Spring ;  
 Kindly he regulates each rule of life  
 That checks the elements of human strife ;  
 Makes men deserve what men to others owe,  
 And takes from human suff'ring half its woe.  
 Be patient, kind, benevolent and true,  
 And do to others as you'd have them do.  
 Thrice holy precept of divine command !  
 A golden rule to bless our happy land !  
 Be it our joy this simple truth to know :  
 He's doubly happy who makes others so.  
 'Tis the true secret that unlocks the heart :  
 In human life the living, mystic art.

But other influence, from other springs,  
 Directs its force to move terrestrial things ;  
 Its course though secret, though unseen its aim,  
 Declares "self love and social" not the same :

Revenge, ambition, violence and fraud,  
 In ev'ry age and clime, around, abroad.  
 Who sees no mischief in the dang'rous sign,  
 When vice and discontent their ranks combine ;  
 Who hears no warning in the rising cloud  
 That peals its jarring thunders long and loud ;  
 Who feels no icy thrill when faction's hand  
 Wide scatters death and terror through the land ;  
 Who tamely yields, without one manly deed,  
 Is fitted well for artful knaves to lead.

First, proud ambition lights its secret fire ;  
 One point attained, new hopes the heart inspire.  
 Some worthier object fills a tempting place :  
 He must be branded with some foul disgrace.  
 The deed is done—base treach'ry led the way—  
 Guilt is rewarded with its highest pay.  
 What fraud achieved must be by fraud maintained ;  
 The path of honor ne'er can be regained.  
 Thus art and violence, in force, unite  
 To raise corruption to its dizzy height.  
 Corruption honored, sainted, deified !  
 Man a tame brute—and infamy astride !

While pride and passion join, in selfish strife,  
 To waste the dearest gifts of peaceful life,  
 From other objects secret joys arise  
 To charm the worthy and instruct the wise.



Scan earth, air, ocean—see in ev'ry part  
 Unnumbered ties to bind a grateful heart :  
 All-bounteous nature spreads its blessings round  
 In lovely vision and enchanting sound ;  
 For various ills makes ample recompense  
 In various pleasures of each chastened sense.  
 Mark how the vapors of a Summer sky,  
 In quick succession, rise, expand and die.  
 Each pictured scene, at nature's just command,  
 Defies the coloring of the painter's hand ;  
 Each lovely tint, each ever-varying line  
 Proclaims its Master, merciful, divine.  
 While fading sun-beams touch each ev'ning cloud  
 And charm alike the humble and the proud,  
 Hope's tearful eye dwells fondly on the scene,  
 And seeks its future heav'n, the clouds between.  
 So reason roams, as fancy leads the way,  
 Enjoys each peaceful eve, each happy day.  
 Thus does God's holy providence descend  
 On good and bad, their true, impartial friend ;  
 Each rose as fragrant, and each sun as bright,  
 Each day as busy, and as calm each night ;  
 Each landscape-beauty spreads as broadly round,  
 As mild the heav'ns, as bounteous the ground.  
 If such impartial goodness blesses man,  
 All should be happy on the lib'ral plan.  
 What grateful feeling rushes to the heart,  
 To view itself, of God's own care, a part !

Whence then such diff'rence in the human soul,  
 This world its trial-ground, and heav'n its goal?  
 In this extent of wrong the myst'ry lies :  
 Man, in his folly, each new project tries.  
 But human joys live in the human heart ;  
 The secret pleasures of a secret art.  
 Who sees no goodness in the verdant plain,  
 Where beauty leads its ever-varying train ;  
 Who feels no power in the vernal air,  
 When feathered choirs th' A' mighty's hand declare ;  
 Who hears no music in the rippling stream,  
 Or passes nature's works, as nature's dream—  
 Such heart its own cold purpose may command,  
 But not the joys that flow from God's own hand.  
 Devotion lights its purest, holiest fire,  
 Wakes in the heart its worthiest desire,  
 Strengthens its faith, directs its earliest hope,  
 And gives to human joys their widest scope.  
 As the crushed rose its grateful pow'r exhales,  
 To steep the senses in sweet-scented gales,  
 Its fragrance mingles with the breath of prayer,  
 And wafts the incense up to holier air.  
 'Tis thus when sorrows o'er the heart prevail,  
 And crush the hopes that cheer life's gloomy vale.  
 When sin demands the penitent's deep cry ;  
 When true remorse bedims the glist'ning eye—  
 Religion bears it to a Savior's love,  
 And Faith directs it to a world above.

'Mong various ties that bind impatient man,  
 Though pain and sorrow mingle in the plan,  
 He finds—far higher joys than joys of sense—  
 Friendship, and love's controlling influence.  
 Such are the bonds that mind and thought control,  
 Strong, holy bonds that bind the human soul;  
 Worthy, though secret—partial, but sincere—  
 Patient of wrongs—and melting at a tear.  
 And such the tie of friendship's gentle chain,  
 Nor time nor distance, penury nor pain,  
 Can wholly rob it of its lustrous ray,  
 Though life grow weary, and though man decay :  
 A living principle of virtuous mind,  
 Confiding, faithful, liberal and kind;  
 From low suspicion and from envy clear,  
 Itself most blessed in others' bright career;  
 With secret, noiseless, unobtrusive tread,  
 Seeks now a triumph—now a dying bed;  
 Dwells now, in honor, with the wise and great;  
 Now shrinks unknown to poverty's retreat.

There's a retiring, secret power  
 Whose mild and gentle voice  
 Speaks to the heart; when sorrows lower,  
 Whispers of hope;—in griefs dark hour,  
 Bids misery rejoice.

With willing hand and tearful eye  
 She lends her cheerful aid ;  
 To needy worth she yields supply ;  
 The widow's tear and orphan's cry  
 At her command are stayed.

There's music in the fair one's name :  
 Meek, heav'nly Charity—  
 Unmoved by hopes of worldly fame,  
 She lights, into a gen'rous flame,  
 The liberal and free.

To cold and cheerless poverty  
 She turns a willing ear ;  
 Leads feeble age and infancy  
 To give the heart—to bend the knee  
 In gratitude sincere.

The world's contempt and pride's bold scorn  
 Quench not her humble light ;  
 Compassion's calm and cloudless morn  
 Sheds its mild lustre, to adorn  
 Misfortune's cheerless night.

Friend of the wretched ! Gift of heav'n !  
 Bright bond of social love !  
 The heart, with deepest sorrow riv'n  
 'Fore life's dark storms and tempests driv'n,  
 Thy gentle pow'r shall prove.

When diff'rent views, in diff'rent minds,  
 From honest hearts arise,  
 Then kindness or forbearance finds  
 The secret power that gently binds  
 The gen'rous, good and wise.

Then be it ours with joy to prize  
 Benignant Charity,  
 From envy free, without disguise ;  
 Hail the fair daughter of the skies—  
 Being of heav'n's decree !

Still holier theme demands our secret thought,  
 By nature, reason and religion taught :  
 The silent homage that devotion pays  
 When each true heart its truest good surveys.  
 Search each relation of imperfect man,  
 His moral duty or his social plan ;  
 Life's gayest scenes, to fancy's eye unfurled,  
 Or brighter vision of a future world ;  
 In each connection, hope its power employs  
 On worthy, moral, intellectual joys :  
 If prosp'rous, grateful—thwarted, but resigned—  
 All things well ruled to form the human mind.  
 With faith well grounded and with hope subdued,  
 He stands unmoved before dishonor's flood ;

Bends each strong purpose as his duty leads,  
 Nor yields to human force nor human creeds :  
 In secret chambers of a secret heart  
 Seeks now to fix this world's and man's desert ;  
 Now humbly learns God's purpose to obey,  
 Ere life, its hopes and passions pass away.

Now trace we the course of proud glory's bright star  
 In the tumult of battle, the horrors of war,  
 In the neigh of the war-horse, the clangor of arms,  
 In the note of the bugle, or trumpet's alarms ;  
 In the groans of the dying, in victory's cry,  
 When danger's abroad, or when foemen are nigh ;  
 In the plume-nodding crest, in the blade of the brave,  
 In the far-floating banner, the warrior's low grave ;  
 In the widow's dim eye, in the reft orphan's tear,  
 In the death-spell of silence, when war has been near—  
 In these, proud ambition sees honor arise,  
 While hope fills the soul, until hope itself dies :  
 Then, its visions of greatness successive depart,  
 And the desert of life spreads its waste o'er the heart.  
 Where now is the boaster of honor's bright ray ?  
 Where the proud eye that flashed in its glorious day,  
 So heedless of wrong, and so reckless of right ?  
 He sinks in despair at the gloom-coming night.

And this is glory ! This, the brilliant light,  
 Leads hostile nations to the mad'ning fight !

Its proudest banner stained with human blood ;  
 Its boldest deed, to mar the work of God,—  
 That intellectual image, kindly giv'n  
 To form on earth an aspirant of heav'n ;  
 That holy charter of immortal life,  
 The blighted, wasted thing of mortal strife !  
 The proudest flash that lights the warrior's eye,  
 Like some bright meteor in the furthest sky,  
 Will reach the triumph of its brilliant day,  
 Then quick decline—forever pass away.  
 Forever ! How the thought, in pride's despite,  
 Dims the bright ray of glory's doubtful light !  
 See, mid the changes on life's varied stage,  
 The proudest captain of the freest age,  
 Brave in the battle, and in council wise,  
 Daring to seek, and bold to win the prize :  
 Now, crowns and sceptres gather to his hand ;  
 Now, the fall'n exile of a foreign land ;  
 Now, bending empires bear the master's yoke ;  
 A captive now on Helena's lone rock !

True glory springs from social duty done :  
 The proudest victory by virtue won.  
 He nobly wins who gains, in manly strife,  
 A crown of glory in immortal life.

But turn we now to those who seek for fame  
 In empty honors of an empty name ;



Whose coward hearts ne'er felt a manly glow  
 Boldly to face their country's common foe.  
 They would be leaders—but in civil bands—  
 No fearful weapon soils their dainty hands.  
 They war right valiantly on civil foes,  
 And deal bold speeches, rather than bold blows.  
 Of all base things that crawl this earth around,  
 Where human forms or social life is found,  
 They are most loathsome, who, with selfish view,  
 Make men their dupes—their beasts of burden too.  
 In secret conclave, mark the little knot  
 Planning for self, the public good forgot.  
 Base combinations and dishonest schemes,  
 Office and honors, pride and golden dreams—  
 These form the means, the object, aim and end  
 To which all zeal of misnamed patriots tend.  
 What moral bond can hold them firm and true,  
 Who to each pop'lar breath make homage due :  
 Who cringe and flatter for the people's votes,  
 And change opinions as they change their coats?

By various steps, ambitious tempers rise,  
 Their aim alike—to win the pop'lar prize.  
 One soaring rival, with a worthy name,  
 Or praise of worthiness—almost the same—  
 Looks from proud distance on the common crowd  
 To which his gentle nature ne'er has bowed ;

In gracious condescension deigns to bear  
 The unsought honors they would have him wear ;  
 In show of kindness plays the meanest knave,  
 And half declines the boon he'd meanly crave.  
 And this forsooth is lawful—venial quite—  
 The lords submit—the trimmers prove it right.  
 Thus, slaves play master—masters act the slave—  
 And fainting honor lingers at the grave.

'Tis rare philosophy, in selfish mind,  
 To train, as half-tamed brutes, all human kind ;  
 To harness freemen to ambition's car,  
 Then prove, their masters right good patriots are :  
 To soothe, encourage, flatter and deceive—  
 Right honest rogues, and with the people's leave.  
 The boldest empire's o'er the human thought ;  
 So tyrants boast—so coward hearts are taught.

The tricks and bargains of ambition's growth,  
 In age, in rank, in wisdom—nothing loath—  
 Proclaim the master-spirit still alive,  
 When trimmers prosper, and intriguers thrive.  
 Who lights ambition's unextinguished fire  
 At funeral taper of his buried sire,  
 Seizes the cerements of the honored dead,  
 To form a chaplet for his guilty head.  
 Grant, that the parricide of honest fame  
 Has show of worthiness—a doubtful name—

Though crowds of flat'ers bend before the throne,  
 Should dogs tear him who dares to stand alone ?  
 Who basely trembles at his solemn nod,  
 In ranks of faction hailed a demi-god ?  
 Who stands transfixed 'fore the Magician's wand  
 That rends asunder ev'ry manly bond ?  
 Though reared a master in rhetoric school,  
 Though learned to act by diplomatic rule,  
 Though labored rhyme and labored prose unite—  
 These fail to prove his false ambition right.  
 Who once, for gain, deserts his early friends,  
 With flexile grace to new alliance bends,  
 Proves former friendships easily passed o'er,  
 And seals that proof by entering into more ;  
 Makes public virtue bend to private gain,  
 And soils his conscience with degrading stain.  
 He'd swear and unswear—promise and deceive—  
 When place or office he would fain receive—  
 A dazzling point to tempt an angel's faith,  
 A fleeting feather borne on pop'lar breath.  
 Deluded man ! When cold and silent scorn  
 Shall point to fading honors, gladly worn,  
 Unwept, unblessed, he'll sink into the grave,  
 And hide dishonor in oblivion's wave.

Such are the springs that rouse ambition's fire,  
 When master-spirits and the weak conspire ;

When selfish panders to low trick shall stoop,  
 And make credulity their honest dupe.  
 Were it allowable, in our brief page,  
 To chronicle the trimmers of the age,  
 A theme so loathsome, and a list so black,  
 Must push good nature to the very rack.  
 E'en public scorn its indignation stays,  
 And favors meekly borne give worthy praise.  
 Each honest bosom feels an honest glow  
 That public virtue checks the public foe.

From men thus degraded, with projects so vile,  
 Each true heart, in horror, recoils ;  
 In their breath is contagion, and death in their smile,  
 Their embrace is to ruin—their touch to defile—  
 When faction enkindles its broils.

Though life is thus chequered with folly and fraud,  
 Though humanity weeps at the thought ;  
 There are green spots on earth, warm, sunny and broad,  
 Where virtue's triumphant, where honor's unawed,  
 Where the good and the free are unbought.

'Mid ranks of the living, in worthy array,  
 Mark each proud heart that worships fair truth ;  
 In the walks of the grave, in the home of the gay,  
 From our time-honored fathers, whose fires decay,  
 To the gen'rous devotion of youth.

Around us, among us, friends, brothers so true,  
 How grateful each virtuous name !  
 How dear is their worth and their virtue to you,  
 Who, with firmness, their rights and their duties pursue,  
 Truth their guide, and stern justice their aim !

But grateful hearts to other thoughts are led,  
 Of dear friends absent—of the worthy dead :  
 Of brothers, patrons, fathers—whose fair name  
 Is dear to virtue and to honest fame.

On that sad spot where fell the good and brave,  
 An humble column marked the warrior's grave.<sup>2</sup>  
 A brother's patriot blood had dyed the ground  
 Where patriot friends and brothers met around :  
 That hallowed spot, kept with fraternal care,  
 Till civil honors paid a tribute there.<sup>3</sup>  
 A country's love, in monumental pride,  
 Now points where patriots bled—where WARREN died.  
 Who braved his country's foe with manly tongue,  
 When God's own altars with his accents rung ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Who drew for liberty his daring steel,  
 Fired with devotion to the common weal ;  
 Who spurned at tyrant pow'r and venal arts—  
 Ruled in your councils<sup>5</sup>—governed in your hearts—  
 He claims one tear to wet THE MASTER'S GRAVE :<sup>6</sup>  
 The gen'rous off'ring he so freely gave.

If e'er bright spirits leave their bright abode,  
 To dwell immortal where the mortal trod,  
 Come, gentle shade, to bless the free and true,  
 Who, o'er thy grave, fraternal vows renew.

From civil blessings and from moral ties  
 To other themes let grateful thoughts arise :  
 To nature's ample works that touch the heart,  
 And secret joys that flow from works of art :  
 In sounds harmonious that entrance the ear,  
 In holy song that claims devotion's tear ;  
 Where Phidias wrought, or famed Praxiteles,  
 New grace and beauty now th' enthusiast sees.  
 While thus 'tis ordered, in life's varied scenes,  
 That human blessings flow from human means,  
 From cold neglect that gen'rous art defend,  
 That brings to friendship its departed friend—  
 Marks the bold scen'ry of our various land,  
 In faithful transcript of a master's hand—  
 Its tow'ring hills that pierce each ling'ring cloud,  
 Dressed now in Summer's green or Winter's shroud.  
 Where mighty waters take their fearful leap,  
 And foam and tumble down the giddy steep,  
 There grave devotion stands in solemn awe,  
 Its moral grandeur fixed on nature's law.  
 Our native land we love—let others prize  
 Siberian climes, or soft Italian skies.

Mid higher matters that demand our care,  
 Still, other objects claim their rightful share.  
 'Tis said, in fashion, habits, manners, dress,  
 It's a rare secret to insure success ;  
 That moral excellence and mental grace  
 Have rank inferior to a fav'rite face ;  
 Although denied, that fashion rules the day,  
 And wit and learning her commands obey.  
 Ye gentle fair, though this be elsewhere true,  
 We challenge proof that it applies to you.  
 He's no true Templar, who, with careless tongue,  
 Would leave your kindness and your smiles unsung.  
 To you, we own, our warmest thanks are due,  
 Who trusted those who to themselves were true ;  
 Our wives, our mothers, daughters, sisters, friends,  
 To you each heart in gratitude ascends.  
 When threat'ning tempests lowered round our skies,  
 And cast their doubtful shadows o'er your eyes ;  
 When timid friends and daring foes combined,  
 To shake the even tenor of your mind,  
 Confiding still, you lent your willing hand  
 To drive base faction from our happy land.  
 Your trusting smiles gave courage to each heart  
 That never blenched before that faction's art.  
 Mid friends so gen'rous, and with hearts so true,  
 One act of homage would we here renew.  
 When wav'ring friends stood trembling with alarm,  
 Transfixed in torpor at the conj'ror's charm ;



When tim'rous men were silent in our cause,  
 Or mingled heartless doubts with cold applause ;  
 Then gen'rous woman lent her gen'rous aid—  
 Though trimmers sneer—though factionists upbraid—  
 An honest heart its gratitude declared,  
 Fearless of snares, by treach'rous hands prepared :  
 Unblemished honor told her grateful tale,  
 And wrote beneath, the honored name of HALE.<sup>7</sup>

When vestal fires first blazed with constant light,  
 Whilst woman dwelt in intellectual night ;  
 E'en then, unbending hopes her bosom fired  
 With brightest glow devotion had inspired.  
 If ancient shrine could boast so high a grace  
 For after ages proudly to retrace ;  
 'Tis barely justice, that we proudly greet  
 Th' unwav'ring friends of Charity's retreat.  
 There is a fire, whose mild and steady blaze  
 Still lights life's passage in our latest days :  
 'Tis holy friendship, blessed with woman's smile,  
 Far brighter than the light of Vesta's pile.

But this proud Temple's destined to decay,  
 Its gayest crowds forever pass away !  
 Life's conflicts o'er, its passions, pride and care,  
 Its fears so thrilling, and its hopes so fair,  
 From ev'ry heart ascends th' undying flame :  
 The living glory of a worthy name.

YE HONORED FRIENDS, accept our last, best prayers :  
 As time rolls onward, with its thousand cares,  
 May base proscription, or unhallowed force,  
 Ne'er tempt one heart to an unmanly course.  
 When free opinion ceases as a right,  
 Then bid your liberties a last good-night.  
 'Tis mental bondage makes the vilest slave,  
 Makes social life fair freedom's deepest grave.  
 Freedom of thought is nature's own decree :  
 Dogs bark as bid—but e'en their thoughts are free.  
 The wildest savage of the untracked West,  
 Free as the eagle in her mountain nest,  
 Has higher value in his untaught mind,  
 Than wider thoughts with servile chains combined.  
 Boast we of freedom on these Western shores?  
 E'en human minds are here transferred by scores !  
 With office, honor, flattery or gold,  
 Men's grave OPINIONS now are bought and sold :  
 Common commodities, with market price,  
 All packed to order, on the first advice.  
 To be a master, or to be a slave,  
 Shunned by the good, and branded by the brave ;  
 A base, unmanly slave, forever bound  
 By chains that give proud freedom's deepest wound.  
 Opinions valued !—Thoughts for open sale !  
 Shame on the wretch that warrants such a tale !

Brethren—Companions of this little band,  
 Who, mid the whirlwind, nobly dared to stand ;  
 Who, with firm hand, your banner safely bore,  
 When Gothic vengeance swept your country o'er ;  
 Who, true in faith, ne'er let proud honor stray—  
 I bid you welcome, on this happy day.  
 Who know you, yield to your unquestioned claim  
 To honest purpose—to a worthy aim.  
 United firmly in your friendly hours,  
 No angry tempest on your border lowers ;  
 Each heart a link in friendship's bright'ning chain,  
 Untouched, untarnished by dark treason's stain.  
 When hordes most barb'rous on this happy land,  
 Pressed to th' asylum of your steady band ;  
 When rude proposals from base hands were tried,  
 To lure a Templar from a Templar's side,  
 Indignant virtue flushed your burning brows,  
 And gave new impulse to your friendly vows.  
 The brave defenders of the holy cross  
 Made life and fortune but a common loss.  
 Untarnished honor and unbending faith  
 Graced the proud glories of the Templar's path.

How short the space in life's brief passage given,  
 To fit frail mortals for the joys of heaven !  
 How sad the emblems, to each Templar's eye,  
 That teach this lesson : man is born to die !

To die—but not to sleep : th' elastic spring  
 Of holy faith, with onward, upward wing,  
 O'er life's broad ocean and its stormy wave,  
 Seeks its last home beyond the dreary grave.  
 Who makes this world mankind's remotest goal,  
 This earth the confines of the human soul,  
 Sees no high sanction to one human act,  
 For man to claim, for heaven to exact :  
 He sees all subject to his sovereign will,  
 And thinks all moral, is but social ill.  
 " 'Tis so ordained," the willing skeptic cries,  
 "Man, but a vapor, like a vapor dies."  
 Then be our thoughts to higher hopes upborne,  
 Taught by the emblem on each bosom worn ;<sup>s</sup>  
 Let holy faith, with holy works unite,  
 To lead the faithful to a world of light.  
 Blest hope of immortality, that shares  
 In mortal's highest joys and deepest cares !  
 Bright beam of glory, that imparts its ray,  
 To guide frail nature on its erring way !

Brethren—Companions : Should oppressions grow,  
 Still trust Eternal Justice, sure though slow.  
 Be this your motto, LIBERTY AND LAWS ;  
 And trust to heav'n the issue of your cause.



## NOTES.

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Note 1. Page 4.

### “The loftier themes that dignify the place.”

The installation of the officers of the Boston Encampment of Knights Templars was the first public masonic ceremony in the splendid Temple, erected by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. The ceremony took place in the Lecture Hall; a spacious room, sufficient to accommodate one thousand persons, but which, at the installation, was supposed to contain twelve hundred ladies and gentlemen. In that Hall, during the season, the most eminent men of Massachusetts had lectured to crowded audiences, on every variety of topics. Statesmen, civilians, lawyers, divines, and professors of various sciences, had charmed and enlightened their hearers, by their eloquence and their learning. These lectures were given, under the direction of the literary associations which assembled weekly at the Temple.

Note 2. Page 21.

### “An humble column marked the warrior’s grave.”

In 1794, Dec. 2, King Solomon’s Lodge, in Charlestown, erected a monument on Bunker Hill, to commemorate the events of June 17th, 1775. On the south side of the pedestal was the following inscription:

ERECTED, A. D. MDCCXCIV.

BY KING SOLOMON’S LODGE OF FREEMASONS;

CONSTITUTED IN CHARLESTOWN, IN 1783.

IN MEMORY OF

MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN,

AND HIS

ASSOCIATES,

WHO WERE SLAIN ON THAT MEMORABLE SPOT,

JUNE 17TH, 1775.

“NONE BUT THEY WHO SET A JUST VALUE UPON THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY, ARE  
WORTHY TO ENJOY HER. IN VAIN WE TOILED, IN VAIN WE FOUGHT,  
WE BLEED IN VAIN, IF YOU, OUR OFFSPRING, WANT VALOR  
TO REPEL THE ASSAULTS OF HER INVADERS.”

CHARLESTOWN, SETTLED 1628.—BURNT 1775.—REBUILT 1776.

THE ENCLOSED GROUND GIVEN BY THE HONORABLE JAMES RUSSELL, ESQ.

Note 3. Page 21.

“Till civil honors paid a tribute there.”

On the 17th June, 1825, the corner stone of the “Bunker Hill Monument” was laid, under circumstances peculiarly interesting, and with great splendor. After the corner stone had been properly adjusted, Hon. Daniel Webster, President of the Bunker Hill Monument Association—General Lafayette, the friend of civil liberty—and Hon. John Abbot, Grand Master of Masons in Massachusetts, successively applied the working tools of the operative mason, and the stone was pronounced to be “well formed, true and trusty.”

Note 4. Page 21.

“When God’s own altars with his accents rung.”

On the 5th of March, 1772, Joseph Warren, by appointment of the municipal authorities of Boston, pronounced the oration commemorative of “the bloody massacre.” In 1775, the British soldiers in Boston having used intimidating language regarding any one who should dare to discourse on the events of the 5th of March, Joseph Warren was again appointed to deliver the 5th of March Oration. On attempting to enter the Old South Church, on that memorable day, he found all its avenues occupied by soldiers. He was compelled to enter at the pulpit window. The services were commenced. Every heart felt the perils of that moment. Warren laid his manuscript on the desk, and his pistols at the side of his manuscript. His soul was devoted to liberty. Cool, collected and fearless, he pronounced, uninterrupted, the manly inspirations of his devoted heart. The ferocity of an enraged soldiery shrunk before the moral courage of a devoted patriot.

The motto to his oration is worthy of the subject:

*“Qui metuens vivit, liber mihi non erit unquam.”*

His fearless manner showed that he would not live a slave. His whole address was the saddest requiem that ever mortal uttered in view of his own honored grave:

“Approach we then the melancholy walk of death. Hither let me call the gay companion; here let him drop a farewell tear upon that body which so late he saw vigorous and warm with social mirth—hither let me lead the tender mother to weep over her beloved son—come widowed mourner, here satiate thy grief; behold thy murdered husband gasping on the ground, and, to complete the pompous show of wretchedness, bring in each hand thy infant children to bewail their father’s fate.”

It is curious to observe the manner in which the business of that day was conducted. The following extracts are made from the town records of Monday, March 6, 1775;

“At a meeting of the freeholders and other inhabitants of the town of Boston, legally warned, at Fanueil Hall, March 6, 1775,

“Voted, that the Oration be delivered at half past eleven o’clock, at the Old South Meeting House, the Hall not being capacious enough to contain the inhabitants that may attend upon that occasion; the committee of that Society having, upon application, consented that said Meeting House should be made use of for this service.”



"The town met, according to adjournment, at the Old South Meeting house, half past eleven o'clock, A. M.; upon motion,

"Voted that there be a collection made in this Meeting for Mr. Christopher Monk, a young man now languishing under a wound he received in his lungs by a shot from Preston's butchering party of soldiers, on the 5th of March, 1770."

Note 5. Page 21.

### "Ruled in your councils."

General Warren was, at the time of his death, "President of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts."

Note 6. Page 21.

### "He claims one tear to wet the Master's grave."

At the time of General Warren's death, he was, by commission from Scotland, "Grand Master of Masons for the continent of America."

Note 7. Page 24.

### "The honored name of HALE."

This will be best understood, by giving an extract from an article in the "Ladies' Magazine" of February, 1830, a popular work edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. After acknowledging the receipt of a printed paper, she says:

"We were, on one account, right glad to receive it. We have, in consequence, an opportunity, or an excuse, certainly, for expressing our deep obligations to the members of the Grand Lodge, and the Royal Arch Order of the state of New Hampshire. It was to their encouragement and support we owed our first hope of success as a writer. And were we now about to appeal, on our own behalf, to the benevolence of any class of people, we should address the Freemasons."

Note 8. Page 27.

### "Taught by the emblem on each bosom worn."

"That emblem is 'the Cross,' borne on the sash of the Knight Templar."

## ORDER OF EXERCISES.

I.—PRAYER. II.—SELECT MUSIC. III.—INSTALLATION. IV.—ADDRESS,  
BY REV. PAUL DEAN. V.—HYMN,\* TUNE, SICILIAN HYMN.

Bring your off'ring to our temple,  
Let the incense reach the skies ;  
Judah's line, no more a stranger,  
Sees its holy altars rise.

Bring affections kindly tempered,  
Hearts to join a kindred heart,  
Heavenly truth their worthiest object,  
Christian faith their worthiest part.

Bring devotion, free, inspiring,  
High resolve and holy thought ;  
Seek to gain the worthy conquest  
By a Savior's sufferings bought.

Bring, in hearts of gen'rous purpose,  
Charity's endearing form ;  
Love enlarged, mankind embracing,  
Ever faithful, active, warm.

Bring, oh bring, a brother's welfare  
On the purest breath of prayer—  
Thus, when passed o'er life's frail confines,  
Man shall find his heaven there.

VI.—POEM. VII.—HYMN,\* TUNE, OLD HUNDRED.

Raise high, in praise, each grateful voice,  
Let friend and brother loud rejoice ;  
For God, our father grants his aid  
In bright'ning day—in ev'ning shade.

Tho' artful foes in bands unite,  
Or hopes destroy, or fears incite,  
In God's the anchor of the soul,  
When storms arise—when tempests roll.

Oh, thou, in heav'n's indulgent, kind,  
Make us to each event resigned,  
Direct each purpose of the heart,  
Tho' hope, and friends, and life depart.

To Thee, our heav'nly father, friend,  
With grateful hearts we humbly bend ;  
Oh ! teach our fervent thanks to flow,  
For all the joys to Thee we owe.

Our Temple reared, the cap-stone raised,  
Our altars blessed, Jehovah praised,  
Accept, oh God, our solemn vow  
Before thy holy name to hallow.

Oh, let each heart a temple be  
Of heav'nly truth and charity,  
That, life passed o'er, thy spirit giv'n  
May gather all to Thee, in heav'n.

VIII.—BENEDICTION. IX.—VOLUNTARY.

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\* By the Author of the Poem.





















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