

# Coopers' Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER, J.

"WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—Jackson.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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WHOLE NO. 150.

## TERMS.

Cooper's Clarksburg Register is published in Clarksburg, Va., every Wednesday morning, at \$2.00 per annum, in advance, or at the expiration of six months from the time of subscribing; after the termination of six months, \$2.50 will be levied on the subscriber. No paper will be discontinued except at the option of the proprietor, unless arrears are paid up and those who do not order their paper to be discontinued at the end of their term of subscription, will be considered as desiring to have it continued.

Advertisements will be inserted at \$1.00 per square of twelve lines for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Liberal discount on the above rates made to those who advertise by the year. No advertisement counted less than one square. The number of insertions must be specified or the advertisement will be continued and charged for accordingly.

Announcements of candidates for office \$2.00 Marriages and Deaths inserted gratis. All communications, to insure attention, must be accompanied by the author's name and post-paid.

## PARODY ON HOHENLINDEN.

In seasons when our funds are low,  
Subscribers are provoking slow,  
And new supplies keep up the flow  
Of Dinna departing rapidly.

But we shall see a sadder sight,  
When dinna pour in from morn till night,  
Commencing every sixpence bright,  
To be forked over rapidly.

Our bonds and due-bills are arrayed—  
Each seal and signature's displayed—  
The holders view them with a sigh,  
With threats of "Low and Chisney."

Thou to despair we're almost driven—  
There's precious little use in livin',  
When our last copper's rudely riven  
From hands that hold it lavishly.

But longer yet those dues shall grow  
When interest added on below,  
Lengthening our chin a foot or so,  
While gazing at them hopelessly.

"So, so, that scarce have we begun  
To plead for this upon a dun:  
Before there come another one  
Demanding pay ferociously."

The prospect darkens. Oh, ye brave,  
Who would our very protests waive,  
Patrons! all ye protests waive!  
And pay the Printer extra!

Al! it would yield us pleasure sweet,  
A few delinquents now to meet,  
Asking of us a clear receipt  
For papers taken regularly.

## A Valuable Hint.

I'll tell you a plan for gaining wealth:  
Better than banking trade, or leases;  
Take a bank note and fold it up  
And then you will find your money in excess.  
This wonderful plan, without danger or loss,  
Keeps your cash in your own hands, where nothing  
Is so great trouble it.

And every time you fold it across,  
It's as plain as the light of the day that you  
Have it.

## Matrimonial Confidence.

Before an election in Pennsylvania, a few years since, Hans, who was a Loco-foco, went to see his father-in-law, who was a strong whig.

"How to do, Hans?" said the old man.  
"How to do, fader?"  
"How you going to vote, dat fall, Hans?"  
"Oh, mid de locos, of course, fader."  
"Vot! you going to vote dat locos dicket?"  
"Yis, fader, you know I's a locos, and I must vote de locos dicket."  
"Now, Hans, I'll tell you vot I'll do mit you. You no vote for de locos, and I no vote for de vigs, and ten you see—don't you Hans?"  
"Verry well, fader."  
"Vill you do it, Hans?"  
"Yis, fader."  
"No, don't you forgit, Hans."  
"No, fader."

After election, Hans went again to visit his father-in-law.

"How to do, Hans?" said the old man.  
"How to do, fader?"  
"Vell, Hans, did you go to de bulls?"  
"Yis, fader."  
"Vill I and did you do it?"  
"Yis, fader, I had to do it, they caught around me, and wouldn't let me off, fader."  
"Oh, you rascal, you no to as you say."  
Hans rather meekly asked,  
"Did you go to de bulls, fader?"  
"To be sure, Hans."  
"And did you vote, fader?"  
"To be sure I did," replied the old Dutchman, in tones of earnest excitement, "Don't you suppose I knew better dan to drust a tam loco."

Mrs. PARTINGTON DISTANCED.—The following from the Springfield Republican should be a caution to Mrs. Ruth Partington to look to her laurels. Hear Mrs. Cubbage on organs and organists: "Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Cubbage, as she returned from church last Sunday; "this is an age of organs in their infancy. A forrunner used to turn the crank, and a little monkey take the pennies. But now an organist presides over the estimate, while the deacon takes the constitution. Oh! if you should hear the feller perform on all the stopples and plays on the pedlar base, so loud as to jar the conflagration as they pass out of their respective places of abodement."

In New Holland, before a girl is given to her husband, two of her front teeth are knocked out; the happy lover then throws a kangaroo skin over her shoulders, spins in her face several times, marks her with painted stripes of different colors, orders her to carry his provision bag to his hut, and if she does not go fast enough to please him, gives her a few kicks by the way.

## THE KNOW-NOTHINGS;

A True and Veritable Account of the Organization, Forms, Ceremonies, &c.

T. JEFFERSON LAPLET, Esq., one of the national officers of the American Order or Secret society of Know-Nothings, called upon us yesterday, on special business. He says that the members of the Order, throughout the Union, have felt themselves deeply aggrieved by some pretended exposures of their Association, put forth to the world through the partisan press, and at a late meeting of the National organization of the Society, held in a Western city, the subject was brought forward and discussed. While the members were aware, that strict secrecy, in relation to everything connected with the Order is desirable, yet, as the objects of the association are purely patriotic, it was the unanimous opinion of the members of the National camp, that no harm could result from a volunteer publication of the forms and ceremonies of the Order. The High Adjutant was therefore instructed to furnish us with a copy of the ritual, and to give us permission to copy such portions as we deem of interest to the people. They have certain secrets which they cannot of course give to the world, such as pass-words, signs, &c. These we would not publish if we could.

## ORGANIZATION OF THE KNOW-NOTHINGS.

The organization of this mysterious order, which has spread with the rapidity of lightning throughout the Union, partakes of a military character. The ordinary bodies are called regiments; the State bodies, composed of delegates from each regiment in the State, battalions, and the national body, composed of representatives from the battalions, is called the Grand Camp. The members of the regiments are regularly divided into "messes," and each mess has a peculiar duty to perform. The officers of a regiment are nearly those of the United States service, and in the other bodies they are of a higher grade, the highest officer being called a Major General. The object of the order, as set forth in the ritual, is the restoration of a pure administration of the government; and to this end it aims to accomplish the following:

1st. To discard politicians of every character, and to fill all offices with men of tried integrity, who are to be elected, and if possible elected, without their own knowledge, and who will therefore enter upon their public duties, without being embarrassed by obligations.

2nd. To put none but Americans in office, as men born and reared upon the soil have undoubtedly the interests of the country more at heart, than those who have sought it merely as an asylum from oppression.

3rd. To oppose all influences tending to change in the least the time-honored institutions of our country, and to sustain at all risks, a universal system of public free schools, religious toleration and a thorough enforcement of all laws.

4th. To have our government, and all its officers, thoroughly republican, particularly those holding positions abroad.

5th. Economy among office-holders, but liberality in establishing and sustaining public institutions.

The above, according to the ritual, are the sole objects of Know-Nothingness. One apparent inconsistency ought to be explained. It professes to uphold religious toleration, while it prescribes Roman Catholicism for membership. In one of the "charges" this is overcome by the assertion, that the church has officially prescribed all secret associations, not entirely composed of Catholics, and that no member of that church could honestly become a Know-Nothing. And further that a large portion of the church, supported by a large portion of the membership, have assailed and endeavored to overthrow some of our "bulwarks of liberty," and that therefore, all who hold to the church must be looked upon with suspicion.

## HOW MEMBERS ARE PROPOSED.

Members are not allowed to ask persons to join the order, but proceed in this wise. Knowing that a neighbor is an American in sentiment, he proposes his name, and has him balloted for. If elected, he informs him on initiation night, of the simple fact, and asks him to go to the meeting. He will answer no inquiries as to the Order, and if the candidate refuses to go, that ends the matter. A man once rejected, can never enter the order. The recommendation of a politician is cause for expulsion, and should an officer seek to get in, and that the fact be ascertained, he is not allowed to hold office, or take any part in the business of his regiment.

## INITIATION—BEAUTIFUL CEREMONIES.

When a successful candidate signifies his willingness to enter the order, he is conducted to a convenient position near the place of meeting, by the member who proposed him. There he is kept, until a signal, known only to the members, is given from a window of the regiment headquarters. Both member and candidate then disguise themselves with false whiskers and spectacles, and proceed to Headquarters. From this we infer, that all enter the Lodge room disguised. The candidate is conducted to an anti-room, where he finds himself alone with a priest, bearing along a richly mounted cross.

"Son of the Holy Church, why darrest thou enter here? Here's lurks in every corner of the house, and the curses of the damned are upon it. Avaunt! or the fires of hell punish thee, and through all eternity thy soul shall be with the accursed. The church speaks—wilt thou obey?"

The candidate may obey, but if he does not, the officer throws off his priestly nois, and appears in the uniform of an Orderly Sergeant. An inner door opens and the guard (composed of four men in uniform and armed with muskets) enters, and fronting the candidate, or candidates, for it appears that more than one are initiated at the same time) present their bay-

onets to the breast of the candidate. The following—we copy from the ritual—then occurs:

The Orderly Sergeant swears the candidate to well and truly, and without any mental reservation whatsoever, answer such question as will be put to him.

Orderly Sergeant—Sir: (or plural if more than one)—Before you advance farther, it becomes my duty to inform you as to the objects of the Association to which you have been elected and now evince a desire to become a member. It is thoroughly national, and purely American in its character. None but those born on the soil, and those, too, who have a pride in their country's welfare, can enter here. You, sir, are well aware that the formation and growth of our country is without parallel in the history of the world. In the beginning, she presented the picture of an infant cooing for a giant, and our forefathers' astonishment to the cause of right, and that, apparent intention of sacrificing their all, even life, rather than be the slaves of a tyrant, or to add the old world with their firm devotion to the yoke of a foreign oppressor. God crowned them victors, and made them free men. Republicanism was yet an experiment in the world, when these United States were reluctantly recognized as an Independent Government by the crowned heads of the Eastern Hemisphere.

Glittering monarchs and tinseled nobles looked upon the young nation with no alarm, for they were confident that a few brief years would find these States a monarchy—its people slaves. But our wise forefathers succeeded in framing a government unequalled for its simplicity and grandeur. Under it we now stand among the greatest of the nations of the earth—and Americans are yet free! But a sad gloom has of late o'er-spread our fair land. A foreign priesthood, with foreign prejudices, and which has for centuries been the main reliance of despotism, has sought to intrude itself in our midst, disturb the tranquility of our people, and impair, if not destroy, the beautiful fabric erected by our fathers. Alas! they have been so far too successful. They have been supported by hordes of slaves, liberated from European bondage only to become the tools of a crafty priesthood in a free land, and by—the curse of Heaven rest upon the traitors—a corrupt brotherhood of politicians, which ramifies every section of our country. Already we see representatives of our government abroad taking sides with despotism, and even in our midst are found those proclaiming the most pernicious doctrines. Columbia's fair fame has been polluted and the rights of her sons trampled upon. It therefore behooves all true Americans, all who love liberty, to bestir themselves in their country's cause ere it is too late. The signs of the times call us to arms, in our country's defence, and it is in that cause, and that alone, in which we are enlisted. Do you, sir, feel like joining us?

If the candidate answers in the negative he is allowed to depart, if in the affirmative he is asked the following questions:

Where and when were you born?  
Were your parents natives of this country, and were they ever connected with the Roman Catholic Church?

Have you ever been connected with the Roman Church, or sympathized with its political doctrines?  
Do you love your country, and have you always desired the success of its institutions?

Have you ever been a seeker after public office?  
Are you willing to sink your own interests, if necessary, into those of your country?

Are you willing to most solemnly pledge your life, services and property for your country's good, if either should be demanded?

These questions answered in the affirmative, the Guards shoulder arms, and under the commands of the O. S. escort the candidate to the another room.

The O. S., the G., and the candidate then march to the inner door, where they meet the Sentinel also in uniform, and the following words are exchanged:

Sentinel—Who comes here?  
Orderly Sergeant—A Guard of True Blue, having to charge a countryman, anxious to enlist on the side of right and liberty.

Sentinel—But none can pass here who are not pledged to their country's cause, and willing to suffer as our forefathers did, for freedom and human liberty.

Orderly Sergeant—Such is he (or those) we have in charge. He has been tried, and we stand pledged for his integrity.

Sentinel—The countersign. [The O. S. gives the pass-word.] Enter, and may a traitor's curse ne'er fall upon your head.

The party then enter. That our account might be truthful and perfect, we were favored yesterday afternoon with a view of a regiment headquarters as it is when a candidate is presented, and a more sublime sight we never witnessed. The candidate enters a room but faintly lighted, yet with sufficient light to make each object distinguishable. At both ends, and in the center of each side, under canopies of the stars and stripes, are the officers of the regiment, dressed entire in the old continental uniform. The three-cornered hats, the shad-belly coats without trimming, the knee breeches and buckles, and the flowing white wigs—present a picturesque scene in the dusky light. In front of the Commandant, stands the Goddess of Liberty, erect, holding in her hand a shield, upon which is a motto, which we are not allowed to publish. Opposite her, at the other end of the room, is a tableau representing America destroying the demon of party. The members are formed on each side in platoons, arrayed in a regalia we cannot

describe, but presenting a sublime appearance.

Between the Guards, the candidate is escorted into this room. A halt is made of a few seconds, that he may have time to look about him. To the slight tap of a muffled drum, the guard then moves slowly around the hall. Every figure, save the moving guard, look like statues, so noiseless is everything. The candidate is at length taken before the Adjutant—when the following occurs—

Adjutant—Hail, countrymen, hail. Patriotic hearts welcome you here, for with such as you to aid us, our country still is safe. You are now about to pledge your all to your native land, and it is my duty to tell you that the act is no trifling one. Before high Heaven, and these, your countrymen, the solemn work must be done, and your oath will be recorded above.—And 'tis well you take it, for it may save you, and your children, from shackles, worse than those which now bind the children of men, in the old world. And when you take it, remember that it must be kept, for Columbia's sons have decreed that this [holding up a dagger] shall be the traitor's doom. Comrades, conduct our countryman to the Colonel, for obligation, instruction and advice.

To the solemn tap of a drum, the guard again move across the room, and bring the candidate face to face with the Colonel.

Colonel—(to candidate)—Are you ready for the solemn obligations of this order?  
Candidate—I am.

Colonel—Guard, to duty. [The guard point their bayonets at the Candidate's breast.] Ensign, advanced. [The ensign approaches with the colors of the regiment, and the candidate is made to kneel upon one knee, and to place one hand on a copy of the Holy Writ, and the other upon the flag of his country.] You will repeat after me the following obligation.

"Before high Heaven, and in the presence of these my countrymen, I, John Smith, do most solemnly declare that I am devoted to the institutions and government of the United States of America, which country is my native land, and that I desire them to flourish and prosper, that my countrymen and their descendants, forever may enjoy the blessings of a free government. Therefore, I do solemnly renounce and denounce all political demagogues or men who aim to live solely off of public office, let them profess whatever principles they may, and in the presence of these my countrymen, I swear that I will never hereafter vote for any such, or for any Roman Catholic for office. And I do further declare, and swear, that in voting for public officers, hereafter, my preference shall be for men born on the soil, and nominated by this order, provided they are equal in qualifications and integrity to such as may run against them. And I do further swear, that from this moment to the hour of my death I will keep sacred all the secrets of this order, and never will divulge them to any person, whatsoever, unless authorized by the authorities of the same. I further promise that if my connection with this order shall cease, or \* \* \* \* \* I will consider this oath binding to the end of my life.—So help me God."

The candidate then kisses the Bible and flag, when he is raised to his feet, and all shout "Welcome, comrade!" The Guard then escort him to the Major, who instructs him in the secrets of the order, which are not, of course, in the book.—He is then presented with what is called the "Legion of Liberty," and "Columbia's Own," which we presume contains emblems indicative of membership. He is assigned to his "mess," and informed as to who is hereafter to command him in emergencies.

The Guard then escort him to his seat, where it received with a military salute, and pronounced "one of them."

This ends the initiatory ceremonies, which are certainly beautiful and impressive.

## OPENING AND CLOSING CEREMONIES.

When the hour for opening a regiment arrives, the Colonel bids the drummer give two distinct taps on the drum, which instantly commands silence and order. He then says, "Ensign, advance!" The color-bearer takes a position in the center of the hall, with standard of the regiment. The Chaplain then come forward, and stationing himself beneath the folds of the flag, reads a portion of Holy Writ. After which the members assume an erect position, while the Chaplain flings up the following prayer:

"Most High and Ever Gracious Father of Mercies! Before Thee we again humbly appear, and crave Thy blessing. Grateful for Thy many mercies, we supplicate Thy guidance in all our acts, that we may honor Thy name, and aid glory to Thy Kingdom of Heaven. Thou, O Lord, knowest the hearts of men, and Thou knowest that in assembling here, we seek only our country's welfare, the natural rights of a free people, and the extension of pure Christianity. As Thou, O Lord, aided our fore-fathers in their first struggles for liberty, so, now, we humbly beseech Thee, be with us. Guide our counsels, and direct our action to the present and future welfare of our beloved country. We pray that Columbia's soil, its broad plains, its fertile valleys and its lovely hills, may be blessed with Thy favor's and that the people of this land may be taught to love Thee and keep Thy commandments. Hear our prayers, Merciful Father! and in righteous direct us, that we may at length be saved in Thy Kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord!" To which all respond "Amen!"

The members then all raise their right hands, and after the Colonel, say:

"In the presence of these, my countrymen, I do most solemnly repeat my adherence to the obligation I have taken in this order, and that I will not expose its existence, or do anything to

injure its success, or the well-being of any of its members."

After which, the Chaplain says: "To which pledge Heaven bear witness!"

One tap of the drum, and the members resume their seats, and the Colonel declares the Regiment ready for business.

The closing ceremonies are brief. The Major asks: "Is there any one here desirous of being absolved from the obligations he has taken in this brotherhood, and wishes to withdraw from its associations?"

If any responds, he or they are asked (under oath) why they wished to withdraw. Those reasons are recorded, and he is granted a card of withdrawal, and escorted to the outer door by the guard. At a given signal the members rise, when the Adjutant says:

"Countrymen! We are about to depart from this hallowed resort of patriotism, and enter again the mingled throng of the world. We go, I trust, much benefited by the events of to-night, and with our hearts strengthened in the holy cause of our country's welfare. And ere you go, I cannot remind you too strongly, that when you leave this hall, your lips are sealed as to the business we have transacted here. Not a whisper must be given to any one, except those connected with us in relation to this order. "A wise tongue lieth still," saith the good book, and we wish the maxim imprinted on all our hearts. Brother Chaplain, thy blessing!"

The Chaplain delivers a benediction, and the Regiment is dismissed.

## THE RED DEGREE.

The initiatory is called the White Degree, the Second the Red, and the Third the Blue Degree, all combined making the American trio of colors—the White, Red and Blue. We have given the ceremonies of the White Degree, we will now give those of the Red. A person must be thirteen (typical of the old thirteen States) weeks a member, before he can take the Red Degree. He then must be proposed by one of the Blue, and balloted for alone, by the Red and Blues.—Six black balls reject. A candidate for the Second Degree is taken "outside the camp,"—which we presume means anti-room—where he is further examined.—He is then asked some questions as to the history of our country, in which he is instructed if he does not answer correctly. He is then asked—

"Do you revere the name of Washington? Have you carefully read the Constitution of the United States? Do you desire that Constitution to remain unimpaired, and its provisions carefully carried out? Are you willing to pledge your right arm in defence of that Constitution?"

If the questions are answered in the affirmative, the candidate is examined in the "work" of the White Degree, and if he answer truly, is escorted to the door of the Red Regiment head-quarters.

Sentinel—Who comes here?  
Orderly Sergeant—One desiring the Red.

S.—The Red? We have no red coats here, for they were the enemies of our fathers. Begone, ye man of foreign prejudice.

O. S.—Nay, 'tis not a red coat we seek, but a knowledge of that undying flag, which floats so vauntingly in the flag of our country.

S.—Have you the countersign? [O. S. gives the pass-word.] Your hearts are right—enter, and Heaven help thee to keep ever faithful the patriotic vows of this national brotherhood.

The candidate enter, preceded by the O. S. The room is dark, and he is led around, now stumbling over this and then over that, but his guide keeps him from falling. Suddenly the room is lighted up and he finds himself surrounded with stacks of muskets, flags, &c. After some instructions from the Adjutant, (which are not down in the book) he takes the following obligation, standing—

"I, John Smith, do hereby pledge my most solemn word, that I will as soon as possible, learn all the exercises, necessary to make me competent for the ranks, and that I will hold myself in readiness, at all times, to defend the constitution of the United States, against all internal foes, and to defend civil and religious liberty in the land of my birth as all hazards. Free schools, a free press and freedom of speech I will ever sustain, and I will hold no companionship, unless so ordered to do—with those who hold to contrary doctrines, but will consider them as personal enemies, as enemies to the rights of man, and the will of our Creator. This obligation shall be binding to the end of my life, and should I violate it, I shall expect to be called a traitor, perjurer, and a coward by my countrymen, and as such be scouted at by all true American citizens."

Saying which, he kisses the flag, as a mark of his fidelity.

He is again escorted around the room, while the members sing:

"Hail Columbia, happy land," etc.

The candidate is taken before the Major, who instructs him in the secrets of the degree which, of course, are not printed in the ritual. Next he is conducted to the chaplain, who says:

"It rejoices my heart to see thee here, my son. There is that in every step of this brotherhood, which is calculated to draw forth all the noble feelings of the heart, and direct them into the paths of Patriotism and every Living Truth. Read carefully the lesson set before thee, and do not fail to obey implicitly the duties thou hast voluntarily taken upon thyself. [The candidate kneels, and the chaplain places his hands on his head.] And the blessings of Heaven rest upon you, and may He, who directs the storm, keep thee faithful even unto death."

The candidate is next introduced to his Captain, when the following occurs:

Captain—Are you a soldier?

## Candidate—I am.

Captain—Of the cross? [Candidate will probably filter.] Aye, of the cross, but not of the Roman one. 'Tis now a duty of yours to defend this [holding up a red cross] from all harm. You see what it is. Here at the top, in letters of gold, is "Pure Christianity," upon the right arm, "American Liberty," and on the left arm, "American Nationality," and at the base, "Freedom for the World." How unlike that cross which has pretended to defend Christianity for centuries by the most heinous crimes and merciless despotism. Here in our own beloved country, the black and the red cross must meet in deadly warfare—there is nothing congenial in them, and the one must destroy the other, ere there is peace in this once quiet land. Soldier of the Red.—Fate has appointed me to command you. If you find that I lack either courage or independence, when called to act, point your bayonet at my breast; and should I find you lacking in either, you may expect a coward's fate and a traitor's doom: Soldier of the Red! I welcome you."

The brother is then conducted to his proper position, when the "Soldiers of the Red" gather around and congratulate him.

## THE BLUE DEGREE.

We will now proceed to give the finishing touch to the new order, which is no more nor less than the ceremonies of the Blue Degree. We take it verbatim from the ritual, commencing after the lodge is opened in the degree, and after the Orderly Sergeant has been very poetically ordered to see if any candidates are in waiting:

"The Orderly Sergeant must examine the candidate thoroughly in the work of the White and Red degrees. If he should be remiss, he must be reported to the Colonel of the Regiment, and await further orders. Should the candidate answer all questions satisfactorily, the O. S. will conduct him to the Blue Entrance, and give thirteen knocks upon the door, when the Blue Sentinel will appear, duly armed, and say—

Sentinel—What means this clamor at the entrance of the Sacred Temple of Patriotism? Knowest thou not, sir, that no intruders are permitted here?"

Orderly Sergeant—True, Brother Sentinel, but do you not behold here (pointing to his insignia of office) the talisman of the Guard of the True Blue?

Sentinel—Pardon, comrade—(thou canst enter).

The Orderly Sergeant enters, when the Sentinel attempts to slam the door in the face of the candidate.

Orderly Sergeant—A friend, I have with me: a tried soldier of the Red, who evinces a desire to enlist with us. I demand that he be admitted.

Sentinel—No one enters here without the countersign.

Orderly Sergeant—(To the Colonel.) Pardon, sir, but a friend of mine, a patriot bold and true, has been stopped at the very entrance way. This to me seems strange, for it looks to my integrity, and am I not too old a member of the Guard of the True Blue, to have my word doubted?

Colonel—In protecting your honor you are right, but Sergeant you forget, that without law and order, anarchy will prevail. We have our laws and under those laws, you have entrance here, but none who are not members. So with our country. The sons of the soil, alone, have a natural right to the blessings of our government, but foreigners can enjoy them under certain rules and regulations. A foreigner cannot justly usurp the rights of Columbia's sons, and neither can thy friend enter here without the qualifications laid down in our laws.

Orderly Sergeant—But he is a soldier of the Red, and to me has vouchsafed his integrity.

Colonel—Indeed. Then convey to the Sentinel my order to admit him.

The Sentinel will then admit the candidate, and the Orderly Sergeant will conduct around the room, while the brethren sing song V. [The song is not in the book.] At the conclusion of the song the candidate must be conducted to the center of the room, when the Adjutant attired in the American (continental) dress will advance towards him and say:

"Oh! happy, happy, once were we people. Freed from foreign tyranny, united in spirit, patriotic in feeling, they wisely governed themselves, and Columbia was a bright star on the face of the earth. My mountain tops, sublime in their height, and grand in their proportions, and my valleys, unsurpassed in fertility and beauty, reverberated with the merry shouts of freemen. Oh! 'twas cheering, to see a free people united in love, so joyous and happy. Unrestrained by despotism, they surprised the world with their progress, and made monarchs tremble for fear of losing their power. I, America was happy then, but alas! 'tis not so with me now. My fair Columbia is overrun with politicians, who, taking advantage of my people's indifference, have corrupted every branch of government. They have been urged on and supported by a hierarchy, as corrupt, which seeks to destroy equality in religion, and make our fair land one of selfish power, of slavery, yea, and of misery. Silently have they worked, and O, my heart has ached to see the folly and indifference of Columbia's sons. Will they awake? How long shall it be ere Columbia's harp is taken from the willow and made to resound again, with music sweet, "the joyous notes of liberty?"

The members all say, "Now—the Guard of the True Blue is aroused."

[The Major disguised in canonicals, advances and says,

"A corrupt hierarchy indeed! Knowest thou not, young stripling, (to America) that the church which thou contemnest has stood unshaken eighteen hundred years? Suppose its rule is iron, its temper

per despotic, is it not hoary headed and does it not best know the wants of man? Besides and above, all its authority is from God, and you, or no other, can interpose your reason to the commands of the church. If you would save your soul from the everlasting torments of hell, you must listen to the only true church, and obey! Your liberty is a phantasm, and your human rights an illusion of the devil's own making. Freedom is folly of the most damning kind, and deserves, as it shall receive, the curses of the church—the only true and living church. And thou dost oppose, too, those institutions created by God himself, and from earliest history the strongest supporters of our church! I mean those which recognize kings, and princes, and men-of-noble blood to rule the more abject and degraded of the human race. These institutions are divine, and I can tell thee that they will exist throughout all time. Even here, in this accursed land, where heaven spawns its discordant elements, a king shall yet sit in State, and, aided by the church, rule in regal splendor."

The Chaplain advances, and says—

"O, thou intolerant and foolish man, who wouldst make our Creator thy author of all our sin and misery. If thou wouldst only read the pages of this Sacred book, [holding up the Bible] you would learn that God is a God of Love, and that Christianity brings peace on earth and good will to all men. But thou intolerant Priest, wouldst make our Saviour's mission one of cruelty and blood; a scourge to our race, a torment to us, wretched mortals that we are. Used as thou art, to despotism of the great cruel kind, to intolerance, and to slavish lust, 'tis no wonder that thou standest an enemy to all that is right, just and true. Upon the authority of this Book of Books, the Word of Him, who reth all things, I declare thee an enemy to both God and Man."

The Colonel then addresses the candidate—

"Soldier of the Red! Before you have been displayed the two antagonisms of the day—Despotism in Church and State, and pure christianity, combined with human rights and liberty. Already you have enlisted under the Red, but to be a member of the Guard of the True Blue, requires still greater sacrifice, and greater devotion to the principles of free government. Are you convinced and do you honestly feel, that the Romish or Papal church is anti-christian, and opposed to the principles upon which the government of these United States is founded?"

[Candidate answers.]

"Are you convinced that it is a deadly enemy to the free institutions of our country, and that it has tried, and is now trying to overthrow them, to give place to those of a despotic character?"

[Candidate answers.]

"Do you believe that the Romish hierarchy has labored in the country to accomplish its ends, through corrupt politicians and hordes of ignorant foreigners thrust upon our shores from Catholic and monarchical countries?"

[Candidate answers.]

"Do you conscientiously and honestly feel it to be your duty to battle this enemy of liberty with all the means in your power?"

[Candidate answers.]

"Are you willing to pledge yourself by solemn oath, to oppose them politically while you live?"