



*Yours fraternally,
Samuel Graves.*

MEMOIRS

— AND —

OF
SAMUEL GRAVES

— OF THE LATE —

Samuel Graves.



SAN FRANCISCO :

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DEDICATION.

TO THE FRATERNITY OF

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS,

WITH WHOM THE SUBJECT OF THESE MEMOIRS WAS ACTIVELY
IDENTIFIED FOR A PERIOD OF SIXTY-FIVE YEARS,

THIS WORK IS FRATERNALLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E.

THE record of a good man's life is like a beacon set upon a hill ; a guiding star, pointing to the goal of a laudable and virtuous ambition all who come within its benign influence. To the young, especially, no more profitable reading can be recommended than the history of one, who, from his youth upward, lived a life without reproach, and who, in all the relations of life, so "squared his actions by the square of virtue" as not only to merit and receive the approbation, respect, and esteem, but also the ardent affection, of all whose privilege it was to know him.

If long and faithful Masonic services, covering a period of sixty-five years, steadfast fidelity to principle, strict integrity of character, a pure and blameless life, and a constant practice of the Christian virtues, Charity, Truth, and Benevolence, added to a warm, generous, and unselfish Friendship, can entitle the memory of a man to the respect and esteem of his brethren, then that tribute of love and honor will be freely paid to the memory of Bro. SAMUEL GRAVES.

History and Biography are valuable only as the events narrated are true. Unless the foundation is built upon the rock of Truth, the superstructure will be like a house built upon the sand : the relentless waves of criticism will beat upon it, and it will disappear like the "baseless fabric of a

vision." The compiler of these pages obtained his material from notes and memoranda furnished by Brother Graves himself during his lifetime, and the principal events narrated therein, especially those relating to his Masonic career, have been verified by the testimony of those now living, who are cognizant of the facts.

As this book has not been written for general sale, or with the idea of deriving any profit therefrom, but more as a *souvenir*, to be distributed among those who knew and loved Father Graves—as he was affectionately and familiarly called—in his lifetime, the author makes no pretension to literary merit, but has simply endeavored to “tell the tale as ’t was told to him,” of the events in the history of a man who for eighty and six years “walked uprightly before God and man,” and who died in the hope of a “blessed immortality,” sincerely mourned and regretted by all who knew him.

“Grandly he stood in his season
When the work was to be done,
And he bore his lance like a Templar
'Neath the glare of an Eastern sun,
And he wore on his finger the signet ring
And the seal of Solomon,”

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Parentage — Schooling and Apprenticeship — James Fennimore Cooper — Journey from Cooperstown to Peterboro, N. H. — Gold Beads as a Specific for Goitre — Early Habits — Commences Business for Himself — Journey to Albany — Removal to Auburn — The Year without a Summer — The Erie Canal — Success in Business — Removal to Batavia — General LaFayette — Marriage.

SAMUEL GRAVES, the subject of these Memoirs, was born in Cooperstown, Otsego County, State of New York, on the fourth day of June, A. D. 1794.

His father, Recompense Graves, was born in the town of Walpole, near Bellows Falls, in the State of New Hampshire, about the year 1755. He was a brass-founder and gun-smith by trade, and in the latter capacity he joined the army of the Revolution. He fought at the battle of Bennington, and remained in the army until the close of the war. But little is known of his life and adventures during this critical period of our country's history, as the names of the officers of the regiment and company in which he served have been forgotten by his descendants,

and all documentary evidence of his service has been lost or destroyed. It is evident, however, that the old soldier was not oblivious to the attractions of the Commissary's department, as it is related of him that he once paid forty dollars (continental money) for a breakfast. It would be interesting to know of what that breakfast was composed and its effects upon the digestive organs, but upon this point history is silent. At all events the hardy warrior survived it, for we learn that about the year 1778 he married Miss Susannah Little, who was born in Peterboro, New Hampshire, about the year 1764.

In 1793 Mr. Graves removed to Coopers-town, New York, with his wife and five small children, leaving one daughter at the old homestead with his mother. On his arrival at Cooperstown, then only a small hamlet, he purchased a lot near what is now the center of the village, cut down the tall pines with which it was covered, and, after they were "*hewn, squared, marked, and numbered,*" they were put together by the aid of such implements as he then possessed, and thus was erected the dwelling in which their son Samuel first saw the light.

As soon as suitable arrangements could be made, Mr. Graves entered upon the pursuit of his legitimate business as brass-founder, to which he added the repairing of guns and other works in metal. He continued this business during the remainder of his life, acquiring from it a comfortable subsistence for his family. Both Mr. and Mrs. Graves were pious and God-fearing people, members of the Presbyterian Church, and all the children except one were baptized in that faith at the same time by the Rev. Mr. Lewis of Cooperstown. The moral and religious education of the children was carefully attended to, and it was the custom of the good and pious mother, on every Sabbath afternoon, to call her little flock around her and instruct them in the "long and short Catechism," found in the old "Seabrook Platform."

Mr. Graves died in 1819, leaving his wife and eight children — four sons and four daughters — to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and a kind and indulgent father. These eight children all lived to mature age and were all blessed with children of their own. The mother lived to see all her children reach the age of manhood and womanhood, and, at the age

of sixty years, she fell a victim to a prevailing epidemic which, in many instances, swept away entire families. She had two brothers in the revolutionary army; one a surgeon, the other a chaplain. The chaplain, whose name was Walter Little, was, after peace was declared, called to take charge of a Presbyterian parish in the city of Lansingburg; and, for some reason connected with matters of property, was induced to change his name to Fullerton.

Of ten children born to his parents, Samuel was the ninth; two having died in infancy. His early opportunities for obtaining an education were exceedingly limited. The country was comparatively new and sparsely settled; the primitive red man still roamed the forest in that region, and, as Bro. Graves quaintly expresses it, "cared more for scalping a white man than for improving his mind." For three or four years, — from eight until nearly twelve years of age, — he attended the village school, taught by Mr. Orlando R. Cory. The curriculum at this institution of learning, as may well be imagined, did not embrace any great variety of educational branches, but the "three R's" *

* Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic.

were diligently and impressively taught by the aid of that indispensable adjunct to old-fashioned studiousness, the time-honored birch. These few years in the public school, to which may be added about six months after he had arrived at the age of twenty-one years, comprise all the educational advantages which Bro. Graves ever enjoyed: he was emphatically a self-made and self-taught man.

At the age of fourteen years he was bound as an apprentice to the firm of Graves & Nichols, the senior partner being his elder brother, Jesse Graves. This firm carried on the business of watch-making and manufacturing jewelry, and here Bro. Graves had the benefit of instruction in the art of working the precious metals by skilled workmen from the older cities of the United States and Europe.

The occupation being a congenial one, he made rapid progress; entering with all the enthusiasm of his nature into the study of his chosen profession, he lost no opportunity for acquiring information, and watched with avidity the details of every operation, ambitious to excel in all that he undertook. Being blessed with a retentive memory and good powers of

imitation, he seldom required to be twice instructed in one operation ; but having seen the work once performed, he would never rest until he had mastered its details and successfully accomplished it as a whole. So much engrossed was he in his employment that he seldom allowed himself time to indulge in the sports and recreations common to youths of his age, but if he required any relaxation from labor, he would take a solitary stroll for the benefit of out-door exercise and to improve his mind by study and reflection.

Of the exhilarating amusement of skating, Master Samuel was particularly fond ; and, in the winter season, the glassy surface of the lake, nine miles in length by about two in breadth, afforded him and his young companions ample scope for indulgence in their favorite pastime. Among those who often joined the merry throng upon these skating frolics was the since celebrated novelist, James Fennimore Cooper, from whose family Cooperstown derived its name. Of him Bro. Graves says : “ He was the most graceful skater I ever saw ; being tall and slender in form, he was exceedingly active, and, while skating, would cut the

initials of his name in the ice with the greatest ease."

The longest vacation taken by Samuel during his apprenticeship was occupied in escorting his mother on a visit to *her* mother, whom she had not seen for more than twenty-five years. This journey, from Cooperstown, New York, to Peterboro, New Hampshire, a distance of more than two hundred miles, was no light undertaking for a lady, whose only escort was a boy of fifteen years, and especially when we take into consideration the corduroy roads and primitive vehicles of that period. Yet, notwithstanding the many difficulties to be overcome, it was safely accomplished, and they returned to their home without any serious accident befalling them.

In this incident is exemplified the energy, intelligence, and fertility of resource which characterized Bro. Graves throughout his long and eventful life. As the details of that journey are interesting, we will give his own graphic description of them. He says : —

" We left Cooperstown in August, 1809, in a one-horse carriage and arrived in Albany at noon of the third day, having traveled about

sixty-six miles. From there we proceeded to Lansingburg, where my youngest brother was living, and also my mother's youngest brother, Walter, who was minister in charge of the First Presbyterian Church in that city. We remained there over Sunday, and on Monday morning we left for Walpole, passing through Hoosac and Bennington, at the base of the Green Mountains, where a decisive battle had once been fought, and we felt great interest in viewing the grounds, as my father and two uncles had taken an active part in that battle.

“After a short visit to this place, we departed for the town of Brattleboro. Our road led over the mountain by a steep grade, three miles in length. The weather being very warm, we were obliged to stop several times to rest our wearied horse, and when about half the distance was accomplished, we stopped to examine a very large birch tree, under which, we were informed, a man, who many years ago attempted to cross the mountain in the winter time, was found frozen to death. In consequence of this fatal incident, the tree had become an object of interest, and the names of several hundreds of travelers who had passed that way had been cut into the

bark of the tree, some of them as high as a man could reach by standing erect upon a horse's back. Several other trees in the vicinity had been covered with names in like manner, and I was about to add my name to the number when my mother discovered a man approaching us, and hurrying me down, I lost an opportunity of immortalizing my name, and our equine motor received a sudden impetus on the road to Brattleboro, where we arrived about sunset, having accomplished only about twenty miles during the day; and a hard day's work it was. Here we rested during the night.

“ On the following day, we traveled for several miles near the banks of the Connecticut river, and were much amused at the different styles of fences presented to our view. Some fields were entirely surrounded by pine stumps, whose formidable roots, all turned outward, formed an impenetrable barrier to the predatory incursions of trespassing cattle; others were enclosed by stone walls, the material for which had been gathered from the land to make room for the seed, and had been erected by hands which perhaps, but a few years since, had been engaged in doing battle to secure the independence of our Nation.

“ Near the close of that day, we crossed the Connecticut River near Bellows' Falls, in the village of Walpole, where we passed the night with some of our relatives, and gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity for rest afforded us, after a long and tedious journey of about two hundred miles. In those days, a journey of that length was attended by more hardship and annoyance, and occupied more time, than is now experienced in a trip across the continent.

“ On the following morning we found our way to the well known 'Graves' Farm,' situated about one and a half miles east from Bellows' Falls, on an eminence overlooking the village of Walpole. This farm, consisting of one hundred and sixty acres, was purchased by my grandfather in its wild and uncultivated state; but now, how striking the difference! The virgin forest had given way to cultivated fields and orchards abounding in various kinds of fruit trees, while the rude cabins of the pioneers were replaced with substantial farm-houses, barns, cider-mills, etc.

“ My grandfather's name was Aaron Graves, and at the time of our visit he was ninety years of age, and apparently in the enjoyment of good

health. His son Samuel carried on the farm, and, I believe, continued to do so during his lifetime.

“After a visit of about ten days to our relatives at the old homestead, refreshed and recuperated by rest and the hospitable fare characteristic of the ‘Old Granite State,’ we again proceeded on our journey to Peterboro, a town about thirty miles distant, on the direct road to Boston. On our way we passed through the town of Keene, a lively little village, where we tarried a short time to refresh ourselves and give needed rest to the faithful horse, who had thus far borne us securely on our way. While looking about the town a little, we encountered a gentleman of an inquiring turn of mind, who, with a laudable (?) ambition for the acquisition of knowledge, proceeded to interview us after the traditional Yankee method. ‘Where did you come from? Where are you going? What kind of folks are living away out there in the wilderness? A’int the Injuns very troublesome? and, what d’ye call that kind of carriage way out there in York State?’ were questions propounded in rapid succession, and which I answered to the best of my ability, and, bidding our inquisitive friend

good-bye, we resumed our journey, and after about two hours of travel we arrived at the farm where my mother was born. Here we found my mother's mother—a lady whose hair was bleached by the snows of eighty-eight winters—seated at the loom, busily engaged in plying the weaver's shuttle in the manufacture of a coarse hempen fabric, used for the purpose of covering the kilns in drying hops. My uncle, who was many years younger than my mother, had charge of the farm, and was largely engaged in raising hops for the Boston market.

“My father had a younger brother, Abner by name, living in Cooperstown, who died in 1820, and his son, Calvin Graves, was one of the directors of the Cooperstown Bank.

“My maternal grandfather I know little of; he died several years before the Revolution. We remained a few days at the old homestead, after which, rested and refreshed, we set out upon our return. We stopped at Walpole and Lansingburg, where most of our relatives resided, and at the latter place we were joined by my youngest brother, who had been spending some time with an uncle who resided there. After remaining a few days at this place,

we diligently prosecuted our journey home, and arrived safely in Cooperstown, after an absence of six weeks. We found our friends all well, and glad to welcome us back after our long and tedious journey."

Thus ends the record of a journey which few boys fifteen years of age, at the present day, would feel themselves competent to undertake, or, at all events, there are few ladies who would now set forth upon a journey of more than four hundred miles, through a wild and sparsely-settled country, with such an escort.

After a few days' rest, Master Graves again took his place in the workshop, and was employed in the manufacture of gold beads, an article of jewelry which the superstition of the time had invested with a peculiar charm, as they were believed to be the only effectual remedy for the "goitre," an unsightly swelling of the throat, now seldom seen in this country, but still common in the mountains of Switzerland. The fear of disfigurement by the repulsive "goitre," and the faith reposed in gold beads as a preventive, created a brisk demand for the shining spheres, and the jewelers were very careful not to discourage the belief in their efficacy as a remedial agent.

When Master Graves had served some three years of his apprenticeship, he had made such progress in the jewelers' art that he was enabled to earn considerable amounts by over-work ; that is to say, after the usual day's work required of a journeyman was accomplished, he would be paid journeyman's wages for all work over the required task. For instance, to make one set of silver tea-spoons was accounted as one day's work, while two days were allotted to a set of table-spoons ; one string of gold beads occupied one day in their manufacture, and other articles were considered in like proportion. When our apprentice had performed his allotted task he was at liberty to dispose of the remainder of his time as he pleased, and, being industrious and frugal, he chose to remain in the factory and earn what he could by extra labor, rather than spend his time in profitless amusement. The price at that time for making a set of tea-spoons was one dollar, table-spoons two dollars, etc. This, it must be remembered, was before the introduction of machinery into the manufacture of such articles, and every article of that kind was made by hand.

As Mr. Graves progressed in the knowledge

of his art he became more and more attached to it, and labored diligently to make himself proficient in all its branches. He looked upon the tools with which he wrought with pride and almost with affection, regarding them as faithful friends through whose instrumentality he received present maintenance and hoped for future competence. He bestowed the greatest care upon them and never desecrated them by putting them to other than honorable and legitimate uses.

It was his invariable custom, during his apprenticeship, to rise early in the morning and proceed to the workshop, where he would employ himself for about an hour and a half before breakfast, walking nearly a mile to obtain that meal, which act of pedestrianism, being repeated twice daily, gave him considerable out of door exercise. At six o'clock, P. M., his day's work proper was ended, but it was his custom to return to the workshop after partaking of the evening meal, where he would labor until eleven o'clock on extra work. He would then retire to his much-needed rest, usually carrying home with him a box in which were packed some seventy-five or one hundred

watches, having no fear of being robbed or molested. Only six hours of the twenty-four were devoted by him to sleep, the remaining eighteen being spent in active labor or in the improvement of his mind by reading and study. In this way he faithfully served his apprenticeship of seven years, terminating on the fourth day of June, 1815. Upon a final settlement with his employers, he found himself in possession of something over three hundred dollars, and with this capital he commenced business for himself in Cooperstown, where he was born, and the boundaries of which he had seldom crossed. In this business he continued for one year, at the expiration of which a friend of his, Roger Haskell by name, a saddle and harness maker by trade, having decided to remove his business to Auburn, a growing vilage situated about one hundred miles west of Cooperstown, proposed to Mr. Graves to close up his business in the latter place and seek, with him, in the former, a more extended field of enterprise. After consulting with a young man named James Fitch, between whom and Mr. Graves a partnership had been negotiated, they decided to accept Mr. Haskell's proposition, he offering to

let them have a part of his store, which would cost but little to fit up for their business.

Before going to Auburn, Mr. Graves proceeded to Albany to replenish his stock of goods, and on his return, bidding good-bye to his friends and neighbors, he took his departure to seek his fortune among strangers.

The description of his journey to Albany and afterwards to the scene of his future labors, and his struggles to obtain a foothold in business there, will be given in his own words.

He says : " We left Cooperstown for Albany on the nineteenth day of June, 1816, in an open wagon, that being the only mode of conveyance available, and for fellow-passengers we had the pleasure (?) of the company of the sheriff and four guests of the commonwealth, who, having involuntarily accepted the hospitalities of the State, were being escorted to the institution in such cases provided for their future (dis)comfort, and to secure them against the attacks of Indians and wild animals which at that time abounded in its more unsettled localities. This institution was called the New York State Prison, and was, at that time, the only penitentiary in the State, and was located in the city of

New York, near where Canal Street now terminates on the North River side.

“ I well remember the morning we left Cooperstown, for, although we had reached the middle of the first month of summer, the ground was covered with snow six inches deep, and, when the sun rose and melted the snow, the corn, which had grown to the height of from two to six inches, was blackened and withered as if swept by a storm of fire. Forest and fruit trees shared the same fate throughout a large extent of country, and on the evening of that memorable day, fires in the houses were as necessary to comfort as if the season had been mid-winter. This phenomenal weather prevailed during the entire summer season, and extended throughout the United States. Frost appeared in the Northern States to a greater or less extent in every month of the year, and crops, in many instances, were entirely destroyed by it. Corn was a total failure in all the Northern States, and throughout the Eastern States but little ripened sufficiently to serve for seed. A few farmers were fortunate enough to have kept over a portion of the previous crop, but the bulk of seed had to be obtained

from the Southern States at the price of two dollars and fifty cents per bushel of sixty pounds, and even at that price it was difficult to obtain.

“The potato crop also failed, and many cargoes were imported from Ireland, and, upon their distribution through the country, the people would cut out the eyes for seed and use the remaining portion of the tubers for food.

“The year 1816 will long be remembered as the year without a summer ; and this abnormal condition of things was attributed by scientists to the spots upon the sun, which in that year were so distinct that they could readily be discovered with the naked eye, and by using a piece of smoked glass their sizes, shapes, and number could without difficulty be traced and determined. The air had a chilly feeling, similar to that experienced during the total eclipse of the sun in 1806, when, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the fowls went to roost and the cattle sought shelter as at night.

“The weather gradually improved as the spots disappeared from the sun, and the time of scarcity was succeeded by a season of abundance. So great was the yield in cereals during the three years immediately succeeding the

scarcity of 1816-17, that wheat, which in those years readily commanded \$2.50 per bushel, was sold in any quantity at thirty cents per bushel. I remember a reply made to my partner by a Mr. Underwood, in 1819, who was asked if he was not buying too much wheat. He answered: 'I will buy wheat as long as I can find thirty cents to pay for a bushel.'

"The principal reason for this great decline in prices was, that every farmer exerted himself to raise the largest possible quantity of grain, believing that high prices would continue to rule. This was a great mistake, for the quantity produced was far more than sufficient to supply the local demand, and as no facilities by canal or railroad at that time existed to convey the surplus to market, — to use a California expression — grain naturally 'tumbled to bed-rock prices.'

"The means of transportation, however, were not long delayed. By the energy, enterprise, and perseverance of De Witt Clinton, then Governor of New York, aided by the efforts of Humphrey Howland, of Scipio, a canal was projected to connect the waters of Lake Erie with those of the Hudson River. The proposed

canal was to be three hundred and sixty-three miles in length, and by its means a direct channel for freight and passenger traffic would be opened between Buffalo and Albany. The first advocate of this stupendous project was Jesse Hawley, who, in a series of articles published in 1807-8, under the *nom de plume* of 'Hercules,' set forth the feasibility and great importance of the enterprise. The work was not commenced, however, until 1817, when it was pushed with great energy until its completion in 1825, and on the second day of November of that year the consummation of this great work was celebrated by the firing of cannon along the whole line of the canal, from Lake Erie to the Hudson, each gun being so stationed that its echo was taken up by the next, and the sound was thus continued along the whole line. I was at that time Superintendent of the Arsenal at Batavia — having been appointed to that position several months previously — and received orders to fire a salute of one hundred guns on that day, commencing at meridian. It is needless to say that the order was cheerfully obeyed."

At the time of Mr. Graves's arrival at Au-

burn, accompanied by his partner, seeking an opening for the establishment of their business, he was twenty-two years of age, possessed of a fine physical organization, strong constitution, and robust health. The excesses and dissipation too often indulged in by young men of the present day had no attractions for him ; the teachings of a good and pious mother had shed their benign influence upon his nature, and, like good seed sown upon fertile soil, brought forth an abundant harvest of good qualities which, in after life, as in his younger days, won for him the respect and esteem of all with whom he came in contact.

In figure he was somewhat slender, but well and firmly knit, straight as an arrow, measuring five feet and ten inches in height, and weighing one hundred and thirty-two pounds. He was industrious and frugal in his habits, and, to use his own words, " had neither time nor inclination to cultivate idle or vicious practices."

There were two persons in Auburn at the time of Mr. Graves's advent, engaged in the business of manufacturing and repairing watches and jewelry. Upon these artisans our young adventurers called, and, introducing themselves,

made known their intention of establishing themselves in the same line. The first upon whom they called expressed his willingness, somewhat sneeringly, to have them try the experiment; but the second, an aged Quaker, said: "Wal, boys, I think thee has driven thy pigs to a poor market." Two years afterwards jeweler No. 1 had sold out his business and gone to farming, and the venerable *Friend* who had so tersely expressed his lack of confidence in the pig market was glad to find employment with the new firm.

The aforesaid Quaker claimed to have made the first watch manufactured in America, and Mr. Graves said he had reason to believe that the statement was correct. The name of this ancient horologer was Peter Fields.

Mr. Graves continued to do a successful business in Auburn until 1824, when he was induced to close out and remove to the town of Batavia — a change which he subsequently had reason to regret as a financial failure.

In the summer of 1825 General La Fayette, accompanied by his son, passed through Rochester, on his way to New York. The municipality of Rochester gave a public entertainment in

honor of the distinguished visitors, to which Mr. Graves was invited, and was introduced to La Fayette as a brother Mason. He was also introduced to the younger La Fayette and a companion who traveled with them but whose name is not given. Of this entertainment Mr. Graves says : —

“The Mayor of Rochester presided at the head of the table, and on his right sat General La Fayette, his son, and traveling companion. The tables were loaded with the luxuries of the season, and after the cloth was removed speeches were made by the Mayor, General La Fayette, and others, and the utmost good feeling prevailed.”

Mr. Graves was married on the twenty-third day of May, 1819, to Miss Polly Bostwick, daughter of the late William and Hannah Bostwick, of Auburn. The marriage was solemnized in St. Peter's Church at that place, the Rector, Rev. Lucius Smith, formerly of Litchfield, Connecticut, officiating on the occasion. They were the first couple ever married in that Church, and also the first couple ever united in the bonds of wedlock by the Rector. The ceremony was performed during divine service

in the afternoon, and attracted much attention, as marriages in churches at that day were something of a novelty. The other churches were closed on that afternoon, and St. Peter's was crowded to its utmost capacity. The bridesmaids were Misses Hannah Terry and Philura Bostwick, and the groomsmen were William W. Bostwick and John Porter. The marriage proved to be a most happy one, and for fifty-seven years this model couple rejoiced in each other's joys and aided each other in bearing the burdens of life. Ten children were born to them: three died in infancy, two died at a later period, and five — three sons and two daughters — are now living.

CHAPTER II.

Initiation into Freemasonry — Exalted to the Royal Arch Degree —
Elected Treasurer of Auburn Chapter — Created a Knight Tem-
plar — A Royal and Select Master — The Morgan Excitement —
The Mob at Batavia.

IN June, 1815, being just twenty-one years of age, Mr. Graves petitioned Otsego Lodge, No. 138, Free and Accepted Masons, for the degrees of Masonry. This he ever considered as one of the most important acts of his life, and one which gave a coloring to all his future career. He was duly elected, and in July following he was initiated an Entered Apprentice Mason. He received the degrees of Fellow Craft and Master Mason soon after, and in the month of October of the same year he was exalted to the sublime degree of Royal Arch Mason in Otsego Chapter, No. 26, by Companion Sprague, who for several successive years held the office of High Priest of that Chapter. Bro. Graves proved himself to be no holiday Mason, but immediately applied himself to learning the work of Masonry, and before

the close of his first Masonic year he had become so proficient that he was qualified to fill any position in Lodge or Chapter. During the same year he was elected Treasurer of Auburn Chapter, (now David's) No. 34, which office he held until his removal to Batavia in 1824. He united with Batavia Lodge and Chapter, soon after taking up his residence in that town, and held office in both until his return to Auburn in 1827. He received the Order of the Temple in 1825, in Genessee Commandery, No. 10, then located at Leroy, but since removed to Lockport, N. Y.

As there was no Council of Royal and Select Masters in the vicinity of Bro. Graves's residence, he had no opportunity of obtaining those degrees until 1830, when they were conferred upon him in the city of New York.

- The year 1826 was an eventful one in the history of Freemasonry in the United States. The alleged abduction of William Morgan by members of the Order, and the mystery and uncertainty attending his fate, created an excitement unprecedented in the history of Masonry, and which, for a long time, threatened the most disastrous consequences. The original spark of

excitement was fanned into a flame by certain political demagogues, who saw in this agitation an opportunity of advancing their personal and political interests by the creation of a powerful political party whose watch-word was to be Anti-Masonry.

In order to insure the success of their plans they diligently circulated the most absurd and damaging reports concerning the nature and objects of Freemasonry ; reports, the very absurdity of which would, under ordinary circumstances, have been sufficient to crush their originators beneath the scorn and contempt of a community whose intelligence they had so grossly insulted ; but, in times of public excitement, there is no extremity of folly to which the credulity of the ignorant masses may not be led by skillful and unprincipled manipulators.

For a long time success attended the efforts of these iconoclasts, who would fain have destroyed the noble fabric, made venerable by ages of honorable existence, and in whose archives are preserved the names of thousands whom the world has delighted to honor. Persecution became rife in the land ; each new report was seized upon with avidity and exaggerated by the

ignorant rabble, until the time-honored name of Freemason was held up as a synonym for all that is vile, wicked, and contemptible. The very bonds of society were disrupted ; father was arrayed against son, brother against brother, and wife against husband. Even the sanctuary of the Most High was prostituted by those who professed to be His ministers, and used as a means of persecuting those whose only offence was that they were Masons. The names of Masons were withdrawn from the jury-box in the Courts, and they were pronounced by these fanatics unworthy to hold any office or position of trust or profit.

In the midst of all this turmoil and excitement the Masons of Batavia determined to celebrate the anniversary of the nativity of Saint John the Baptist, on the twenty-fourth day of June, 1827, by a public procession and banquet. When this intention became known, the wildest excitement ensued ; the Anti-Masonic party declared that no such celebration should be held, and threatened with death any Mason who should have the temerity to appear in public, clothed in Masonic regalia. The Masons, however, confident in the justice of their cause,

were not to be intimidated, but persisted in their purpose to celebrate the day.

On the evening preceding the celebration, crowds of excited men began to arrive from the adjacent towns and villages, and during all that night and until ten o'clock the following day the mob continued to increase. They came in every description of vehicle, on horseback and on foot, and were armed with every conceivable weapon, from guns, pistols, swords, and knives, to clubs, rocks, and hoop-poles. The situation was a critical one, and many feared that riot and bloodshed would result from the appearance of the Masons on the street. All these hostile demonstrations, however, struck no dismay to the hearts of that gallant and determined band, who knew their rights and dared to maintain them. They assembled quietly in their Lodge-rooms, and at eleven o'clock, promptly, Bro. Graves, who was Marshal of the day, gave the order to march, and, clad in the full costume of a Knight Templar, and mounted upon a coal-black charger, he took the head of the procession. The aspect of the mob was threatening, and, in the words of Bro. Graves, was "well calculated to intimidate any man or body of

men who lacked unbounded faith in the justice of their cause." As the procession moved on, the rabble set up a deafening yell like a legion of savages let loose ; but, as the determined men who formed the procession showed no signs of fear or faltering, the mob gave way before them, still hooting and yelling, but not a gun was fired, and, although some few stones were thrown, no one was injured thereby.

As the procession approached the park where the exercises were to be held, the proprietor informed the mob that not one of them would be allowed to enter, and this resolution being adhered to, the brethren concluded their exercises and partook of their banquet without molestation. Having accomplished their object, the procession re-formed and returned to the Lodge-rooms, the Lodges were closed, and the members dispersed quietly to their homes.

Thus ended this notable event in the Masonic history of our country — an event which at one time threatened the most disastrous results, which were only averted by the cool and dauntless bravery of Bro. Graves and his associates. The least sign of faltering or indecision would have precipitated the cowardly crew upon them,

and, had the blood of one Mason been shed on that occasion, the consequences would have been fearful indeed.

The writer has often listened to Bro. Graves's account of his participation in this affair, and it was a pleasure to witness the fire of enthusiasm which lighted up the features of the grand old man as in his modest and unassuming manner he recounted the incidents of that memorable day.

CHAPTER III.

Dr. Crandall's Account of the Celebration of Saint John's Day at
Batavia, June 24th, 1827.

BRO. JOHN R. CRANDALL, Past Senior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of California, was a resident of Batavia during the Anti-Masonic excitement and witnessed the procession we have described.

Before the death of Bro. Graves, who was a warm friend of Bro. Crandall's, the latter had commenced an article for publication, prompted by one of the many nonsensical statements relative to the disappearance of William Morgan which appear from time to time in the journals of the day.

Upon the death of Bro. Graves, however, Bro. Crandall, hearing that the biography of his old friend was to be published, kindly delayed the publication of his article and placed his manuscript at the disposal of the writer.

Being the testimony of a living witness, and graphically describing scenes and incidents with

which the subject of these memoirs was intimately connected, it becomes doubly interesting, and the writer gladly avails himself of the author's permission to embody it in this work.

Bro. Crandall says :—

“As many men know, or profess to know, all the circumstances attending the alleged abduction of William Morgan, and do not scruple to state falsehood as truth, as was the case in a recent statement made for effect, to wit : that, in the spring of 1827, the body of Morgan was found and recovered from the mouth of ‘Oak Orchard Creek’—I am induced to make and publish the following statement—

“First, by way of inquiry, where is Morgan ?

“Over half a century has passed since this inquiry was first instituted. No individual has ever lived for whose fate such an *apparent* interest has been manifested, without any *real* interest in the individual being felt.

“William Morgan was a man of humble birth and circumstances, by no means remarkable for intelligence, a brick mason by trade, rather genial than otherwise with his fellows, but of no marked ability, yet circumstances have rendered his name prominent and his history almost as universal as Masonry itself.

“But why, after this lapse of time, and the opportunities for inquiry presented without complaint or opposition on the part of the Masonic Fraternity, is the subject still agitated, as we perceive it is, by occasional articles in the various periodicals and journals of the day? If it be with the hope of making ‘innovations in the body of Masonry,’ the

folly of such a course is apparent ; if to resurrect and resuscitate the old political Anti-Masonic Party, the effort will prove fruitless.

“ In the western part of the State of New York, in the village of Batavia, resided one William Morgan, who, in the month of September, A. D. 1826, was arrested and charged with the crime of petit larceny, said to have been committed at Canandaigua, a town situated about fifty miles east of Batavia. From this place, Morgan is said to have been taken — as the records of the court will show — to Fort Niagara for trial, (real or pretended we know not); from thence he was taken by night, since which time his fate has been a mystery.

“ The parties directly concerned in the abduction were shown to be few in number and were most of them personally known to the writer, and these persons were subsequently subjected to a rigid legal investigation, and all those who were known to be directly or indirectly connected with the transaction were tried, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment, and, without interference on the part of their Masonic brethren or friends, served out the full term for which they were sentenced.

“ Here, in all fairness and candor, all complaint should have ceased and all controversy ended. The Anti-Masons cared nothing for Morgan or his fate, except so far as it afforded them a pretext for agitation and material for giving vitality to the political Anti-Masonic Party. But for this reason, and this only, peace and quiet would have prevailed. But no : this golden opportunity must not be lost ; the aforesaid party had become vindictive, aggressive, dictato-

rial, and were determined to push matters to extremities. But why refer to this party? Its history is a recorded disgrace to its leaders and a source of mortification to its adherents.

“ In the following spring, viz., 1827, a new element was furnished to stimulate the activity and enhance the animosity of the Anti-Masonic Party, creating the wildest excitement, the most fearful apprehensions, and fanning the smouldering embers to furnace heat. Men started with astonishment when the announcement was made that the body of Morgan had been found and was being conveyed to Batavia for identification and interment. Up to this time the fate of Morgan had been a subject of speculation; but now all doubt was about to be removed.

“ Pending this controversy, I had become disgusted with the reckless, indiscriminate course pursued by the Anti-Masonic Party, and had dared to express an opinion condemning their acts; and from thenceforward I was denounced as a ‘ Jack Mason.’

“ I am free to confess that I felt deeply interested in the coming developments, and at once determined personally to witness the examination.

“ In due time a body arrived, followed by a Mrs. Monroe and several of her neighbors, who resided on the banks of ‘ Oak Orchard Creek,’ some fifty or sixty miles west of Batavia.

“ On the examination, Mrs. Monroe stated that her husband had been engaged the winter previous in chopping wood, and, while so engaged, would cross the creek on the ice. Being suddenly missed, search was made, when it

was determined that he had fallen through the then melting ice and was drowned. This, I think, was near the mouth of said creek, which discharged its waters into the Niagara River.

“In the spring, a body was found near the mouth of said creek and recovered. The Anti-Masons had so far committed themselves as to have already declared that Morgan was drowned by the Masons in Niagara River, above the mouth of Oak Orchard Creek.

“When the recovery of the body was announced, the Anti-Masons assembled and demanded it as the body of Morgan, and were in sufficient numbers to take it by force and bring it triumphantly to Batavia, followed by Mrs. Monroe and her neighbors, who were intimate acquaintances of her late husband and with the circumstances attending his death.

“The body was deposited in the yard of Dr. John Coates, fronting his house, and he was requested by all parties concerned to take charge of the examination.

“The body was laid upon the grass plat, the head near the front fence, upon which I secured a seat near and directly opposite to the remains.

“The body was past identification, owing to its swollen and discolored condition. By measurement it was found that its stature corresponded with either that of Morgan or Monroe. But at this point of the investigation a doubt occurred from the following fact: It was well known to the citizens of Batavia that Morgan was a bald-headed man, while it was announced by Mrs. Monroe and her friends that Monroe had a full head of hair. The head of the deceased had more hair upon it than Morgan had, and much

less than had Monroe. To reconcile this discrepancy, in the one instance it was contended that the hair had grown from its long exposure to the water; in the other, that the action of the water had removed a portion of the hair, and each party was satisfied with its own theory of the case.

“We now come to a strange feature in the case, developed by further examination. It was known and conceded that Morgan had what is termed double teeth entire, while Monroe was favored with a similar dental development.

“Up to this time no satisfactory progress had been made in the attempt to identify the body. The teeth were found upon examination to be as described, but this proved nothing.

“Mrs. Morgan, a lady of intelligence and culture, had up to this point entertained grave doubts as to the body being that of her husband, but now she became suspicious that Mrs. Monroe and her friends were attempting to deceive her, and expressed the opinion that the body was that of her husband.

“It is difficult to imagine the excitement at this announcement, and more difficult to describe that mysterious feeling which seized upon and electrified that vast assembly. Men became at once suspicious of each other, and all confidence was destroyed.

“At this juncture the two women were examined separately. First, Mrs. Monroe was interrogated with reference to any mark or scar that might be found upon the body, to identify it as that of her husband, to which she replied, that if upon the removal of the boot from the right foot, a scar did not prominently appear, made by an axe passing through the foot, at the same time dividing the large toe about in the

centre, she would lay no further claim to the body as that of her husband.

“Mrs. Morgan was then interrogated, especially upon this point, and there was a manifest fairness and candor on the part of the two ladies at this time, Mrs. Morgan conceding that this was a satisfactory test.

“While the boot was being cut from the foot, the most profound silence prevailed, and anxious solicitude was apparent on the part of the contending factions, as if the fate of a nation depended upon the result.

“The foot had not become materially swollen, owing to the compress of the heavy boot, upon the removal of which, the scar was plainly perceptible as described by Mrs. Monroe. Dr. Coates pursued the investigation, even to the amputation of the toe, which, for aught I know, may still remain a relic in his Cabinet.

“This examination served to satisfy the most incredulous that the body found was that of Monroe, and by common consent it was surrendered to Mrs. Monroe, and by her taken to her home for interment.

“Not a doubt as to the identity of the body was entertained by Mrs. Morgan or her friends, and yet to this day, men are found who assert that the body referred to was the body of William Morgan. We may pity their ignorance while we despise their folly.

“Here allow me to say that Mrs. Morgan was a lady of superior intelligence. She at once comprehended the situation, and while financial aid would have added to her comforts and those of her interesting daughter, if she ever received such aid, even to the value of one cent, from her pretended, anti-Masonic friends, I failed to learn the fact

from her in any subsequent interview. She regarded the Anti-Masonic Party as strictly political, and as unmindful of her or her interests, except so far as those interests tended to serve their personal or political purposes.

“ Mrs. Morgan was subsequently united in marriage to a citizen of Batavia, Mr. George W. Harris, who became a proselyte to the Mormon faith, and was one of the chosen few selected by Joe Smith, the founder of the Mormon Church.

“ Harris removed from Batavia to Nauvoo, but after the assassination of Joe Smith in the jail at Warsaw, Ill., he removed with his family to Terre Haute, Indiana, where I spent a night with them in April, 1835.

“ In June, following the abduction of Morgan, the Masonic Fraternity proposed to meet at Batavia with the view of celebrating the anniversary of St. John the Baptist.

“ From the number who appeared, the notice must have been extensively circulated, and met with a ready response, as the representation was large.

“ When the determination of the Masons was made known, the anti-Masonic excitement increased, producing the wildest confusion and the most determined opposition. All this, however, did not deter the Masons from their purpose ; many of them appeared in the village on the day preceding the celebration, and on the 24th, (St. John's Day) the Anti-Masons commenced at early dawn to make their appearance in great numbers, coming in wagons and on horseback, armed to a great extent with fire-arms and green hickory clubs.

“ The crowd was immense, and loud threats were made by them to murder from the first to the last man, all who

dared to appear in Masonic regalia upon the street, and any attempt to form a procession would be at the peril of life.

“Meanwhile the Masonic Fraternity had assembled at the different halls of the town as if to await the result. At last it became the general opinion that the Masons had considered discretion the better part of valor, and had abandoned any attempt to accomplish their purpose.

“During this suspense the mob swayed to and fro as if anxious for a conflict, and furious at their disappointment; when, as if by magic, appeared amidst the excited, turbulent mob, a valiant Knight, mounted upon his coal black steed, clad in full regalia, and ready to do or die. It was the most daring and determined, yet modest and unassuming spectacle conceivable. The scene was indescribable. I have passed my seventy-second milestone on life’s pathway, but that scene is as vivid in my mind as if it occurred yesterday. A peaceable, quiet, modest, unassuming citizen in the discharge of a conscientious duty, beset by a furious mob.

“Who is there to-day, I ask, will assume the responsibility of this dastardly act, or offer an apology for an offence which, for contemptible meanness, is without a parallel in history? The gallant and determined Knight moved on through the surging throng, his noble steed bearing him in triumph to the halls where were assembled the various Masonic Bodies, Lodges, Chapters, and Commanderies, who now take up their line of march up Main street, three-fourths of a mile to the grounds of Johnson Goodwell, where they entered to partake of a collation prepared for them.

“A portion of the mob followed the procession, striving to impede its progress, uttering the most horrid impre-

cations, and spitting upon them, as they yelled, 'Where is Morgan? you d——d murderers, where is Morgan?'

"The mob followed them to the gate of the enclosure, when the Marshal arrested their further progress.

"The brethren in due time returned in good order to their respective halls, and were dismissed.

"Do the Masons of the present age ask if the persecution here ended? By no means. This was but the initiatory act; the beginning of the mischief perpetrated by the Anti-Masonic Party in their insane struggle for political ascendancy.

"The labor on all buildings then in process of construction, intended for Masonic Halls, was suspended; in some instances Lodges were closed for many years, and Masonic labor ceased. One Lodge-room in the central part of the State of New York was closed, and the key given to the Tyler with the strict injunction neither to enter himself, or allow any other person to enter until the members of the Lodge were again convened. Under this rule the Lodge room remained undisturbed, and when the brethren were again assembled, they entered, and found their furniture and paraphernalia undisturbed, and laden with the dust of fifteen years; no sound of gavel during all that time having disturbed the silence that reigned supreme within those walls.

"Should this meet the eye of Rev. Bro. O. C. Wheeler, of Oakland, he will be able to corroborate this statement.

"But why add to the volume of these transactions? The persecutions that followed the abduction of Morgan, for which act but few were guilty, and those few have suffered the penalty of the deed, were visited upon the whole Fraternity.

“I have extended this narrative to a greater length than I at first intended, yet much more might be written of those troublous times.

“Before closing, however, I must answer the question which will naturally arise in the mind of the reader, viz.: Who was the man who risked his life in the cause of Masonry? Does he still live? Alas! No. Since this article was commenced he has passed to that ‘bourne from whence no traveler returns.’

“His death so affected me that I determined to withhold the foregoing statement from publication. He was the only living man to whom I could refer as to the correctness of *all* the facts here set forth. Others are living who may or may not be cognizant of them, but I have no knowledge of their whereabouts.

“That good man, Samuel Graves, Grand Bible Bearer of the Grand Lodge of California, was he, who, at the risk of his life, so heroically led the Masons on that eventful St. John’s Day. He has gone to his reward, and ‘the places that knew him on earth, will know him no more forever;’ yet I see him now as I saw him, bravely defying the raging mob fifty-five years ago. He is not in the grave confined; death cannot chain the immortal spirit :

“‘Let earth close o’er its sacred trust,
 But goodness dies not in the dust;
 Though to a fairer land thou’rt gone,
 There let me hope, my journey done,
 To see thee still.’”

CHAPTER IV.

Account of the Celebration of St. John's Day at Batavia, by Colonel Frederick Follett.—A Novel Initiation.

THE following account of Morgan's abduction, and the incidents of the celebration of St. John's Day at Batavia, has been kindly furnished by Col. Frederick Follett, an aged Mason and contemporary of Bro. Graves, and heretofore mentioned as associated with him in the organization of Salem Town Commandery.

Bro. Follett was one of the marshals on the day of the celebration, and took an active part in the proceedings, as the following story will show. He says :—

“The twenty-fourth day of June, 1827, is a day long to be remembered, indeed never to be forgotten by those who were residents of Batavia in the year named.

“William Morgan, a stone-mason by trade, but a drunkard by habit, was a resident of Rochester, by choice, but became a resident of Batavia by force of law, he being placed ‘*on the limits*,’ as it was termed in those days; that is, he was not allowed to leave certain prescribed limits until

his debts were paid. Being utterly impecunious, and not likely from his dissipated habits to accumulate more funds than were actually necessary to keep himself supplied with his usual stimulant, the prospect of his protracted residence in Batavia was more certain than agreeable to the worthy inhabitants of that village. He soon became acquainted with two residents of Batavia, one a printer, the other a wagon-maker, whose habits and dispositions were congenial with his own ; and this trio of worthies, in their bacchanalian orgies, imagined that they saw visions of wealth looming in the distance through the exposition of the secrets of Freemasonry. This idea once firmly rooted in their minds, they at once applied themselves to its accomplishment. Morgan, fresh from his mortar, bricks and stone, was duly installed as scribe, and, with the assistance of his colleagues, finally completed the work. The world knows the result. Like all preceding attempts in that direction, it was an utter failure, and served only a brief period to cater to the morbid curiosity of the multitude.

“ In the meantime, however, certain misguided and over-zealous Masons,—whose conduct the Order never has and never will sanction,—took it into their wise heads to remove Morgan from the scene of his literary labors. He was arrested on a warrant charging him with stealing a shirt, and taken from Batavia on the tenth day of September, 1826, and conveyed to Canandaigua. His ultimate fate has been, and probably will ever continue to be, an impenetrable mystery.

“ Out of this transaction originated the notorious Anti-Masonic Party, which for so many years controlled the political destinies of western New York, and sundered with

ruthless violence the social, moral, and religious relations of entire communities.

“The anniversary of St. John the Baptist (June 24th, 1827,) was near at hand, and the propriety of its celebration in the usual manner was earnestly discussed in Lodge, Chapter, and Encampment, in each of which bodies I was a member. It was opposed by many good and influential members of the Order, who deemed it imprudent, in view of the excited state of feeling in the community, to make any public Masonic celebration. For my own part, I was in favor of holding the usual celebration. It had ever been the custom in former years, and to omit it now would imply a consciousness of guilt on the part of the Fraternity which could only inure to its detriment. The Masons as an Order had done no wrong. If individuals connected with it had committed a crime, it did not follow that Masonry was to be held responsible for it, any more than the Church should be held responsible for the derelictions of her individual votaries. I had committed no illegal act, and I was neither afraid nor ashamed to celebrate, in public, the day set apart in honor of our patron saint. After strenuous opposition on the part of a portion of the membership, it was finally decided that the celebration should take place.

“It would be well to state for the information of those not personally conversant with the events of those days, that the abduction of Morgan created the most intense and bitter feeling against the Masons. No matter how blameless a man's life may have been, no matter how exalted his station or how upright his walk, the fact that he was a Mason was sufficient to stigmatize him as a murderer and ostracise him from society.

“By many it was believed that the day, if celebrated as proposed, would be made memorable by rioting and bloodshed, and so positive were they of this result, that many of the Masons who opposed the celebration quietly left the town for safer quarters. But this did not dishearten or deter those who had determined not to succumb to the popular prejudice. Hon. George Hosmer, at that time a distinguished lawyer, residing at Avon, Livingston County, was selected as Orator of the Day, and Johnson Goodwell and myself as Marshals.*

“When it became known to us on the evening of the twenty-third that hundreds of armed men had arrived in the vicinity and had taken up their quarters in the woods near the town, and that from midnight until morning large accessions had been made to their numbers, until between five thousand and six thousand non-residents had been added to the population, I must confess that matters assumed a somewhat ominous and threatening aspect. We had gone too far, however, to recede, and I cannot say that any desired to recede; but firm in purpose and relying upon the justice of our cause, we quietly completed our preparations.

“On the morning of the twenty-fourth the town was thronged with an infuriated mass of humanity, wild with excitement and evidently bent on mischief. The Masons had assembled at two hotels in the village—the Master Masons at the ‘Eagle,’ the Royal Arch Masons and Knights Templar at the ‘American.’ The hour arrived for the pro-

* There is a discrepancy here, which can only be reconciled by the supposition that Bro. Graves acted as Marshal for the Templars,—a fact indubitably established,—and that Bros. Goodwell and Follett marshaled respectively the Master Masons and Royal Arch Masons.—ED.

cession to move, and, proceeding to the quarters of the Master Masons, after getting them in marching order, we proceeded east, occupying the sidewalk on the southern side of Main street.

“The mob, for it could be called by no other name, now became demonstrative, and loud threats of vengeance upon the ‘murderers of Morgan’ were heard on every hand. It was with the utmost difficulty that the line was preserved unbroken, so great was the pressure. Our course led us past the printing office of David C. Miller, the friend and coadjutor of Morgan in the publication of his nefarious work. Here the first serious demonstration on the part of the mob took place. The stones and brickbats flew around our heads like angry bees; two or three grazed my head, for, being mounted, I made a prominent target. The missiles flew wild, and no damage was done except to the windows of the stores and houses along the route. Having reached a point opposite the American Hotel, we halted, in order to receive the Royal Arch Masons and Knights Templar. At this point the fury of the mob burst forth with ten-fold violence; the Royal Arch Masons and Templars, in crossing the street to take their places in the line,—their robes of office and regalia showing them to belong to the higher branches of the Order,—added fresh fuel to the flame already burning fiercely in the breasts of those infuriated (and many of them intoxicated) individuals. With curses and imprecations they shouted, ‘these are the d——d rascals who murdered Morgan’—‘down with them’—‘kill them;’ and rushing upon the line with the fury of wild beasts, they succeeded in breaking it, and for a time created the utmost confusion. Here every Mason did his duty and proved himself a man.

By peaceful methods, and by preserving a dignity, firmness, and forbearance which reflected great credit upon them, they succeeded in again forming the line, and the procession proceeded on its way.

“Nothing of special moment transpired, although the Masons were closely followed by the mob, which greeted them with yells and curses at every step, until the procession reached a point directly opposite the office of Hon. Phineas L. Tracy, who was well known as an anti-Mason, but was no advocate of mobocracy. That gentleman came forth from his office, bareheaded, his gray locks streaming in the wind, and taking a position directly in front of the surging mob, with hands upraised he exclaimed, in a loud voice, ‘Men ! friends ! fellow-citizens ! For God’s sake stop where you are. You know not what you are doing ! The taking off of Morgan is a crime, and the guilty parties will be punished. The Masons, if they see fit, have a right to celebrate this day, and in trying to prevent them in this manner you are also guilty of violating the law and lay yourselves liable to punishment. Turn back, then, I beseech you, and let the day end in peace.’

“But this manly and well timed appeal was unheeded, and had no more effect than if addressed to a band of Camanche Indians upon the war-path. The procession moved on and the hooting mob still followed. When opposite a point where the Richmond mansion now stands, Col. Goodwell called me to his side for the purpose of consulting me upon a point connected with the ceremonies of the day. After conversing a few moments I discovered that he was very pale and inquired if he was ill. He replied ‘no ; but look ! we are gone !’ I did look, and found that we were surrounded

by three or four hundred savage and desperate looking men, armed with knives and other weapons, and apparently only too ready to use them.

“ I whispered to Col. Goodwell, who, by the way, was no coward, to follow me closely, as I thought I could find a way out of the difficulty ; at all events it was our only hope. Fortunately I was mounted on a powerful and high spirited horse, and, suddenly wheeling him around, I endeavored to break through the ranks of our assailants, but without success. My horse was immediately seized by the bridle on either side, while several of the rioters seized me by the legs, shouting, ‘ get off, you d——d scoundrel, and let Morgan ride.’

“ The situation was a critical one, and whatever was to be done to extricate us from our peril must be done quickly. In the excitement of the moment I raised my sword for the purpose of freeing myself from the grasp of the ruffians who held me, when I remembered that the striking of a blow on our part would prove the signal for our speedy death, and changing my tactics, relying upon the strength and spirit of my horse, I plunged the rowels of my spurs deep into his flanks. With one mighty bound he plunged forward, and freeing himself and me from our captors, scattered them right and left and opened a passage for our escape, of which we were not slow to avail ourselves.

“ No further attempt at violence was made, but the mob still followed, shouting curses and execrations. When the entrance to the grounds of Col. Goodwell was reached, the procession was halted, and he addressed the mob as follows :

“ ‘ The grounds upon which we are about to enter belong to me ; they are private property, and any man who enters

unbidden to-day is a trespasser, and I will prosecute him to the full extent of the law.'

"The procession then moved through the large gate into the orchard, where the exercises of the day were to be held. Only one man out of that vast mob of five or six thousand had the temerity to disregard the Colonel's admonition. This fellow sprang over the fence, but in alighting, had the misfortune to come in contact with the closed fist of the Colonel's brother, Taylor Goodwell, a 'muscular Christian,' who immediately proceeded with the ceremony of his *initiation*, and when this was accomplished, he looked as if he had had a protracted interview with *Jubelum*. When released he lost no time in placing a respectable distance between himself and the danger of further advancement in Masonry, and the ceremonies were concluded without other interruption.

"It has been frequently proclaimed that the citizens of this country are a law-abiding people; that, although the masses may sometimes become excited, and in their frenzy commit unlawful acts, there is, nevertheless, an underlying respect for the law which will, in most instances, restrain the wildest mob.

"This was strikingly illustrated when Col. Goodwell proclaimed his determination in the brief address above quoted. Here was a mass of men, gathered from the industrial classes, farmers, mechanics, and laborers, acting under a high pressure of excitement, and ready upon the slightest provocation to commit deeds of violence, even to the shedding of blood; yet when they were warned by one having the right to enforce the penalty of an infraction of the law, their turbulence was hushed as if by a miracle. Quietly they retraced

their steps, and, after expending their wrath at a meeting held in the Court House, dispersed to their homes, leaving the village and the Masons in peace and quietness.

“I have thus endeavored to give you, in as brief a space as possible, an account of the leading incidents as they transpired at the celebration of St. John’s Day, June 24th, 1827, at Batavia, N. Y.

“Respectfully yours,

“FREDERICK FOLLETT.”

CHAPTER V.

Masonic Persecutions — Statement of Rev. O. C. Wheeler — Emigration to California — Incidents of the Voyage — Yellow Fever — Passage through the Straits of Magellan — Arrival in Talcahuana — Earthquakes — Valparaiso — Panama — Arrival in San Francisco.

THE bitter persecution of Masons by the Anti-Masonic Party continued for several years with a virulence and relentless vindictiveness that threatened the existence of the Order in the United States. The abduction of William Morgan by a few obscure and misguided fanatics was made the pretext for a general denunciation of the entire Order, and Masonry was proscribed and anathematized throughout the land. Members of the Anti-Masonic Party would not trade or hold any business relations with a Mason; their children were forbidden to associate with, speak to, or even to attend the same school with the children of Masons. Efforts were made to disfranchise them, and clergymen who were Masons were forced to renounce the institution or surrender their parishes. Even so great a statesman as John

Quincy Adams directed all the energies of his powerful mind to the destruction of the Order. But all in vain. Under the pressure of so great a persecution, some of the weaker members did publicly renounce their connection with Masonry, and many others, for a time, retired from active participation in Lodge duties and affiliations. There were others, however, whose faith in the institution and its beneficent principles no obloquy could change or persecution shake. These stood firm as a rock against all the attacks of the enemy, and bore the brunt of battle with unflinching courage. Miss Margaret Smith, of Chicago, a former resident of Batavia, and a daughter of the Rev. Lucius Smith heretofore mentioned, in a letter to Bro. Hiram T. Graves, giving some information concerning those troublous times, says: "I remember well the anxiety of my mother and your's concerning the safety of our fathers during that fearful excitement, and the history of our times will hardly record a period of greater excitement or civil injustice than those times in Batavia afforded. I remember that, so dangerous was it for Masons to consult with each other that Mr. Frank Towner, now a resident of

Geneva, Illinois—then a young and enthusiastic Mason of Batavia—when he wished to consult with my father, would come at night, creeping in at the back door in his stocking-feet for fear that, by being discovered, he might compromise my father.” Such was the tornado of excitement which swept over that region at the time of which we write. The grand old Masonic tree bent to the storm, losing some of its branches in the turmoil, but its roots were too firmly imbedded in the genial soil of Fraternity and Brotherly Love to be upturned ; and, when the tempest had spent its fury, it again sprang erect in all its grandeur, and flourished all the more luxuriantly for the severe pruning to which it had been subjected.

In the statement of Bro. Crandall he refers to Rev. Bro. O. C. Wheeler as one who would be able to verify certain portions of his narrative. Since that statement has been in print we have seen Bro. Wheeler, and he has kindly furnished us the following extract from a lecture delivered by him before the Masonic fraternity in the city of Sacramento, on the twenty-fourth day of June, 1852 :—

“A few years since an excitement was commenced in the State of New York, which, like a raging conflagration, gen-

erated and gathered to itself the necessary element to fan and increase its flame, until the whole land was swept with a perfect tornado of fire, leaving the very ashes thereof a prey to a blighting, withering mildew. By it were swept into oblivion or consumed the strongest political compacts, the oldest mercantile associations, the most endearing ties of social intercourse. Yea, even the sacred precincts of the Church were invaded, and its holiest rites prostituted to scenes little better than the reckless rantings of an infuriated mob. Her best, her purest, her most venerable 'Priests and Levites,' Bishops, Pastors, and Deacons, were compelled to renounce, denounce, and anathematize this institution, or suffer excommunication.

"The appellation 'secret society' was sufficient to demoralize any organization and consign it to double infamy. How under all this did Charity act? Let a single case, similar to thousands, answer. Go with me to the quiet village of Syracuse, in the State of New York, in the dark year of '28. 'Military Lodge' is in session. Their charter, on our right, bears the names of Jacob Morton, Grand Master; Edward Livingston, Deputy Grand Master; and Daniel D. Tompkins, Grand Secretary. Upon its list of members you see the names of some of the strongest men who have honored the judicial bench or legislative halls of the Empire State, or represented her in the Councils of the nation. But this desolating scourge—this pestilential effluvia—this poisonous ichor—has bespread and diffused itself through the whole community.

"'What shall we do?' is the question on the tapis. It has been discussed freely, fully, and at great length. But look! That venerable man, clad in the emblems of high

official station, rises to speak. Every heart beats low, and every eye rests on him. He commences thus: 'Brethren, now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity; but the greatest of these is Charity. Brethren, follow after Charity. The time has come to test the practical strength of this our cardinal virtue. Let us close this room, trusting to the justice of our covenant-keeping God for a day when we can again open it without offense to those we love, who now hate and persecute us, not knowing what they do.'

"The vote is taken without another argument, and passes without a dissenting voice. The Bible, that 'great light' of Masonry, lies open on the altar; the gavel on the Master's desk, the charter hanging on the wall, and all the other implements, regalia, jewels, books, records, curtains, chairs, and inkstands, are left in their places. Those brethren, in solemn veneration, bow and offer prayer for themselves, the Craft they love, and their persecutors. And now in silence they withdraw, and lock and bolt their door. Time rolls on. That venerable brother sleeps with his fathers, and his compeers, one after another, are laid by his side, and the wave of fiery desolation sweeps the last green blade from their turf-covered tomb.

"Twenty-three years have passed. Patience has had her perfect work, and Charity is unchanged. The old men have passed away, and the young ones have become old. A few still live, and, leaning upon their staves, go up to their former temple to worship. The bolt moves at the touch of that unused key; the door creaks upon its rusty hinges, and they again, with uncovered heads and in solemn silence, enter that room and bow again in prayer, where no human foot has trod for near a quarter of a century. But *there* they

find every article just as it was left ; and use the very ink, of the same old bottle to sign the petition for a new charter, and commence the record of proceedings in the same book which chronicled the closing resolution in 1828."

Bro. Graves was one of the gallant band who stood bravely by the standard of Freemasonry during all those trying times. Conscious of the justice of his cause, with a firm and abiding faith in the purity of the principles and teachings of the institution he loved so well, he never wavered or faltered in his allegiance to it, but, regardless of consequences to himself, when the fires of persecution burned hottest, he gloried in the title of Free and Accepted Mason, and took no pains to conceal the fact.

The result, to him, was disastrous, pecuniarily. When the crusade against Masonry was inaugurated, Bro. Graves was conducting a prosperous and remunerative business in Batavia, in the manufacture of jewelry and silverware, and also as a dealer in stoves. He was agent for the house of Yates & McIntyre, of New York, and his prospects for a successful business career looked bright and flattering. But alas for human hopes and anticipations! the cloud of Anti-Masonry rose in the horizon, at first "no bigger

than a man's hand," but soon, gathering force and strength, it swept like a tornado over the land, and the financial bark of Bro. Graves, like those of many others, went down in the storm. He was obliged to close out his business in Batavia as best he could, and return to Auburn, where the demon of the hour held a more limited sway.

About the year 1836 the anti-Masonic excitement had materially abated, and many of the Lodges, Chapters, and Commanderies resumed their labors. With joyous greetings the brethren once more gathered around their long deserted altars: the outer doors were again tyled, and again the sound of the gavel was heard in the East.

From this time Masonry rapidly regained its prestige and influence; the Anti-Masonic Party was riven asunder by the antagonistic forces of its own incongruous elements, and was buried in the rubbish of its despicable origin; and the faithful few who stood firm in the hour of trial, had soon the proud satisfaction of seeing their beloved Order occupy a more exalted position in the estimation of the world than ever before. The fiery furnace through which it had

passed had purified it from the dross, and the fine gold only remained.

During the long Masonic career of Bro. Graves he was called upon to occupy many important and responsible official positions, all of which he filled with credit to himself and honor to his brethren ; and, after forty years of continuous service, he was unanimously elected a life member of his Lodge, Chapter, and Commandery, by which act he was forever exempted from the payment of dues.

About the year 1840, being then High Priest of David's Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, No. 34, he was commissioned by the Grand High Priest to organize a new Chapter at Port Byron, N. Y., and to install its officers ; and shortly afterwards he received a similar appointment from the same Grand Officer to organize and install the officers of a new Chapter at Waterloo, which duty he performed, and at the latter place he conferred the Royal Arch degree, after the ceremony of constitution was concluded.

In the Summer of 1848 Bro. Graves determined to organize an Encampment* of Knights

* Bodies of Knights Templar, now styled Commanderies, were at that time called Encampments.—ED.

Templar in the City of Auburn, but, upon inquiry, he ascertained that there were but two resident members of the Order, beside himself, in that place, and one of these objected to signing the petition. Nothing daunted, however, Bro. Graves determined not to relinquish a project which he had set his heart upon without an effort to accomplish it. With characteristic promptitude and energy, he drew up a petition to the Grand Encampment of New York, asking for the establishment of a new subordinate Encampment at Auburn, to be named "Town Encampment," and nominating for Commander, Rev. Salem Town, D. D., LL.D., of Aurora ; for Generalissimo, Samuel Graves, of Auburn ; and for Captain General, Frederick Follet, of Batavia. He then went to Aurora and obtained the signature of the Reverend and venerable brother whom he had nominated as the first Commander of the new body, and whose name with the Masons of New York was a household word, he being a companion and co-worker with those brilliant lights in Masonry, Morton, Livingston, Lewis, Tompkins, Van Rensselaer, and DeWitt Clinton.

Having obtained this important signature,

Bro. Graves next affixed his own name, and immediately proceeded to Batavia, where he found Sir Knight Follet, who also signed the petition. Six more names were required, and in order to obtain these Bro. Graves traveled by stage to Waterloo, Syracuse, and Utica, a distance of several hundred miles, defraying his own expenses, and intent only upon the accomplishment of his object.

Success attended his efforts ; the requisite number of signatures was obtained ; the petition was granted ; the new Encampment was organized and its officers installed, and at the Annual Conclave of the Grand Encampment held in June, 1849, a charter was granted it, and it was numbered 16 on the registry. It is now one of the most prosperous Commanderies in the State of New York.

At the Annual Conclave above mentioned, Bros. Graves and Town were both in attendance. Bro. Graves was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Credentials, and Bro. Town was elected Grand Prelate of the Grand Encampment, a position to which he was regularly re-elected for many years thereafter, although his advanced age and feeble health prevented his

attendance for several years previous to his death, which occurred on the twenty-fourth day of February, 1864.

In 1856 Bro. Graves, in order to identify more fully his Commandery with the distinguished brother whose honored name it bore, introduced a resolution in the Grand Commandery, changing the name of Town Commandery to Salem Town Commandery, by which name it is now designated.

In 1850 Bro. Graves concluded to follow the example of many of his neighbors, who, by a trip to the "land of gold," had sought to improve their pecuniary prospects. Accordingly he proceeded to New York, and on the ninth day of April of that year he embarked on the steamship *Northerner*, Capt. Randall, for San Francisco. There were only eight passengers in the cabin, including Bro. Graves, and the price paid for passage was four hundred dollars. Of these eight passengers, three were ladies, who by their presence, conversation, and music greatly relieved the tedium of the long voyage.

Upon their arrival at Buenos Ayres, three of the passengers — two gentlemen and one lady — left the ship, which reduced the little circle to

five. The steamer remained at this port sixteen days, taking in coal and fresh provisions, and this delay, although somewhat vexatious to passengers filled with impatience to set foot upon the golden shores of the new El Dorado, they took advantage of to make excursions into the surrounding country and visit such points of interest as were available.

Their next stopping place was Pernambuco, where they were forced to remain for the space of three weeks, while the steamer was undergoing repairs and replenishing her stores of coal, provisions, and water.

Bro. Graves's impressions of this city and its surroundings will be best given in his own words.

He says: "The long delay at Pernambuco gave me an excellent opportunity to ride about the country, to observe the manners and customs of the people, and to see the tropical plants, trees, and fruits flourishing in all their native luxuriance.

"Upon one occasion we rode about twenty miles into the country, when we came to a stream of water some seventy feet wide, which we crossed by means of a wire suspension bridge, at an elevation of about fifty feet above

the heads of numerous *lavanderas*, (washer-women) who were busily plying their vocation in the water below, and making the air ring with their songs and merry laughter. They were evidently washing all the clothes belonging to them, as they wore none visible to the naked eye. For soap, they made use of a bulbous root which grew in the water, and which appeared to be an excellent substitute for the real article, as the surface of the stream was covered with foam caused by its energetic application to the material under process of purification.

“From the balcony of the ‘*Tienda*,’ where we halted to rest, bathe, and refresh ourselves, could be seen groves of orange, banana, and cocoanut trees, among which troops of monkeys were sporting, regardless of the proximity of those whom, if they had studied Darwin, they doubtless regarded as brethren in a more advanced stage of development. It was interesting to watch their antics, and study the peculiarities of our remote ancestors (according to Dr. D.) in the unrestrained freedom of their natures. Some of them were quietly dozing beneath the grateful shade of the broad banana leaves ; some were regaling themselves with the rich, ripe fruit;

while others,—heads of families, no doubt,—would climb the lofty cocoanut trees with an agility perfectly astounding, and, plucking the succulent nuts, would throw them to the ground, to be gathered up by their companions and conveyed to some place of deposit for future use.

“ By invitation of the Captain, I accompanied him one day to the office of the American Consul at Pernambuco, and was surprised and delighted to recognize in that official an old acquaintance and brother Mason, the Hon. — Silenus, of Charleston. The recognition was mutual, and we enjoyed a good long chat upon the days of ‘auld lang syne’ and ‘auld acquaintance’ ne’er to be forgot. During my stay in Pernambuco he procured a meeting of the Lodge for my benefit. I was introduced to the officers and members, and treated with that courtesy and hospitality which Masons in every clime know so well how to show to brethren from abroad. It was a most enjoyable occasion, and, although ignorant of their language, of a different country and a different creed, yet all understood the language by means of which a Mason makes himself known to his brethren wherever dispersed, and all bowed the knee to the same

Great Architect and Preserver of the Universe. After the Lodge was closed a banquet was served in princely style, to which all did ample justice, and this is one of the most pleasant reminiscences of a tedious voyage.

“During my sojourn here I witnessed a very interesting ceremony. Many years ago an elevated chapel was erected upon the apex of double arches, springing from the four corners of two of the principal streets, which crossed each other at right angles. These arches were built of solid masonry, so firmly cemented that it was with the greatest difficulty the stones could be separated. In this chapel were preserved many sacred relics and images of saints, and these it had been determined should be removed to another shrine, for the purpose of removing the obstruction caused by the arches. A large procession was formed, at the head of which walked a number of priests bearing these sacred relics and images, and along the route of the procession, any scoffer or heretic who refused to uncover his head and kneel while their holinesses were passing, was forced to do so by officers stationed for that purpose.

“While we remained in Brazil the weather

was excessively warm, and frequently heavy showers would occur without a moment's warning. The chief engineer of the Northerner and his assistants were employed in a machine-shop on shore upon portions of the machinery that required repairs, and in going to and from their work, heated with exercise, they were frequently subjected to a cold bath from these showers, and, in consequence of this exposure, they took cold and were attacked by yellow fever. On the third day after our departure from Pernambuco the unfortunate engineer died, and soon after two others were also stricken down by the same insidious disease, and they also soon found a last resting place in the mighty Atlantic. About a week after these poor fellows were consigned to the deep, I was also stricken down with the disease, but, owing to good attention, a strong constitution, regular habits, and the blessing of God, I was confined to my berth only six days. This was the first time, in my recollection, that I had been confined a day by sickness since I was six years old, at which time I had the small-pox.

“ We entered the Straits of Magellan just before sunset and anchored in Possession Bay,

near the entrance of those Straits, in seven fathoms of water. The Captain had not allowed for the great rise and fall of the tide at this point, (forty feet) and at 6 o'clock on the following morning we were astonished to find our vessel hard and fast aground, and a few hours later, her bows were elevated so far above her stern that it was difficult to stand on deck without holding on to something for support. The returning tide, however, set us at liberty late in the afternoon without our having suffered any serious damage, and weighing anchor, we soon got into deep water, and as it was dangerous to proceed through the Straits in the darkness, the Captain determined to keep afloat, with just headway enough to keep the ship under command, rather than anchor again in such treacherous waters. At daylight we again proceeded on our voyage, and about nine o'clock A. M. a terrific snow squall came on, filling the air with the flying flakes so thickly that objects could not be discerned at a distance of half the ship's length. These squalls are termed 'Williewaugh's' in these latitudes, and are very severe and dangerous, particularly to sailing vessels. During the presence of this unwelcome visitor the speed of

our vessel was slackened, for nothing could be seen but the drifting snow, or heard but the howling wind, when suddenly a concussion, which jarred the heart of each one of us into his or her mouth, conveyed to us the disagreeable assurance that we had '*struck something at last.*' The engines were reversed, but without effect, and the treacherous squall soon passing away, we found that we had run upon a sunken reef, with such force that it was impossible to extricate the vessel from her perilous position until the returning tide should float us off.

“As the tide fell we could see on each side of her bow huge rocks ; and, had she struck five feet to the right or left of the position in which she lay, she must have been scuttled and sunk at once. This was a narrow escape, and when the tide rose and floated us off without injury, our hearts were filled with gratitude to our Heavenly Father, who had delivered us out of such fearful peril. After this experience none of us desired to cultivate the further acquaintance of ‘William Waugh,’ but were always willing to give him a wide berth.

“On the evening of that day we arrived at Port Famine, a Chilian penal colony, which

derived its name, as I was informed, from the fact that, more than a hundred years since, some Spanish priests, who were making their way to the Pacific Coast for the purpose of establishing missions, left a small company at this point, with provisions sufficient to last them for a few months, when they proposed to return and replenish their stores and establish a permanent mission, from which the Gospel might be spread among the adjacent Patagonian and Terra del Fuegan aborigines, who inhabited these inhospitable shores. By some oversight the little colony was neglected or forgotten, until all its unfortunate members perished from starvation ; hence the name Port Famine.

“ The Chilian Government maintains a small military force there, for the purpose of holding possession of the country and guarding the criminals who are doomed to exile in this Siberia of the South. We visited some of the houses occupied by the prisoners, and found them to be low cabins, constructed of timber and rough boards, with no floor but the ground, no chimney or convenience for cooking that we could discern, save a dirty iron kettle, which was placed

upon four stones in the center of the only room, and under which a fire was smouldering, the smoke from which escaped from a hole in the roof. A more revolting picture of squalid misery could scarcely be imagined. In this single room were congregated men, women, and children ; pigs, cats, and dogs, all eating and sleeping in an atmosphere reeking with foul odors, equalled in vileness only by the fearful scents of our own Chinatown.

“ We were glad to bid farewell to this God-forsaken place, which we did at ten o'clock P. M., and at five o'clock on the following morning we reached the western extremity of the Straits and entered the broad Pacific, thankful for our escape from the dangers which had so nearly proved fatal to us.

“ Our first greeting by the great Pacific was by no means in accordance with its name. A fearful gale was blowing, and the worst sea of the voyage was here encountered. Our decks were swept and our cabins flooded ; everything movable was dashed hither and thither from one side of the vessel to the other, and many an involuntary trip was made in quick time across the cabin by luckless passengers who failed to

secure themselves to some permanent object. In the stateroom occupied by one lady the water was nearly a foot deep; the door by some means had become jammed, so that she could not open it, and her wild shrieks for help and passionate inquiries to know if she was to be left to drown there alone, added to the general confusion and terror. She was soon released from her uncomfortable situation, and aside from a few bruises no one was injured. The gale continued with more or less violence through the day, but during the night it abated, and, putting on a good head of steam, we were soon beyond this region of tempests, and making good headway towards Talcahuana, our next port of entry.

“The Bay of Talcahuana is the seaport of the city of Concepcion, one of the principal cities of the Republic of Chile. It is situated in latitude 36 deg. 49 min. south, longitude 72 deg. 50 min. west, and contains a population of about 20,000. The city is located about five miles from the harbor, and although its streets are neat and clean, and the climate healthy, it presents a somewhat insignificant appearance from the fact that the buildings are all of one story on account of the earthquakes which are prevalent and

severe. In 1730, the city, which was then located on the shores of the bay, was entirely destroyed by an earthquake, and several thousands of its inhabitants lost their lives. A large portion of its site sunk, and the waters of the bay now flow forty feet in depth over its ruins. In 1835 another destructive earthquake leveled it with the ground, and another fearful loss of life testified to the terrible power of the *temblor*. Notwithstanding these discouraging misfortunes, the city was again erected on its present site, and although frequently shaken to its foundations, owing to the strength and peculiar construction of its buildings, no serious damage, involving great loss of life, has since occurred. The city has also suffered much from frequent raids by the Araucanian Indians, a fierce and warlike tribe, who inhabit the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the neighboring Andes.

“We reached the entrance to Talcahuana harbor in the evening, and as we had only the light of the stars to guide us, we were obliged to proceed cautiously under a low head of steam. We entered without accident, however, and dropping our anchor, retired to dream of luscious fruits and cooling beverages on the morrow.

We had scarcely resigned ourselves to the 'arms of Morpheus' when a terrible concussion, accompanied by a harsh grating sound as if the keel of our vessel was rubbing upon the rocks, aroused every sleeper. A general rush was made for the deck, not even the ladies stopping to comb their hair or adjust their apparel. At first we were at a loss to understand what had happened; the ship lay quietly in the same position as when we retired, and there was no visible cause for the disturbance. We were soon enlightened by an 'old salt'—it was 'only a bloody earthquake'—which was nothing in this 'blarsted country;' and with this meagre explanation we were forced to remain content until the morning, though few of us, I believe, slept much during the remainder of the night.

"At daylight we were all stirring, and after partaking of a hasty breakfast, several of us went on shore, and procuring horses, rode into the city to witness the effect of the shake. We found that several brick buildings had been thrown down, but so far as we could ascertain, no lives had been lost; so that the assertion of the old sailor, that it was a '*bloody* earthquake,' was not sustained by the facts.

“On this excursion we saw the ruins of several large buildings which had been destroyed by an earthquake many years ago. They remained just as they fell—not a brick had been disturbed—although in many instances large masses had fallen into and obstructed the street; yet so strong is the superstitious feeling of the people against interfering with the work of the earthquake spirit, that, rather than remove them, a roadway was constructed around them, and they were suffered to remain as monuments of the *temblor's* power.

“We also witnessed, on this occasion, a funeral procession, which to us was a novel method of conducting such services. The body was placed upon a bier, covered only with a white cloth, and decorated with flowers. The bier was borne upon men's shoulders, and after them came the relatives and friends of the deceased, many of whom appeared to bear their loss with a good degree of equanimity, as they unconcernedly talked, laughed, and smoked their *cigarritos* on their way to the cemetery, where the body of their friend was to be committed uncoffined to the earth.

“After remaining here a few days we departed

for Valparaiso, where we spent a week in coal-ing and replenishing our stock of provisions and water.

“ We here found the officers and crews of some vessels that had been wrecked in the Straits of Magellan, and who had been rescued and brought to this port by a Chilean vessel. We took them on board, and having completed our supplies, we got under way for Panama, which was to be our next stopping place.

“ On our passage from Valparaiso to Panama we were several times disturbed by alarms of fire, one of which threatened for a time the most serious results. . The fire originated in the coal-bunkers, and when first discovered it had made its way into the state-room of a passenger who had for some time been ill and unable to leave his berth. The alarm was immediately sounded, and for a short time the greatest confusion prevailed. Some of the crew rushed for the boats and attempted to lower them for the purpose of leaving the ship, but these cravens were immediately beaten back by the officers; order was restored, and after an hour of organized effort on the part of the officers and crew the ship was declared out of danger; but I will venture to

say that sleep visited the eyes of few on board the steamer that night. Fortunately we had but few passengers, otherwise some lives would have been lost in the excitement and confusion which ensued. With the exception of the incidental disturbance caused by the fire-alarms, our passage to Panama was a very pleasant one; the weather was warm, but pleasant, and we had plenty of room on board to exercise and enjoy ourselves. But, upon our arrival at Panama, a very different prospect was in store for us. In the city and its vicinity were from fifteen hundred to two thousand persons awaiting transportation to San Francisco. Most of them, unable to obtain other accommodations, were camping out wherever they could find a temporary shelter from the scorching rays of the tropical sun, sleeping in tents with boughs of trees for beds, and many of them with nothing but the broad canopy of heaven for a covering.

“ We remained in Panama about a week, taking on board coal and provisions for the remainder of our voyage, and when we weighed anchor for San Francisco fifteen hundred and twenty passengers crowded every nook and corner of the ship with their persons and bag-

gage. Many of these unfortunates had been patiently waiting in Panama for two months, unable to obtain a passage, exposed to the deadly malaria of that pestiferous climate, without proper food or shelter. As a consequence, Panama fever was rife among them, and many a poor fellow who had left his home, filled with buoyant hopes and anticipations of speedily accumulated wealth, ended his career by a splash in the Pacific Ocean as its dark waters closed over the inanimate form of 'somebody's darling.'

"At length the morning of August 15th, 1850, dawned upon us, and before its sun had set our crowded steamship had discharged its living freight to swell the population of San Francisco. We anchored near Rincon Point, as there were neither wharves or docks, and each passenger was compelled to pay from one to five dollars, according to the amount of his baggage, to the boatmen who swarmed about the ship, before he could set foot upon the shore of the 'Golden City.'

CHAPTER VI.

Storekeeper on the Steamship Panama — Collision in San Francisco Bay — Narrow Escape from Foundering — Experience on Shipboard — Accident at Toboga — Takes position on the Steamship Gold Hunter — Another Narrow Escape.

SOON after our arrival Captain Randall offered me the position of storekeeper on the ship to Panama and return, and, as the duty required no great amount of manual labor, I accepted his offer, and the next day went in the ship to Benicia, where she was to be repaired and provisioned for the next trip. Some two weeks were occupied in making the necessary repairs, and when they were completed we sailed for Panama, where we arrived safely in twenty-one days. On our return trip we brought four hundred and forty-five passengers, whom we landed in good order and condition, and again proceeded to Benicia for repairs.

“Having completed our repairs and received on board a choice lot of provisions, sufficient to supply the wants of a full complement of passengers for the round trip, we left Benicia about

two o'clock P. M. for San Francisco. The Captain had company on board, consisting of several captains of steamers whose vessels lay at Benicia, the depot of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company being at that place ; and about half an hour after getting under way, these worthies concluded to go below and refresh themselves. General hilarity prevailed for a time, when suddenly a tremendous crash was heard, and dishes, glasses, bottles,—in fact everything movable, was sent flying in all directions. Consternation was visible on every countenance, and, rushing upon deck, it was found that another steamer had collided with us, carrying away our starboard wheel house, wheel and all, and leaving us like a duck with one wing shot away. I was coming on deck from the store-room at the time the accident occurred, and luckily was on the port side opposite to that on which the collision took place. Relieved of the weight of wheel and wheel-house, the ship instantly listed to port, which brought the hole made in her side out of water ; otherwise she must have filled and sunk like a stone. The steamer Tennessee, which had caused all this trouble, took us in tow and returned with

us to Benicia, from whence we had departed only a few hours before in perfect order, only to return a helpless wreck. When the Captain came to realize the condition in which his ship was placed, he was completely unmanned and wept like a child. Repairs were at once commenced upon the disabled ship, but with all the facilities which could then be brought into requisition, it required three months' time to place her in condition for another voyage.

“When all necessary repairs were completed, we again sailed for Panama, having on board five hundred passengers and a large amount of treasure, all which we landed safely at that port.

“While at Toboga—the depot of the Company in the bay of Panama—I was, on one occasion, superintending the hoisting of provisions from the hold of the ship, when the fastenings of a derrick, used for that purpose, gave way, and a heavy piece of timber struck me upon the head, knocking me senseless to the deck. I was taken up for dead and conveyed to my cabin. The Captain and Surgeon being on shore, a boat was manned and immediately dispatched for them. Upon their arrival, the surgeon examined the wound and found that the skull had not been

fractured, and by careful nursing and strict attention to the surgeon's directions, in one week's time I was again able to resume the discharge of my duties as storekeeper.

"I remained with Captain Randall nearly two years, and was then induced to accept the position of storekeeper on board the steamship *Gold Hunter*, a change which I had afterwards abundant reason to regret.

"We were to proceed to San Juan del Sur with a full complement of passengers, and return to San Francisco, expecting to make the round trip within sixty days; but unexpected circumstances delayed us much beyond the anticipated time.

"In addition to my regular duties as storekeeper, I was charged with the responsibility of making a thorough inspection of the ship every night, to ascertain if all was right, and to report anything which I might deem of consequence to the Captain. In going my rounds one night, I stepped one foot into the man-hole of the coal bunkers, which had been carelessly left open, and in falling my right arm caught over the main shaft, which was rapidly revolving; and in this painful and dangerous position I remained for

some time, until by a great effort I succeeded in extricating myself ; and reaching my stateroom, I at once sent for the surgeon, who, upon examination, found that no bones were broken, but one of the smaller blood-vessels had been ruptured. He enjoined perfect quiet and daily salt water baths, and I strictly followed his directions, and although for the first day or two I suffered great pain, I continued gradually to improve until our arrival in San Francisco, when I felt able to return to duty.

“ Thus, for the third time since I left New York, I had narrowly escaped death, and to a sound constitution and strictly temperate habits I in a great measure attribute my recovery from disease and the effects of accidents.”

CHAPTER VII.

Life in San Francisco in "Early Times"—Return to Auburn, N. Y.—Again returns to San Francisco—Storm at Sea—Seasickness—Arrival at Aspinwall—Across the Isthmus to Panama—Arrival in San Francisco.

HAVING had sufficient experience of a "life on the ocean wave," as illustrated by voyages in steamships, Bro. Graves concluded to try his fortune in San Francisco; and, in company with his son, Hiram T. Graves, and John M. Easterly, leased a lot of land and erected two fire-proof stores on the south-west corner of Battery and Halleck Streets, which, when completed, readily rented for \$1,000 per month. (They subsequently sold the entire property, having in the meantime purchased the land upon which the buildings were erected.)

Bro. Graves, in company with two others, then turned his attention to selling stoves and the manufacture of copper and tin-ware, copper roofing, etc. He would have succeeded at this business, but, owing to the dishonesty of *one* of his partners, he became disheartened, closed up

his business, and returned to his home in Auburn, N. Y., where he arrived in May, 1853, after an absence of three years. Upon balancing his account of profit and loss, he found that he had barely cleared his expenses, and his gains consisted of three years experience of hardship, toil, and danger.

In those days, society in California was in a loose and disorganized state; the bonds of social, moral, and religious restraints thrown around communities in the older States were entirely severed or greatly relaxed; but few families had arrived, and social intercourse was principally confined to the numerous saloons and gambling houses which, on every hand, attracted the eye with glittering heaps of gold, while the ear was beguiled by strains of sweetest music and the appetite whetted and tempted by a brilliant display of all the seductive beverages ever devised by Satan to lure the human soul to destruction. Amid this constant whirl of excitement, vice and dissipation, it is not surprising that many men who, in their Eastern homes, had ever borne a good moral character, and whose reputation for honesty and sobriety was unquestioned, should succumb to the temptations

which daily and hourly were spread before them, while no restraining influence, save that of principle, held them back. Even ministers of the gospel were demoralized, and throwing aside their sacred calling and character as they donned the red shirt and slouched hat of the period, were not unfrequently found behind the bars of liquor saloons, dispensing liquid damnation instead of the bread of life, or with profane words upon their lips, participating in the excitement of dealing or betting at the gambling table.

This is no fancy sketch, as every old Californian well knows, but incidents of such moral delinquency were the subjects of daily observation, and so great was the demoralization of society that they scarcely elicited a passing remark.

In such a state of society his moral principles must be well grounded indeed who could escape unscathed. Yet, among all these temptations and allurements to vice, Bro. Graves kept his good name untarnished, his reputation unspotted. The lessons inculcated by a pious father and a pure-minded and God-fearing mother were like a wall of brass around him, protecting him from all the vicious influences to which he was constantly subjected. He never would

allow himself, under any circumstances, to be seduced into participating in any game of chance, and although not a total abstainer, in the use of intoxicating drinks, he never exceeded the bounds of moderation.

After his return to Auburn, Bro. Graves was engaged with his son, Samuel S., in the cultivation of fruit trees until 1863, when he again determined to seek his fortune in California, and this time to make his permanent home there. Accordingly on the twenty-first day of February, 1863, at the age of sixty-nine years, he bade a final adieu to the home of his youth, and, with his wife and daughter, embarked on the steamship *Champion* at New York for Aspinwall, taking with them only the necessary wearing apparel for the voyage, a few valuables, and other articles necessary for present use, all their remaining property and household goods having been shipped on board the ship *Commonwealth*, a sailing vessel, via Cape Horn. The day of their departure from New York was stormy, cold, and cheerless, and for several days thereafter old Jupiter Pluvius seemed to have formed an alliance with Neptune to render their situation as uncomfortable as possible. The sea was rough, and tossed

the huge steamship like an egg-shell upon its foamy billows ; the wind shrieked and howled through the rigging like a thousand fiends in torment ; the windows of heaven seemed to be opened for a second deluge, forcing the disconsolate passengers to remain "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in the close and nauseating atmosphere of the saloons and staterooms, some fearing that they would die, and others equally fearful that they would not, as they rolled, groaned, and retched in the agonies and despair of the fearful *mal de mer*, which few escaped. All things, however, even seasickness, must have an end, and on the fourteenth day the good ship landed her passengers, thoroughly disgusted with a "life on the ocean wave," in the harbor of Aspinwall. No delay was shown in leaving their unpleasant quarters, and, after spending a tranquil night in Aspinwall, they took the cars on the following morning at ten o'clock for Panama. The ride across the isthmus, with its varied and beautiful scenery, the luxuriance of the tropical vegetation, and the beauty and fragrance of the flowers, was to our storm-tossed travelers like emerging from purgatory to the realms of bliss, and they speedily recovered

from the prostration induced by seasickness and general discomfort. Having arrived safely at Panama, they were at once conveyed on board the splendid steamship Constitution, commanded by the veteran Commodore Watkins, and on the twenty-first day of March they were landed in health and safety in the city of San Francisco, the voyage having occupied just one month.

CHAPTER VIII.

Civil War — Ravages of the "Alabama" — She destroys the ship "Commonwealth" — Loss of Household Goods and Furniture — Indemnity paid in Depreciated Currency — Bro. Graves as an Inventor.

BRO. GRAVES awaited, of course, with much anxiety, the arrival of the ship with his household goods ; but in this he was doomed to a grievous disappointment ; the old familiar furniture, made sacred by the associations and memories of more than half a century, the tools with which he had labored so long and skillfully, the host of articles of use and ornament to which were attached a thousand pleasant reminiscences, were destined never more to greet his vision.

At the time when he was anxiously awaiting the arrival of the ship which bore the property he valued so highly, civil war was devastating the land, and rebel cruisers roamed the seas ; and ere long the news came that the good ship "Commonwealth" had been overtaken and sunk by the pirate Semmes, commanding the notorious "Alabama." This was a serious and most

annoying loss to the family, for among the lost articles were many which no money could replace. Saddened, but not disheartened, by his loss, he immediately entered the establishment of his son, Hiram T. Graves, who was then engaged in the manufacture of wire goods of all descriptions, where his mechanical skill and inventive faculties rendered him a valuable acquisition.

Some years afterwards, Bro. Graves recovered a portion of his loss through the indemnity paid to the United States by England for losses occasioned by the ravages of the Confederate cruiser "Alabama," she having been built and fitted out in a British port.

The amount awarded by the arbitrators, sitting at Geneva, Switzerland, was \$15,600,000, and the claim of Bro. Graves, presented to the Commissioners appointed by the Government to investigate individual losses, was allowed for the full amount, viz., \$1,740. with interest at four per cent. from the date of loss to the date of the decision rendered by the Commissioners, amounting in all to \$2,340. Of this amount, \$600 was swallowed up in fees to counsel, and, notwithstanding the fact that England paid the full sum

of \$15,600,000 in gold, our Government, by a singular construction of justice, paid the claimants in currency, which, being at five per cent. discount, reduced the indemnity of Bro. Graves to the sum of \$1,653. Even this sum, however, inadequate though it was to cover the loss sustained, was by no means unacceptable to the aged couple, who, in the evening of life, had severed themselves from the cherished associations of childhood, youth and mature age, to make for themselves a new home in a comparatively strange land.

In the course of his long and active life, Bro. Graves was the author of several useful and valuable inventions. Skilled as a mechanic, his practical mind was ever directed to the discovery of improvement in mechanical appliances. As early as 1829, he applied himself to the study of propelling machinery with steam as a motor, and invented a machine intended to supersede the use of the crank in steam engines applied to propellers, thereby enabling the engineer to set the machine in motion at any position of the piston without danger of "stopping on the centre," as it is technically termed, and also to change from a forward to a reverse motion at

will. He constructed a model of the machine, which appeared to work with perfect success and fully accomplished the object for which it was intended, but, upon submitting it to experienced engineers, they dissuaded him from proceeding with its practical application on the ground that, although it might work well as a model, it would be unsuccessful when applied to heavy machinery. Bro. Graves reluctantly accepted the verdict of those whom he believed to be better informed than himself, and pursued the project no farther, although he was always confident that a machine would yet be invented which would successfully carry out his idea.

Soon after the failure of this experiment, he invented a machine for the manufacture of cord or rope of all sizes, from that of a knitting-needle to a ship's cable. This was a rotary motion or speeder, to be propelled by hand, steam or other power, and proved to be a complete success, and he obtained a patent therefor.

Later in life he turned his attention to improvement in cooking stoves, directing his efforts especially to improving their baking qualities, and to the economization of fuel. This he accomplished by placing dampers in various positions in the stove, in order to conduct the

heat into any part of it or shut it off at will. A flue was constructed through the oven-doors and so contrived that, in opening the doors the flue was closed and *vice versa*, thus allowing an unbroken current of heat to be applied to the entire oven surface and ensure equality in baking. After placing his specifications on file in the Patent Office at Washington, Bro. Graves constructed a perfect model of his stove, which he christened the "President." This model was made of brass; its length being three inches, width, two inches, and height, one and one-half inches. It was highly finished and exhibited the complete working of the stove in all its parts. With this model he proceeded to Washington, and after depositing it in the Patent Office and explaining its workings, letters-patent were granted to him for his invention.

Upon his arrival in San Francisco in 1863, and entering the wire-works manufactory of his son, his attention was called to the manufacture of wire-cloth for window and door screens, etc. This wire-cloth was all painted by hand, a slow and tedious process, and Bro. Graves was informed that no plan had yet been discovered by which the work could be performed in any more expeditious or satisfactory manner. Having

satisfied himself that no patent had been applied for at Washington for any appliance of this nature, he immediately began to experiment with a view to the production of a machine which would greatly facilitate the work of painting this material, and at the same time materially reduce the number of workmen then necessary to carry on this branch of the business. His efforts were crowned with success, and after long study and many unsuccessful experiments, he produced a machine which, with the labor of two men, would do more work than sixteen could perform in the ordinary manner in the same time, and do it in a far more satisfactory manner. For this invention he received letters-patent, and for about two years he used it with great satisfaction to himself and profit to his employers; when, in consequence of the death of one of the partners, the business was for a time suspended. In the meantime a large manufacturing establishment in New York obtained a patent for a machine which combined the process of weaving, painting and drying wire-cloth, and this fact, coupled with an entire change in the management of the wire manufactory, induced Bro. Graves to withdraw from the business.

CHAPTER IX.

Military Ardor—Battle of Queenstown—Goes to State Prison—
Murder—Adventures while an Officer of the Prison—Fearful
Death of a Prisoner—Narrow Escape from Death by Suffocation
— Meets with an Accident.

IN his youth, Bro. Graves, in common with most American boys, was imbued with no small degree of military ardor; and, when quite a lad, he, with a number of other boys of about his own age, organized a military company, armed with wooden guns, and having a full complement of officers and musicians. They were never called into active service as a company, but some of these incipient soldiers did good service in the war with Great Britain in 1812. In the spring of that year, Bro. Graves belonged to a company of volunteer light infantry, commanded by Capt. Vandyke. Each soldier was furnished with a musket and a cartridge box by the State, but was expected to provide the remainder of his equipment himself. Soon after the beginning of the war of 1812, the regiment to which the company of Bro. Graves

was attached was ordered to proceed to Lewiston, under the command of Lieut-Col. Farren. Upon their arrival upon the frontier, the command was ordered to cross the Niagara river and attack the position of the British at Queens-town Heights, which they hoped to take by surprise, but in this they were grievously disappointed, for before the regiment had reached the middle of the river, they were saluted by a storm of grape, canister, and musket balls from the wary foe which soon laid a large number of the attacking party dead or wounded in their boats. The expedition having been undertaken at night, the enemy were unable to use their arms with that precision which daylight would have given them, to which fact may be attributed the comparatively small loss on both sides. Capt. Vandyke, Bro. Graves's company commander, had a narrow escape ; while standing in his boat with his right arm raised in the act of encouraging his men, a cannon-ball passed between his arm and his body, which, although inflicting no wound, completely paralyzed him for the time being and rendered him unfit for duty. The reception of our Canadian cousins being altogether too warm for comfort, the regiment de-

clined a further interview at that time and returned to the American shore to care for the wounded and bury the dead. With the battle of Queenstown, ended the active service of Bro. Graves with the military, and tired of "war's alarms," he returned to Cooperstown and his legitimate business.

In 1816, he was appointed one of a committee to raise and organize an artillery company, which they succeeded in doing, the State furnishing them with two brass nine-pounders and equipments. George B. Throop was elected Captain, and the company would doubtless have given a good account of itself had the opportunity been afforded it.

In 1831, Bro. Graves was appointed one of the keepers in the State Prison at Auburn, and, while occupying that position, he was placed in situations which required all the coolness and courage for which he was noted.

He relates one incident of a foul murder committed by one prisoner upon another. One Sunday morning while unlocking the cells in the upper gallery, to let the prisoners out for inspection, one of them rushed past him and hurried down to the lower hall where the line was being

formed, and, going up to one of his fellow prisoners whose time was to expire on the following day, he inflicted upon him a fatal wound, using as an instrument a sharp-pointed pair of shears, which he had concealed upon his person. The unfortunate victim of this murderous assault, who was doubtless looking forward with joyous anticipation to the delights of liberty on the morrow, lived only about ten minutes. His murderer was in due time tried, convicted and executed.

On another occasion, Bro. Graves was on night guard in the north wing of the prison, and having released from their cells two of the prisoners who were employed as cooks, and who were required to proceed to the kitchen two hours before sunrise to prepare breakfast, he noticed them whispering with each other, with their heavy cleavers in their hands, and soon one of them disappeared from the room. The other advanced toward Bro. Graves with his cleaver in his hand, concealed under his apron. Bro. Graves, boldly confronting him, asked him what he wanted, when the wretch, finding him on his guard, muttered something about wanting to know what time it was and slunk back into

the kitchen. A few minutes afterward both he and his companion were detected in the yard by the sentinel in endeavoring to make their escape. They had removed a grating from the kitchen, which was used as a ventilator to allow the steam to escape, and through this opening they had made their way to the yard, intending to scale the wall and recover their liberty. The vigilance of the guard frustrated their purpose, and it is altogether probable that, had the villains found Bro. Graves unprepared, his life would have been taken in order to facilitate their escape.

During most of the time while Bro. Graves was employed in the State Prison, he had charge of the Cutlers' Shop, where from one hundred to one hundred and fifty prisoners were employed in the manufacture of fine cutlery of every description. On one occasion a prisoner was attempting to adjust a belt upon a rapidly revolving shaft, when his clothing became entangled, and before the machinery could be stopped, his legs, arms and head were fearfully mangled, causing his death in about twenty-four hours.

Bro. Graves, while superintending the Cutlery


Shop, came near losing his life by suffocation. A fire broke out in an upper room of the Keepers' department, and while making his way through the attic, which was filled with smoke, his light went out, leaving him in total darkness and nearly suffocated with smoke. Fortunately, he did not lose his presence of mind, for, as he was totally unacquainted with that portion of the building, the situation was one of extreme danger. He commenced groping for the scuttle in the roof, which he providentially soon found, and, although nearly exhausted, he succeeded in opening it and relieving his oppressed lungs by copious inspirations of pure air.

In 1836, an accident occurred to Bro. Graves, from which he suffered during the remainder of his life. While superintending the lowering of goods into the basement of a store, some disarrangement of the lowering appliances rendered it necessary for him to jump down several feet. A severe hernia was the result, from which at times he suffered most acutely, and was obliged at all times to wear a truss, much to his inconvenience. He was earnest in his denunciations of those who, upon the pretense of new discoveries and improvements in trusses, sought to

swindle the afflicted by holding out to them the delusive hope that hernia could be cured by the use of their inventions, and warned all those who had been equally unfortunate with himself against the deception practiced by this class of persons.

CHAPTER X.

The Golden Wedding and its Incidents.

N the twenty-third day of May, 1869, that being the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Samuel Graves and Polly Bostwick, the Golden Wedding was duly celebrated at the residence of their son, Hiram T. Graves.

The venerable couple were married on Sunday, May 23d, 1819, and, as the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding also occurred on Sunday, no reception was held on that day; but, after having attended church and partaken of the Holy Communion in the earlier part of the day, the evening found the aged pair surrounded by a large number of relatives—including five of their children and nine grand-children; also one son-in-law and two daughters-in-law; one daughter, with her husband and two sons, having crossed the continent in order to be present upon the happy occasion. One son, with his family, were unable to be present, but by a pre-arrangement were to participate simultaneously

in these joyous festivities at their home in Geneva, N. Y. Appropriate religious services were conducted by their Pastor, the Rev. D. D. Chapin, which consisted first, of the fifteenth Psalm, from the Psalter, read by the clergyman alone, followed by the one hundred and twenty-eighth, and twenty-third Psalm, read responsively; and then the lesson, taken from the second chapter of the Gospel of St. John. After this the following song, composed for the occasion by a daughter-in-law of Bro. Graves, was sung:—

“Should ancient weddings be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
We all agree that they should not,
Nor Auld Lang Syne.
Nor Auld Lang Syne, etc.

Then let's renew those early days,
So pleasant and so fine,
When first together joined our ways
In days of Auld Lang Syne.
In days, etc.

For fifty years we've journeyed on,
Through shadows and through shine,
And ne'er regret that first we met,
In days of Auld Lang Syne.
In days, etc.

God blessed our store, we ask no more,
 And cheerfully resign
 All pomp and show, and always go
 For Auld Lang Syne.
 For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

And peace has been our happy lot—
 Health and content benign ;
 The ills, if any, are forgot
 In Auld Lang Syne.
 In Auld Lang Syne, etc.

Then bring together all the bairns,
 And bairns' bairns combine,
 With all the cousins, neighbors, friends,
 To celebrate Lang Syne.

Chorus.—For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
 For Auld Lang Syne,
 We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
 For Auld Lang Syne."

The Rev. Mr. Chapin then delivered the following eloquent and impressive address :—

"MY DEAR FRIENDS :—We are met together here upon an occasion most rare and most felicitous, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of a wedding day. To few whom God joins together in Holy Matrimony is this privilege given. And what do these fifty long years suggest? *Long* years I said, yet doubtless to look back across them to that bright bridal day, it seems but yesterday. A half century of wed-

ded love ! A long life-time itself—longer by far than most of us have reached—have these two lives gone on together : ‘For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health,’ through cloud and sunshine, by night and day. The hopes and fears, the struggles, the adversities, the success in life—it tells it all ; and then the little household treasures, one by one gathered around the hearth at home. The busy days, the anxious, feverish nights, the dark hours when God called and treasures were laid up in Heaven,—gone before,—and then as years rolled on, the nestlings, now fledged, take flight to distant lands.

“A sad day it was ; home was broken : The longing, the yearning to meet again ; the prayer answered : A new home in that distant and strange land. I say *home* ; but have we, can we have but one home in this world, that where the fragrance of life sheds itself ? Where the little ones first lisped the blessed words ‘father’ and ‘mother?’ And then gray hairs follow, and the yielding of leadership to those who have been led so long—leaning upon those who have leaned upon us. The down-hill of life. Yet God is good ; His Hand is in all. And now the waiting calmly, patiently, to go beyond.

“Through all these changes one thing alone is constant—the steady light of blessed domestic love. ‘It is not good for man to be alone.’ It is not good in the flush of burning youth ; not good in the eagerness of busy manhood ; not good in the silvery twilight of declining years ; but how doubly, trebly blessed is the relationship which, unbroken, unseparated, goes through all. Hand in hand in the joyous Spring-time, gathering the flowers of life—hand in hand the

livelong busy Summer day; and now as Autumn gathers with its whitening frosts, the same hands locked together still—

Nearer to life's Winter, wife,
 We are drawing nearer ;
 Memories of our blessed Spring
 Growing dearer, dearer.

Through the Summer heats we've toiled,
 Through the Autumn weather
 We have almost passed, sweet wife,
 Hand in hand together.

Nearer to life's end, sweet wife,
 We are drawing nearer ;
 The last mile-stone on our way
 To our sight grows clearer.

Heights we've sought, we've failed to climb,
 Fruits we've failed to gather ;
 But what matter since we've still
 JESUS and *each other*.

“Thank God for it all. His mercy and loving kindness endureth for ever and ever.”

On the following day, the friends of the family called to pay their respects and to offer their congratulations, many of them bearing substantial tokens of friendship and esteem, while rare and beautiful flowers were brought in profusion, filling the house with their delicious fragrance

and charming all eyes with their variety and beauty.

From an early hour in the afternoon of Monday until the "wee sma' hours" of Tuesday, a constant tide of friends and well-wishers came pouring in with heart-warm greetings and kindly offerings, and no bridegroom and blushing bride, receiving the congratulations of friends upon their happy union, could have appeared more elated and joyous than did this patriarchal pair upon this, the completion of half a century of wedded bliss. Among the presents most admired upon this occasion, were two handsome cases, each containing a tablespoon and fork of solid gold, appropriately inscribed and each bearing the respective monograms of the recipients. These were the gifts of the Knights Templar of California Commandery, No. 1, of which Bro. Graves was long an honored member, and were presented by Past Grand Commander Sir Knight Alexander G. Abell, in a few appropriate and feeling remarks, in which he requested that these articles might be used by Sir Knight and Mrs. Graves every day as a reminder of the affection and esteem in which they were held by the brethren of the Order.

A large and beautifully illustrated family Bible was also presented by the members of De Witt Clinton Commandery of Virginia City, Nev. Many other valuable gifts were bestowed by friends of the aged couple, both ladies and gentlemen, who had long known and esteemed them for their many virtues ; and during the evening they were serenaded by a band of music under the direction of the Past Masters of Golden Gate Lodge, No. 30, of which Bro. Graves was also a member. Good wishes and kindly congratulations flowing from heart to lips greeted them on every side ; and the occasion will long be remembered by those who participated in it as one of the most pleasant incidents in their experience.

CHAPTER XI.

Physical and Moral Characteristics—Singular Prejudices—First and Last Experience with Tobacco—Moderate Hydrophobia—Death of Mrs. Graves.

BRO. GRAVES enjoyed remarkably good health and a sound constitution, and the only instances he remembered when illness confined him to his bed were two—one, when six years of age he was inoculated for small-pox, and again when he was attacked with yellow fever in Brazil. He was regular in his habits, abstemious in eating and drinking, fond of cheerful society and would enjoy a good joke or story with as much zest as the youngest of his associates. He was exceedingly particular in the choice of his food, and would never eat of the vital organs of any animal, such as the heart, liver, or kidneys, believing these organs to be the seat of disease. He never used tobacco in any form ; his first experience with the seductive weed having thoroughly disgusted him with it for all time. When about ten years of age he

was presented with a cigar by one of his youthful companions, and thinking, as most boys do, that a rapid advance towards manhood is made by learning to smoke, he boldly lighted it and vigorously puffed away for a few minutes. The result was a wasted cigar and a thoroughly nauseated boy, and he came to the conclusion thereafter, to reach manhood by the ordinary stages, and to seek no farther acceleration in tobacco.

During his residence in San Francisco he was never known to attend a theatre, and had been present at a theatrical performance but four times in the whole course of his long life. He found his social enjoyment in the home circle and in the different Masonic Bodies upon which he was a regular attendant, and where his presence was always warmly welcomed.

In his father's house cider was the strongest beverage allowed or indulged in, and until he was twenty-two years of age he had never tasted ardent spirits, unless prescribed as a medicine by a physician. Although not a total abstainer in the later years of his life, he was strictly temperate, and never in his life was under the influence of liquor. As a singular feature in his

dietary habits, it may be stated on his own authority that, for more than sixty-two years he never drank a glass of clear water. This rigid abstinence from that which is usually deemed one of the absolute necessities of life was induced by the idea impressed upon his mind when about to leave his native place, that the water in other localities would prove detrimental to his health, and so strong was this impression that, after leaving the pure waters that had quenched his thirst in childhood and youth, he discarded that liquid as a beverage, except when qualified with tea, coffee, milk or some other ingredient which he believed would either modify or destroy its deleterious effects.

In 1876, the wings of the dark angel overshadowed the family altar of Bro. Graves, and she who had been the faithful partner of his joys and sorrows for fifty-seven years, laid down the burden of earth's cares and trials and was summoned to her reward. The life of this venerable wife and mother was beautiful in its simplicity, true Christian charity, piety and love. She was truly a "mother in Israel." Though devoted to her husband and children, she had always abundant sympathy for the unfortunate and distressed;


her heart was ever open to the appeals of the destitute, and in her the afflicted ever found a kind counselor and tender comforter. A Christian from her youth, she found her greatest pleasure in Christian work. She aided in founding an orphan asylum in Auburn, her former home, and was a Directress in that charitable institution until her removal to California in 1863. During her last illness, which continued for more than a year, she was a great sufferer, but bore the trial with fortitude and resignation, calmly awaiting the summons to the "peaceful abodes of the blessed." In the Church, notwithstanding her advanced age, she was an active and efficient member, ever ready with her counsel and assistance, by personal effort or otherwise, to aid in all that pertained to its welfare, whether temporal or spiritual. Respected and beloved by all who came within the circle of her benign influence; full of years and of honors she was gathered as a ripened ear to the harvest. Death's chilling blast had withered the flower, but the fragrance of an upright and well-spent life was left as a precious legacy to those who so deeply mourned her loss. The funeral ceremonies were held in St. Peter's Church, of which

both she and her husband had been members since its establishment. The Rev. W. C. Powell, Rector of St. Peter's, officiated, and the edifice was crowded with mourning friends, among whom were many of the members of California Commandery, No. 1, of Knights Templar, and other Masonic Bodies. The funeral sermon was eloquent and touching, and the falling tears from many an eye unused to weeping, told of the heart-felt sympathy with the bereaved old man whose venerable head, whitened by the frosts of four score winters, was bowed in agonizing grief for the loss of the companion who for more than half a century had been to him a helpmeet indeed.

Bro. Graves, although deeply affected by the loss of his life-long companion, bore his bereavement with Christian resignation. He looked upon her death only as a brief separation, to be soon followed by an eternal reunion in that blessed land where there shall be no more parting, and where sorrow and death can never come.

CHAPTER XII.

Christian Character and Belief—Zeal for the Church—Religion and Masonry—Handsome Presents to St. Augustine's College, St. Mary of the Pacific, and California Commandery—The Celebrated Ark of California Chapter.

S a Christian, Bro. Graves was truly consistent in his daily life and conduct; firm as a rock in principle, no taint of bigotry marred the purity of his life, but charity toward all was the ruling principle of all his actions. Baptized in the Presbyterian faith at the age of six years, he regularly attended that Church with his parents during his minority and until he reached the age of twenty-five years. He then became convinced that the doctrines of the Episcopal Church were more consistent with his religious views, and accordingly applied for and received his dismissal from the Church of which he had long been a member, and united with the Episcopal communion, in which he remained an honored and useful member until his death. He was a zealous and effective worker for the good of his Church, always striving to do something

to advance its interests, and never more happy than when engaged in some labor for its benefit, such as repairing and embellishing church furniture, making altar-pieces or other decorations ; his only compensation being the thanks of his fellow-members and the pleasure he derived from the labor. The lot on which St. Peter's Church now stands was formerly the property of the late James Lick, and was bid in at auction by Bro. Graves, for the Church, for the sum of \$5,500. He was elected Senior Warden of this Church at its organization, and retained that position until the close of his earthly labors, covering a period of about twelve years.

In the year 1867, the Rev. Dr. Breck, the well-known missionary of the West, arrived in California and established a school for boys at Benicia which he called St. Augustine's College. In connection with this school a Chapel was built for daily service, and for this Chapel, Bro. Graves made a beautiful altar-piece, upon which he bestowed much time and labor, and presented it to the Reverend Doctor at the annual commencement. It was gratefully accepted and much admired, and still ornaments the Chapel

of that eminently successful and favorite institution of learning.

After placing this school in successful operation, Dr. Breck resigned his charge and erected the building now known as St. Mary of the Pacific, a school for girls, also located at Benicia. For this institution, Bro. Graves constructed another altar-piece, more elaborate than the first. It was composed of more than two hundred pieces of California woods, beautifully polished and joined, and all done by his own hand. This beautiful specimen of his handiwork he conveyed to Benicia and presented to Dr. Breck, who placed it in the school-room, where religious services were daily held, until the Chapel, which was then in progress of completion was finished. When the Chapel was ready for occupancy, the altar-piece was transferred from the school-room to its appropriate place, where it now stands as a memento of the skill and devotion of its benevolent donor.

The presentation was made during the closing exercises of the Trinity Term of the School, in December, 1873, when many of its patrons were present, and much interest was manifested in the exercises.

Bro. Graves rose and addressed Dr. Breck as follows :—

“ It is now nearly two years since I agreed to furnish you with a suitable Reredos, or altar-piece, to be placed in St. Mary’s School, which you were then establishing for young ladies, to be under your immediate charge, and which is now, with able and accomplished assistants, one of the most popular schools in the State. And it is due from me that I should make an apology for this long delay in fulfilling my engagement ; but the reasons can more easily be imagined than described, and although the undertaking has been rather an arduous one, taken in connection with my other duties, yet the time spent on this work has not appeared long or tedious, for every moment of it seemed to me to be spent in performing a sacred task, the result of which would be looked upon by others long after my name shall have been forgotten.

“ It is with great pleasure I now present to you this emblem and ask you to accept it as a testimonial of the high regard I have always had for you as a faithful missionary. To you, as Principal, and to the teachers and pupils of ‘ St. Mary of the Pacific,’ I present my kind regards.”

As the venerable gentleman resumed his seat, it was evident that all present were deeply affected by his remarks, and the voice of Dr. Breck trembled with emotion as, in appropriate and grateful terms, he accepted the loving gift.

The following description will give some idea of the beauty of the sacred work, and of the amount of labor required to complete it:—

The entire work is composed of emblems of sacred things and sacred events, and are alike interesting to old and young. The canopy is surmounted by a Greek Cross, on which is fixed a brilliant star, typical of that Star in the East which guided the wise men to the cradle of our infant Saviour, nearly two thousand years ago. The Passion Cross, which is placed beneath the canopy and on the super-altar as the symbol of Salvation, is thirty-four inches in height, and otherwise in due proportion. At the end of each arm of the cross, and at its head, are halos of about five inches square. On the obverse are twelve Maltese Crosses, elaborately carved, corresponding in number with, and emblematic of the Apostles of our Saviour while on earth. Also on the same, in connection with the crosses, are carved sixteen equilateral triangles, emblems

of the Holy Trinity. In front of the super-altar are three sunken panels, upon which are inscribed the words "Holy! Holy! Holy!" in gilt frames. These words were executed with a pen and neatly ornamented, by a lady in Hartford, Conn., and sent to Bro. Graves for this purpose.

As a work of art, it has been greatly admired; and when we consider the advanced age of him who designed and executed it, the perfection of the piece, in all its details, is the more surprising.

Another souvenir of the skill and kindness of Bro. Graves will long be reverently preserved by California Commandery, No. 1, of Knights Templar, to which Body it was presented. It is a beautiful Crucifix of ebony, the image of the Saviour being embedded in the wood and protected by a glass covering. The reverse is a plate of silver, upon which is elaborately engraved the names of the officers of the Commandery, the date of the presentation, and the name of the donor, all being designed and executed by Sir Knight Graves himself. In addition to his other acquirements in art, our venerable brother was a skillful engraver, and this piece of work attests his proficiency in that

branch. He gave the first instructions in engraving to Whitfield Hatch, Clark, and Edson, who, in after years, were members of the well-known firm of Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Co., whose celebrity as bank-note engravers is world-wide.

The work in which Bro. Graves took the greatest pride, however, and which will be handed down to future generations as a monument to his skill and ingenuity, was an Ark, constructed in 1869, for California Chapter, No. 5, of Royal Arch Masons. It is probably the most elaborate, beautiful and costly structure of the kind ever used by a Masonic Body. The Chapter having decided to have a metallic Ark, a committee of three, of which Bro. Graves was one, was appointed to carry out the design. The majority of the committee, knowing the skill of their venerable colleague in all such matters, placed the whole conduct of the affair in his hands, and with the exception of an occasional consultation, gave themselves no farther trouble concerning it. Bro. Graves, after long and careful study of the Holy Writings and other standard authorities, drew his designs, and placed them in the hands of the most skillful

workmen in San Francisco, giving his personal supervision to the work, which occupied more than six months in its completion. All this he did without compensation of any kind, and, when the work was completed, it was probably as near a *fac-simile* of the Ark of the Covenant as human hands will ever devise. It was made of brass, covered outside and in with pure gold ; the Cherubim upon the top were also covered with gold, as were the rods by which it was borne. It has been universally admired as a work of art, and when carried in a public procession is always the centre of attraction. Its cost was two thousand five hundred dollars, and it will probably delight the eyes of Royal Arch Masons two thousand five hundred years hence, should no untoward accident befall it.


In all such works as this, Bro. Graves took great delight. His Church and the various Masonic Bodies with which he was connected, were very dear to him, and no effort of his in their service was ever considered irksome. The weight of more than four score years did not weaken his energies or cool his zeal ; his interest in all that affected the Church or Masonry was ever on the alert, and his activity in the service

of either institution might well put to the blush those who were many years his junior. Although enthusiastic in his devotion to Masonry, he was not one of those blind enthusiasts who, in their misdirected and senseless zeal, would fain substitute it for religion. He believed that each, in its appropriate sphere, was calculated to elevate and purify mankind, but that they were entirely separate and distinct in their natures. He regarded Masonry as a "beautiful system of morality," whose teachings, pure and noble, naturally lead men to that point where Religion takes them by the hand and guides them into the presence of Him, through whose pardoning grace alone salvation is obtained. He believed that, by a strict adhesion to the principles and teachings of Masonry, a man may lead a pure and blameless life ; but that, in that solemn hour when the soul hovers upon the confines of that mysterious realm, "from whose bourne no traveler returns," when the veil of earthly vision grows transparent with the dawning light of eternity, something more than Masonry is needed to sustain the drooping spirit and cheer it with the hope of a blessed immortality. He never allowed his devotion to Masonry to interfere

with his religious duties ; these he considered paramount to all others ; and, in his manuscript notes, the very last stroke of his pen records the expression of his regret that it "had not been in his power to do more for the good of the Church."

CHAPTER XIII.

Masonic Enthusiasm and Work—Summary of Masonic History—
Social Characteristics—Prepares to attend the Triennial Conclave
at Chicago—Prepares Portrait of Salem Town for Presentation
to his old Commandery.

N his return to California in 1863, Bro. Graves affiliated with Golden Gate Lodge, No. 30, with California Chapter, No. 5, of Royal Arch Masons, California Council, No. 2, of Royal and Select Masters, and with California Commandery, No. 1, of Knights Templar. He was also a member of the Grand Convention of the Order of High Priests, and, after the death of the beloved and venerable Father Davis, he was elected its President. In all the corresponding Bodies in New York he was a life member; and it was not therefore necessary that he should affiliate with either in California, in order to maintain his Masonic standing; but Bro. Graves was not one to rest idly upon laurels already gathered; he must be actively engaged with the laborers in the vineyard, and verily he had his reward in the esteem, love

and veneration of his brethren. He was especially attached to the Commandery, as the beautiful ceremonial observances and lectures of the Orders of Knighthood thoroughly harmonized with his religious views. From its meetings he was seldom absent, and, although not an officer of the Body, he was almost invariably invited to fill some position, where his venerable form and dignified address added greatly to the impressiveness of the ceremonies. On festive occasions, he was genial, though quiet and undemonstrative; yet, when mirth and gaiety ruled the hour, he would apparently enjoy the sport with all the zest of youth. At the sick-bed of a brother, the warm grasp of the hand and kindly encouraging words of Bro. Graves, were like "cold water to the thirsty soul," and, notwithstanding his four score years, none were more zealous in their attendance upon the sick than he. In works of charity and benevolence he was ever foremost, and to the afflicted and distressed he was a comforter indeed.

He was never content unless engaged in some labor of love in behalf of his Church, his Lodge, Chapter or Commandery; and as a token of the high esteem in which he was held, he was

elected an honorary member of all the Masonic Bodies with which he was connected in California.

Bro. Graves's Masonic history may be summarized as follows: He was initiated, passed, and raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason in Otsego Lodge, No. 138, at Coopers-town, N. Y. in July, 1815. Upon his removal to Auburn, he dimitted from Otsego Lodge and joined in a petition for a new Lodge, and was named in its Charter as Junior Warden. This was St. Paul's Lodge, No. 124. He was afterwards elected Treasurer of the same Lodge, which position he held during three years. In 1824 he withdrew from St. Paul's Lodge, removed to Batavia, and united with, and held office in Batavia Lodge during his residence there. During the Anti-Masonic excitement in 1827, he again removed to Auburn and affiliated with St. Paul's Lodge, and, after the storm of persecution had blown over, he was elected Senior Warden and subsequently Master.

In October, 1815, he received the Capitular degrees in Otsego Chapter, No. 26, at Coopers-town, and in 1816, he dimitted from Otsego Chapter and affiliated with Auburn Chapter, now

called David's, No. 34, in which he held the office of Treasurer for five years. In 1824, he was elected Scribe of Batavia Chapter, now Western Star, No. 35, which Chapter, in 1827, by reason of the Morgan excitement, closed its labors for an indefinite period. In 1836, he petitioned the Grand Chapter for the return of the warrant of Auburn Chapter, which petition was granted, and Bro. Graves was named as King. In 1846, he was elected High Priest, and in the same year was appointed by the Grand High Priest to organize and institute Chapters at Port Byron and Waterloo, N. Y. From 1853 to 1863, he held the office of High Priest or King continuously.

. From 1868 to December, 1878, inclusive, he held the office of Treasurer of California Chapter, No. 5, at San Francisco, at which time he retired from that office and was succeeded by his son Hiram. From 1875 until his death, he was Grand Chaplain of the Grand Chapter of the State of California.

He received the Cryptic degrees in the city of New York in 1823, and in 1838, a Council was organized in Auburn with Samuel Graves as Deputy Illustrious Master, and he was subsequently elected Thrice Illustrious Master.

He received the Orders of Knighthood in 1825, in Genessee Encampment, now Commandery, No. 10, then situated at Le Roy, N. Y., but since removed to Lockport; and in 1848, by great personal effort, he succeeded in organizing Town Encampment at Auburn, now known as Salem Town Commandery, No. 16, being named in its Charter as Generalissimo. He was soon after elected Eminent Commander, which position he held until 1861, with the exception of three years, during which he was absent from the State. He was Grand Sword Bearer of the Grand Commandery of New York for three years, from 1854 to 1857, and Grand Standard Bearer from that date until 1863, when he removed to California.

In 1873, having previously been elected an honorary member of the Grand Lodge of California, an exceptional honor, never before or since conferred upon any one, he was appointed Grand Bible Bearer, and in 1875 he was elected Grand Prelate of the Grand Commandery of California; both of which positions he held at the time of his death.

He was also for some years President of the Grand Convention of High Priests of the State

of California, a position for which his venerable age and dignified demeanor peculiarly fitted him.

He had been a Master Mason sixty-five years, and a Royal Arch Mason for the same period. He had worn the spurs of a Knight Templar fifty-five years, and for just half a century he had been a Royal and Select Master. He had been honored by being elected to the principal offices in every grade of Masonry; in all which he served with credit to himself and honor to those who had thus honored him. Of the sixty-five years of his Masonic life, fifty-three were spent in the discharge of official duties. He was a member of the Grand Commandery of New York forty-three years, and an officer of that Grand Body fifteen years. For thirty three years he held the important office of Treasurer in different Masonic Bodies, and was at all times willing to take upon himself any Masonic labor which he was able to perform, or which was intended to promote the interests of the Order he loved so well.

He was a Grand Honorary member of the Masonic Veteran Association, and also an honorary member of the Past Master's Association,

societies organized for social and benevolent purposes in San Francisco, and in whose meetings he was always much interested.

On all social and festive occasions the presence of Bro. Graves was welcomed with unfeigned pleasure. He possessed a fund of anecdotes and historical events, which for many years had accumulated in the store-house of his memory, and upon which his companions were always eager to draw ; and his recitals were invariably listened to with intense interest and the most profound respect. Unlike many men at his advanced age, he was never querulous or captious, but ever genial, kind, courteous and good natured ; and he never sought to check the hilarity of his younger associates so long as it was restrained within reasonable bounds.

When it was announced that the Triennial Conclave of the Grand Encampment of the United States would be held in the city of Chicago in 1880, Bro. Graves expressed a strong desire to attend the gathering. He was well aware that, according to the laws of nature, he had but a few years more to live, and this, in all probability, would be the last opportunity afforded him to meet the Fathers in Masonry,

and to look once more upon the faces of the remaining few who stood shoulder to shoulder with him in the "days that tried men's souls."

So earnest was he in this desire, that his relatives and friends, although fearful of the effect of the fatigue and excitement attending such an excursion upon one of his great age, determined to gratify him in this—as he considered it—the crowning glory of his Masonic career. "For this," said the venerable patriarch, "I am willing to forego all other earthly honors and enjoyments, and when my object is accomplished I am ready; Lord let thy servant depart in peace."

Accordingly every preparation was made for his comfort and convenience on the journey, and up to the very day of his death he was actively engaged in making arrangements for this—as he deemed it—his last earthly pilgrimage. Among other things, he had prepared a fine steel engraved portrait of his old friend and Masonic coadjutor, Salem Town, which it was his intention to present, in person, to Salem Town Commandery, No. 16, at Auburn, the field of his early Templar labors, and he anticipated great pleasure in making this presentation.

The frame of the portrait was surmounted by a Passion Cross with rays of light, all carved by his own hand, and forming an appropriate and beautiful ornament to the portrait of one, who, as a minister of Christ, ever pointed to the Cross as the symbol of salvation. But it was decreed that the hands which executed the design should not present it; ere the day of departure for Chicago arrived, the Master's summons came, the workman had gone to his reward, and the glories of the Redeemer's Kingdom to him had been made manifest.

The picture was subsequently taken to Auburn by Miss Hannah Graves, a daughter of our venerable brother, and, so fearful was this lady of some accident or injury befalling it, that she took personal charge of it and carried it a great part of the long journey in her hands. It arrived safely, however, and in due time was presented to the Commandery as the gift of their deceased Past Eminent Commander, Sir Knight Samuel Graves.

That the Commandery duly appreciated the gift is manifest in the following acknowledgment:—

“AUBURN, N. Y., October 25th, 1880.

“*Hiram T. Graves, Esq., San Francisco, Cal.*

“EMINENT AND DEAR SIR :—It affords me great pleasure to acknowledge the presentation to Salem Town Commandery by Mr. Kendrick Vail, in your behalf, of a portrait of the late Salem Town.

“I was advised by Mr. Vail that it was the intention of your father to make this presentation in person during his contemplated visit to the East, and that the consummation of his plans was prevented by his death. He also informed me of the great solicitude of your sister and yourself lest the wishes of your father in regard to this portrait might not be carried out, and the care bestowed upon it in its journey across the continent.

“There are many reasons for our receiving this picture ; feeling not only that we have been honored by your kind remembrance, but with emotions of a deeper, broader nature. Nearly a score of years have elapsed since Salem Town was called to his reward. We believe that our Commandery bears the name of as courteous a Templar, as kind, genial and honorable a Mason as ever crossed the threshold of a Lodge. While his portrait graces the walls of our Asylum ; while it silently watches the banquet or the triangle, we shall be reminded at sight of it of the high honor in which he was held, of the great distinction he won in Masonry, and the memory of his virtues will serve to guide us in prosperity or misfortune, to usefulness and honor.

“The frame that encloses it, fashioned and executed I am told, entirely by the hand of your father, speaks of sentiments entirely above and beyond any that can be placed upon paper. It speaks of a large, warm heart, and leads me to

think how often in constructing it, he must have lived over again in memory the scenes of early days ; of the conviviality in the P. M., and at the banquet ; or the solemnity of the triangle ; of the removal to the great West, and of the high distinction you have both reached in Templary there.

“ I speak the sentiments of every member of Salem Town Commandery when I say, we deeply sympathize with you in your loss, and most sincerely thank you for your kind remembrance.

“ I trust you will convey to your sister, who so tenderly cared for this portrait in its journeyings, our appreciative acknowledgements.

“ With sentiments of high regard, I am, dear sir,

“ Most truly and courteously yours,

“ A. G. TREAT,

“ Commander, Salem Town Commandery, No. 16.”

It is not surprising that Bro. Graves anxiously desired to present in person, this portrait of their first Commander, to the Commandery that thirty years previous, had cost him so great an effort to organize ; knowing, as he did, how highly it would be valued and the pleasant reminiscences it would call to the minds of its older members. In bright anticipation of the pleasure to come, he steadily and cheerfully proceeded with his preparations for traveling ; his wardrobe and his Templar uniform were carefully put in order, and nothing remained but a few trifling details to complete his outfit.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Silver Cord Loosed and the Golden Bowl Broken — The Last of Earth — Funeral Services — Obituary Notices.

ALL preparations having been completed for his departure for Chicago, Bro. Graves appeared to be in excellent spirits and full of bright anticipations of a pleasant journey and a joyous reunion with the friends of the olden time ; but alas, for human hopes and expectations ! how little he thought the summons to the last, dread journey was so near at hand : On the day previous to his death he was apparently in as good health as he had enjoyed for many months ; was more than usually cheerful and inclined to converse ; his appetite was good and he partook of the evening meal with relish. He retired to rest at his usual hour feeling unusually well, and no premonition of the coming of the “ dread messenger ” was given.

At midnight his son, who slept in an adjoining chamber, was awakened by an unusual noise proceeding from his father's apartment, and

upon hastening to ascertain the cause, he found his father sitting upon the side of the bed, one hand grasping the head-board and the other pressed tightly upon his chest, breathing stertorously and complaining that he was "distressed to get his breath." The family was aroused and a physician immediately summoned but without avail, as he sank gradually without attempting to say anything farther, until the hands upon the dial marked one o'clock and thirty minutes A. M. when the fuel in the lamp of life was exhausted, and, in the arms of his daughter, he quietly and painlessly breathed his last, and his spirit took its flight to the "peaceful abodes of the blessed."

Thus died SAMUEL GRAVES, at the ripe old age of four-score and six years, one month and twenty-six days. Mercifully spared the pains and ravages of disease, Death did not come to him as a "grim tyrant," but as a "kind messenger" to conduct him into the presence of Him who "doeth all things well," there, we confidently trust, to enter upon an eternity of uninterrupted bliss.

The funeral services were held in St. Peter's Church of which he had been Senior Warden

since its organization, a period of thirteen years.

At the conclusion of the Church services, the remains were taken in charge by Golden Gate Lodge, No. 30, Free and Accepted Masons, and escorted by California Commandery, No. 1, Knights Templar; they proceeded to Laurel Hill Cemetery where all that was mortal of our departed and deeply lamented Brother was interred with Masonic honors according to the ritual of the Order.

No Mason has ever died in California whose loss was more generally and sincerely regretted; his absence left a void in the Masonic bodies which there was none to fill, and in him, the Church lost a zealous, faithful and consistent member.

The funeral services were exceedingly solemn and impressive. On Sunday morning August 1st, the body was conveyed to St. Peter's Church, escorted by California Commandery No. 1, of Knights Templar, where the solemn service for the dead was read by the Rector, Rev. F. O. Barstow, assisted by the Rev. W. L. Githens. At the conclusion of the services at the Church, the remains were conveyed to the Masonic

Temple—the Commandery still acting as escort—and placed in King Solomon's Hall, where at two o'clock P. M. the Masonic services were held. The immense hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, as, in addition to the members of Golden Gate Lodge, delegations were present from all the Lodges in this city and Oakland; also from the Chapter, Council, Past Master's Association, Masonic Veteran's Association, etc. When all was ready, the Commandery filed into the hall, marching in full regalia of black velvet and silver, and lending a sombre aspect to the scene, which the rose-wood casket, ornamented with Masonic emblems in silver, and garnished with a mass of crosses, wreaths and other floral emblems in white exotics and delicate leaves of fern, made lustrously funereal. The hall was draped in mourning, the gavels were twined with crape, the white staves of the Stewards and the blue rods of the Deacons bore their sombre badges, and everywhere, from the Holy Writings upon the altar to the persons of the brethren, the black emblem was visible.

Grand Master William W. Traylor presided, and, having taken his seat in the East, the deep tones of the organ began a voluntary, which,

low and sympathetic at first, gradually swelled to louder and sweeter cadences, echoing over the hushed and dimly-lighted hall, like a requiem service in some chapel of the older centuries, where the prototypes of the silver and black Knights held sway. After the beautiful psalm, "The Lord is My Shepherd," chanted by the choir, the Grand Master read the simple, affectionate burial service, the brethren all responding. "Rock of Ages" was then sung, after which the Grand Chaplain offered an appropriate prayer. "Nearer My God to Thee" from the choir followed; the brethren gave the Grand honors, thrice repeating the words: "The will of God is accomplished! So mote it be! Amen!" A low dirge was played upon the organ and the Knights marched in slow procession past the casket and left the hall. The members of the Lodges followed, and lastly the relatives and friends.

The cortege, headed by a band playing solemn dirges and escorted by the Knights Templar, proceeded to Laurel Hill Cemetery, where the family plot of the deceased is located. The casket was taken to the door of the receiving tomb, and Grand Master Traylor read the burial

service. The Knights formed in two lines on either side of the coffin, with swords presented ; “ Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust ; ” the sprigs of acacia were deposited among the flowers, the white apron—emblem of innocence and badge of a Mason—was laid upon them, the band played a solemn dirge, and the casket was placed in the niche prepared for it.

“ We bent to-day o’er a coffined form,
 And our tears fell softly down ;
 We looked our last on the aged face,
 With a look of peace, its patient grace,
 And hair like a silver crown.

“ We touched our own to the clay-cold hands,
 From life’s long labor at rest ;
 And among the blossoms white and sweet
 We noted a bunch of golded wheat
 Clasped close to the silent breast.

“ The blossoms whispered of fadeless bloom,
 Of the land where fall no tears ;
 The ripe wheat told of toil and care,
 The patient waiting, the trusting prayer,
 And garnered good of the years.

“ We knew not what works his hand had found,
 What rugged places his feet ;
 What cross was his ; what blackness of night ;
 We saw but the peace, the blossoms,
 And the bunch of ripened wheat.”

Grand Master William Wilson Traylor, in his address to the Grand Lodge, October 8th, 1880, says :—

“On the thirtieth day of July last, passed from among us to a better life, our venerable brother, SAMUEL GRAVES. A spotless life, a gentle heart, an honorable and useful career, an amiable disposition, a zealous course in our Order have all at once ceased. True, that our Great Grand Master did, in His infinite wisdom and goodness, grant to our brother a life longer than the allotted time of which the Psalmist speaks ; still every day and every act in his life has been *exemplary*, and although taken from us at the ripe age which he attained, eighty-six years, we feel the loss of one whose worth of character, purity of motive, kindness in intercourse, and love and zeal in the Masonic world, endeared him to his brethren. Bro. SAMUEL GRAVES was, at the time of his death, the oldest Mason in the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge. For more than sixty years he remained a member of, and attached to the principles of the Masonic Order, and during seven years past he had filled the position of Grand Bible Bearer in this Grand Lodge.

“What an expanse of life, all devoted to virtue, charity, improvement, and perfect fellowship ! What an encomium upon the tenets, aims, and work of our honored and cherished institution ! Praise to the brother who, through so long and useful a life, has added to the lustre of Masonry by his zeal, fidelity, and devotion.”

The committee to whom this portion of the

Grand Master's address was referred, in their report say:—

“Truly it may be said of our departed brother, that he loved Masonry, and that his love for the Order continued with him through life. Never were honors more justly awarded or more worthily worn. His was not the zeal to gain rank or titles merely to gratify pride, but to enable him to extend his influence, and, by constant labor in the service of the Craft, to be more useful to his fellow-men.

“In his private relations of life he was of a most amiable temper and genial disposition. His demeanor was dignified and unobtrusive, and yet he was eminently social in his habits, and highly enjoyed the company of his friends. In his religious belief he was an Episcopalian, having a firm and settled faith in the tenets of that Church; and he was a constant member thereof for more than sixty years. He was ever known as the faithful servant and trustworthy confidant; and, as a friend, he was true as truth itself. Peace to his ashes, and may we, who survive him, imitate his good deeds. Your committee offer the following resolution, and recommend its adoption:—

“*Resolved*, That as a testimony of our affection and esteem, a mourning page of our proceedings be set apart and dedicated to the memory of our late Grand Bible Bearer, Bro. Samuel Graves.”

The resolution was unanimously adopted, and the mourning page in the proceedings of the Grand Lodge bears the following inscription:—

This Mourning Page

BY ORDER OF THE MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND LODGE
OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

IS GIVEN TO THE MEMORY OF OUR REVERED BROTHER,

SAMUEL GRAVES;

*Who was born in Cooperstown, Otsego County, State of New York,
on the 4th day of June, 1794;*

*And who died in the city of San Francisco, State of California, on
the 30th day of July, 1880.*

He was probably the oldest member of the Craft in this jurisdiction, having
been made a Master Mason in Otsego Lodge, No. 138,
New York, in the month of July, 1815.

HE HAD BEEN

Master of Saint Paul's Lodge, F. and A. M., No. 124; High Priest
of David's Chapter, R. A. M., No. 34; Master of King
Hiram Council, R. and S. M., No. 18; and
Commander of Salem Town Com-
mandery, K. T., No. 16;

All at Auburn, in the State of New York.

He had held many other important offices in Masonry, and at the time of
his death, was

GRAND CHAPLAIN OF THE GRAND CHAPTER OF CALIFORNIA,

Grand Prelate of the Grand Commandery of California,

And, as he had been during seven years before,

GRAND BIBLE BEARER


OF THIS GRAND LODGE.



A good old gentleman who was greatly loved;
A faithful, and to the last, most active and zealous Mason;
A pious, God-serving man, in remembering whom we all may pray
"May our last end be like his."

CHAPTER XV.

Tributes of Respect to the Memory of Bro. Graves in the Grand Chapter, Grand Council, and Grand Commandery.

T the Annual Convocation of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of the State of California, held on the twelfth day of April, 1881, the *M. : E. :* Wiley James Tinnin, Grand High Priest, in announcing the death of Comp. Graves, spoke as follows :—

“Companions, while we are here dealing with temporary matters, and discussing things that are strictly ephemeral, we are again reminded that there is another sphere—another condition—which we are all sooner or later to be called upon to occupy. In looking over this assemblage of familiar faces, we find that one, more venerable than any of us—one borne down by the weight of four score and six years—one whose zeal for our Order, and charity for his fellow-man is excelled by none, is no longer of our number. On the thirtieth day of July last, our worthy and excellent Grand Chaplain, Samuel Graves, departed this life, full of years, honored and respected by all who knew him ; he has gone to the mysterious land. No eulogy or laudations pronounced by me could more than do him justice. He has been a constant attendant and participator in the acts of all the

Masonic Grand Bodies since their organization on this coast. Of him it may be truly said, that he was the Nestor among us. The pressure of his great age and worldly cares could not deter him from his duties here. He was ever at his post, discharging his duty; and by his humane character and gentlemanly deportment in all the walks of life, he has left an impression upon us that time cannot eradicate. Peace to his ashes!"

Comp. Leonidas E. Pratt, from the special committee to whom had been referred that portion of the Address of the Grand High Priest relative to the decease of the E.: Grand Chaplain, presented the following:—

"To the M.: E.: Grand Chapter of California:—

"SAMUEL GRAVES.

"We knew him long and well. With reverent and fraternal hands we lift the pall a moment from his bier. Noble, pure, and grand old man! Few, indeed, have had the happy fortune to share in such experiences as were his! At more, considerably more, than four score years, as full of royal deeds as he was ripe in age; with no act of his life to regret, and no thought, purpose or impulse at which his pure spirit would now blush. Like a tired child he laid down to rest—gently fell asleep—and so awoke in Heaven. What more shall be said?

"The Grand Lodge of this State has already paid the tribute of its respect to his memory. It has placed in its

archives the tablet whereon is inscribed the goodly record of his career as man and Mason. We can add nothing to it and would subtract nothing from it.

“ Let that tablet be reproduced here as the expression of this Grand Body.

“ Respectfully submitted.

“ LEONIDAS E. PRATT,
 “ THOMAS A. MCFARLAND, } *Committee.*”
 “ A. H. BRODER,

Which report was concurred in, and the tablet of the Grand Lodge was ordered to be printed as a mourning page in the proceedings.

The Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters, at its Annual Assembly, held on the fourteenth day of April, 1881, adopted the following memorial, which was ordered to be published as a mourning page in their proceedings:—

This Mourning Page

IS DEDICATED

TO THE MEMORY OF

One who was faithful even among the faithless : one who in Masonry's darkest hour—when secret enemies within and open foes without hurled against its Temple relentless and bitter persecutions—wavered not in his devotions to the Order he loved so well, and to which for sixty years he rendered an allegiance equaled only by his zeal and fidelity in promoting its best interests. Age could not dim his affection for his brethren of the mystic tie, nor will time efface from their memory the loving remembrance of his virtues as a man and Mason. In Masonic history no page will shine with a brighter lustre than that which records the name of

SAMUEL GRAVES;

Who died on the 30th
day of July, 1880, at the ripe old
age of eighty-six years—crossed over the river in
the full hope of a blessed immortality—bearing with him to
that home of the faithful the undying love and esteem of all who knew him.

*His Masonic life and
history are enshrined in the hearts
of his brethren, and by the Royal and Select
Masters he is mourned as a Patriarch of the Order, who, full
of years, has "wrapped the drapery of his
couch around him, and laid down
to pleasant dreams."*

The *R. E.* Sir Knight Bruce Benjamin Lee, Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of the State of California, in his address to that Grand Body on the fifteenth day of April, 1881, said :—

“ July thirtieth, 1880, was a sad day for the Masons of California. Would that I possessed the poetic soul of Israel’s sweetest singer, that I might frame a fitting requiem to the memory of our Eminent and beloved Grand Prelate,

SIR SAMUEL GRAVES,

who on that day departed this life. I immediately issued orders to the Commanderies of the jurisdiction to display their Asylum flags at half-mast at the hour of twelve o’clock, on Sunday, August 1st (the day of his funeral), and to let them so remain until sunset of that day. The order was complied with, and from every Asylum in the State there went up a benison to the memory of our beloved frater and Officer. For over half a century, the heart of this grand old Templar was fired with enthusiastic love and unalterable devotion to the principles of Masonry ; and if the record of a pure and earnest life is any guarantee for admission within the celestial gates, we know that Sir Samuel received a royal welcome when his name was announced. I recommend the appointment of a proper committee to draft resolutions of respect, and to prepare a mourning page for our proceedings.”

The Rev. Sir Knight Osgood Church Wheeler, from the Special Committee to whom had been

referred that portion of the Grand Commander's Address relative to the decease of the E. : Grand Prelate Sir Knight SAMUEL GRAVES, presented the following report :—

“ To the Grand Commandery of California :—

“ Your committee to whom was assigned the duty of preparing an expression of the sentiments of this Grand Body upon the death of its late venerated Grand Prelate Sir SAMUEL GRAVES, beg to present the following :—

“ When an ordinary life closes in an ordinary death, ordinary language will give adequate expression to our sorrow. A well-stated appreciation of departed worth, a series of affectionate resolves of sympathy with the bereaved, seem to meet all requirements—cover the whole ground. We earnestly deplore our loss ; we wear the appropriate insignia of mourning, and thus discharge our obligations.

“ But when a man of ‘ eighty and six years,’ with eye and ear and speech and step still seeming full of life's young blood, falls suddenly in our midst ; a man whose early years were so fruitful of every human virtue as to mark him a youth of rarest purity ; a man who, at the very threshold of his majority, dedicated his life to the service of God, in labors for the good of his fellow men ; identifying himself at once with the Church of Christ and with that oldest and noblest of humane institutions, whose talismanic motto is in the three most forceful and expressive words of any language—‘ Faith, Hope, and Charity ;’ a man who, for three score and five years, lived a pillar and an honor to every department of the mystic Fraternity ; who for more than half a

century served within the gates and at the sacred altar of the Temple, whose service began before, and continued through, and never faltered in, that dark period of hostile bitterness and fiery persecution which all but a faithful few believed would utterly destroy the institution from off the face of the earth ; who, in after years, saw his loved Fraternity rise in more than its pristine strength and shine with more than its former glory, and, like a beam of Oriental light, diffuse itself through every habitable clime without one note of human exultation in the triumph, but still kneeling in Humility's vale, and with hands raised toward Heaven, exclaiming '*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam ;*' a man ever ready to extend the hand of Charity to a fallen foe, and to practice hospitality toward all men ; who ever bore his unsought honors with the meekness of a Moses, and his trusty sword with the valor of a Joshua ; when such a man, a perfect Master in the Craft, a support and ornament of the Royal Arch, a chosen leader of the Templar host in all its holy warfare against the enemies of helpless innocence in distress, and in its contest for the triumph of that Cross through which alone sin and sorrow can be made to cease ; a champion on every field of battle for the right, a practical teacher of that beneficence which feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, and binds up the wounds of the afflicted ; when such a man as SAMUEL GRAVES dies, where is the language that can portray his career ! where the rhetoric that can pronounce his eulogy ! where the poetic numbers that can recount his virtues ! where the elegiac strain that can depict the surrounding sorrow !

“ In such a case all formulated speech is mawkish, insipid, out of place ; all resolutions are cold, formal, entirely inad-

quate. In such a case no tongue this side of immortality can describe his deeds ; none but a heavenly choir chant the anthem suited to his praise.

“ It is a most humiliating thought, that under our present great sorrow at parting with one so wise and so worthy, all we can do is to express condolence with his loved ones left behind, inscribe to his memory a doubly-bordered page in our records, and keep his grave adorned with fresh cut flowers of earth.

“ And is this really so? Can he who on the thirtieth day of July, 1880, at the ripe age of eighty-six years, passed from our midst—the Grand Bible Bearer of the Grand Lodge, the Grand Chaplain of the Royal Arch, and the Grand Prelate of Knights Templar in the Occident—receive this, and this only, at our hands?

“ Do you say we had *honored* him while here with exalted stations of trust? Nay, verily; *he* honored *us* in every station to which we invited him ; honored our whole fraternity ; honored the God that made and gave him to earth.

“ But we have one cheer amid the double gloom. He, in the last hour of his mortality, drew for us a picture which can never fade from our memories, nor fail to inspire us to deeds of more exalted virtue. Shall we transcribe it to this consecrated page?

“ An ardent lover of the truth, through all his pilgrimage he drank deep and oft at the great fount of truth, the inspired word of God. He believed with his whole soul that the ‘ Book of books ’ was an infinite and eternal verity—to man, the source and medium of all true light, and life, and love. Hence, with earnest frequency and solemn mien, he

to his fratres and to the scoffer, with finger pointing to the Holy Bible, in solemn accent said :—

“ ‘ Within this sacred volume lies
 The mystery of mysteries,
 And happiest he of mortal race
 To whom our God has given grace
 To read, to hear, to think, to pray,
 To lift the latch and force the way ;
 But better he had ne'er been born
 Who reads to doubt, or reads to scorn.’

“ With this as a back-ground the filling of the picture is full of harmony.

“ When his hour had come, and when the scenes of earth were fading fast, and the sands of life were gliding silently from beneath his feet, and the ‘ wise man ’ repeated to his understanding, ‘ vanity of vanities, all is vanity,’ and when sweet music grew dull in his ear, and his eye to the light grew dim, and his pulsations, fluctuating and feeble, were few, his trembling hand, as its last, its most charming touch upon the canvas of mortal-immortality, grasped the Holy Bible, and laid it gently on his heaving bosom, while with his expiring breath he whispered sweetly to the dear ones bending o'er his dying couch :—

“ ‘ This goodly Book I'd rather own
 Than all the gold and gems
 That e'er in monarch's coffers shone,
 Than all their diadems.

“ ‘ Nay ! were the sea one chrysolite,
 The sun a golden ball,
 And diamonds all the stars of night,
 This book were worth them all.’ ”

The mourning page inscribed to the memory of Sir Knight Graves in the proceedings of the Grand Commandery, reads as follows :—

This Mourning Page

BY ORDER OF THE GRAND COMMANDERY OF THE
STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

IS GIVEN TO THE MEMORY OF OUR REVERED BROTHER,

SIR SAMUEL GRAVES;

*Who was born in Cooperstown, Otsego County, State of New York,
on the 4th day of June, 1794;*

*And who died in the city of San Francisco, State of California, on
the 30th day of July, 1880.*

He was probably the oldest member of the Craft in this jurisdiction, having
been made a Master Mason in Otsego Lodge, No. 138,
New York, in the month of July, 1815.

HE HAD BEEN

Master of Saint Paul's Lodge, F. and A. M., No. 124; High Priest
of David's Chapter, R. A. M., No. 34; Master of King
Hiram Council, R. and S. M., No. 18; and
Commander of Salem Town Com-
mandery, K. T., No. 16;

All at Auburn, in the State of New York.

He had held many other important offices in Masonry, and at the time of
his death, as he had been during seven years
before, was

Grand Bible Bearer of the Grand Lodge;

For five years he had been

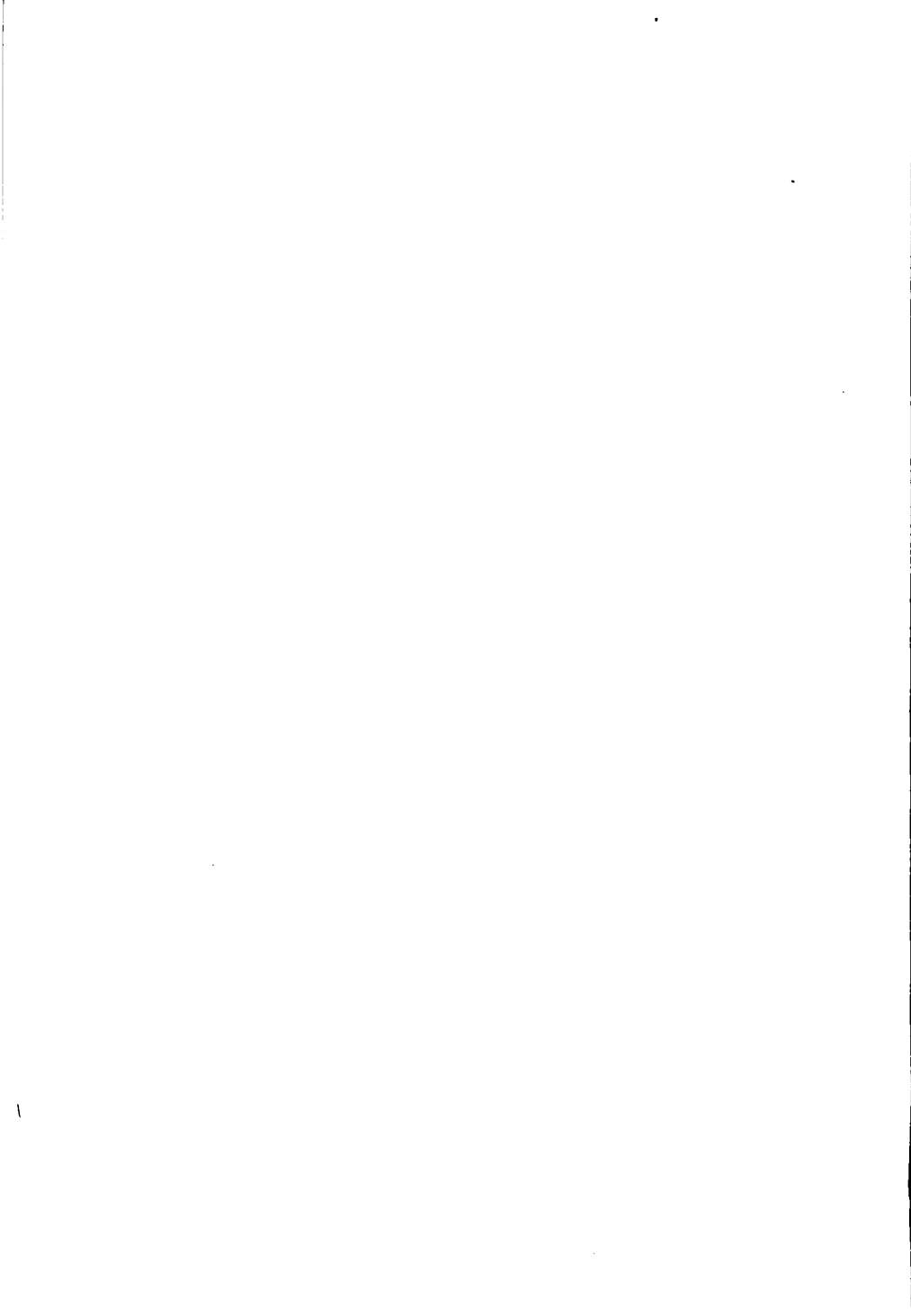
GRAND CHAPLAIN OF THE GRAND CHAPTER,

And was, and had been for six years previously,

Grand Prelate of the Grand Commandery

OF CALIFORNIA.

A pious, God-serving man, and *faithful* Mason;
Loved, and sincerely lamented by all who knew him;
An exemplar of all the virtues of Christian Knighthood;
"A perfect man, and upright; his end was peace."



In Memoriam.

AT a meeting of the vestry of St. Peter's Church, held Thursday evening, August 26th, 1880, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Forasmuch as it has pleased God, in his infinite wisdom, to take unto Himself our venerable and beloved Warden, who for more than three-quarters of a century has been a consistent and exemplary member of His Church here on earth, and for the past twelve years the Senior Warden of St. Peter's Church; be it therefore

Resolved, By the vestry of the same, with the unanimous approval of the parish, that this Church recognizes with a sorrowing love this dispensation of Providence, and would express its conviction that in the death of brother Graves this Church has lost a true and consistent member, while heaven has gained one more of those who were not born to die, but to be translated.

Resolved, That we, who—in love of his many virtues and in respect to his more than four-score years of usefulness—had learned to call him “Grand-pa,” extend to all his relatives our most cordial sympathy and love, commending them to Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That the pew in the Church where he was ac-

MEMOIRS OF

customed to sit be kept vacant, and be draped in mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be tendered to the family of our beloved brother and also published in the official organ of the Church.

Resolved, That the closing lines of Dr. Barstow's memorial sermon be requested for publication in connection with these resolutions.

A GOOD MAN GONE.

Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given,
And glows once more from out this church
The path which reaches heaven.

Our old and well-tried friend, whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the bloom of summer time
Has left us 'mid the flowers.

A weakening of the step of youth
"Forewarned us of decay;"
Sunlight from the brighter land
Shone round our brother's way.

The light of his full life went down
"As sinks the sun behind the hill—
The glory of the setting star,
Clear, suddenly and still."

So pure and true, his white head seemed
"Eternal as the sky,"
And like the sun's clear ray his life,
A light which cannot die.

SAMUEL GRAVES.

The blessing of his goodly life
Fell on us like the dew ;
And good thoughts, where his footsteps pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in his every look ;
We read his face as one who reads
A true and holy book.

The measure of a blessed hymn
To which our hearts could move,
The breathing of an inward psalm,
A canticle of love.

We miss him in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth-fire's light ;
And pause beside his door to hear
Once more his kind "good-night !"

There seems a shadow on this church,
His smile no longer cheers ;
A dimness in this house of God,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled,
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

Fold him, O Father, in thine arms,
And let him henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

MEMOIRS.

“Still let his mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And his dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.”

And grant that He whose weakening form
Distrusted all His powers,
May welcome to His holier home
The well beloved of ours.

CHAPTER XVI.

Notice and Memorial from the Grand Commandery of New York —
Preamble and Resolutions Adopted by Golden Gate Lodge, No.
30, F. & A. M. — Memorial by the Masonic Veteran's Association
and Past Master's Association.

THE *R. E.* Sir Knight George Walgrove,
Grand Commander of the Grand Com-
mandery of the State of New York, in an ad-
dress to that Grand Body at its Annual Conclave
in 1881, said:—

“ On the 30th of July, 1880, the veteran, Samuel Graves, for many years Grand Standard Bearer of this Grand Body, was summoned to repose in the eighty-seventh year of his age, at his home in the city of San Francisco, California, where he had lived for many years past. Though personally known only to a few of the elders yet remaining with us, his name is written in our history, and his memory will be preserved by those who never saw his person. I speak the words of others when I say that his long life was a complete and glorious exemplification of all that is best in our tenets. Becoming a Master Mason in July, 1815, he passed through the various grades and held various offices. In 1856 he was elected Grand Standard Bearer of this Grand Body, and

held the position by successive re-elections until 1862, when he removed to California, in which State he was Grand Bible Bearer of the Grand Lodge five years, Grand Chaplain of the Grand Chapter, and Grand Prelate of the Grand Commandery six years. He died at a ripe old age, and passed to a well earned reward. Peace be with him.

The committee to whom this portion of the address was referred, recommended in their report that a page in the Proceedings be dedicated to the memory of Past Grand Standard Bearer, Sir SAMUEL GRAVES ; which report was adopted and the page bears the following inscription :—

This Mourning Page

IS APPROPRIATED BY THE

GRAND COMMANDERY, K. T., OF NEW YORK,

TO THE MEMORY OF

Sir Samuel Graves;

Born in Cooperstown, Otsego County, New York, June 4, 1794;

Died in San Francisco, California, July 30, 1880.

He was among the oldest members of the Craft in the United States, having been initiated in Otsego Lodge, No. 138, Cooperstown, in July, 1815.

HE HAD BEEN

Master of Saint Paul's Lodge, F. and A. M., No. 124; High Priest of David's Chapter, R. A. M., No. 34; Master of King Hiram Council, R. and S. M., No. 18; Commander of Salem Town Commandery, K. T., No. 16;

All at Auburn, State of New York; and

GRAND STANDARD BEARER

OF THE

Grand Commandery of the State of New York.

At the time of his death he was

Grand Bible Bearer of the Grand Lodge, Grand Chaplain of the Grand Chapter, and Grand Prelate of the Grand Commandery

Of the State of California.

An upright and God-serving man; a faithful Mason; loved by all who knew him; his end was peace.

A committee of Golden Gate Lodge, No. 30, to which Bro. Graves belonged, presented the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted :—

“WHEREAS, It has pleased the Grand Architect of the Universe in his infinite wisdom to take from our midst our dearly beloved brother SAMUEL GRAVES, and

“WHEREAS, Our late brother has been for more than sixty years a faithful and active member of the Masonic Fraternity, and was entitled to, and honored with the title of ‘Father of Masons in California,’ and

“WHEREAS, We feel that in doing honor to the memory of Brother GRAVES we are performing no ordinary duty ; therefore be it

“*Resolved*, That while we humbly bow in submission to the will of ‘Him Who Doeth All Things Well,’ and while we believe that our brother is now reaping the reward of a ‘well-spent life’ in the Celestial Grand Lodge above, yet we deeply deplore the loss of our late brother and feel that he has left a vacancy in our ranks that can never be filled.

“*Resolved*, That Golden Gate Lodge has parted with Bro. GRAVES as a dear brother, friend, and counselor, one to whom the call of charity was never made in vain, and that the Masonic Order has lost one of its brightest lights, who through sixty-five long years upheld its principles and exemplified its teachings.

“*Resolved*, That the members of Golden Gate Lodge do cherish the memory of Bro. GRAVES fresh in their hearts, and will ever hold up his example as a man and a Mason, as one worthy of imitation by every member of the Order.

Resolved, That we deeply and sincerely sympathize with the family of our deceased brother in their great bereavement, and commit them to the care and protection of Him who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb' for comfort in this, their hour of trial.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes; that a copy be forwarded to the family of our late brother, and that the charter and jewels of this Lodge be draped in mourning for the period of thirty days."

The following tribute of respect by the Masonic Veteran's Association was paid to the memory of their deceased Grand Honorary Member, SAMUEL GRAVES:—

“ ‘Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once shall never die.’

“Sorrow's mournful arch must again be reared, and under it must we bend in paying tribute to the memory of our deceased brother, SAMUEL GRAVES.

“The deceased was the oldest Mason in the jurisdiction of California. He had attained his eighty-sixth year, and the greater part of his long and useful life was devoted to fostering and advancing the interests of Freemasonry. Bro. GRAVES was first brought to Masonic light in his native State of New York in the year 1815, and for his zeal and fidelity was soon promoted to the station of Master of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 124, at Auburn. On his removal to California, in 1862, he affiliated with Golden Gate Lodge, No. 30, of which he remained an honored and useful member to the

day of his death. The Grand Lodge of California honored him by appointing him to the position of Grand Bible Bearer, which position he filled with dignity and ability until called to the Grand Lodge on High. Our lamented brother had been a Knight Templar for more than half a century, and served with distinction as Generalissimo and Eminent Commander.

“ Bro. SAMUEL GRAVES was elected in January, 1879, the first Grand Honorary Member of our Association, and always attended our meetings. Upright in every act, he was earnest and honest in every thought. Ever true in his friendship, warm in his attachments, conscientious in the discharge of all his duties, modest and unassuming in his deportment, he commanded and possessed in a high degree the esteem and confidence of the entire Fraternity. His daily life was a truthful exemplification of the benign precepts of our beloved Order, and we unite with his bereaved family in mourning his loss.

“ ‘Thou art not in the grave confined ;
 Death cannot claim the immortal mind ;
 Let earth close o’er its sacred trust,
 But goodness dies not in the dust.’ ”

The Past Master’s Association of the city of San Francisco, adopted the following :—

“ ‘ MEMINERIMUS.’ ”

“ The venerable form, the dignified presence, the genial and beneficent bearing of one who merited our most profound respect and love are missed. Upright, pious, just ;

he was a devoted father, a faithful friend, a good citizen, a Godly man. From the very dawn of his manhood, through times that required of Masons more than ordinary moral courage, to the close of a long, eventful, noble life, he proved himself a consistent, zealous, warm-hearted Mason.

“‘Be just, be good, be true,’ was with him a maxim exemplified in all his intercourse with his fellow men. Eighty and six years—years crowned with noble deeds and fruitful in every human virtue—having passed, he has been kindly, reverently, and tenderly gathered to his fathers.

“SAMUEL GRAVES, or rather Father GRAVES—for by that endearing title we delighted to hail him—having honored us, having honored our noble Fraternity in all the varied stations he was called upon to fill, having honored the Grand Architect of his being through a long and useful life, has gone to join the companionship of the good and the true in the ‘temple not made with hands.’ He has gone to his rest, and the enjoyment of his reward. His memory is embalmed with the sweet incense of a well-spent life. His name, written on the hearts of men—

“‘In characters of living light,
 From kindly words and actions wrought,
 Shall live beyond the reach of time,
 Even immortal as his thought.’

“May the happy example and influence of his life inspire us to more earnest efforts in the cause of human benefaction, and to deeds of more exalted virtue.”

CHAPTER XVII.

Conclusion.

THUS closes the history of an upright man. To most men the idea of death is regarded with abhorrence ; the dark valley, with its unknown paths and gloomy shadows ; the dread river which all must cross, but few approach without a shudder ; the unknown land beyond—all tend to inspire dread and make death repugnant. But to him, who, in the supreme hour, holds in his hand the lamp of faith, the darkness is illuminated, the fear banished, the repugnance dissipated.

America's gifted poet, who but lately has himself entered the "silent land," thus speaks of death :—

"In the Temple of Juno, at Elis,—Sleep, and his twin brother, Death, were represented as children reposing in the arms of Night. On various funereal monuments of the ancients, the Genius of Death is sculptured as a beautiful youth, leaning on an inverted torch, in the attitude of repose, his wings folded and his feet crossed. In such peaceful and attractive forms did the imagination of ancient

poets and sculptors represent death. And these were men in whose souls the religion of Nature was like the light of stars, beautiful, but faint and cold. Strange that in later days, this angel of God, which leads us with a gentle hand into the 'land of the great departed, into the silent land,' should have been transformed into a monstrous and terrific thing."

For Bro. Graves, death had no such terrors ; to him appeared no ghastly skeleton with scythe and hour-glass ; no grim " Reaper whose name is Death ; " but rather the beautiful youth leaning on the inverted torch, waiting to conduct him into the presence of Him who said: " He that believeth in me shall have Eternal Life."

Weary with the toil of years, he laid the burden down ; beckoned by the shadowy hand, he left the turmoil of life for the peace and rest which await the true and faithful.

Down through the misty distance of the centuries, along the great highway of Masonry, at varying intervals, are erected monuments, tablets, and tombs, upon which are inscribed the names of those illustrious leaders in the Order, whose deeds have made them famous, and whose efforts have contributed so much to the erection of the mighty temple whose foundation stone is

Charity. The fact that these evidences of grateful appreciation of eminent services and earnest desire to perpetuate the memory of those whose fidelity, zeal, and high intellectual attainments have given them prominence among their brethren, are peculiarly characteristic of our Order, shows that Masons are ever ready to recognize and reward merit when shown, and serves as an incentive to each succeeding generation to emulate the example of their predecessors. In collating the foregoing tributes to the memory of Bro. Graves we have no idea that they will add one iota to the respect and veneration in which it is held by those who knew him; but to those to whom he was a stranger, they will serve to show, like the "guinea's stamp," the value of the coin, and will also tend to brighten the links of the fraternal chain which binds Masons together.

Our work is done. It has been a labor of love. Faithful friend, upright citizen, Mason tried and true; the sting of his loss is removed by the belief that our loss is his eternal gain.

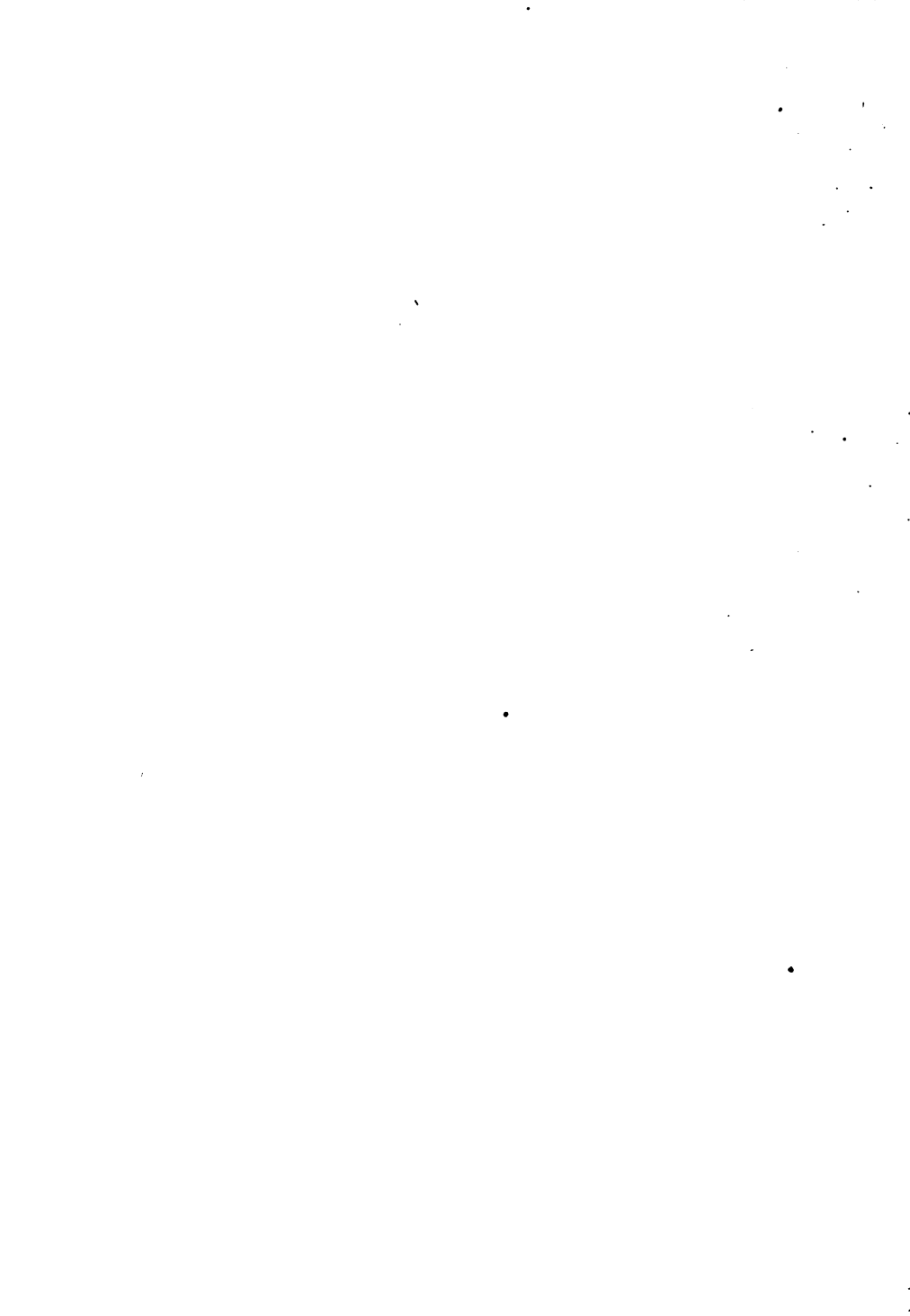
"There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forever more.

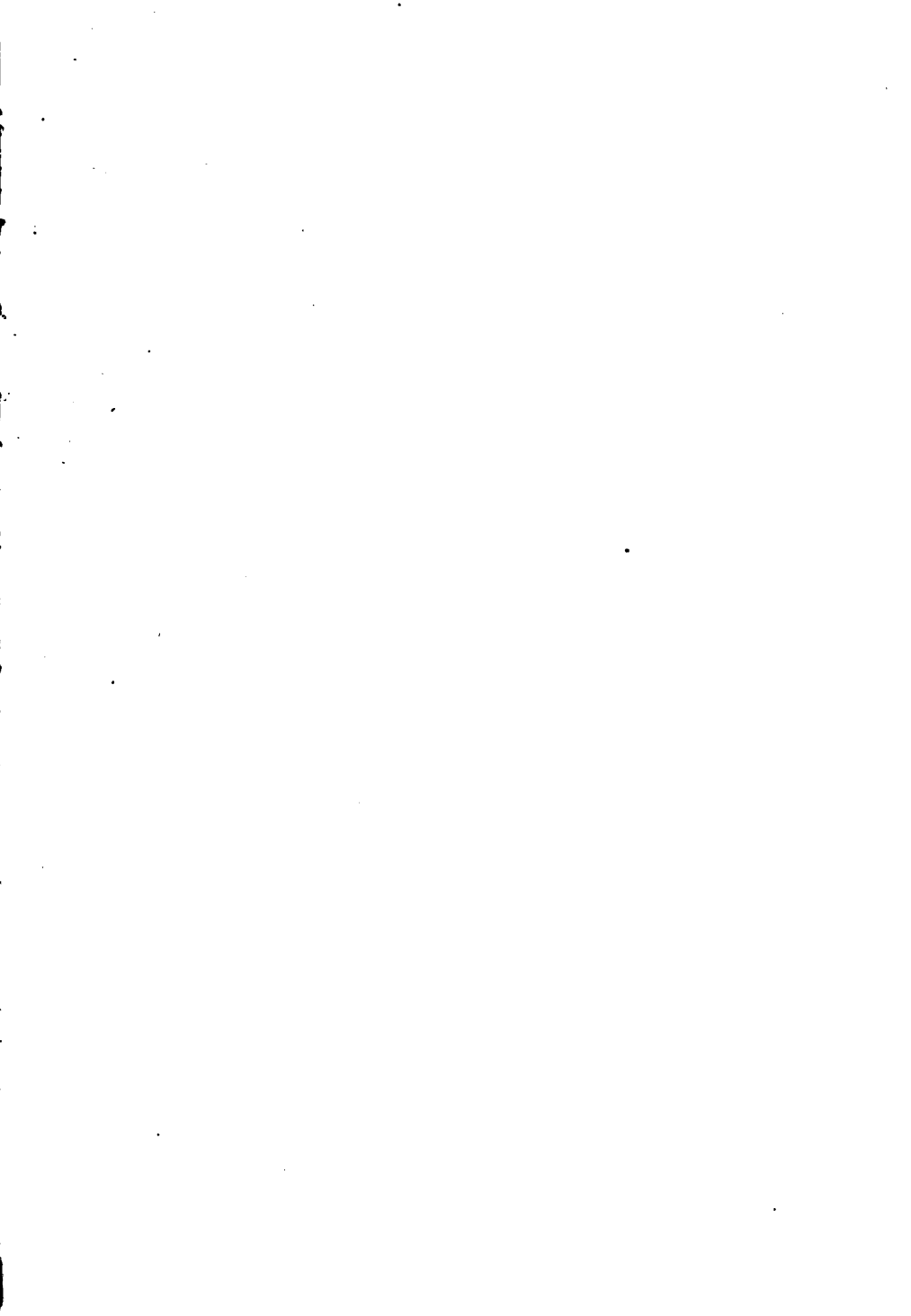
There is no death ! an angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread ;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them ' dead.'

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again,
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near, as, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless Universe
Is life—there are no dead."

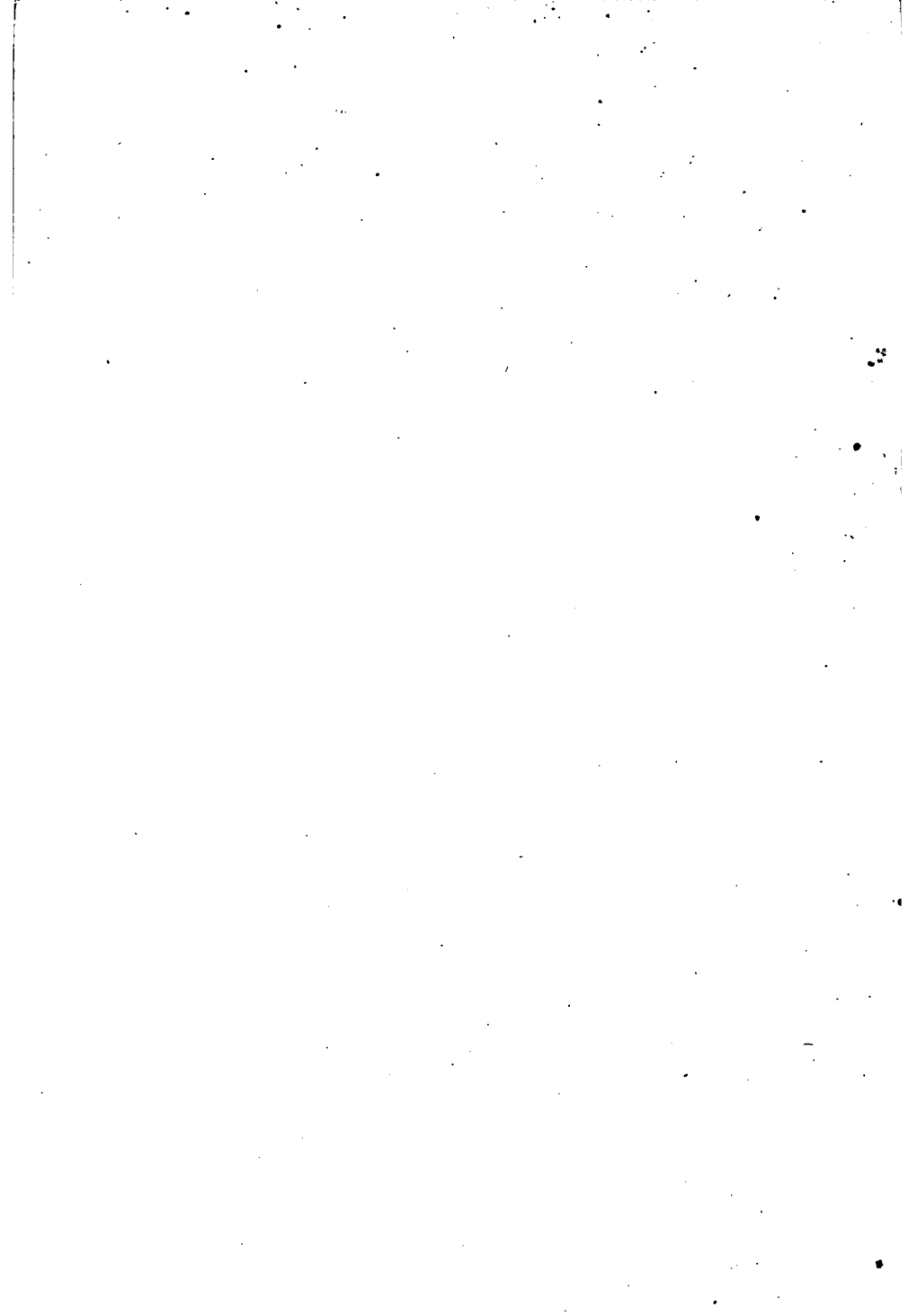


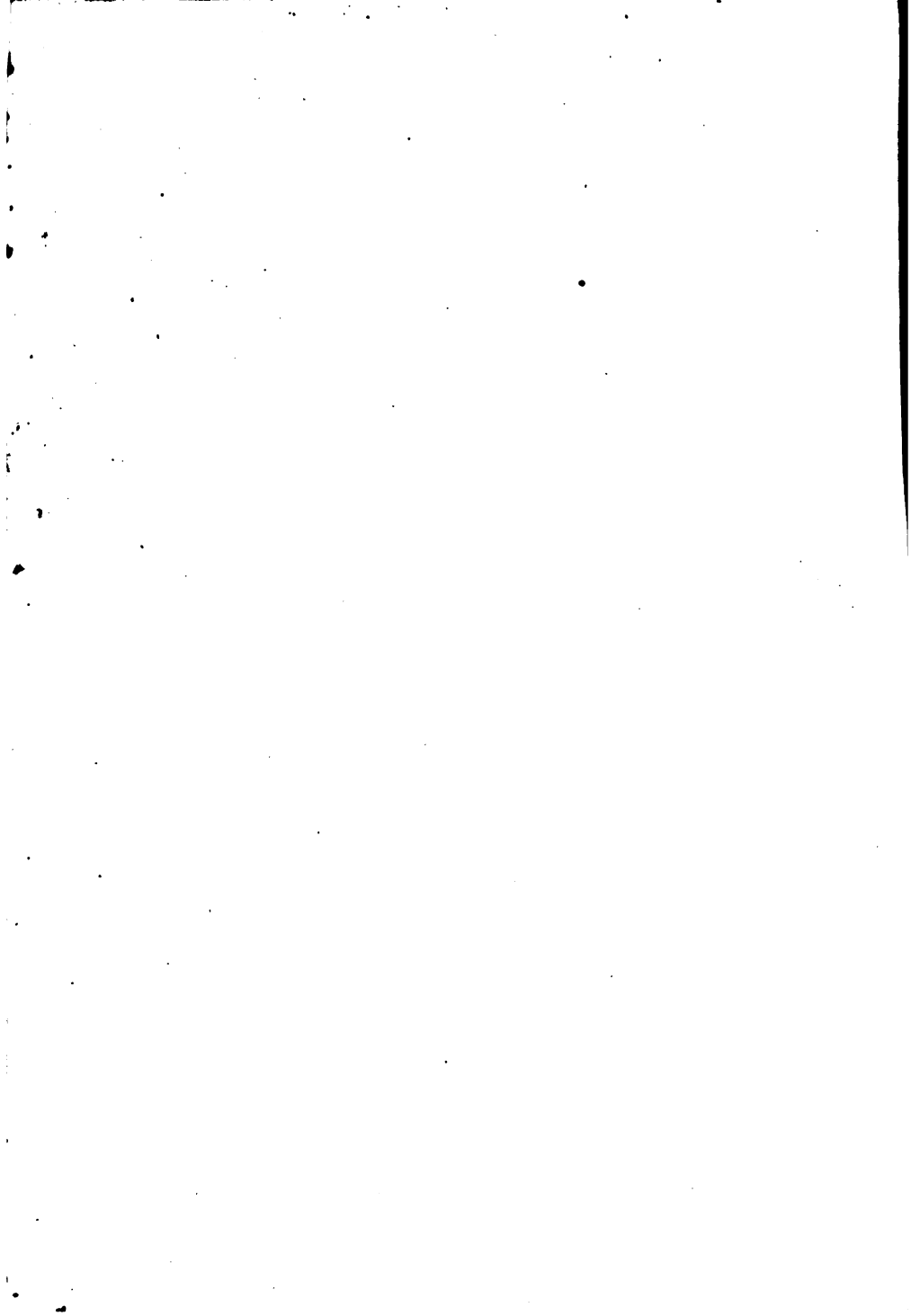














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