(68)

REPORT OF THE TRUSTEES,

AND THE

SPEECH OF J. M. LOVEJOY, ESQ.,

ON THE SUBJECT OF THE

MASONIC SEMINARY.

Grand Lodge of North Carolina, Raleigh, Dec, 7, 1848.

Bro. J. M. Lovejoy, on behalf of the Trustees of the Masonic Seminary, presented the following report, which was read and adopted; and, on motion, ordered that two thousand copies thereof, accompanied with the remarks of Bro. Lovejoy and the plan heretofore adopted for raising funds, be printed in pamphlet form for distribution among the subordinate Lodges:

The Trustees of the Grand Lodge, and the Subordinate Lodges, upon whom devolves the transaction of any business, in regard to a Seminary of Learning, have had a meeting, and beg leave to report. The following sums have been raised by subscription and appropriation, viz:

Hiram Lodge, - - - - - - -	$1000
Wake Forest Lodge, (ten dollars paid), - -	260
Concord Lodge, (fifty paid), - - -	150
Greensboro' Lodge, (twenty paid), - - -	100
Pittsboro' Lodge, - - - - - -	200
Bellemont Lodge, (forty paid) - - - -	200
Wentworth Lodge, - - - - -	75
Fellowship Lodge, - - - - -	50
Grand Lodge, (half the funds on hand), -	77
St. John's Lodge, - - - - - -	200
Brother Gott, (ten dollars paid), - - -	10
Whole amount,	$2322

The Trustees are obliged to state, that many of the Lodges have not acted with that promptness and decision, which the subject requires. Yet they think that it proceeds,

not from the want of a proper spirit of liberality, but from inability in some, while others have not given this great undertaking that strict and candid examination, which its importance demands. Doubtless our brethren throughout the State, use their best exertions to confer the benefits of instruction upon the destitute of our order, who live within the jurisdiction of their Lodges. But still there are many, and ever must be, whom their efforts cannot reach. And they must grow up as others have done before them, deprived of intellectual and moral culture, and bend their necks to the galling yoke of poverty and ignorance. This honorable body has decided, that an institution ought to be established, which shall bestow a sound and practical education upon all our destitute and unfortunate children—which shall take them by the hand and lead them up to the pleasant places of wisdom, of morality and religion.—We believe that this body should still move onward in the pursuit of its great and important purpose. We recommend that it take some action to inform the different Lodges that their money will be refunded if this seminary is not established. We further urgently recommend, that some suitable person be appointed, to travel through the State, and bring this subject to the heart of every Mason. And that he obtain subscriptions and sell scholarships, until the sum at least of ten thousand dollars be raised. Your Trustees believe this sum can be easily raised, especially, if Masons will consider, they are giving nothing away, but are building up a house of refuge, for their children, in the storms of adversity—an institution, which shall spread its wings over the Fraternity, when we are gone, and cause it to stand forth, a noble and beautiful structure, to the eye of the world—an institution, from which shall diverge the splendor of our order, attracting the eye of intelligence, from every part of the country—a house, in which the destitute shall be comforted, and receive consolation and instruction —an institution, to which Masons can point with a just pride, and feel cheered in having done their duty—an institution, where the spirit of our order shall preside, and who shall show us something, when we meet her there, besides our forms and ceremonies—who shall show us the work she has done, and point us to the mind trained to virtue, and fitted for an immortal destiny—who shall stretch forth her hand, and draw to herself that poor boy, who is now toiling to gain a scanty subsist-

ence, and whose young arm and feeble efforts are all that are left to cheer the desolate heart of his widowed mother—both, both of whom, we have most solemnly declared to support and cherish. Look at that family: that woman's husband was our brother. She too is our sister; and that poor boy, crushed by adversity and ignorance, is our son. The arm which supported that family has failed, and the stout heart which put itself between them and the world is cold. Their few effects have been sold to satisfy the demands of creditors and the law. Comfort and cheerfulness, which were wont to be there, are gone, and in their place are want and hunger.—And that poor boy is doomed to toil on—to toil on—forever, with no cheerful prospects before him, the darkness of whose mind can build up no brilliant hopes for the future.—This is not fancy; it is truth. We know that the substance of a man is often wasted at his death, either for want of proper management, or from the swift tricks of knavery and deceit. That his house and his estate go into the hands of another; that his children are driven forth and cast upon the charity of an indifferent world, while the hearth, where they received the advice and counsel of parents, and their benediction at death, can gather them together no more.—But such will this institution gather together, and educate, and send forth, to benefit the world; to become useful men—useful to themselves, useful to society, and useful to our order. It is the business of men, in their generation, to prepare the young to succeed them. Every act in life, in a worldly point of view, amounts to this and nothing more. Laws, commerce, agriculture, institutions of learning, and every kind of employment, in which men are engaged, all are directed to this one, great end—the promotion of the interest and welfare of the next generation. Suppose the question is put to a father, why he subjects himself to so much toil and anxiety, to accumulate a little property? He immediately answers, to educate and support my children, when I am gone. But suppose he is told, that by paying an annual sum to a certain institution, the education of his children shall be secured, whatever may happen and however soon he may die; what does he say? Does he say I shall not do this? No! He says no such thing. But he says, tell me the terms of your institution, for if I can save the sum required, after the wants of my family are supplied, I will close with her. Now the seminary, which we wish to establish, makes, to every one of us, this very proposition.

of man refute the idea. Nature has no such page in her book; the leaves, the flowers, the insects, the birds and the very rocks, which hold the earth together, declare it false. When the ant turns sluggard and basks itself in the sun, and when the bee ceases to labour, because there are many; when the leaf hushes its whispers, because the forest is singing to the evening breeze; and the rocks fly from their places and tear the earth asunder; when the evening star goes back into the chambers of night, because millions are rolling round the throne of the Eternal; when the planets dash off from their orbits and leave the sun solitary in the midst of heaven; then, and not till then, will natnre teach this lesson. When shall we act with energy? shall we wait six months, a year, or two years? shall we wait until those we wish to benefit have passed the age of instruction, and the stern majesty of the world bids them take their places among the ranks of men?

Bright and lovely are the paths of youth, when education opens its store-house of knowledge before them, and nature pours into the mind her floods of light. But hard, hard, is the lot of the uneducated, and desolate the road which they travel: it leads through pleasant landscapes, and flowery fields, but they see not, hear not, know not of the surpassing beauty which surrounds them. The temple of Science shines afar, but Ignorance, like the dragon of the Hesperides, crouches before them, and forbids their entrance. Among the multitudes who are journeying in ignorance to oblivion, there are minds, many minds, which, if favored by a different destiny, would shine like the sun of the morning through all coming time. Take from thence that boy with the flashing eye and the lofty brow, but whose cheek is paled by adversity, as if blasted by the lightning in its fall from heaven: Take him, lead him up to the temple of Science, and educate him there. Let him sit at the feet of Wisdom, while she pours into his mind the soul of eloquence, poetry and philosophy, and the lore of ancient men. Does he sit in his place listless and gaping while she speaks of the wonders of nature, and the grand conceptions which formed them? He catches every sound, his ear drinks in every word, and his mind expands like the flower, at the touch of the morning sun beam. He grows great by intelligence, and strong for action. You see no more the lonely boy: he converses with nature, and worlds are his companions. He looks out

upon the Universe, and lo, how changed! the gloom which hung over the landscape is gone. It appears no more a dreary wilderness, but the garden of the Almighty. Every leaf, bud and flower, glow with the spirit of the Creator.—The air, the earth, the floods, sing and talk to him of God. He hears his voice in the breeze and in the storm. The morning, the noon, the evening, darkness and night's flaming vault open to him sources of infinite thought, of wonder, of awe and admiration. He goes into the world, with its disguise and malice and deep intrigue; he meets it with a soul of truth braced to virtue and patriotism. No more will it push him down the pale paths of poverty and ignorance; he looks the giant in the face, puts the hand upon his shoulder and bids him move at his will. He is the ruler of men and the controller of the destinies of his nation. Does he find her in desolation, oppressed by foes and torn by faction? He collects her scattered children and leads them forth to victory. He throws himself into the storms of revolution: the angry sea is stilled and the waves roll back to their resting place. He hushes the clamor of raging tongues, and quenches the fires of tempestuous passion, blown into fury by destruction's wing! This is no picture of the imagination: Such men have been, are and will be. I have drawn an image, which, in most respects, resembles the great statesman of this age, whose star is in the West and shall shine there forever. Consult the pages of history, and it will tell you with a stern, impartial tongue, that the benefactors of the world have been born among those whose homes are far, far away from the comforts, the luxuries and magnificence of wealth.

Look upon the map of ancient times, and cast your eye upon the spot where flourished the Republic of Greece.—How beautiful and bright she stands among the savage states which surround her! She walked, the queen of nations, and her glory is like the light of the morning, when she shakes her kirtle upon the heavens and strews her pathway with jewels. Who toiled at the task of raising her to greatness, of establishing liberty, diffusing national prosperity, and bringing the arts to such perfection that the authors of those deeds appear vastly superior to the gods which their imaginations created and endued with superhuman agencies?—Did wealth and grandeur do these things? Did Princes wring from the brains of majesty those wonderful produc-

pre-existent time, and shows them the mighty men and demigods of old; that they were poor, yet nevertheless formed savage hordes into civilized and gigantic States, became the lords of song, of eloquence and philosophy, and thus won their way to immortality. She points them to the great men of modern date, to Shakespear, Nopoleon, Milton and Washington, the four giants of thought and action, who have written their names in letters of fire upon the black wing of time; and says that they were poor. She shows them Washington, traversing forests and wading through swamps, a surveyor of land in his early manhood. But she shows him in a different picture, struggling with that monster and terrible thing, called a tyrant, wrenching his hand from the throat of Liberty and placing his broad, brave bosom between her and her tormentor; lifting up a State which had fallen, wasted and bleeding, and placing her feet upon a foundation so strong and deep that she has grown up the glory and wonder of the world. But I have not time to tell all the educated poor have done and can do. They teach all our schools, fill all our colleges with professors, and our churches with the ministers of God. They build all our towns and villages, all our vessels of commerce, and navies of war. But what does Wealth? Nothing, nothing at all; she stands with her arms folded upon her bosom, tricked out in her jewelry and golden petticoats, and looks on to see Poverty work. But she pours into the lap of Poverty her gold, surrenders her possessions, gives up her houses and her lands and her golden petticoats also. How does Poverty serve her uneducated children? She stands before them, stern and terrible, she will give them no aid, no comfort, no cheer.—She pushes them into every hole and every ditch: she plucks their rags, and tells them that the North wind is stormy and fierce, and cold, and that no body cares. She talks to them all day of want, of hunger and famine, and haunts their pillow at night; she tells them of grog shops, of rum and of crime, and makes them believe that the very Devil is their best friend. Thus talks Poverty in two ways. Thus talks Poverty with her double face and Janus mouths, and she tells you educate your children, and I will lift them up to fame, and power, and distinction. But leave them uneducated, and I will crush them and crowd them down to ruin.

It is essentially necessary that republics should be intelligent. For if oppression makes republics, ignorance makes

monarchies. An ignorant republic is an uncaged tiger, and falls into the pit which ambition digs. An oppressed nation is the tiger caged, which having learned its strength, rends the bolts and tears its master. An ignorant people will support no government, whatever be its character. An intelligent nation never were enslaved, nor can they be, and will submit to any just and equitable government, rather than endure the torments of anarchy and misrule. The multitudes of Europe were never intelligent; conseqnently they have been oppressed and enslaved for centuries. Rulers have weilded the sceptre of cruelty, despised the people, neglected their education, and driven them forth hungry and naked.

Oh how the poor miserable multitude have suffered! What have they endured? What have they not endured? what wrongs, what poverty, what ignorauce, what tyranny, what horrid despotism? Loaded with taxes, starving for bread, freezing from cold, goaded and tormented by that Promethian vulture the rapacity of the law, they are driven to fury, shivering with rage, drunk with passion, and mad with grief.—But they have learned their strength; and the vengeance of ages rises up like night, and covers the land with darkness. Rebelion lifts its head, War mounts his iron charriot, the nations go forth to battle, the thrones of Europe are shaken, —and the proud old monarchies which sit in the shadow of ages are tottering, leaning, rushing headlong. The cries of suffering have ascended to heaven, and the Almighty hath sent forth the Angel, to pour out the vials of his anger, to smite, and to kill, until Justice and Equity sit in their places and the nations are ruled in righteousness. Thus the governors of the world are punished when they neglect the decrees of Providence, and steel their hearts to mercy: And the very instruments upon which they rest for security turn to darts and daggers, to pierce and destroy them. For Heaven and Earth have sworn, that if a ruler rests the stability of his government upon the stupidity, and ignorance of the people, and forms a breast-plate of defence from such material, it shall grow into a robe of fire, and like the fabled cloak of Dejanira, wrap itself around, adhere and burn, until it destroys the monster who wears it. How awful is the vengeance of nations, and how bitter the vials of popular fury, when poured upon the head of kings!

Ye monarchs, ye haughty despots and gloomy tyrants! ye have rode the world in war's thunder march, and buckled

the nations to the car of tyranny and the yoke of ignorance, but the vice, and crime, and stupidity, which ye planted, covered with the ashes of cities, and watered with the blood of men. spring up the teeth of lions, and the fangs of serpents, which sting your hearts, and rend your vitals. Ye monarchs and rulers of men! how lonely sits the soul in its house of clay, where ye have locked out the light of heaven, and left it by itself in desolation and darkness, to listen to the wants and cries of the body, the taunts of pride, and the scorn of power! and thus in darkness and in chains, ye think to bridle it with the bit of horses, and lash it to subjection with whips of scorpions. But the angry soul will not be briddled; in its enraged energies, it becomes a fiend, the destroyer and avenger, the Medea of the myth and the fable, the rider of the charriot with the winged dragons, over burning palaces and ruined thrones. Such were they who desolated revolutionary France, wrung her bosom, tore out her heart, and threw it bleeding to the earth. But let me not speak of the French revolution. Who can picture it? Who can describe the horrors of that day, when "France got drunk with blood to vomit crime"? Does the poet think he can do it, because he dips his pen in the sun beam, and writes with the point of a diamond, because he can seize upon the arts and subtleties of language, and bid his imagination snmmon shapes from Hell? Such monstrous facts rise from the earth, as scare the imagination and legions of darkness, and the man of fancy is all earth again.

The historian sits down, and writes of the shock of armies, the rage of battle, of cities, steeped in crime, and red with blood; of the assassin, in the bed-chamber of mothers at midnight, of the knife, the plunge and the hush of death: And then, as if wearied with the details of desolation and cruelty, he cries, who can paint the horrors of that day, when lust, revenge, hatred, ambition and all the savage passions, which haunt the breast, swarmed from the heart and assumed the shape of monsters, which struck down the people, with the poinard and battle axe, until the war god of modern Europe put the bit of destiny in the jaws of France, and turned her tremendous energies against the world? From whence, will learn the rulers of men, that ignorance and tyranny invigorate, ruin and annihilate nations? Let the past speak to the present. Come forth ye extinct nations, and tell to the present, the cause of your ruin! Come forth, ye old empires of Asia, from the hover of oblivion's wing, and swear

to the rulers of men; swear by the silence of the desert, where ye once flourished, that the eye of the owl glistens where stood the throne and blazed the diadem; and the hyena chafes his shoulder upon the column where leaned the queens of monarchs, because princes swayed the sceptre of sin, and hampered the people with oppression and ignorance, so that ye were swept away, by the tide of invasion, like dust before the whirlwind. Savage nations cannot be enslaved, because their habitations change like the sands of Africa. They say to tyrants erect your throne and post your janizaries upon the spot where smoke the ashes of our last night's encampment. Our possessions are in the strength of the war horse, the speed of the arrow, the winds are our companions, and the desert our home. Prudence, caution, endurance and power in battle, are the qualities which give distinction; and Nature tells them, if they cultivate these, they obey the laws, which she imposes upon their condition in life, and shall live free and independent in the wilderness which she has made their dwelling place. Civilized nations inhabit countries with fixed boundaries.—If the people are intelligent, they strangle tyranny in the cradle; and say to foreign foes, our school houses are our forts, and our walls the hearts of brave men. The arts of education, and the power of intellect, are the qualities which confer destinction: and Nature says to them cultivate these and you obey the laws which I impose upon your condition in life, and shall live independent at home, and respected abroad. The great republic of North America, is the only country on the face of the globe of this kind. But when the few walk in the light of education, and the multitude in darkness, Avarice, Cupidity, and Ambition, sit down with the former, to play the game of life, with poor, blind, erring Ignorance. In this contest education and intellect, and not the strong arm, win the victory. The game goes on, continues for years; Ignorance loses, is stripped of every thing, and goes away and lies down upon her bed of straw, miserable, exhausted, and naked. Her sons die with hunger, or are seized, and driven away before her face to whet the sword, grind the axe, and forge the chains of tyranny, which now spread over the land a gloom heavy and deep—fills it with bayonets and taxes, and gains strength and size, until despotism rises up, dark as ever, and cruel as the sea. It grasps the reins of power and keeps them; braces its enormous feet, with the boots of battle, holds in its hand the

hungry sword, and sports with life and death, like school boys mowing thistles down. No imagination, however swift in flight or collected in energy, can draw a picture, which shall show upon the canvass all the atrocious features of despotism. The governments of Europe, with but one or two exceptions, are of the above description. And now, after the nations of Europe have suffered so much, and endured so long, who says they are wrong in their terrific and mighty anger? I do not. Nor do I say they are right: let God judge the people and their rulers. I only ask, who shall quiet them? Can ye chain the hurricane? or stay the thunderbolt with your hand? and who shall stay the starving, untaught millions in their hour of vengeance, when they put on the armour of ruin, and harness the steeds of destruction? I wish the nations might gain their freedom, without the effusion of blood. But the price of liberty is blood. And is this wonderful? All excellence is dearly purchased. The soul was bought from sin, not by human blood, but by that which flowed from immortal veins. If the rulers of men who act the tyrant, will learn in no other manner, let the scourge of experience teach them, that ignorance and oppression are plants that twine together, embody and grow the upas, which poisons the people, until struck by the lightning of revolution and anarchy, it burns to cinders, and moulders to ashes, from which soars the eagle, the bird of republics, with his bolts of thunder and eye of power.

Those who are endeavoring to change the face of society, and to establish civil liberty in Europe, are editors, poets, orators and philosophers. In the first rank are the editors. Many of them have risen from the people, and their hearts and sympathies are with those, with whom they have endured wrong, and suffered adversity. Many of them have wrought at the type, and the wheel, and have seen sorrowful and bitter days. They unroll their sheets to the people, and show them the solemn lies, by which they have been cheated, and the foul wrongs which have been done them. They rend the veil, which hides the vast and gloomy despotisms, and show the deformity, and wickedness which surround the throne. Their keen intellects are swift to pierce the counsels of mysterious cabinets, and to hunt out tyranny in its most secret places. Philosophers bring their massive intellects, and metaphysical machinery into the field, and weave a web in which tyrants get entangled and

are choked to death. Poets send from the prison and the garret their bolts also, which "fall in fiery shafts, and are gathered up by the multitude, and hurled at the crowns of kings." I believe that revolution will march onward, until the people roll back the tide of despotism, and the eagle flag floats on the bulwarks of Europe: For the hearts of great nations are beginning to beat with the strong bounding blood of Liberty's pulse. They will no longer listen to the voice of kings; and therefore the shocks of the earthquake must continue, for the grasp of the sceptre will only yield to the wrench of armies; nor will the roots of thrones give way but to the strokes of the battle axe, and the crush of cannon. Our own glorious republic! who can think of its origin and moral influence upon mankind, without emotions of deep, deep, gratitude to him who planted and has watched over it, and raised it so high, that its splendor fills the universe? It shines far away over the waters, into the dark prison house of the East, where the nations work by its light, while filing the chain; and drawing the bolt; and glows into the windows of the palaces of kings, blinding the eye of tyranny, and blazing with such effulgent brightness, that the light of thrones, and the diamond work of crowns, emit a pale and ghastly glare. While such horrid shapes stand out upon the wall, that the hounds of war, who crouch at the feet of tyrants, and hem them in with steel, are frightened from their places, and become the first to point the shaft, and wing the ball, which hiss and whistle through the nests of those hornets, who have despoiled the industrious, and driven them forth to the winter and the storm. Our own great republic! with its millions of intelligent freemen, its president, and thirty governors, the sun and the stars, which reflect the majesty of the nation and the glory of the States, may it stand forever and the light of its countenance grow brighter and brighter, like an unextinguishable fire! And may earth's swarming multitudes join her song of thanksgiving to the King of nations, while the despotisms of Europe and the barbarian monarchies of Asia are the dust of the past, to be stirred but by the rake of the historian, or ransacked by the imagination, "to point a moral, or adorn a tale."

PLAN FOR RAISING SCHOOL FUND.

1. That there be a board of Trustees immediately constituted, for the School, consisting of three to be appointed by the Grand Lodge, and one to be appointed by each subordinate Lodge under its jurisdiction, who shall hold an annual meeting at the time and place of the Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge.

2. That the subordinate Lodges be authorised and directed, at the earliest day practicable, to meet and appoint their trustees, respectively, by the selection of one member for that purpose, from each of their own bodies.

3. That it shall be the duty of the three Trustees appointed by the Grand Lodge to discharge any duties required of them by the Grand Lodge, or the Board of Trustees, as an Executive School Committee.

7. That the Trustee of each subordinate Lodge shall, under the direction of his Lodge, and in such manner as the Lodge may prescribe, proceed immediately to secure from the members of his Lodge, or any other individuals disposed to contribute, such voluntary subscriptions as they may be disposed to make for the purpose of establishing the school; that he shall report the amount of subscriptions to the Lodge, and the cash collected thereon, which shall, whenever it amounts to ten dollars, be forthwith transmitted to the Grand Treasurer at Raleigh.

5. That the subscriptions be made payable as follows:—One fifth cash, and the remainder in four equal annual instalments; and that notes be taken upon them, conforming thereto, made payable to the Trustees of the Charity School fund of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina; and that they be kept by the Trustee of each Lodge aforesaid; and collected, when due, and reported to the Lodge as above, or, if not collected, handed over to his successor, or some other person as may be hereafter designated.

6. That each subordinate Lodge be requested to subscribe, at their discretion, such amount as they may deem it prudent or proper to spare from the fund of the Lodge for this purpose—to be forwarded, or such amount thereof as they may think proper then to pay, to the Grand Treasurer, at the next Annual Communication; and the remainder, if any, in similar annual instalments.

7. That the Grand Lodge make such annual appropriation to this object as her funds and the other demands upon her resources, will allow.

8. That the Executive Committee, of whom the Grand Treasurer shall be one, shall put the monies, as fast as received, if practicable, in some safe and profitable investment, from which 6 per cent. interest will be realized.

9. The Trustees or Executive Committee shall be authorised also to receive any donations that may be made by charitable individuals, other than regular subscriptions, and cause them to be likewise invested, by the same Committee, with the other monies, in Bank Stock, in notes of individuals, on mortgage of real estate and personal security, or in State Bonds.

10. That the Grand Lecturer be required to explain this subject to every Lodge he may visit, and urge upon them the necessity of liberal contributions on the part of the Lodges and of individual members, in order that the benevolent designs of the Grand Lodge may be speedily and successfully accomplished.

11. That each subordinate Lodge in the State be required to contribute according to her ability, and to take such steps and adopt such regulations as may be necessary to fulfil the duties imposed upon them respectively.