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ST. PAUL COMMANDERY.



MEMORIAL SERVICE

AT

DOVER, N. H.,

JULY 9, 1880.



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MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Moses Paul, the first Commander of St. Paul Commandery of Knights Templar, of Dover, N. H., died on the ninth day of July, 1860.

On the ninth day of July, 1870, the Commandery, Joseph W. Welch, Commander, held a Memorial Service, and placed crosses of flowers at the grave of Sir Knight Paul, and at the graves of its other deceased Sir Knights. Past Eminent Commander Oliver Wyatt, on that occasion delivered a touching address at the grave of Sir Knight Paul.

On Friday, July 9, 1880, St. Paul Commandery, Charles H. Sawyer Eminent Commander, aided by Strafford Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, Charles C. Dorr, Master, met with full ranks, in commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of the death of the late Eminent Commander, Moses Paul, and to decorate with flowers the graves of other deceased Sir Knights. They left the Asylum at 4 o'clock P. M., preceded by a detachment of Police under Marshal Dame, with music by the Dover Cornet Band, Ralph Reinewald, leader, and marched directly to Pine Hill Cemetery, where, at various points, the column was halted and the Band played dirges while flowers were placed at the headstones of deceased Sir Knights, a similar service having previously been performed at the graves of mem-

bers resting elsewhere. The following is a list of the graves decorated:

Moses Paul,
John M Silver,
Andrew J. Brown,
John L. Laskey,
Jacob C. Hanson, P. C.,
Amasa Roberts,
George W. Burleigh,
Daniel Chadwick,
Robert H. Hussey,
John J. Davis,
Increase S. Coleman,
Andrew Peirce,
Rufus Flagg,
John O. Peirce,
John Twombly,
Silas Dunn,
Joseph W. Welch, P. C.,
William Bedell,
John M. Haynes,
George Varney,
John Shepley,
Mark Noble,
Rufus W. Stevens.

After this service had been performed, the procession marched to the grave of Moses Paul, where a hollow square was formed. The Band played a dirge, and prayer was offered by the Prelate, Rev. John B. Richmond. An appropriate song was sung by a double quartette, consisting of John S. Hayes, G. J. Gooch, J. J. Duxbury, J. S. Staples, W. W. Hayes, C. A. Tufts, Arthur Whitehouse and Jona. Bradley. Eminent Commander C. H. Sawyer then introduced Sir Knight Rev. Alonzo H. Quint, D. D., of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts, who delivered the address given below.

The Lord's prayer was then sung by the double quartette, and the procession returned to the Asylum, on its way passing the residence of Sir Knight George Piper, one of its oldest members. Dr. Asa A. Tufts, the oldest Knight in the city, was also upon the ground.

During the absence of the Knights a collation had been provided. The collation ended, Eminent Commander Sawyer made some remarks, alluding in most feeling words to those whose graves had that day been visited, some of whom were with us when a similar service was last performed. Remarks were also made by others, and this beautiful service, which was inaugurated ten years previously, was closed, to be repeated on the ninth day of July, 1890.

Oration of Rev. Dr. Quint.

Twenty years ago to-day, died the first Commander of St. Paul's. Ten years ago to-day you gathered on this spot, to commemorate the virtues of that great and good man, and with his name to remember the names of your other men who had entered into their rest. You inaugurated a beautiful and touching ceremony, in placing a cross at each grave. Then the summer sun was sinking in the evening west; the summer air was lightly lifting the silent leaves; the summer birds were singing their sunset songs,— in this peaceful city of the dead,— and one of yours (now standing here) spoke to you pilgrims of a holy errand, in words of touching feeling and beauty, and interwoven with lessons learned in years of study into the sublime teachings of our ancient brotherhood. Yesterday I read these words to myself.

To-day we take up the story where it was dropped with that setting sun. Our list of the departed is longer. Ten added years have taken into the asylum of eternity some who stood with you on that memorial day, and we come again to recall for our own admonition, the knightly virtues of men whose sword-hilts their hands shall grasp no more.

And, first, I read to you the added names of those whose lights burn here no more,—at the graves of such as were buried here you have now placed the crosses:

Jacob C. Hanson, John L. Laskey, Amasa Roberts, George

Wm. Burleigh, Daniel Chadwick, Robert H. Hussey, Increase S. Coleman, John J. Davis, John Twombly, Silas Dunn, Joseph W. Welch, William Bedell, John M. Haynes, George Varney, John Shepley, Mark Nohle.

Sixteen have left their armor here and answer no more the summons when the lines are formed. Most of these were of the ranks of our own St. Paul; but some were pilgrim strangers from afar, whom your care watched over in their final struggles, and whose remains you buried with knightly honors.

Let me recall once more the memory of our first Commander, Moses Paul. We are standing by his grave. All of this generation must pass away before that man will pass from memory. Born in Waterborough, Me., 28 Mar. 1798, he was nine years of age when the family came to this Dover, with whose prosperity he was to be so thoroughly identified. He was fifteen years of age when he entered the employ of his uncle, John Williams, the founder of Dover's manufacturing prosperity, and himself a Mason worthy of the oriential chair. Moses Paul was twenty-six years of age when he was promoted to be Superintendent of the mill at Upper Factory; thirty years of age when he was Superintendent of the mills on yonder falls; thirty-six years of age when he became Agent; and it was after twenty-six years of this latter service that he heard the command which called him hence.

It was a successful life in all its aspects. He began in moder ate circumstances; he ended in competence. He began a humble subordinate; he ended at the head of a powerful corporation of concentrated wealth. He began active life practically as a "widow's son;" he died at the summit of public respect in the community which knew his life and work for more than fifty years.

Under his care, employed and employer were alike respected. As a citizen, he could have had all the honors of his State. He threw his energy into every wise proposal of public improvement. Public buildings were due to his advocacy. His upright form, his strong face, his soldierly bearing, commanded respect. He was bold, decisive, self-determined, sometimes imperious; but never arrogant nor tyrannical. No man could better rule a turbulent throng of excited voters in the old days of town elections. Often he seemed stern in face and manner, but a warmer or tenderer heart never beat in a mortal breast.

The poor had an unfailing friend. An integrity never sullied, a moral character without a tarnish, a courage which feared nothing lower than his God,– these, with the other qualities I have recalled, made the Moses Paul to whom I looked up with reverence in my boyhood, and whom I came to regard with affectionate respect as he gave me his most friendly interest when I was reaching active life. Never in my professional life, did I return to this city during many years, without calling on him that I might feel the grasp of his warm hand and meet the look of his kind eyes.

Perhaps I speak for others, also, when I say that in the life of Moses Paul, and, I will add, in that of Andrew Peirce, I imbibed my first impressions of Freemasonry. Both loved it. Both exemplified it. Both made me feel that the institution therefore was good and great. Andrew Peirce, at whose grave you have to-day appropriately placed the Cross,—how his white hairs were truly a crown of glory, and his silvery voice lingers upon our ears; the first Mayor of this city, the Speaker of our House of Representatives, an upright Mason, a noble christian in the church where he held office for many years. Such men as Moses Paul and Andrew Peirce (and I could mention some venerable men yet living if delicacy did not forbid),—such men show, against all bigotry and all detraction, the enobling influence and the grand spirit of our order.

It was on the 9th of December, 1819, that Moses Paul was raised to the degree of Master Mason. He was in that procession which, July 4, 1821, laid the corner stone of that first building of the cotton corporation, which has just been removed. I stop to remember how much the prosperity of Dover's manufacturing industry was made by men who were Freemasons. John Williams, its founder; Moses Paul, then clerk; John Chase, its first general mechanical superintendent; Andrew Steele, its first master mechanic; Samuel Dunster (still living in Attleboro', Mass.), the builder of the first practical machinery of the calico printery,—indeed almost all its early planners and workers, learned the designs of the trestle-board. I might recount the names of later workers, such as the present Agent and the present Superintendent, and many a trusted and skilful workman. And I may notice how the name of your present honored Cammander (Sawyer), is linked with those successful works of a kindred manufacture whose reputa-

tion and steady expansion promise yet an equality with the great cotton mills.

Moses Paul rose in Masonry. He had the Scottish Rite. He went away from home to explain the Royal Arch; to enter the crypts of the Select; to receive the orders of the Temple, which he did 28 Sept. 1826, when one honored citizen was present with him who to-day stands on this ground with you. He was High Priest of the Grand Chapter when he died, and he had been Grand Master of the Masons of New Hampshire; and what is nearer to you, when he died he was Commander of St. Paul's, whose charter he had with difficulty (from territorial reasons) succeeded in obtaining, and which he loved unto the end. I may recall, as some of you can, that from him I received the instructions of the Royal Arch. From him I received the orders of the Red Cross, the Temple, and of Malta. With what emphasis did his voice and life say that Truth is mighty and will prevail! Who of us can forget the solemnity with which he contemplated the sublime truths embodied and illustrated! For him, the designs upon the Trestle-board did tell of fidelity to principle at all risks. For him, the acacia always foretold Immortality by the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. For him, the work he did in life must have its own mark, and must be inspected at the last day. For him, he must receive the appropriate wages of his earthly service, whatever his work should be. For him he could contemplate the time when

> "There is no more occasion for level or plumb-line,
> For trowel or gavel, for compass or square,"

for the arch of his life would be gloriously completed by the Ancient of Days. For him, Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty, were in the House of the Lord. For him, the secrets in the crypts did bear in themselves the impress of their universality and antiquity in the grand Trinity of eternity. For him,—who can forget the tears we have seen upon his face as to him the Betrayal was visibly awful, or when he contemplated the Sacrifice of Calvary; who can forget the light upon his face when he saw the victory of the Prince of the House of David, over death and the sepulchre!

He was a christian man. Less than four years after he was made a Mason, he became a member of the old First church here, where he remained until his death, and from its house did devout men take him to his burial. Of that church the pastor

of his profession, Joseph W. Clary, was a Freemason, and a man of God, and that church used to remember that other stanch Freemason, the illustrious missionary, Daniel Poor, of Ceylon, whose christian fame is world-wide. The religion of Moses Paul cared little for cold-blooded dogmatics or sharp subtilties of doctrine. It was warm, earnest, practical. He was ready for every good work. He exulted in the love of the Infinite Father in the sacrifice of the Infinite Son. He gloried, as we can appreciate, in the Resurrection. I remember him, in his sick room, the last time I saw him. His faith was firm. Suffering, and knowing that the hour drew near when the taper must be extinguished, he knew that it would be relighted. Even then his heart went out to this Masonic brotherhood. It was dear to him still, dearer than ever, and he knew what was to raise him at the last day.

Who of us will ever forget the burial! I remember that I came from another State, soley to join in the mourning. No such funeral had ever taken place here, and none more honored will ever take place here. We recall the closed stores, the silent mills, the flags at half mast, the great influx of sobered visitors, the long procession, the solemn service, the acacia prophecy. We remember how tears fell on the faces of strong men. A great man had fallen, a man royal in his manhood. Truly he had fulfilled his vows. He *had* distributed alms to poor and weary pilgrims travelling from afar. He *had* fed the hungry. He *had* clothed the naked. He *had* bound up the wounds of the afflicted. He *had* remembered the widow, and orphans called him blessed. And, in all, and above all, he had maintained his religion according to his vows, and he had found the Light. "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

And now it grieves me that I cannot speak particularly of every one of those whom we now commemorate. Time would fail me. Their record is made. Their knightly virtues were God's; their failings were their own. But it is fitting that special allusion be made to two knights, because they were honored as Commanders, and for their relation to this service. Two others, charter members of this Commandery, have also gone, John Twombly and Mark Noble. Jacob C. Hanson, Joseph W. Welch, and Silas Dunn, were connected with this commemorative observance.

Jacob C. Hanson, also a charter member, succeeded Moses Paul as Commander. He led this Commandery at that memorable funeral. He was living ten years ago; he is gone now. The triangle was found, the arch of steel was made. He was rightfully laid to his rest with knightly honors.

Joseph W. Welch was Commander ten years ago, and Silas Dunn was a Warden, when the lines were formed in yonder Asylum and the column marched to this spot. Both are gone. Sir Knight Welch, who then commanded, is now in his grave as to all that is mortal. Some of us knew him many years ago. We knew him also when intense suffering took hold of him, and last as out of many months of pain, he leaned upon the Cross. "*In hoc signo vinces*," says our banner, and he conquered.

Sir Knights, see how men pass away! Your first Commander, —see this headstone! The one who led your column at his burial is gone. The one who led your column at the memorial service ten years since, is gone. Who can predict the future?

Such thoughts, such facts, admonish us. But they do not depress us. We will strive to meet every duty, in calm confidence. True, every name of the deceased sends a thrill of sorrow through some circle. Some home suffering to-day. Its grief is awakened again. We tender to such our sincere sympathies. To ourselves come tender thoughts. The hard cares of life give way. We are brought face to face with eternity.

We see a brother in the fetters of natality, a captive, in the slavery of death. Who can strike off the chains? Who can raise the fallen and lifeless? As one power fails, and another power fails, where is the mighty hand which can lift out of the grave?

Answer ye who have been taught the symbols which kept the truth alive amid the unbelieving, during centuries before it blazed forth and the conqueror brought life and immortality to light.

"What is his name, if thou canst tell," says the ancient questioner. Answer ye who have been taught the universal name of the nations.

Where is the triumph over the grave? Answer ye who have been to the sepulchre and looked and listened in reverent silence. "Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin

is the law. But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord!"

Sir Knights, we are here to commemorate knightly virtues. We take no man as model, but we are glad at every illustration of these qualities. Imperfect human nature can never display all the excellencies of which the divine nature is the author and sole example. But we can and we should aim to perfect our own characters, and fit ourselves, by that divine help, to meet the last dread ordeal. We shall be challenged, by and by, by a mighty sentinel, as we seek admission to the heavenly kingdom.

Therefore it is good for us to be here. The dead answer us not, from the graves where we have laid them while the emblematic sword lay upon the coffin. The bustle of the streets reaches not this place of sepulchre. But there is an eloquence louder than words. Should words come from the guardian angels of the departed, methinks their sentiment might be:

You who are still pilgrims, reflect! Pause in the silent hour and consider! Let your hands be clean. Give answer to yourselves in truth and soberness. Penitent, press onward, though it be a weary road, with staff and sandals, till worthy of remission. Warrior, take sword and shield to arm you for the strife of life. You shall be cheered and refreshed. Your libation shall be faith. Let your light be burning. Let the banner over you be the Cross Fight valiantly the good fight of faith. Your pilgrimage will soon be over, and your warfare will soon be accomplished. The bugle sound you will soon cease to hear. Plume and sword-belt will image no more the virtues to you. The night draweth near. Yonder sun will soon set, and although another day will dawn, the sun will soon set for you and the next day will be eternity!

Shall we fear, comrades of the knightly pledges? No. We will fear not the tomb. Our faith tells us there is a resurrection. They that are in their graves shall hear his voice and come forth. By faith, we see those who have led captivity captive. Floating down the ages have come the words spoken by the tomb in the hillside at Bethany, "Thy brother shall rise again." "I am the resurrection and the life." Therefore, "To those who by faithful continuance in well-doing seek for glory, honor, and immortality,—*eternal life*!"

What mean your martial array, and dress, and discipline, and banner? Well do you know it is this! "Take unto you the

whole armor of God. Having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; taking the shield of faith; and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God.

Sir Knights, this day's service will soon end. Ten long years will have rolled by, when St. Paul Commandery will come hither again. The same hill-side will bear these tombs in its bossom. The same sun will be setting in the west. Seed time and harvest will have continued the green sward on the graves. The white stones will mark the resting places of the departed. But all along these years, plumed men, with swords in hand or swords reversed, will have been escorting hither some deceased brother, whose sword will no more leave its scabbard; shall have come with rustling banner, and wailing music, and measured tread, and shall read over the unconscious body words of christian truth; and the roll of the dead will be longer and longer.

Some of us will be upon that roll. Some will be waiting the reveille of the resurrection morning. Shall it not then be said of us, he lived in all knightly virtues, he died in all knightly faith? Which is, that each may be able to say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith!"

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