

that the kings of Ireland were crowned on it for many ages on the hill of Tara; that Fergus, the son of Erc who led the Dálriadic Scots to the shores of Argyleshire, brought it with him for his coronation to Dunstaffnage, where it remained till 834; and that Kenneth McAlpine conveyed it thence to Scone, where the Scottish kings were crowned on it till Edward I of England carried it in 1296 (8th August), to Westminster Abbey, where it is still preserved and supports the coronation chair of the British sovereigns.

In the treaty between King Robert Bruce and Edward III, it was stipulated that this stone should be restored to the Scots. But the Londoners had taken a fancy for it; [and] when Edward would have fulfilled the stipulation, a mob rose and prevented him from doing so and Bruce had not much difficulty in persuading his people to waive the performance of this part of the treaty.

This stone is called the stone of destiny, because of its influence on the destinies of Britain as commemorated in these lines:

'Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem'
which have been Englished thus:

'Unless the fates are faithless grown,
And prophet's voice be vain,
Where'er this fatal stone is found
The Scottish race shall reign.'

This stone is [now] in Westminster Abbey, and there as well as here [in Perthshire] the Scottish race have been reigning ever since the accession [of James VI] to the English crown."

THE LEVEL AND THE SQUARE.

A REMINISCENCE OF ROB MORRIS.

In the early days of September, 1854, on a bright Sunday afternoon, I travelled on horseback the road from Hickman to the cabin, of Rob Morris, in the extreme south western corner of Kentucky. It was a gently undulating region, originally heavily timbered, but at that time interspersed with small

farms, some of the fields containing numerous blackened stumps, and others filled with trees long since dead, but many of them still standing. The log cabins first occupied by the pioneers were yet to be seen, but in places they had been replaced by more pretentious abodes, built of logs partly dressed, raised to a second story and covered with shingles nailed in place. But the old and lowly cabins were roofed with boards split from short sections of oak trees, laid in rows on rough logs or poles and held in place by similar logs resting on the roof. Each cabin had its large open fireplace, surmounted by an immense chimney built of rude sticks, filled and covered with clay mortar, extending a short distance above the low comb of the cabin.

Rob Morris was then publishing the *American Freemason*, at Louisville, a monthly journal that in its third year had reached a circulation of several thousands, and his name and fame as poet and writer were widely known. From casual meetings at the Grand Lodge, and from reading his paper and published volumes, I had drawn upon my imagination for a comfortable residence for this brave Knight of the Quill. At the end of a ride of fourteen miles through scenes above described I was not at all prepared to draw reign and dismount at the door of his castle, finding it still more humble and dilapidated than any of those already passed.

But such it proved to be. It was in the edge of a ten-acre clearing, some thirty rods from the highway, about which a lowly worm fence straggled and staggered, as not having fully determined whether to stand or fall.

These were the surroundings of this most elegant and Knightly gentleman the Christian minister, the poetic genius, the versatile writer, the loving and tender friend, father and husband, surrounded by his household gods.

If by the word "castle" my reader assumes that Rob Morris occupied but one such tenement as I have described,