

died off, or were looked upon with that contempt which their mean malevolent conduct deserved. A new generation had grown up; the community became satisfied the Order and its members had been unjustly charged, slandered and wronged; larger and more liberal views obtained, when political aspirants and ecclesiastical demagogues could no longer control public sentiment, and the people were not willing to lend themselves to sustain men who could commit such infamous outrages against the rights and privileges of American citizens.

A score of years followed—years of peace, and quiet and order. Freemasonry recovered from the shock, and resumed its place in public favor. New Lodges were organized, the membership increased, and the Order became popular. Ministers, judges, men of wealth and education and influence were glad to enroll themselves under the banner of Freemasonry; even politicians were once more solicitous to become Freemasons and to do us the questionable honor of being its advocates, until Masonry was in as much danger from its professed friends as it had been from its enemies thirty years before.

But the insidious foe was not dead; the miserable and contemptible *ism* was only awaiting a favorable opportunity to reassert its former power and malignity. A few years since a number of persons, mostly clergymen, and chiefly of the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches assumed an open hostility to the Order, and began a new crusade to crush it, if possible. Among them was a minister by the name of Blanchard, pastor of a church in this city (Cincinnati). He was a man of some talent, and was noted for his indomitable zeal in any cause he espoused—whether good or bad. He drew around him a small *coterie* of kindred souls and indoctrinated them with his own fiendish spirit and hatred of the Order. In the course of time he removed to Illinois and assumed the Presidency of a College, but continued his labors for the suppression of Freemasonry, and has kept alive in the hearts of his few friends here the fell spirit that withers and blasts everything good and bright and beautiful with which it comes in contact. He was succeeded in the pastorate here by one quite as pronounced as he, in his hatred of Masonry, but more cautious and discreet—for Freemasonry was becoming such an element in social life that it was dangerous to antagonize. But the fire, though smouldering, was kept alive; “the serpent, though scotched was not killed”—and it was ready to strike whenever a victim came within reach of its poisonous fangs. After a few years the pulpit became vacant again. The Church under its recent pastor became Congregational, and was thus thrown more directly under the influence of the enemies of Masonry. Rev. Henry D. Moore, of Philadelphia, was now called to be its pastor, and he accepted. This gentleman was born and educated in Philadelphia; was called to the ministry and presided over a congregation eight or ten years in that city. Mr. Moore became a Freemason about the time he became a clergyman; and though he never permitted his association with the Order to interfere with his ministerial duties, yet he was warmly attached to Masonry, for the good he found in it, and the good he believed it capable of accomplishing. He never dreamed that being a Freemason would militate against his christian character, or injure in any way his good in the pastorate. But the great Anti-Masonic excitement had subsided before Mr. Moore had attained to manhood, and he did not know the fierce spirit that was only sleeping, and awaiting its opportunity for ravage and ruin.