

the closing of the Lodge to his Senior Warden, did not go back to the Lodge-room until after night. It so happened at the moment that he could not procure a lantern, but, having a bunch of matches in his pocket, and being very familiar with the locality, he doubted not his ability to find his way. This was the easier as a storm of lightning was in progress, and the flashes made everything plain at alternate moments. He, therefore, hastened through the enclosure, and through the narrow entrance, and up the tortuous stair-case, that creaked woefully under his tread, and into the Tyler's room. Aided by a timely flash of lightning, followed by a startling peal of thunder, he found the keyhole, unlocked the door, and entered the Lodge room. Until this moment he declares he had thought of nothing but his errand. Being of an un-superstitious turn of mind, and a man whose head was full of official cares, he had perhaps never given five minutes' attention to the reports that had alarmed so many others; and it was, therefore, more singular that just as he entered the Lodge room the thought suggested itself to him (how, or whence, or why, who could tell), "I am hovering once more over this spot."

Greatly terrified, he knew not why, he hesitated, stopped, and moved backwards to the door, while the perspiration poured from his face in large drops. But then arousing himself by the reflection of the weakness and cowardice of the act, he dashed forward, knowing so well the way to the Secretary's table, found his saddle bags where he had left them, and started to return. But, at that instant another and prolonged flash of lightning illuminated the room, clearly exhibiting every object, showing the Bible carelessly left open upon the altar, the aprons slovenly thrown about the chairs, even the emblems upon the large chart suspended in the northeast. And plainest of all, most startling to the view, the lightning's gleam exhibited, not six feet from his hand, a shadow in the East.

Bro. Lehman fell prone. He lay for a little while in that fearful companionship, then recovering himself, arose, passed out of the haunted apartment, down the tortuous stairs, through the enclosure, and back to the hotel. Nay, more, he mounted his horse and rode home that very night, thus proving that he did not lack for moral courage, however his heart had given way for the moment. But nothing did or could ever tempt him to go back to that Lodge-room. To all invitations he returned a brief no, and the Lodge has never had a meeting since.

His description of the shadow was given once, and that to a committee of the brethren; nor would he ever afterwards converse upon the subject. He told them that the appearance of Gen. Standish was threatening; that he shook his head fiercely, and pointed with a menace at the door of entrance, which movements Bro. Lehman took to imply his wish that he (Bro. L.) should never come there again, and he never would.

THE ABDUCTION OF WILLIAM MORGAN.

To the Editor of THE FREEMASON:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—Your correspondent, Bro. W. Fieldson, in *THE FREEMASON* for Dec. 23rd, ult., said that "rumor has it that William Morgan was murdered by Freemasons," and, while questioning the statement himself, he quoted a circumstantial account, asserting it to be taken from "Cassell's History of the United States," by E. Ollier, and asked for authentic information on the subject. You were pleased to refer the question to me for reply, which I give, as well as I am able, below:—

A brief sketch of the whole affair will probably best satisfy your correspondent and readers generally.