

objurgate. I have read a number of articles by Masonic editors blowing up other Masonic editors. I have once or twice dipped into political papers, at election times, and even sat out a session of "woman's rites" (is it spelled that way?) but never has the richness of the English language in expletives, struck me so forcibly as when I sat up one night with a friend. (I knew he was a friend, because he afterwards denounced me in a Masonic paper as *heartless*) a friend who had delirium tremens and heard him swear. There is where Webster made his "Unabridged"—in listening to the objurgations of parties in the riper stages of delirium tremens. Bro. Elmore sustained the reputation of tremens in losing all the oaths he had ever heard sworn, and then manufacturing a quantity which for variety and seasoning were really curious.

But that was not the worst of it. Delirium tremens made that good husband kick his wife: made that father throw his little one out of the window; made that prudent, law-abiding man shoot his neighbor's cow, which had innocently laid down for the night beside his woodpile—shot her dead even with her unmastered cud in her mouth; made that decent, modest brother go howling and naked in the street, like one of those lovely Derivishes that Bro. John P. Brown of Constantinople tells about in his book. Made him, in short, as much worse than a beast as a beast is better than a back-biting christian.

All this and more was ready for me when I arrived at 4 p. m., on the day of the trial. Three hundred pages of evidence, chiefly copies of the stupendous oaths that delirium tremens had caused Brother Nicodemus Elmore to swear. Tremendous oaths they were. Several of them were heavier than the heaviest hail-stone that the weakest of our country papers has ever labored to describe. Thirty-eight witnesses, comprising a number of children too young to know much, but brought in to prove that Elmore went *naked* into the streets; a piece of evidence that no one else would consent to give; and one old bedridden darkey brought forward to testify as to the kind of liquor that "Messers Elmore got drunk on," a fact so much dwelt upon by the junior warden in the indictment that he evidently considered it the gist of the whole matter.

Every member of the Lodge was there, including the Rev. B Battle, who *never* goes to Lodge except on such occasions as that, and is excused from paying dues (though he owned eleven niggers at that time and a good plantation; but the rebellion since then has cleaned him out, and he attends Lodge regularly.) All the dimitted Masons were present together with large delegations from the eight surrounding Lodges. The weather being warm, the air of the lodge room was in as healthy a condition as the pages of Blanchard's anti-masonic paper usually are when some good Masonic brother has been stirring him up. After a hasty search, I went up and "tuk the certc," as officially requested by Worshipful Master Brother Honeybay, a diffident man, not an LL.D., but honest and sensible as anybody.

The Lodge had strictly fulfilled my instructions. They had "opened the case—, brought charges, —, issued sammonses, (more than a hundred) —, taken testimony, (the pile of cap paper measured four and a half inches in thickness) and done all things needful as preliminary to the question." The Committee on Evidence had given its undivided attention to evidence; and now the rest was left with me.

Brother Nicodemus Elmore sat in the Lodge a wounded, weary, penitent man, if ever I saw one. His church had expelled him. His wife's three brothers had each of them thrashed him, the oldest (a blacksmith) most tremendously. All the old ladies in the neighborhood had had their fling at him. The owner of the cow which he had shot had sued him for her value and recovered exemplary damages of a hundred dollars or more, and besides that had put him under heavy bonds to keep the peace with all the other cows that lie down by his woodpile. His poor little baby so summarily chucked out of the window had indeed lived through it, but not until after grievous sickness and a still more girevous doctor's bill,—greatest of temporal calamities. He had been made the scape-goat of the community. The preachers had made him their text for scathing sermons. The boys at the school examination had given it to him in their celebrated (original) dialogue of "The Wife Whipper, or the Plain Road to Hell." The local correspondent had written three articles (and threatened a fourth) to the county newspaper, "The Weekly Inkslinger and Messenger of Truth," detailing all the facts in the case, highly colored. I may safely say then, that Brother Nicodemus Elmore was a wounded, uneasy, penitent man, if ever I saw a W. W. P. M.

As soon as I took my seat after acknowledging the Grand Honors (never saw I such motions on mortal limbs before; how they were made without detaching "bone from his bone;" how without peeling off the cuticles of the hands; how, without inducing apoplectic attacks, I do *not* know,) as soon, I say, as I sat down and cast my eye (metaphorically of course) upon the W. W. P. M. already mentioned. He sat with his head resting on the palm of his hand, the pallor of death upon his features, and one