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the virginity of Saint Mary. The creed says: "Believe in the Catholic Church." They combat this.

5th. At other times they contradict the more clear words of Christ, v. g.: "My flesh is truly bread; my blood is truly drink." Porto Ricans! be firm in the faith of your fathers! Live and die in the Catholic religion which is the only divine, the one which comes rightly of Christ and for the great and only truth.

Ponce, 19 of November, 1898.

NOTE: With this action we warn the public of a series of leaflets, of great interest to all Catholics of Porto Rico, which will be distributed in the church free every Sunday.

May the divine aid accompany them through the way of the Immaculate Mary. Now in her protection we place them!



Like Romance Reads the History of Antonio Maceo

As a key to the mighty motive that moved Antonio Maceo in his relentless war on Spain, the following brief notice of incidents in the career of the Cuban hero will suffice to explain:

Well, indeed, might the Spaniards wish for the death of the irrepressible Maceo. What checks did he not give them! What victories did he not snatch from them! What pungent warfare did he not wage in their very strongholds! At no time within two years had there been a moment when Spain would not have paid 1,000,000 pesos, in sore straits as she is, for his body, dead or alive. What mighty motive moved Antonio Maceo in his relentless war on Spain? A brief notice of his career will answer the question.

The study of Maceo is as thrilling as that of any hero in the word-wide struggle for liberty. His uncompromising patriotism, his implacable hatred of the enemy, his self-sacrifice, magnetism, courage, his rugged nature and his stern, solemn purpose—these things drew men to him, and he to them, with a force from which there was no escape. This was the second Cuban revolution in which Maceo had been a conspicuous figure. In the 10 years' war he rose from the ranks to the grade of a Major General. Then, as later, he was a fearless fighter. Then, as after, he was the despair of the Spaniards. But in this revolution Maceo went into the fight with all the experience of his first campaign, reinforced by 16 years of study and preparation in the arts of war.

Maceo was the last of nine brothers who bled and died for Cuba. And in him is concentrated the spirit of the eight brothers and their dead father. Antonio was born in 1848 on the plantation of his father, Marcus Maceo, near the little palm-thatched village of Barajagua. He worked for the family, driving the mules along the lonely mountain roads. He saw the slaves toiling and keenly felt the shame of the Cubans' degradation. One day in 1888 Antonio returned from a trip to Halguin, bringing to his father the news that the Cubans had uprisen and the island was in revolt. By this time the family had increased to 11—nine sons and two daughters. Young Antonio desired to fight for his country, but Maceo, the father, prevailed upon him and his brothers to maintain a strict neutrality. Yet the father deeply sympathized with the cause of the insurgents, and often lent them secret aid when he could. Perhaps the Spaniards in some way learned this fact, and it was that knowledge that gave to Cuba her greatest leader. One day a band of Spanish guerrillas, under the lead of Captain Campillo, passed by the Cuban's plantation. Maceo and his elder sons were away upon a trip to Baracoa. At nightfall, when they returned, they found their home a mass of blackened ruins. The barns were burned, the crops destroyed, the mules, horses and cattle stolen. The mother, with a broken arm, was tied to a tree, moaning from pain. Six boys lay on the ground bleeding and senseless. The two girls were hiding, half dead, in the bushes. What should now withhold the Maceos from the conflict? The next day the women of the Maceo household were placed in the hands of friends, and the father assembled his sons together. He required them all to register an oath never to lay down their arms until the Spaniards should be driven from the land and Cuba be free. How well the sons have kept that oath has been seen in the record of blood and flames from one end of the island to the other.

At the time that Maceo's plantation was destroyed General Maximo Gomez was lying with his forces in the mountains of Santiago. One day he was confronted by a tall, gaunt man, followed by a dozen awkward boys. The gaunt man volunteered his services and those of his sons. "Can you fight?" asked the leader, with a smile. "Perhaps," was the reply. Some time after a company of Spanish cavalry passed near the camp of Gomez. They

were cut to pieces by the guerrillas of Gomez. At the head of the rebels rode the Maceo awkward squad. The father fell in this fight, and within two months three of the sons had been slain in battle. The remaining members of the Maceo family seemed to bear charmed lives. They fought recklessly. Death first overtook Miguel; then Julio fell under Spanish fire, and Felipe and Thomas were disabled. This left Antonio alone. His brother Jose was too young to join his brother in the field. For the first year of his service under Gomez Antonio fought like a lion. In that space of time he was promoted from a common soldier to a sergeant, and then became successively lieutenant, captain and major. Soon after his last promotion he led a band of 300 against the upland town of Ti Arriba, and, capturing the forts, drove the Spaniards to Santiago. He was then given the straps of a colonel. His career from this forward was one of glory. Gomez advanced him in power, and the Spaniards began to dread his very name. His engagements were all brilliant, his victories far reaching, his losses slight. He tortured the great Campos at Ramos, slaughtered the combined forces of Campos and Valera at Monte Oscuro, utterly routed a force of 2,500 Spaniards in the battle of Zarzal, and at Santa Maria de Halguin he charged and dismayed the Spanish line before the enemy could fire a shot. In the last named action Calixto Garcia was in command, and Maceo led the charge.

About this time Antonio Maceo first met his present enemy, Captain General Valeriano Weyler. Weyler had just been made a brigadier general, and was sent against the brave Antonio at Guaimaro. The latter led the brigadier and his men into a ravine trap and slaughtered the Spaniards like sheep. Weyler ran away, leaving 500 of his men slain. Soon thereafter Maceo attacked with great success the San Quentin battalion, and won a major generalship. His promotion added fire to his ambition, and he fought many bloody fights at Baragua, at San Felipe, Sabana, Hato del Medio, Cayo Rey and Mirando. At Cayo Rey Maceo was shot through the lungs, but escaped and recovered. After his recovery Maceo adopted new methods of hurting the Spaniards. His brother Jose had meanwhile grown up to manhood and joined Antonio. Between them they conducted a campaign that bled Spain to the heart. They marched through the country and left ruin and desolation behind them. It has been this method that caused Spain her deepest sorrow in the present revolution.

In the midst of his wrecking expedition Maceo was pained to learn that the Cuban leaders had signed a treaty of peace with Spain. He refused to accept the situation, and continued his rounds of destruction. But the backbone of the rebellion was broken, and Maceo consented to put away his sword on condition that Spain should furnish him with a warship to carry him and his officers to Jamaica. General Campos accepted the offer, and Maceo retired. But it was not to rest. His proud spirit was not broken, and in his retirement he nurtured his scheme of vengeance. He gave up his whole time to the study of war. He bought books of all kinds treating of war and devoured them. After two months' residence at Jamaica he landed in New York incognito. He made his way to West Point, and there became a hostler. No one dreamed that the ready and willing dark skinned laboring man with the burning eyes was the hero of the Spanish revolution. The cadets liked him, and would have worshiped him had they known his history. But he was secretly the most attentive student at the academy, and eagerly devoured all the books the students gave him.

Leaving West Point he returned to New York and sailed for Costa Rica with a library of books about war. For 10 years he to Santiago, disguised as a muleteer, he was becoming active when studied and dreamed and trained his veteran companions. Going Spain learned of his presence, and he was forced to flee. He returned to Costa Rica and there opened correspondence with the leading Cuban patriots in other parts of the world. General Gomez, in San Domingo, joined him, and in a short time Cuban juntas were organized in almost all the big cities in the United States. Early in 1895 the plot matured, and the news was flashed over the wires to all parts of the earth that the Cuban patriots had again unfurled the standard of Cuba.

Maceo had been the most striking figure in the revolution. Laughing at Weyler's trochas, he desolated the island and dyed its soil with the blood of the oppressors. He crossed the Canto River and whipped Valdez at Chapana, Holguin and Moscones. He pushed further west and defeated Eschagne at Puerto Padre. Leaving a train of ruin behind him, he broke the trocha of Jucaro.

routed the enemy at Maltiempo, Coliseo, Paso Real and Calimete, and at last won his way into Pinar del Rio. Many times had he been reported killed, only to be resurrected in some gory tale of defeat for the Spanish arms. Every one who loves liberty and whose sympathies are with the Cubans had hoped almost against hope that the story of his death was a baseless rumor, or the vaporizing braggadocio of the Spaniards, but then when his death was certain, no words can measure the grief of the struggling patriots whose idol he was. Had he fallen in battle, fighting with his indomitable legions at his back, they could have borne his loss stoically, but his treacherous murder, under a flag of truce, filled their bitter cup, and sent a thrill of indignant horror throughout the civilized world and blazoned the name of Maceo on the tablets of fame with those of Washington, Kossuth and William Tell.

There was no one to fill the place of Antonio Maceo—Maceo with his blazing eye, heavy brow and bulldog jaw. Skilled in strategy, fearless in attack, the picturesque, dauntless champion of the cause of suffering Cuba.



Solomon Mother Lodge No. 293

Speech delivered by Worshipful Master William Henry Kayat, of Solomon Mother Lodge No. 293, at a special meeting for American Masons, in the Caves of the Ancient Quarries of Solomon, located upon the outskirts of Jerusalem, Palestine, March 15th, 1898.

Brethren:—It is a happy occasion that has called us together. It is only a few weeks since this city of historic and Masonic association beheld so numerous and distinguished a gathering of "Craftsmen." Our British guests, who were about forty Masons, under the leadership of Archdeacon Stevens, Vicar of Stratford, Masonic Past Grand Chaplain, met with us here on this very spot on the 3rd day of last month, and we had a very pleasant and successful meeting together. Also, three years have elapsed since our American guests, under the direction and management of our beloved and much esteemed friend and brother, Frank C. Clark, visited us, and we likewise held pleasant meetings then in these quarries, and now we, who are residents in this ancient center of Masonic science, are glad once again to extend a cordial and fraternal greeting, on the five points of fellowship, to those others who, braving all dangers which beset the path of the true Mason, and all temptations which are only too ready to allure him from the path of duty, have, with rare perseverance and fortitude, crossed sea and land in order to visit the site of the ancient temples of the great Architect of the Universe, and, as they survey the ruins of past ages, to gather inspiration from the memories of those workmen, who, though now at rest, in this historic city, the center of the three monotheistic religions of the world, Islamism, Judaism and Christianity, used the tools of the workman and the builder, the 24-inch gauge, common gavel, square, level, chisel, skirret, etc., in order to raise a spiritual structure that in its turn should serve as a foundation for the achievement of others who, like us, are desirous of receiving "light." In your name, brethren of the Royal Solomon Mother Lodge, I address myself to our honored and welcome visitors here present, and say:

Brethren from the west, who have traveled eastward to this ancient center of Masonic science and light, accept our hearty felicitations on the most praiseworthy zeal which has brought you hither. In order to assist you in your researches for light during the short stay you must necessarily make with us, I would take the liberty of calling your attention to some of the most interesting points for your study. We are now assembled within the very quarry where the ancient craftsmen of King Solomon's days labored each in his little corner, illuminated only by a little oil lamp, the resting place and soot of which has remained to this day, in order to hew silently and unobserved (for all good work is silent and unobtrusive) the great stones for that great edifice which was one of the wonders of the world, the chief center of true spiritual and intellectual light, and which, though now in ruins, is one day (I trust not far distant) to be rebuilt by the exertions of brethren of the Craft. The old masters have left the quarry, but you may still see the marks they left behind them, not only here, but in almost every nook and corner of the sacred city. Visit the Haram Area and there, underground indeed, but none the less intact and well preserved, you see the ancient gates of the ancient temple, whilst deep underground buried from 80 to 110 feet below the present

surface lie the ancient and massive blocks which silently, without the sound of "metal" being heard, our brethren piled up as an enduring monument of their knowledge and industry. Or, if you seek for more recent monuments of Masonic skill, just visit and study the ancient Abbey of St. Anne, just inside the gate of St. Stephen. Enter its great western gateway, and standing in the center of the middle aisle, notice the remarkable one-sidedness of the structure, the little window over the high altar, the remarkable carvings on the capitals of the piers, and you will have had many an illustration of the wonderful way in which the ancient Craftsmen succeeded in conveying through dead and lifeless material, solemn and instructive lessons. Then visit the remains, at the Sisters of Zion; at the Russian Hospice, east of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; of the ruins of the Knights of St. John's Palace, with its hosts of "Mason's marks;" the hour-glass, the arrow, the gridiron, the richly carved zodiac—and you will have a mass of Masonic ideas surging through your mind which you will, in the short period of your visit here, have scarcely time to note down, much less to digest. Then, if you will, you can pass on to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This is neither the time nor the place to discuss the question as to whether it is the genuine site. It is sufficient for us modern Masons to know that at different periods during the last fifteen centuries, brethren of the Craft not only helped to build the venerable pile and have left their marks upon it, but, sincerely believing it to be what it is said to be, laid down their lives in its defense.

"They that were slain soar to kindred spirits."

Elsewhere, in every part of the town, you meet with relics and monuments of the chivalrous and heroic Crusaders. Whatever your estimate of them and of their work be, remember that many of them were "Masons," and worked according to the light vouchsafed them.

"The knight's swords are rust,
Their bones are dust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

But why need I speak only of Christian "Masons?" Were there none amongst the ranks of Islam? Was not the knightly Salah-ud-din (Saladin) a true Mason, even though he may have never entered a Masonic Lodge? Ah, brethren! Your visit, short as it will be to this city, will not be without benefit to you, if, from your experiences here, you learn from the lives of those gone before, to "make your own sublime,

And departing, leave behind you
Footprints in the sands of time;

Footprints, which perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's troubled main,
A forlorn and lonely brother,
Seeing, may take heart again."

William Henry Kayat, W. M. Royal Solomon Mother Lodge No. 293, Jerusalem, Palestine, March 15, 1898.

Note—This interesting Masonic Lodge in Jerusalem was organized by an American from Kentucky, and exists by virtue of a charter granted by the Canadian Grand Lodge.



A Peculiar Ballot

Probably for the first time in the history of a Masonic lodge, ballots for the admission of candidates were taken with army hardtack in the North Dakota military Masonic lodge at Manila, chartered by the Grand Lodge of North Dakota prior to the departure of the North Dakota regiment for Manila. Lieut.-Col. Truemann is Master of the lodge, and he writes that there are many applications for membership among the soldiers, and that at the first meeting a cigar box was used for a ballot box and bits of hardtack, part of them soaked in ink, were used for white and black balls. The officers of the lodge have secured a vacant residence on the outskirts of the city for their lodge room. Lieut.-Col. Truemann also writes of meeting one of the pioneers of North Dakota at Manila, in the person of Ward Bill, one of the earliest settlers of the State, proprietor of a general store at Jamestown in the early days, and a trail blazer of the Missouri slope. Bill came to Manila from Sidney, Australia, with a ship load of refrigerated beef and brought a letter of introduction from United States Consul John P. Bray, formerly of Grand Forks.