

THE COFF BANQUET.

The Friends of Mr. Louis Cohn Start Him on the Way to Fatherland Gorgeously.

Some members of Mount Moriah Lodge on Monday evening gave to Mr. Louis Cohn a banquet at the White House, as a mark of respect to one who was one of the founders of the Lodge twenty years ago, and who was about to visit his native home for the first time in eight and twenty years. About fifty guests were present. The supper began at 9 p. m., Grand Secretary Clusa, Diehl acting as master of ceremonies, with Mr. Isador Morris as first lieutenant. Grace was said by Chaplain Hill. A sumptuous bill of fare was discussed, and then the mental discussion was begun by some brief and appropriate introductory remarks by Mr. Diehl, which he closed by proposing the first sentiment of the evening, as follows:

The Grand Lodge of Utah: Our mother and guide in all things Masonic. Her success our aim, her strength our support.

To this Mr. Parley Williams responded in a chaste and neat speech, which was interrupted often by applause, and which was loudly applauded at the close.

The second sentiment was:

Our Beloved Brother, honest guest and Masonic pioneer in Utah—Past Grand Master Louis Cohn—An humble member, as Master, as Grand Master, true to his Masonic Covenant. A perfect Ashlar of our Grand Lodge. May he teach the Lodges in the Fatherland the standard work of Utah Masonry.

To this Mr. James Lowe responded. He traced the course of Masonry in Utah; pointed out that Masonry made the first nucleus here around which loyalty of the Territory could gather; traced feelingly the connection which the chief guest of the evening had had with Masonry; most happily twined the love in the Order with the love of country; the loyalty of the Order to the loyalty of country and holding the full sympathy of his hearers closed with a personal tribute to Mr. Cohn and with wishes for his safe and pleasant journey and safe return, which was most heartily cheered.

The third sentiment:

Free Masonry, whose reserver dispersed around the globe;
On its broad platform the Christian, the Jew,
The heathen can stand
One mingled throng, one undivided band.

Called Mr. Louis Cohn to his feet. He made a most touching address, referred to his sufferings and persecutions when a boy, told how those persecutions were so bitter and relentless that all love for native land had died in his heart; how he had come here; how, as a boy, the Masonic circle had opened to receive him; how then he had been advanced step by step until he reached the highest place in the order; how the love then awakened to the soil, the air, the mountains home.

The speech was most touching, and in places drew tears from the listeners. Governor Murray was called upon to respond, and declared that the tribute just paid to the generosity of our Government was the highest tribute he had ever heard, for it showed plainly the difference between our land and all other lands on earth. He paid a high tribute to the character of Mr. Cohn, and closed by reading a poem written in Mr. Cohn's honor by Dr. Condon of Ogden.

The sentiment.

The parents of our Brother, Louis Cohn, He left them a boy, they see him again an experienced man. May the ship bear him safely over the sea to their arms, may his loving embraces prolong their days!

Was responded to in a most brilliant speech by Rev. Mr. Hill. It was a tribute to home, to country; to the glories of the august people and work in the past of the race to whom the chief guest of the evening belonged, and ended with blessings, benedictions and good will to the brother who was going away. The speech was cheered until the tables rang.

Judge Gilchrist made a most pleasant and appropriate speech in answer to the sentiment, "The Wife of Our Brother and Guest." The Judge talked like a Woman's Rights man. He traced, besides, the career of Mr. Cohn in this country, and with what pride he might return to native land and say to his parents, "I have tried to be worthy the great country where my home is, and to be an honor to you." Brief speeches were also made by Mr. Diehl and Mr. Isador Morris. The clock had worked its tireless hands around to midnight, and with a solemn benediction from the chaplain and manifold good wishes for the guest of the evening, the company broke up.

Following is the poem above referred to:

Be to the warm grasp of a brother's hand,
And an earnest "God speed" to the Fatherland;
May the ploughing ship through the storm torn
Be a patron of Neptune, and strong as brave.
May it play with the tempest, nor feel the
Of a hidden reef or a sunken rock;
May as gentle power with her ponderous hull
As the heaven kissed wing of the wild sea-gull.
And when the sea and the sky have their fury
May they leave thee at home, near the Orient
O, home! Home! Home! At the glorified word
How the pulses bound and the heart leapt,
How the soul is moved and brain ever still,
And the dulled brain feels a quickening thrill!
It speaks of a place of eternal rest
That is born of the love in a mother's breast,
It speaks of the hand on the cradle so dear,
That was rocked to the songs that the Anach
Of the friends of one's youth in childhood's
Who have swept the harp of "yo older times"
And each chord will resound with a vibrant
That shall loosen the seal on Momus's grave.

Thou wilt tread the old path by the noisy mill,
And climb the bold cliffs of the barren hill,
Thou wilt follow the stream where the wild
But the wood will not echo thy boisterous shout,
And the dear old friends, souls of honor and
Thou wilt find in the grave of thy buried youth,
Though thou castst unto them, they'll not
For their forms are in dust and their lips are
dumb.

Thou wilt tread the gloom of the time-honored
But no voice will reply to thy echoing call,
Save thy father's voice, which will tremble
As he clings to his heart his three-fold boy;
Thou wilt sit in thy "sackcloth and ashes"
T' a ghostly throng 'round the old hearth-stone,
There'll be haunts just as honest and hearty
But the ones that you loved will have faded
And the mist that hangs over the time of those
Will channel your cheek in a river of tears.

Then, once more, "My Brother," turn west-
ward your eyes
To the valley watched over by Utah's bright
Crush the lump in your throat, and with feet-
Come back to the mountains, our lute-strings
are out.

Fraternally Yours, A. S. CONROY

Ogden, Utah, February 1, 1884.