A characteristic incident occurred in St. John's Lodge of Masons a short time before Mr. Jewett's death. A member of the fellowcraft had just been raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason, after a highly creditable examination, during which he exemplified the work of three degrees with remarkable accuracy, when Mr. Jewett arose, and with apparent pride and emotion expressed his profound satisfaction, remarking that the younger brother had been his pupil for four years prior to the War between the States.

He was most cultivated and refined in his social intercourse, which was characterized by an urbanity entirely at variance with his professional habit.

His estimable wife died some years before him, leaving an only daughter, who was at the close of the war a beautiful and accomplished young lady. Miss Ella married Lieutenant Crosley, of the United States Revenue-Cutter Service, but she died long since, without issue.

For several decades before the war Fort Johnston was garrisoned, and the many officers of the army quartered there added greatly to the social life of the Lower Cape Fear. At that period Smithville, being so easily accessible by steamer, was the favorite summer resort of Wilmington families; and there the belles and epauletted beaux found congenial pastime, as described by Mr. Jewett in the following lines:

THE WAYFARER'S ADIEU.

Farewell, dear Smithville! from thy pleasant halls
I haste reluctant whither duty calls:
But for a moment let me linger here
To trace a grateful word and drop a tear.
For who e'er left thy hospitable shore
And blest and wept thee not forever more?
If rash ambition tempts me to aspire
To seize the poet's pen, without his fire,
And, all unskillful, venture to rehearse
Thy lofty virtues in heroic verse,
Appear, O Muse propitious, and supply
Such words and thoughts as fit the purpose high.
All hail, great Smithville! great in origin:
For did not Smith thy great career begin?
Great in thy old renown, when heroes bore
Their martial honors up and down thy shore,
And, strutting stiff, in yellow epaulettes,
Lured many a fair one to their gaudy nets.

Great in thy battlefield, our garrison,
Where Cupid's contests still are lost and won;
Great in the outspread beauty of thy bay,
Great in the tiny fleets that on it play,
Great in thy sunshine; in thy moonlight, great,
Great in thy risings and thy sittings, late,
Great in thy sandy streets and spreading shades,
Great in fandangoes, frolics, and charades,
Great in thy pig-fish, oysters, trout, and clams,
Great in thy raging tempests, great in calms,
Great in thy tête-à-têtes at dewy e'en,
And great, ah! very great, in crinoline.
What visions rise, what memories crowd around
My toiling pen at that suggestive sound!
But thickest cluster in the haunts of song,
Where crinolines, in scores, are wont to throng.
And thou! oh, sacred temple of The Nine,
Where wit and beauty spread their chains divine,
How shall I style thee? for thy noble name
Hath not been soiled by lips of common fame.
They call thee "cottage," but that name I scout,
And here forever blot the scandal out.
No name plebeian, couched in vulgar words,
Is thy true title: thou'rt a "House of Lords."
What though thou standest on Columbia's soil,
Her sons would scorn thy regal halls to spoil;
Here, noble lords and beauteous ladies meet,
And their fair queen with loyal homage greet:
Here, too, 'twas mine to fill an humble place,
And taste, full oft, the sweets of royal grace.
Methinks I see thee as I oft have seen,
Spangled with beauty, set in crinoline.
The fair Columbia stands with stately grace;
Benignant smiles illumine her queenly face.
Victoria's throne was bootless to confer
Imperial dignity on such as her.
And yet she stooped—what folly to record—
The royal lady stooped—to wed a Lord.
Then we turn to the court; and first observe
The lady yonder, with the restless nerve;
"A female archer": mark her pungent wit,
In random shots, regardless whom they hit.
But most she loves to shoot the pedagogues,
As wanton boys, for pastime, pelt the frogs.
In youth she wore the honored name of Brown;
"My name," sighed she, "is but a common noun."
A son of science, with no heart of stone,
O'erheard her plaint, and offered her his own.
So wit and genius she vouchsafed to link
Forever with the rare name of Frink.