

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 45.—VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1877.

PRICE 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

—o—

THE first charitable festival of our Order for 1877 has passed off with great éclat.

H.R.H. Prince Leopold was to have presided, and a numerous gathering of the élite of the fraternity had assembled to do honour to him, and to advance the interests of an admirable institution. Owing to his lamented illness, His Royal Highness was unable to be present, and the duties of the chairman devolved on an efficient substitute, the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.

The success of the anniversary exceeded all expectations, and is a lasting credit both to the Craft and to the authorities, the Stewards and Bro. Terry, the indefatigable Secretary.

The large amount of £12,660 is a good beginning for our charitable work which comes before the public, in this year of Light, 5077, and it will probably reach £13,000.

It seems that 1877 is going greatly to surpass 1876 in the amount received for our noble charities. So mote it be.

At home, we have nothing else to report, except progress and prosperity. The Aldersgate Lodge has recently been consecrated under most auspicious circumstances, and on every side of us we hear of new Lodges and Chapters.

Abroad—in France and Belgium—the insane movement continues relative to the omission of belief in God, etc.

This is the work of an extreme party, “libres penseurs,” as they call them, and simply means—the isolation of French Masonry, if it is persevered in and if it is successful. The “Monde Maçonnique” is leading the revolutionary party, and has distinguished itself by most uncalled for and uncourteous remarks towards our respected G. Secretary, on account of his admirable remarks and timely warning at the consecration of the Crichton Lodge.

We trust, however, that the good sense of the French Freemasons—and the reaction which is beginning—will “stamp out” this last absurdity, which seems to be a sort of Masonic communistic teaching, or “morale indépendante,” a legacy which “Frère Massol” left the Grande Orient of France.

It seems that the English G. Lodge is threatened with a rival G. Lodge, the “Grande Loge des Philadelphes.” This is an obscure body of men, partly composed of French refugees and a few other foreigners. No Englishman knows anything of them.

The veteran Rob. Morris complains that we have quoted his poetry, ignorant that it was his. As the Spaniards say, “puede ser,” but are obliged to the stout old Mason with all our heart, and wish him all health and happiness.

THE "ARMS" OF THE FREE-
MASONS IN ENGLAND.

—
WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.
—

THE "Arms" of the English Freemasons have been subject to several additions and a few changes, the greatest change being that effected in consequence of the Union of the "Moderns" and "Ancients," in December, 1813. It appears from the most reliable authority that the "*Craft and Fellowship of Masons*" were distinguished with "Arms," in the reign of King Edward IV., by "*William Hawkeslow, Clarenceux King of Arms*," and the grant was confirmed by similar powers in the time of Henry VIII. An interesting account of these "Arms" will be found in the "*Masonic Cyclopædia*," now being edited by Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., also a facsimile of the original, now lodged in the British Museum, forms a most appropriate frontispiece to the *Masonic Magazine* of September, 1874, they were described in early days as "A field of sablys, a chevron silver grailed, three castellis of the same garnyshed with dores and wyndows of the feld, in the chevron a cumpas of blake." The Grand Lodge of England ("Moderns") undoubtedly adopted these Arms of the Operative Masons, and wisely so, because in harmony with its traditional and actual history. "Supporters" were added, but when and why we are not told, though the two animals selected for the purpose evidently also point to the operative origin of our Fraternity in early days, whatever may have been its mixed character in the century preceding the formation of the premier Grand Lodge. The "Arms" of the Grand Lodge of England (of A.D. 1717) may be described as follows: "*azure* on a chevron between three Castles *argent*, a pair of compasses somewhat extended of the first; *Supporters* Beavers, *Proper*; Crest, a *Dove*."* In the "*Office Seal*" there

was simply the Crest, and below the Arms a portion of a Pedestal, with a ribbon across bearing the words "Grand Lodge of England." The "Charter Seal," however, had a helmet below the Crest, and under the "Arms" were some tools scattered, and the motto "*Relief and Truth*." Around the whole in a garter were the words, "Seal of the Grand Lodge of Masons, London." At least these are the characteristics of the old Seals preserved in the Grand Secretary's office.

The "Grand Lodge of *all* England," formed at York A.D. 1725, from the ancient Lodge which had met for many years before that period in the famous City, were "*Three Crowns*," both on *obverse* and *reverse* of Seal, and the words on the one side being "Sigil: Frat: Ebor: Per: Edwin: Coll: x," and on the other side, "Sigillum Edwini Northum: Regis:" "A.D. 926 also distinguished the former, the latter above the shield containing the three Crowns. These "Arms" ceased to distinguish any Masonic Body when this distinguished Grand Lodge collapsed late in the last century.

The Arms of the "Grand Lodge, according to the Old Constitutions ('Ancients') were of a very unpretentious character at first. The Grand Lodge virtually commenced its chequered career A.D. 1753, and about that year adopted a Square and Compasses within a circle, with a dagger below, around being the words, "Grand Lodge, London;" *Motto*, "*Virtue and Silence*." Later on, however, and as its prospects brightened, a much more elaborate "coat" was prepared (doubtless by Brother Dermott), as follows: "Quarterly per squares, countercharged *vert*. In the first quarter *azure*, a lion rampant *or*; in the second quarter *or*, an ox passant *sable*; in the third quarter *or*, a man with hands erect, proper, robed crimson and ermine; and in the fourth quarter, an eagle displayed *or*. Crest, the ark of the covenant proper, supporters being two cherubims." The *Motto* was "*Kodes le Adonai*" (Holiness to the Lord). Around the "Charter Seal" still preserved in the Grand Lodge were the words, "Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons according to the Old Institutions." We need not give the fanciful account of Bro. Dermott's as to the origin of

* This description should be substituted for the erroneous account in the *Masonic Magazine*, January, 1877 (p. 358), as the Arms of the "Ancients" were unfortunately given in that number instead of those of the *Moderns*.

these apocryphal Arms, suffice it to say that at the blessed Union of 1813 they were blended with those of the premier Grand Lodge, the crest being the Ark of the Covenant, the Supporters the Cherubims, and the motto "Audi Vidi Tace." There is not a doubt in our own mind that Bro. Dermott adopted one of the "Coats of Arms" which distinguished the York Masons, and which we believe was connected with the Royal Arch Grand Chapter held in that city. As to this and the Arms of the Grand Chapters we shall have occasion to say a few words another time.

THE REV. MR. PANDI AND FREEMASONRY.

BY S. S. BACCA.

WHEN it was first announced that the Rev. A. Pandi, a priest of the orthodox Greek Church, was going to publish a series of articles in the Greek papers against Freemasonry, every one was seized with astonishment, for it was truly observed that the Greek Church had always pursued the policy of toleration, and that intolerance and persecution lay within the province of the Church of Rome. There seems to have been quite a "scare" in Corfu, of which island Mr. Pandi is a native. He is justly esteemed as a virtuous man and a learned theologian. No one will deny for a moment his earnestness and his great love of the Church as one of its ministers. But it must be evident to any one who will take the trouble to peruse Mr. Pandi's contributions to anti-Masonic literature that he possesses no knowledge whatever of the principles of Masonry beyond what is contained in the pages of the Jesuit Monseigneur Dupanloup. It is amusing to read Mr. Pandi's notions of Freemasonry in Europe. According to this amiable but misguided divine it contains within it all the elements of mischief. Even Communism, which, he continues to say, *only recently began to show its baleful front in Europe*, is the offspring of Free-

masonry. It is evident that the reverend gentleman is one who "can see more devils than vast hell can hold," and it is also apparent that with regard to Communism he is sorely in need of instruction, and we cannot do better than recommend to him the works of Mr. Freeman on this point. Mr. Pandi has nothing to say against Masonry "as it was," but he has taken up arms against Masonry "as it is." Masonry, according to him, is not what it used to be, in Western Europe especially, and that it has changed for the worse. "Fools do rush where angels fear to tread," and Mr. Pandi will write of what he does *not* know and cannot understand. What is the change that Freemasonry has undergone? Once, says he, Freemasons were content to keep their secrets and their dogmas to themselves, but now they proclaim them from the housetops and in broad daylight. Even while Mr. Pandi was preaching, somebody, who is set down as a Mason, shouted "bosh," and immediately left the church. We regret the want of reverence on the part of this individual, but it is quite possible, we venture to say, that even a "cowan" might be induced to call Mr. Pandi's preachings "bosh." When we hear that atheism, hatred to Christianity, the free intercourse of sexes, and the abolition of everything existing are the teachings of Freemasonry, we may smile at the ignorant credulity of the priest, but we cannot admire his acuteness. He admits that there are Masons who are just, virtuous, honest and upright men; but they are Masons in name only, not in practice. This at once shows the deep fallacy into which Mr. Pandi has fallen, for if Freemasonry teaches anything at all, it insists upon its followers being upright, honest, virtuous and just. If there are men who do not believe in the existence of a God, who are not just, who do not practice morality, who do not subscribe to the laws of honour and virtue, they are men not fit to know and associate with, but it does not follow that they must be Masons. There are Communists and atheists in the world, but it is meet that the Rev. Mr. Pandi should know that Freemasonry has nothing to do with either politics or religion. That we as Masons worship our Creator and venerate our institutions are things that, say what he may, do what he will, Mr. Pandi

cannot contradict or disprove. The simple fact that clergymen of spotless reputation and statesmen of known patriotism, who are devoted to the Church and the State, are numbered among the Craft, ought to induce Mr. Pandi to open his eyes and look at Freemasonry, not through the coloured glasses of Monseigneur Dupanloup but by the light of reason and common sense. The circumstance that Freemasonry has existed for ages and that the world is not yet destroyed ought also to have persuaded him that Freemasonry, after all, is not the heinous crime described in certain quarters. It is of no use telling us that Freemasonry is responsible for the growing inclination on the part of some to look upon saints as "Egyptian mummies," and to denounce "the worship of images." These things may be vexatious to the pious Mr. Pandi, but he must not blame the Craft for it. He might as well tell us that the Reformation was the work of scandalous Freemasons, and that the Protestant world is the den of evil, and its children the children of darkness. If the reverend gentleman is fond of saints and a connoisseur in pictures, and wishes to preserve both, let him combat the spirit of the age, the tendency of science; let him try and extinguish the light that modern thought has thrown upon all things, religious and civil.

When the wind is southerly, Mr. Pandi knows a hawk from a handsaw. Somebody wrote an article in the "*φωνη*" of Corfu, in which he combats the theories of the priest, declaring at the same time that he is not a Mason. But his reverence was not to be caught with chaff. He did not live "fifty years" in the world, *i. e.*, in Corfu, and not know better. He can see through a brick wall when he likes. Did not the anonymous writer affix three stars to his article? Very well; how then can he say that he is not a Mason, that being the form of signature adopted by all Masons time out of mind? And how could the ignorant scribbler aver that Freemasonry is "universal," when Mr. Pandi does not belong to it? If it is universal, it must contain all mankind—men, women, and children—whereas "Freemasonry, at most, can only boast of one thousand lodges and a million of faithful members. There are others besides, but they are Masons by

name only." This gives an average of one thousand faithful Masons to every lodge—not a bad number, all things considered. Let it, however, be clearly understood that in Mr. Pandi's charitable soul a "faithful Mason" is synonymous with a rascal, and that "the others" are the just, honest and virtuous individuals who are Masons by name only. We do not disguise our joy that this gentleman has not succeeded in becoming Bishop of Corfu, an honour to which he aspired, otherwise he might have created some mischief. The people of Corfu, however, are too sensible, good natured and enlightened to enter into religious squabbles. At present the field is entirely in the possession of a priest on one side, with the children of superstition behind him, and one or two journalists on the other, with a modest following. The people look on amused at the capers of the combatants. We venture to hope that Mr. Pandi will see his error. He has identified Freemasonry and its teachings with the Commune and its doctrines, and the brethren of Corfu cannot do better than quietly go on with their Masonic duties, regardless of attacks, and without deviating for a moment from the strict rule of Freemasonry, thus demonstrating to the detractors of the Craft, who either in ignorance or by design, persecute it, that Freemasons have no other desire at heart but to see mankind prosper and the sum of human suffering reduced.

WONDERS OF OPERATIVE MASONRY.

From the "Keystone."

OPERATIVE Masonry has enriched Great Britain and the Continent of Europe with numerous architectural splendours which no one beholds without having his emotional nature deeply moved. Every fine old cathedral or abbey is a supreme work of imagination—a poem in stone. It possesses grandeur and beauty for the eye, and it stirs the heart by the historical associations it suggests—memories of

bright virtue and manly fortitude, of regal renown and knightly valour. Great events have distinguished them all, and the ashes of famous statesmen and heroes lie interred within their walls. America can boast no such storied spot—it is too young. We must go to the mother-country and follow in the footsteps of the fraternities of travelling Freemasons of the Middle Ages if we would view such masterpieces of art and monuments of history.

Let us visit, in imagination, some of these edifices. What Freemason can behold without emotion the splendid remains of Melrose Abbey, and view the figure of the Compasses cut above one of its portals, with the inscription beneath signed by John Moreau, architect? Who can, unmoved, gaze at the massive, lofty tower of Winchester Cathedral, as perfect now as when first erected, seven hundred years ago? Or who pass through, without a quickened pulse, the great carved doors, eight hundred years old, of the Cathedral of Sens?

ROSLIN CHAPEL possesses a peculiar interest to Freemasons from the connection with the Fraternity of its founder, William St. Clair, Lord of Roslin. It is situated seven miles south of Edinburgh, on elevated ground overlooking the river Esk, amid picturesque and romantic scenery. Its architecture is in the florid style of the fifteenth century, with a multiplicity of columns and arches and a profusion of adornment. Roslin Chapel was founded A.D. 1446, and Lord Roslin employed in its erection the most celebrated operative Masons, gathered from almost every country in Europe. Beneath its pavement many of the Barons of Roslin lie entombed. For a number of years they were buried in coats of mail, without coffins—the first Baron who was crowded into a coffin having lived in the time of King James VII. Bro. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," says:

"There are twenty of Roslin's barons
bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle,"

Roslin Chapel, in its present remains, is one of the most curious and beautiful examples of Gothic architecture extant. The profuse ornamental carving on its clustered

pillars is the admiration of every beholder. Its picturesque location, architectural beauty and historical associations render it a place of popular resort during every summer season for pleasure parties from Edinburgh.

THE 'PRENTICE'S PILLAR, situated at the south-east angle of Roslin Chapel, is famous to persons of culture, as well as to Freemasons, all over the civilised world. It exhibits a grandeur of design and a delicacy of execution that are almost imitable. From the base to the capital four exquisitely sculptured wreaths of flowers, each differing from the others, ascend spirally around the shaft, eighteen inches apart, while upon the capitals themselves several scriptural scenes are exquisitely carved. On the architrave which joins the Apprentice's Pillar to the corresponding one on the south wall, is the following inscription in Gothic characters:

"Forte est vinum, fortior est rex, fortiores sunt muliers; super omnia vincit veritas." Knights of the Red Cross are familiar with the Anglicised rendering of this Scripture saying, to be found in Esdras, iii. 4.

There is a tradition relating to the "Prentice's Pillar," which has prevailed for ages in the family of Roslin. Its model was sent from Rome, but the Master Mason, doubting his ability to reproduce it faithfully without first seeing the original pillar whence it was taken, went to Rome to inspect it. In his absence one of his Apprentices undertook the task, and so completely succeeded, that his master, on his return, was so inflamed by envy that in the heat of passion he slew him. According to another venerable tradition, the turrets of the Chapel were supernaturally illuminated by flames upon the death of every member of the family of Roslin. This tradition is beautifully rendered in Bro. Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel." We quote several stanzas:

"O'er Rosslyn all that dreary night,
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

"It glared on Rosslyn's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

"Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Rosslyn's chiefs uncoffined lie—
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

"Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristry and altars pale ;
Shone every pillar, foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's
mail.

"Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair."

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL, at Winchester, sixty-two miles south-west of London, was founded in the second century, by the British king, Lucius, the first royal personage in the world that espoused Christianity. Since then it has been repeatedly destroyed, rebuilt and extended. We have already referred to its tower, now seven hundred years old. This Tower has no steeple—it was built before steeples were invented, they being the natural development of the pointed or Gothic arch. Bishop De Lacy, in the twelfth century, formed a confraternity of builders—the progenitors of our modern Craft—for its rebuilding and extension. The magic beauty of the tracery on the vaulting arches of this Cathedral, the canopied niches, storied windows and tapering pinnacles, excite in every beholder feelings of wonder and admiration.

MELROSE ABBEY, thirty-two miles south-east from Edinburgh, from its extent and the superb character of its Gothic architecture, is justly considered the richest, most graceful and elaborate structure in Scotland. It was a favourite retreat of Bro. Sir Walter Scott, who never grew weary of studying its labyrinth of graces. The windows are of extraordinary height, and every part of the edifice is adorned with statues. The ashes of the dead lay thick beneath its pavement.

"We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history."

The architect of Melrose was John Moreau, under whom, as early as A.D. 1136, the Operative Masons Craft was organized. He was ten years in erecting

this magnificent Abbey. It is situated on the Tweed, three miles from Abbotsford (Sir Walter Scott's home). One of the earliest authentic mural inscriptions to be found in Great Britain is on the foundation stone of Melrose. Bro. G. F. Fort, in his very valuable "Early History and Antiquities of Freemasonry," gives an interesting account of Moreau's connection, as architect, with this Abbey. The Abbey was occupied by Cistercian monks, having been built with the generous gifts of King David I., who laid its corner-stone. Its remains consists of fragments of the cloisters, richly ornamented, and the ruins of the Abbey Church. The east window is of unparalleled Gothic beauty and elegance. The stone tracery is light, strong, and as sharp as when newly cut. The roof of the chancel, a part of which still remains, was supported by clustered pillars, ornamented statues, and clusters of grapes and foliage. Many of the royal families of Scotland were interred here, including King Alexander II. The heart of Robert Bruce was buried here. The Monk's Walk was a favourite resort of Bro. Sir Walter Scott. The Duke of Buccleugh is now the proprietor of Melrose Abbey.

Bro. Sir Walter Scott beautifully described this Abbey in the following lines :

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose
aright,

Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in
night,

And each shafted oriel glimmers white,
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower ;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seemed framed of ebon and ivory ;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and
die ;

When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's
grave—

Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile ;
And home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair."

YORK MINSTER, in the old Masonic city of York, two hundred and ten miles north from London, has a memorable history. On its site, in A.D. 626, King Edwin erected an oratory of wood, where previously had stood an ancient heathen temple. On Easter Day, A.D. 627, the King and his two sons were baptized there. Subsequently it was rebuilt of stone, but it has often been laid in ashes and erected anew. In A.D. 1361, while it was being restored, it is noteworthy that but threepence a day were paid for the wages of the Master Masons that laboured upon it. In A.D. 1380, it was completed in about its present form. With its magnificent stained glass windows, beautiful traceries, extended nave—the most spacious of that of any cathedral in Europe, except St. Peter's, at Rome—it combines vastness of dimension with elaborateness of finish, so that it is scarcely surpassed in beauty or magnificence by any building in the world. Its great east window is seventy-five feet high, and from beneath it there is a vista along the nave of more than five hundred feet in extent. York Minster, or Monastery, is the pride of Yorkshire and the ornament of England.

Each of these structures is famous also for the events that have transpired in them and the dead that lie buried within their precincts. Take WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL, for example. In it, in A.D. 827, Egbert was crowned king; in A.D. 1042, Edward the Confessor, and in A.D. 1194, Richard Cœur de Lion. Two sovereigns were married there—Henry IV., A.D. 1401, and Bloody Mary, in A.D. 1554. Then there are interred, the remains of Kinegils, the first King of the West Saxons (A.D. 641), Ethelwolf (A.D. 857), Kenalph, the builder of the Cathedral in the Saxon times (A.D. 714), Egbert, the founder of the English monarchy (A.D. 837); Canute, the good Danish king; the tyrannical William Rufus; Edmund, son of King Alfred; and Richard, son of William the Conqueror; and there is a monument to Hardicanute, the last of the Danish monarchs (A.D. 1041). The sites of twenty altars are discoverable (in York Minster there were once thirty). Whether you regard the famous dead of Winchester Cathedral or its splendid Gothic arches, clustered

columns and groined roof, it is a wonder of Operative Masonry; a "school of architecture," it has been called, because in this pile the rise, progress and perfection of the Gothic style may be fully traced. Its "Lady Chapel" alone would render it famous.

JEDBURGH ABBEY is in ruins, but it is a magnificent ruin. It is situated thirty-five miles south-east from Edinburgh. Its style of architecture is a mixture of the Saxon and Early Gothic. From the centres of the beautiful clustered columns in the nave, crowned with zig-zag mouldings, there springs a tier of elegant semi-circular arches, and above these another tier of fine pointed windows, while the great Norman portal in the western gable is of exceedingly beautiful workmanship, with a profusion of ornamented mouldings. The tower of Jedburgh Abbey is 30 feet square and 120 feet in height, and the prospect from it is probably unrivalled in Scotland.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, London, with its Henry VII.'s Chapel, its Poet's Corner, its WALHALLA of the mighty dead, and splendid architectural features, would furnish a subject for treatise in a volume or even series of volumes, hence we can do no more than allude to it here. Its nave is the loftiest in England, measuring 102 feet. Some of its statues are so natural as to seem to be endowed with life. "Hush," said Gayfees, the Abbey Mason, as he stood before Sir Francis Vere's effigy surrounded by four knights—"Hush," pointing to one of the knights, "he will soon speak." Westminster Abbey was the scene of the coronation of the majority of the English sovereigns, commencing with Harold, and the Coronation Chair has a remarkable history. But Poet's Corner and its vicinity possess the greatest attractions for visitors. Addison's reflection while standing there was as solemn as forcible—"When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries and make our appearance together." But space fails us to describe this abbey. Nor, indeed, can we refer, as we should like, to Farness Abbey, Selby Abbey, Fountains Abbey (with its wonderfully graceful

columns and noble tower), Peterborough Cathedral (with its unique and splendid Gothic front) *Ely Cathedral* (with its massive, lofty, and peculiarly-constructed tower), Cleeve Abbey (now used, what remains of it, as a barn), Notre Dame de Paris (with its gorgeous Gothic front), St. Mark's, Venice (with its splendid doorway), St. Germain, Paris (whose bell sounded the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and which has a portal rich in sculptured figures of saints and martyrs), and other edifices full of architectural splendours. All of these are the products of Operative Masonry—all are poems in stone. Did Europe possess no other attractions, natural or historic, these would be sufficient to draw thither hosts of tourists, to scan their sacred fanes, to study their Saxon, Norman, Transition and Gothic architecture, and to revive the memory of past events connected with them.

The wonders of Operative Masonry thrill every beholder, and Freemasons see in them the works of their great predecessors—the founders of the Craft in Europe. Some of these abbeys and cathedrals have been so nobly built and so well preserved that they promise to be as lasting as time. They deserve to be looked upon with a degree of reverence, for they are divine ideas, as well as poems in stone.

LETTER OF BRO. W. J. HUGHAN,
OF ENGLAND, TO THE GRAND
LODGE OF OHIO.

(Continued from page 421.)

THE next cutting from the *Post* is amusing, and "might be true."

Rome, June 27, 1738.—"We learn by private letters from Rome that the Pope, upon his having a sum of money collected from the several lodges of Masons in London to be disposed of *in his way*, has issued orders to have his Bull recalled, and has sent several messengers to prevent its appearing before the Grand Duke. It is further said that he and several of his

Cardinals have been proposed in different lodges in Europe, according to their *Jesuitical* desire, and are in a manner accepted of—so that it is not doubted that he will soon issue an order to *excommunicate* those who are *not* of the Ancient and Honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons."

Not a bad reply to the Pope's harmless Bulls? Often the childish attempts of modern Popes to extinguish Freemasonry have proved more damaging to Roman Catholicism than have "*Bulls* in a china-shop" to the preservation of the potters' art.

The initiation of his Royal Highness Francis, Duke of Lorraine (afterward Grand Duke of Tuscany, etc.) gave an impetus to the Craft, which no Pope could smother, and especially when we remember that distinguished initiate was accepted by a special deputation from the Grand Lodge of England, of whom Past Grand Master Dr. Desaguliers was the chief.

Much information as to the progress of the Craft in Europe is to be found in that excellent work, the "History of Freemasonry," by our good Bro. Findel, a work of great research, and invaluable to the Masonic student, especially for Continental Masonry. Students will do well also to consult Dr. Mackay's magnificent Encyclopedia of Freemasonry.

The last extract is from *New England*, the *Post* being dated August 20, 1737.

Boston, June 27th.—"Friday last being the Feast of St. John the Baptist, the annual meeting of the Free and Accepted Masons, they accordingly met. The Right Worshipful Mr. Robert Thomlinson, Grand Master, nominated and appointed his Grand officers for the year next ensuing, viz: Mr. Hugh M'Daniel, Deputy Grand Master; Mr. Thomas Moffat (Doctor of Medicine), Senior Grand Warden; Mr. John Osborne, Junior Grand Warden; Mr. Benjamin Hallowell, Grand Treasurer; Mr. Francis Betellie, Grand Secretary. After which the Society attended the Grand Master in procession to his Excellency Governor Belcher's, and from thence the Governor was attended by the Grand Master and the Brotherhood to the Royal Exchange Tavern in King Street, where they had an elegant entertainment. It being the first procession in America they

appeared in the proper badges of their Order, some gold and some silver. The procession was closed by the Grand Master."

This extract will doubtless prove interesting to my friends in Massachusetts, as I believe the Minutes of the old lodge at Boston, started A.D. 1733, say but little of this period.

The report states that the procession mentioned was the FIRST of its kind in America; so that if such a statement be correct the city of Boston will have started the first American Masonic procession, though it did not contain the first regular American lodge. It is not a matter of much moment either way, but the origin of Masonry in America is a matter of consequence, and its decision worth much study and research.

Bro. McCalla, in the *Keystone*, has discoursed on this subject with much ability, and brought to modern light several old documents.

I have been successful in another department of the same subject, and proved that a regular lodge, under the wing of the Grand Lodge of England, was held in Philadelphia, A.D. 1730, and I have also been pleased to trace the lodge at Boston in the authorized list of lodges for A.D. 1734.

Much still remains to be done, and more than can possibly be accomplished from the present sparse materials, but it may now be safely assumed that Freemasonry was introduced into America during either the years 1729 or 1730, and that most likely under the Grand Mastership of Coxe, and also directly by the Grand Lodge of England.

I shall now come nearer home in my communication, and present sketches of the constitution of lodges over this country, in evidence of the spread of Freemasonry, through the agency of the Grand Lodge of England, and that what is known as the "modern system," is due to that body.

Not that ancient Freemasonry was "snuffed out" by the formidable rival, for two of the lodges which worked in this country prior to the formation of the Grand Lodge still exist, and are in a flourishing condition; but the ancient, simple and unpretentious mode of reception was incorporated with the new order of

things, and the society became wholly speculative by degrees.

Many of the following notices of old lodge meetings are new to me, and doubtless to the Craft generally, so that they possess an interest for English Brethren as well as American. Hence it is to be hoped their perusal will not only please, but induce many Craftsmen to hunt up old lodge archives and disinter other and more valuable documents.

St. James' Evening Post, February 15, 1737.—"On Monday night was interred at Allhallows, London Wall, the corpse of Mr. Ellis, a Freemason, belonging to the lodge at the Antwerp Tavern, behind the Royal Exchange. The whole society attended . . . which made a very entertaining sight. The like has not been performed for twenty years."

Considerable latitude appears to have been allowed to the craft in ancient times in attending funeral processions, and such occasions were generally made use of to exhibit the character and numerical position of the Fraternity in the neighbourhood.

Of late years, however, processions in Masonic clothing at funerals are being discountenanced, and we think *advisedly* so, for of all times to make a display the period of mourning is the most unsuitable. We hope that ere long processions of any kind, in connection with Freemasonry, will be things of the past, unless for some great charitable object.

There is an advertisement also in another issue of the paper, May 1, 1737, as to the *London Magazine Contents*, and therein we find "Political Reflections on the Freemasons," so that the Society was being spoken freely about by friends and foes. In the copy for May 13, 1737, occurs an advertisement of the *Freemasons' Pocket Companion*, in which the contents are made known in full, and also "The secrets of Masonry made known to all men by S. P." These two books are exceedingly scarce now, and the former especially is of value to all Masonic bibliographers. The latter was by Samuel Pritchard, and is one of the scarcest of the various editions of that erratic book. A copy is in the magnificent Masonic library of my friend and brother Robert Tanner Bower, of Keokuk, Iowa.

In the paper for May 18, 1738, is the following: "Last Tuesday the Right Honourable the Marquis of Carnarvon, Grand Master of the Ancient and Honorable Society of Freemasons, attended by the other Grand officers, etc., did Mr. Gordon the honour to constitute a lodge at his house, the New Exchange Punch-bowl in the Strand, where everything was conducted in order and concluded in brotherly harmony."

*We can not decide now which lodge this notice refers to. Our list for that period and a few succeeding years, gives "125 *Angel and Crown, Crispin Street, Spittal-fields, May 3, 1738,*" and "130 *Anchor and Crown, King Street, Seven Dials, January 27, 1738.*" It was probably the first of these two. The places of meeting, when held at inns or hotels, sometimes changed several times in a year, and so the names of such public places of resort are of little use in tracing old lodges; and unfortunately, in early days, the lodges were rarely distinguished by permanent names as now. The Marquis of Carnarvon was installed Grand Master at Fishmongers' Hall, April 27, 1738†, after the customary "*Procession of march, with the band of musick.*" In the *St. James' Evening Post* occur several most interesting and curious notices of Provincial Masonic meetings. We reproduce a few, as their preservation, as well as circulation, for the information of Masonic students is most desirable. Doubtless also my friends will reprint this article for that purpose; and thus increase its circle of influence.

Salisbury, September 1, 1733. "We hear from Salisbury that last week there was held a lodge of Free and Accepted Masons at Mr. Edward Randall's, at the sign of the 'Three Lions and Greyhound,' in the same city, at which were present

* Since writing the above, we have discovered in the list of London lodges in the *Book of Constitutions*, A.D. 1738, page 190, "101 Gordon's Punch house in the Strand. *Date of Constitution, 16 May, 1738.*"

† Those interested in the history of the old halls and other places in which the Grand Lodge of England assembled in early days, should consult a series of able articles on that subject by the veteran Mason, Brother Heard in, the *New England Freemason*.

His Grace the Duke of Richmond, one of the late Grand Masters of that ancient and honourable society, and Stet Fox, Esq., M.P. for Shaston; and we hear that a lodge will be held at the same house the first and last Wednesday of each month."

There was a lodge constituted at "Salisbury at the *Ram*, 27 December, 1732, and meet first and third Wednesday" (constitutions 1738). After surviving the effects of many changes in that ancient city, the lodge finally collapsed in 1801, at No. 34, having been erased for "not conforming to the laws of the society." A strange fatality appears to have affected the lodges warranted in 1732, for the one at Salisbury was the last of that year. To this day there are several on the roll of the preceding and succeeding years.

Gloucester (St. James' Evening Post), May 18, 1738. "Lodge constituted at the Wheatsheaf, at Gloster, by virtue of certain powers of the Earl of Darnley."

Halifax, May 22, 1738. "Lodge constituted at the *Talbot.*" These two notices, brief as they are, serve to announce the advent of two old lodges. The warrant of the former was dated 28th March, 1738. At the "*Union of 1813,*" the number was changed from 61 to 84, in 1832 to 73, and in 1863 its present number was fixed at 61. The name of the lodge is the *Probity*, and it is held at the Freemasons' Hall, Halifax, having been held for a period of *one hundred and thirty-eight years* in the same town for which the warrant was originally granted.

Bath, October 30, 1738.—The Prince of Wales being at Bath for the benefit of his health, "an extraordinary lodge was held at the 'Bear' Tavern, at which were present Earl Darnley, late G.M.; John Ward, Esq., D.G.M.; Sir Edward Mansell, Bart., Dr. Desaguliers, and other brethren, in honour of the day, and in respect to his Royal Highness, who is a brother. *Note.*—The day was the king's birthday."

A warrant was granted for a lodge at Bath, A.D. 1733, and it has been regularly worked in that city from that time to the present. It is called the "*Royal Cumberland,*" and meets at the Masonic Hall, Old Orchard Street. Its history has been well written by one of its esteemed Past Masters, Brother Ashley; and a curious and interesting account has been woven

by that experienced craftsman, particulars of which I gave in the *Voice of Masonry*, a magazine well-known in the United States.

The initiation of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is thus described in the *Book of Constitutions*, and is of special interest at the present time, when three members of the royal family of England are enrolled as brethren. "An occasional lodge was held at the *Prince of Wales's Palace at Kew, near Richmond.* . . .

The Rev. Dr. DESAGULIERS (formerly *Grand Master*), MASTER of this LODGE. . . . His Royal Highness, FREDERIC, *Prince of Wales*, was in the usual manner introduced, and made an *Enter'd Prentice and Fellow Craft*. Our said Royal Brother, FREDERIC, was made a MASTER MASON by the same lodge that assembled there again for that purpose; and ever since, both in the *Grand Lodge* and in particular lodges, the *Fraternity* joyfully remembered HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS and his son in the proper manner." (Page 137).

Yervell, March 20, 1736.—"We here inform the public of the most melancholy accident that ever happened. On the 6th day of this instant, March, a sudden stupor seized the brains of several hundred persons, both males and females, in the said town, which, in a few minutes, turned to a most deplorable frenzy, occasioned, it is thought, by puzzling their heads about the meaning of the Freemasons' Society, several Masons being made on that day in order to constitute a lodge. Some said it was a plot against the Government, others that it was a new religion, etc.

. . . The young women to their assistance hath called upon all the curious, the most ingenious, the most penetrating, the most philosophical, and the most sublime genius's of the whole town, but all in vain; the mighty arcanum cannot be discovered, neither by the wits, the would-be wits, or the no-wits."

"From mighty secrets mighty action springs,
And none but Masons gain the ears of kings."

The foregoing is said, by the *St. James' Evening Post*, to be an "extract from a letter from *Yervell, in the county of Somerset.*" The style of the letter reminds

us of a Hudibrastic poem, published A. D. 1723, "illustrating the whole history of the Ancient *Freemasons*, from the building of the tower of *Babel* to this time, with their laws, ordinances, signs, marks, messages, etc., so long kept secret; faithfully discovered and made known; and the manner of their INSTALLATION particularly described by a *Freemason.*" (Small 8vo. 24 pp.)

"All kingdoms have their Masons—Free,
Which help to form society;
By signs and marks they'll know each other,
In num'rous crowds spy out a Brother."

This wonderful publication, now lodged in Bro. Bower's grand collection, was soon followed by numerous other extraordinary books and pamphlets, full of the *secrets of the Freemasons!* The *Grand Mystery Discovered* was issued in 1724, though what was discovered has not yet appeared; and a few years later the impostor Pritchard, a rejected candidate, came on the stage and amused the public for some years; and when his wares ceased to take with the fickle multitude, various hashes were redished and furnished to the indiscriminate, and so down to the year 1876. There have always been people fond of being made the dupes of designing and unscrupulous persons.

(To be Continued.)

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Wild youth kneels
Obedient to her gentle sway,
And age beholds her smile, and feels
December brightening into May."

W. M. PRAED.

MR. WILLIAMS had no sooner made his bow to the two ladies, and sat down in one of the comfortable arm-chairs at the "Cedars," than it became quite clear that the young man was alike nervous and excited, and that he had some special object in view in this somewhat early visit.

Indeed, as he had only left the house the evening before, so matutinal a call on his part was alike unusual and novel. He had evidently attended to the adorning of the "outward man," and was as smart as he well could be, and an exact observer might have noted that his boots were new—which, perhaps, partly accounted for the redness of his face, and that, to use a somewhat vulgar expression, he had on his "Sunday best." The "state" of the curate did not escape the wide-awake eyes of Miss Lucy Longhurst, who was partly annoyed and partly amused by his unexpected appearance. She had clearly a sort of "presentiment" what it all meant. But my heroine, as my readers will perceive, and as young ladies are just now, was quite able to take care of herself, and she set herself, as the saying is, "square" to her "work," and "went in," as they also say, "meaning to win." When, then, after a few dulcet speeches and after a few preliminary vapid nothings, Mr. Williams appealed to Lucy personally for support upon some point or other which he adroitly put forward for the occasion, Lucy so sat upon him and so "shut him up," as she told her friends afterwards, that Mr. Williams gave up his efforts, whatever they might have tended to, in despair, and treated her as a friend of ours once told us he behaved to a young lady in a similar situation—"went to propose to her, old fellar, but found her such an out and out vixen, that I let her drop." I do not say for one moment that any such profane ideas entered into the well-regulated mind of Mr. Williams, or that any such very slang sentences dropped from his well-trained lips! This would be doing, doubtless, injustice to him—alike in thought and utterance. But he turned from the young lady in mute displeasure and injured indignation, and at once devoted all his attention to Miss Margerison, who had by no means been an inattentive eyewitness of all that was taking place, and clearly disapproved of the cavalier treatment and contemptuous behaviour which Lucy had manifested in such an unmistakeable manner to her agitated swain. And so the good old lady thought that it was her bounden duty to attempt to soothe the ruffled spirits of Mr. Williams, and, much to Lucy's annoyance, she again asked him to luncheon, and

by numerous "petits soins" and kind words and friendly ways, soon restored that ill-used young man to his customary self-complacency and self-esteem. And yet, perhaps, it is one of the most awkward situations in life for a man—young or old matters not—when a lady has rebuffed him—much more, has refused him. She may have done so advisedly or unadvisedly, rightly or wrongly, but still for the biped "homo" it is as humiliating a fact as can be well imagined. To know that your "Donna del Lago," your own adorable Priscilla has literally refused you—has, after all her encouragement to you, well, and what not else—declined distinctly to have "anything to say to you," to have you, in fact, for her "lord and master," to be the "cynosure of your eyes," and the "fond affection of your heart," etc., etc. It is dreadfully trying, no doubt, and some men never get over it. Some go on their way humming the old song,—

"There are yet as good fish in the sea,
As ever yet were caught,"

while some simply make up their mind on the spot to take the "other alternative," to "propose to someone else."

I remember a poor friend of mine who once was refused by his angel Ann, and for a time he was the most disconsolate of men. He travelled about alone, he got hipped, he bored his friends, he seemed getting queer, when, all of a sudden he met somebody else, and he said to himself "what a fool I have been!" He got interested, became friendly, proposed, was accepted, has now a large and increasing family, and is as "jolly as a sand-boy."

But, however, it was quite clear that that resolute maiden Lucy Longhurst would have no "part or lot" in Mr. Williams, and, therefore, like a prudent and considerate person—as he was—he gave up youth and flightiness and took to maturity and good sense. Lucy often told the story afterwards, and said how amusing it was to mark the astonishment and growing embarrassment of Miss Margerison! For Mr. Williams—who prided himself equally on his "discernment" and "never doing things by halves"—was now lavishing all his platitudes and all his "attentions" on the elder lady. She, good old soul, in the simplicity of her heart and the

warmth of her friendly feelings for the clergy in general, and Mr. Williams in particular, had thought that Lucy would make a very good clergyman's wife, and had, therefore, smiled on Mr. Williams. When, then, that perverse young woman had "declined the honour, with thanks," Miss Margerison had sympathised sincerely with the "poor young man," as she termed him, for she was afraid he would suffer very greatly. She little knew him, or our young men, for the most part, to-day. Marriage with them is usually a matter of necessity or convenience. "Must be done, old fellow," "can't be helped," "very sorry," "can't put it off any longer," "the governor is ready to come down handsome," and "she is very jolly girl, up to anything." "Hope you know a little of each other," says a sentimental maiden aunt. "Why, as to that," says the hero, languidly, "of course we know each other"—"met several times"—"road in the park," "and we shall do very well." Oh, Hymen! Oh, Hymenæ! etc. Instead of Mr. Williams feeling his disappointment it was quite clear by this time that he was running for another handicap!

Accordingly the mischievous Lucy, as soon as luncheon was over, remembered that she had a pressing note to write, and off she ran with all her dimples lighted up, and a gleam in her refreshing eyes—leaving her aunt and Mr. Williams "all alone!"

Poor Miss Margerison had been most kind to Mr. Williams, but was beginning herself to get a little fidgetty and fussy, as she observed the animated manner which seemed to have crept over that usually somewhat unimpressionable if talkative youth!

Mr. Williams was, in fact, in his glory. He had talked so much, and so fluently, that he thought he must have impressed Miss Margerison, and believed that he had now only to strike while the iron was hot, to secure the prize. For I must let my readers into a secret which they have probably long ago discovered for themselves, namely, that the curate was a little too fond of the "flesh-pots of Egypt," and that with him it was only a question of a "comfortable settlement." He had heard that Miss Margerison was very well to do, and he thought that he might just as well,

as the man once said, get "properly tiled in."

Alas! with how many to-day is marriage, like as with Mr. Williams, only a "question of settlement!"

Mutual affection, mutual tastes and inclinations, mutual likes and dislikes, the "entente cordiale" of sympathetic minds, all go for nothing, "the little god" is "squared"—to use a common expression—by the "wiles of Pluto," as the Irishman said, and "amor nummi," not love at first or second sight, "rules the roast!" How many ill-assorted couples have to lament for ever, that a "comfortable settlement" united them, faveute the parson, in the "holy estate of matrimony," and not the happier influence of genuine affection and reciprocal attachment. But I must not moralize on this point or I shall never finish.

Mr. Williams turned the conversation ere long to his lonely condition, his solitary life, his many troubles and trials, his weariness of bachelorhood, his admiration of the marriage state. At last Miss Margerison got so seemingly alarmed, that getting up hastily and ringing the bell, she desired Mr. Walters to send Miss Longhurst to her immediately. Poor Mr. Williams all this time sat looking the picture of abject confusion and despair, nor did he notice even the indignant looks of Mr. Walters.

He was just saying, "Oh, Miss Margerison, could the devoted"—when the door opened, and in hurried Lucy, more radiant than ever, closely followed by Colonel Mackintosh, Mr. Mainwaring, Mr. Carruthers, and Miss Emily Monekton!

Happy escape for Miss Margerison! Mr. Williams, who saw that he had missed his chance, made an excuse of parish duty, and retired, to the delight of all assembled. He had no sooner gone in "hot haste" than Miss Margerison exclaimed:—"Oh, how very lucky it is you have all come; for I believe that Mr. Williams would have proposed to me in another minute."

Will my readers be surprised to hear that there was a general shout?

"Oh," said Lucy, maliciously, "I gave him no chance this morning, but I thought, auntie dear, you might like to give him a chance this afternoon;" and here the joyous party broke out again.

"Confound his impudence," began the Colonel, but he added quickly, "Beg your pardon, ladies—excuse an old soldier, who can't do with these free and easy manners of our young men. I'd send them," said the gallant old boy, reflectingly "to heavy marching drill for a few days, it would do them all a deal of good. I never did see in my life such a round-shouldered, lounging, drawling, stable-boy-jacketed lot of chaps in my life."

And here the old Colonel stopped for want of breath, and Miss Margerison took up the running.

"Well," she said, "I have had a lesson, and one I will never forget to the last hour of my life. To think that that young jack-anapes should venture to talk of proposing to me, an old woman!"

Colonel Mackintosh said nothing, but looked most knowingly at the two young men, though as Miss Margerison spoke in a very decided and stately way, her old friend did not venture to contradict her statement or to say anything more. As he went home that evening, though, smoking his cigaret, he communicated his belief to Mr. Mainwaring and Mr. Carruthers that "there was no knowing what might have happened had we not all entered the room when we did. Women, my boys," he added confidentially, "are very queer to deal with, and bad to manage, and I for one do not feel quite sure that if my good old friend had a regular offer, she would have refused it. They say clergymen declare 'nolo episcopari,' but I have hardly ever met any woman in my life who would say 'nolo hymenari.'" But Mr. Mainwaring being then very "bad indeed," and full of Lucy, and Mr. Carruthers equally occupied with Emily Monckton, would not hear of any such thing, and the Colonel declared as he left them that they were a "couple of spoons," which in all human probability they most undoubtedly were.

LIFE'S LESSON.

I STOOD and watched a schoolboy group
 One day upon the smooth ice sliding,
 And as with laughter, jeer and whoop
 The little folk went gaily gliding,

I heard one urchin in the crowd,
 His hands and arms in glee upthrowing,
 Cry, in a shrilly tone and loud:—
 "Boys keep the mill a-going."

O young philosopher! be such
 Your motto through your whole existence,

And none will beat you running much,
 Though rough the road and long the distance;

And few will pass you in the race,
 However loud may be their crowing,
 Provided you in every case
 Should keep the mill a-going.

Should malice strike you with its dart,
 Should envy in your pathway follow,
 Should slander pierce you to the heart,
 Should friends' professions prove but hollow,

These all exhaust themselves at length—
 Fierce blasts are not forever blowing;
 Keep up your nerve, keep up your strength,
 And keep the mill a-going.

They win the most who win by care,
 And patient toil and purpose steady;
 The tortoise often beats the hare,
 For swiftness is not always ready.
 Less good from genius we may find,
 Than that from perseverance flowing,
 So have good grist at hand to grind,
 And keep the mill a-going.

LIFE'S ROLL-CALL.

BY W. W. HIBBEN.

From the "Masonic Advocate."

"There are changes, constant changes,
 In this busy world of ours;
 Life has clouds as well as sunshine,
 Earth has thorns as well as flowers.
 Life's bright scenes are ever shifting,
 As the hours are flitting past,
 And our visions of the future
 Are too beautiful to last. —Tiffany

THERE is always something frightful in individuality, when viewed in the light of human responsibility. Each man, in life's relations, must stand for himself, must act suffer and answer on his own account, just as though he was the only actor in the

universe. What is termed individual responsibility comprehends the law of equity in all relative obligations.

None can avoid it, because it rules the principles of justice and right, in every one of life's relationships. Even the romance of life may not obscure it, as stern realities all make their impress as if written with an iron pen and laid in the rock for ever.

The rapid transitions of our years can not obliterate the turpitude of our crimes or bedim the glory of our virtues, for the one covers us with a mantle of darkness, while the others cling to us like the ivy to the wall, with even a deathless tenacity.

Errors in life are but a common inheritance, for all men err, all are weak, and at times do wrong, often when they do not intend it. From infancy to age, when the life roll is called, we answer from the positions which are given us, conscious as we are in most instances of our own integrity. For the general way we do not condemn ourselves, even when we see our own sinfulness, when we know our own wrongs, and are aware of our numerous shortcomings. Men are but grown-up children, and even in childhood we always count one in the make-up of the world's numerals. Though we are then weak and helpless and incapable of an act of individual responsibility, we are that early endowed with power, and sustain no insignificant position in the world's roll call of life. We are then on the arena already, where divinity shines in us and through us, and where we have rights and powers of development and possess attractive innocence and loveliness which none but the inhuman will ever ignore. Even then the eyes of love, enduring love, are fastened on us, and often the pencil of thought, with the inspiration of poetic fire, paints our being and tells our life story as a mournful sample of what sooner or later befalls us all.

How truthfully and beautifully one has written of such young life, when he says :

"I saw an infant in its mother's arms,
And left it sleeping ;
Years passed—I saw a girl with woman's
charms

In sorrow weeping:

Years passed ; I saw a mother with her
child,

And o'er it languish ;
Years brought me back. Yet through her
tears she smiled,

In deeper anguish.

I left her ; years had vanished—I returned
And stood before her.

A lamp beside the childless widow burned,
Grief's mantle o'er her.

In tears I found her whom I left in tears,
On God relying,

And I returned again in after years
And found her dying.

An infant first, and then a maiden fair,
A wife, a mother.

And then a childless widow in despair
Thus met a brother.

'Tis thus we meet on earth, and thus we
part

To meet, O, never !

Till death beholds the spirit leave the
heart

To live for ever."

No, not even the helpless infant is left out in the roll call of life. It is, in itself, endowed with entity, simple, beautiful and immortal, and represents the highest actual purity of this world of sin.

In after years, when the child grows to young manhood, its identity is none the less concealed, for the young man is his father's hope and his mother's pride, and his name, under the influence of parental prestige, begins to assume importance even in the books of life. 'Tis then we see that "the boy is father to the man," and on him we call the life-roll with renewed promise and assurance.

We know it is sad, but then it is true, that many at this point are most mysteriously numbered among the missing. Somehow they drop out, as we often see them, even from the ranks of the Mystic Tie, but for what cause we know not. Many need guardianship in manhood as well as in youth, and the watch-care of churches and fraternal societies has doubtless been made a blessing to millions.

The thoughtful, the reflective, may stand firm anywhere. They have studied the philosophy of self-reliance, and they are always ready to answer the roll. They

may be plain men, they may even be rough.
But then—

“Who shall judge a man from plainness?

Who shall know him by his dress?

Paupers may be fit for princes,

Princes fit for something else.

Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket

May becloth the golden ore

Of the deepest thought and feeling—

Satin vests could do no more.”

When the roll-call of life is made, as it is, ever and anon, it is important that each man be able to answer for himself. If he is conscious of his own integrity, that is better than all. He then has nothing to fear, for—

“God, who counts by souls, not station,

Loves the true who bear the right;

To him all famed distinctious

Are but as flashes of the night.”

In the dim distance the light shines. It may seem afar, but its glitter is ever on the altar of sacrifice, and before that altar should all men bow and reverently learn to obey those obligations which will prepare them for honour whenever the roll call is made.

Personal integrity is the test, as love for our fellow men is the fruit. The one gives evidence of our spirit and character, as the other does of our humanity and philanthropy.

If the world of men could once be impressed with the importance of always walking in the ways of *light*, the roll call of life would never come amiss upon them. They would stand before the inspection of all men, conscious of their own well meant sincerity, and no emergency would ever becloud their memories or cast a shadow over the recitade of their histories.

November 7, 1876.

A SOFT ANSWER.

THE husband was of quick temper, and often inconsiderate. They had not been married a year, when one day, in a fit of hasty wrath, he said to his wife:

“I want no correction from you. If you are not satisfied with my conduct, you can

return to your home whence I took you, and find happiness with your kind.”

“If I leave you,” returned the unhappy wife, “will you give me back that which I brought to you?”

“Every dollar. I covet not your wealth, you shall have it all back.”

“Ah!” she answered, “I mean not the wealth of gold. I thought not of dress. I meant my maiden heart—my first and only love—my buoyant hopes, and the promised blessings of my womanhood. Can you give these to me?”

A moment of thought—of convulsion—and then, taking her to his arms:

“No, no, my wife, I cannot do that, but I will do more—I will keep them henceforth unsullied and unpained. I shall cherish your blessings as my own, and never again, God helping me, will I forget the pledge I gave at the holy altar when you gave your peace and happiness to my keeping.

How true it is that a soft answer turneth away wrath; and how many, oh, how many of the bitter strifes of domestic life might be avoided by remembering and acting in accordance therewith.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND THEIR PEACEFUL SOLUTION.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

VIII.—HEALTH.

“Health and a good state of body are
above all gold.”

How true as to the lives of all! To the rich man what is his wealth without his health? To the poor what is ill-health but misery and starvation? Harder, indeed, is the lot of the man who has the luxury but not the appetite than that of him who has the appetite but not the luxury. Sweet is the poor man's crust, hard earned though it be!

Health, then, is the greatest blessing of existence—indeed, without it, life is but a living death. How to preserve it is the subject that we propose to consider in this

present paper. Supposing on theory that we have been endowed by nature with what we call "good health," how is this inestimable boon to be preserved? By a compliance with the laws of Nature in a judicious exercise of both mind and body, and in affording to our frames a due supply of the material requisite to repair the waste thereby engendered.

Mental nourishment we have already touched upon; the quantity and quality of bodily food have, too, in former papers had allotted to them their due share of attention; and it now only remains to take into account two articles of nourishment, and those two most easily obtainable, whilst from our habits, although supplied to us freely enough and pure enough by nature, the most difficult of all to be procured, and therefore worthy of our greatest anxiety, which are nevertheless but too often the most lightly regarded of all—we mean air and water. True it is that for securing these two requisites of health we have already Inspectors of Nuisances, but in very many instances these officers are either too restricted in their power or else incompetent to perform their allotted tasks.

Experienced men, then, should be appointed to fulfil these all-important duties, and their right of inspection should be made general and absolute; any refusal of their visits or neglect of their instructions being visited with a fine, and perhaps imprisonment for a second offence, the offenders being considered as enemies of society at large; for if a person be poisoned at all, it matters but little or none whether the fatal dose be solid, liquid, or gaseous, whether it consist of strychnia or sewage, mercury or malaria.

A great step will have been taken if our former suggestions have been carried out, and a decent cottage have, in all cases, taken the place of the old-fashioned poor-man's hovel, but much will even then remain to be done. The house may be well built and airily situated, still pure air can only be obtained in well-ventilated apartments so constructed as to afford a sufficient number of cubic feet of breathing-space for the allotted number of inhabitants. All overcrowding, therefore, should be strictly prohibited, and a good supply of fresh air ensured in some manner, no matter how simple. We here give a plan easy of ex-

ecution and at the same time thoroughly efficient. Up each of the flues in the house run a piece of ordinary rain-water-pipe having the lower end in communication with the open air, and closed at the top; the fresh air passing up this will be warmed and must be allowed to enter each room by a branch pipe six inches from the floor. The vitiated air must be carried off through an opening six inches from the ceiling into, or communicating with, the nearest flue. To prevent draughts both of these orifices must be covered with fine wire gauze. In addition to this let one window at least in every room, especially if it be slept in, open into the outer air. This window must be a sash, not a casement, as it should be left open at both top and bottom for a certain portion of each day. An occasional fire in every room, when practicable, is a great purifier. The floors should be periodically scrubbed with pure water that is that which is free from sewage contaminations; the use of tar soap or the occasional addition of a disinfectant is a great desideratum. The walls and ceilings should be limewashed at proper intervals, and all bedding should be kept scrupulously clean and left open to the air every day. These simple measures being carried out, the house will be found well ventilated and, so far as fresh air is concerned, healthy.

The next point to be considered, namely drainage, is a very lengthy one, but the more simple the system, especially in connexion with cottages, the better. Let no drain come within the house, nor any sink be erected inside its four walls. If this be impossible, then let any such inside drain or sink empty itself into a small cesspool outside the walls, and let such cesspool be securely trapped and ventilated by means of a piece of common gas-pipe carried up with its top quite clear of all gutters, windows, or other openings in the roof; advantage may be taken of a chimney-stack or neighbouring tree to support this pipe, the exhalations from which will be dispersed, clear of the dwelling, in the upper air. Such cesspool, again, should be frequently emptied of solid deposit. To every batch of tenements there should be a common cesspool, as far remote from the houses as possible; let this also be venti-

lated as recommended above, and be provided besides with an air-tight flap, through which should be introduced every morning a layer of fine sifted earth, occasionally adding a little disinfectant. Into such cesspool on no account suffer any drainage or other water to find its way. All drains should have a good fall and be securely trapped at both ends. The drains themselves should take the form of a compressed oval, of which the vertical should bear to the horizontal diameter the proportion of three or four to one; in this way the body of flushing water acquires a greater force, whilst the drain itself presents no angles to serve as lodgments for fatty or other solid matter. All water, whether for drinking, cooking, or cleansing purposes should be pure, and to this end obtained (if there be no service from waterworks) from either spring, well, or tank, and not from ditches or ponds. If there be a good spring in the parish, a few subscribers will easily procure a stone trough, which, being fixed at some height above the ground, if the spring be in a bank, or being railed round if it be on the ground level, will preserve the water from fouling by dogs or cattle; but let not these, by the way, be forgotten, for they suffer thirst as do we ourselves: provide, then, a rough trough into which the surplus water may be gathered from the overflow of the spring purposely for the relief of their wants. If a well be the source of supply, the water should be drawn from it by means of a pump, or, at all events, the well should be kept closed, to hinder pollution by frogs, snails, and the like, as well as to prevent the growth of fungi, weeds, etc. Should the house be dependent upon a tank, then let its interior be, if possible, of hard cement, and present no surface of metal or wood. The former will certainly impregnate the water by oxidisation or absorption, whilst the latter will do still more mischief by decaying, and so contaminating the water. For this reason open water-butts are to be rigorously condemned, as, too, are open cisterns, which speedily become a breeding ground for infusoria and many forms of organic life, all highly deleterious to health. Lastly, let all and every such water supply be frequently examined and cleaned, care having been taken at the

outset that pollution from cesspools or drains or their ventilating pipes shall be impossible. On every such occasion of cleansing a lump of quicklime and a piece of charcoal may be dropped in, by the combined effects of which substances any organic matter will be effectually destroyed. Charcoal sufficiently good for this purpose may be easily made by lightly piling a few sticks of poplar, willow, or wood of a similar nature, and keeping them closely covered with hot embers until the outsides are quite charred. But all that is requisite is not yet done, for although by these means water apparently clean may have been obtained, there will still be no guarantee of its purity. There is but one way of attaining this perfection, and that is by boiling and filtration, which remark will equally apply to "service" water, for let us remember that no water whatever, except of course that which has been distilled, can be pure without at least one of these processes; not even rain water caught fresh from the clouds is free from a certain taint of impurity. There will be one popular objection inevitably raised to this, and that is its cost. "It is easy enough to boil water," such an objector will say, "but how about buying a filter? that is quite beyond our means!" No greater mistake can be made, for although the filters usually purchased are very expensive, a very cheap and yet equally serviceable one can be thus prepared at home. We say equally serviceable, but in some respects it is really better than those in general use, inasmuch as the water cannot stand in it and become stale. The rapidity of the filtered water is corrected before use, whilst it is also refrigerated at the same time that it is filtered. The way then, in which a cheap filter and cooler combined can be constructed is this: Take two new earthen flower-pots, fitting closely the one into the other at the rim, the outer one being considerably deeper than the inner; into the hole of each pot screw tightly a piece of new sponge; into the space between the two put a layer of animal and vegetable charcoal, having above and below it a layer of clean-washed sand, and again above and below these, and next to each of the sponges, a layer of well-washed gravel or very small pieces of broken flower-pot. A cover should be pro-

vided to prevent the admission of dust, etc; this should be glazed, if of earthenware, to prevent evaporation otherwise than by the porous sides of the pot, which slight evaporation will have the effect of cooling the water. The apparatus should now be set in a stand (a sort of rough three-legged stool, through the board of which the pot can be placed, will answer admirably), of such a height that the water oozing through the lower sponge may have a drop of about two feet. This fall through the air will replace in the water any oxygen that it may have lost during the processes of boiling and filtering, and so correct that peculiar disagreeable flatness so noticeable in filtered water. The total cost of this filter need not exceed one shilling. The charcoal and sand will of course require occasional renewal, but this will not be often if the upper pot be kept thoroughly clean and its sponge be frequently taken out and washed. Hardness, so-called, of water, whenever it exists, may be remedied by the addition of a small quantity of bicarbonate of potash before use; we recommend potash rather than soda because it does not give the water the same disagreeable taste, whilst, what is of more consequence even than this, it is more soluble in the stomach.

Whilst discussing the subject of water in connexion with the house-supply, our mind, intent upon the greater comfort of our cottager friends, somewhat naturally turns to that greatest of all discomforts—"Washing-day." We see, even as we write the detested word, the little house reeking with steam, filled with a mingled and execrable odour in which soap predominates, and choked with smoke from the faulty copper flue, the entire upper part of the room a perfect network of wet, dabbling clothes, and the bottom a mingled chaos of baskets, dirty clothes, buckets, and small children; add to this a wife—well, slightly irate and very disagreeable from over work and worry, and no dinner ready, and can we wonder that the poor man sighs, turns his back on his home—if now for the first time, almost certainly not for the last—and wends his way to the taproom that he has but just now manfully passed. And all this misery, for misery it is and greater misery it will be in the future, might be pre-

vented by erecting a public wash house for the entire population. If, again, to this public wash-house, good baths could be added, what a boon would be conferred upon the public, what a long way traversed on the road to securing public health.

But one thing remains to be noticed, and that is the spread of epidemic diseases, which may be introduced, generated they can hardly be, if the foregoing directions shall have been followed. Should any infectious disorder then manifest itself, the case should be completely isolated at once. The best means of doing this is by the establishment of a small cottage hospital in every place, such as a village, where no public provision is made, entirely for infectious and contagious disorders, to which the sufferer should be instantly removed. One such, the site of which should be airy and removed as far from ordinary dwellings as possible, should be maintained in every village. After the first outlay the cost would be but trifling, and might be regarded entirely in the light of a health-insurance premium. Besides removing the patient, steps should be taken to thoroughly disinfect, by means of fumigation and otherwise, all bedding, furniture, and the like with which the person suffering from disease may have come into contact. Should there be no possibility of removing the patient, then all healthy occupants of the house beyond those required for nursing, should leave the house, with which no more communication than is absolutely necessary should be maintained. Disinfectants should be freely used; all refuse from the sick room should be burned; whilst the doors through which anyone must pass should be covered, by way of curtains, with sheets or other hangings saturated with some disinfecting fluid.

These suggestions may be crude, yet to try them is a step in the right direction. The start is the main thing, for the "vis inertiae" is great indeed. Surely, however, there is at least one person in every parish, however small, who has sufficient leisure and enterprise to embark upon such a sanitary crusade as we have sketched out, whose spare moments might well be whiled away in seeing to such of these matters, as one of the public would be per-

mitted by his neighbours to interfere in ; whilst he might profitably employ his leisure time in benefiting his neighbours by drawing their attention to and instructing them in such matters as he could not be allowed to actively take part. An occupation like this would yield a far more real and lasting pleasure than does the pursuit of gossip or the purposeless meddling so characteristic of our local busybodies. Anyhow he would be doing real work and conferring a benefit upon the community at large, and if he should get no thanks in the present, nor even gratitude in the future, he would rest content in knowing that in his allotted sphere he had done his share of duty in the great task of the amelioration of his fellows.

Should these suggestions be found in any particular case to be impracticable, they will yet have done their share, we trust, in the great work of Sanitary Reform by pointing out many evils which, though little in themselves, present in the aggregate a stupendous obstacle to the attainment of that treasure which no material wealth can otherwise purchase or for which, remaining unprocured, no store of golden gain can make any adequate recompense—Health !

SONNET.

(For the "*Masonic Magazine*.")

BY BRO. THE REV. M. GORDON.

Written December, 1876, after a long and dangerous illness, and while still seriously indisposed from its effects.

Now wintry darkness shrouds the sullen sky,
 Till spring again the world from death
 revive ;
 For death both man and nature doth
 deprive
 Of life. Ye Brothers of the Mystic Tie,
 Should this frail thing, men call my body,
 die,
 And this, my votive wreath of sonnets,
 live,
 Wherever random chance a place may
 give,
 Let its poor remnants there forgotten lie.
 But oh, my mystic self, my heart—my
 heart—

In holy ground—in Judah's soil entomb,
 There bright as morn would be the
 darkest gloom,
 Which such a grave would to its veins im-
 part.
 This the sole boon I from my Brothers
 ask—
 Thrice blest, whose hands perform the
 pious task.

AN ORATION UPON MASONRY,

SPOKEN AT THE DEDICATION AND CONSECRATION OF THE NEW MASONIC HALL OF THE LODGE OF ST. JOHN, ANTIGUA, W. I., (E. R. 492) BY BRO. WILLIAM JAMES READ M.A. (ARCHDEACON OF ANTIGUA) CHAPLAIN OF THE LODGE.

[This oration will have a deep if painful interest to Freemasons, in that since it was delivered the death of the venerable and scholarly author is announced in the *Times*.—ED.]

Worshipful Sir and Brethren :

Having never before been called upon to fill the peculiarly prominent and exacting part to which, according to our programme of the day's proceedings, I find myself appointed, and having had no opportunity of learning either by observation, by reading, or by report, how that part has been fulfilled by others, I have nothing else to fall back upon for guidance in my endeavour to answer the call now made upon me beyond the general principles of our Order.

I am desired to deliver an "Oration" upon Masonry. Now an oration requires an orator—one who is able to inform the minds of his hearers, by setting before them truths perhaps new to them, by suggesting connections between old truths hitherto unsuspected, and by opening out pleasant vistas of thought—one who can at the same time rouse their feelings to a lively and earnest sympathy with his own, and lead them on under the charm of pleasurable emotions towards whatever object he presents to them as worthy of their pursuit and attainment. Very much of all this I know to be beyond my power. I can make

no attempt to please your ears with florid, high-wrought periods, or to fill your minds with sentimental, languid self-approval by descanting on the benefits of Masonry. I am, however, thoroughly in earnest in my desire and effort to contribute as I can not only to the successful issue of the day's ceremony, but also to the progress of Masonry and the welfare of our own Lodge.

It is with this consciousness and this desire that I dare to answer the call for a speech upon "Masonry."

"MASONRY."

A short text for a sermon, if it were a sermon I had to preach to you, as I may have to do, if spared, ere long. But it would have puzzled you, as for a time it perplexed me, what topics from amid so grand and far-reaching a subject were capable of illustration within the short limits prescribed to me.

I would say then first of all a few words on the trustfulness and the antiquity of Masonry, and I beg for the serious attention of thoughtless and thoughtful alike—I know we have both among us—while I add to the expression of my own absolute and sincere conviction and belief some brief points of the grounds upon which they rest.

Few of us perhaps have escaped acquaintance with a treacherous and pernicious volume, which, while professing to give information about our Order, not only discredits the order itself, but blasphemously denies the truth of Holy Scripture, scarcely acknowledging even the name of God, refuses the notion of any spiritual or immortal principle in the soul of man, and rejects with scorn the hope of a Resurrection. All this is done with a tone of presumptuous authority that may easily prevail to unsettle the faith of some and disturb the minds of others who do not know how often and how thoroughly such wicked falsehoods have been disproved.

I am not going to enter upon the controversy now, but only to examine, in passing, one assertion made in this volume, that the Jews never existed as a nation, which assertion is made a sort of foundation to the subsequent argument. This examination may enable us all to estimate at their true worthlessness other state-

ments of the like kind depending upon the same authority.

Now we all know that Jews, equally proud of their nationality, are found in every station of society, from the wealthiest to the poorest, in almost every country in the world. All these look to Judæa as their country, to Jerusalem as their common capital and national metropolis. Whence or when could this far-spread sense of nationality have arisen, if it had not existed before the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus? That it did exist we have abundant evidence, even in the records of heathen historians. There are few more vivid and striking pictures given by any than that by Ctesias how Alexander the Great was received at the gate of Jerusalem by the High Priest, in his gorgeous pontifical robes, attended by a train of priests and Levites.

In awe-stricken wonder the mighty conqueror refrained from entering the sacred city, and remitted to the Jews either the whole or great part of the tribute imposed upon other nations. When shortly afterwards he founded his city of Alexandria, which you know still subsists, he invited thither a colony from Jerusalem a colony of Jews. His invitation was accepted, and many learned Jews settled there and founded a school of teaching, from which Jewish morality, Jewish thought, Jewish learning spread in their influence and acceptance to centres of civilization which they could scarcely have reached from Jerusalem. These things surely could not have taken place if the Jews had not then been a nation.

Quite recently has been discovered a sculptured record of far earlier date, upon which no hint or shadow of a hint of fraud or collusion of any kind has been or can be thrown. This agrees, even in minute details, with the Jewish record of the events referred to in such a way that it is impossible to deny the validity of the Jewish record contained in our canonical Scriptures, of these things at least as true and real*. The truth of Holy Scripture as a whole depends indeed upon far larger and wider considerations than any I can

* The particular event alluded to is the invasion of Moab by Jehoshaphat, King of Judah, which is recorded 1. Kings iii. The purpose of the in-

touch upon here, but when I show you a completely independent parallel account of a particular event recorded therein which confirms and agrees with their account, the effect of this evidence is not limited to that particular event, but (in the absence of any equally cogent disproof) strengthens our confidence in the acceptance of the whole. The existence, indeed, of such a people as the Jews of the present day, identical in their reverence for the same Holy Book, in dogma, in worship, in national hope—identical in all these amid the changeful influences of the lapse of years, of residence among nations the most diverse, of climate, of circumstance—their existence cannot be denied. Neither can it be explained save on the acceptance of the Hebrew historical books as a true *national* record of real persons and events.

Accepting then, as I do, with absolute and unfeigned conviction, the general truthfulness of Old Testament history, I accept, with certainty scarcely less certain, our system and order of Masonry as a living growth surviving from those far-off centuries to our own day. There is, I know, an opinion supported by not a few names of credit and influence, that "Masonry" was invented (forsooth) some eight or nine hundred years ago. But such an opinion is quite incapable of any historical proof, and to my own mind it seems utterly unreasonable.

The Christian religion was then all but universally accepted, though in a somewhat corrupted and adulterated form, and I account it a human impossibility, a thing inconsistent with human nature, which was then what it is now, that men whose lives and thoughts and feelings were in any degree moulded by the observances, the prayers, the creeds of the Church, and by the lessons of the New Testament, could have contrived so large a system, from which all reference to these things should have been so completely and (as it were)

vasion was to bring back Mesha, King of Moab, to his duty as a tributary of Judah, which therefore must have been a nation at that time, the time being B. C. 895. The Moabite Stone makes it impossible that Jehosaphat was a legendary personage, and thus gives important independent evidence to the reality of the whole history of which his life is a conspicuous and consistent part.

instinctively left out and ignored. Nor, indeed, can I see how it should be worth the while of any such inventor or inventors, supposing such possible, to seek the acceptance of a system so unselfish, or by what means they could work, if they yet desired it, for the propagation of so quiet a Society as ours.

I cannot then find in Masonry, as I know it, anything consistent with a medieval beginning. But I do find in it exactly the sort of recognition of the government by Almighty God of the Universe, of nations, of men, revealed step by step, from time to time, through chosen, accredited and specially-gifted messengers, which recognition I suppose to have been the spiritual life of David, the Psalmist, of a Solomon, an Isaiah, an Ezekiel, a Micah, a Daniel, an Habakkuk.

Jealous watchfulness over the ancient landmarks of our Order is surely no modern growth, and those who have learned its lessons and received its tokens, before our Lord's fuller revelation of grace and truth, would be conscious of no guilty reticence in handing on to their immediate successors without change or addition the lessons they had received and rejoiced in under the earlier dispensation.

Accept Masonry according to its own claims, and it is a consistent, coherent, living truth and reality, such as all the manifold abuses to which it has been exposed have not been able to destroy. Its reference to the Old Testament history are natural—an undesigned coincidence, underlying, pervading the whole, such as could not have been found in any invention of a latter age, in which the holy name of Jesus must have appeared, either for scornful derision or for worshipful homage. What we have, what we use as Masons, is a form of worship, an order of discipline, a traditional history that may well have been moulded by a Solomon to suit his greater purposes from some more antique form, handed on to an Isaiah, an Ezekiel, a Daniel, an Ezra, a Malachi, shared according to our traditions by John Baptist and John Evangelist, by Gamaliel and Paul, yea, even by Jesus of Nazareth himself. But it is such as could never have been put together, contrived or invented in an age of ignorance, cruelty and rapacity, by any human ingenuity, into a system utterly void of

self-seeking, bright with the light of truth and love, equally harmonious in its omission of truths later revealed as in its uniform adoration and ascription of power and glory to the Great Architect, the Grand Geometrician of the Universe.

So much I have found to say on the antiquity and truthfulness of Masonry. Of its principles I need here to say but little, familiar as they are to us in the working of the Lodge. It scarcely needs to remind yourselves, brethren, though it would be well for many others to be informed, how far true Masonry stands apart as in its origin. If what I have advanced be true, so also in its practise, from all secret societies formed for any practical or revolutionary design; seeing that we are bound and pledged, as Masons, to render loyal obedience and support to any government under whose protection we may at any time reside, and that all political questions are absolutely shut out from discussion in our Lodges.

Masonry, as we receive and use it, is "a beautiful system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbol." Its principles are brotherly love, relief and truth. Its watchword is Fidelity. Its duties embrace every moral and social virtue. Its standard and measure of duty is the revealed word of God. It is no respecter of persons in this world, giving no honour to wealth or worldly station in themselves, but in the use made of them, claiming for all a brotherly equality, not by degrading or dragging downward the higher, but by lifting upward the more lowly and looking out beyond this world with full assurance of faith and hope to an immortal life in a blissful home above—"a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

I know not, brethren, how more of interest, of moral truth, of personal goodness, of social and mutual benefit, can be so briefly expressed, and at the same time so clearly indicated by words so few and simple, if only brethren here and men elsewhere would act up to their knowledge and carry into practise the holy principles they profess.

THE ENCHANTED ISLE OF THE SEA.

A Fairy Tale.

BY SAVARICUS.

PART IV.

AND those Constructors with inventive brains,
Too full of theory, speculation stains;
The *iron age*, or *craze*, is not so good,
As the old days when ships were built of wood.
And this I say to the contriving lot—
An Iron Clad is but an Iron Pot!
Let ships above me sail and spread their wings,
I take no pleasure in your monstrous things;
And now I hear of *circular sea forts*,
To be misnamed "ships," but these reports
I give no credence to; my way is clear
About the *ships* and *slaves* I so revere.
Some better schemes their Lordships must devise,
Or England's dignity they'll scandalize.
I'm Queen below, and here I have the power
To work my will, on any day or hour;
If I am much displeased, I, in my ire,
May have each cable cut, or tap each wire,
The telegrams to mar and intercept,
And insulate the little spot ye left
The Ocean's Pride and Land of Brave and Free,
So long proclaimed as Mistress of the Sea.
Take heart ye people of this Christian land,
Do what is right, and boldly take your stand
For England's name o'er all the world is heard
In peace or war a symbolizing word.
Then I the 'lectric medium will respect,
Nor e'er allow a message to deflect.
Nay, more; your ships I'll guide to the North Pole,
And add the glory to your honour roll.
The *Challenger* I've helped, and all that try
To aid and benefit humanity.

This is no idle boast, or vainly said ;
 The trackless waste of water o'er my
 head
 Is ruled by me with laws that are my
 own,
 And to the world of science yet unknown.
 At the North Pole, the water's fresh, I
 know,
 And undercurrents warm and deep do
 flow ;
 The frozen wild, the Palæocrystic Sea,
 At certain times is broken up by me ;
 The crystal mountains moving to the
 shore,
 Outstrip *Jove's* thunder with their
 deaf'ning roar.
 'Tis then a crevice opens out a "lead,"
 And ships may steam and steadily pro-
 ceed
 Within the North, the Polar Sea, abreast,
 And work a passage where 'twill serve the
 best.
 Around the snow-capped pole *an open*
sea,
 From eighty-fifth to ninetieth degree,
 Within a cycle of recurring years.
 Is to be found by him who perseveres.
 The brave *Alert*, the worthy pioneer,
 I saw, admired the men, and ships, and
 gear ;
 The sister ship, *Discovery* rightly named,
 In history for ages will be famed.
 The *seam of coal*, a welcome "find" and
 good,
 (The usefulness of which is understood)
 In years to come will prove a mighty
 thing,
 When *Vulcan's Sons* at work their anvils
 ring.
 The "Iron horse" along an iron way
 May travel to the pole, aver its sway,
 And taking man around the polar plain,
 In warmth and comfort bring him back
 again.
 The *Magi* of the mine will too advance,
 Defy the ice, subdue the vast expanse,
 And prove to *Boreas*, railer though he be,
 That I and Science rule the Polar Sea.
 The Earth's magnetic power I too control,
 And appositely guard *the shifting pole*—
 The point of darkness deep, and when 'tis
 found
 The Sages gladly will the fact expound.
 And though the Pole-Star is the sailors'
 guide,
 And ships are safely steered o'er oceans
 wide,

In *Plato's year* the star, though "fixed,"
 has moved,
 And the ecliptic intersection proved.
 The earth, by Sun and Moon's attraction
 drawn,
 But hastens on the equinoctial dawn ;
 'Tis Earth's rotation and diurnal round,
 With Laws of Gravitation nicely found,
 And motion more or less, and retrograde,
 By which *Precession Equinoctial's* made.
 And moving slowly from the *East* to
West,
 In manner opposite, yet manifest,
 The equinoctial points a cycle make,
 And five-and-twenty thousand years they
 take
 A single revolution to effect ;
 A proof sublime of Heaven's *Architect*,
 Of these and other things I freely speak
 From love to man, and not from any
 pique ;
 My aim is harmony, and, anchored well,
 Eternal Friendship on the earth shall
 dwell.
 And you, my subjects, for your late dis-
 play
 I thank—my lot's to rule, yours' to obey.
 The kind attention I have much enjoyed ;
 It freely came, and yet 'twas unalloyed.
 King *Neptune* and his noble Sons to-day
 Have proved their friendship in a regal
 way ;
 I prize the treasures they have kindly
 brought,
 'Tis by such deeds our love is surely
 sought.
 The Court's dissolved ! Each sprite and
 nymph repair
 To their own haunt, and duty practice
 there.
Adeona now our guest will home convey,
 To her I'll give a Queen's best gift for
 aye—
 She Beauty hath, so Faith I now bestow,
 And Hope to share with Charity's warm
 glow,—
 The Christian Graces and a priceless boon,
 That sweetest music make for hearts in
 tune.
 Farewell, Fair Court ! and dearest child,
 good-bye,
 You'll soon again see Nature's earth and
 sky."
 The Queen thus spoke, and vanished from
 the view,
 Whilst the full Court bade the child
 adieu !

The Isle now moved and rose above the sea,
 Until the rock was from the water free.
 Melodious sounds were wafted far and near,
 The songs of syrens sung the child to cheer.
 The honoured maid was gently led away,
 And nymphs and sprites did loyal homage pay.
 The dazzling halls were by the pair re-traced,
 And soon the car they in the morning graced
 Was found—it stood within the court gem-paved.
 With hieroglyphics round about engraved.
 The road that led direct to ocean's track,
 Along they went, and quickly travelled back.
 The sea was reached, the car with grace plunged in,
 And fairy boat became for those within.
 With quick'ning speed it straightly sailed away,
 And lost to sight was Admiration Bay.
 The fairy guide in earnest tones now bade
 Her charge "remember all the Queen had said."
 "The needy poor and sick, and those that grieve,
 Our care demand to comfort and relieve,
 And when her aid in charity she gave,
 If well bestowed, it would a blessing have,
 The Queen's rare gift—the Christian Graces three,
 Implanted in her breast beneath the sea,
 By her she knew would always good confer
 On honest folk and humble villager."
 The distant land in streaks began to show,
 They onward sailed, the breeze was soft and low.
 The sight of earth her wak'ning sense re-galed,
 And thoughts of home above all else prevailed.
 And swift unto the shingly beach the boat
 Ran on; the lark was singing out the day
 On joyous pinions as it soared away.
 The fairy bark was beached, and high and dry,
 As ceased the songsters' heavenly minstrelsy.

The guide the maiden kissed and helped to land,
 And, sweetly smiling, swiftly left the strand.
 All trace of boat was lost, and then the child
 With many doubts her murm'ring self beguiled.
 What if it all were but a dream, not true?
 A Tale of Fairyland just told to show
 The happy state of all the fairy-kind,
 And how they live and sweet contentment find.
 It might be so; but life on earth is good,
 And man by Faith hath lasting Brotherhood.
 The World of Truth is perfect, and the whole
 By laws divine, beyond weak man's control
 Is governed; the air we breathe and solar light
 Is life and health, and giveth us delight.
 The winds that blow have "healing in their wings,"
 Refreshing rain fresh vegetation brings.
 Man wants but Grace—the sunshine of his heart—
 'To give him strength and help him do his part.
 Unto the pure how bright the world must be,
 A pleasant place, and where they but foresee
 The blissful plains, the promised land of light,
 Replete with sacred joys, with glory bright.
 We know the paths of Godliness are best,
 With love and mercy crowned the good are blest,
 And Nature's teachings show us more and more
 The wisdom of the God whom we adore.
 On earth and in the firmament above
 And sea beneath, the works of wondrous love
 So fair to view, and each and ev'rything,
 Proclaim and praise the power of Heaven's King.
 Such thoughts as these engendered and confessed,
 May help us live contented and impressed,
 And Fairy-lore may make us understand
 The grandeur of the sky and sea and land.

A sylph-like child on the lone beach at
 play,
 Had tired herself and slept an hour away,
 And in her dreams had journeyed to the
 Isle
 In fancy made, and free from earthly
 guile
 The fresh'ning breeze blew on the darling's
 cheeks ;
 As she awoke the setting sun's red streaks
 Illumed the sky, and their reflection
 shone
 O'er land and sea, a bright celestial zone.
 A gentle whisper to her seemed to say :
 " Now hasten to thy home, dear child, the
 day
 Is drawing to its close, and you want
 rest."
 With languid step and palpitating breast
 The wearied child to home and couch
 repaired,
 There balmy sleep by happy dreams was
 shared.

THE END.

A CENTENNIAL CURIOSITY.

From "The Keystone."

NOT one of the least curious of our relics of the late Centennial Exhibition is the package of Anti-Masonic tracts thrust upon us by the "last rose of summer," who represented the party of darkness in the Exhibition. Were "Vanity Fair" (the American *Punch*) published now, the columns of that witty journal would be the proper place for the republication of these tracts, for their authors were wittier than they knew ; but since America lacks a first-class comic organ and has several first-class Masonic ones, we will venture upon inserting in one of them some extracts from these miraculous tracts.

In the first place we learn where Freemasons meet — "in 5,000 secret garrets throughout the nation." We admire the *pitch* of that lie, to begin with. Garrets, indeed ! In Philadelphia, and all other of the leading cities of the United States, and even in many of the smaller towns,

Freemasons meet in Masonic Temples, and on the ground-floor at that. And then theirs are not secret meetings, but publicly known, and often even advertised. But let us pass to statement No. 2.

We are told that "a Masonic Lodge is a standing insult to every virtuous woman in the community." The reasons are plain. We supply them : Because no woman, virtuous or vicious, is ever allowed to invade the precincts of a Masonic Lodge when it is at labour. Because a part of that labour is the bestowal of charity upon the widows and orphans of deceased Brethren. Because the Holy Bible is authoritatively the rule and guide of a Mason's life. If the reader thinks statement No. 2 to be a *non sequitur*, from the reasons we have given as premises, the error is with the Anti-Masons, not with us. Our reasons are facts—their statement is fiction. But No. 3 may be less open to objection. Let us see.

We read again : "We open before you, in this leaflet, without money or price, the door of the Lodge where Satan's seat is, and show its abominations." There is authority in Job for alleging that Satan once donned the garb of a Son of Light, but he was speedily discovered and relegated to his own place, and certain we are that that place is not in the East of a Masonic Lodge, or anywhere else in it, that we are aware of. Should the Pursuivant, while making his rounds with his flaming sword, meet his Satanic Majesty, he would, undoubtedly, eject him instantly from the Lodge, or perhaps inject his sword into his personality. Besides, with the Bible open on the altar, and prayer regularly and audibly uttered in the Lodge to the One true and living God—it seems to us Satan would not like his company, and would leave it to join the Anti-Masons. But perhaps the next statement is more reasonable.

"This Fraternity has, spider-like, decoyed thousands of *good* men into its meshes, and by threats of death has sealed their tongues to a lie for life. It ranks higher in the catalogue of sins than cup, pipe, or perjury." The *best* manner to substantiate this allegation would be to have it endorsed by the hundreds of clergymen all over the world who are Freemasons. For example : some of the purest, most intellectual and honoured Bishops

and Doctors of Divinity in America are active Masons. The Anti-Masons condescendingly admit that they are *good* (for that cannot be denied), but then they have been *decoyed*, and are now actually worse than *drunkards*, *smokers* or *perjurers*! That is an indictment, indeed—and one that by its self-evident absurdity convicts its authors, the Anti-Masons, as stupendous falsifiers, out of their own mouths.

But Freemasonry also threatens the State! This was once the cry of the Anti-Masonic party in this State and nation, but after playing antics before high Heaven that it will never play again, it gave up the ghost, and the Anti-Masons of to day are the shadows of that ghost. We quote again: "Freemasonry is Satan's masterpiece—a terrible snare to men. It sits this moment as a nightmare on all the moral energies of our Government and utterly paralyzes the arm of justice. It was the mysterious snare of President Johnson and shield for the vilest murderers of the South." What a piece of Quixotic imagination is this!—How the nightmare must have brooded over its author! We could not desire a more defenceless windmill to tilt against! Johnson, the Freemason President of the United States, ensnared by our Craft! The arm of national justice paralyzed! Southern murderers protected under the aegis of Masonry! The bare statement of these absurd charges is their sufficient refutation. But there is one discovery made by the author of these tracts that overtops all we have previously noticed, viz., that Freemasonry is "the parent of the Ku Klux Klan." The system of ratiocination by which this statement is arrived at is this: Freemasonry was the earliest of all secret societies, and therefore responsible for all that have followed it! If there had been no Freemasons, there would have been no midnight masked murderers! This reasoning may be clear to some orders of minds—such as are found inside of asylums, and to those feeble-minded Anti-Masons who, for a time, are outside, but to all men of even only ordinary intellect, the conclusion will be considered to be a prodigious *non sequitur*.

We have noticed but a few of the absurdities of these Anti-Masonic tracts, for to do more would be to physic the reader

ad nauseam. They certainly are a Centennial curiosity. They remind us of the play that was intended by its author to be a tragedy, but was taken by the audience for a comedy. We cannot but laugh at their statements from beginning to end, for they are all the purest fiction, not one of them being even the most remotely based upon fact.

A LONDONER'S VISIT TO A NORTH YORK DALE.

BY OLIVER LOUIS TWEDELL,

Author of "Old Gregory's Ghost," etc.

TOMLINSON was a Cockney, a fussy, dancing, smiling, dandy little Cockney.

Now when one says a Cockney, people generally imagine a swell with big eyeglass, small brain, tight boots and kid gloves, who martyrs the Queen's English, drawls and chops his words in talking, in a manner that sets Nuttall at defiance, and would almost have made Dr. Johnson taken fits at the degeneration of the age.

Now Tomlinson, be it understood, was not a Cockney of this sort. No, no. No man spoke better English than Mr. Tomlinson, and, though by no means a vain man, if there was one thing more than another that he prided himself upon, it was on his superior intimacy with Lindlay Murray.

But I am not going to descant on the merits and demerits of Mr. Tomlinson, though he had, of course, his share of both. I am merely going to relate a small adventure which occurred to him, and it came about as follows.

Mr. Tomlinson had just come into the possession of a nice sum of money, by the death of a distant relation, whose sole heir he proved to be, and he naturally wished to turn his newly acquired capital to good account. It struck him that land would be the safest investment, and seeing by the newspapers that a small estate, with good fishing and shooting, was advertised for sale, pleasantly situated in one of those

delightful dales which beautify the North Riding of Yorkshire, he took a run down from London to look at it, with a view to becoming the purchaser if it suited him.

It was before the days of railways, and, as the dale in question was snugly situated among the Cleveland Hills (then hiding their immense treasures of ironstone for the searching geological ken of a Professor Phillips to make known to a future generation, but as yet untunnelled by stalwart miners from all parts), the broad North York dialect was still spoken in all its purity by the inhabitants, or natives, as I might very truthfully call them; for most of them were born there, lived there all their lives, died there, and were there gathered to their fathers, in the quiet "God's acre." Indeed, many of them had never been out of the dale during their lives, except, perhaps, to the neighbouring market town and to a few of the nearest villages, where their "native Doric" was also spoken, so that they rarely heard and never understood any other language.

After much coaching, and aided by a post-chaise at the latter portion of his journey, Mr. Tomlinson was set down at the end of a rustic lane leading into the dale—a lane musical with the song of birds, and redolent of the perfume of many wild-flowers, but, as might be expected from its situation, far from being so level as the streets of the great metropolis, even Holborn Hill being smoothness itself compared with the moor road in question.

Mr. Tomlinson, feeling his legs very stiff with so much riding, and wishing to promote the circulation of the blood to his benumbed extremities, on reaching the summit of a hill, determined to run down it. Off he set, and, gathering speed as he proceeded, went for a time at a good rate. But he was soon to be checked, for, tripping up over a large stone or natural boulder rising above the road, he was thrown over on his back in a most unpleasant manner.

A good Samaritan was at hand, in the form of a brawny countryman, who, advancing, picked up the fallen traveller, saying, as he did so:

"Weel, maister, thou's gotten a bonny crack! Whativver was ta aboot te tummel like that?"

Poor Mr. Tomlinson was not much

injured by his fall, although he had received a few slight bruises and *scrubs*, which a medical man at a coroner's inquest would call "abrasions;" and, as he brushed the dust off his clothes he began to explain matters in the following terms:

"You see I was coming down the declivity with such impetuosity that I lost my perpendicularity, and fell with such velocity that I nearly dislocated my collar-bone."

The countryman stared at him in amazement as he said this, for he might as well have spoken to him in Greek or Hebrew. So when Tomlinson had done speaking, and was feeling his shoulder to make sure that it was neither dislocated nor fractured, the poor dalesman asked:

"What did tha say?"

Mr. Tomlinson repeated his remark, but with no better effect; for as soon as he had done, the countryman gave a loud whistle, and exclaimed:

"By Gox, he's a Frenchman!"

Mr. Tomlinson was puzzled, for he saw at once that his language was not understood, and asked to be shown the way to the nearest hotel.

"What?" asked the dalesman, quite as much puzzled as before.

"Show me the way to the nearest hotel, and I will give you half-a-crown."

"Nay, there isn't onny aboot here as Ah knaws on. De tha grow whahld?"

"Confound you!" ejaculated Mr. Tomlinson, beginning to lose his temper. "I don't mean any plant, but a house where I can get something to eat and drink—an inn, tavern, or public-house."

"Oh, a public dis tha mean? Now Ah knaw. Cum on;" and, taking Mr. Tomlinson's portmanteau in his hand, off he set, and soon led the Londoner into a straggling little village, principally composed of mud-walled cottages, roofed with thatch, with roses growing about the little windows, whose diamond-shaped panes, connected together with lead sashes, were rendered firm by iron bars in stone stanchions.

The inn was not hard to find, as the sign hung on a post before the house, like a murderer on a gibbet. The time had not yet come for every insignificant tavern and beershop to take the title of an hotel, but, as Mr. Squeers remarked to Nicholas Nickleby on nearing Dotheboys Hall, "A

man may call his house an island if he likes ; there's no Act of Parliament against that, I believe."

"There's t' pub, maister," said the countryman, pointing to the open door ; and, having given Mr. Tomlinson his portmanteau and received the promised half-crown, he lounged down the village, to inform his friends of the arrival of the Frenchman, as he termed him.

Entering the rustic inn, after a little confabulation with the landlady, Mr. Tomlinson got the maternal dame to understand that he wanted dinner. Taking off his boots to ease his feet, and being provided with comfortable slippers, after the luxury of a good wash, he sat down to a repast of bread, fried ham and eggs, and boiled potatoes, for all of which the Yorkshire dales have long been famous, washing down the whole with a foaming jug of the landlord's home-brewed October.

He had barely finished his feast when the villagers and neighbouring farmers began to drop in for their evening chat, and to soak their clay with a drop of Boniface's beer.

Mr. Tomlinson sat and listened silently for some time, meanwhile being much observed by the company. At length he began to put in a word or two, which were always attentively listened to but little understood. At length the conversation turned on the prospects of the next crops, whether they would be good or bad.

"Nay, nay, they'll nobbut be poorish," said one old farmer.

"Whyah, now, they'll be varry fair, Ah think," said another.

"Whyah, maister," said another, appealing to the Londoner, "what do you say about it? What soart o' crops de ye fbink we're gahin te hev?"

"Well," replied Mr. Tomlinson, "in arguments of this sort we must judge on feasible hypothesis. What are the signs or prognostications you perceive favourable to your respective theories?"

"Ah agree wi' you, sor," said the farmer who had appealed to Mr. Tomlinson, though, like the rest, not understanding in the least the meaning of the stranger's remark.

The rest were silent for a few moments, when at last an old yeoman from the moor's edge got up, and, dashing the ashes from

his pipe preparatory to refilling it, said :

"Maister, if nobbut you wad speak plain English Ah cud understand yah, bud Ah deean't understand furrin tawk."

This was too much for Mr. Tomlinson, who was at once shown to his bed for the night, and next morning hired a guide to show him the way to the next posting-place, and thus ended his acquaintance with an illiterate community.

I need hardly say that he did not buy the estate.

Wellclose Square, Whitby.

DONT TAKE IT TO HEART.

BY GEORGIANA C. CLARK.

There's many a trouble
 Would break like a bubble,
 And into the waters of Lethe depart,
 Did not we rehearse it,
 And tenderly nurse it,
 And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
 Would vanish to morrow
 Were we not unwilling to furnish the
 wings.
 So sadly intruding,
 And quietly brooding,
 It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
 Of looks that are beaming
 Whether one's wealthy or whether one's
 poor!
 Eyes bright as a berry,
 Checks red as a cherry
 The groan, the curse, the heartache can
 cure.

Resolved to be merry
 All worry to ferry
 Across the famed water that bids us forget,
 And no longer tearful
 But happy and cheerful,
 We feel life has much that's worth living
 for yet.

THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES AND
MODERN FREEMASONRY; THEIR
ANALOGIES CONSIDERED.

BY ALBERT G. MACKAY, M.D.

(Continued from p. 425.)

THE Jews and the Mohammedans invariably practice this ceremony of ablution or lustration on all important occasions, and especially before addressing the Deity in prayer. Throughout the Scriptures, clean hands are the symbol of purity of heart. David, for instance, says that "he only shall ascend into the hill of the Lord or shall stand in His holy place who hath clean hands and a pure heart." And in another place he declares that before attending on the altar of Jehovah, he will "wash his hands in innocence." The same symbol was well known to the heathen poets. Thus, as a single instance, Hector is made by Homer to say that he "dreads to bring the urns of incense as an offering to Jove, with unwashed hands." It is not, therefore, surprising that the aspirant in the Mysteries, underwent an ablution or purification of the body by washing, as a sign of that purification of the heart which was essentially necessary for all who would seek admittance to the Sacred Mysteries.

When an aspirant was preparing to be received into any of the Ancient Mysteries, he was carried into the temple or other place of initiation, and there underwent a thorough purification of the body by water. This is what was called the *lustration*, and was in fact the preparation for the Lesser Mysteries. It was, as I have already intimated, symbolic of the purification of the heart which was the absolutely necessary preparation for admission to a knowledge of and a participation in the arcana or secret instructions.

In modern Freemasonry, that which is known by the name of "Ancient Craft Masonry," embracing, as it has been authoritatively defined, the three symbolic degrees, including the Holy Royal Arch, there is, it is true, no distinct ceremony of

lustration. There is no real washing of the body with the element of water, as was practiced in the Ancient Mysteries, and in the Orders of Chivalry, but there is a symbolic or implied lustration. The Entered Apprentice's degree takes, in fact, the place of the Ancient Rite. The degree really involves no duties or obligations except those which are connected with the purification of the heart. The very implements that are confided to the candidate to be used by him as the tools of this degree, namely the gauge and gavel, are given to him that he may learn his duties to God, his neighbour and himself, and be taught to divest his mind and conscience of the superfluities of vice. Every ceremony of the degree is intended to impress upon the candidate the necessity of a pure life and conduct, so that he may lay the foundations of that spiritual building, which, as a Mason he is hereafter to erect. The whole of this is nothing more nor less than a symbolic lustration. The Entered Apprentice's degree is really a preparation for the other degrees, and in the Ancient Mysteries, *Preparation* and *Lustration* were synonymous terms.

Initiation was the next step in the Ancient Mysteries. It was here that the dramatic allegory was performed. It was here that the myth, or fictitious history on which the peculiar Mystery was founded, was developed. The aspirant passed through the supposed events of the life, the sufferings and the death of the hero or god, or had them brought in vivid representation before him. The ceremonies constituted a symbolic instruction in the *initia*—the beginnings of the religious instruction which it was the object of the mysteries to inculcate, and hence the candidate being in possession of these *initia* was said to be "initiated." These ceremonies were performed partly in the Lesser, but more especially in the Greater Mysteries, of which they were the first part. Very properly was the aspirant said by passing through these ceremonies to be "initiated," that is, to be a participator in the "beginning"—the *initia* of the doctrine, because without further and fuller instructions they would be wholly unintelligible. Now precisely this analogy exists in Modern Freemasonry. Here the candidate having gone through the *lustration*,

which, as I have already said, is represented by the *preparation*, then enters upon the *initiation*. The analogy between Masonry and the Mysteries is here more close than one would be at first inclined to suppose. In the Mysteries the lustration or preparation may be viewed as the first degree. Then followed the Lesser Mysteries, like a second degree, in which the initiation was begun, and after that came the Greater Mysteries, in which, as in a third degree, the initiation is fully developed. So in Modern Freemasonry we have the three steps similarly divided into degrees. The Entered Apprentice properly takes the place of the Ancient Lustration. This, as I have already shown, is symbolic. The lustration is not a physical, but a spiritual one. It is the lustration of the heart by the influence of purifying doctrines expressed and enforced by symbols. We call it the preparation; the words are different, but the ideas are identical. *Lustration* and *preparation* are in design the same thing.

Then the Fellow Craft's degree is analogous to the Lesser Mysteries. The initiation is begun. Even the dramatic form, so necessary in all the Mysteries is observed. There is an ascent of winding stairs—the overcoming of obstructions—in search of that which is the object of all initiation, typified as the Word or Divine Truth.

And in the Master's degree, as in the Greater Mysteries the initiation is continued, and is fully completed. Here, more than anywhere else is the analogy shown between these two systems—the Ancient Mysteries and Modern Freemasonry. Not only is there a drama in both, but the very form, the plot, the scenery, the denouement and the moral are precisely the same. Only the persons of the drama differ. But whether it be Osiris or Dionysus, or Mithras or Hiram, it is plainly evident that but one series of thought pervade them all—the thought of life, of death, and of resurrection; and that but one doctrine is common to all—the doctrine of immortality. It is this common identity of form and striking analogy of design in the initiation into both the ancient and the modern systems, that has led so many writers to frame the theory that Freemasonry is derived from and is a legitimate successor of the Ancient Mysteries. I confess, although I

do not entirely subscribe to it, that many theories have been advanced with less claims to plausibility.

Perfection is the last of these progressive steps which constitute the analogies between the Mysteries and Masonry. It is the ultimate object of both. In the Mysteries it was called the "*autopsy*," a word which signifies a "seeing with one's own eyes." It was the complete and finished communication to the aspirant of the great secret of the Mysteries; the secret which, during the whole course of initiation had been symbolically overshadowed. The communication of this secret, which was, in fact, the explanation of the secret doctrine, for the inculcation of which the Mysteries had been instituted, was made in the *sacellum* or most sacred place, analogous to the holy of holies of the Temple and of the Masonic Lodge. The aspirant was thus invested with perfect knowledge—nothing more was left to be imparted, so he arrived at *Perfection*.

In Freemasonry precisely the same process takes place. After the Lustration, or Preparation comes the Initiation, and then the Perfection, or full investment with all that it has been the object of the candidate to attain. In the Catechism of the Master's degree the question, "What induced you to become a Master Mason?" is answered thus: "To *perfect* myself in Masonry that I might travel into foreign countries, work and receive Master's wages." All of this is symbolic, but anyone can at once see that the receipt of "Master's wages," whatever they may be, is the consequence of Perfection.

In the early part of the last century the Master's degree contained within itself another portion which completed it, and which supplied the "True Word." This part was afterwards detached from it, and became what is now known as the "Royal Arch." But as late as 1813 the United Grand Lodge of England recognized the fact of the dislocation, and, in its articles of Union, declared that Ancient Craft "consists of the three degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft and Master Mason, including the Holy Royal Arch." Accepting this as a historical fact—and no one now doubts or denies it—we find *Perfection* in that part of the Master's degree, which under the title of the Royal Arch is called the

complement of the Master's degree. Because as in the Ancient Mysteries the degree of Perfection, or the *autopsy*, was that in which the concealed dogma of the Mysteries relating to the unity of God and the resurrection to eternal life was made known to the aspirant; so, in the degree of Perfection of Modern Freemasonry—that part of the Master's degree, namely, which is included in the Royal Arch, the Masonic dogma of *Divine Truth*, symbolised by the TRUE WORD—is communicated to the candidate who has previously passed through the processes of *Preparation* and *Initiation*.

Now, then, we can understand and fully appreciate that mystical answer of the Master Mason, that he was induced to become such that he might “*perfect himself in Masonry, work, and receive Master's Wages, so as to travel into foreign countries.*”

To perfect himself in Masonry—to receive in the degree of Perfection the true dogma of Masonry, which is the unity of God and the resurrection to eternal life—the very dogma taught in the Ancient Mysteries.

To work—to contemplate Divine Truth, and to build within himself a spiritual temple in which that Divine Truth, like the Shekinah of the Hebrews, might dwell. *To receive Master's Wages*—to obtain the True Word, which is the Masonic symbol of Divine Truth. And *to travel into foreign countries*—to leave, at length, when all his labour is ended, this earthly home, and to ascend into that now discovered country “*from whose bourne no traveller returns,*” and there to see and to learn the true nature of this Divine Truth, and to behold and to know it, no longer as a symbol, but as a bright reality.

Thus, then we trace the analogies between the Ancient Mysteries and Modern Freemasonry. 1. *The Preparation* in the Mysteries, called the lustration. It was the first step in the Mysteries, and the Apprentice's degree in Masonry. In both systems the candidate was purified for the reception of truth. In the Mysteries there was a physical ablution; in Masonry a moral cleansing; but in both the design was the same. 2. *The Initiation*: In the Ancient system this was partly in the Lesser Mysteries, but more especially in the Greater, in Masonry it is partly in the Fellow Craft's degree, but more especially

in the Master's. In both systems the form was dramatic, and the design to portray the life and sufferings, the death and resurrection of a victim. 3. *The Perfection*: In the Mysteries it was the communication to the aspirant of the true dogma—the great secret symbolised by the initiation. In Masonry it is the same. The dogma communicated is, in fact, not different; for in both it is God and immortality. This *perfection*, or *autopsy*, came in the Mysteries at the end of the Greater Mysteries, and was made in a holy place. In Masonry it is communicated as the end of the Master's degree, and in that complement of it known as the Holy Royal Arch, and the place where the communication is made represents the holy of holies.

These analogies are very striking, and show a connection between the two systems.

Is modern Freemasonry a lineal and uninterrupted successor of the Ancient Mysteries—the succession handed down through the Mysteries of Mithras, which existed in the fifth and sixth centuries, or is the fact of these analogies to be attributed to the coincidence of a natural process of human thought, common to all human minds, and showing its outgrowth in symbolic forms?

These are questions well worth consideration, and which every Masonic student must answer for himself.

THE LADY MURIEL.

(From Bro. Emma Holmes' “*Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers,*” about to be published.)

CHAPTER I.

AN INTRODUCTION.

JOHN FALCONBRIDGE was an eccentric man, and one of those eccentric men whom you cannot help liking for their very eccentricity. A tall, rather plain, odd-looking fellow, with a scar on the left temple, as if from a sabre cut; carelessly, I had almost said shabbily, dressed; but with something unmistakable about his manner, which told you he was a gentleman. When we met

him in Paris, at the *table d'hôte* at the Hotel de Lille et d'Albion, in the autumn of 1867, we little thought how interested we should become in our *queer bachelor friend*, as we used to call him. He used always to sit in the same place in the *salle a manger*, always wore the same dark gray shooting coat and black scarf negligently folded and pinned, the same indifferently fitting grey trousers. He didn't seem to talk much to the people about him, as we did, but paid sufficient attention to his knife and fork to give one the idea that he was something of a *gourmet*, which was rather strengthened by observing how admirably he got served off the best dishes, and how assiduously the waiters attended to his wants, as if feeling that they at last had hit upon an Englishman who knew how to dine. My wife pitied him, because he seemed so thoroughly alone, and I determined to cultivate him, because there was an inexplicable something about the man which interested me.

When we came down on Sunday morning to go to church, our friend was in the public drawing room, reading the *Times*. I had broken the ice the night before, by enlarging upon the weather, which, as it happened, was decidedly English and uncertain at the time, so we soon got into conversation.

"Going to church, are you?" said he. "I never go to church here, don't see the use of it. You young people do too much, see too much. St. Roch is all very well, music good, and all that; and, of course, if you haven't been there, it's as well to go, *once*. You should go to St. Cloud this afternoon. The fair is going on now—worth seeing for people new to Parisian life. I come to Paris for quiet, subscribe to Galigani's, spend my Sundays mostly there, take a drive in the Bois, and, perhaps, now and then pay a visit to Mabile," he added *sotto voce* to me.

"Do you know anyone here?" I asked.

"In the hotel? No; haven't spoken to a soul since I came, except yourself and Mrs. —," and here he paused, remembering that he did not yet know our names, though we had found out his from the visitors' book.

"Mildred, dear—Mr. Falconbridge," I said, smiling, as I introduced him to my wife, at his surprise at my knowing his name. "Mr. Falconbridge—Mrs. Beverley."

We soon became great friends, and Mr. Falconbridge used to say, in his dry, quaint sad way, "I like people to come and talk to me, and I like your wife. Come and sit near me at the *table d'hôte*, and mind I sit next your wife."

Mildred got interested in him, and once said to me, "I am sure Mr. Falconbridge must have had some great grief, some dreadful trouble to bear. He speaks to me so gravely and sadly sometimes, and then turns it off with some sharp satirical phrase which makes me wonder whether he has a broken heart or no heart at all."

"You may be sure it's not a broken heart," I told her, "whatever women do, men don't suffer from such weaknesses."

We succeeded in getting him to go with us one day to take a drive in the Bois de Boulogne—the last day of our sojourn in the gay city. We returned just in time for *table d'hôte* at five o'clock and rose at seven to catch the mail train at the Great Northern Line for Boulogne.

We had been laughing at some of his cynical old bachelor sayings—my wife and I—and she was wondering why, in the midst of our pleasantries, he would suddenly grow so grave.

"What was it you were telling him, Mildred, that made him laugh so much?"

"Oh, it was about my cousin Muriel's skating feat on the mere last winter, when she prevented Captain Boscawen proposing until at last he got so tired with rushing after her on the ice that he had to give in at length and own himself vanquished. Mr. Falconbridge asked what her name was, and when I said *Muriel* he grew pale, and seemed as if there was something painful in the name to him. Of course I changed the subject at once. And, then, you, having sufficiently aired your French with the driver, came to the rescue."

"Ah! I fancy his is a queer history."

We were all standing in the vestibule, watching the arrivals, and waiting for a *voiture* to take us to the station, when an elderly widow lady and her daughter apparently—a lovely girl of about seventeen—arrived.

Mr. Falconbridge was scanning them in his careless manner; but as they passed us to ascend to the suite of apartments prepared for them, a troubled look came over his face, and my wife fancied she heard him

say something about *Muriel* to himself as he bid us a hasty adieu, and hurried out into the Rue St. Honoré. He was going off to Baden in the morning, he remarked; might he hope to see us again, if not there, at least in England some day?

"Come to us at Weston," I said. "We shall always have a knife and fork and a spare room at your disposal."

And so we parted, after a three weeks' pleasant acquaintance in Paris.

His address was his club, he told us the "Travellers," and I found out afterwards that he was numbered amongst the *savans*. Blest with apparently ample means; a life of leisure; following no occupation or profession; and wandering over Europe in search of happiness, peace and pleasure, what had that man to wish for?

Why was he so imbued with melancholy?
And who was Muriel?

CHAPTER II.

IPSWICH.—A CONFESSION.

Last summer I had a letter from Falconbridge, in which he said he had taken a charming house in the environs of Ipswich, with pleasant grounds and a lovely view of the river Orwell. His only relative—an old aunt, Mrs. Vaux, whose husband, an army surgeon, had recently died, leaving her very poorly provided for—had come to keep the house for him, and he was preparing a home for his ward, who was coming home from school in Germany in the autumn, the climate not suiting her. The letter ended by expressing a hope that my wife and I would go and spend a month with them, as he was particularly anxious that we should make the acquaintance of the young lady.

Mrs. Beverley was unable to leave home just then, having only recently recovered from a severe illness; but I had been overworked in the office. My partner in the firm (of Beverley, Marten, and Co., exporters) had been a long business tour on the Continent, leaving me to conduct affairs at home; so my wife urged me to go, as I needed change and rest, and I was very glad to accept my friends' hospitality.

Leaving Mildred in charge of my two

fair cousins, Mary and Sophy Grey, at Weston, I took a tourist ticket for Harwich, and from thence made my way to Ipswich by one of the steamers which ply daily on the beautiful river.

It was a lovely September morning when we left the landing stage at Harwich and steamed out into the noble estuary and confluence of the Stour and Orwell—the two fine rivers joining here and flowing into the sea. As we proceeded I was struck by the pleasing effect produced by the graceful curves in the river, with its verdant sloping banks, covered with fine trees. As one approaches Ipswich, these banks assume the dignity of hills, with handsome mansions, and a picturesque tower or church peeping out here and there from amongst the foliage. Fancy a scene like this—seagulls flying hither and thither, uttering their shrill notes; a heron stalking amongst the mud islets in search of food; a covey of wild ducks sweeping over the water close to its surface; a yacht belonging to some noble owner at its anchorage near, with fishing craft coming in from sea; a merchantman sailing majestically by, laden with corn from the Danube; pleasure boats and fishing parties in plenty, and the bells of St. Mary le Tower ringing out a merry peal, which comes sweetly over the water; and you will not wonder that I was enchanted with these sights and sounds, the ever-varying evidences of life, joy, and beauty. We make the last bend of the river, whose serpentine course is one of its chief attractions, and as we come up get a first sight of the ancient and interesting town, lying in the hollow of a basin, its streets meandering irregularly up the gentle acclivities which pass for hills in Suffolk.

Windmills here and there crown the summits, which are covered in some parts with fine plantations; elegant villas are seen amid the trees; a crowd of churches, some of them of stately proportions, with their battlemented towers rising from the midst of the quaint gabled roofs of the old houses; and the grand Town Hall, with its lofty and beautiful clock tower, are amongst the most prominent features of the town. The elegant spire of St. Mary le Tower rises conspicuous amongst the rest. There is also a fine Custom

House, with noble façade and campanile, in the Italian style of architecture, at the side of the spacious docks, and broad quays, planted with trees, and having a charming promenade, adorned with shrubs. The picture was full of interest, and could not fail to strike a stranger. The people of Ipswich are proud of their town, and show great good taste in adding to its many natural beauties.

I was delighted with my trip up the river; the distance, twelve miles, and the time occupied, only an hour and a half, being just long enough to give one pleasure without fatigue.

On landing at Stoke Bridge, I was met by Falconbridge, to whom I expressed my satisfaction at visiting so pretty a place. He expected his ward the following week. She was to come from Antwerp in one of the Great Eastern Company's boats, and we were to meet her at Harwich.

There was something odd at times about Falconbridge which almost startled me, and when I knew his history I was not more relieved.

Little by little it had come out. A chance word here, and an allusion there, piqued my curiosity, and awoke my interest. I fancied that I might do him some good if he would only confide his secret to me, and that, at all events, I could better enter into his feelings and sympathise with him; that, in short, I could be more companionable, when it seemed to me he needed a companion. I pressed him very much, therefore, to make me his confidante.

We were sitting out on the lawn after dinner, smoking our cigars, and looking at the lovely river below us, stretched out like a great lake, as it seems, looking from the Belstead Road. I had been roaming about Ipswich all the morning with Falconbridge, and had drawn him out on the history of the old place, astonished to find that he was so well acquainted with the neighbourhood. He had shown me Wolsey's gate, all that remains of the college founded by the great Cardinal, and I remember, on our going up Silent Street, its name struck me as being so singular.

"I thought you were, like myself, Falconbridge, until recently quite a stranger here," I remarked.

"Oh, not at all," he languidly replied; "was here ten years."

"Indeed."

"Yes. Muriel's mother was ill, and came to Dovercourt—that little watering-place near Harwich, you know—to stay, the doctors recommending the place. I took lodgings here in Silent Street, at that old house with the four gables and carved corner post. The name struck me as it struck you. Perhaps I shall go back there some day," he said gravely. "Dovercourt was a much smaller place than it is now. The lodgings were poor, and the accommodation generally bad. I don't suppose she would ever have heard of the place, which has wonderfully improved of late, but that her husband had the remnant of a once large property in the neighbourhood, and the second title in the family was Lord Chelmondiston. However, the sea air was too keen, and she did not get any better, so I took a small house for her here on the Woodbridge Road, about a mile and a half from the centre of the town. They have built quite a little colony there now, and call it California; and there she lived with a maiden aunt of her's, Miss Lacy, and little Lady Muriel."

"These strawberries are very fine ones, Falconbridge."

"Well, yes; they are grown here."

"What a fine view that is, to be sure! This is a charming place. By the way, the lady you spoke of this morning was a relative of yours, I suppose."

"Oh, not all. She was a widow, with aristocratic connections, but very few friends in the world, and I was, I fancy, the best able to be of use to her."

"You interest me much. Pray who was she?"

"Well, when I first knew her she was Muriel Aldithley, a governess in the family of one of the canons at Canchester. The Aldithleys were poor, but they came of a good stock. I have a daguerreotype on the mantelpiece in the dining room—you noticed it perhaps—by Claudet."

"I did; a fair lady, with light brown hair and very large blue eyes, something like the young lady who came into the hotel at Paris last year just as we were leaving, you remember."

"Yes, you are right; there was a likeness. Well, that was Muriel's mother."

"She must have been a lovely woman. Was she an old friend of yours?"

"Hum—rather, I knew her, I suppose, ten years."

"Intimately?"

"Intimately."

"Pardon my curiosity," I said, "but it seems so strange to me—a middle-aged bachelor becoming the guardian of a young lady whose mother (a lady of title, as I conclude) was no connection, only the friend of the man who, of all others, seems to me the least likely to be impressed by female charms or to be affected by female weaknesses, and who, I should think, could hardly plead guilty to a Platonic attachment."

"Hum. My dear fellow, perhaps I'm more romantic than I look. You are a married man, and a deuced lucky fellow. However, I am not. I thought I should be once, though."

"Why don't you marry, man? You've lots of property; you are not old—five-and-forty must be the outside of your age; and lots of nice girls would have you."

"Very possible, I daresay; but there was but one woman whom I cared for."

"What was her name, if I may ask?"

"Muriel Aldithley."

THE MORGAN AFFAIR.

BY BRO. ROB. MORRIS.

As a good deal has been said about this matter, we reprint from the *Masonic Journal* Bro. Rob. Morris's interesting article.

Considered merely as an episode in the history of American politics, the period of time, covered by the anti-masonic excitement of 1826 to 1836, is full of interest. It shows how monotonous must have been the ordinary course of public events, fully recovered at that time from the last war with England, and ripening for the tremendous political contest between Whigs and Democrats, when a merely local affair like the disappearance of Morgan, could be made the subject of political agitation extending nearly throughout the

Union, and for a generation retarding the operations of the oldest and most moral institution in the world.

To the Masonic writer, the period embraced in the anti-masonic excitement is full of suggestive facts. It reveals the fidelity of the few, and the falling away of the many. It shows that the prosperity of the Masonic institution in 1826, when the troubles began, was hollow and illusory; that the larger portion of the Masonic Craft were but fair-weather sailors, poorly informed as to the real nature of their engagements with each other, and the true designs of Freemasonry. It shows that the few, and those not always of the ruling class, exhibited in their adhesion to the Order all that moral firmness and genuine heroism which in other spheres of life insures an immortality of fame.

We propose at this date, when almost the last of the actors and sufferers in the drama has passed from the stage, to review the origin of this singular episode in American history. The subject cannot but interest the minds of all who have at heart the true interest of Freemasonry. In our present prosperity as an institution may perhaps be found all the illusion and hollowness which became so evident in the period to which we advert, and brought so much discredit to the cause.

At that period of the breaking out of the flame of anti-masonic opposition (1826) there were 26 G. Lodges in the U. States, viz., Massachusetts, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Georgia, New Jersey, New York, South Carolina, North Carolina, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Vermont, Kentucky, Delaware, Ohio, District of Columbia, Louisiana, Tennessee, Indiana, Mississippi, Maine, Alabama, Missouri, Illinois, Michigan; the last of these have been established that year (1826). The number of Lodges and Lodge-members acknowledging allegiance to these 26 Grand Lodges may be computed, approximatively, at 2,500 and 100,000. The State of New York, in which the trouble first began, had about one-fifth of the aggregate above given. In no country was the society more worthily represented than there; from 1806 to 1819 Governor Clinton had been Grand Master, followed by Ex-Vice President

Daniel R. Tompkins. Dr. Salem Town, one of the most learned men of the century, whose demise had only lately (1864) been announced, was Grand Chaplain, and there were but few men of political or social notoriety but what favoured the Society of Freemasonry, either as members or well-speakers.

The abduction of William Morgan, which was made the excuse for a general onslaught upon the institution, originated in an apprehension on the part of certain members of the Order in Western New York, lest the essential secrets of Masonry—secrets which had previously resisted every attempt of blandishment or terror to draw them forth—should be exposed to the public gaze through a publication which was preparing by Morgan and a few assistants at Batavia, N. Y. This alarm led the parties into the commission of an act which embittered their own days, and caused a public misapprehension concerning the operations of Masonry, that a century will scarcely serve to remove.

Morgan himself was a man of no repute. As a Mason he was doubtless but an imposter, working his way among the brethren by the grossest impudence and falsehoods. Having succeeded by these means in gaining admission to the Lodge, he employed the then Grand Lecturer, Blanchard Powers, a resident of Batavia, to instruct him and thus enable him to play the character of a mercenary dependent upon Masonic charity. He took the Degree of Royal Arch at Le Roy, near Batavia, and began immediately to prepare an "Exposition" of such of the esoteric matter as he could remember or as would best serve his purpose.

His purpose getting wind, the Masonic brethren felt and openly expressed their honest indignation at it. That a person, whose family at that very time was dependent upon Masonic charity for support, should propose coolly to betray the trust they had reposed in him was not to be endured, and certain young and incautious brethren threatened unlawful pains and penalties upon the villian in case he should execute his purpose. Notices were published in the Batavia and Canandaigua press, denouncing Morgan by name as "a swindler and a dangerous man," and warning the community, "particularly the

Masonic Fraternity," against him. These advertisements say, "Brethren and companions are particularly requested to observe, guard and govern themselves accordingly."

On the 25th of July, 1826, Morgan was confined within jail limits at Batavia on a suit for debt. On the 16th of Sept., he was arrested upon a warrant for theft and taken to Canandaigua. On the evening of Sept. 12th he was released, placed in a coach and taken in a carriage to Fort Niagara, at the mouth of the Niagara river, a distance of 115 miles. This journey was made by his own consent. There he was confined, for a few days, by his abductors in a room formerly used as a powder magazine, and there all traces of him disappear. His fate is shrouded in impenetrable mystery, nor until judgement day will it be more than conjectured what became of him.

Our own theory, after the patient investigations of many years, and the examination of such testimony as the Whitneys, Cheselro, Wadsworth, Town, Jeremiah Brown, Edward Giddens, and others could give, is that Morgan was supplied with money by his abductors and passed over into Canada, the scene of former adventures in his career, where amidst a rough, border population he met the end likely to befall a drunken, boasting fellow, whose pockets were sufficiently well lined to render him a victim to a highwayman.

At all events the theory that he was murdered by his abductors will never be entertained by a person who looks closely into the character of those who took him upon that journey, and the circumstances connected with this unfortunate affair.

It has been so long the fashion of the day to take it for granted that Morgan was foully dealt with, that we acknowledge to having felt the prejudice commonly entertained upon this subject, when we commenced our investigations. But they were soon removed. The fact that the abductors, all of whom were gentlemen of social position, and one (Mr. Bruce) a High Sheriff in the Western counties, took Morgan openly from the Canandaigua jail, by his own consent, then bore him in a coach for 115 miles, leaving a trail behind them that a blind man, almost, could follow—this fact, alone refutes

the theory of murder and throws us upon further inquiries.

All the rumours started by the gossips of that day, concerning Morgan and the pretended confessions of participators in the murder of Morgan, prove upon examination to be baseless, and we can only fall back, as so many wiser inquisitors of the day did, upon the honest confession, "we have no knowledge of his fate."

That the abduction itself was a piece of folly from its inception to its completion, and calculated to prove a lamentable failure and involve the actors in serious troubles, is easy enough at the present day to charge. It was founded upon two serious mistakes in the minds of the actors, the exposition of which forms a prominent purpose in the preparation of this article. These mistakes were:

First—That the contemplated publication by Morgau would be fatal to the maintenance of Masonic secrecy.

Second—That it was a covenanted duty of Freemasons to take justice into their hands in the punishment of a traitor.

We remark briefly upon each of the points:

1st.—Masonic "Expositions" have abounded in English Literature ever since 1828. Scores of them, of all names and assumptions and degrees of venality, can be seen upon the shelves of those who are curious in such matters. They have abounded equally in the French and German tongues as in the English, and being accessible in book shops, and offered at the lowest prices, no man is so poor but what if he likes, he can have a (pretended) "Exposition of the secrets of Masonry." These publications have done Freemasonry no injury. Based primarily upon the most hideous falsehood and violation of a trust, purchasers open them with no confidence in their correctness, and find little within their lids to inspire it. To set upon a scheme of abduction in violation of law, and to involve the whole fraternity in a persecution for the sake of smothering an "Exposition," was one of the most unfortunate mistakes that ever Freemasonry committed. Had they permitted Morgan to publish his book it must have fallen still-born, or at the best, taken its place upon the book-shelf with the long array of its contemptible predecessors,

2nd.—A sense of the duty of punishing an infraction of Masonic pledges, undoubtedly actuated the brethren who abducted Morgan. But this was founded in error. All masonic pledges are assumed and maintained subordinate to the higher duty we owe to the laws. If a mason violates his pledges and goes so far in breaking down our landmarks and exposing our arcana as Morgan attempted to do, we have no penalties that we can inflict upon him, save *moral ones*. We can publish him abroad to the Fraternity as an expelled Mason; we can avoid his society as a "betrayer of secrets," and we can use all proper measures to prevent his treason from injuring the cause we cherish, but his person is sacred under the shield of law, and any Mason, who would undertake to tear that away, is himself a violator of Masonic law and liable to its utmost (moral) penalties.

The anti-masonic party which rose in 1826, immediately following the events to which we have alluded, undoubtedly had its origin in the best principles of human nature.

It was, however, immediately seized upon amidst the monotony of political events, and made a basis, on the part of the evil and designing, of a new party, whose cry of "death to Masonry" was but a pretext for self-elevation. The discovery of Morgan's fate, and the punishment of his abductors, was in a few months lost sight of in this selfish impulse. The honest and law-abiding, whose horror at the mysterious outrage had induced them to give time, money and influence to its detection, were soon left in the rear by those who found profit and elevation in the excitement of the day.

This was the origin of the anti-masonic party which, dying out in New York, sprung up in various parts of the Middle and Eastern States, and maintained an existence until 1836. Its worst effects were manifest in Rhode Island and Vermont; next to those States, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, experienced the greatest severity of the storm.

The lessons to be derived from this movement must be patent to every reader. That every brother ought to be instructed in the nature and extent of his obligations must be admitted by all. That no

violations of law can be tolerated by the Order, is equally clear; nor will the Masonic institution ever secure the permanent favor of the community at large, until their minds are disabused of the prejudices which the unfortunate "Morgan Affair" of 1826 fastened upon them.

FREEMASONRY IN AMERICA.

LETTER FROM BRO. J. F. BRENNAN.

[Though we respectfully but entirely dissent from our correspondent's views, and think that they are most unjust towards our excellent brethren in Ohio, we yet think it well, on the principle "audi alteram partem," to let them appear, as they have reached us from across the Atlantic. The question is a difficult one "per se," and cannot be decided by violence or abuse.

We are ourselves in favour of recognition, but on submission to the authority of the G. Lodges of the United States, as a practical solution of the difficulty.

It is impossible on any grounds, we apprehend, to uphold the Masonic legality of the so-called Prince Hall G. Lodge! But the practical question comes in, and like all other earthly difficulties, seems to point to a befitting compromise, which we will venture to elaborate in the next number of the Magazine.—Ed.]

Halifax, N.S., January, 1877.

You have carried my name among your contributors so long without evidence in your pages that I am not a myth, that with this the first month of a new year I feel it incumbent on me to remove the impression, if such it has become, in the minds of your readers. And to this end I know of nothing better to form the subject of a letter than the movement made in one of the United States Grand Lodges to recognize the Grand Lodges of Coloured Men in that country, and which controls to a great extent the manner of Freemasonry in this.

THE AFRICAN GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF OHIO.

This was the title proposed by resolution adopted in the greater G. L. of the State of Ohio in 1875, under which it would recognise the lesser Grand Lodge of Masons in that State, the same being the first proposed act of recognition of a body of men of colour, known as Freemasons by the white Freemasons in this country. The later war for the Union had been fought and won, and by it the coloured man, wherever a slave in the United States, had become free. The Constitution had been amended by the passage and adoption of a clause, that not only made the coloured man free, but a citizen of his native land, with no distinction to be thenceforth made on account of his race, colour, or former condition. In the former Slave States, as in the Free States, Grand Lodges of Freemasons of colour and off colour in the ten years following the war were organized, until not less than twenty-five of their bodies existed, with working lodges more or less in each State. For twenty-five years there had been such a body in Ohio, with a constituency at the present of about ten thousand men, and quite sufficient to justify me in designating it the lesser Grand Lodge of Ohio Freemasons. But notwithstanding all these conditions, so greatly changing the status of the coloured man, no recognition of him as a Mason was vouchsafed by his white brother, or allowed by that white brother's Grand Lodge, and he was, on the contrary, banned and shunned, and known among the white brethren as a clandestine made Mason, with all that foul epithet implied.

Your correspondent, honest Bro. Jacob Norton (if I could give him a higher designation than what God made him, I would do so), was the first to notice this anomaly, and early addressed himself to learning and publishing the facts about the origin of Masonry among the coloured men of America. After him others took up the subject, and like the snowball, the further it rolled the bigger it got, until at last it made its way into the Grand Lodges. Naturally, that of Massachusetts was looked to as that body in whose midst the first African Lodge, so called in its charter, granted by the Earl of Effingham as Grand Master of the G. L. of England, in 1784 had existence. But after repeated attempts

in that body, in which expediency conquered all honest feeling and noble of fraternity, and quibbles of illegitimacy conquered truthful statements of right, the best and noblest spirit directing that body, succumbed to the demand of expediency, and recognition was refused. Next? It was conceded that Ohio had one of the most respectable bodies of coloured Freemasons, and numerous of any State in the Union. This being so, and the Grand Master in that State of those coloured brethren as early as 1870, having consulted with the writer of this letter (then editing and publishing the *American Freemason*, in Cincinnati,) as to the propriety of seeking foreign recognition, the home article being denied him, he was advised to do so. But circumstances prevented the then success of such application. These circumstances would also have rendered such recognition valueless, as coming from the European Grand body, approached the Grand Orient of France, for at that time there was a difficulty between that body and the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, and which difficulty or quarrel was made their own by the Grand Lodge of New York, and several other United States Grand Lodges. Time, however, healed these difficulties, and in 1875 the recognition of not one, but all of the Grand Lodges of Coloured Freemasons who should apply for the same to the Grand Lodges of Europe, became probable. In an act of grace, now was the time for the greater G. L. of Ohio to move—and she did, and as the result, I say, in October, 1875, a resolution looking to such recognition of the lesser Grand Lodge within her jurisdiction, on no other condition than a change of name, was adopted to, under the rules lie over one year for the consideration of the Lodges composing that Grand Body, and which number about 500.

To every Freemason not resident in the United States, and who has kept himself informed as to the movements and effects of events in that country, the question presents itself. Why should, as the sole condition of their recognition, the greater Grand Lodge of Ohio Freemasons desire to stigmatize a body of men wholly composed of born Americans, and now citizens equally with themselves, having a voice in the government of the United States, with the title of *African Grand Lodge*? Not one of these men are Africans to extent of pro-

bably not even the third degree of generation. Yet it is but upon this condition, namely, that they will change the title of their governing body to "The African Grand Lodge," and, *pari passu*, call themselves Africans, that the greater body will consent to recognise them! Can such a request be termed Masonic? Is it not, rather, highly unmasonic, if the great feature of that which is truly masonic is really recognition of the Fatherhood of God, and, through and by virtue of that Fatherhood, of the Brotherhood of man?

This lesser Grand Lodge of Freemasons of the State of Ohio has within the past year been recognised by the Grand Orient of France, frankly, simply, and without any condition whatever, while the manifesto of principles subscribed to by all the Grand Lodges of the German Empire, proves that they are to the least of their number ready and willing to, if they may not be considered already as having recognized, not only it, but every other Grand Lodge of coloured Freemasons in America, and the Islands of the sea. The lesser Grand Lodge of Ohio is but one of about twenty-five such Grand Lodges now in the United States. It is composed, it is true, of coloured men, their colour varying from a pretty dark tint, that might be called black, to white as that of any white man of dark complexion. In common with the requirements for white Masons every one of them has a local habitation and visible means of support, and every man of them is a native, I say, of the United States, and now citizens under the Constitution equally with those composing the body that proposes they shall, for distinction sake, call themselves "Africans!"

This vote of the greater body of Ohio Freemasons had. I say, under the rules to lie over one year. At the session in October, 1876, it was therefore taken up, and in opposition to its passage a point of order was raised by the Deputy Grand Master, and under the rules reduced to writing, setting forth that this proposed regulation should be treated as an amendment to the Constitution of the Grand Lodge. A discussion ensued, and the Grand Master decided the point of order "out of order." His decision was appealed from, and, by a yea and nay vote carefully counted, not sustained, there being 332 yeas to 401 nays, and subsequently an attempt to submit the

question during the recess to the lodge's failing, the whole proposition was virtually killed. And every true Freemason and lover of his fellow man, may therefore rejoice, and say Amen. So mote it be!

To what extent the virus of this proposition to do a wrong had entered and contaminated the great body, whose votes as given indicate its members, may be noticed by the fact that 332 out of 733 voted in favor of sustaining it. And yet, not one man of those 332, it may be religiously believed, had the slightest unkind feeling toward the men whom this proposition of 1875 proposed to stigmatize. The whole movement was led by a zealous, and well meaning Past Grand Master of the Greater Grand Lodge, who has since October last deceased, a lawyer by profession, and who really believed he was in this manner going to solve a difficulty that daily grew greater. And while, during the past year the Foreign Correspondence Committees (who in this country are a style of censors unknown to few in Great Britain) of the several greater Grand Lodges throughout the United States discussed the "Ohio proposition to recognize the Negro Grand Lodges" as it was termed by some, and to "commit Masonic Suicide" by others, variously and as the same struck them, according to their respective localities and points of view, not one of the nearly half hundred even hinted, or in any manner made it appear the thought ever entered their brains that this proposition was virtually and gravely an insult hurled in the face of the lesser Grand Lodge of Ohio. And why?

1. The American doctrine, a doctrine which has had but about fifty years of active life, of one Grand Lodge being sovereign in one State. 2. The pretended informality, emanating from the handling of the subject in the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, that the Freemasons of this lesser Grand Lodge of Ohio, in common with those of all the other U.S. lesser Grand Lodges, are clandestine made Masons, and, 3. The natural indisposition that Slavery has implanted in the American heart, such heart comprising the feelings of the descendants in this country of English, Irish, Scotch German and French, with a sprinkling of other nationalities, to recognize an equal or a brother in the man whose

primogeniture begun in slavery in this country, and continued until later years in the ignorance and abasement slavery demanded, and everywhere and always will demand as its necessary support. And yet the very large majority of those English, Irish, Scotch German and French descent Americans are proud and boastful in calling themselves Christians, with the Christian's Bible as the Great Light of their altar, and in which they may read that God made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the Earth together, and Jesus Christ shed his precious blood on the cross to save all men, and restore them to their Creator's mercy and love; while politically they acknowledge having fought for to the death, and decided their faith in the correctness of the Declaration of their Ancestors, one hundred years ago, "That all men are created equal and in freedom, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Such is the inconsistency, and the worse than African slavery to *prejudice* and *expediency*, that stamps Freemasonry in America, in this, the one hundred and (nearly) fiftieth year of its existence.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDELL,

Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen; Corresponding Member of the Royal Historical Society, London; Honorary Member of the Manchester Literary Club, and of the Whilby Literary and Philosophical Society, &c., &c.

MR. J. CHARLES COX, F.R.H.S., has just issued the second volume of his very valuable "Notes on the Churches of Derbyshire," which fully bears out the commendations I bestowed upon the first volume. It treats of the Hundreds of the High Peak and Wirksworth, and is dedicated, by permission, to Bishop Hobhouse, "in acknowledgment of the kind and generous help received at his hands in furtherance of the author's attempt to

elucidate the ecclesiastical history of Derbyshire." Although a portion of Mr. Cox's interesting "Notes" had previously appeared in the *Derbyshire Times*, fully two-thirds of the volume is entirely original or else completely rewritten. Indeed the modest title of our industrious and painstaking author's elaborate researches is likely to mislead the reader; and antiquaries will, for ages to come, treasure the work as one of the most valuable contributions to an inexhaustible subject ever made in this country. The labour of such a work is immense; for it is not a mere compilation from other books, but one of original research and the most careful verifying of facts. The Close, Pipe, Patent, Fine, Charter, Quo Warranto, and Hundred Rolls, have all been dug deeply into, with the energy of a strong and skilful workman, whose heart is in his occupation. A careless labourer would never have been able to give us the "word of warning" which Mr. Cox does in the Preface to the present volume, and for which his brother antiquaries will certainly thank him, not to "rely wholly on the published abstracts of the old Record Commission," as "in many respects they are faulty, and frequent blunders occur in the appropriation of charters to their respective counties." And he states as an instance, that "the church of Kneveton, in Nottinghamshire, is in several cases entered Kniveton, Derbyshire," and that "nothing but a visit to the Public Record Office, in Fetter Lane, or the procuring of a full transcript," has saved him "from numerous pitfalls of this description." The Taxation Roll of 1291, the Valor Ecclesiasticus, the Chantry Rolls, the Inventories of Church Goods, the Parliamentary Survey of Livings, have all, he tells us, "again been laid under contribution." The Heralds' Visitations, the Wolley and Mitchell MSS. in the British Museum, the Dodsworth and Ashmole MSS. in the Bodleian at Oxford, besides private collections of MSS., and the Lichfield and Lincoln muniments and registers, have all been duly searched. "The latter, especially those of Lichfield," Mr. Cox assures us, "are of great importance to the ecclesiologist: the Episcopal Registers, commencing in 1297, are unusually complete and perfect,"—a fact one is delighted to learn, as those whose sacred

duty it was to have seen to the preservation of such documents have too often been their destroyers. Thus a well-paid functionary at Durham, according to the Surtees Society, used to light his pipe with them, and glory in his shame; and the Rev. John Ryan, in his History of Shotley Spa and Vicinity of Shotley Bridge, says:—"Upon an inquiry being made about the most ancient registers" of the church of Muggleswick, in the same county of Durham, "it was said, and all the old people confirmed the saying, 'The auld registers are in a bad state, for lang syne a parson's wife, when she was baking, used to tear the leaves out, to put her wigs [whigs, a sort of tea-cake] on.'" And my mother's cousin, the late Mr. George Coates, for many years the leading medical practitioner in Middlesborough, told me that, in his boyhood, the parish clerk's son at Hilton in Cleveland, used to cut strips of parchment from the parish registers to play with. So that one need not go back to the heating of ovens with the muniments of monasteries in our English Bluebeard's time, to account altogether for the destruction of historical records which can never be replaced. Lichfield is a really pretty gem among our English cathedrals, and one rejoices to know that the quiet old city which gave birth to sturdy Samuel Johnson placidly preserves among its archives materials so useful to the literary builder, and only needing the penetrating eye of a Charles Cox to turn them to good account. "It will be seen," says he, "from this analysis of the early Episcopal Registers at Lichfield, that an almost perfect list of the rectors or vicars of the different Derbyshire parishes, from the commencement of the fourteenth century downwards, might be formed. At one time I had the intention of attempting it; but as these volumes are entirely unindexed, and as the writing is frequently close, crabbed, and contracted, to say nothing of numerous places almost illegible from damp, or faded ink, I decided that the result aimed at would scarcely justify the enormous expenditure of time. I have, however, given lists of the rectors of Matlock and Eyam, as specimens of what may be done in that way, together with numerous occasional entries relative to the other churches. I hope, also, that I have not omitted a single

entry of importance in connection with the more exceptional episcopal acts, so far as they concern the churches treated of in this volume." Mr. Cox has certainly done one man's work, and done it well; but it is to be hoped that some brother antiquary, with much learned leisure on his hands, will try to make himself useful to society by transcribing and publishing these registers, which will certainly be a work requiring much patience as well as skill. For Mr. Cox says, "the muniments of the Lichfield Chapter are not in such a condition as to facilitate reference to any particular portion. When the Record Commissioners, appointed in 1800, reported on the documents pertaining to our cathedrals, they said that no original Records, MSS., Statutes, or Charters were to be found at Lichfield. Where these learned gentlemen searched I know not; and when first I thought of making inquiries in that direction, I was semi-officially referred to this official report, as giving the true state of the case. But, on obtaining access to the Chapter muniment room, over a south chapel of the quire, I found that there were a large number of early charters and other documents, with seals attached, including the original grant of the Church of Bakewell by King John, with several other royal charters of a later date. The most interesting volume is an ancient chartulary, beautifully written in double columns, and called *Magnum Registrum Album*." And of Lincoln Cathedral he remarks:—"The large number of Derbyshire benefices held by the Dean of Lincoln in this county, including the mother churches of Ashbourn, Chesterfield, and Wirksworth, with all their dependencies, gives an additional interest to the history of that grand old building in the eyes of a Derbyshire ecclesiologist. Although all ecclesiastical connection with that ancient city has been severed by recent legislation, it is pleasant to reflect, when gazing upon the most glorious of all our cathedrals,

'Thou, Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill,
that it was the wealth of Derbyshire mines,
and the fertility of Derbyshire pastures,
which materially helped to raise that
majestic pile, in all the successive stages
of its culminating beauty. The muniment-
room, over the Galilee porch, is rich in
ancient chartularies and early royal and

other charters of unique interest,"—several of which Mr. Cox considerably specifies. Of the accounts of churches given in the Post Office Directory of Derbyshire, our author, than whom there can be no more competent authority, declares that they "are for the most part ludicrously incorrect; whilst in the matter of dedications, and dates of the registers, it seems to be more often wrong than right." The book, in this as in the previous volume, is well illustrated by Heliotypes from Photographs; and, when the other two volumes are published, will form the best work on the churches of any county that has hitherto been offered to the public. As one of the illustrations to the concluding volume, I hope we may be favoured with the Portrait of the Author, for whom this standard work on the Churches of Derby-Derbyshire will form a more enduring monument than any stained-glass window, memorial brass, or marble monument that the most skilful craftsman can execute, though I trust he may not be denied the latter when gathered to his fathers.

Mr. Martin Simpson, the able curator of the museum of the Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society, who has been long known as a profound writer on the geology of Yorkshire, and on other subjects, and earned for himself the honourable reputation of an industrious and reliable author, is about to publish, by subscription, the History of the Reign of William the Third, on which he has been engaged for many years. As the work will be supplied to subscribers only, I hope it may be well patronised, as I am sure it will deserve. His estimate of that glorious Revolution which secured to us constitutional liberty, may be judged from the following passage:—"Harassed by these evils, and having learned by sad experience the pernicious consequences of civil discord, all parties in the nation felt disposed to sacrifice something of their own notions of civil government, and by mutual forbearance and accommodation, to seek the blessings of that liberty which they had failed to obtain either by popular violence or by abject submission to sovereign power. This favourable disposition, the offspring of circumstances, might, however, have been of little avail, had there not been some one of sufficient power

and influence to give it a proper direction. It was, therefore, a fortunate circumstance, that there existed an individual so connected with the crown of these realms, as to give him a right to interfere with its government; and, at the same time, possessing such high qualifications of wisdom and ability, as to command universal respect and admiration."

Petroleum benzole, it is stated, may easily be known from coal-tar benzole, by adding a crystal of iodine to a few drops of the benzole; that from petroleum turning red, whilst that from coal-tar turns violet in colour.

The following method of rendering textile fabrics waterproof has been proposed by M. Dujardin: 335 grammes each of potash, alum, and sugar of lead, are to be triturated in a mortar until the mass becomes syrupy, to which is then to be added 400 grammes of a mixture of equal parts of finely pulverised bicarbonate of potassa and sulphate of soda. To this mixture there should now be given about fifty litres—about eleven gallons—of rain water, and when complete solution is effected, the same is to be poured into a vessel containing an oleine soap in solution in an equal quantity of water. This mixture is to be stirred for about twenty minutes, or until complete mixture has occurred. To waterproof a fabric it is necessary only to immerse it with the hand, or by mechanical means, into the aforesaid mixture, and to retain it there until, by pressure or otherwise, the fluid has penetrated to every portion of it. The fabric is then removed, and after allowing the surplus fluid it retains to drop off, hung up to dry. Afterwards it is thoroughly washed in cold water, and again dried. This preparation is said not to injure the colours of the goods, whilst, unlike the Mackintosh process, it does not interfere with the perspiration.

The *Press News* quotes and fully endorses the favourable opinion expressed in these Notes on Mr. Gould's useful little half-crown book, "The Letter-Press Printer," which I am glad to learn is having a good sale. The other trade journals also commend the work.

LEEDLE YACOB STRAUSS.

(From the "Hartford Times.")

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes schlust to my knee;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue
As efer you dit see;

He runs und schumps, and schmashes
dings

In all barts off der house—
But what off dot? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
Und eferdyng dots out;
He sbills mine glass off lager pier,
Puts schuuff into mine kraut;

He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese—
Dot vas der roughest chouse;
I'd take dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der shticks to beat it mit—
Mine cracious dot vas drue!

I dinks mine head vas schplit abart,
He kicks up sooch a touse—
But nefer mind, der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodt blace oudt
Vrom the hair ubpon mine hed?

Und where der plaza goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse—
How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazzy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
Und beaceful dimes enshoy;

But ven he vas ashleep in bed,
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "dake anydings,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

NOTES BY FATHER FOY ON HIS
SECOND LECTURE.

WE continue, at his request, Father Foy's notes from page 460.

"When a Rosicrucian adept testified a great desire of acquiring new lights, and was thought able to undergo the necessary trials, he was admitted to the degree of *Kadosch*; or of the regenerated man, where all ambiguity ceases. The rite of initiation is thus:—A deep cave, or rather a precipice, whence a narrow tower rises to the summit of the lodge, having no avenue to it but by subterraneous passages; replete with horror is this place where the candidate is abandoned to himself, tied hand and foot. In this situation he finds himself raised from the ground by machines, making the most frightful noise. He slowly ascends this dark vault, sometimes for hours together, and then suddenly falls as if he were not supported by any thing. Thus mounting and falling, alternately, he must carefully avoid showing any signs of fear. All this, however, is a very imperfect account of the terrors of which men, who have undergone these trials, speak. They declared that it was impossible for them to give an exact description of them; machinery, speeches, horrors of every kind were brought into play. They declared that at length they lost their senses, and knew not where they were. Draughts were given them, which, adding to their corporeal strength, did not soothe them; but rather increased their strength, only to leave them a prey to fury and terror.

"Here, again the candidate is transformed into an assassin. Here it is no longer the supposed founder of masonry, Hiram, who is to be avenged, but it is Molay, the Grand Master of the Knights Templars, and the person who is to fall by the assassin's hand is Philip le Bel, King of France, under whose reign the order of the Templars was destroyed."

When, then, the adept sallies forth from the cavern, with the reeking head, he cries *Nekom* (I have killed him). After this atrocious trial he is admitted to the oath. At the time that he takes it, one of the *Knights Kadosch* holds a pistol to his

breast, making a sign that he would murder him, if he did not pronounce it. Then, at length, the veil is rent asunder. The secret is disclosed. The adept is informed that till now he had only been partially admitted to the truth; that *Liberty and Equality*, which had constituted the first secret on his admission into masonry, consisted in his recognizing no *profane* superior on earth—(that is no superior outside that body):—and in viewing kings and priests in no other light than as men on a level with their fellow men, *having no other rights to sit on the throne, or to serve at the altar, but what the people had granted them, and of which they had the right of depriving them whenever they pleased.* They are also informed that *Princes and Priests have too long abused the goodness and simplicity of the people; that the grand object of masonry, in building Temples to Liberty and Equality, is to rid the earth of this double pest, by destroying every altar which credulity and superstition has erected, and every throne on which were only to be seen despots tyrannizing over slaves. Hence the song of these Societies.*

"Ni Culte, ni Pretres, ni Roi,
Car la nouvelle Eve, c'est toi."

"Nor *Worship*, nor Priests, nor Kings,
for thou art the new Eve."

At page 76 of the English translation of worship, Mons. Dupanloup's pamphlet, a more modern mode of the *Kadosch* Rite is given, but still retaining the same ideas as those of the earlier rite given by Barruel, above.

"In the fourth apartment is held the Supreme Council of the elect, the great *Knights Kadosch*. It is hung with red, and lit with twelve yellow wax candles. Arrived at this Divine Sanctuary, the candidate *learns the nature of the engagements that he contracts.* Then he is made to go up and down a mysterious ladder. The emblems of this exalted grade are: 'A Cross,' with a 'Serpent bearing three heads.' The serpent signifies the spirit of evil. The three heads of the serpent are an emblem of the evil which has been introduced into the *three higher grades of society.* One of the serpent's heads wears a *crown*, and denotes the *sovereigns*: another wears a tiara, or cross keys, and

indicates the Popes: the last wears a sword, and represents the Army. The great initiated are to watch over the repression of these abuses. As pledge of his engagements, the new member cuts down with his dagger the three heads of the serpent. (That is to say, the crown, religion, and the defenders of order: the army). This is quoted by the Bishop from a treatise by F. Ragon, a work praised by the Grand Orient, or Parliament of the Secret Societies. 'Their doctrines,' says Monsieur Ragon, 'form the essential complement of true freemasonry.' This title of Kadosch bears, with reason, the title of '*ne plus ultra.*'"

Weishaupt writes: "You cannot conceive how much any degree of priest is admired by our people. But what is the most extraordinary, is that several great protestant and reformed divines, who are of our order, really believe that that part of the discourse which alludes to religion contains the true spirit, and real sense of Christianity; *poor mortals, what could I not make you believe?* Candidly I own to you that I never thought of becoming a founder of religion."

ILLUMINATION.

For this purpose I must go back to the founder of Illuminism, Dr. Adam Weishaupt, born in 1748, at Ingolstadt, in Bavaria.

The dupes of this movement (*Illuminism*) were cajoled into the idea that they became members of a modern areopagus. The avowed object of this system, or association was, so it was given out, "the emancipation of the human mind from error, and the discovery of the truth. To declare this the more unmistakably, there was the inscription upon the four walls of the Assembly Hall of the titles: Wisdom, Firmness, Caution, Liberty. In this way the Senior Warden was to be the very special impersonation of truth itself. The ritual of the reception is just in this way: brother truth is asked, what is the hour? He informs brother Adam that among men it is the hour of darkness; but that it is mid-day in that assembly. The candidate is asked, why he has knocked at the door, and what has become of his eight com-

panions? He replies that the world is in *darkness*, and that his companions and he have lost each other. For the future, then, there was to be Instruction and Enlightenment. They termed themselves Illuminators, and their system Illuminism. This was especially to bring about the triumph of *reason over error.*

And what, in the teaching of these men, was Error? Superstition and slavish fear, which weighed down the soul of man with an overwhelming system of religious and political prejudices. Ignorance in particular had been, up to that time, the chief enemy of man.

Now all this superstition and ignorance, and darkening of the human mind, had been mainly kept up by Christianity whether Catholic or Protestant. The religion of all countries had, up to that time, been an engine of the state. Hesperus, the star of Europe, was obscured by clouds of incense, offered by superstition to despots, who had made themselves almost deities, and had retired into the inmost recesses of their palaces, that they may not be regarded merely as men, whilst their priests are deceiving the people, and causing them to worship these divinities. And thus it was that the princes of this world enlisted into their service the priests, who exerted themselves in darkening the understandings of men, and filled their minds with religious terrors. The altar became the chief pillar of the throne, and men were held in complete subjection. Nothing, therefore, could recover them from this abject state, but knowledge.

As, then, all this had been going on under the Gospel, the Gospel must, therefore, be dispelled by the sun of reason; so that, finally, all Christianity was to be destroyed in order that this also might be a stepping stone to the overthrow of all evil governments.

For fear, however, of repelling the dupes at the very commencement, things were not to be brought to an extremity at once.

So a commencement was made with the Holy Gospel, which, it was pretended, was capable of an explanation never yet applied to it. Thus a lively imagination might conceive the whole history and peculiar doctrines of the New Testament as the final triumph of philosophy over error. In this way it was that a work was published

by one of the chief conspirators in this movement, Baron Ruigge, who had, however, chosen the Jewish term of Philo, having the title of a "Popular System of Religion." In this, Christianity is considered as a mere allegory. Attention is continually directed to the absurdities and horrors of superstition; the tyranny and oppression of the great, and especially the tricks of the priests. The general tenor of the whole is to make men discontented with civil subordination, and still more the restraints of revealed religion.

In this manner the Association was said to abjure Christianity, and to refuse admission to any of the higher degrees, to all who were either Catholics, Lutherians, or Calvinists.

Sensual pleasures were restored to the rank they held in epicurean philosophy. Self murder or suicide was justified in stoical principles. In these assemblies death was declared an eternal sleep; patriotism and loyalty were called narrow-minded prejudices, and incompatible with universal benevolence. Nothing was so frequently discoursed of as the propriety of employing, for a good purpose, the means which the wicked employed for an evil purpose.

In some of these degrees the brethren are declared to be in this sense, free. The word that is sought for is *deism*,—the pretended worship of Jehovah, known to the philosophers of nature. The religion which is to be destroyed, is the religion of Christ. And the *word*, that is liberty and equality, is to be established by the total overthrow of the altar and the throne.

So it was laid down by these conspirators that "no *religionist* must, on any account, be admitted into these higher mysteries; for here we work at the extirpation of superstition and prejudice." Spartacus (Weishaupt) to Cato (Zwack).

And hence they arrived at the teaching of Spinoza, that there was no God but this world: that the world was God, and God was the world. And thus mankind became irresponsible, as God being only this, there was no judge, or ruler, or avenger, whom they had to fear.

THE GERMAN UNION.

What had been fearful enough in most shocking results, had already been achieved by these Assemblies.

But as it was the great aim of these societies to poison society at its fountain head, and wholly to corrupt it, it was requisite to carry out things on a far larger scale, and to employ engines that would make nothing but ruins wherever they were employed.

"The great aim," according to its own prospectus, "of the German Union is the good of mankind, which is to be obtained only by means of mental illumination, and the dethroning of fanaticism and moral despotism."

This German Union, then, for the advancement of this detestable conspiracy, was a system which embraced both literary associations, and Book Clubs.

One of the first to join it was Nicolai, a leading publisher of Nicolai, who thus disseminated the organisation of this association, as well as all its publications at all the German fairs. (He called himself *Lucien*.)

It requires, then, no elaborate amount of details to see how soon the public mind in Germany was utterly poisoned by these conspirators. "Reading societies were to be formed in every quarter, and to be furnished with *proper* books. Nothing could so well lead to the improvement of the human character as well managed Reading Societies.

"When, by degrees, the whole trade of book selling is in our hands, the writers who labour in the cause of superstition and restraint, will have neither publisher nor readers.

"And thus, by the spreading of our fraternity, all good hearts and sensible men will adhere to us, and, by our means, will be put in a condition that enables them to work in silence upon all courts, families, and individuals in every quarter, and acquire an influence in the appointment of court officers, stewards, secretaries, public teachers, and private tutors.

"All this will speedily come about, as our association will be the *only book shop in Germany*."

Now all this nefarious plot spread from Germany into France, we have already seen. *There*, it culminated into the savage horrors of 1753, and of the Communism of 1870.

They had, there, at least the experience of their Barabbas. "No more altars! No

more Priests! No God!" "Not this man, but Barabbas!" At that moment, and in that land, Sacerdotalism, or Priestcraft was no more. But what of the chaos of infamy that ensued?

As to those who came forward as the champions of Christianity and of the New Testament, these were put down simply as Jesuits in disguise.

As then religion was in favour of the authorities that be, Religion was first of all to be pulled down. Hence the object of this order was laid down for the checking the tyranny of Princes, Nobles, and Priests. As a matter of fact, then, Princes and Priests were most distinctly in its way. Therefore Princes and Priests were especially "the wicked," whose hands they were to tie up by means of these associations, if they could not be rooted out altogether.

THE RAPID SPREAD. (Germany).

In half a year, 1750, this Association underwent a complete change all over *Germany*; and its officers multiplied without number.

FRANCE.

This *illuminism* was introduced into 280 centres of this kind by Count Mirabeau, Revolutionist, traitor and spendthrift, from the knowledge that he had acquired of the system in Germany, and particularly in Berlin. Of these so called Knight Templar Associates, one of the most infamous of mankind, was the chief, Phillip Egalitè, Duke of Orleans, father of Louis Phillippe, traitor also, and coward.

Those who have read of the butcheries, prescriptions, and infamies of the Revolution of France a century back, will know full well how the chief inspiration for all this came from the Jacobin Lodge: one of these 200 associations, but in activity and wickedness, certainly their chief.

Of this lodge, Orleans was the warden or chief, and his son, afterwards king, Louis Phillippe, was the door keeper.

The revolution that followed from this source shut up the Churches of France, and declared the abolition of all religion. The observance of Sunday was destroyed, and the Goddess of Reason set up for worship. The proclamation for all this was as follows: "abolish from among you every ecclesiastical corporation." Henceforth the world was to be governed, not by the

monarch, the altar, the Church, and the priest; but by liberty, equality, and fraternity;—with what results we already know.

Surely did not all this reach in Paris the abomination of all abominations, when in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, then closed as a Temple of God, this awful scene was enacted:—

"We do not," said the High Priest of this new sect, "call you to the worship of inanimate idols. Behold a masterpiece of nature," lifting up the veil which disclosed to view a naked female.

"This sacred image should inflame all hearts!"

And it did so; the spectators, the people, maddened with a very frenzy and intoxication of sensuality, were beside themselves, and shouted out:

"No more altars, no more priests; no God, but the God of nature."

The rebellion then against priestly domination and control, sacerdotalism or priestcraft, reached, for the first time a grand climax. As it did afterwards again in the shocking profanations and sacrileges in the commune of that same city, four years back.—*Barruel and Mr. Robison (passim).*

"Yes; Mr. Proudhon was received as a freemason. The man who said God is the origin of evil, and who replied to the question: what do we owe to God?—war.

"And the young men of the Liège Congress, who uttered these terrible and savage cries: hatred to God! war to God! we will rend the heavens like a sheet of paper. These young men were considered admirable auxiliaries to the Secret Societies, which stretched out to them the hand of friendship."—p. 40.—*Bishop Dupanloup's Pamphlet.*

[They say "Finis coronat opus," and we hope that Father Foy is satisfied now that we have published these notes for him, which, though they show great industry on his part, are utterly beside the question.

The German Union and Foreign Illuminatism have long since been dead and buried; but even supposing they existed—which they do not—what have we, as Freemasons, to do with them? Nothing. It is entirely a "mare's nest" of the Roman Catholic authorities, and we should have thought the Jesuits too acute to be influenced by such utter rubbish.—Ed.]

Hunt's Playing Cards.

THE same excellent features are retained in the manufacture of these Cards, which for the last century have won the highest encomiums—and the services of the leading decorative artists having been secured, these Cards are now unsurpassed, either for elegance and variety of design, or perfectness in manufacture. The samples before us of the new enamelled-faced Club Card of this season's patterns are really very pretty, and several are so richly got up that they become very suitable for an album.

The premises of the original firm of Hunt and Sons were destroyed by fire in 1874, but the valuable designs and electros were fortunately saved, and ultimately purchased by "Hunt's Playing Card Manufacturing Company, Limited," under which title the business is now successfully carried on, and of which Bro. W. F. Taunton, of the Gladsmuir Lodge, No. 1385, is the manager.

Dick Radclyffe and Co.'s Illustrated Catalogue of Seeds.

We have been favoured by Bro. Radclyffe with a copy of his Illustrated Catalogue of seeds, plants, and garden decorations of every possible description, which he has just issued at this appropriate season. To either the Professional or Amateur Gardener this Catalogue will be a most useful reference and guide, affording instructive hints in the general detail of good management in the kitchen, or flower garden, for the year through. The firm over which Bro. Radclyffe presides has attained an eminent position in the Horticultural world, our Brother being a fellow of the R.H.S., and the holder of prize medals of several exhibitions, in addition to which he has been very successful in the decoration of Masonic

Halls, &c. We recommend to general notice the work we have thus shortly surveyed; but more particularly we would draw the attention of W.M.'s or Secretaries of Lodges thereto, prior to Installation and other meetings. They will find that the Banquet room can be very tastefully decorated at an extremely moderate outlay. A copy of this Catalogue may be obtained from the firm direct for the small sum of 6d.

The Cosmopolitan Masonic Calendar, Diary, and Pocket Book for 1877.

This book is, in our opinion, well worthy alike of the care which has been lavished on its production, and the favourable reception which has been always accorded to it.

The *Cosmo* has outlived the abuse of the "cantankerous" and the opposition of the malevolent, and commends itself year by year to a large increasing circle of readers. And most naturally so, for it is in truth a Masonic record "sui generis," and of much actual and needed importance to us all as brother Masons. When we open its pages we find that it contains information never before collected, and not elsewhere procurable. To have in one work a list of High Grade chapters of all kinds, as well as of Templar Priories; to find the names of Scotch, Irish, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and many other lodges in many other constitutions, together with English, is a work of no little cost and labour, as it is of no little use and merit. Let us dismiss from our mind any idea that the *Cosmo* is run in opposition to the *Freemasons' Calendar and Pocket Book*; or, in fact, any similar work at all. It simply appeals on its own merits, the needs and demands of the hour, alike to the cordial support of our English Brotherhood and the generous patronage of our Cosmopolitan Craft.

Advertisements.

GEORGE KENNING, MASONIC PUBLISHER

One vol. 800 pages 8vo., with an Index, cloth gilt. Price 10s. 6d.

The History of Freemasonry, from its Origin to the Present Day.

Drawn from the best sources and the most recent investigations. By Bro. J. G. FINDEL. Second Edition, revised and preface written by Bro. D. MURRAY LYON.

Imperial 8vo. bound in cloth richly ornamented. Price £1 11s. 6d.

History of the Lodge of Edinburgh (Mary's Chapel) No. 1.

Embracing an account of the Rise and Progress of Freemasonry in Scotland, by Bro. DAVID MURRAY LYON. With Twenty-six Fac-similes of Ancient Statutes, Minutes of various Lodges, Seals, and Orders, &c., and Authentic Portraits and Autographs of Sixty Eminent Craftsmen of the past and present time.

In Preparation.

Kenning's Encyclopedia of Freemasonry.

Edited by Bro. THE REV. A. F. A. WOODFORD, M.A., P.G.C. This Work will treat fully on Masonic History and Archaeology up to the present time, and will contain all subjects which fairly form part of a Masonic Cyclopaedia. Some topics will be introduced for the first time; some omitted which tend to make most of our handbooks too bulky for the general reader, since they include subjects which may be considered extern to Freemasonry proper. It is hoped, however, that this new publication will be both condensed and yet comprehensive, lucid in statement and complete in treatment, and that it will become a real and portable *Vade mecum* for English, Scotch, and Irish Freemasons. No efforts will be spared to make it worthy of our great Order. The Price of this work will be 10s. 6d., but to *original subscribers* 7s. 6d. To become an original subscriber it is necessary to forward name and address, rank in Masonry, number of copies required, as early as possible, in order to ensure the corrections in insertion of same in the Subscribers' List, which will be published with the book. The Subscribers' List will be closed February 1st, the price after that date being 10s. 6d.

Now Ready. Price 5s., post free 5s. 3d.

The Life of Constantine.

Written in Greek, by EUSEBIUS PAMPHILUS (Bishop of Caesarea in Palestine). Done into English from that edition, set forth by VALESIIUS, and Printed in Paris in the year 1659. Preface by Bros. R. WENTWORTH LITTLE, Treas. Gen., and the Rev. A. WOODFORD, P.G.C. With Engravings on Constantine the Great, Lord Raneliffe, of Ireland, Grand Commander of the Orders of Constantine and Philippi; H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, K.G., Grand Sovereign from 1813 to 1843; the Earl of Beective M.P., Grand Sovereign 1866 to 1874; Sir Frederick Martin Williams, Bart., M.P., Grand Viceroy 1866 to 1874, Grand Sovereign 1874 and 1875; Colonel Francis Burdett, Grand Viceroy 1874 and 1875, Robert Wentworth Little, Grand Recorder 1865 to 1872, Grand Treasurer 1873, 4, and 5; the Knights of Constantine, and the Vision of the Cross, &c., &c.

Fourth Edition. Now ready. Price 1s., post free 1s. 1d.

The Reflected Rays of Light upon Freemasonry; or, the Freemasons' Pocket Compendium.

With an Emblematical Frontispiece. A Handbook of the principles of Freemasonry and Pocket *Vade-Mecum* and Guide to the various Ceremonies connected with Craft Masonry, so far as the same are allowed to be communicable.

Second Edition. Price 1s., post free. Revised and Enlarged.

Freemasonry in Relation to Civil Authority and the Family Circle.

By Bro. CHALMERS I. PATON (Past Master No. 393, England). This work is a perfect handbook of the Principles of Freemasonry, founded on the Ancient Charges and Symbols, and will be found to be eminently practical and useful in the vindication and support of the Order.

Now Ready. Price 6d., post free, 7d.

The New Morality.

A Poem. By "MЭNTOИ." Reprinted from the "Masonic Magazine." (By Permission.)

Re-Issue, now Ready. Price 5s., post free 5s. 4d.

Masonic Gatherings.

Edited by Bro. GEORGE TAYLOR, P.M. Containing Historical Records of Freemasonry from the earliest period to the present time, &c., &c.

The Grand Lodge Constitutions.

Price 1s. 6d. With the Three Charges and the Entered Apprentice's Song 2s.

Now Ready. Small Size, 1s. Large Size, 2s.

Laws and Regulations of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Ireland.

Richly Coloured, 9½ by 6, arranged for pocket, in book form, price 7s. 6d.

Craft Tracing Boards.

Larger sizes in stock from 18 by 10 to 40 by 27 inches.

OFFICE, 198, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.