

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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No. 80.—VOL. VII.

FEBRUARY, 1880.

PRICE 6D.

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## THE RECORDS OF AN ANCIENT LODGE.

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**B**ELIEVING that anything which tends to throw a light upon the ancient working of the Craft must be of more or less interest to the brethren generally, we have for some time past devoted our leisure to the ransacking of lodge records whenever or wherever they could be obtained. The results of some of our investigations in connection with the Lodge of Kelso, whose records date from 1701, and the Lodge of Yetholm, which was started in the ever-memorable year of 1745, have already appeared in these pages and in the *Scottish Freemason*, in which we are now giving extracts from the minute books of the Lodge of St. Ebbe, No. 70 on the roll of Scottish lodges, whose admirably kept records date from 1757. In the present series of papers we purpose giving extracts from the minute book of a lodge which claims to be one of the oldest lodges in Scotland. Bro. Murray Lyon, in his admirable work, the "History of the Lodge of Edinburgh," says truly that "The Scotch are less ambitious than the English in their ascription of remote antiquity to the introduction of the Masonic Fraternity into their country. While their southern neighbours," he says "hold it to have been organized at York, in the time of Athelstane, A.D. 926, Scottish Freemasons are content to trace their descent from the builders of the Abbeys of Holyrood, Kelso, Melrose, and Kilwinning, the Cathedral of Glasgow, and other ecclesiastical fabrics of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries." If, in the absence of documentary evidence, we were to accept the dates of the erection of these ecclesiastical buildings as the dates of the introduction of Masonry into the various districts of Scotland, and the lodges now representing these districts were to take rank accordingly, it would be found that Kelso stood first, Edinburgh second, Melrose third, and Kilwinning fourth. Kelso Abbey was finished and solemnly dedicated to St. Mary and St. John on the 2nd of May, 1128, the year Holyrood was begun, while Melrose was not erected till 1136, and Kilwinning till 1140. Upon the roll of Scottish lodges, however, Kilwinning stands as No. 0, Edinburgh No. 1, Kelso No. 58, and Melrose, not having owned fealty to the Grand Lodge, has no standing—is, in fact, unrecognised. It is from the records of this unrecognised lodge that we purpose making extracts. There are very few lodges, either in England or Scotland, which can produce documentary evidence of having been in existence over two hundred years; but this the lodge under con-

sideration can do, and while we regret the position it occupies in, or rather out of, the Masonic world, we cannot but reverence it for its antiquity when we remember that its records date in almost unbroken succession from the year 1674 down to the present time.

We are aware that the field which we are now gleaning has been previously gone over by other Masonic gatherers; but as we have never seen the result of their researches, and believing that there are many similarly situated with ourselves, we now lay before the readers of the *Masonic Magazine* what we have been able to pick up. Even in a well gleaned field the latest searcher may pick up a few handfuls of grain which lay unnoticed by those who had preceded him. That such is the case in the present instance we have strong reason to believe, as, in looking over the old documents of Melrose Lodge, the first which arrested our attention was a copy of the ancient charges, which appears to have been overlooked by others. A verbatim copy of this charge we had the pleasure of sending to Bro. Hughan, who published it in the last number of this magazine.

It is worthy of note that the place of meeting of this old lodge, down to the year 1743, was not at Melrose, but at Newstead, or Neusteid as it is called in the old documents. It is situated on the right bank of the Tweed, about a mile east from Melrose, and stands upon part of the Roman station of *Trimontium*. It was the *stead* of the abbey founded by David I., and it was situated about midway between the two religious houses of *Mailros* and *Melros*. As there is a great similarity in the names of these two religious houses, and the one is apt to be confounded with the other, we think a short account of the former will not be out of place here.

Mailros was established by Aidan, Bishop of Lindisfarne, in the year 636, in the reign of Oswald, King of Northumbria; Coldingham, Tynningham, and Abercorn, belonging to the same episcopate, were founded not long after. The first Abbot was *Eata*, selected by Aidan himself, and under him St. Boisil, or Boswell,\* was Prior, and it was while these holy men held office, in the year 651, that the famous St. Cuthbert became an inmate of the monastery of Mailros, in which he succeeded to the office of Prior on the death of Prior Boisil in 664. The monastery was burned by Kenneth II., in 839, but was rebuilt not long after. From 1098 down to 1136 Mailros continued a dependency of Coldingham, when David I. exchanged the church of St. Mary of Berwick for it, and annexed it to his house of Melros which he had founded about two miles farther up the Tweed. It was at the village of Newstead, which lay half-way between these two religious houses, that the lodge held its meetings. When they first held them there is nothing now to prove, but from the fact that the lodge was large and flourishing in the middle of the seventeenth century, and that reference is made to former years of which the minute book contains no record, we can safely claim for it the indefinite antiquity of an existence from "time immemorial."

Like most of these ancient minute books, the want of chronological continuity is very confusing, and one has to be very careful in the search for a continuous journal of the transactions of the lodge. The minute book, which is a small quarto volume, contains 284 pages, from page 1 to 233 being numbered in regular order, but on the last-named page, after the number, we find the following notice:—"Turn to the beginning of this side of this Book," which being done by turning the book upside down, and beginning at the end, we find the first page after the fly leaf numbered as 234, and then regularly numbered for the following fifty pages, until we come again to the bottom of page 233, where the break occurred. But although the pages are thus regularly numbered, the minutes are by no means regularly entered; sometimes they are at one end of the book and sometimes at the other, and

\* From whom the picturesque village of St. Boswells, situated about three miles from Melrose, takes its name.

one page will sometimes contain entries of various dates, while again several pages contain entries under the same date. For instance, on the very first page, where one would naturally expect to find the first entry, there are several entries, or rather memoranda, but the most conspicuous is a line in large characters across the whole page thus—

neufteid the 13 of Januarie 1678.

This, of course, is misleading, but a glance at the page shows that it has been used for scribbling purposes, and for the casting up of sums, one memorandum bearing the date 1686, the others being undated; in fact, one of them, evidently much older than the date above given, runs thus:—

“ at melrois ye day of  
 received from W<sup>m</sup> draw — nist — 04 — ii — 8  
 and for ye einglyshe monnie — 03 — 03 — 6  
 Souma 7 — 15 — 02  
 and of that gaven out to robert mein master  
 and ————— 3 — 5 — 0 (4 — 9 — 0”

On the following page (2) the entry is dated 1729, and on page 3 there are two entries of the respective dates 1679 and 1682; but on page 4 there is what is no doubt the earliest entry in this book, which runs as follows:—

“ 28 decr 1674.— The s<sup>d</sup> day it is ordained be the voyce of the lodge y<sup>t</sup> no M<sup>r</sup> should tak apprentice undr seven yeirs being bound, as also it was condecendet on, y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>n</sup> any aprèntise is entered they most give aught—pund Scotts for meit & drink & fortie Shilling Scotts for the use of the box, by & allow y<sup>m</sup> sufficient gloves.

“mair the forsd day it was condecendet on y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>n</sup> ever a prentice is mad frie mason he must pay four pund Scotts w<sup>ch</sup> four pund Scotts is to be stovet at the pleasour of the lodge, by and allow y<sup>m</sup> sufficient gloves, and it is also condecendet of by thes afordsds y<sup>t</sup> no prentise nor fellow craft shall be received hot on Saint Jou’s day, heir after the forsd day.”

The opposite page (5) is occupied by a drawing representing two pairs of compasses interlaced upon a shield. As the ground is painted blue and the compasses yellow, they might be described as compasses or, saltier-wise upon a field azure. Three of the compartments thus formed are ornamented by a trefoil with irregular stem. The colour is laid on very thick and smudgy, and is not in keeping with the drawing, which is very carefully executed. The back of this (page 6) is blank. Page 7 contains entries for 1681, but for the next in chronological order we must turn back to page 3 where, we find the following:—

“ Upon the tuentie siven day of decr 1679 a serten number of Measons hath told siventin pund four shillen 8 penis scotts in the boxe be Longing to the measons witnessed be Robert Bunye Jo<sup>n</sup> Mein townheid, Allx<sup>r</sup> Mein, Thomas Bunye mester And Ro<sup>bt</sup> Mein tounheid witness y<sup>r</sup> And<sup>w</sup> mein Boxe Liuster accepted under his hand viz—

“ All this being found after the expense was taken out it being at night

“ Alex <sup>r</sup> Mein	witnes	Andrew Mein	accept
Johne Mein	witnes	John Mein	accept
Robet Mein	witnes	Rob <sup>t</sup> Bunye	witnes
Thomas bunye	wines”		

The minutes next in order we find at the end of the book, on page 236; they are as follows:—

“ Neusteid ye 27 of December 1680

“ John turnbull was entered ye forsd day James mein son to alex<sup>r</sup> was entered ye forsd day be John mein osler his master John houlet In Dalkeith was entered ye forsd day be David mein masson in Dalkeith his master

“ (signed) David mein”

And on page 245 the following, of same date:—

“ The 27 of decer 1680

“ Ef<sup>r</sup>ir the Boxmaistres accompts wer takine in. Ther was found in the Box fyftie marks Scotts as is declared be Androw mein m<sup>r</sup> mason Alex<sup>r</sup> Mein wardine, wittnesses George Hall, Thomas Bunye and John Men in Westersoftlaw

“ (signed) Andro mein  
 Alex<sup>r</sup> mein  
 George Hall wittnes  
 Thomas bunyie wittnes  
 Jo : Mein wittnes

“ Off the above writn ffyftie merks, payed out to Johne mein osler\*—— the soume of Sevine pund, thrie shillings Scotts qr of the s<sup>d</sup> Jo<sup>n</sup> discharge the Boxm<sup>r</sup> as wittnes his hand day and year fors<sup>d</sup> “ (signed) John Mein ”

Page 7 contains the following entries :—

“ Upon St. John's day being the twentie seiven day of december——fourscore and Ane yair Jo<sup>n</sup> Bunye sone Law<sup>ll</sup> to Robirt was entered and Received fr[ee] to the tread And Robert Bunye his father his master And

“ Lykways the s<sup>d</sup> day Jo<sup>n</sup> Bunye sone Law<sup>ll</sup> to Jo<sup>n</sup> Bunye elder is entered and Receivet— into the tread and the for<sup>s</sup>d Robert Bunye is his Master And Alex<sup>r</sup> Mein sone Law<sup>ll</sup> to Andrew Mein elder is bound and obliged to be cationer for him for his Continuing Remaining w<sup>t</sup> his master Alex<sup>r</sup> Mein ”

“ 27 of December 1681 It was found yat James mein sone to James Mein in Dalketh was entred at Dalketh and not on ye 27 of december wher for they are to be anserable for it ye next St John's Day 1682 ”

There is no reference to this irregularity in the minutes for 1682, and the entries under that date are very meagre, and are to be found at the end of the book on page 236, between memoranda for 1680 and 1685; they are as follows :—

“ Neusteid 27 december 1682  
 “ Thomas mein was entered and Robert Bunye was his Mester ”

“ Neusted 27 dec<sup>r</sup> 1682  
 “ Georg tullie was enterd and Georg bell was his master ”

We cannot find any entry for 1683, but upon page 238 is one for the following year :—

“ At Neusteid the<sup>t</sup> day of december 1684 it is fastlie compted be the measons in the lodge of melros what the trou expence of the building of the loft and seat in the kirk of melros is the wholl soume is 242<sup>b</sup> 13<sup>s</sup> 6<sup>d</sup> I say tua hundrith fortie tuo pund thretin shillin six penis ”

On the fly-leaf at the end of the book is the following memorandum, written in very faint characters :—

“ 29 dec<sup>r</sup> 1684 ther is in 16 s<sup>a</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> in the box ”

And these two entries comprise all we can find in the minute book for this year. For the following year there are two or three entries scattered up and down the book; for instance, there is one on page 12 as follows :—

“ December 28 1685  
 “ Given out to John mein osler upon ye } 1s Sh D  
 fors<sup>d</sup> day of December for meat & } 11 0 10 ”  
 Drink & making of it readie

This is the first mention we have of these old brethren “keeping the feast of the good Saint John,” but we find several entries of the same nature following. On page 236 there is a nearly obliterated minute or memorandum of the same date, as follows :—

“ 28 December 1685  
 Patrick Steven entred & Georg falk was his Master  
 Thomas mein & John mein was his Master  
 —— & Richard mein his Master.”

Again, on page 238 we find another entry for this date,

“ December 28 1685 lb S D  
 The fors<sup>d</sup> Day y<sup>r</sup> was laid in to ye box of money 21 : 00 : 00 ”

The next in chronological order is on page 19, and is to this effect—

“ Neusteid ye 27 of December 1686 yeirs  
 “ The whlk day we under Subscriband in name and behalf of ye rest of ye massons finding ye truble y<sup>t</sup> we have had in tyme bygain y<sup>t</sup> the thesaurer had In not getting readie

\* Obliterated in original.

† Blank in original.

money when prentices comes in & others y<sup>t</sup> is past frie to ye trade viz doo all consent herwy<sup>t</sup> alow & ordain y<sup>t</sup> none be receivet after this day forsd w<sup>o</sup>ut readie money [\*or snficient caution found for ye money] laid douen ye s<sup>d</sup> tyme when they are entred as witness our hands

	" Andro Mein
Thomas bunye	Alex <sup>t</sup> Mein
John Mein	Robert Bunye
fide Willson	
Robert Golatter	John Mein
John Fow	John Mein yr
Andro —	daved Mein
Andrew Mein	Robert L—
John Mein	Robert Mein
George Gullie	John Couniye"

In another part of the book we find this short memorandum of same date,

"Dec<sup>r</sup> 27 1686  
John Mein son to John Mein tounheid was entred ye for<sup>s</sup>d day & his father cautioner for him."

Upon page 8 the following for the next year—

" 27 of December 1687 given to thomas ormiston for keeping of ye seat . . . . .	} — 01 — 00 — 00	as entered in the book
Mair ye for <sup>s</sup> d Day to John Mein Osler for Meat & Drink & tobacco. . . . .		
Mair for paper . . . . .	— 07 — 17 — 06	
	— 00 — 00 — 06	
	— 08 — 18 — 00	
Suma . . . . .	13 — 00 — 02"	
Item y <sup>r</sup> was resting of money in ye box . . . . .		

The above is another evidence of the old brethren keeping the *feast* of St. John.† There are many other entries to the same effect.

Upon the same page we find the following :—

" 25 of ianuarie 1688 reseveid fra John Mein toun heid the soum of ten pund Scotas conform to his ticket that he reseved wh the s<sup>d</sup> day."

" May 2d 1688. Recevit fra andro mein elder ye soume of eleven pound Scots according to his ticket which was lying in ye box & Delivered to him ye same Day"

" 27 of December 1688

received fra robert Currie elder 4 pund four shillin Scotas the for<sup>s</sup>d day recivied fra Mungo Park nin pund sixteen shillin Scotas 27 Dec<sup>r</sup> 89 he pay<sup>d</sup>: 1 — 4 — 0 fra robert Mein four pund four shillin Scotas fra Georg tully four pund ten shilin Scotas."

Page 9 contains entries for 1690 and 1703, but the following occur on page 12 :—

" 27 December 1688	lbs	S	d
Given out to John Mein osler upon the for sd day of desember for our dener and his pains for making it redie . . . . .	} 13	— 04	— 02
And to the lad for keipein of the set in the kirk . . . . .			
		02	— 00 — 0"
" 27 December 1688			
At six aclock at night the soum of fortie thrie pund fuentin shilling twa pence Scots money and four shilin Scotas for his b[r]oken mony aloud in the box the forsd day. the forsd day reseved fra Andro trumbil the all by gon annill rentes for his ticket counted in with the said soum			
Soumae . . . . .	44	— 01	— 02
all which deliuered in to the box befor witnesses."			

\* The words placed within brackets are inserted in the margin in the original.

† It may interest some of our readers to know that the members of this old lodge still keep the festival of St. John the Evangelist religiously, when they have a torch-light procession through the town of Melrose to the ruins of the beautiful abbey, which they illuminate with coloured fire, having special permission from the superior, His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, to do so, and afterwards dining together. We believe the procession on last St. John's day, Saturday, the 27th of December, 1879, was much smaller than usual, owing to the severity of the weather; still, over one hundred members mustered in spite of the elements, marched to the abbey, and dined in the Corn Exchange.

The entries for the year 1689 are very short, there being all we can find under this date:—

“ 27 dec<sup>r</sup> 1689 Received from Andru turnbull 85 the a rent of 6 lbs Scots and discharges him”

“ 27 dec<sup>r</sup> 1689  
put in the boxe thirtie six pund  
Item Received in tickets thretie siven pund  
Summa of what is w<sup>t</sup> in the box of money and tickets on this day being the 27 dec<sup>r</sup> 1689  
73<sup>lb</sup> 0<sup>s</sup> 3<sup>d</sup>”

and for 1690 the following:—

“ 27th dec<sup>r</sup> 1690 told and put in the box of money furst . . . 19 : 17 : 4  
And of tickits the f<sup>d</sup> day put in the boxe . . . . . 38 : 3 : 0  
The totall is . . . . . 58 : 0 : 4”  
“ Nota for fynes in 27 dec<sup>r</sup> 1690, viz  
Jo<sup>n</sup> Hislop for his Living the Compine without Live. . . . . 0 — 3 — 4  
W<sup>m</sup> deancks . . . . . 0 — 3 — 4”

The following is rather a remarkable entry, and must have been written after dinner :

“ 27 dec<sup>r</sup> 1690 f<sup>d</sup> is votted that everie meason that takes the place in the kirk befor his elder broyr is a grait ase  
27 dec<sup>r</sup> 1690 in St Jons day found in the box of money } — 32 — 07 — 0”  
besyd what was befor taken out . . . . . }

We will conclude this instalment by giving the records for the years 1691 and 1698:—

“ Monday the 27 Dec<sup>r</sup> 1691 told and put in the boxe of money first twelwe pund And of cards and tickets viz

Obliga <sup>n</sup> be Tho <sup>s</sup> Bunye . . . . .	11 : 0 : 0
Obligat <sup>n</sup> be James Mein Dalkith . . . . .	29 : 10 : 0
Obligat <sup>n</sup> be James Mein brigend . . . . .	06 : 00 : 0
Obliga <sup>n</sup> be Andro Mein . . . . .	11 : 00 : 0
Obliga <sup>n</sup> be Jo <sup>n</sup> Mein tounheid elder . . . . .	12 : 00 : 0
Ticket be Andro turnbull . . . . .	06 : 00 : 0
Ticket be Jo <sup>n</sup> Reink . . . . .	04 : 10 : 0
Ticket be Tho Mein Tounheid . . . . .	04 : 10 : 0
Obligat <sup>n</sup> be Jo <sup>n</sup> Mein . . . . .	16 : 00 : 0
Obliga <sup>n</sup> be Jo <sup>n</sup> Bouar . . . . .	10 : 00 : 0
Ticket be Andro Willson . . . . .	01 : 08 : 0
Obliga <sup>n</sup> be Andro Leithen . . . . .	11 : 00 : 0
Obligat <sup>n</sup> be James Mein byrs . . . . .	11 : 00 : 0
X Robert Buney's bond. . . . .	X05 : 00 : 0

113 : 13 : 0”

“ And not of those that have payd ther arents for ther tickits till this day being the 27 dec<sup>r</sup> 1692 viz

Jo <sup>n</sup> Renie . . . . .	0 — 5 — 6
Thomas Bunye . . . . .	0 — 13 — 2
Jo <sup>n</sup> Mein elder . . . . .	0 — 14 — 4
Andro Litkin . . . . .	0 — 13 — 2
James Mein bridgend . . . . .	0 — 07 — 2
Jo <sup>n</sup> Bouay . . . . .	0 — 12 — 0
Robert Bounye & and James Mein . . . . .	0 — 14 — 0
John Mein Cudibuts . . . . .	0 — 13 — 2”

In our next we will give a copy of an interesting document of date 1675, and continue the extracts from the minute book.

(To be continued.)

## TARSHISH; ITS MODERN REPRESENTATIVE.

BY BROTHER H. BRITAIN, F.R.HIS.S.

*(Concluded from page 282.)*

LET us now refer to Moore's "History of Ireland," published in Dr. Lardner's "Cyclopædia." Moore says (vol i., p. 85):—"Ptolemy's map of Ireland marks Ivernus, or Hybernus, as chief city of the Iverni, dwelling in the district comprised between part of Cork and that part of Kerry lying between the Promontorium Austrinum, or Mizen Head, and the river Kenmare, anciently called Iernus."

On the north-west coast of Spain is another river, known as Ierne, and a promontory, Ierne.

From pages 7 and 8, vol. i., of Moore's history, it can be gathered that Festus Avienus gave an account of the voyage of Himilco, left in one of the temples of Carthage. This account, still existent in the 4th century, states that Himilco sailed northwards, along the shores of Spain, to the *Æstrumonides*, or tin isles. *Hiberni* and *Albion* are named. The commerce carried on by the people of Gades with the tin isles is named, and he states that the husbandmen or planters of Carthage, as well as her common people, went to those isles. This implies that permanent colonies had been founded there. This expedition is placed before the reign of Alexander the Great.

Bochart says the Phœnicians called Ireland *our-nae* (Hebrew), that is, *ultimu habitatio*, and that *Albin* implies the East. Athœnus writes "that Phileas, of Taurominum, was in Britain 160 years before Cæsar." Gades is named in a poem of Taliessin (the appeasing of Ludd) as *Gafis*.

"A numerous race, fierce they are said to have been,  
Were thy original colonists, Britain, first of isles;  
Natives of a country in Asia and the country of Gafis,  
Said to have been a skilful people."

Is *Gabis* a capital of *Gabaza*, a province of *Usbek Tartary*?

As connecting Britain and Spain, let us note that *Evora* or *Eboracum* was *York*, and *Evora* is to be found in Portugal; that *Brigantea*, the country of the *Brigantes*, was in *Yorkshire*. *Brigantia* is also to be found in Portugal.

To bring our notices of this part of Phœnician knowledge of distant countries to a conclusion. According to the statement in *Ezekiel xxvii.*, tin was known at *Tyre* B.C. 600. *Herodotus* states that the Phœnicians had discovered mines in *Samothracia*. He also mentions the *Cassiteredes* and the river *Eridanus*, from whence amber came. *Larches* says this river is the *Rhodaune*, which empties itself into the *Vistuala*, near *Dantzic*.

"The strong city *Tyre*" is mentioned in *Joshua (xix., 29)*. And tin is mentioned as one of the spoils of the *Midianites (Numbers xxxi., 22)*. So early are we led to conclude that *Tyrian* enterprise and commerce had found its way into the distant isles. In a recent number of "*The Jewish World*," a paragraph appeared giving an inscription found in *Northumberland* (near *South Shields*, we believe), in which the name of a *Palmyrene* was found. The *Venerable Bede* died possessed of pepper, *cimamon*, and *frankincense*. *Volney*, in his travels (vol. ii.), says the trade of *Palmyra* extended to *India* and the *East Indies*. The builder of *Tadmor* or *Palymra* was *Solomon*, the wise *Master-builder*.

The name Phœnicia appears, according to one author, to have its origin in the far East. From the work "India in Greece," by E. Pococke, we glean the following remarks: "In Afghanistan, district of Bhini-Badam, near Logurh, is *Saidan*. The first inhabitants were the Phainicas;" and to show that emigrants from hence carried the names of their parent country with them, gives instances, from which we select a few: "In Canaan, Acho—Acho, on a branch of the Indus, near Basham, in the North of Cashmier; in Canaan, the river Kishon, *Carmel*, and Dor; in the Punjaub, the river Kishon or Kishen-gunga—river Dor on the west and Carmel a little to the south; in Canaan, Megiddo; in India, Magadha; in Greece, Makedonia. In Canaan and Afghanistan we have Gaza, Dan, and Gad: in Canaan, Cabul; and the same in the Punjaub."

A strong support for the above, and also for the assertion that the ancient nations were not so ignorant of the various continents as is presumed, will be found in a valuable paper by Hyde Clarke, Esq., in the Royal Historical Society's Transactions (vol vi.); article, "On the Epoch of Hittite, Khita, Hamath, Canaanite, Lydian, Etruscan, Peruvian, Mexican, etc." Most valuable comparative tables are given by him to show how closely linked these various peoples must have been. To do justice to them copious extracts should be given; but this we cannot do. He says: "It was from India, and not from Babylonia, that we may, as said, assume that the stream of civilisation passed toward the Pacific; and in India will yet be found the origin and remains of early letters, the influence of which to this day will still be recognised." In Sanscrit gold is *Makshika*; compare Mexico.

Take the name *Carmel*, in the Punjaub *Carmel*; in Canaan, *Carmel*; in Cappadocia, Asia Minor, *Carmala*; in Greece, *Cromi* (Arcadia); in Italy, *Cremona*; in Spain, *Karme* (Luntanca). Or *Sidon*, in Canaan; *Saidan*, in Afghanistan; *Sidena*, in Asia Minor, *Lycia*; *Sithonia*, in Greece (Macedonia). Compare *Erech* (Genesis x.) with *Arica* of Peru; *Calneh* with *Calanchoe* of Peru; *Ninue*, or *Nineveh*, with *Unanne* of Peru; *Calah* with *Colacote*, Peru; and *Resen* with *Charasan*, Peru. River names, as well as others, are given, which can be identified with names occurring in New Granada (South America), India, Italy, Greece, Spain, Britain, Hibernia, and Asia Minor.

The ancient geographers must have been acquainted with Australia and the Australian islands, although their knowledge was lost by their successors.

Is it not a strange coincidence that the rendering of Isaiah xli., 12, in the Vulgate, is "et ecce illi et aquilone, et mari, et isti de verva *australi*" the Southern land?

Let us now, as a link, also, to connect various districts together, take up another phase of this subject of Phœnicia.

Godfrey Higgins, Esq., in his "Celtic Druids" (p. 117), gives an engraving of a Phœnician coin, brought from Citium, by Dr. Clarke. The one side has on it engraved "the lamb;" the reverse, the "rosary and the cross." Coins from Marathus in Phœnicia, from Cyprus, Cilicia, and Lycia, present, in addition to the usual ansate cross, the equal-armed cross. Upon Phœnician vases also, and stone monuments, frequently in Asia Minor and also upon the coins of Philistine Gaza is the sacred cross sign, Swastika. "The monuments of the Assyrians, Persians, Phœnicians, and peoples of Asia Minor, display a yet simpler cruciform figure as a religious emblem, occurring partly alone, partly in combination with others." The Budhists of India used the Swastika cross; "mostly, indeed, in a somewhat curved type." The *Labarum* cross of ancient Bactria, as it appears on coins of the Bactrian king Hippostratus (circ. A.C. 130) is pretty much the same as that on the coins of Constantine the Great.

"Upon urns and vases of ancient Etruria, as well as in the neighbouring districts of Upper Italy, it is well known that cruciform characters have been observed." "Upon a mortuary urn of Etruscan work, discovered, remarkably enough, at Shropham (Norfolk)," also. In varied forms, upon coins of the



anient Gauls, shown from the neighbourhood of Bourges, of Arthenay, and of Choisy-le-Roi, the cruciform or wheel-shaped signs occur. The sign of the god Thor contains the Swastika symbol. For much information bearing farther upon the subject of the Cross, see Zoëckler's "The Cross of Christ," edited by the Rev. Maurice J. Evans, B.A., to which we are indebted.

The T symbol of the Druids, marked upon trees, is well known to us. Then in the opposite quarter of the globe we have the cross of the Incas of Peru, and the cross in Yucatan.

In a work entitled "The Lost Ten Tribes, etc.," by Dr. Moore, we find an engraving approaching the Royal arms of England. It is taken from the gates of the large tope at Sanchi, or Sachi. We may plainly see on it the cross of St. George, the shield of Britannia, the star-spangled banner, and the lion and unicorn (so named). The shield of Britannia and the lion are Buddhist symbols. The prototypes of the lion and unicorn may be seen crouching at the feet of Budha, as he sits on his marble throne, at the entrance of the vast rock Temple of Ajanta.

Yes, the conclusion to which we have arrived at is, that Tarshish is now represented by the British Isles. The energy, commerce, and enterprise of the old Tarshish flag is still in being, under the "Union Jack" of Great Britain. Tyre, itself fell, because it forgot its true mission was to exalt its Architect and Builder, God, and not itself. Its heart was uplifted because of its riches. Full of beauty and wisdom and understanding, it was as the garden of God. Perfect from the days of her creation until iniquity was found in her. To her antitype of these days the same mission was given. Shall the commerce and wisdom He gave bring on us the same result? Let us see more to it, that the foundation be built indeed on brotherly love, religion, and truth, more and more, until the perfect day, when the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings.

But there is another phase of Tyrian life which must not be overlooked, this, too, an important one, namely, its union with Israel.

From the time of Joshua, in which it was spoken of as "the strong city," through its varied career to its downfall, we do not find it as an opponent of Israel. As a coadjutor, through it Israel had to blossom and bud, and fill the earth with fruit. The same power that smote Israel smote Tyre, and sent them into confusion among the nations.

It was to the same Lord, the God of Israel, that the wise master-builders of Israel's first Temple turned. Alienation and forgetfulness of the foundation they first held in right and truth, brought to their successors, each alike, sore punishment. To the second Temple, each alike contributed its share of work; again, to fall, to rise no more?

Looking forward into the future, the Psalmist of Israel wrote "The kings of Tharshish and of the isles shall bring presents."

And the seer of Israel could cry aloud—

"Surely the isles shall wait for me,  
And the ships of Tarshish first,  
To bring thy sons from far,  
Their silver and their gold with them,  
Unto the name of the Lord thy God,  
And to the Holy One of Israel,  
Because he glorifieth thee."

In that attempt of Gog, prince of Rosh, Meshech, and Tubal to take possession of the mountains of Israel, recovered and occupied once more, we find Tarshish opposing him face to face. How significant the passage "Sheba, and Dedan, and the merchants of Tarshish, with all their young lions, will say to thee, Art thou come to take spoil? Hast thou gathered thy company to take prey, to carry away silver and gold, to take away cattle and goods, to take great spoil?" For Israel; not against Israel. Are Israel and

Tarshish to be found as one? Now it seemeth we look through a glass darkly, then, to be known as we are known. The whole house of Israel are Judah and Ephraim, not vexing, or vexed at, each other any more. If it be true that this nation of ours represents, or contains within its ample folds, covering so many fair regions of the earth, the house of Israel, then it may be well said—

“Oh, Britain! thou who art so great and free,  
As oft thy children vaunt, and foes confess,  
Think that thy might was not conceded thee  
To scorn thine elder sister and oppress.  
No; 'twas to aid, acknowledge her, and bless:  
For God hath fixed her dwelling-place apart,  
And given her gifts that thou dost not possess;  
Hurt not her shieldless form with envious dart,  
But bear her by thy side with nobly generous heart.”

So mote it be.

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## THE SOUTHERN SCOURGE.

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### MASONIC CHARITY.

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BY CAPT. SAM. WHITING.

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A WAIL is borne upon the breeze,  
Men hear it and ag'ast they stand;  
It sweeps across our inland seas  
And o'er our Western prairie land.

We hear of scores of dauntless men,  
And women, too—God bless the dears!  
Who sought the sufferers' bed, and then  
Reliev'd their pains and dried their tears.

While Yellow Fever's pois'nous breath  
O'erwhelmed our Southern land with woe,  
Scores of our brethren sank in death  
'Mid terrors that we ne'er may know.

Forth to the van that brotherhood,  
Whose charities are world-renowned,  
Came forward and unflinching stood,  
While yet a suff'rer could be found.

Oh! laurels won on fields like these,  
How more enduring far than those  
By bloodshed gain'd on lands or seas,  
Where men in deadly conflict close!

“We know no South, we know no North,”  
This motto teach Columbia's youth;  
And speed our glorious watchword forth  
“Fraternal Love, Relief, and Truth.”

THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS ORIGIN OF FREEMASONRY.

OF ITS MISSION AND THE POSITIVE EPOCH OF ITS MATERIAL INSTITUTION.

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*By Count S. de Giorgi Bertola, Knight of Christ and Member of Freemasonry  
according to the French and Scottish Rites.*

TRANSLATED BY N. E. KENNY.

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(Concluded from page 305.)

THE most subtle theologians could not resist or refute our arguments, which are nothing else than the practical tradition of the word of Christ; and then, too, instead of opposing us with valid or solid reasons, they have lavished upon us, and would still anew desire to inundate us with the irresistible arguments of calumny, persecution, dungeons, irons, the faggot, and the scaffold.

I have said that our doctrines are but the practical tradition of the word of Christ, and here is the proof: Three hundred years before the Christian era the initiatory schools were amongst all the peoples, the Hebrews alone having turned their backs (*ayant tourné les dos*) upon the laws of Moses, had them not. There existed amongst them, however, a sect which occupied itself with social reform; those were the Recabites. In the midst of those Christ was born. (And here I would premonish the reader against any erroneous interpretation of my opinion relative to the divinity of Jesus Christ, by protesting, beforehand, that no one more than I believes in the revelation of which Christ was the propagator, as the organ or instrument of God, whose spirit was in Him.) The spirit of the Eternal was in Him, because as to Him there was the angel (the messenger) in his face. His parents, compelled to fly into Egypt, remained there some time, and returned to their own land, leaving Jesus Christ in the Temple of Isis, wherein he had been initiated, thanks to the precocious development of his intellectual faculties.

It is a vain task to contradict what I am about to say by certain passages in the Gospels, and especially by that written by St. Luke, in which it is said that "Christ every year accompanied his parents to Jerusalem." . . . Every year! Yes, but those years only which he passed amongst his people, and regarding which the Gospel believes that it can dispense with precision as to epoch or number. Contemporary historians of the Divine Master, and especially Flavius Josephus, who wrote the history of the Hebrews in the reigns of the Emperors Vespasian and Titus, declare positively that the "Nazarene" left his country as a boy, and did not return thither, nor reappear therein, until some months before his tragic end. The total absence from the world's scene of Christ during twenty years is clearly explained by the twenty years which the initiated were compelled to pass in the interior of the Temple before arriving at the grade of Master and becoming authorised to communicate with the profane. Look at it in another view, or, as English writers say, on the other hand. How could it be supposable that historians (and it was just then in the heart-time of Rome's greatest chroniclers), and even the Gospels, should have buried in profound silence the existence of twenty years of a Being so extraordinary as was the "Saviour," if he had really

lived amidst the same people amongst whom, towards the end of His course on earth, He worked so many prodigies? May it not be seen that, although I may not have on my side the historians of the epoch, their silence would not in itself confirm that which I suggest?

On His return to Palestine, at the age of thirty-two years, He set himself to go amongst the Tribes of Israel, preaching everywhere the heavenly doctrine. He soon had proselytes in crowds, to whom He spoke more often in parables, as was the custom of the school from which He came; but His parable was clear, precise, and its point had no need of explanation. This was one further step which the inspired One of the Omnipotent had made for the Order. He fell a victim for the propagation of His doctrine. After His death His disciples opened many schools. They took as the angular stone (Petros) of the edifice of the social reform the Divine Master, who the first had dared to preach publicly the mysteries to the peoples.

Persecutions were set loose against the disciples of Christ. Schism likewise supervened to increase the confusion. The fall of the Roman Empire, instead of being a fortunate event for the propagation of the true light, was simply fatal to it. The Papacy assumed its place on the broken throne of the Cæsars, and it was it (the Papacy) which adopted the most monstrous schism which could ever have existed, and which has involved so many deplorable consequences . . . . Falsification of facts, alteration of tradition, adoption of absurdities, employment of brutal force—no means, in a word, were spared by that sacrilegious court to stifle the light and uproot the society.

Beside the sepulchre of Christ there existed, since the year 1118, a military and religious Order, a severe conservator of morality, of the initiatory schools and of the tradition of the word of Jesus. This Order, of which Hugues Payens and Geffroi de S. Aldemar were the founders, assumed the title of Templars, or Knights of the Temple.

The Heresiarch of Rome, who proudly designates himself "God upon Earth," was affrighted by the increasing power of the Templars, who in Europe alone possessed, in 1312, nine thousand brotherhoods and lordships. Clement V., of execrable memory, was not long in finding in Philip the Fair, King of France, a worthy accomplice in the extermination of the Order, ready to take possession of their wealth.

Who is ignorant of the history of this shameful persecution of the Knights Templar? What Mason who does not ceaselessly recall to memory the 13th of March, 1344—that day of blood and infamy? We recall all this with grief profound; but, at the same time, we cease not to trust in Divine Justice when we find in our memories that the Grand Master of the Templars, James Burg de Molay, from the platform of the scaffold, invoking the anger of heaven upon the persecutors and butchers of the Templars, summoned (*ajourna*) Pope Clement V. and King Philip le Bel to the tribunal of God, and that, in truth, both those wicked men died at the time predicted by their illustrious victim.

It is from that lamentable epoch that we date the material organisation of our modern Masonry. As to its spiritual origin, we derive *that* from the first initiatory schools which appeared upon the earth; for, just as the Egyptian Temples were the inheritors and continuators of the primitive initiatory schools, so Christ, the Saviour of the human race—the Divine Revealer—was the Inheritor, the Continuator, and the Reformer of the mysteries of the Temple and of the Schools, in the same way as the Templars were the inheritors, continuators, and conservators of the dogmata of Christ, of the Temples and initiatory schools. So our modern Masons, being the heirs, continuers, and propagators of the doctrines of the Templars, we are enabled to trace back our origin from those up to Christ, from Christ up to the Egyptian Temples, and from those Temples up to the primitive or primal initiatory schools. In brief,

existent Masonry simply owes its origin to the first moral and religious inspiration which made itself understood upon this terrestrial orb.

Now, if the moral origin of Masonry is henceforth incontestably fixed, it remains for us to ascertain in what manner and at what precise epoch its material institution was established.

It is now twenty-two years since I have had the honour of being a member of the two rites—Scottish and French. I have likewise been initiated into the mysteries of the Knights of the Order of Christ—an Order which is but the immediate continuation of that of the Templars, and which was, in its inception, the master-key of the Masonic Institution; and I have never ceased to inform myself, by reading works upon Masonry, as to the causes which have constituted that Order. The result of my studies upon this subject has led me to the conviction that the greater portion of our books have been simply written in frivolity and caprice, where otherwise we do not meet with the seal of ridicule and of fable. Here is the historic truth of our institution:—

After the fall of the Order of the Knights Templar, those who were not devoured by the stake or decimated by the axe dispersed amidst the various parts of Europe, concealing their existence from the eyes of all, and grieving over the catastrophe of their assassinated brethren. However, those unfortunate proscribed ones soon began to unite in small communities, and to assemble in places impenetrable to the profane. It was then that the organisation, the statutes, the mysterious watchwords, the batteries, the signs, the steps, the touches (*attouchements*), and, in fine, that which constitutes the materiality and the ceremonial of Freemasonry, was co-ordinated, and when the first lodges of this new Order were constituted.

It is, then to the Templars—to the hunted and persecuted remnants of the proselytes of James Burg Molay—that we owe our existence; or, if it may be better expressed, it is that we Masons of to-day who are the Templars of the bye-gone. Nevertheless, it is doubtful if we should have been able to constitute ourselves into perfect communities, if, in the time even of persecution he whom, in our mysteries we designate Cirus, had not shielded us with his royal protection.

This Cirus is no other personage than the magnanimous Denis, king of Portugal, who, rejecting with indignation the Bull which the avaricious and sanguinary Clement V. had forwarded to him from Poitiers in 1308, refused to repair to the “general convocation” then being held at Vienne, in Dauphiné (France), wherein was decided the extermination of the Order of the Knights of the Temple.

Denis, who conjoined to goodness of heart a wisdom most profound, limited himself to the sequestration of the property of the Templars, with the design of restoring it in better times, and secretly protected the Knights, whom he advised to keep scattered, and on their guard against the fanatic fury of the Roman See and of the people excited everywhere against them.

In this condition of affairs he concluded with the kings of Castile and Aragon (who had at first given way to the torrent) a treaty, by which those sovereigns mutually engaged, in case of a final demolition of the Order, not to permit the Pope to dispose of the goods or property of the Templars in their States. The wisdom of this treaty made itself felt when, in 1312, the Pope bestowed the possessions of the Templars upon the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem.

The opposition of these three combined kings made a marked impression on Clement V., and he thereupon made an exception in favour of those monarchs. This blow averted, and some other difficulties obviated, the real intentions of King Denis began to be manifested. From the time of the Bull of abolition there was nothing to do in the matter of extermination or execution in Portugal, because the Knights of the Temple had disappeared.



all their property was in the hands of the king, who, having dismissed an administrator whom the Pope had sent him, set himself against the Hospitallers taking possession.

Pope Clement V. died, and then the Portuguese Templars reappeared. They were assigned pensions or liens on their sequestered property; they were treated with honour and distinction, and they were permitted to assume in public acts the title of "heretofore Knight of the Temple."

John II. succeeded Clement V., and the ambassadors whom Denis sent to him carried on with the new Pope a negotiation which lasted for six years. It is most probable that this diplomacy had, on the part of the King of Portugal, the re-establishment, *pur et simple*—that is, real and in fact—of the Templars in his kingdom. Finally, at the conclusion of so prolonged a negotiation, the Court of Avignon (successive Popes had a long sojourn in this grand old place in France, for, whilst they excommunicated the monarchs of superstitious peoples, monarchs who had minds of their own used them as puppets) granted King Denis everything except the word Templar—a designation which was superfluous and not essential, since it accrued from the residence of those Knights in the neighbourhood of the Temple. It was decided that this denomination should be replaced by that of the "Knights of Christ." This was the title given to the brethren in their statute, and which they assumed, indifferently with the other, in public acts and proceedings. The Bull which approved these dispositions or settlements, was issued in 1319.

All the documents relative to what I have above advanced as to the protection of King Denis and the re-establishment of the Order of the Templars under another title, are now deposited in the royal archives of Lisbon, where I myself have read and examined them with the most critical and scrutinising attention.

Nevertheless, the Order of the Knights of Christ very soon degenerated from its primitive mission, and became little more than a religious confraternity entirely subject to the Vatican. The Order of the Knights of Christ became, even later still, a civil order, which, prodigally bestowed without discrimination or restraint, depreciated and mayhap stigmatised the Institution. But if the Templars, who reappeared in Portugal under a new constitution, degenerated from their principles, it was not the same case with those who, spread over the two hemispheres, had founded, in the time of persecution, the Masonic Institution. This Institution has been faithful to its principles. See the centuries (more than five and a half) since its institution, and how gigantically it has grown, notwithstanding the innumerable fluctuations of fortunes it has undergone, and in the midst of a social condition corrupted by the most revolting egotism. The fury of kings and the hatred of the Vatican have exhausted all their thunderbolts against the moral which we teach. Our fathers have been faithful to their sacred mission in many ages of strife and struggles, and we who are inheritors of their doctrine—although we have no longer now to battle against mere brute force—shall assail, man to man, the hideous monsters of corruption and of vice, inculcating our dogmas in the face of day, and inspiring into all the human race those sentiments of brotherhood, religion, love, tolerance, justice, kindness, and pity which alone can lead society to that perfection for which man has been created by the GREAT ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE.

## MASONIC HYMNS AND ODES.

IT cannot be denied that the traditions and associations of the Craft furnish abundant material for poetic uses. Masonry has an impressive ceremony and a suggestive symbolism seemingly well calculated to invite a treatment in flowing verse. And then there are interwoven with the system deep and tender sentiments such as give force and beauty to the truest poetry. Notwithstanding all this, the poetic fancy has not been largely manifest in our Fraternity, and poets of extraordinary merit have been exceedingly rare among Craftsmen, as indeed they are in the world at large. But though Masonry may not have inspired the production of any great epics or historic poems, it has evoked a multitude of songs and hymns, good, bad, and indifferent, albeit the vast proportion of these productions, we are sorry to say, is wretchedly bad. Masonic hymnology shows a good deal of chaff with now and then a few grains of wheat. The lyric poems of the Craft are not alwas freighted with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," nor are the ideas that enter into these songs always set to harmonious numbers. We would not disparage, however, the poetry that has been written to illustrate or enforce the teachings of Masonry; nor would we hold in light estimation those odes that have long been used in the ceremonies of the Order, and the songs that have added zest to so many social occasions when brethren have met in free and joyful fellowship. Many of the old-time ballads and songs have passed into oblivion; only a few remain that have come to be historic among the Craft, and which are still said or sung by brethren in their assemblies.

The "Entered Apprentice's Song," by Matthew Birkhead, an actor, who flourished about the time of the "Revival," belongs to this latter class. Little is known of Birkhead except that he wrote this song, which soon became popular, and has held its place even to the present day. It has endured so long that it challenges our respect, whatever its defects may seem to be.

When we come down to the time of Robert Burns we find a genuine poet—one who was indeed "born, not made." This greatest bard of Scotland, both for his genius and his humanity, is crowned with an immortality of honour and love. He wrote the ballads that the people love to sing—the tuneful verses that thrill the heart and set the blood swiftly coursing in the veins. Burns was a Mason, devotedly attached to the Order, and the Craft is indebted to his muse for several odes of a most pleasing character. To the brethren who elected him an honorary member of St. John's Lodge at Kilmarnock he sent the following lines:—

"Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and tide  
 Who marked each element's border,  
 Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,  
 Whose sovereign statute is order;  
 Within this dear mansion may wayward contention  
 Or withered envy ne'er enter;  
 May secrecy round be the mystical bound,  
 And brotherly love be the centre."

Burns wrote songs of a convivial character for his brethren to sing, and some of these songs would be out of place and character if used by Masons of to-day. But under the inspiration of his Masonic relations and attachments, the poet composed two songs of exceptional merit and popularity. His

"Auld Lang Syne" is one of them, and his "Farewell to the Brethren of St. James Lodge, Tarbolton," is the other. We copy two stanzas of this beautiful and pathetic ode:—

"Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu!  
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!  
Ye favor'd, ye enlighten'd few,  
Companions of my social joy!  
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,  
Pursuing Fortune's slipp'ry ba',  
With melting heart, and brimful eye,  
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

"Oft have I met your social band,  
And spent the cheerful festive night;  
Oft, honor'd with supreme command,  
Presided o'er the Sons of Light;  
And by that Hieroglyphic Bright,  
Which none but Craftsmen ever saw;  
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write  
Those happy scenes when far awa'!"

Thomas Moore was a Mason. His was a true Irish heart, and well did he love his native country, albeit he had no great admiration for other and more distant lands. He wrote several minor poems that contain allusions to the Craft, and his "Angel of Charity" was intended to set forth the distinguishing grace of Masonry and of true religion. We give the closing verse:—

"Hope and her sister, Faith, were given  
But as our guides to yonder sky:  
Soon as they reach the verge of heaven,  
There, lost in perfect bliss, they die.  
But, long as Love, Almighty Love,  
Shall on His throne of thrones abide,  
Thou, Charity, shall dwell above,  
Smiling for ever by His side!"

It does not accord with the purpose of our present writing that we should attempt to enumerate the names of the Masonic poets and song writers of our own land or time. Their name is legion. Rhode Island has furnished a fair proportion of this number. Thomas Smith Webb was a maker of verses as well as a maker of degrees, and his "All hail to the morning that bids us rejoice" is one of the best known and most widely used melodies of the Craft. The present governor of the State, Bro. Van Zandt, has written many lines of sweet sentiment and exalted truth for Masonic occasions, though of late he has done less in that direction than some of his brethren and friends could wish.

Among the well-known writers of Masonic songs and poems, now living, mention ought certainly to be made of Albert Pike and Robert Morris. The last-named brother has written more than two hundred brief poems on various themes suggested by the work and teachings of the Masonic Institution. His lyric ode, "The Level and the Square" is known to the whole Fraternity, and finds a place in every collection of Masonic hymns and songs. Others of his poetic writings are hardly less popular, and some of his productions will surely outlast the present generation. One of Brother Morris's most instructive hymns is that entitled the "Five Points of Fellowship," in which the duties of a brother are set forth with great clearness and beauty of expression. Bro. Albert Pike has not written a great deal in verse, but what he has produced bears the impress of his wonderfully vivid imagination, together with the pathos of a generous heart and the evidence of a most intimate acquaintance with the Masonic system. We close this article, already made much longer



than we intended, by quoting the first and last stanzas of Bro. Pike's "Masons' Holy House":—

"We have a holy House to build,  
A temple splendid and divine,  
To be with glorious memories filled;  
Of rights and truths to be the shrine.  
How shall we build it strong and fair,  
This holy house of praise and prayer,  
Firm-set and solid, grandly great?  
How shall we all its rooms prepare  
For use, for ornament, for state?"

"Build squarely up the stately walls,  
The two symbolic columns raise,  
And let the lofty courts and halls,  
With all their glories blaze,  
There in the Kadosh-Kadoshim,  
Between the broad-winged Cherubim,  
Where the Shekinah One abode,  
The heart shall raise its daily hymn,  
Of gratitude and love for God."

[The above is reprinted from our contemporary the *Freemasons' Repository*.—Ed. M.M.]

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## SOME CONVERSATION WITH AN ANCIENT DRUID.

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"In yonder grave a Druid sleeps."—*Collins*.

I WAS a bachelor, and just thirty-three years old (ah! that was a long, long time ago!), and had seen a little bit of life in my time. My father left me independent when I was only eighteen, and since then I had spent most of my time in study and travel. I had a strong constitution, and could combine the two without injury to my health. Antiquarian subjects delighted me most, and I generally managed to suit my excursions to this taste. In this pursuit, and the study of the beauties of nature, I had traversed every part of interest in good old-fashioned Yorkshire, which is my native county. I had rambled in the beautiful sublimity of the lake district, and investigated every nook and corner of its loveliness. Ah! with what poetic thoughts it fired my youthful brain! But that is all past. I next went to rugged Wales, and made myself acquainted with its romantic scenery. I had a regular craze for travelling; nothing could stop me. Cornwall and Devon next attracted my attention, and there I found much food for speculation. In islands I had visited—the salubrious Isle of Wight, and Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark—and knew all their distinctive traits. I had also visited the ancient island of Anglesea (the Druids' refuge) and the curious Isle of Man, and liked the latter far the best. I could not hear of the famous lakes of Killarney without going to see them; and soon after that visit I was climbing the stupendous landscapes of Scotland. In fact, I had seen most of the beauties of the British Isles, including the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and the Scilly Isles. So I then determined to go abroad, and compare foreign scenery to our own.

I first went to the bleak "Fjords" of Norway, and ascended that country's lonely heights; I then passed through snowy Russia, which had very little interest for me. Denmark I found a much pleasanter country, and Germany still more so. I spent a long time there, and thoroughly explored the beauties of the Rhine until I knew them by heart. Many a hard climb have I had in the Alps and Switzerland; but I was always repaid for my exertion by the lovely scenery, and never once disappointed. After this I visited the romantic ruins of Italy, Sicily, and Greece, and there I was more in my element than ever. I even penetrated as far as the great capital of Turkey, Constantinople.

For two years after these travels I explored the antiquities of the Holy Land, and thought I should never have been able to leave it; but fresh fields awaited me, and whilst I could still furnish plenty of "copy" for the press, I desired to visit the wilds of Africa. There I many times risked my life, and it is ten thousand wonders I am here alive to tell my tale. Not content with these adventures I sought fresh ones in Arabia, Persia, Afghanistan, Beloochistan, and India. China, Japan, and the East Indies were next visited, where I caught the fever, and had another narrow escape of my life. This, however, did not hinder me, for I soon afterwards visited Australia, and stayed there nearly a year. From there I sailed for San Francisco, and travelled through many of the United States, and downwards through Mexico and Central America. I next journeyed to the plantations in the West Indies, and spent a most enjoyable time there. After this I traversed the grandeur of South America, from Brazil to Patagonia, and then returned to England by Spain, France, and Belgium, whose scenery seemed perfectly paltry after seeing America.

I had now been away seven years from my native land, and had seemed to have lived another life all the time. On reaching my homely seat in Surrey, a rush of old recollections came over me, and reconciled me once more to home; in fact, I had become rather tired of my rambling life, and I settled down at the old place for three years. I had become strangely altered, and hardly any of my friends knew me at first.

Those three years I wrote voluminous accounts of my travels and investigations, and found plenty to employ me. I had scraped up a lot of information (for I was an energetic young chap then, as you may have guessed) that was not generally known. My books were well received, and through them I obtained a few honourable titles. At the end of this time I again felt a desire to travel, being just thirty-three years old, as I at first stated.

By my being a bachelor you must not imagine that I had never felt the delight of love. I had been fondly, wildly in love with one of the sweetest of girls, who, however, died prematurely; and ever since I had remained single. That was sixteen years ago; now I am the father of a large family.

As I said before, I had again a wish to travel; and this time I intended to visit that most beautiful nook in all our island, romantic Derbyshire. I already knew most of its lore and antiquities, but, strange to say, had never crossed the borders of the fertile county; so, in my usual impulsive manner, I set out at once.

First I proposed to make Buxton my head-quarters for a while—Buxton, so far-famed for its waters. Well, I had been there a week, and seen a good deal in the neighbourhood, and I expected to stay there about three days longer, and then go on to Matlock. It was Tuesday, and a bright, sunny day, when I made up my mind to visit the famous circle of stones named Arbor Low, about seven and a half miles from Buxton, near Parsley Hay. With my stick for a companion, and my lunch in my pocket, I sallied out, and in two hours reach the spot. It is a bleak, desolate place, and the stones, laid down with such precision, remind one more of a cemetery than anything else. There is nothing very remarkable about them; nothing to see; all is left to the imagination, all record to conjecture.

I sat down to muse on the various scenes that had been enacted within the limit of that narrow and mysterious circle, whilst I also refreshed the inner man with the comestibles I had brought; and I made a good meal, too, which, washed down with a copious draught of sherry and water, made me feel in quite a happy mood. I had just finished, and was almost thinking of departing again after I had made my notes on the size, situation, and circumstances of the peculiar stones to which I had turned my back, when a tall, venerable looking man, in a long white beard reaching almost to his knees, suddenly appeared in front of me. From whence he came I could not tell, for as far as I knew there was no one near when first I came, and there hardly seemed time for him to have approached from any distance. But there was no doubt about the fact that he was there; and, at my involuntary start and shudder, he said:—

“Don't be afraid; I live close to” (there was no habitation near, as far as I could see!). “I have observed you measuring the stones, and making memoranda of their position, etc. Is not that so?” he enquired; and I answered in the affirmative, not able to overcome a sort of terror with which he seemed to inspire me.

“I thought perhaps you would like to know a little more of their origin than appears upon the surface; and, as I am in a position to offer you that knowledge, I come to make you aware of it, and to give you the opportunity of availing yourself of the information, if you care to do so.”

My curiosity was now thoroughly aroused, and, despite a certain feeling of dread which possessed me, I determined to accept his offer, come what might, and murmured out my thanks for his proposal. But, instead of supplying me at once with the information, he said:—

“I cannot let you know these secrets now, but if you will come a week to-day, at this hour, and ask no questions, and speak to no one on this subject, I shall then be willing to enlighten you.”

This seemed a strange proposal, and I questioned him for its reason; but he only repeated what he had said. After a little consideration I again accepted his offer, and promised to be there that day week, and left him sitting on one of the stones. During the week I wondered what would be the end of this strange adventure, for its reason I could not account. But, determined to brave all dangers, I was there at the appointed hour, and found the old man waiting for me. He led the way to one of the stones at my approach (which I now observed had been raised on its side since my last inspection), and below which there was an opening in the earth, approached by a rude flight of steps. My guide beckoned me to descend, and, hesitating slightly, I followed him, wondering strangely what would happen next. When I had reached the bottom of the stairs I heard the stone at the top fall with a loud clang, which shot a pang through my frame. Now I was in the power of this being, for evil or good, and I hardly knew how to act. Preserving a calm demeanour, I thought they were, perhaps, vain fears on my part, and that this old man was, most probably, a sort of hermit, who lived here all alone, and whose intent would be perfectly harmless. I turned towards him, and, almost echoing my thoughts, he said, “I live here all alone, and have done for many years, and can show you some curious sights; you are not afraid of a few dark passages?”

I ventured to answer in the negative, being relieved to find that he was the only inmate of that dismal place, though I could not help imagining I might be the victim of some ruse, and that I should never see the light of day again. Through two or three long dark passages I followed my guide, and then we entered a large square room, lined with oak and furnished with curtains. “This,” said he, “is a council-room of the MODERN DRUIDS.”

Scarcely had he uttered these mysterious words than from behind the curtains rushed four old men, similar to himself, and seized upon me. So well timed and unexpected was their attack that I had not the least power to resist,

and I found myself completely powerless in their grasp. Now my fears had been fully realised, and I saw, when too late, the folly of trusting myself, at first, to the old man's seeming simplicity,

The one who had first accosted me now addressed himself to my janitors in some strange tongue, and they bound my arms behind my back, bandaged my eyes, and led me away. Then there really was a still-existing order of those terrible fanatics, the Druids, and I was indeed in one of their dens. There was no doubt about it, the cords that bound me told me that only too plainly. After a seemingly long journey they stopped. I heard a door open, and I was brutally thrust in, and fell on my face, while the door clanged behind me. I was stunned for some moments, and knew not what had happened. Gradually I recovered my senses, and, as I did so, I shuddered to think of my situation, and tried to collect my thoughts. First of all, by painful scrubbing, I managed to remove the bandage over my eyes, and found that all around it was perfectly dark. I trembled to think what my fate would be; it appeared nothing less than death. I determined, by a superhuman effort, for I was falling into a lethargy from the effect of the fall, to discover the full extent of my situation. Painfully I staggered to my feet, for I was still bound, and I carefully felt for the wall. When I found this, which seemed to be made of wood, I groped along and soon came back to the same place, having come to the conclusion that the room was about circular, for there were no corners in it. In fact, I was in a sort of well. I thought of all the horrible terrors of the Inquisition, of the frightful tales of Edgar Allan Poe and of his "Pit and the Pendulum." Was I reserved for a similar refinement of cruelty? Had this new order of Druids, as they styled themselves, secured me for a victim to their rapacious superstition? I threw myself on the floor, and, in an agony of despair, I tried to shut out my thoughts; but it was impossible. Nothing but the one idea of a fearful death haunted me, and my imagination called forth every conceivable horror. No doubt I was to be offered up to their God as a reconciliation for one of their sinning fiendish souls. Oh, horror! Again I started to my feet; I could not bear to remain still with my terrible thoughts. I now began to feel an intolerable itching, which I could not relieve by scratching. Was this part of their torture? Was I to be slowly tickled to death? Oh, frightful! Most frightful of deaths! It was excruciating torture! My flesh began to blister, and I could not find a moment's rest. I rolled on the floor in agony, and fancied I could hear suppressed laughter near me. Was I affording sport to my tormentors? But I would not, and strove to remain perfectly still, but found it impossible; my torture was too intense. Vainly I tried to relieve myself, and felt that I must go mad. I cared not what became of me if I were only put out of my misery. I prayed for death, as a sweet deliverer from my troubles. I frantically struggled to release my hands, but could not. My agony kept increasing, and I felt that my fate was to be devoured by innumerable fleas. No pain I ever recollected before could bear comparison with this: to be slowly bitten to death by the smallest and most insignificant of insects; to die by inches—piecemeal. My torment could not last much longer, and it became so great that I fell into a sort of stupor. When I awoke I found myself laid on a triangular altar, stripped of my clothing and extremely uncomfortable.

I was dazed by the light, and tried to collect my senses. Where was I? Suddenly I recollected on seeing the old Druid who had first spoken to me, and I rapidly followed up the train of events that had followed since then to the time of my insensibility, after which all was a blank. A shiver of terror ran through my frame; I was brought here to be sacrificed. I still suffered horribly from the itching of my skin, which was swollen and blistered. The four Druids who had first seized me were standing round me, dressed in white, with gilt or golden girdles round their waists, and the oldest one was seated on a sort of throne. He was addressing the others in an unknown language.

My arms were still bound, and on another altar I observed a pile of fruit and bread blazing, while one of them poured wine and water on to it as an offering to God. Round the walls, which were similar to the so-called council-room, were bunches of dried herbs and curious designs. On my right side, uncomfortably near, was a large furnace, red hot, and near it a crate the size of a man's body. Oh! horrible! I was to die the most fearful of deaths—death by slow roasting! while these fiends in human shape drew their paltry prognostications from the frightful contortions of my body. Hotter and hotter I became, and I felt that the altar was being acted upon by some invisible mechanism. Nearer and nearer I was being drawn towards the flaming furnace, while my skin was crackling with the heat, and the Druids intently watched my convulsive movements. Vile, devilish faces; I hated them almost worse than the flames. I was securely fastened to the altar, though allowed sufficient room to move slightly. Long this could not last, and I nerved myself to turn closer to the fire, so as to put an end to my misery. But I could not get near enough for that; only near enough to torture myself more, and an unearthly laugh broke forth from the eldest demon Druid. The suspense was awful! Nearer and nearer drew the altar, and I thought every moment must be my last; the agony must have reached its climax; but no, I still lingered, and the torture always increased. When would it cease and kill me? Oh! to be relieved from my misery! The chief Druid muttered something to his brethren, and then approached me with an ivory hand attached to the end of a wand. With this he struck me three times, which seemed to relieve me somewhat from my sufferings, though I still wished they would end my existence. Then he took up a golden knife and held it above me, while he repeated some incantation. Oh! the suspense, the horrors of that moment! Why did he not kill me at once? The knife dangled tormentingly in the air, and I wished, yea, longed for it to release me from life. It descended, and I closed my eyes, awaiting my fate. But it had not descended on me. Some further ceremonies had to be performed; my torture was to be extended. He stooped and dipped the knife into a basin, and sprinkled me with some drops of liquid, which turned to steam almost immediately; again he did this, and the third time he plunged the knife into my chest, and his eyes sparkled as he watched the sanguine blood flow from the wound. Nerved with the strength of despair, I snapped the already half-burnt cords by which I was bound, pulled the knife out of my bleeding breast, and, seizing the beard of the glaring demon, I plunged it deep into his face, uttering a frightful yell, and I found myself—stabbing the ground with my pocket knife (with which I had been cutting my lunch), and grasping the grass with the other hand. The sun was shining brightly, though big rain-drops fell, announcing a storm. I had fallen asleep near an ant-hill after my lunch, and that accounted for the intolerable itching I had experienced, but for my horrible dream I could not account; I had never deemed it possible for man to be so tortured by his imagination. No *real physical* pain could have been worse, and I shall ever remember, with a shudder, my visit to Arbor Low, in Derbyshire, and those

“Sights of ugly death within mine eyes.”

L O S T.

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BY SAVARICUS.

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**M**Y saddened heart with sorrow swells,  
 The lapse of time all hope repels ;  
 The dear one lost by shipwreck dire  
 My fondest thoughts did e'er inspire.  
 We met, to part as lovers true,  
 And looked on life with cheerful view ;  
 Our plighted troth, sincerely given,  
 By ruthless fate was early riven.

My lot was cast in foreign land,  
 A future good and grand was planned,  
 To labour on, no more to roam,  
 And fill with joy my settler's home.  
 The years went by, my promised bride  
 A yearning felt to live beside  
 The one she loved in far off wild,  
 Where freedom dwelt and fortune smiled.

Oh ! joyful news !—a message sent—  
 By cable wired—more vigour lent  
 To heart and hand to "speed the plough,"  
 And chase dull care from off my brow.  
 The loved one comes ! She's on the sea,  
 And sailing fast to port and me ;  
 Protect her, God, from storm and foe,  
 And gentle gales auspicious blow.

Oh ! day by day I wait and mourn,  
 In silence drear I feel forlorn ;  
 No ship that bears my treasure comes,  
 My loneliness my heart benumbs.  
 At last the tidings sad I hear,  
 Of deep distress and helpless fear ;  
 The ship and crew were tempest tost,  
 O'erturned, engulfed, and all were lost.

In solitude I live and sigh,  
 The hand of fate who can defy ?  
 My heart's great grief is hard to bear ;  
 It burdens life with trying care.  
 I sit and think of that loved shore  
 Our footsteps trod in days of yore ;  
 I dream that floating o'er the sea  
 The form I love alive I see.

I start, the vision leaves my sight,  
 And cold and dull is morning light ;  
 I hate the sound of joy and mirth,  
 And pray for rest, if e'en in earth.  
 My spirit quails before the blow ;  
 Bereft of love I am laid low ;  
 I live to bear my life's fell cross,  
 And, working, grieve for my sad loss.

## SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

## No. III.—POPPLEWELL.

POPPLEWELL is one of those butterflies of society who are always gaudy, if agreeably evanescent. We all of us can recall a Popplewell to-day, who basked for a time in the sunshine of the social circle, in the genialities of domestic intercourse, and who has disappeared from the "world's vortex" and our acquaintance, and who is somewhere, we believe or suppose, but we know not and perhaps care not. He is like a ship we meet at sea, or a traveller we confront in the desert, or a party we parley with up the Rhigi: we speak, we meet, we part with "much oblivion" on both sides. If Popplewell has not succumbed to fate; if the cruel sisters have not snipped in two his petty and discoloured thread of life; if no accident has supervened to rob society and friends of so glittering and gay a companion, Popplewell is probably retired to a quiet village, or is married and has half-a-dozen children (enough to quiet any one), or has to face a termagant and pay the bills of an extravagant angel, or is shrouding himself in one of Her Majesty's colonies, or in the United States, or on French or German or Spanish or Italian or Swedish soil, from miseries and matrimony, from the wife of his bosom, from the friends of his heart. Popplewell, as he looms large before me to-day, with his white shirt and choker and general genteel waiter appearance, is not to me a prepossessing person in appearance or manners, in tone or morals. As a rule, he talks loud and thickly, bullies his wife and his servants, knows little, but "jaws" a good deal. He is neither respectable nor cheery, pleasant nor sociable, considerate nor charitable. He delighteth in "canards" and scandal, in agreeable "tit bits" of hopeless "gobemoucherie." Though a waiter on Providence, an habitual diner out, one who picks his friend's menu to pieces as well as he does his character, he is not in any sense a kind host. True it is he giveth dinners, but they are generally dreadfully trying. The wines are bad, the entrées are cold, the cooking is detestable, and the conversation is vapid. He has the audacity to offer to his friends "dinner sherry." Everybody is ill at ease, and bored, and boring even my charming neighbours, Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Hale, or that portly and pleasant bon vivant, Crawleigh Watson. Thus, as you see, kind reader, intelligent patron mine, Popplewell is to my mind, as I hope he is to yours, a Drone and not a Bee in the great hive of society. He takes your money and wine, but he gives us little of his own; and I often ask myself why were Popplewells created? and what possible use can he be of in the general framework or special outcome of society? This I think is one of those mysteries we shall never know here. If I could think that Popplewell had one kindly aspiration or one goodly aim beyond the mere indulgence of sybaritic selfishness or a deuced bad temper, I would freely forgive his petulance and his foppery, his childish ignorance and his hopeless "niaiserie." But alas, such is not the case, and so I can only add my final conviction that Popplewell is a "fraud," and that he really neither adds to the pleasure or delectation of society, and is, on the contrary, a nuisance, a drawback, and a bore. But alas, my friends, there are many Popplewells!

## AUTHENTIC CRAFT HISTORY IN BRITAIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE were struck much with this heading in our contemporary the *Freemason of Sydney*, as we have been long looking for and desiderating an authentic history of Craft Masonry in Britain. We therefore eagerly perused the article itself, but to our great disappointment found it was only a rearrangement of portions of Bro. Fort's interesting work, and which is, as we have often said, really and truly a masterly contribution to the great history of Freemasonry. We think the "compiler" ought to have said as much, as, though he cleverly paraphrases and condenses in turn Bro. Fort's language and arguments, yet the substance is undoubtedly Bro. Fort's, and Bro. Fort's alone. As however the compiler has woven a history of Freemasonry cleverly enough together, we propose to reprint it to-day, pointing out, as we go on, unavoidable errors and some regrettable mistakes. The two chapters read, however, very well, and it is because we think that some may be misled by a certain unhistorical treatment of facts and episodes in our history, that we have deemed it only fair and well in the interests alone of Masonic justice and truth to point out the source whence these chapters are derived, the mistakes which they unavoidably perpetuate, and the uncritical treatment of facts which they often endorse.

## "CHAPTER I.

"The earliest reliable account concerning Masons in Britain is to be found on the walls of the Melrose Abbey Church, establishing the fact as early as 1136 Britain depended on Master Masons imported from-abroad. John Moreau (born in Paris) was the master-builder employed in erecting these sacred edifices."

The compiler is wrong here. We have authentic relations of Craft Masons long before this time working at Jarrow, York, Ripon, Beverley, Chichester, and elsewhere, and working "more Romano," and the "opus Romanum." The christian guilds came in with Augustine and carried on the work of the earlier Roman guilds during the Roman occupation, which the Collegium Fabrorum no doubt had established in Britain.

"Half a century later, William of Sens, a French Master, came to England to rebuild the decaying Cathedral of Canterbury and other Abbeys, and for many years after the Master Masons were foreigners, and incorporated by royal authority."

William of Sens had a bad accident during the work, as Professor Willis records, and was succeeded by "William the Englishman." Thus the argument of mere foreign work falls to the ground.

"It is generally believed that at the city of York, in year 926, an assembly of the Craft was held, and that they received a charter as a corporation, with Edwin as Grand Master. The foundation of this tradition concerning this York convocation rests upon the assertion of Anderson—simply on a bare narrative, as he gives no authority, nor made he any search. Anderson also states that a history of this event was written in the time of Edward IV., 1475, and alleges that a copy of the Gothic articles had been made during the reign of Richard II., between 1367 and 1399—nearly 500 years subsequent to the time assigned for this legendary assembly. The very general decline of literature and classical knowledge which ensued after the terrible devastations to which the whole of England was exposed, is the subject of a letter to Alfred the Great to a friend, lamenting the almost total extinction of learning in his kingdom; and that, although at the close of the eighth century, a knowledge of Greek was so universal that women wrote and spoke it fluently; yet in his day,



about fifty years before the alleged assembling of Masons at York, "there were comparatively few persons who were able to understand the Church Service in the English tongue, or translate a Latin epistle into their own language." It was highly improbable that any of those who are said to have framed those ancient charges and regulations for the government of the Craft in the tenth century were at this epoch able to comprehend Greek, when England was sunk into a lamentable state of barbarism and intellectual darkness. So far as relates to the French language, in which a portion of these famous records are claimed to have been drawn up, it will suffice to say that in the year 926 no French idiom existed as a written language. Unity of traditions between the mediæval English and French Craftsmen points to France as the earliest and nearest source whence Masonic knowledge was procured. *The time fixed for the date of the York assembly, in the year 926, is purely and entirely conjectural.* No portion of the manuscript contains the slightest allusion to that or any other period, but merely states that Masonry was introduced in the time of Athelstan, who, according to more recently written legends, held a grand convocation at York, and that he made proclamation at that time for all records pertaining to the Craft to be produced before him. Upon what authority this assemblage of Masons has been referred to a definite year is unknown, but it is to be presumed, from the fact that Edwin, an English prince, lived about the year 926. As to the style, orthography, or lettering of the manuscript, nothing attests the assumption that it was written in the year 1390."

The tradition of the great assembly at York may fairly be considered one of the oldest traditions of the English Craft, and may as fairly be traced back to the Masonic poem, whose age we will consider later. In all probability Anderson saw a copy of the MS. called Matthew Cooke's, but considered the articles written in the time of Richard II. Masonic historians were then somewhat uncritical, but did not wish intentionally to deceive. Anderson probably also knew about the Masonic poem. In that poem are words which profess to represent a portion of a speech of Athelstan of the ancient "Cyte" York. The tradition, is probably true, and we have in this really and truly the meeting of a grand operative assembly. But the writer forgets that we have also a Masonic tradition mentioning an assembly under Alban or Albanus six hundred years before the time of Athelstan. The date 926, so much objected to by the writer, is clearly governed in some way by the reign of Athelstan. Nine hundred and twenty-six is a later date, however, and as to the statement that in 926 no French idiom existed in a written language, this is altogether erroneous. Norman French was then in full vogue.

"The same reasoning which ascribes it to the close of the 14th century will admit of assigning an origin to a much later, perhaps to the middle of the 15th century. However this may be, the manuscript which is lettered and numbered in the library of the British Museum as Royal 17, A1, has been copied from an older and more ancient parchment, or transcribed from fragmentary traditions. Certain portions of the manuscript bear internal evidence of having an evident reference to a remote antiquity."

The date of the Masonic poem is a moot point. Much internal evidence points to an earlier rather than a later date, and so it was adjudged by Casley, no mean authority, and others could be mentioned. Mr. Bond thinks its transcription is about 1425, not later, and that date he also assigns Cooke's MS. We confess we see no reason to depart from Casley's view of 1390.

"The manuscripts assert that at the mythical Masonic convocation at York there were records written in Greek (the Lansdowne MSS., No. 98, say there were some in Hebrew), showing to what extent these early English Masons acknowledged themselves indebted to the Grecian or Byzantine artificers. The old chronicles of the Craft further relate that Masonry was introduced into France by Naymus, the Grecian, who instructed Charles Martel in the Science. The first known Master Masons on British soil were foreigners, and Frenchmen—John Moreau and William, a native of Sens—the former of whom, early in the 12th century, was Master of Scottish Masons; the latter, in 1176, rebuilt the Cathedral of Canterbury. It is well known that William the Conqueror deluged the whole of England with foreign artificers, whom he brought with him, and the almost utter extinction of the Anglo-Saxon social element, either by proscription or gradually merging into the Norman, rendered it necessary that public edifices should be erected by competent workmen imported from abroad. France, at this time, possessed such artisans, because, according to the admission of the quaint chronicles alluded to, *long prior to this epoch*, Naymus, a Grecian, had carried the science of Masonry into France, and taught it to Charles Martel, conceding upon the force of tradition, that

Masonic art, or the rules of architecture, were also produced upon French soil by a Grecian or Byzantine operative. It is none the less singular or significant, that the Parisian stone-cutters, in the year 1254, asserted their independence of certain civil duties, by reason of an exemption or prescriptive right, which they traced, through all the intermediate changes of time, directly to the same Charles Martel. Forty-nine years after the death of William, the Norman King, Moreau laid the foundation walls of that gorgeous fabric, Melrose Abbey, and, in a lasting record, alleged himself to be the Master of all Masonic work along the river Tweed, on the south border of Scotland, and in Glasgow. Whatever traditions and usages the French stone-masons possessed at this epoch, without doubt, passed over with them into England, and through them obtained currency in that kingdom. The translation of the legend of Charles Martel, and a knowledge of Naymus Graceus, together with such usages and customs of the fraternity as were practised by the Freemasons of France in Great Britain, may be placed at this era. This view of the subject under consideration has an undoubted weight of reason and evidence, both legendary and historical, over the visionary assumption that all, or nearly all, Masonic rites and ceremonies, besides the mediæval art knowledge of the Craft, are the lineal descendants of the ancient Roman building colleges, especially when it is stated that the relentless power of the early Emperors of Rome crushed out the vital forces of these associations, and actually forbade them co-operate existence. Mention is also made of other French Master Masons who followed in the tide of travel towards England. The erection of the most important Cathedrals on British soil was conducted by French architects."

We agree with the writer as to the effect of the Roman building colleges, but, as we said before, they were christian sodalities which came with Augustine, which Wilfred, and Benedict Biscop, and Alfred, and others brought over from Rome. Undoubtedly the old laws of the French Mason guilds, as published by Depping, confirm our tradition of Charles Martel. But there is not much evidence available of foreign builders until the Norman conquest, when the "Novum ædificandi genus," according to William of Malmesbury, came in with Gundulph and others. Probably then Gallic and Teutonic guilds came into England, though some of the earlier chronicles seem to attest the fact that the monks were mainly their own builders, masons, and architects at that special epoch. It is not correct to assume that the legend of the Quatuor Coronati was of Teutonic use mainly. It was really of cosmopolitan use, as "Hagiologies" are mentioned containing it in the seventh century, and it is in the Sarum Missal of the tenth century, long before any use of it can be traced in Germany. All that you can say truly is, that the German operative guilds emphasized the legend. Neither is it correct to talk of a sort of invasion of England by Teutonic workmen. Those who came after the conquest came principally from Normandy, and in the Fabric rolls we have undoubtedly German names, but they are the exception to the rule. Most of the great master Masons were Englishmen. English Masons also went into Germany, and so far we have never been able to trace any remains of German teaching or German customs. The German rules are subsequent to the early ones in the Masonic poem and Matthew Cooke's MS., and there is a wide difference between those of our prose constitutions and those of the German constitutions. On the whole it is a pretty idea, but it is not a realistic one, and gives way to a careful criticism.

"That the German Masonic fraternity exercised a decided influence upon architecture in Great Britain at an early age is undeniable. The earliest records now extant, relating to the stonecutters of Germany, allude to four Christian engravers, who had received the crown of martyrdom under Diocletian for refusing to perform certain work to be used in the decoration of a heathen temple. When the German Masons arrived in England, they brought with them a thorough and practical knowledge of the secret details of that art which constitutes the chief attractions of Gothic architecture. They also naturally carried over the usages, customs, and traditions which were current among the fraternity in their native country, and doubtless many things still practised in the tiled recesses of Masonic Lodges, at all traceable to German or Teutonic sources, are evidently the contribution of both the Gallic and German Masons, who, thus early in the history of Freemasonry had imparted their several legends to their British brethren."

It will be seen that on the whole we go with the writer and think that, despite some excusable mistakes, he has given us a good glimpse of early

Craft history. It is lucid, and intelligent, and correct in itself, though marred Masonically by its want of generous acknowledgement of "Fort's" invaluable labours, and also by a too ready acceptance of Bro. Findel's patriotic, but mistaken, theory that English Masonry came from Germany. We have evidence of Craft Masons existing in England long before the German Steinmetzen, and a good deal of evidence on this point is still hid away, and will yet be forthcoming. The Masonic poem represents a condition of the guilds, probably in Saxon times, as the poem is evidently old, and may be a translation of Norman French. There is a curious old poem called "Pars Oculi" still missing. Probably a portion of the poem will be found in that, if it ever turns up, and that would certainly represent the 11th or 10th centuries. Whether the actual date of the only known copy existing of the Masonic poem so far is 1390 or 1420 matters really very little. The poem represents, as is supposed, a much earlier date. We shall continue our remarks on the second chapter in next magazine.

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EXTRACTS, WITH NOTES, FROM THE MINUTES OF THE LODGE  
OF FRIENDSHIP, NO. 277, OLDHAM.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH HARRISON, M.A., 18°, S.W. No. 277; PROV. G.C. (MARK)  
LANCS., PRELATE OF THE PALATINE CHAPTER ROSE CROIX.

(Concluded from page 314.)

THE second Minute Book dates from August 1st, 1810.

Jan'y. 2nd, 1811. "Resolved that 10s. 6d. shall be sent yearly to the fund of charity."

Jan'y. 9th. Three brethren made Mark Masons.

July 3rd. Resolved that the "abstent brethren" be struck off the books, and that "a circular letter be sent to other lodges informing them of the fact."

Feby. 10th, 1813. "Resolved that Br. P. F. is struck off the books of this Lodge in consequence of an oath being taken against him, at the new Bailey Court-house, by Br. A. C."

If a Br. is 12 months in arrear of his subscription, he is not to be considered a member, and "his liquor to be stopped until he appears at the lodge again."

June 24th. Br. J. B. "struck off the books for defrauding the Brethren wilfully, and knowing at the same time that he was defrauding them."

The W.M. empowered to inform "Frances Astley, the Provincial, that Br. J. B. and Br. P. F. are struck off our books, and are not thought worthy of either being members in our Body or any of the fraternity."

April 25th, 1814. "This being a Lodge of Emergency on the Glorious event that as taken place in the Deliverance of Europe from the Tyranny of Bonaparte, the lodge was opened in peace and good Harmony at 11 o'clock."

June 1st. Resolved that "Mr. J. B., (see minute for Novr. 22nd, 1809,) having requested a Certificate from this Lodge, it was unanimously agreed to return him this answer. That he, having been expelled this Lodge, we are of opinion that we cannot undo what has been done."

July 27th. Every officer absent, except for reasonable cause, to be fined 1s. and every other member 3d. 5s. per member to be paid at each festival of St. John for the expenses of the day. Visitors the same.

Sep. 28th. Br. P. I. to be admitted to the Lodge during sickness "without being charged."

Feby. 26th, 1817. "Betwixt this 60th page and the next page 61 five leaves were tore out of the Book by David Ogden or his order, who had intruded himself into the Lodge without being elected or being a member. The entries following are written at one time to serve private purposes, & James Potter, the Secretary, said he was ordered to report several members present when they never appeared."

April 30th. The Lodge was held at the Angel Inn, when Daniel Lynch, Esq., the Depy. P.G.M., and his officers attended. A motion was carried that the Lodge be removed to the Spread Eagle, and the Depy. P.G.M. granted a dispensation for the removal.

The minutes of this meeting are entered in two places, on pages 61 & 82. The first record in the writing of Br. James Potter, and the second in that of Br. James Cocks.

May 28th. On this night the Lodge was held at the "Spread Eagle," at 9 o'clock, and another lodge was held at the "Angel," at 8 o'clock. The W.M. of the former was Br. Thomas Potter, and of the latter Br. Thomas Cawley, with whom were three other members, whilst Br. Potter opened the lodge with six Brethren present, besides the "Outer Guard." The Lodge at the "Angel" continued to meet monthly until April 22nd, 1818. There were never more than 6 or 7 members present. The degrees of E.A., F.C., and M.M. were conferred on a Candidate, Thomas Walton, on the same evening. Reference will be made subsequently to this Brother. No other working appears to have taken place in this "illegal lodge," and the minutes are of no interest.

Items from Cash Book:—

1817. Dec. 17th.—By Liquor and dinners for Masters in settling the difference. . . . . £5 16 0

1817. By a Lodge of Emergency called to see if the Difference would be Accomidated betwixt the Brothers that have absented from the Angel to the Spread Eagle . . . . . 7 4

Feby. 18th, 1818. The Lodge was held at the "Spread Eagle." "An application was made to the P.G. Master, F. D. Astley, Esq., by James Cocks, to remove the Lodge from the "Spread Eagle" to the "Angel" Inn, according to a resolution passed unanimously on the 12th of December last at a Lodge of Emergency, convened by regular summons, and in a few days a dispensation arrived, dated about the fourth of March, 1818, of which the following is a copy:—

"Know all whom these presents do concern, that I do hereby permit, order, and direct that the Lodge of Friendship, No. 519, shall be removed from the "Spread Eagle" to the "Angel" Inn, in Oldham.

(Signed) F. D. Astley,  
P.G. Master.

March 18th. It is stated that the "cause of removing the Lodge from the "Angel" was "obviated by the removal of the Landlord."

April 22nd. The Provincial G.M., with his Deputy, Wardens, and Secretary were present, but no mention is made of the proceedings.

May 20th. The Prov. G.M. and his officers were again present. It is stated that "David Ogden" (who "had intruded himself into the Lodge," and was the illegal W.M.) "was paid off all demands whatever on the Lodge and his receipt on a stamp taken for the same."

After this date nothing seems to have destroyed either the peace or good harmony of the Brethren.

June 17th, 1818. Festival of St. John. "Br. James Butterworth having,

twice over, entered himself, and been admitted as a member of this Lodge, affirming that he had formally withdrawn himself from the Lodge of Unity, No. 49, in Oldham, and produced not his certificate, alledging that No. 49 not having regular meetings, he could not obtain one within the Time; and afterwards, without any notice, saying he still belonged to the Lodge of Unity, leaving this Lodge without ceremony. To prevent a recurrence of this, it is resolved unanimously that the said James Butterworth shall never again be admitted as a member of this Lodge." This and the minute of August 12th, 1807, are the only references to the Lodge of Unity, No. 49, at Werneth, Oldham.

The candidate on whom the three degrees were conferred in the illegal lodge on Novr. 19th, 1817, having left Oldham for Halifax, it was resolved to write to one of the Lodges at that place, stating the facts, and requesting them to "enter, pass, and raise" him "without further charge," as he had paid the "whole fees," or to inform him that it would be done in the Lodge of Friendship."

Oct. 21st, 1818. The regular Lodge was postponed to this date "on account of Oldham fair."

A letter was read from the Union Lodge, 377, at Manchester, "declaring H. K., a painter, expelled from all Masonic privileges for twenty-one years!"

Sep. 29th, 1819. The Lodge was adjourned, as the "room was engaged by the Coroner." The inquest, as appears from local records, was on the body of a man who died of wounds received at Peterloo, Sepr. 7th, 1819, and was declared "null and void."

Sep. 20th, 1820. It is recorded for the first time that four Brethren received Certificates from Grand Lodge. Previous to this date the Lodge had issued its own certificate to those who had been made in it. Frequent items appear in the Cash book for sealing wax and ribbon; and there is also an account for the purchase of the seal, an impression from which is sent herewith to the editor, and another account for re-cutting it.

March 13th, 1821. Resolved "that Lodges of Instruction be held in five ensuing months at the following brethren's houses," &c.

April 12th. A Candidate was proposed and accepted. The following note, written by a later hand, is added, "who was unanimously accepted in open lodge, and, to his great disgrace, unanimously expelled, 18th June, 1823."

July 10th. "Resolved that this Lodge be, and the same is hereby adjourned to Thursday, the 19th inst., for the purposes following, that is to say, To celebrate the Coronation of our Illustrious Patron, His gracious Majesty, King George the 4th, and also the Festival of Saint John." No record occurs of the adjourned meeting.

March 6th, 1822. A "Lewis" was initiated.

June 18th, 1823. "On this evening W. L. was, by unanimous consent of the Lodge, suspended from it" for conduct unbecoming a Mason.

Under, is the following—"The above is a lye."

June 29th, 1825. A Brother in Philadelphia presented a picture, "representing the distinction of a Masonic Hall in America."

Dec. 21st. The room being engaged for a public meeting, the Lodge was held at the "Coach and Horses."

March, 1826. Only two brethren attended, "who, after drinking one Bowl of Punch, retired to their respective homes."

June 14th. Lodge opened at "Ring of Bells." No Lodge had been opened at the "Angel" since Feby. 22nd.

Jany. 10th, 1827. Br. Thomas Walton, who had been initiated, &c., in the illegal Lodge mentioned above, is admitted a member "from the — Lodge at Halifax."

April 11th. "The Lodge opened at the late hour of half-past ten through

some Disturbance of Bro. W. K., and he, at the same time, declared himself off the Lodge after paying up his full contribution." It was closed at 11.30.

May 28th, 1828. A Benevolent Society in connection with the Lodge is commenced.

Sep. 17th. Two Brethren appointed to attend the P.G. Lodge at Blackburn, "to have all reasonable expenses paid, and regalia to belong to the Lodge."

Jan. 14th, 1829. The Lodge was removed from the "Ring o' Bells" to the "Coach and Horses." No mention of a Dispensation.

April 20th. The Brethren, 36 in number, including 22 visitors, joined the procession at the Stone laying of the Blue Coat School.

June 24th. "This night the Sick Fund was carried into effect."

July 15th, 1830. "Lodge of Emergency, called by order of the P.G.M.L.E.D., to go in procession to divine worship, being the day of Interment of our Beloved King and Brother, of blessed memory, who died on the 26th of June."

Jan. 29th, 1831. "Bro. John Wild, our faithfull Tyler, Happened a misfortune by being run over by a Gig, as he was returning from Manchester, which terminated in his death, to the great loss of the members of this Lodge, and to Masonry generally."

Jan. 11th, 1832. The brother who had been "elected to the situation of W.M. for the ensuing year, at the previous lodge, was not installed, nor does his name again appear in the minutes.

May 9th. The Lodge was not opened. Four brethren were present, and they resolved "not to meet again until summoned by the Master of the Lodge." The next Lodge was held on August 8th.

Jan. 21st, 1834. Bro. William Skellorn installed W.M. He held office, evidently, "until a successor had been appointed in his stead," as nothing is said about his being re-elected, and the next installation took place on Decr. 27th, 1839.

June 26th, 1839. Festival of St. John. The brethren joined the procession for celebrating the proclamation of H.M. Queen Victoria.

No further records are given until Decr. 6th.

Feb. 7th, 1838. The minutes of this meeting were confirmed and signed, the first instance of the kind.

May 20th, 1838. A Lodge of Emergency "for the purpose of Making several members of this Lodge Mark Master Masons."

June 28th. A Lodge of Emergency at 8 a.m. to initiate two candidates, "but more especially for the purpose of joining a public procession in Honour of the Coronation of our most Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria."

Augt. 1st. Bro. J. R. H. was "raised to the Sublime degree of a Master Mason at the Delph Lodge," and on the "15th past the chair at the Denton Lodge (Duke of Athol), and during the same day, also took the mark."

Bro. J. R. H. was initiated May 9th, and passed on June 6th. It does not appear why the M.M. degree was conferred on him in another lodge.

Oct. 3rd. A candidate rejected by six black balls.

The 2nd Minute book closes with the minutes of Decr. 26th, 1838, and those of the 3rd book commence with Jan. 9th, 1839.

Mar. 27th. It is stated that a list of the members had been regularly prepared and deposited to before a magistrate, to be deposited with the clerks of the peace, but when tendered to them "in open court at the last Salford sessions, to be filed," they "refused to recognise the same in consequence of the Act of Parliament not having been regularly and yearly complied with."

Aug. 21st. A silver cup was presented to Br. Charles Harrop, of the Lodge of Candour, Delph, for his services to this Lodge.

£10 lent by the Lodge to establish a Royal Arch Chapter, which was opened Jan. 29th, 1840.

April 15th, 1840. A Br. resigns, having joined the new Lodge at Waterhead Mill, now the Tudor Lodge, 467, Red Lion Inn, Oldham.

June 10th. The Midsummer Festival of St. John was abolished.

December 22nd, 1841. A Dispensation was obtained to remove the Lodge, furniture, Books, and Jewels, etc., to the "Angel" Inn.

Sep. 14, 1843. A Sick and Burial Society was again established in connection with the Lodge.

April 17th, 1843. The first stone of St. Mary's Church Schools, Oldham, was laid with Masonic honours by the Right Hon. The Earl Howe, S.G.W.

Nov. 13th, 1850. Masonry had revived during the decade. At this meeting *ten* candidates were proposed, and were all initiated in due course; 11 candidates were accepted at the two subsequent meetings.

June 11th, 1851. The fees were raised to £5 5s. for initiation, and £1 1s. for joining member. Annual subscription, £1 1s.

Sept. 10th. £50 lent to Royal Arch Chapter at 5 p.c. interest. The Lodge room is said to be too small, and it is determined to seek better accommodation.

Novr. 5th. 10s. given to Count L., a distressed brother.

Decr. 31st, 1851. The 3rd Minute Book ends at this date.

The fourth minute-book commences Jan'y. 7th, 1852, when the Festival of St. John was held.

March 3rd, 1852. £40 was given by the brethren to the sufferers by the bursting of a reservoir at Holmfirth, and £5 to sufferers by a Steam Boiler Explosion at West Hill.

Feby. 23rd, 1853. A Gold watch, guard, and ring were presented to Br. Isaac Gaitskill for his eminent services to the Lodge.

Decr. 28th, 1853. A Large room had been prepared for Masonic purposes at the "Angel" Inn, and was used the first time at this date.

June 25th, 1855. The Foundation Stone of the Oldham Lyceum was laid with Masonic honours.

Feby. 4th, 1857. A new code of Bye-Laws was proposed.

Sept. 2nd. The Ballot was taken for a Candidate when the Lodge was in the *third* degree. On the 17th Novr. in year following it was decided to take the ballot for Candidates for the future only in that Degree.

Feby. 1st, 1860. The Subscription was raised from £1 1s. to £1 10s.

April 2nd, 1862. The present Masonic Hall was projected.

July 29th, 1863. The Lodge number was altered from 344 to 277.

Jan'y. 16th, 1867. Initiation fee raised from £5 5s. to £6 6s., and in May the subscription was made £1 15s. per ann.

The 4th Minute Book ends on Decr. 11th, 1867, and the 5th commences on January 8th, 1868.

April 1st, 1868. The Revised Bye-Laws were adopted.

May 7th. The Provincial Grand Lodge of East Lancashire was held in Oldham; Stephen Blair, Esq., Prov. G.M. Bro. Croxton was appointed Pro. S.G.D., and Bro. Tweedale Prov. G. Registrar. At the Banquet held in the Town Hall upwards of £1000 was subscribed for the Masonic charities.

On the 23rd of April, 1871, the Lodge was removed to the Masonic Hall, which was dedicated by the R.W. Prov. G.M., Le Gendre N. Starkie, Esq., and his officers; and we express a fervent wish that it may be used in disseminating the principles of Freemasonry to generations yet unborn, until mankind is united with the most perfect of all unities, the brotherhood in the Grand Lodge above, presided over by T.G.A.O.T.U.

## A PSALM OF LIFE AT SIXTY.

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WHAT THE HEART OF THE OLD MAN SAID TO  
THE GENIAL GUSHER AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

---

**T**ELL me not in Christmas Numbers  
Life is but a *gourmet's* dream!  
Sure your sense is dead or slumbers:  
Peptics are not what they seem.

Life is serious! Life is solemn!  
And good grub is not its goal:  
*Menu*-making by the column  
Helps not the dyspeptic soul.

Not delight from cates to borrow  
Is the aim of prudent will,  
But to eat so that to-morrow  
Finds us not exceeding ill.

Feeds are long and health is fleeting;  
And old stomachs, once so strong,  
Find that indiscriminate eating  
Very quickly puts them wrong.

In the banquet's dainty battle,  
At the table's toothsome strife,  
Feed not like dumb, hungry cattle,  
Wield a cautious fork and knife!

Trust no *menu*, howe'er pleasant;  
Nightmare-Nemesis is dread;  
Swig and swallow like a peasant,  
You'll repent it when in bed!

Memories of big feeds remind us  
Christmas pudding peace can slay;  
Touch it, and next morn shall find us  
Indigestion's helpless prey.

Pudding that perhaps another,  
Light of heart and bright of brain,  
Some strong-stomached younger brother,  
Eating, sends his plate again.

Let us then beware high feeding,  
Or the love of luscious cate,  
Still abstaining, ne'er exceeding,  
Learn to dodge dyspeptic fate!—*Punch*.



## PARADOXES.

WE are sometimes struck with the amount of "paradoxes," harmless and hurtful, amusing and foolish, which it is our lot to peruse, and which appear in various forms and under different circumstances in many of our contemporaries of the serial and journalistic press day by day, week by week, month by month. Indeed, just now we appear to live in a perpetual atmosphere of paradoxes, so to say, which would be alarming, and even dangerous, to thought, progress, right reason, and true morality, if we did not also feel perfectly convinced that very few read them, much less understand them, and hardly any are influenced by them. The common theory of the influence of the press, as an institution, on the public mind is, we apprehend, exaggerated altogether in a remarkable manner, and just as sermons fly over the heads of the congregation to whom they are addressed, and are lost in the "circumambient air," so leaders and essays, if read, are hardly understood, and if understood are looked on as a piece of free writing and nothing more. People are to write, and have to write, of course, whether for public amusement or private profit; but what they say is after all only individual opinion at the best, probably not that of the wisest of men or the safest of connections, and so it has and need have no practical effect either in the thoughts, words, or lives of strong-minded, thinking persons, though it may affect, and often does affect greatly the unthinking and the unreasoning. It is in this peculiarity of public opinion, such as it is, wherein lies our safety at the present hour. An article which the *Times* propounds as its No. 1 on Christmas Day, contains some of the most striking and even exhilarating paradoxes we have seen for some time, and as if the article be accepted as the exposition of a real and actual state of feeling as regards Christmas generally, it might do some little harm, if, as we did before it was understood, we have thought it well to reproduce it in a great extent in our pages this month, for the purpose of pointing out such paradoxes which we may, and animadverting on views which are alike cynical and unsound. In the first place the article begins with a morbid assertion about the "trouble" attendant upon Christmas, and the special difficulty we fear we have in preparing for it. We entirely dissent from both propositions. But let us listen, as in fairness we are bound to do, to our modern Diogenes preaching from his Tub in Printing House Square:—

"There is nothing without trouble, so said the old sages, and Christmas is no exception. Coming round by nature in one sense, it has to be made in another, and a great deal of making does it often require. It is the supreme effort and last agony of the year. We have all to do our very best to be happy, and to make others happy, however adverse circumstances may be; and, what is even more difficult, to bring ourselves round to the same standing point as last year and all former years. Thanks to Gregory XIII. and our own tardier astronomical reformers, we may be sure that at noon on the 25th of December we stand under the same stars as on the same day last year, or a century since, or nineteen centuries since, and that the sun rises and sets at the same points of mean time; but everything else has changed, and continues to change. The great annual gathering of kinsfolk and friends is but the periodical muster-roll of an ever-raging battle, telling continually on life, fortune, all the vital powers, and all the ingredients and means of happiness. Every year return the questions who shall be asked, or where shall I dine, what new face here to-day, what old face here no more. There is not a topic that has not a new aspect. The very talk of the boys from school or college—their books, their amusements, their slang—have all undergone a change."

We do not affect to deny the "platitudes" concerning change as year follows year. Of course things change, and the writer has evidently forgotten

the old Latin adage "Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis." What is the use of harping over the "inevitable and unavoidable past," or "crying over spilt milk?" If Christmas does entail trouble with preparations and the like, they are happy preparations, and do a great deal of good for some, and give a great deal of pleasure to many. The writer now dilates upon the special reasons which makes Christmas, 1879, a very troublesome and difficult season I fear. We think his descriptions are sensational and exaggerated, his views coloured by morbidity and politics, utterly out of place in such an essay on Christmas, which ought to aim at being both realistic and cosmopolitan in the highest degree. But let this gloomy hierophant of the mysteries of 1879, this gloomier Vates of what will be in 1880, speak in weird tones for himself:

"This year the depressing associations are more numerous than usual. During the last twelvemonth we have not been standing still, but have been going backwards rather than forwards, deeper in social difficulties, mercantile failures, agricultural depression, arrears, war, and debt. We have suffered great disasters; we fancy that greater may be imminent. None can venture to predict how this year will end and another begin. An almost unprecedented season has tried our whole industrial system, and fortunate indeed is the household that is not suffering its share in the widespread calamity; though, on the other hand, we now know how much the nation can bear without excessive strain on its resources or paralysis of its energies. So changed are matters even within a generation that though employers may suffer, the working classes hardly feel what thirty-five years ago would have produced a famine. True, we are also made to feel that England is now riding on those "high places" which seem to tempt fate and provoke the envy of all on a lower level. To the traditional rule of the sea is now added a virtual command of all the fruits of the earth and all the labour of man. But we depend on them and cannot say we are secure of them; we have entered on a larger sphere with grander hopes, and corresponding uncertainties. Trembling and recoiling, we have stepped on to the throne of empire, and it cannot be said that nothing has occurred to justify the misgiving. Every advance in the direction of universal empire, or, as some would more modestly put it, the predominance of the Anglo-Saxon language, makes Christmas less and less what it was before. To the rich and populous colonies under our feet, it is celebrated in the midsummer heat of an almost tropical sun. What is more, the message of peace and goodwill they return has to receive a new political interpretation."

Can anything be less suitable to Christmas thoughts, and aspirations, and sympathies, and associations than this exaggerated dealing with the troubles of 1879? The year, like other years in the long ages of time, has been a very sad and trying year, no doubt, but is that any reason why we should allow a gloomy pall of fear, and doubt, and anger, and dissatisfaction combined to be cast over our refined and beautiful Christmas Saturnalia? We trow not, and therefore we reprobate, especially on the "cui bono" principle, such a morbid retrospect, and such gloomy anticipations. Christmas is meant to lighten up, as it surely does, despite the stoical unconcern of the writer, the labours and cares, the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears of each departing year.

"So Christmas, old as we fashion it, is ever new. It tells us of the new start that families, nations, and even individuals are always making. Nothing is certain about the coming year, except that it will not be like the last. Whatever we may have learnt in the past year, we shall have to improve on the lesson and make it applicable to new circumstances. Events are like the impostors presenting themselves again and again in fresh disguises to the same dupes, who are always sure to be taken in, and never carry the warning further than to beware of the same exterior. History may almost be reduced to the certainty of a mathematical science in the uniformity with which follies, madneses, and crimes return essentially the same, and find the same ready perpetrators, silly victims, and complaisant spectators. What the world has done it will do again, and so on to the end. This is the true moral of the increasing distaste with which the majority of the social world regard the season. There is no note in nature or in human life so mournful, so heartrending as the lamentation sure to be heard in many quarters at the approach of Christmas. What the poor afflicted creatures ever expected from it, and why they should reckon on being always young, always happily mated and surrounded, always well to do, always able to enjoy mirth and good fare, and never have reason to be out of humour with their old friends, they do not

tell us, and none can enter into the bitterness of their souls. But it is plain they find Christmas always a disappointment, an illusion, and a positive fraud. For the matter of that, any birthday, any anniversary, any day of rejoicing whatever, may be turned into sorrow, or at least have its drawbacks. Every memento of the past, indeed every reminder of the future too, has its dark side. It is quite plain that, unless we would render this nothing else than a vale of tears and a valley of the shadow of death, we must learn to make the best of things, even of this much lamented, much carped at, institution of Christmas. Nature, so far as she can be interpreted by her works, evidently intends that the gay should prevail over the sad, the brightness over the gloom."

Despite all his evident unwillingness to acknowledge the Christmas season either in its religious aspect, or its social beneficence, or its humanitarian utility, the writer has to admit that Christmas is, exists, is observed. But then he starts this "paradox," that it is observed with repugnance. Christmas, which is kept wherever the Anglo-Saxon race is to be found! Christmas, which is kept in all christian nations! Christmas, which the gloomy Puritan and the Presbyterian journalist have objected to, and which is yet observed more and more year by year. In Scotland, for instance, Christmas, once looked upon with repugnance, is becoming carefully observed. Why, oh propounder of paradoxes, we may well ask? The answer is, indeed, difficult to find or give. And then, as if fearing that such a paradox was too startling, he goes on to say:—

"It certainly is not according to the order of nature that people should break into remonstrant cries or mope with hidden melancholy at Christmas time, as dogs are wont to howl at the sound of church bells. But there is a basis of truth in this otherwise unmanly repugnance to join a common festivity. No doubt Christmas has always a sad tale to tell and sad warnings to give us. This cannot be helped, and we have to face it. We cannot abolish things by turning our heads the other way. If the family circle itself, or its enforced substitute, is duller and more broken every year, and if its interests are neither newer nor livelier from lapse of time and stress of circumstances, this may tax our spirits or our invention, but it is not a matter to be ignored altogether. Whatever our duty was in the matter it still remains."

If this most mysterious sentence means anything, it means this, that as Christmas is here and will be observed, let us, as contemptuous philosophers, bear with the "frailty" of our "poor humanity," and let us heroically resolve to accept its good things, and mix in its social gatherings. It is a great condescension on the part of such great philosophers as we are no doubt to-day, but there it is. The "rôle" of pure philosophy, of higher methaphysics, of expanded intelligence, of superior intellect, of "bottled moonshine," is to demean itself to the requirements of frail mortals in this sublunary scene. As we entirely disagree with the writer, we think it right to say so, and to point out that to very many of our toiling and scattered brethren Christmas is the one rallying point of common laborious life, the centre of domestic reunion and family rejoicing; and though it has its sadder side and its subduing memories in that it tells us yearly how our roll-call lessens, how many are missing, how many we shall no more see amongst us, it has a most wholesome and elevating, if chastening effect upon us all, be we who we may, in the memories it recalls and the aspirations it unfolds, the associations it blesses and the traditions it reveres. We are glad, however, to be able to agree with the writer's peroration, in which he very eloquently and fitly points out the humanitarian and benevolent uses to which Christmas may be put by us. We only regret that a love of paradox, very depressing and almost perverse, shall have so tainted and marred the able words of so skilled and so polished a writer. We deny once more that Christmas is "disappointing" to the "true in heart." It may not always here bring happiness or pleasure, peace or joy to us poor mortals, but all these things often here depend on circumstances over which we have no control. Suffice it to say, that Christmas properly enjoyed is ever a source of unfeigned happiness to many a glad heart, of reunion and intercommunion to more.

“The proper relief to all this disappointment is the interest which the season cannot but raise for the less favoured classes. That interest may not be so intense, so exciting, or so disappointing as the wonted interest felt by the members of a family so fortunate as to preserve the bond of natural affection. Public charity or benevolence may be a very perplexing problem, and it may even engross sympathetic or busy natures. But it can never lead to such fearful revulsions of feeling, such depths of despair, or such souring of nature’s sweetness, as home love and boon companionship. The philanthropist is not in danger of becoming either a Cain or a Timon. He does not love his flock enough ever to hate them. He may be bankrupt in his means, but not in his affections. The element of benevolence is water, not blood. In the always possible breakdown of a family or social arrangement, it is well there should be a second best substitute, something to fall back on, so as not to be wholly an outsider in the season of hospitalities. Of course this requires some means and a little management, but there are none so lonely but that they may share in some of the efforts made on all sides to brighten the dead time of the year, and to remind all, rich and poor, that they have a nature and hopes in common. They that can gather round the family, perhaps the ancestral hearth will feel that they cannot keep their happiness to themselves; they that are not so fortunate may congratulate themselves that earth offers a wider circle, larger duties, and upon the whole a more permanent and unchanging sphere for their sympathies than the domestic hearth itself—sure to chill if it be not made the school of noble aims and widening affections.”

What a pity it is that the writer can have so wasted an opportunity of using his facile pen to give us such a distorted view of things as they are. Must we not regret that with this “diarrhœa of words” he has sought to invent childish and hurtful paradoxes, with their attraction of style and antithesis which, if they commend them to the sober minded and the cultured, will not prevent them from estimating them at their true value, but which may have a pernicious effect on the minds of the doubting, the morbid, and the unwise.

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#### “KNIGHTS TEMPLAR” OR “KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.”

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AN amusing controversy has cropped up again in the United States which of these expressions is the right one! We have never taken part in it before, because at first sight it seems to the serener philosopher, or the calmer bye-stander, as the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. In our opinion, both usages are allowable, and as we ourselves always use—just as it is put in Bro. Kenning’s *Cyclopædia*—the words “Knights Templar,” we are, of course, with those who advocate the use of the words *Knights Templar*, and especially with Bro. Drummond, who has written in the *Voice* on the subject. In the first place, the words *Knights Templar* are simply the converse of *Templar Knights*, and as such seem to represent both the common law of terminology and common sense. Like courts-martial, maid-servants, Master Masons, Fellow Craft Masons, Entered Apprentice Masons, and numerous similar instances which might be quoted, they certainly are not incorrect, “per se.” If we take *Templar* as a pure adjective (it is, we think, incontestible that such is its right use), it is, in fact, *Knights of*, or *belonging to*, the *Temple*. But *Templar* is also a noun, and may be used as a noun adjective. Its derivation probably is from *Templier*; “*Templarius*” is the Latin, is only, of course, of mediæval use, but might be used in correct Latin—as *of or belonging to the Temple*. We meet with the word often “*Templarii*,” while the word is partly adjective, partly substantive. The Latin is “*Eques Templi Salomonis*.” “*Eques Templarius*” is not really good Latin, but monastic and chivalric, if ever it was used, about which we have some doubt. Our English word *Templar* seems to denote, in its early use, one living in or belonging to the Temple, and is generally used as a noun. But it is not impossible that a use might be found of it; as *Templar students*, though, we ourselves do not remember at this

moment any such use. It appears to us that if it is used as an adjective, its proper form is *Templar*; if as a noun—following much common usage—*Knights Templar* also; and certainly one point must be admitted in the discussion, whether rightly or wrongly, grammatically or ungrammatically, the precedents in England are in favour of *Knights Templar*. We also think that, for the sake of euphony, this is the best and most agreeable use, though that is, of course, a matter of taste. We are rather inclined, as on other occasions in past and present, and probably in as many in the future, to plead for the “liberty,” not indeed of “prophesying” like eloquent Jeremy Taylor in dark and dangerous days, but of the use of the Queen’s English, our noble Anglo-Saxon vernacular. There is clearly no positive rule either way; both are to some extent right.

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PETER BEERIE.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF “BEATRICE.”

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I PROPOSE for various reasons, “good, bad, or indifferent,” as my readers may deem them, to draw upon their sympathies, while I unfold a little narrative, to which I beg them to listen with “bated breath,” and “rapt attention.” The story is worth repeating, in my humble opinion, and therefore I deem it worth writing out for Bro. Kenning’s capital magazine. Oh, suffering British householder, what can be done to relieve you from afflictions which are many? from unwonted trials and troubles which are your hourly lot? Do you guess already, from familiar afflictions, what I am alluding to? I see you do. I feel you do. You already are full of fidget, excitement, agitation, to hear this calamitous budget of a mournful retrospect. I once did a very foolish thing, but I was only a “young man” in “the country” then. I advertised for a man servant. Of course answers poured in. Some were short and some were long; some were emphatic and some were mysterious; some were straightforward; some were complicated; some were confidential, and some were even sentimental. Goose as I was, I took the “sentimental one,” and and was, of course, incontinently “sold.” An admirable character came at once, and first-class references, and all seemed so far so reasonable and so above, board. When the young man was said to be “twenty-three” and “most civil, industrious, sober, and obliging;” when I was solemnly told that he had been waiting on four grown-up young men and the master (who all used many clothes and boots daily), and had the whole work of the house to do, a large party at dinner every day, four meals a day and no helps, I was really struck, and much more so when it was calmly pointed out that all this was a “little too much” for that excellent young man. I almost felt inclined to think that I, in a retired family domicile, with two maid servants and a gardener and a boy—“had struck oil” at last. But I asked for a reference, and there came a “gushing reference” in a female hand to say that this “paragon” was really a “paragon,” and above all, “religiously inclined.” I doubt, I perhaps am wrong, the “gushingness” of our dear ladies sometimes, and so I wrote to the husband.

“His wife, like all her sex,” I said, “is kind and considerate, not exacting” (my friend Jones puts in here, hum! ha! ho! though I don’t know what he means), “but her ‘better half’ will be less so, and will speak the stern truth, and nothing but the truth.” So I wrote to her lord and master, and behold, he admitted the “soft impeachment” of his own dear wife’s words, and added a few complimentary words of his own.

And so I determined to take Peter, and so Peter came. He came down to

our quiet village at 11.30 on Saturday night. He ought to have been there at 4.50. Peter, who had "missed his train," and "had eaten nothing the whole day," Peter—yes, I am sorry to say it—Peter was "tight;" and I, well—I was, like all others, obliged to overlook the dire truth as a "first offence." Before Peter went to bed that night, he however contrived to "put under his belt" two mutton chops (which he specially asked for—it was the London habit, he said), some eggs and bacon, coffee and beer, and some "spirits" which Peter had contrived to smuggle into the house.

When I first saw Peter by daylight, I distrusted him at once. I give his portrait, which for some weeks I saw too often ever to forget.

Peter was thin, "short in stature and loose in person," shambling; he had a white face, with dirty looking ginger whiskers, a narrow forehead, and two such fishy eyes which never looked you in the face, and then such a scowl. Peter then had a sort of "yokel" look and way about him which I had reason to believe afterwards was "put on," and he professed to know nothing, and only to say, "no!"—with a drawl, or "yes." Peter had a squeaky voice when it was raised in the kitchen, which was peculiarly unpleasant. It was a cross, if you can realise it, between a "Jew's harp" and a "penny whistle."

Peter, no doubt, was in a continued state of "dirt and beer" while with me, and perhaps he was not in his normal condition or appearance. On this point I cannot speak, though he soon ingratiated himself with the cook and servant, "more suo," though everything went wrong in the house. He never did anything; he was always late; if he was sent on a message he did not come back; and when he sang the hymns loudly in church, off the cook's hymn book (does it not put you in mind of Muzzle and the cook, and the No. 4 collection in "Pickwick"), and committed several other profane acts, I began to have serious doubts of his religious principles. They were, as an excellent member of the Police Force observed to me confidentially, "all 'Walker,' sir," shaking his head vehemently. But doubt soon gave way to conviction, conviction to moral certainty.

I once laid a trap for Peter, which will give my readers a good idea of the man. I had reason to believe that Peter, like other servants I have known, read his master's letters, and so one day I turned a letter upside down on my escretoire, and summoning Peter, I said, "I'm going out for a few minutes; if Mr. Jones calls, tell him to wait." When I returned, my letter was on my escretoire, but put right. So I rang the bell and I said, "Peter, I wish you to leave my letters alone." If you had seen his injured look of innocence, and heard his protestations, you would have smiled, but still more when, with a look of slyness, he added, "Perhaps, sir, it was Mary."

And so one morning I mustered up courage and sent the innocent and religious Peter, despite his tears and protestations, back to the "little village," much to the discomfiture and distress, I admit, of two confiding females and the disappointment and displeasure of several disreputable pals. If any of my readers are blessed with such a treasure, let them do as I did—bundle him out of the house. I was only too long in doing it. Such a person is a curse to a house; he is the ruin of every servant with whom he comes in contact. Of all hypocrites, the greatest are they who profess to be religious; and, like the "Shepherd" in the great and immortal work quoted before, I am inclined to think, and not without pious hopes, that all such "rogues in grain, venerated in sanctimonious theories," are "booked for something uncomfortable."

Can nothing be done to get true characters and good servants? A special agent recommends a "Didust Buch," like they have in Germany; but that is absurd in England. No, the only hope I have is, that employers will yet learn to be honest, will give up equivocation and prevarication in order to get rid of a troublesome, or disagreeable, or even dangerous servant, and will dare to speak the truth, and actually to try and do unto others as they would be done to by them.

## WHAT IS FREEMASONRY?

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

DEAR Experienced Mike,—You have frequently relieved my perplexities, and I sincerely believe you to be a very wise person, although sometimes a little odd. There's now something on my mind which causes me and many others great uneasiness; something about the Freemasons. I don't know what to make of them. If you happen to know anything about them, just let us hear it, for our heads are all puzzled; and it would be well if you could quiet our conscience.

You must know, then, that there are here a number of gentlemen who have become Freemasons, that is to say, they meet together, and nobody can find out what they are about. They eat and drink like other men, but no one that has anything to eat and drink needs to do it in secret; after all, therefore, I suspect there is some other matter behind the scenes. My godfather thinks the Freemasons entertain only secrets of State, and are laying the foundation of another revolution, which we ought not to submit to. But my neighbour's wife asserts nothing less than that the Masons, having invented a new religion, are preparing a new bible, and are making proselytes; and when they meet, she says, they cause spirits to appear, and even cite the evil one, before whom all religious people are wont to make their crosses. My eldest son, who is a very smart sort of a fellow, denies all this, and thinks that the Freemasons are making gold, which he has read of in a book, and that they are so very discreet for this reason. I can't say but that would please me very well, for gold is a nice thing enough. There are yet others that charge the Freemasons with all sorts of unholy and disorderly practice. But this is all slander, I have no doubt, for I am acquainted with many upright and virtuous folks that are Freemasons.

It is now almost a year since a poor but honest man, who had been a long while at service in this place, was taken severely ill. He was aged, and without food or money, and, being from a foreign place, our benevolent institutions were prevented from relieving him. There he lay with pains, and tears, and prayed to God, for of man he had no hope! But there was a hope! One day a gentleman visited him, brought him money, obtained every necessary for him—lodging, bedding, medicine—but the sick man knew not from whom it came; and when at last he had recovered, the gentleman returned no more. It was only by a lucky chance that the old man ascertained at last that the Freemasons had taken compassion on his destitution, and he blessed them with tears in his eyes, and prayed to the Father in Heaven for them, although they were Freemasons. I had this from his own mouth. This tale has caused me all sorts of misgivings. Are the Freemasons no true Christians? Then I am really astonished at their Christian doings. What am I to think of it?

But I have another scruple of conscience. The oldest daughter of my brother's sister-in-law looks with rather a favourable eye upon a young man, who is decent, industrious, and ingenuous. The girl has a pair of beautiful eyes, that would cause many a one a heart-burning. I know the effect of such things. She is also possessed of considerable property; therefore he has, in all honour, demanded her in marriage, and my advice has been asked on the subject. This is a ticklish case, really—not the marriage, for such things will come to pass—but the position of the would-be husband—*he is a Freemason!* Here is embarrassment. The young man is honest, upright, quiet, industrious, and intelligent; has money, goes to church, is good natured, and wouldn't hurt a

child; has nothing to do with politics, owns a fine garden just by the town gate; is of decent parentage, has never had a suit at law; is head-over-ears in love with the girl; but yet—he is a Freemason! What shall we do, dear Mike? must we give him the girl? Please to advise your friend.

## ANSWER.

My Dear Friend,—Throw the girl with the beautiful eyes into his arms, and I will wager he won't let her fall, but that she will soon feel quite at home. Do not listen to the tales of your female chatterboxes, that can discern nothing but black rust in their chimney-corners, and shut your ears to the empty gossip of your boon companions, who condemn everything they cannot measure with the yardstick or weigh with a patent balance. I do assure you the most stupid quality of man is that stupidity of knowing too much, which is self-conceit, or of not knowing enough, which is superstition and prejudice. You see, dear friend, I speak plainly; I use no mask.

I will tell you now what the Freemasons *are not*, for by this means you will be rightly informed. There are Freemasons in all countries. They are of high repute in France and Prussia, in Spain and Austria, in Russia and Denmark, and in England, of course. And therefore their societies were greatly esteemed centuries ago, and many princes and great men became Masons; even King Frederick the Great, of Prussia, himself, who wanted to look into the bottom of every well, belonged to the Order. Now, I would ask your godfather what cause he has to fear the secrets of State of the Freemasons, when princes, kings, and emperors are satisfied?

The Order of Freemasonry unites the herrnhutter with the Catholic priest, the reformed preacher with the deacon; and it cares not what coat each one wears, or what wig, or whether he be unshaven or shorn, so long as the heart sits in the right place. And I may, therefore, ask your neighbour's wife whether all these gentlemen, in every condition of life and standing, and of all religious creeds, meet to concoct new bibles? You can easily perceive that these people do not desire an alteration of the religious system, because centuries have passed by without having brought forth anything of the kind; and, as to citing spirits that, I am sure, the Masons know the least of. Not the Freemasons, but the schoolmasters, cite spirits, and therefore should all those who feel the want of spirits go to school and learn something of them.

Finally, in regard to the noble and truly valuable art of gold-making, I can only say how very desirable it would be for us to know all about it; but, alas! we know the process of boiling potatoes well enough, but as to gold, the scarcity of it will prove how unfortunately innocent we are in the premises. I tell you what it is: if we knew how to make gold, Emperor, Pope, and Soldan only would be Freemasons, and nobody else.

I have told you now what the Freemasons are not, and have to explain next what they are. This is a little more difficult, but you can almost guess it; and the poor old sick man in your town, whom they assisted in his sorrows, can tell you, also, I suspect. Those that meet for the purpose of inquiring where a sufferer is to be found whom they may assist, cannot be called bad, graceless, and debauched. If this is debauchery, I wish all mankind would join it; and, I am sure, the world would fare better with it than with all that righteousness that breaks your neighbour's neck for Christian charity!

Some centuries ago a few noble-minded men said one to another: "The Temple at Jerusalem is destroyed, and not one stone remains on another. Let us that have love one for another, and venerate in humility the Lord of Hosts, the Great Architect of the Universe, combine to erect a new Temple to the honour of His high name. But we will not build a visible, but an invisible one. The foundation shall be charity, and the copestone piety. This temple shall reach from West to East, through all lands and climes, where God and virtue are venerated. Instead of stones, we will unite souls; and instead of



cement, we will use the healing oil of kindness and affection, to relieve the burning pains of poverty and misfortune. Our square shall be faith, our plumb-line hope, and our level love and charity." Thus they spoke, and in all parts of the world the good came forward, and said: "*We will become fellows to these builders!*"

And in their meetings they celebrate, as a glorious secret, this temple with many beautiful symbols. There they are all equal, and no difference is tolerated in regard to worldly rank, but princes and mechanics vie with each other in humility, and call one another brother, as you, in sight of His altar, call the Lord your Father!

They have signs which they keep secret and inviolable, by which they know each other when they meet; and if they had never met before, in the land of the stranger one Freemason will recognise another by the first grasp of the hand, and exclaim "Thou art my brother!"

This is all, my dear friend, that I can tell you. A Freemason must be secret; and for this reason, perhaps, we find no Miss Freemason nor Mrs. Freemason, for the ladies have a somewhat nimble tongue. Selah! I advise you to let the good young man marry the girl with the beautiful eyes, and she will soon discover, by his life, that the Freemasons are very polite people, and sincerely desirous of keeping on good terms with the more beautiful portion of the human family.

[We take the above from our new contemporary, *The Masonic Age*.—Ed. M.M.]

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A CATALOGUE OF MASONIC BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(Continued from page 317.)

- 704 g 20. Oliver, G.: *The History of Initiation. 12 Lectures.* (New Ed.) 8vo, London, 1841.
- 704 f 31. Ragou, J. M.: *Cours Philosophique et Interpretatif des Initiations,* etc. 8vo, Paris, 1841.
- 704 h 20. Williams, W.: *Constitutions, etc., of Free and Accepted Masons.* 4to, London, 1815.
- 1355 c. Oliver, G.: *The Star of the East, etc.* (New Ed.) 12mo, Lond., 1842.
- 1359 g. Percy, W. J.: *Three Sermons before the Prov. Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, Dorsetshire.* 8vo, London, 1844.
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- 1369 *i*. Nicolai, F.: Einige Bemerkungen, etc., die Gesch der Rosenkreuzer and Freim. 8vo, Berlin, 1806.
- 1369 *i*. Oliver, G.: Some Account of the Schism, etc., amongst the Free and Accepted Masons of England. 8vo, London, 1847.
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- 1369 *i*. Everett, E.: Thoughts on the Excitement in Reply to a Letter. 8vo, Worcester, 1833.
- 1369 *i*. Oliver, G.: The Insignia of the Royal Arch, etc. 8vo, London, 1847.
- 1369 *i*. Klos, G.: Die Freimaurerei in Ihrer Mahren Bedeutung. 8vo, Leipzig.
- 1369 *k* 5 Stone, W. L.: Letters on Masonry and Anti-Masonry, 8vo, New York, 1832.
- 1369 *k* 6 Oliver, G.: The Antiquities of Freemasonry. (New Ed.) 8vo, London, 1843.
- PP 1058 *e*. The Masonic Magazine. 8vo, London, 1873, etc.
- PP 1055 *d*. The Masonic Observer (Nos. 1-16). 4to, London, 1856-9
- PP 1055 *c*. The Freemasons' Monthly Magazine (Vol I.) 8vo, London, 1841.
- PP 1055 *bd*. PP Hull. The Masonic Annual, Kingston. 8vo, Hull, 1871.
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- PP 1053 *d*. Miththerlungen ans dem Vereia: Deutscher Freimaurer. 8vo, Leipzig, 1864, etc.
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- PP 1053 *c*. Astraea: Taschenbuch für Freimaurer. 12mo, Ilmenau, 1824, etc.
- 1124 *k* 28 Freemasons: The Constitutions of Freemasonry. 4to, London, 1723.
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WOULD WE HAPPIER BE?

BY REV. HENRY G. PERRY, M.A., K.T., 32°.

I.

COULD we tell before the morrow  
What *for us* there is in store,  
Of losses less, mayhap, or more  
Anxiety and sorrow,  
Would we any happier be?  
I ween the burden blest of that  
We wish for *most* in life is *not*  
To trouble know, or borrow.

## II.

Were the songs we hear when sleeping  
 But restored to us awake,  
 And the golden visions break  
 On our eyes bedimmed with weeping,  
 Would we any happier be ?  
 While the lips that pressed our own,  
 In the hours for ever flown,  
 Were Love's richer harvest reaping ?

## III.

If the heart-throb, and the thronging  
 Thoughts through many a waking night,  
 Till the coming of the morn-light,  
 Bear witness to our wronging  
 Of some tenderer heart and true ;  
 O ! seek that heart to heart to *win*—it  
 Were ever worse than *sin*—it  
 Were Death to *quench* its longing.

## IV.

O, the voices unforgotten !  
 O, the sweet tones of the Past,  
 And the memories fond that last,  
 For Eternity begotten !  
 We can never, never lose them ;  
 But for ever, ever use them—  
 Those voices unforgotten !

## V.

So, the friends that now surround us  
 Are the best we have and know,  
 Who their cordial kindness show,  
 May no evil e'er confound us ;  
 And the hearts we claim prove ever  
 Such as change shall never sever  
 From the true one's circle 'round us !

## VI.

While the question still we're asking,  
 Simple though it seem and plain,  
 'Twill the asking bear again,  
 All your wits and wisdom tasking  
 Of what the *Future* may portend ?  
 Nay ! our times are in His hand !  
 And He guides us o'er the strand  
 Of the Present, Past, and Time to come.  
 At the last may God forbend  
 But *we* reach that Heavenly Home !  
 May He us from evils all defend !